

DONALD DONALDSON, JR.

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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

By HOWARD FIELDING

(CONTINUED)

"Millie was a flirt, I'm afraid, and as the deacon was the most attractive young man in her vicinity she proceeded to practice her innocent arts upon him. I think he was not naturally timid in such matters. He had a very easy and graceful manner in the company of ladies, and not even so simple an old fellow as myself could fail to see that he had learned his lesson in the school of experience. Millie found him an admirable cavalier, and she kept him busy in her service."

It may have been five weeks that Millie and her mother were at my house, and the place was so gay that I did not feel at home. In the evenings there would be music and dancing, and I would sit in a corner alone except when Hackett strayed into this scene of unaccustomed revelry or when Dorothy could be persuaded to come over after the school. She was in mourning for her aunt, of course, and could not join in the sport, but she held it no harm to sit in sober black and watch the others. We had some great talks in this way, but it seemed to me that she was not in so good spirits after this brief season of festivity got well under way. Indeed it must have been a trial for a young and pretty girl, as I thought more than once. It never occurred to me that there could be any special trouble. Even when she advanced the opinion one evening that she was not doing very well with the school and perhaps it might be better for her to go away I totally failed to comprehend.

That night after the house had become quiet I was sitting before the fire in the library alone when Donaldson dropped in to keep me company. At my invitation he took a cigar, selecting one that was black and strong, and when he had lighted it I perceived that there was something on his mind. A man who wishes to conceal his mental state should not smoke in the presence of a smoker.

"Mr. Harrington," said he at last, "you have been very good to me. You have put me in a fine way of business, so that my future is assured—if I behave myself. I am very grateful in every way, and I'm going to please you if I can. But, by jingo," he cried, suddenly springing up, "I can't!"

"Why not?" I asked as gently as possible.

He dried the palms of his hands upon his handkerchief.

"It's a great honor," he said, trying to be calm. "I told you so long ago at Bertram's. Of course I didn't then know that the young lady would be related to you. I couldn't foresee how beautiful she would be, how admirable in every way. She doesn't care a penny for me, to be sure, but I'm not speaking of that. I'm speaking of my own sentiments. She's got the most wonderful eyes—dark, mysterious, marvelous eyes. By Jove, I can well believe that she's the true psychic! And perhaps that's what's the matter."

"Are you speaking of Miss Harrington?" I inquired as he paused. And he replied with a quick nod of affirmation. "I'll tell you the truth!" he cried, wheeling toward me suddenly. "The psychic matter hasn't anything to do with it. It's because I'm in love with somebody else. I've got no business to be in love, but I am. On the chance that the woman I love may love me I ought to go and drown myself—in her interest—but I won't. I will stay right here and win her if I can. I'm selfish enough to do it, vain enough to think I

may succeed, and it seemed to be my duty to tell you about it, Mr. Harrington, considering the very peculiar circumstances of the case."

"Who is the young lady?" I inquired. For some strange reason a flood of emotion choked him as he tried to speak her name. He struggled with it for an instant and then answered me by throwing out his right arm so that he pointed to the window and across the broad lawn and nearly the whole town beyond it, half a mile or more in all, to the house where Dorothy lived. I understood him perfectly.

"You couldn't please me better than that," said I. "With all my heart I wish you well."

Some days later Dorothy told me that she was much more encouraged about the school and that she had quite given up the idea of going away. She was devoted to the work, and yet I knew that it was not her success therein which had so lightened her heart.

When Hackett learned how matters stood, he insisted that my theory about a natural antipathy between psychics was overthrown, but I preferred to re-



They were married in my house.

gard the case as merely exceptional. Obviously the rule cannot be ironclad, for if such were the fact occult powers would disappear from the world.

At any rate, this was a true love match if ever there was one. Their happiness brought out the noblest qualities of their hearts. They did wonderful work that winter, both of them, justifying my best hopes and winning my warmest good will.

It was to be a long engagement. Dorothy had mentioned two years, I believe. But in the late spring we planned to send Donaldson abroad, with the result that Dorothy decided to go too. So they were married in my house, which was rose bedecked for the occasion. There were festivities which lasted until sundown, and then while some of the younger guests were tying telltale ribbons to the carriage that waited before my door the two lovers escaped by another way and ran hand in hand like children across the fields through the sweet June evening. It appeared that they had secretly sent all their baggage to the railroad station earlier in the day.

CHAPTER V.

THE MYSTERY OF THE EXPECTED ROBBER.

PUNISHMENT.

Social progress has done away with a great many forms of punishment once administered under the laws of enlightened people. But nature never changes or modifies her penalties. She still has the same punishment for the man who neglects or abuses his stomach as she had in the far off days "when Adam delved and Eve span."

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"I was taken sick nine years ago with fever," writes Mr. M. M. Wardwell, of Linwood, Leavenworth Co., Kansas. "Had the doctor and he broke up the fever all right, but I took diarrhea right away; he couldn't cure it and it became chronic, and then he gave up the case. I got so weak with it and had piles so badly I couldn't lie down, nor hardly sit up. Was that way two or three months; thought I would never be well again, but picked up one of Dr. Pierce's Memorandum Books one day and saw your description of catarrh of the stomach. I thought it fit my case. We had a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in the house that was got for mother. You recommend it for catarrh of the stomach, so I went to taking it. The one bottle nearly cured me. I got two bottles next time and took one and one-half and was well. I haven't been bothered with diarrhea since."

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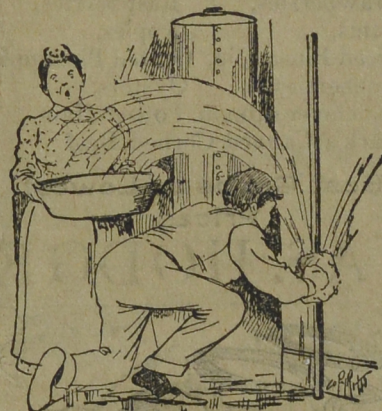
DONALD DONALDSON, JR., was born May 2, 1881. He was the healthiest and altogether the finest child that ever came into the world, the most desired, the best loved. And whimsical nature exacted the smallest possible price of pain for him.

Yet permit me to reconsider that statement in the light of a better philosophy. There are those who say that in adversity one need not shout for the awakening of the gods nor in the day of superabundance dread it; that nothing comes which is not earned. It may be that a young mother reaped no more than the just reward of consistent right living from her earliest girlhood. However that may be, the fact remains that all things went incredibly well. Behold Dorothy, as pretty as ever and not a day older, tripping about the house with a song; behold the boy, healthy as a young lion and roaring, when he roared, for his own good pleasure and not for any ill.

Hackett prophesied great things of him, believing that his exploits would some day necessitate a revised edition of our "Psychic Facts," a work that was then complete except for the last section, which Hackett wished to entitle "The Real Facts" despite the imputation upon the accuracy of the preceding portions.

As to his hopes of young Donald my partner spoke only once in the presence of the boy's parents.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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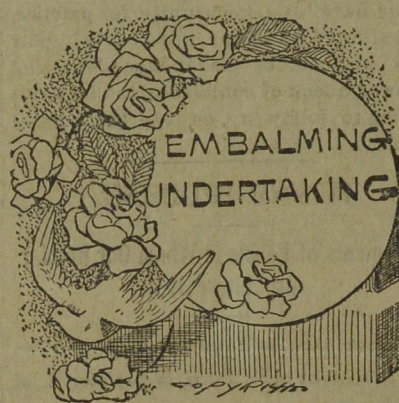
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