

FIRE SALE!**FIRE SALE!**

Our Great Sale commenced last week with great success and will continue till all goods are sold.

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Don't forget that our stock of Ready-Made Clothing is complete and must be sold without reserve. Come one Come all.

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Temporary Stand at York St., Op. Commercial Hotel.

DONALD

Being a True Record and Explanation of the Seven Mysteries Now Associated With His Name In the Public Mind, and of an Eighth, Which Is the Key of the Seven

DONALDSON, JR.

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By HOWARD FIELDING

(CONTINUED).

"As to the robber, I made up any sort of story that would make you watch the safe. Healy gave me a description of the packages. He had seen you put them away. I thought that the money was still in them, and I hoped that you would scare Bunn away or catch him if he was really planning such a crime. I happened to have seen William Hackett in New York, and I knew how his looks had changed. I saw in that a chance to impress you, uncle, and I had made up my mind that you must come to believe more and more strongly in my powers in order that you would finally take my word against Carl Archer's. Later, of course, I did all that I could to impress Mr. Bunn. I just worked on his feelings. I dragged him up to Mr. Kelvin's that night. I did everything to increase his superstition so that he would eventually be afraid of me and confess to me and obey me, as he subsequently did."

"Thank heaven!" I interjected.

"As to Gillespie," continued Donald, "he was brought out here first by Carl, who by that time had Mr. Bunn completely in his power and was afraid that I might shake the hold. Carl also wanted to know what I was trying to do, whether I had trapped any secret, whether I was aware that he was plotting to drive your business into the trust so that he might be made the manager of the concern and exercise a spurious generosity toward my father."

"Tim Healy saw a conversation between Gillespie and Carl in your room, and that let me into the whole truth about Gillespie and about the fight that would be made for the control of the branch road. I frightened him away the first time by having Healy tell him that he had received a telephone message from a Princeton friend of mine saying he'd be in Tunbridge by the 3:30 train."

"If you see young Mr. Donaldson at the house, professor," said Healy, "will you give him this message?"

"The bogus professor was in no position to meet a man from Princeton. You have heard me tell the story of Walmsley's hand. The prediction of the vote was made merely to impress Bunn and was founded on the plan which I had made to win Thorndyke over and force Carl to vote openly with Kelvin. Remember that Tim and I knew some of Bunn's most secret thoughts; that we caught many conversations between the different parties to this plot, and you will see nothing mysterious in what I did. I was assisted, however, by inferences and by hard thinking in two matters—the finding of the deed and the trick by which Carl smuggled the stolen money into that package of papers. It was really there. I took it out while your handbag containing the papers was at the house that noon. That's all, uncle; that's the whole story."

Now, it will be admitted, of course, that here is a rational explanation of the whole matter if we ascribe Donald's seeming prediction of Gillespie's death to coincidence, but I own that my opinion, like Mr. Kelvin's, is entirely unshaken. I believe that Donald used material means when he could get them and that when he couldn't he bridged the gap with psychic power. Donaldson does not agree with me in this.

"The power that you have, Donald," said he when the story had been told upon the train, "is the sad power of deception. You had it as a child. Though your heart is honest, you run to trickery as to your natural weapon. It is a fault that you must break."

"I have sworn to do it, father," said Donald. "Amy Kelvin and I have talked it over. She knew that I would confess everything today, even her own share, and I have promised her that never again in my life, for any con-

Tortured with Pain.**Too Weak to Work.****ULCERS, BOILS AND PIMPLES ALL OVER HER BODY**

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A remedy without a rival for the cure of all diseases and troubles arising from bad blood. A record extending over a quarter of a century and thousands of testimonials will prove this. Mrs. Deitz writes: "Too weak to work, tortured with the pain of ulcers, boils and pimples all over my body, especially on my face. I had almost made up my mind to give up trying to have them cured. I was ashamed to have any person come to see me, my face was in such a terrible state. I tried everything I could think of but got worse and worse. I was then led to try Burdock Blood Bitters and was surprised at the wonderful change the first bottle made. Altogether I took seven bottles and am now completely cured and am in perfect health again. I feel that B.B.B. saved my life."

ceivable purpose, will I descend to the smallest deception."

"You'll find that rather hard to live up to, Don," said I, "especially in business. But I commend your resolution. The harder it is to do the more it's worth doing."

"By the way," said Donaldson, after a pause, "what are you going to do with Bunn?"

"Forgive him," I replied. "It's a wrench, but I'm going to do it. Thorndyke's looking out for him now."

"And Archer?"

"Let him take his goods out of my house," said I. "It's all I'll ask of him. This has been a trying day," I added. "I'm glad that it is drawing to a close."

"There is one more thing to do," said Donaldson gloomily as we rose to leave the train.

CHAPTER XIX.**A LESSON IN HEREDITY.**

WHEN we came up to my grounds, we found Dorothy by the gate with Amy Kelvin. Donald shuddered at the thought of facing his mother, but he braced himself for the ordeal.

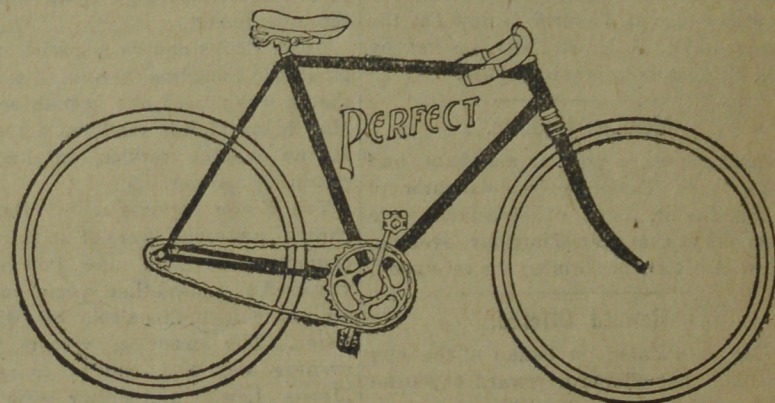
"Mother, dear," said he. "I'm not fit to look you in the eyes. I'm a fake and a fraud, but I'll never do it again. Even if I had not already resolved, this awful thing today would have cured me."

"You mean that man's death?" said Dorothy, who had heard of it from Amy. "Don't take it too much to heart."

"It will go all over the world," said Donald, with a great sob, "and you will all be ashamed of me."

At this, very much to my surprise, pretty Miss Kelvin seized Donald's hand and kissed it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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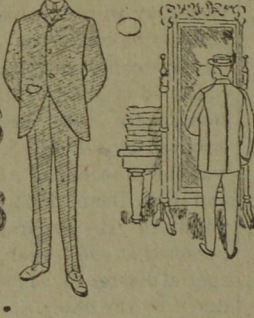
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