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Tales, from Dickens,

BY

Author of "The Castaway". "Hearts Courageous", etc.

HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES.

Charles. Dickens

The Mystery of Edwin Drood

NO. XIV.

JOHN JASPER

the quiet town of Cloisterham, in England, not far from London, in carding school, once lived a beautiful siri named Rosa Bud-an amiable, willful, cioning, whimsical little creature whom everyone called "Rosebud." She was an Her mother had been acciden orphan. tally drowned when she was only 7 years old and her father had died of grief on the first anniversary of that day. Her father's friend and college mate, a Mr. Drood, had comforted his last hours, and Drood, had comforted his last hours, and they had agreed between that when Rose-buid was old enough she should marry Mr. Drood's son Elwin, then a little boy. Her father put this wish in his will, and so did Mr. Drood, who died also soon after his friend, and Rosebud and Edwin Drood grew up knowing that, though not bound in any was, each was intended for the other. So it came about that while, it they had been left alone they might have fallen in love naturally, yet as it was they were always shy and ill at easy with each other. Yet they liked each have fallen in love naturally, yet as it was they were always shy and ill at ease with each other. Yet they liked each other, too

other, too. Rosebud's guardian was a Mr. Grew-glous, an arid, sandy man, who looked as if he might be put in a grinding mill and turned out first-class snuff. He had scanty hair like a yellow fur tippet and deep notches in his forehead, and was very near-sighted. He seemed to have been born old, so that when he came from London to call on Rosebud amid all the schoolerize be used to may be felt like from London to call on Rosebud amid all the schoolgiris he used to say he felt like a bear with the cramp. But Mr. Grow-glous under his oddity had a very tender heart, particularly to Rosebud, whose mother he had been scorrelly in love with before she married. But he had grown up a dry old bachelor, living in gloomy rooms in London, and no one-would have guessed him ever to have been a bit romantic

romantic. The school Rosebud attended was called "Nun's House." Miss Twinkleton, the prim old maid who managed it, termed it a "Seminary for Young Ladies." It had a worn front, with a big, shining brass door-plate that made it look at a distance. Was a battered old beau with a big next like a battered old beau with a big new synglass stuck in his blind eye. Here Rosebud lived a happy life till she was quite a young lady, and was the pet of the whole school.

ways getting up public meetings and talking loudly, insisting on every-body's thinking exactly as he did, and saying dreadful things of them if they did not. Helena and Neville Landless had been born in Ceylon, where as little children they had been cruelly treated by their stepfather. But they had brave spirits, and four times in six years they had run away, only to be brought back each time and pun-tshed. On each of these occasions (the first had been when they were but 7 first had been when they were but 7

prease old) Helena had dressed as a boy and had even tried to cut off her long hair with Neville's pocketknife. At length their cruel stepfather died, and they were sent to England, where, for no other reason than that his name was continually appearing in the newspa-pers. Mr Honeythunder had been an

almost like a gypsy, slender, supple and quick. Both seened half sby, half defi-ant, as though their blood were untamed. To make them welcome that first evening Mr. Crisparkle invited to his house Jasper, the choirmaster, with Edwin Drood, who was visiting him, and Rose-bud from the school. Before they parted

Rosebud was asked to sing. Jasper played her accompaniment, and while she sang he watched her lips intently. All at once, to their great aston inhment, Rosebud covered her face with her hands, and, crying out "I can't bea this! I am frightened! Take me away! burst into tears.

Helena, the newcomer, who had liked Rosebud at first sight, seemed to un-derstand her better than any one else. She laid her on a sofa, soothed her, and She iaid her on a soft, softeed her, and in a few moments Rossbud secured again as usual Mr. Crisparkle and Edwin Drood thought it only a fit of nervous-ness. To her relief, they made light of the matter, and so the evening ended. But later, at Nun's House, where she are the set to be commented Bet and Helena were to be roommates. Rose-

bud told her new friend how much she disliked Jamper and how his eyes terri-fied her, and how, so she sang, with his duite a young need. the whole school. Cloisterham was a duil, gray town with an ancient cathedral which was so cold and dark and damp that looking into its door was like looking down the throat of old Father Time. The cathedral had a fine choir, which sang at all the services and was taught and led by a music mas-and was taught and led by a music mas-ter named John Jasper. This Jasper, as eyes watching her lips, she feit as if he had kissed her. While the two girls were exchanging all along that he and Rosebud did throw the stones, and when Durdles not get along well together and who was echnitive on the subject, was unjustly angry that the other should so soon know what he considered his own private sensitive on the subject, was unjustly angry that the other should so soon know what he considered his own private affair He answered in a surly way, and, as both were hot-blooded and quick-tem-pered, they soon came to high words. As it happened, Jasper was waiking near and, overhearing, came between them. He chided them good-naturedly and took

on Neville's side. But he was anzious to have the two young men friends, and he begged his pupil for his own part to lay saide the ill feeling. He went to the choirmaster also on the same errand, and Jasper assured him that his nephew should do the same. He even promised, hypocritically, that to bring this about he would have before Dread Nevwould invite both Edwin Drood and Nev-lile to dine with him on Christmas eve, in his own rooms, where they might meet and shake hands.

and shake hands. Both young men promised to come to the dinner, and Mr. Crisparkle was high-by pleased at his management, little dreaming what the outcome would be.

THE CHOIRMASTER'S DINNER

THERE was a quaint character in Cloisterham named Durdles. He was mason whose specialty was the stone chiseling of tombstones. He was an old bachelor, and was both a very skillful workman and a great sot. He had keys to all the vaults and was fond of prowling about the old cathedral and its dismal crypt, forever tap-tapping with a little hammer he carried on its stone and walls, hunting for forgotten cavities, in which, perhaps, centuries before, bodies had been buried. He wore a coarse fiannel suit with hern buttons and yellow handkerchief with draggled ends,

and it was a daily sight to see him perched on a tombstone eating his din-ner out of a bundle. When he was not feeling well he used to say he had a touch of "tomb-atism," instead of rheu-

touch of "tomb-atism." instead of rhea-matism. He was drunk so much that he was never certain about gotting home at night so he had hired at a penny a day a hideong small boy, who was known as the "Deputy" to threw stones at him whenever he found him out of doors after 10 o nicek, and drive him home to his little hole of an unfurnished stone house. The Deputy used to watch for him after this hour, and when he saw Durdies he this hour, and when he saw Durdles he and down like a dirty

would dance up and d little savage and sing: Widdy, widdy, wen! Widdy, widdy, wyl -ufter ten!

When he-don's-go-then-I shy! Widdy, widdy, Waks-Cock Warning!

It was part of the bargain that he must warning

her companion, had been thinking of the same matter, and her wise little head had reached almost the same conclusion. He came to her at once, and they walked out together under the irsee by the ca-thedrai. Their talk was not so difficult as either had feared it would be, and both feit relieved when they decided they could be far happier to remain as brother and sister, and not become hus-band and wife. So they agreed without pain on either side. Drood's only anxiety was for Jasper. He thought his uncle had looked for-ward to his mariage to Rosebud so long that he would be pained and disappointed

that he would be pained and disappointed to learn it was not to be. So he con-cluded he would not tell him as yet. Poor Rosebudi She was greatly agilaled. She felt the falseness of Jasper, and knew that he loved her himself, but she realised the impossibility of telling this to the nephew who so believed in him. So she was silent. Drood, for his part, since the heirothal was over, said nothsince the betrothal was over, said noth-

ing to her of the ring Mr. Grewglous had given to him, intending to return it to the lawyer. They kissed each other when they part-ed. The wicked choizmaster saw the ed. The wicked choirmaster saw the embrace from where he walked, and thought it the kiss of lovers soon to be wed. Drood left Rosebud then, to pass the time till the hour of meeting in Jas-

par's rooms. Neville that day had determined, the Newlife that day had occermined, the dinner over, to start at dawn next morn-ing on a walking tour, to be absent a fortnight. He brought a knapsack and a heavy steel-shod stick in preparation for this expedition, and bade his sister Heiena and Mr. Crisparkle goodby before he went to the appointed dinner at Jasper's.

per's. The choirmaster himself, if was re-marked, had never seemed in better spirits than on that day, nor had he ever sung more sweelly than in the afternoon

sing more sweelly than in the afternoon service before the dinner which he gave to the two young men. If he was con-templating a terrible crime, no one would have guessed it from his serene face or his agreeable manner. Edwin Drood had one warning just before he went up the postern stair that led to his Uncle Jasper's. The old has who mixed the oplum in the garret where the choirmaster smoked the drug had more than once tried to find out who her strange, gentlemanly viettor was. She had listened to his mutterings in his drunken alumber, and at length that day had followed him from London to Clois-terham, only to lose track of him there

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and all this saddened him, for he had not it he last subplicion that Jasper was blink as the action cases of marking that all the secton cases of the set on the begand in the full friend. It is asserted in the full that was the begand in the full the secton marking, the full the set in the set on the same crand, sing have the seven promised by cortically, that to bring this sectors have been were the set on the same crand, sing have a same the seven promised by the set on the the same crand, should do the same the seven promised by the set on the the same crand, should do the same the seven promised by the set on the the seven the seven the same crand, should do the same the seven promised by cortically, that to bring this sectors that the stress of the same crand, should do the same the seven promised by cortically, that to bring the same crand, should by the same crand, should do the same trand, should do the same the seven promised by cortically, that to bring this sectors that the stress of the same crand, should do the same trand, should by the same trand, should by the same trand, should do the same trand, should by the same trand, should be t

PECK'S BAD BOY HOME FROM ABROAD He and Dad Are Surprised to Hear About Cassie Chadwick and the Chicago Strike.

Hallie Erminie Rives

It happened, was the uncle and ghardian of Edwin Drood, the young man who expected to marry Rosebud, and as Drood was very fond of his uncle and used to come often to Ciolsterham to see him. come often to Ciolsterham to see him. Rosebud saw a great deal of her intended husband. He used to call on her at the school and take her walking and buy ber candy at a Turkish shop, called "Lumps of Delight," and did his best to get on well with her even though he felt swkward. Drood and Jasper were much more like

two friends than like uncle and nephew, for the choirmaster was very little older than Drood himself.

than Drood himself. Jasper seemed to be extraordinarily fond of Drood, and every one who knew him thought him a most honorable and up-right man; but in reality he was Mar dif-ferent. At heart he hated the cathedral and the singing, and wished often that he could find relief, like some old monk, in carving demons out of the desks and years. He had a soul that was without fear or conscience.

fear or conscience. One vile and wicked practice he had which he had hidden from all who knew which he had hidden from all who knew him. He was an optim smoker. He would steal away to London to a garret kept by a mumbling oid woman who knew the se-cret of mixing the drug, and there, stretched on a dirty paliet, sometimes with a drunken Chinaman or a Lascar heside him, would smoke pipe after pipe of the dreadful mixture that stole away his senses and left him worse than be-tore. Hours after he would awake, give the woman money and hurry back to Cloisterham just in time to resume his church robes and lead the cathedral choir.

choir. But though no one knew of this, and though Edwin Drood thought his uncle was well-nigh perfect. Rosebud after she grew up had no liking for Jasper. He gave her music lessons and every time they met he terrified her. She fell some-times that he haunted her thoughts like a dreadful chost. He seemed almost is times that he haunted her thoughts like a dreadful ghost. He seemed almost to make a slave of her with his looks, and she felt that in overy glance he told her that he, Jasper, loved her, and yet com-pelled her to keep silence. But, distiking him so, and shivering whenever he came near her, she did not know how to tell Edwin, who she knew loved and believed in Jasper.

ne day he received word from a Mr. suke Honeythunder in London telling him e was about to bring to Cloisterham a win brother and eister. Neville and islema Landiesa the young man to be anght by Mr. Crisparkle and his sister. felema to be put in Miss Twinkleton's chool. This Luke Honeythunder called him-elf a "philanthropist." but he was al-user sort of one indeed. He was al-One day he received word from a Mr. Luke Honeythunder in London telling him Helens Landless the young man to be tanght by Mr. Crisparkle and his eister. Helens to be put in Miss Twinkleton's

heard this yell he knew what was coming. Shortly before the Christmas eve din-

had followed him from London to Clois-terham, only to lose track of him there As Drood strolled, waiting for the dinner hour to strike from the cathedrai chimes, he passed her and she begged money from him

The state of the ministers in charge of the state of the ministers in the set of the ministers in charge of the set of the state of the set of the ministers in charge of the set of the set of the ministers in charge of the set of the set of the ministers in charge of the set of the set of the ministers in charge of the set of the set of the set of the ministers in the set of the

when the Depuity stoned him home that expeditor. But what Jasper had really done while the other was alleep-whether he had taken away the key to make a copy of it purpose of his own, or whether he wanted to be able to unlock that dark under-tround place and hide something in it because the state of the source of the inn-this only Jasper himself knew. The Christmas season came, and Edwin for a scoording to his promise, came to be able to unlock that dark under-trough of the source of the source of the beat of the source of the source of the beat of the source of the source of the beat of the source of the source of the beat of the source of the source of the beat of the source of the source of the beat of the source of the source of the beat of the source of the source of the forward of the source of the to the man who married her, that had been left in trust to Mr. Grewgious to give to the man who married her, the inspect of the source of the inspect of the source of the source of the source of the inspect of the source of the source

"Ned," was the name Jasper always called him by, but Drood did not think seriously of the old woman's words. He could not have guessed that the threats ahe spoke of against the Ned who had a sweetheart were murmured in his drugged alumber by his own uncle against himself. And yet something that moment made him shudder. So the chimes struck, and Edwin Drood went on to Jasper's rooms to meet his and the key of the crypt fell from his hands. He had a dim idea that Jasper picked up the key and went away with it, and was a long time gone, but when he awoke he could not tell whether this had really happened or not. And this, when the Deputy stoned him home that night, was all he could remember of the ernedition

went on to Jasper's rooms to meet his uncle and Neville Landless went to his deom: For from that time no one who loved him ever saw him again in this

T MAT night a fearful storm howled over Cloisterham. In the morning, as it was breaking, Jarper, the choirmas-ter, came pale, panting and half dressed, to Mr. Crisparkie's, asking for Edwin Drood. He said his nephew had left his rooms the evening before with Neville, tad not returned. Strange rumors sprang up at once. Ne-night magicion flew from house to house. He had got only a few miles from the your when he was overtaken by a party of men, who surrounded him. Thinking

had several talks with me about turning over new leaves, and he said now that we are about to land in our own country, let us be honest and tell the truth. I said I would try it, but maybe it would kill me, and then dad con-cealed about his person all the things as intended to smuggle without pay-ing duty, and then he put on a plous look, just like a minister who is on his return from a vacation, and we stood on deck as we came up from Sandy Hook, looked at the statue of Liberty and swelled up; looked at the Stars and Stripes flying and wept and acted like foois. Dad was pussier than ever, with over 46 yards of lace wound around als stummick under his shift, and a lot of kid gloves tiod under his arms, and more things than you could count, and that we are about to land in our own

when the revenue officers boarded the ship dad broke out in a perspiration, which was so noticeable that the in-spectors piped him off at once, and when he saw that they suspected him, pointed to the statue of Liberty and watd

pointed to the statue of Liberty and said: "My son, look at that fethale with the torch. That torch says all are weicome to come to this country who are honest and willing to help bear the burdens of our Government, but to the disionest man that torch means that he is not welcome. Be honest, my boy, if you don't lay up a cent. An honest man is the noblest work of God," and diad rolled up his eyes like Dowie, and said: "Peace be unto you," and then the inspector asked me if dad had any goods on him that he hadn't paid duty on, and I told alim he could search me, and that all I knew was that dad had used extra precaution in making his tollet and that he had to wind about 40 yards of lace around his stomach, which had been troubling him since he had a touch of cholera at Havana: and dad looked at me as though he would like to electrooute me for telling the truth. said:

The and bad Are surprised to Hear About Classic Chadwick and the Chicago Strike.

allowed to carry arms, and that it is no crime for Englishmen to come over here and scalp us. "What do you think of this?" said dad, as he read an account of Mrs. Chadwick forging the name of Andrew Carnegie to notes for \$5.900.000, and getting the feeble-minded bankers to lend her money on the notes, unsight, away Cassie was the richest grass widow in the country, buying every-thing in sight and creating a sensation wherever she went. And now she is in jall, her house and furniture gone and a horsedoctor has taken her horses for medical attendance when they had

you stand without hitching, and I want to get to Chicago by the first train," said dad, as he turned over the paper and iooked at the headlines. "What's the matter in Chicago, dad?"

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Havana; and dad looked at me as though he would like to electrocute me for telling the truth. The man told dad to peel off his out-side garments, and when he come to the lace and began to unravel it from dad, dad was more comfortable, cause his clother didn't fit so culck. When they had got the lace off, and the gloves, dad looked hurt and said: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," and the man said it would cost \$40 fme, and dad peid it and they kept the lace. And when the inspec-tors left dad and began to search a fat woman, he took me to one side and said: "You show the poorest judg-ment in telling the truth of any boy I ever met. Don't you remember the verse in the Bible which says: "The truth should not be spoken at all times'" and then he was going to give me a swift kick, when I told him to be careful or the diamond ring ac had

TEETH

JASPER SHOWS HIS THAT night a fearful storm howled

