

# DONALD DONALDSON, JR.

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

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By HOWARD FIELDING

**CHAPTER XIX.**  
A LESSON IN HEREDITARY.

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.

"I couldn't help it, Mrs. Donaldson," she said, blushing fiery red and looking very much scared. "He is so unhappy."

"My son is a very lucky boy," said Dorothy, with her arm around the girl. "He has no right to be unhappy."

Amy kissed her impulsively. Then she turned away.

"If you're not ashamed to be seen with me," said Donald, "I'd like to walk over to The Elms with you. But perhaps that's forbidden by your parents."

"My parents do not seem to be in perfect harmony on the subject," said Amy. "I think I'll mind my mother from here to our gate and my father from the gate to the house."

"I think that's fate," said Dorothy softly as the two young people walked away. "He will bring her to us some day, Donald, and we shall love her and be proud of her. But what did he mean by calling himself such hard names? Wasn't any of it of it been genuine?"

Donaldson groaned from his heart.

"Dorothy," he cried, "there is just one secret that I have never been able to confess to you in all these years. I believe that it has made me old—the burden of it—and that it has whitened my hair. Dorothy, if our son is a fake and a fraud he is therein his father's son. I am a fake and a fraud. Mr. Harrington, I won your notice long ago and your friendship, and I have lived in your house all these years upon the basis of a lie. I am no psychic; I never was. It was all the merest trickery."

"Let me get this off my mind at last," he continued. "You remember the old story of the message from Japan. It was pure fraud. Do you recall the name of Joe Vinal? He was the man who took his confession all the way to Japan that he might right the wrong which had been done to Henry. Between my brother and Mrs. Vinal there had arisen a love which never led to transgression. He told me upon his honor that from the day when this was first recognized by them both they never saw each other. She was wholly estranged from her husband, though they lived under the same roof."

"When Henry went away, he wrote to Mrs. Vinal. She was always informed of Henry's whereabouts, and her husband knew this—he and I and no one else. I was well aware that my brother was in Japan. He had written long letters of description to Mrs. Vinal, and I had read them and had seen photographs which he sent her. It was from them that I described the room and the view from the window."

"I knew of her efforts to make her husband right the wrong to which he had been a party. I knew of Vinal's departure and where he was going. The vessel in which he sailed from San Francisco was a tramp steamer, but she was a very fast boat, and she was going direct. I knew when she was due, and as the day approached I became very nervous."



We found Dorothy by the gate with Amy Kelvin.

"Dear old Uncle John, uncle in general to all of us and best of benefactors, can you ever forgive me? I can't tell you all; I can't speak all of my aunt, and indeed she was driven to it; but when I first began to help her with those mysteries I thought her a most wonderful psychic and that the only deception was in making the revelations through me. Why, she had correspondents all over the country. I did not know it till after her death. There was a perfect network of fraud. These people wrote to each other. They gathered the complete family history of every investigator and—crank. You'd be amazed at the things that my aunt knew—things that were all done in an orderly record among her papers."

"I did not know this till after her death, and of course I had no suspicion that she was taking money for her exhibitions, that she lived upon them. It was among her letters that I found your name and Mr. Hackett's and the fact that you were trying to find a Mr. Donald Donaldson, whose name you had not yet learned. That letter came after my aunt's death."

"And I was desperate, Mr. Harrington. I did not know which way to turn. When you mentioned a teacher's work to me, I was insane with fear that you would not choose me, and so—and so I played that awful trick."

The tears were streaming down the dear face that I have loved so tenderly for so many years. She is the child of my soul. I took her into my arms and kissed her upon the brow.

"The facts seem to be," said Donaldson, looking very queer. "That your experiment in heredity has succeeded beyond the wildest dreams. You have brought together two persons having a peculiar and wretched gift of deception, though one of them is the most honest, open hearted woman in the world, and the other a man who has done no great harm. Each of them, in a crisis which seemed all important, yielded to a certain temptation—the very same in each instance. To them was born a son who was brought to face a similar situation, with a result that must be called inevitable. But at heart," he added, "the boy is pure gold, as his mother is, and I am proud of him."

He looked around defiantly, as if there had been some one to deny the justice of his claim.

"He's the finest boy that ever lived," said I. And then, with an old man's persistence in a long cherished opinion: "And, moreover, there's a tremendous lot in this matter that none of you has explained. I believe, upon my soul, that you are psychics, all of you!"

**THE END.**

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some little foolish reputation for mysterious powers, and I played upon it. That day in the restaurant while the search for Henry was being discussed I saw in the paper a report of the vessel that had carried Vinal. I guessed that he must be almost at that very hour in my brother's house, and of course I knew what he would do there.

"That was a harmless and pardonable fraud, Mr. Harrington," he continued, "compared to the one which I practiced upon you. I had the excuse of shielding the name of a good woman whose conduct might be misunderstood. But with you it was sheer self interest and reckless impulse. I was desperate with my circumstances. You would take me as a psychic, and you wouldn't take me any other way. Let me rush over this. When I pretended to 'feel' Dr. Whiting behind me, I heard his voice in the hall, and when I turned around after playing my trick and didn't see him I thought that I was lost. But fate saved me."

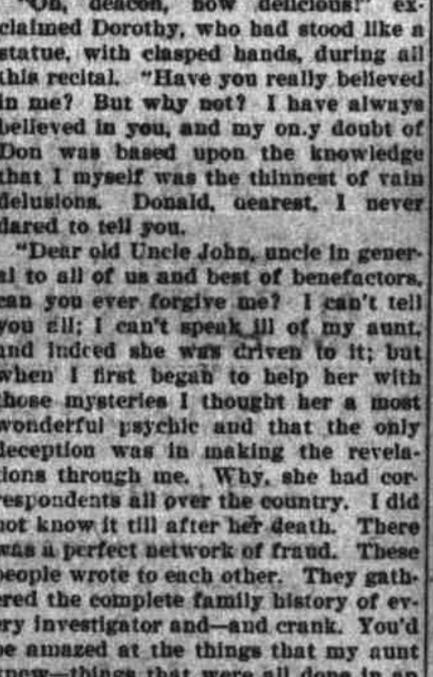
"As for my knowledge of what was in your mind, Mr. Harrington, the experiment in heredity, I was informed by Whiting."

"But I never told him!" I cried. Donaldson smiled sadly.

"How simple these things are," he said. "Certainly you never told him, but you loaned him your diary that he might study the records of your tests, and in turning it over he came upon your notes about the possibility of mating two psychics. 'Look out for a psychic girl,' he wrote in the letter in which he warned me of your visit. 'I think they've got one and will try to make a match.' Dear little Dorothy! To think that I never suspected her of being the wonder worker! But many a time since then I have felt her power guiding me, for she still has it, though she will not say so. Indeed, I cannot believe that our son lacks some inheritance of this mysterious force from his mother."

"Oh, deacon, how delicious!" exclaimed Dorothy, who had stood like a statue, with clasped hands, during all this recital. "Have you really believed in me? But why not? I have always believed in you, and my only doubt of Don was based upon the knowledge that I myself was the thinnest of vain delusions. Donald, dearest, I never dared to tell you."

"Dear old Uncle John, uncle in general to all of us and best of benefactors, can you ever forgive me? I can't tell you all; I can't speak all of my aunt, and indeed she was driven to it; but when I first began to help her with those mysteries I thought her a most wonderful psychic and that the only deception was in making the revelations through me. Why, she had correspondents all over the country. I did not know it till after her death. There was a perfect network of fraud. These people wrote to each other. They gathered the complete family history of every investigator and—crank. You'd be amazed at the things that my aunt knew—things that were all done in an orderly record among her papers."



ARCHBISHOP QUIGLEY OF CHICAGO.

nation and learned to speak the various tongues with fluency. After he returned to the United States in 1870 as Father Quigley he turned his abilities as a linguist to good account. He became interested in the labor question and mingled with the workmen of all nationalities.

One day a friend of the priest met him at a Buffalo street corner where a gang of laborers were at work. It was a motley company. He walked among them, talking to one and another. He addressed each in his native tongue.

Bishop Ryan put Father Quigley in charge of the church at Attica, N. Y., his first parish. The church was an old dilapidated building, scarcely large enough to hold 100 people. During the five years the young priest remained at Attica he was janitor as well as pastor. He swept the church and cut the weeds about the building in summer and shoveled the snow in winter.

One January night a heavy sleet fell, covering the steps of the little church. When the worshippers went to mass next morning they found Father Quigley at work with a hoe breaking away the coat of ice. An old man stopped at the entrance, astonished.

"Here, father," he said; "let me do that."

"No. Go inside, where it is warm. The wind out here is bitter cold. I will have the way cleared in a minute," said the robust priest.

Archbishop Quigley was born in Oshawa, Canada, but while still an infant his parents moved to Rochester, N. Y., where his aged mother now resides. From Attica Father Quigley went to Buffalo as pastor of St. Joseph's cathedral, where he remained until he was elevated to the episcopacy of Buffalo in 1897.

Such is the man who is now metropolitan of the great archdiocese of Chicago, with its many nationalities, speaking varied tongues. That he is well qualified for the task, great as it is, no one who knows him doubts. He is calm, clear headed and farseeing, with a wonderful power over men. His success as administrator of the diocese of Buffalo will be repeated in the larger sphere in which he has taken up his labors.

## NOTED AS A WORKER

ARCHBISHOP QUIGLEY, NEW METROPOLITAN OF CHICAGO.

Why He Once Took the Examination For Admission to West Point—His Skill as a Linguist—Masterful Director of His First Pastorate.

Archbishop James Edward Quigley, who has just begun his administration over the archdiocese of Chicago, one of the greatest Roman Catholic provinces in the world, is considered one of the most forceful and able prelates of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States.

The archbishop of Chicago is still a young man. He is large of body and of mind. He is nearly six feet high, with broad shoulders and deep chest. He will need all his strength and vigor, for the archdiocese of Chicago is the fourth largest in the world. Nearly 600 priests are under his rule, and about one-tenth of all the Catholics in the United States comprise the great flock over which he is the shepherd.

As a student at St. Joseph's college, Buffalo, young James Quigley was a good student, the best of his class. Before the end of his first year he had passed the other boys of his age, and until the close of his preparatory schooling of five years he was never in second place.

When he was graduated in 1872, all the schools of Buffalo were interested in a coming examination for a West Point cadetship. Like the heads of the other schools, the faculty of St. Joseph wanted a student to contest the place. James Quigley was selected, and he won handsily.

"The cadetship examination which you took while in St. Joseph college opened a prospective army life to you, did it not?" the archbishop was asked recently.

"I never thought of it in that way," was the reply. "I took the examination for the honor of my school. In the previous year there had been a similar examination, and Jimmy McAnuliffe took it and beat them all."

After leaving St. Joseph's young Quigley went to the seminary of Our Lady of Angels at Suspension Bridge. Later Bishop Ryan of Buffalo sent him to the University of Innsbruck, in the Austrian Tyrol. From there he went to the College of the Propaganda at Rome.

While in Europe he studied the language and literature of nearly every

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