The Times-Dispatch

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THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1903.

THE PEOPLE CAN SMASH PRECEDENTS.

The Philadelphia Record says that while the friends of Mr. Cleveland cannot but be gratified in witnessing the strong manifestations of regard for him, they also understand too well that the traditional policy of limiting the Presidency to two terms cannot be broken by any man.

Of course, it cannot be broken by any man, but it can be broken by the people of the United States, and if they make up their minds to elect Mr. Cleveland to another term in the White House they will not let a sentimental precedent stand in their way. If Mr. Cleveland had been President during the past eight years and should aspire to another term, making three consecutive terms, there might be something in the objection noted by the Philadelphia paper, but as the case stands to-day he is before the American people as though he had never been President. After serving out his last term he was retired to private life, and has gone along the even tenor of his way, never forcing himself upon the public notice, and never giving a hint that he was desirous of re-entering public life. We have great respect for the traditions, but if the people want Mr. Cleveland to serve them again, it is nonsense to say that a purely sentimental objection will stand in the way.

This point is admirably brought out by a correspondent of The Times-Dispatch, who is too modest to give his name, but who is one of the most distinguished students of public questions in the State. His communication follows:

"Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

"Sir,—I am delighted that Dr. McKelway, of the Brooklyn Eagle, has nominated Mr. Cleveland for President, and I venture to guess that many thousands over the country are seconding the nomination heartily.

"As to the 'third term' argument, I have these things to say—all of them, it seems to me, very sensible, even if I do say it:

"1. No one has authority to say that 'no man can be elected President three times in this Republic.' That remains to be seen.

"2. Washington's example need not bind us to act against our own best interests for these good reasons:

"a. When Washington declined a third term, he was declining to have twelve years of continuous service as President. Mr. Cleveland has not had eight years of continuous service, and was not even followed either time by a President of his own party.

"b. Washington was President of a country that had just broken loose from monarchical traditions, and for that reason a third consecutive term might have been a serious thing in a new ship of state that had not yet 'found herself.' But now the experiment has been long tried, and I do not suppose anybody fears our return to monarchy.

"c. If Washington's counsels, as contained in his farewell address, were not binding—and the Republic cast them aside when it went into the Philippine conquest—his example in declining a third term need not bind us either."

In the present state of public sentiment we do not believe that it would be possible to nominate Mr. Cleveland, but there is undoubtedly a turn of the tide in his favor. Several influential newspapers have already come out boldly for him. Among these we make special mention of the Petersburg Index-Appeal, which is nothing of a hero worshipper and which never lets its sentiment get the better of its judgment. The Index-Appeal makes bold its championship of Mr. Cleveland's candidacy on the ground that he is the one man in this country who can lead the Democracy to victory next year. We are not so sanguine as is our Petersburg contemporary, but we feel entirely sure that Mr. Cleveland can be elected if the Democrats will nominate him upon such a platform as would be acceptable to him, and then give him their undivided support. We believe that the Democrats would be able of themselves to elect Cleveland, but in addition to their own votes they could surely count upon a large independent vote and could count upon the support of influential business men at the North and in all parts of the country, who since 1896 have been acting with the Republicans. These men have implicit faith in Cleveland and they are afraid of Roosevelt, who is given to hysterics and heroics.

The Democratic opportunity is to be found in Grover Cleveland; whether or not the party will embrace the opportunity is another question.

A TRIBUTE TO "MAMMY."

We recently gave expression to our surprise that any man who had been nursed and nurtured by a black mammy could seriously entertain the idea that the negro has not a soul. We have a letter from a representative Virginia woman on the same line, and she pays such a beautiful tribute to the negro Christians of slave days that we give it place in these columns.

"My mammy," says she, "was an unadulterated negress. There was no drop of Indian or Caucasian blood in her veins. Her skin was black, her hair woolly. Every facial characteristic was African, yet she was as fervent an example of intelligent Christianity as I ever knew. As my mother's auxiliary, she nurtured my young mind with righteous truths. She taught me to shun even the appearance of evil. Her teaching was gained from the Bible, which was constantly read to her. When a young woman she became a Christian, and ever afterwards lived under the spiritual influence of religion and kept the commandments of God. Her death, as had been her long life, was an exaltation in faith and perfect truth. If at the end of his time the man who denies that negroes are humans succeeds in getting through the celestial gates, he will have to look up high amid clouds of trailing glory to see my mammy."

There are hundreds and thousands of men and women throughout the South who can give similar testimony.

"OLD SLEUTH."

The bloodhound has proved to be a dead failure as a detective in the Lorain, Ohio, murder case. He is utterly and hopelessly discredited there. He has done worse there than have those dogs that are kept at the Virginia convict farm. In the latter employment they only have failed to trace up the fugitive, but at Lorain he seems to have become the accuser of an innocent man—Father Walzer!

We are glad to see that a bill has been introduced in the House of Delegates here proposing to repeal the new law in this State requiring bloodhounds to be raised by the superintendent of the penitentiary, with the view of selling them to sheriffs, who may want to buy them to pursue criminals. It is too small a traffic for this renowned Commonwealth to be engaged in, and could only be conducted successfully, if at all, by experts who could give the dogs regular and constant training.

The fact is that the "bloodhound" is not a reliable detective. If he were, the great detective agencies of the country would make more use of him than they do. The case at Lorain comes in the nick of time to show our Legislature that it would be well to undo the law that it has passed, looking to furnishing sheriffs with bloodhounds raised at the penitentiary or at the State farm. Governor Montague never signed that bill, and we suspect that he was reluctant to let it become operative by lapse of time while it lay in his hands.

THE REAL ESTATE MARKET.

There has been for some time past a lull in the stock market and an inclination to turn from stocks to real estate. Some astute men believe that in a little while there will be something of a real estate boom throughout various sections of the country. There is more activity already in real estate in Richmond and other Southern cities. This is notably the case in the city of Birmingham, the center of the iron industry. As evidence of this the the Birmingham News printed in its last Saturday's edition over four solid pages of real estate advertisements. It is said that transfers of real estate in large amounts are made daily, and that the transactions are usually for cash. It is further said that these purchases are made in most instances for purposes of improvement.

Efforts have been made from time to time of late to get the public back into the stock market, but brokers in Richmond say that the public appear to be not at all anxious to invest in stocks at present prices. There is a great deal of money in the country for investment, and as there has been no boom in real estate and as the boom in the stock market seems to be on the wane it would not be surprising if investors and speculators should not turn their attention to real property. Real estate in Virginia is not high. It has certainly not been boomed as stocks have been boomed, and it seems to offer now a more inviting field to men of small and great means.

NEW ORLEANS REUNION.

The Confederate reunion to take place in New Orleans soon, will be a grand affair if hospitality, enthusiasm and money can make it so.

The Crescent City's hope is to excel every other city that has undertaken, heretofore, to entertain the veterans of the Lost Cause. A fund, amounting to $100,000 nearly, has been raised to provide entertainment and amusement for the old soldiers, of whom tens of thousands are expected to attend.

The 16th and 17th instant will be the two great days for jollity. "On these two occasions the old town will proceed to make of pleasure a business. It will share in what will be a mid-day celebration of Christmas, Fourth of July and Mardi Gras, with a sprinkling of Thanksgiving and a touch of Easter."

A prominent commercial firm of New Orleans has received from its local correspondent a Stamford, Texas, a letter which speaks as follows of the coming reunion:

"I may as well inform you that Texas will turn loose in New Orleans one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five thousand people. Six carloads will start from this place alone (Stamford, Tex.). People estimate that there will be from two hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand strangers dumped in New Orleans in thirty-six hours, but the majority of people coming will be poor and middle class people."

But for the fact that New Orleans is accustomed to providing food, lodgings and amusements for the vast crowds of people who attend its Mardi Gras festivities, it might well be appalled at the prospect as presented by the news from Texas.

While we cannot promise that Virginia will be represented, there in numbers so great as those of Texas, the Old Dominion will send a considerable contingent of veterans and sons of veterans including the Richmond Howitzers. By the way, the Howitzers will be "right in the swim," for their old army friends, the New Orleans Washington Artillery, are to give a grand society ball one night and we dare say Richmond artillerists will not be forgotten.

While we wish to make no invidious distinctions nor to suggest any, we cannot but recall the fact that the Washington Artillery battalion and the Richmond Howitzer battalion were two of the crack corps in the Army of Northern Virginia.

Talking about the military ball reminds us of the disagreement between the New Orleans Committee of Arrangements and the Musicians Union. We are glad to hear that it has been compromised to the extent, at least, that no further trouble is expected. But, as we understand it, there will be no colored bands employed and there will be no "boycotting" on the other side.

We have seen a printed statement to the effect that many Confederate companies marched to the music of negro bands, but we doubt its accuracy. Before the war that sort of thing was done in many places, in Richmond for instance. Very early in the war some companies made use of the same musicians, but when our army was fully organized, the musicians were "enlisted" and were all white men, we believe. A few colored companies were received into the Confederate army in 1865 and their musicians were of their own race, but the other Confederate drummers, fifers and performers on horns were whites.

Certainly that was the case where the musicians were "enlisted." And, by the way, the duties of these men were very responsible and risky. They not only furnished the music for the camp and for the march, but in many regiments they were organized into ambulance corps, and it was incumbent upon them to remove wounded men from the field to the ambulances, which were in waiting in the rear.

But all thatis by the way. What we are aiming to say directly and especially is that the reunion at New Orleans is going to be a memorable affair. Virginians, who go will be sure to meet there many of their old comrades, who left this State soon after the war and settled in the far South or in the Southwest."

In the Congo Free State there appears to be a good deal of slavery, though it is not called by that name. So says the Rev. William Morrison, of Lexington, Va., a Presbyterian missionary, who is now homeward bound via England.

The Europeans who control the rubber monopoly on the Congo River have, it seems, inaugurated "a system of forced labor." And Mr. Morrison states that many of the riverside villages are now deserted—"the natives having fled to the forests to escape the tyranny of the whites."

This so-called Free State is under the presidency of the King of the Belgians. The population consists mostly of negro tribes, many of which are cannibals. It is a land where that terrible disease, "the sleeping sickness," prevails.

The exports consist mostly of rubber, palm oil and ivory. Coffee and cotton grow wild there, and tobacco has been planted with success. The territory of the State includes the right bank of the Congo, from Manyanga to the sea. The native population is about 15,000,000.

The number of bar-rooms in Richmond this year is considerably less than for last year. The increase in the license-tax has driven some dealers out of business, while others were denied license, or knew they would be refused if they applied and did not apply. This last class, however, was not great in numbers. But upon the whole, Richmond will be plentifully supplied with saloons. And the refusal of the court to license houses where disorder and lawbreaking have occurred, must have a wholesome effect and cannot but serve to lighten the labors of the police. A liquor license is a thing of value now and reckless indeed must the holder of it be who will wantonly sacrifice it by keeping a disorderly house.

There is a good deal of competition in the ice business here this season, and it may be expected that prices will rule low for the time being.

Of old, Richmond was dependant on Northern sources for the main part of her ice supply, but now we have a number of ice factories here which are equal to all demands that may be made upon them. And what a great luxury ice is. In milder climates it is no great hardship to do without it, but in this country, life would not be what it is now without it.

The Virginia Law Register announces that Professor W. M. Lile, of the University of Virginia, will retire from the editor's chair, and that Mr. George Bryan, of Richmond, who for some time past has been associate editor, will succeed him.

Lawyers regret that Professor Lile has determined to retire, but they are consoled by the fact that the affairs of this influential journal will be safe in the hands of Mr. Bryan, who is in every way fit and qualified to fill the position of editor-in-chief.

In Baltimore on Tuesday H. E. Moreau cast his vote, and an hour afterwards shot himself through the head. He was a dead man when his ballot was counted.

Moreau committed suicide in Druid Hill Park, where there have been thirty-six suicides in forty years, and yet it is a bright, cheerful spot.

The sale of the Crim collection of antiques in Baltimore has resulted in realizing for the owners the sum of $60,700. Nearly 3,000 articles were disposed of. Many of them were pieces of furniture, china, mirrors, watches, jewelry, etc.

A Minnesota man is suspected of trying to raise vegetable soup on a tree. So far he has succeeded in grafting a potato vine on a tomato plant.

The bill of costs in the Campbell case is the thing that the horny-handed sons will look at and use words that would sound out of place in a Sunday-school.

The frying pan of our mothers had its faults, but who can say it carried any more dyspepsia than does the chafing dish of our daughters?

The carpenters' strike in Newport News shows every indication of measuring out to the end of the rule.

And now old Cumberland county has gone "dry." Appomattox River will be going that way next.

We breathe easier. Our friend Schwab has been re-elected president of the United States Steel Corporation.

The nine hundred and ninety-ninth Kentucky feud is boiling at a lively rate in Breathitt county.

This is the season when the small boy gets up the first time he is called—the morning set for going fishing.

Staunton is to do a little canning on her own account. Good for Staunton.

Trend of Thought In Dixie Land

Mobile Register: One hundred years ago the republic gave $15,000,000 for Louisiana. See what that purchase is worth to-day! We recently paid $20,000,000 for the Philippines. What will they be worth one hundred years from now? Who can say?

Charleston News and Courier: Bloomington, Ind., the town where a mob stripped a girl and whipped her with barbed wire a few days ago, it is noted, is the seat of the State University. We very much fear that civilization north of the Ohio is not all that it should be.

Houston (Tex.) Chronicle: At Beaumont 423 men signed a pledge at a mass-meeting to try and prevent the murder of officers engaged in enforcing the law. Good for Beaumont.

Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun: The demand for the nomination of Mr. Cleveland as the only Democrat who can defeat Roosevelt, is unmistakably growing.

Dallas (Tex.) News: It grows clearer and clearer that the professional warmakers are responsible for some of the reports about Russian demands in Manchuria. It is to be hoped that our great Ministers Extraordinary will not lend themselves too freely to these brokers in blood.

A Few Foreign Facts.

Women only are now to be employed as officials in the Roumanian prisons for females.

For the first time in twenty-four years the International Telegraph Conference will be held in London this year. It opens on May 24th.

In four hours and a half, about the time taken by an ordinary train, the journey from Paris to Boulogne was covered the other day by a twelve horse power motor car.

In contradiction to the reports that unheard-of misery still exists in Finland, the collection of subscriptions has now been stopped by the Czar, on the ground that sufficient has been collected to allay the distress.

Delhi durbar medals to the number of 2,500 are to be issued for the mutiny veterans who were present, the official guests, native princes, officials and representative men of the regiments.

Irish manufacturers are finding that a demand for poplin is setting in, due probably to the interest aroused by the approaching visit of the King and Queen of England.

Personal and General.

Rev. Dr. Rufus Johnston, pastor of the church attended by John D. Rockefeller and other wealthy New Yorkers, is dangerously ill.

Ex-Governor Voorhees, of New Jersey, has accepted the appointment as grand marshal for the letter carriers' parade at Elizabeth on May 30th.

An oil portrait of the Hon. Roger Q. Mills was recently presented to the Texas House of Representatives, and will be placed in a prominent position in the State Capitol at Austin.

Professor Walkoff, of Munich, after an extended study of the skull of a prehistoric man, recently discovered, publishes the information that our oldest male ancestors, in his opinion, though able to walk erect, could not talk.

Naohide Yatsu, a Japanese student at Columbia, has been rewarded for his scholarship ability by a fellowship in zoology at the university for the next academic year. He is a graduate of the Imperial University at Tokio.

North Carolina Sentiment.

The Monroe Enquirer tells a great truth in the following:

"Cold-blooded business is doing about as much to make men sober as anything else, the prohibitionist, with his demand for closed bar-rooms, not excepted. In this day and time the demand is for sober men in all lines of business. In this day and time of close competition, when every corner has to be cut, business men demand the unimpaired energy of employes, and the man who has his nerves unstrung and his energy impaired by liquor will very soon find that a sober man has his job."

The Greenville Reflector talks right out in meeting after the manner following:

"The time has come in North Carolina when men are not going to vote for any and every man just because his name is on a Democratic ticket, and conditions are now such that even the party lash cannot compel them to do so. If the Democratic party is to continue in control it must take a stand for moral issues."

The Robertsonville News expresses the following opinion:

"Hon. W. J. Bryan, in his efforts to clip the Cleveland wing of Democracy, cuts short at the same time the tail end, to which he seems to be the most important factor at the present."

The Wintson-Salem Sentinel deplores the departure from its territory of several farmers, who have moved West, and charges it up to bad roads. It says:

"Good roads are essential if we are to have a well-to-do and contented farming class in this section and our agricultural interests are to attain a high degree of development."

With a Comment or Two.

If the Virginia Senate keeps on with its usual course, that Campbell case will be settled about the year 2000.—Buena Vista Advocate.

The year 1904 will be late enough for all practical purposes.

Mississippi has a Senatorial contest on hand which is said to be putting nearly as much money in circulation as a small cotton crop would.—Times-Dispatch.

Of course Money is quite prominent in that contest and circulates freely throughout the State. Governor Ligino, backed by the State patronage, is one of the contestants, and Money (H. D., the present Senator) is the other.—Fredericksburg Free Lance.

Farmville is to have a new depot, and the whole town has gone to house painting and such, so as to keep up appearances alongside of the railroad improvements.—Newport News Press.

But, thanks to accidental prohibition, the old town will not be painted red.

Mr. William J. Bryan was at St. Louis, too, but we haven't heard that any considerable number of Democrats went wild over him while he was there.—Petersburg Index-Appeal.

Just wait for this week's Commoner, if you want to see something that is truly wild over what happened at St. Louis.

The United States produces twenty per cent. more coal than any other country.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

And fully twenty per cent. more of pretty much everything else that is worth having, and then sells to her own people twenty per cent. higher than to other peoples.

The Danvers Jewels

BY MARY CHOLMONDELEYS.

(By Special Arrangement with Harper & Bro.)

The inspector opened the door she had indicated, and went in, I with him. Charles, who had grown very grave, hung back with Ralph, who seemed too much dazed to notice anything in heaven above or on the earth beneath. The door opened into an outhouse, roughly paved with round stones, where barrels, staves and divers lumber had been put away. There was straw in the further end of it, out of which a yellow cat raised two gleaming eyes, and then flew up a ladder against the wall, and disappeared among the rafters. In the middle of the floor, lying a little apart, were three figures with sheets over them. Instinctively we felt that we were in the presence of death. I looked back at Charles and Ralph, who were still standing outside in the falling snow. Charles was bareheaded, but Ralph was looking absently in front of him, seeming conscious of nothing. The inspector made me a sign. He had raised one of the sheets, and now withdrew it altogether. My heart seemed to stand still. It was Aurelia! Aurelia changed in the last great change of all, but still Aurelia. The fixed artificial color in the cheek consorted ill with the bloodless pallor of the rest of the face, which was set in a look of surprise and terror. She was altered beyond what should have been. She looked several years older. But it was still Aurelia. Those little, gloved hands, tightly clinched, were the same which she had held to the library fire as we talked the day before; even the dress was the same. Alas! she had been in too great a hurry to change it before she left, or her thin shoes. Poor little Aurelia! And then—I don't know how it was, but in another moment Ralph was kneeling by her, bending over her, taking the stiffened hands in his trembling clasp, imploring the deaf ears to hear him, calling wildly to the pale lips to speak to him, which had done with human speech. I could not bear it, and I turned away and looked out through the open door at the snow falling. The inspector came and stood beside me. In the silence which followed we could hear Charles speaking gently from time to time; and when at last we both turned toward them again, Ralph had flung himself down on an old bench at the further end of the out-house, with his back turned toward us, his arms resting on a barrel, and his head bowed down upon them. He neither spoke nor moved.

Charles left him and came toward us, and he and the inspector spoke for a moment, and then the latter dropped on his knees beside the dead woman, and, after looking carefully at a dark stain on one of the wrists, turned back the sleeve. Crushed deep into the round white arm gleamed something bright. It was an emerald bracelet which we both knew. Charles cast a hasty glance at Ralph, but he had not moved, and he drew me beside him, so as to interpose our two figures between him and the inspector. The latter quietly turned down the sleeve, and recomposed the arm.

"I knew she would have them on her, if she had them at all," he said, in a low voice. "We need look no further at present. Not one will be missing. They are all there."

He gazed long and earnestly at the dead face, and then to my horror he suddenly unfastened the little hat. I made an involuntary movement as if to stop him, but Charles laid an iron grip upon me, and motioned to me to be still. The stealthy hand quietly pushed back the fair curls upon the forehead, and in another moment they fell still further back, showing a few short locks of dark hair beneath them, which so completely altered the dead face that I could hardly recognize it as belonging to the same person. The inspector raised his head, and looked significantly at Charles. Then he quietly drew forward the yellow hair over the forehead again replaced the hat, and rose to his feet. Charles and I glanced apprehensively at Ralph, but he had not stirred. As we looked, a hurried step came across the yard, a hand raised the latch of the door, and some one entered abruptly. It was Carr. For one moment he stood in the doorway; for one moment his eyes rested horror-struck on the dead woman, then darted at us, from us to the inspector, who was coolly watching him, and—he was gone! gone as suddenly as he had come; gone swiftly out again into the falling snow, followed by the wild barking of the dog.

Charles, who had had his back to the door, turned in time to see him, and he made a rush for the door, but the inspector flung himself in his way, and held him forcibly.

"Let me go! Let me get at him!" panted Charles, struggling furiously.

"I shall do no such thing, sir. It can do no good, and might do harm. He is armed and you are not; and he would not be over-scrupulous if he were pushed. Besides, what can you accuse him of? Intent to rob? For he did not do it. If you have lost anything, remember you have found it again. If you caught him a hundred times, you have no hold on him. I know him of old."

"You?"

"Yes; I have known him by sight long enough. He is not a new hand by any means—nor she, either, as to that, poor thing."

"But what on earth brought him here?"

"He was waiting for news of her in London, most likely, and he knew she would have the jewels on her, and came down when he got wind of the accident."

"Knew she would have the jewels! Then do you mean to say there was collusion between the two?"

The inspector glanced furtively at Ralph but he had never stirred, or raised his head since he had laid it down on his clinced hands.

"They are both well known to the police," he said, at last, "and I think it probable there was collusion between them, considering they were man and wife"

CHAPTER XXII.

I am told that I ought to write something in the way of a conclusion to this account of the Danvers jewels, as if the end of the last chapter were not conclusion enough. Charles, who has just read it, says especially that his character requires what he calls "an elegant finish" and suggests that a slight indication of a young and lovely heiress in connection with himself would give pleasure to the thoughtful reader. But I do not mean at the last moment to depart from the exact truth and dabble in fiction just to make a suitable conclusion. If I must write something more, I must beg that it will be kept in mind that if further details concerning the robbery are now added against my own judgment, they will rest on Charles' authority, not mine; as anything I afterwards heard was only through Charles whose information I never consider reliable in the least degree.

* * * * * * *

It was not till three months later that I saw him again, on a wet April afternoon. I was still living in London with Jane, when he came to see me, having just returned from a long tour abroad with Ralph.

Sir George, he said, was quite well again, but the coolness between himself and his father had dropped almost to freezing-point since it had come to light that he had been innocent after all. His father could not forgive his son for putting him in the wrong.

"I seldom disappoint him in matters of this kind," he said. "Indeed, I may say I have, as a rule, surpassed his expectations, and I must be careful never to fall short of them in this way again. But ah! Miss Middleton, I am sure you will agree with me how difficult it is to preserve an even course without relaxing a little at times."

"My dear Mr. Charles," said Jane, beaming at him over her knitting, but not quite taking him in the manner he intended, "you are young yet, but don't be down-hearted. I am sure by your face that as you grow older these deviations, which you so properly regret, will grow fewer and fewer, until, as life goes on, they will gradually cease altogether."

"I consider it not improbable myself," said Charles, with a faint smile, and he changed the conversation. I really cannot put down here all that he proceeded to say in the most cold-blooded manner concerning Carr and Aurelia, or, as he would call them, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, alias Sinclair, alias Tibbitts. I for one don't believe a word of it; and I don't see how he could have found it all out, as he said he had, through the police, and people of that kind. I don't consider it at all respectable consorting with the police in that way; but then Charles never was respectable, as I told Jane after he left, arousing excited feelings on her part which made me regret having mentioned it.

According to him, Carr, who had never been seen or heard of since the day after the accident, was a professional thief who had probably gone to —— in India with the express design of obtaining possession of Sir John's jewels, which had, till near the time of his death, been safely stowed away in a bank in Calcutta. He and his wife usually worked together; but on this occasion she had, by means of her engaging manner and youthful appearance, struck up an acquaintance abroad with Lady Mary Cunningham, who, it will be remembered, had jewels of considerable value; with a view of obtaining those jewels her plans were laid. Ralph, she had used as a tool, and engaged herself to him in the expectation that on her return to England she might, by means of her intimacy with the family, have an opportunity of taking them, Lady Mary having left them, while abroad, with her banker in London. The opportunity came while she was at Stoke Moreton, but in the meanwhile Sir John's priceless legacy had arrived, having eluded her husband's vigilance. (That certainly was true. The jewels were safe enough as long as I had anything to do with them). Her husband, who followed them, saw that he was suspected, and threw the game into her hands, devoting himself entirely to putting his own innocence beyond a doubt, in which, with Ralph's assistance, he succeeded.

"I see now," continued Charles, "why she split her tea when Carr arrived. She was taken by surprise on seeing him enter the room, having had probably no idea that he was the friend whom you had telegraphed for. I suspect, too, that same evening, after the ball, when she and Carr went to find the bag, it was to have a last word to enable them to play into each other's hands, being aware, if I remember rightly, that father had gone to bed in company with the key of the safe, and that consequently the jewels might be left within easier reach than usual. No doubt she weighed the matter in her own mind, and decided to give up all thought of Lady Mary's jewels, and to secure those which were ten times their value. She could not have taken both without drawing suspicion upon herself. Like a wise woman she left the smaller, and went in for the larger prize; a less clever one would have tried for both and have failed. She failed, it is true, by an oversight. She could never have noticed that the piece of paper wrapped round the crescent was peculiar in anyway or she would not have left it on the table among the others. She turned it off well when Evelyn recognized it, and made the most of her time. She was within an ace of success, but fate was against her. And Carr lost no time either, for that matter; for I have since found out that the telegram she sent was to Birmingham, where he was no doubt hiding, bidding him meet her in London earlier than had been arranged. Of course, he set off for the scene of the accident directly he heard of it, having received no further communication from her. We only arrived ten minutes before him. For my part, I admired her more than I ever did before, when the truth about her came out. I considered her to be a pink-and-white nonentity, without an idea beyond a neat adjustment of pearl-powder and then found that she possessed brains enough to outwit two minds of no mean calibre, namely, yours, Middleton, and my own. Evelyn was the only person who had the slightest suspicion of her, and that hardly amounted to more than an instinct, for she owned that she had no reason to show for it"

"I wonder Lady Mary was so completely taken in by her to start with," I said.

"I don't," replied Charles. "I have even heard of elderly men being taken in by young ones. Besides, suspicious people are always liable to distrust their own nearest relatives, especially their prepossessing nephews and then lay themselves open to be taken in by entire strangers. She wanted to get Ralph married and she took a fancy to this girl, who was laying herself out to be taken a fancy to. In short, she trusted to her own judgment and it failed her, as usual. I wrote very kindly to her from abroad, telling her how sincerely I sympathized with her in her distress at finding how entirely her judgment had been at fault, how lamentably she had been deceived from first to last and how much trouble she had been the innocent means of bringing on the family. I have had no reply. Dear Aunt Mary! That reminds me that she is in London now; and I think a call from me, and a personal expression of sympathy, might give her pleasure." And he rose to take his leave.

I had let Charles go without contradicting a word he had said, because, unfortunately, I was not in a position to do so. As I have said before, I am not given to suspecting a friend, even though appearances may be against him; and I still believed in Carr's innocence, though I must own that I was sorry that he never answered any of the numerous letters I wrote to him, or never came to see me in London, as I had particularly asked him to do. Of course I did not believe that he was married to Aurelia, for it was only on the word of a stranger and a police inspector, while I knew from his own lips that he was engaged to a country woman of his own. However, be that how it may, my own rooted conviction at the time, which has remained unshaken ever since, is, that in some way he became aware that he was unjustly suspected, and being, like all Americans, of a sensitive nature, he retired to his native land. Anyhow, I have never seen or heard anything of him since. I am aware that Jane holds a different opinion; but then Charles had prejudiced her against him—so much so, that it has ended by becoming a subject on which we do not converse together.

* * * * * * * *

I saw Charles again a few months later on a sultry night in July. I was leaving town next day, to be present at Ralph's wedding and Jane and I were talking it over toward 10 o'clock, the first cool time in the day, when he walked in. He looked pale and jaded as he sat down wearily by us at the open window, and stroked the cat, which was taking the air on the sill. He said that he felt the heat, and he certainly looked very much knocked up. I do not feel heat myself, I am glad to say.

"I am going abroad to-morrow," he said after a few remarks on other subjects. "It is not merely a question of pleasure, though I shall be glad to be out of London, but I have of late become an object of such increasing interest to those who possess my autograph, that I have decided on taking change of air for a time."

"Do you mean to say you are not going down to Stoke Moreton for Ralph's wedding?" I exclaimed. "I thought we should have traveled together as we once did six months ago."

"I can't go," said Charles, almost sharply. "I have told Ralph so."

"I am sure he will be very much disappointed and Evelyn, too; and the wedding being from her uncle's house, as she has no room of her own, will make your absence all the more marked."

"It must be marked then; but the young people will survive it, and Aunt Mary will be thankful. She has not spoken to me since I made that little call upon her in the spring. When I pass her carriage in the Row she looks the other way."

"I am glad Ralph has consoled himself," I said. "A good and charming woman like Evelyn and a nice, steady fellow like Ralph, are bound to be happy together."

"Yes," said Charles, "I suppose they are. She deserves to be happy. She always liked Ralph and he is a good fellow. The model young men make all the running nowadays. In novels the good woman always marries the scapegrace, but it does not seem to be the case in real life."

"Anyhow, not in this instance," I remarked, cheerfully.

"No, not in this instance, as you so justly observe," he replied, with a passing gleam of amusement in his restless, tired eyes. "And now," producing a small packet, "as I am not going myself, I want to give my wedding present to the bride into your charge. Perhaps you will take it down to-morrow, and give it into her own hands, with my best wishes."

"Might we see it first?" said Jane, with all a woman's curiosity, evidently scenting a jewel-case from afar.

Charles unwrapped a small Morocco case, and, touching a spring, showed the diamond crescent, beautifully reset and polished, blazing on its red satin couch.

"Ralph said I should have it, and he sent it me some time since," he said, turning it in his hand; "but it seems a pity to fritter it away in paying bills; and," in a low tone, "I should like to give it to Evelyn. I hear she refused to wear any of Sir John's jewels on her wedding day, but perhaps—if you were to ask her—she and I are old friends—she might make an exception in favor of the crescent."

And she did.

(The End.)

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Virginia Delegates Leave.

Practically all of the delegates to the Southern Baptist Convention set out for Savannah yesterday. Quite a delegation went from Richmond. Dr. R. H. Pitt, Rev. Mr. Sollee, of Kentucky; Rev. Mr. Sowers, of Virginia, Rev. W. W. Sisk, Rev. C. P. Stanley and others left at 12:50 over the Southern. Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Dickinson, Dr. W. T. Derieux and many others left at 2 o'clock over the Seaboard Air Line and joined parties from Washington and Baltimore. Quite a number of others went last night.

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