

The Diamond Bracelet

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of East Lynne, Etc.

CHAPTER V—(Continued.)

"I trust not, but I am very unhappy. Who could have done it? How could it have gone? I left the room when you did, but I only lingered on the stairs watching—if I may tell the truth—whether you go out safely, and then I returned to it. Yet, when Lady Sarah came up from dinner it was gone."

"And did no one else go into the room?" he repeated. "I met a lady at the door who asked for you; I sent her upstairs."

"She went in for a minute. It was my sister, Gerard."

"Oh, indeed, was that your sister? Then she counts as we do for nobody in this. It is strange. The bracelet was in the room when I left it—"

"You are sure of it?" interrupted Alice drawing a long breath of suspense.

"I am. When I reached the door I turned round to take a last look at you, and the diamonds of that particular bracelet gleamed at me from its place on the table."

"Oh, Gerard! Is this the truth?"

"It is the truth, on my sacred word of honor," he replied, looking at her agitated face and wondering at her words. "Why else should I say it? Good-by, Alice, I can't stay another moment, for here's somebody coming I don't care to meet."

He was off like a shot, but his words and manner, like her sister's, had conveyed their conviction of innocence to the mind of Alice. She stood still, looking after him in her dreamy wonderment, and was jostled by the passers-by. Which of the two was the real delinquent? One of them must have been.

CHAPTER VI.

A little man was striding about his library with impatient steps. He wore a faded dressing gown, handsome once, but remarkably shabby now, and he wrapped it closely around him though the heat of the weather was intense. But Colonel Hope, large as were his coffers, never spent upon himself a superfluous farthing, especially in the way of personal adornment; and Colonel Hope would not have felt too warm, cased in sheepskins, for he had spent the best part of his life in India, and was of a chilly nature.

The Colonel had that afternoon been made acquainted with an unpleasant transaction which had occurred in his house. The household termed it a mystery; he, a scandalous robbery; and he had written forthwith to the nearest chief police station, demanding that an officer might be dispatched back to it. So there he was, waiting for his return in impatient expectation, and occasionally halting before the window to look out on the busy London world.

The officer at length came and was introduced. The Colonel's wife, Lady Sarah, joined him then, and they proceeded to give him the outlines of the case. A valuable diamond bracelet, recently presented to Lady Sarah by her husband, had disappeared in a singular manner. Miss Seaton, the companion to Lady Sarah, had temporary charge of the jewel box, and had brought it down the previous evening, Thursday, this being Friday, to the back of the drawing room, and laid several pairs of bracelets out on the table ready for Lady Sarah, who was going to the opera, to choose which she would wear when she came up from dinner. Lady Sarah chose a pair, and put, herself, the rest back into the box, which Miss Seaton then locked and carried to its place upstairs. In the few minutes that the bracelets lay on the table the most valuable one, a diamond, disappeared from it.

"I did not want this to be officially investigated; at least, not so quickly," observed Lady Sarah to the officer. "The Colonel wrote for you quite against my wish."

"And so have let the thief get clear off, and put up with the loss!" cried the Colonel. "Very fine, my lady."

"You see," added her ladyship, explaining to the officer "Miss Seaton is a young lady of good family, not a common companion; a friend of mine, I may say. This affair is of feeble constitution, and this affair has so completely upset her that I fear she will be laid on a sick bed."

"It won't be my fault if she is," retorted the Colonel. "The loss of a diamond bracelet, worth two or three hundred guineas, is not to be hushed up. They are not to be bought every day, Lady Sarah!"

The officer was taken to the room whence the bracelet disappeared. It was a back drawing room, the folding doors between it and the front standing open, and the back window, a large one looking out upon some flat leads—as did all the row of houses. The officer seemed to take in the points of the double room at a glance; the door of communication, its two doors opening to the corridor outside and its windows. He looked at the latches of the two entrance doors, and he leaned from the front windows, and he leaned from the one at the back. He next requested to see Miss Seaton, and Lady Sarah fetched her—a delicate girl with transparent skin and looking almost too weak to walk. She was in a visible tremor, and shook as she stood before the stranger.

He was a man of pleasant manners

and speech, and he hastened to assure her: "There's nothing to be afraid of, young lady," said he, with a broad smile. "I'm not an ogre; though I do believe some timid folks look upon us as such. Just please to compose yourself and tell me as much as you can recollect of this."

"I put the bracelets out here," began Alice Seaton, laying hold of the table underneath the window, not more to indicate it than to steady herself, for she was almost incapable of standing. "The diamond bracelet, the one lost, I placed here," she added, touching the middle of the table at the back, "and the rest I laid out round, and and before it."

"It was worth more than any of the others, I believe," interrupted the official.

"Much more," growled the Colonel. The officer nodded to himself, and Alice resumed:

"I left the bracelets and went and sat down at one of the front windows—"

"With the intervening doors open, I presume."

"Wide open, as they are now," said Alice, "and the other two doors shut. Lady Sarah came up from dinner almost directly, and then the bracelet was not there."

"Indeed! You are quite certain of that."

"I am quite certain," interposed Lady Sarah, "I looked for that bracelet, and, not seeing it, I supposed Miss Seaton had not laid it out. I put on the pair I wished to wear and placed the others in the box and saw Miss Seaton lock it."

"Then you did not miss the bracelet at that time?" questioned the officer.

"I did not miss it in one sense, because I did not know it had been put out," returned her ladyship. "I saw it was not there."

"But did you not miss it?" he asked.

"I only reached the table as Lady Sarah was closing the lid of the box," she answered. "Lady Frances Cheney had detained me in the front room."

"My sister," explained Lady Sarah. "She is on a visit to me, and had come with me up from dinner."

"You say you went and sat in the front room," resumed the officer to Alice, in a quicker tone than he had used previously. "Will you show where?"

Alice did not stir; she only turned her head towards the front room, and pointed to a chair a little drawn away from the window.

"In that chair," she said. "It stood as it stands now."

The officer looked baffled.

"You must have had the back room full in view from thence; both the door and the window."

"Quite so," replied Alice. "If you will sit down in it, you will perceive that I had an uninterrupted view, and faced the doors of both rooms."

"I perceive so from here. And you saw no one enter?"

"No one did enter. It was impossible they could do so without my observing it. Had either of the doors been only quietly unlatched, I must have seen."

"And yet the bracelet vanished!" interposed Colonel Hope. "They must have been confounded deep whoever did it; but thieves are said to possess slight of hand."

"They are clever enough for it, some of them," observed the officer.

"Rascally villains. I should like to know how they accomplished this."

"So should I," significantly returned the officer. "At present it appears to me incomprehensible."

There was a pause. The officer seemed to muse; and Alice, happening to look up, saw his eyes stealthily studying her face. It did not tend to reassure her.

Your servants are trustworthy; they have lived with you some time?" resumed the officer, not apparently attaching much importance to what the answer might be.

"Were they all escaped convicts, I don't see that it would throw light on this," retorted Colonel Hope. "If they came into the room to steal the bracelet, Miss Seaton must have seen them."

"From the time you put out the bracelets to that of the ladies coming up from dinner, how long was it?" inquired the officer of Alice.

"I scarcely know," panted she, for, what with his close looks and his close questions, she was growing less able to answer. "I did not take particular notice of the lapse of time; I was not well yesterday evening."

"Was it half an hour?"

"Yes—I dare say—nearly so."

"Miss Seaton," he continued, in a brisk tone, "will you have any objections to take an oath before a magistrate—in private, you know—that no person whatever, except yourself, entered either of these rooms during that period?"

CHAPTER VII.

Had he been requested to go before a magistrate and testify that she, herself, was the guilty person, it could scarcely have affected her more. Her cheeks grew white, her lips parted, and her eyes assumed a beseeching look of terror. Lady Hope hastily pushed a chair behind her, and drew her down upon it.

"Really, Alice, you are very foolish to allow yourself to be excited about nothing," she remonstrated; "you would have fallen on the floor in another minute. What harm is there in

taking an oath—and in a private room? You are not a Chartist, or a Mormon—or whatever the people call themselves, who profess to object to oaths, on principle."

The officer's eyes were still keenly fixed on Alice Seaton's, and she cowered visibly beneath his gaze.

"Will you assure me, on your sacred word, that no person did enter the room?" he repeated, in a low, firm tone, which somehow carried her to the terrible belief that he believed that she was trifling with him.

She looked at him, gasped, and looked again; and then she raised her handkerchief in her hand and wiped her damp and ashy face.

"I think some one did come in," whispered the officer in her ear; "try and recollect." And Alice fell back in hysterics.

Lady Sarah led her from the room, herself speedily returning to it.

"You see how weak and nervous Miss Seaton is," was her remark to the officer, but glancing at her husband. "She has been an invalid for years, and is not strong like other people. I felt sure we should have a scene of some kind; that is why I wished the investigation not to be gone into hurriedly."

"Don't you think there are good grounds for an investigation, sir?" testily asked Colonel Hope of the officer.

"I must confess I do think so," was the reply.

"Of course, you hear, my lady. The difficulty is, how can we obtain the first clue to the mystery?"

"I do not suppose there will be an insurmountable difficulty," observed the officer. "I believe I have obtained one."

"You are a clever fellow, then," cried the Colonel, "if you have obtained it here. What is it?"

"Will Lady Sarah allow me to mention it—whatever it may be—without taking offense?" continued the officer, looking at her ladyship.

She bowed her head, wondering much.

"What's the good of standing upon ceremony?" peevishly put in Colonel Hope. "Her ladyship will be as glad as we shall be to get back her bracelet; more glad, one would think. A clue to the thief! Who can it have been?"

The detective smiled. When men are as high in the police force as he, they have learned to give every word its due significance. "I did not say a clue to the thief, Colonel; I said a clue to the mystery."

"Where's the difference?"

"Pardon me, it is indisputably perceptible. That the bracelet is gone, is a palpable fact; but by whose hands it went, is as yet a mystery."

"What do you suspect?"

"I suspect," returned the officer, lowering his voice, "that Miss Seaton knows how it went."

There was a silence of surprise; on Lady Sarah's part, of indignation.

"Is it possible that you suspect her?" uttered Colonel Hope.

"No," said the officer, "I do not suspect herself; she appears not to be a suspicious person in any way; but I believe she knows who the delinquent is, and that fear, or some other motive, keeps her silent. Is she on familiar terms with any of the servants?"

"But you cannot know what you are saying!" interrupted Lady Sarah. "Familiar with the servants! Miss Seaton is a gentlewoman, and has always moved in high society. Her family is little inferior to mine, and better—better than the Colonel's," concluded her ladyship, determined to speak out.

(To be continued.)

WOMAN WHO RIDES HORSEBACK.

St. Louis for some time past has been greatly exercised regarding a fair equestrienne who has appeared daily on the fashionable drives around Lafayette park riding her steed bareback and astride. Her identity was known to few and the majority marveled greatly at her skill in managing her spirited steed and at her temerity in setting at defiance the accepted customs of her sex. With her blonde hair dressed pompadour, and her blue eyes flashing with exhilaration, clad in a clinging wrapper, wearing neither hat nor gloves, she goes forth daily for an equestrian stunt that astonishes the avenue. The identity of the fair horsewoman has finally become known to the public at large. She is Miss Jessie Goodpasture and belongs to an excellent family. She knows a good horse when she sees one, but she never refuses a ride on any animal that is offered, no matter how sorry a plug he may be. She prefers a horse with much spirit and plenty of speed, and she does not object at all to one that tries to throw her. "I have never been thrown," she says, "and I don't fear being thrown. I guess I can stay on any horse that comes along. I never rode a bucking broncho, though. I have heard of Miss Bessie Mulhall of Oklahoma and the way she rides horses and ropes cattle. Well, I suppose she is a pretty good rider, but I can ride a little myself. When Buffalo Bill was here two years ago I rode in his parade. I also rode in his show with the general turnout of riders. But I like riding astride better than on a side-saddle." Miss Jessie went from Springfield, Ill., to St. Louis eight years ago. She has never owned a horse, but depends upon acquaintances for her mounts. Whenever a boy rides past the alley in the rear of her home she craves the privilege of riding his horse. Then the neighbors witness a daring exhibition. "I don't know why I am so fond of riding," she said. "I guess I was just born that way. I'd rather ride than do anything else on earth. I just must ride."—Chicago Chronicle.

Christian science is said to be popular among art students in the Latin quarter of Paris.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DESPONDENCY THE SUBJECT OF SUADAYS DISCOURSE.

From Hebrews, Chapter VI, Verse 19, as Follows: "Which Hope, We as an Anchor of the Soul Both Sure and Steadfast."

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)—Washington, Nov. 17.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage would lift people out of despondency and bring something of future joy into earthly depression. The text is Hebrews vi, 19, "Which hope."

There is an Atlantic ocean of depth and fullness in the verse from which my text is taken, and I only waded into the wave at the beach and take two words. We all have favorite words expressive of delight or abhorrence, words that easily find their way from brain to lip, words that have in them mornings and midnights, laughter and tears, thunderbolts and dewdrops. In all the lexicons and vocabularies there are a few words that have for me the attractions of the last word of my text, "Which hope."

There have in the course of our life been many angels of God that have looked over our shoulders, or met us on the road, or chanted the darkness away, or lifted the curtains of the great future, or pulled us back from the precipices, or rolled down upon us the rapturous music of the heavens, but there is one of these angels who has done so much for us that we wish throughout all time and all eternity to celebrate it—the angel of Hope. St. Paul makes it the center of a group of three, saying, "Now abideth faith, hope, charity." And, though he says that charity is the greatest of the three, he does not take one plume from the wing, or one ray of luster from the brow, or one aurora from the cheek, or one melody from the voice of the angel of my text, "Which hope."

When we draw a check on a bank we must have reference to the amount of money we have deposited, but Hope makes a draft on a bank in which for her benefit all heaven has been deposited. Hope! May it light up every dungeon, stand by every sickbed, lend a helping hand to every orphanage, loosen every chain, caress every forlorn soul and turn the unpicturesque room of the almshouse into the vestibule of heaven! How suggestive that mythology declares that when all other deities fled the earth the goddess Hope remained!

It was hope that revived John Knox when on shipboard near the coast of Scotland he was fearfully ill, and he was requested to look shoreward and asked if he knew the village near the coast, and he answered, "I know it well, for I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to his glory, and I am fully persuaded how weak that ever I now appear I shall not depart this life till my tongue shall glorify his holy name in the same place." His hope was rewarded, and for twenty-five more years he preached. That is the hope which sustained Mr. Morrell of Norwich when departing this life at twenty-four years of age he declared, "I should like to understand the secrets of eternity before tomorrow morning." That was the kind of hope that the corporal had in the battle when, after several standard bearers had fallen, he seized the flag and turned to a lieutenant and said, "If I fall, tell my dear wife that I die with a good hope in Christ and that I am glad to give my life for my country." That was the good hope that Dr. Goodwin had in his last hour when he said: "Ah, is this death? How have I dreaded as an enemy this smiling friend!"

Assurances of Heaven. Many have full assurance that all is right with the soul. They are as sure of heaven as if they had passed the pearly panels of the gate, as though they were already seated in the temple of God unrolling the libretto of the heavenly chorister. I congratulate all such. I wish I had it, too—full assurance—but with me it is hope. "Which hope." Sinful, it expects forgiveness; troubled, it expects relief; bereft, it expects reunion; clear down, it expects wings to lift; shipwrecked, it expects lifeboat; bankrupt, it expects eternal riches; a prodigal, it expects the wide open door of the father's farmhouse. It does not wear itself out by looking backward; it always looks forward.

What is the use of giving so much time to the rehearsal of the past? Your mistakes are not corrected by a review, your losses cannot, by brooding over them, be turned into gains. It is the future that has the most for us, and hope cheers us on. We have all committed blunders, but does the calling of the roll of them make them the less blunders? Look ahead in all matters of usefulness. However much you may have accomplished for God and the world's betterment, your greatest usefulness is to come. "No," says some one, "my health is gone." "No," says someone, "my money is gone." "No," says someone, "the most of my years are gone and therefore my usefulness." Why, you talk like an infidel. Do you suppose that all your capacity to do good is fenced in by this life? Are you going to be a lamer and do nothing after you have put this world? It is my business to tell you that your faculties are to be enlarged and intensified and your qualifications for usefulness multiplied tenfold, a hundredfold, a thousandfold.

Freedom from Limitations.

Am I not right in saying that eternal brightening landscapes, other trans-

figurations of color, new glories rolling over the scene, new celebrations of victories in other worlds, heaven rising into grander heavens, seas of glass mingled with fire, becoming a more brilliant glass mingling with a more flaming fire. "Which hope."

Return of Lost Sheep.

On the following evening he came. He said that he was the black sheep of the family flock. He had wandered the world over and been in all kinds of wickedness, but a few nights before after reading a letter from his mother in Scotland, he had retired for sleep, but in the adjoining room he heard some young men in such horrible conversation he could not sleep. He was shocked as he had never before been by the talk of bad men. He arose, struck a light, took out the letter from his mother and knelt down by the bedside and said, "O Lord, God of my mother, have mercy on me!" He said that since that prayer he was entirely changed and loved what he before hated and hated what he before loved and asked what I thought it all meant. I replied, "You have become a Christian." He said he might be called at any time to leave the city. I never saw him again, but it seemed to me that he had turned his back upon his wicked past and had started in the right direction. And it may be so with your boy. Write him often. Tell him how you are thinking of him at home, and, it may be, your letter in hand, he may call upon his mother's God to help and save him. Hope, you of the gray hairs and wrinkles! Heaven has its thousands of souls who were once as thoroughly wrong as your boy is. They repented, and they are with the old folks in the healthy air of the eternal hills, where they may become young again. Hope on, and, though you may never hear of your son's reformation and others may think he has left this life hopeless, who knows but in the last moment, after he has ceased to speak, and before his soul launches away, your prayer may have been answered and he be one of the first to meet you at the shining gate. The prodigal in the parable got home and sat down at the feast, while the elder brother, who never left the old place, stood pointing at the back door and did not go in at all.

Take the Hand of Hope.

But if you will not take the hand of Hope for earthly convalescence let me point you to the perfect body you are yet to have if you love and serve the Lord. Death will put a prolonged anaesthetic upon your present body, and you will never again feel an ache or pain, and then in his good time you will have a resurrection body about which we know nothing except that it will be painless and glorious beyond all present appreciation. What must be the health of that land which never feels cut of cold or blast of heat and where there is no east wind sowing pneumonia on the air, your fleetness greater than the foot of deer, your eyesight clearer than eagle in sky—perfect health in a country where all the inhabitants are everlastingly well! You who have in your body an encysted bullet ever since the civil war, you who have kept alive only by precautions and self-denials and perpetual watching of pulse and lung, you nity can do more for us than can time? What will we not be able to do when the powers of locomotion shall be quickened into the immortal spirit's speed? Why should a bird have a swiftness of wing when it is of no importance how long it shall take to make its aerial way from forest to forest and we, who have so much more important errand in the world, get on so slowly? The roebuck outruns us, the hounds are quicker in the chase, but wait until God lets us loose from all limitations and hindrances. Then we will fairly begin. The starting post will be the tombstone. Leaving the world will be graduation day before the chief work of our mental and spiritual career. Hope sees the doors opening, the victor's foot in the stirrup for the mounting. The day breaks—first flush of the horizon. The mission of hope will be an everlasting mission, as much of it in the heavenly hereafter as in the earthly now. Shall we have gained all as soon as we enter realms celestial—nothing more to learn, no other heights to climb, no new anthems to raise, a monotony of existence, the same thing over and over again for endless years? No! More progress in that world than we ever made in this. Hope will stand on the hills of heaven and look for ever of the deafened ear and dim vision and the severe backache, you who have not been free from pain for ten years, how do you like this story of physical construction, with all weakness and suffering subtracted and everything jound and bounding added?

Do not have anything to do with the gloom that Harriet Martineau expressed in her dying words: "I have no reason to believe in another world. I have had enough of life in one and can see no good reason why Harriet Martineau should be perpetuated." Would you not rather have the Christian enthusiasm of Robert Annan, who, when some one said, "I will be satisfied if I manage somehow to get into heaven," replied, pointing to a sunken vessel that was being dragged up the river Tay: "Would you like to be pulled into heaven with two tugs like that vessel yonder? I tell you I would like to go in with all my sails set and colors flying."

God's Instruments.

Those pessimists do not realize that two inventions of our times are going to make it possible under God to bring this whole world into salvable and millennial condition within a few weeks after those two inventions shall

be turned into the service of God and righteousness, as they will be. I refer to the telegraph and the telephone. If you think that God allowed those two inventions to be made merely to get rapid information concerning the price of railroad stocks or to call up a friend and make with him a business engagement, you have a very abbreviated idea of what can be done and will be done with those two instruments. The intelligence of the world is to be expanded, and civilization will overcome barbarism, and illiteracy will be extirpated, and the promise will be literally fulfilled, "A nation born in a day."

Let Hope say to the foreboding: Do all you can with Bible and spelling book and philosophic apparatus, but toil with the sunlight in your faces or your efforts will be a failure. The pallor in the sky is not another phase of the night, but the first sign of approaching day, which is as sure to come as twilight will be followed by tomorrow. Things are not going to ruin. The Lord's hosts are not going to be drowned in the Red Sea of trouble. Miriam's timbrel will play on the high banks "Israel Delivered." High hope for the home! High hope for the church! High hope for the world!

Angel of Hope Is Near.

Open that closed instrument of music in your parlor that has not been played on since the hand of the departed player forgot its cunning. Put up before you on the music board the notes of the hymn of Isaac Watts and sing "There is a Land of Pure Delight" or James Montgomery's hymn, "Who Are These in Bright Array?" or Fillmore Bennett's "Sweet Bye and Bye" or "Jerusalem the Golden." Take some tune in the major key—"Ariel" or "Mount Pisgah." While you play and sing the angel of Hope will stand by you and turn the leaves and join in the rapturous rendering. Reunion with the loved and lost! Everlasting reunion! No farewell at the door of any mansion! No goodby at any of the twelve gates! No more dark apparel of mourning, but white robe of exaltation! Hope now is on its knees, with face uplifted, but Hope there will be on tiptoe or beckoning you to follow, saying: "Come and hear the choirs sing! Come and see the procession march! Come and see the river of life roll! Come with me over the hills that rise into everlasting heights." Celestial Alps and Himalayas hoisted into other Alps and Himalayas!

From this hour cultivate hope. Do so by reading all the Scriptural promises of the world's coming Edenization and doubt if you dare the veracity of the Almighty when he says he will make the desert rosete, and the leopard and the kid will lie down in the same pasture field, and the lion, ceasing to be carnivorous, will become graminivorous, eating "straw like an ox," and reptilian venom shall change into harmlessness, so that the "weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den, and there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." So much for the world at large.

The Time of a Wink.

A German scientist has given another proof of the painstaking nature of his race in obtaining perfect accuracy and the most minute detail of all things. This savant has measured the time that is occupied by a wink. He used a special photographic apparatus and fixed a piece of white paper on the edge of the eyelid for a mark. He found that the lid descends quickly and rests a little at the bottom movement. Then it rises more slowly than it fell. The mean duration of the downward movement was from .075 to .091 of a second. The time from the instant the eye rested till it closed varied from .15 to .17 of a second. In rising the lid took .17 of a second. The wink was completed in .4 of a second.

A Refrigerating Egg.

One of the oddest of recent inventions is a refrigerating egg, as it might be called. It is an ovoid capsule of nickel-plated copper, about the size and shape of a hen's egg, hollow and nearly filled with water. For use it is frozen, so that its contents become ice. If you have a glass of milk that is not cold enough, you do not like to put ice into it, because dilution with water spoils the beverage. But, if you have one of these eggs handy you may drop it into the glass and in a few moments the liquid is reduced to the desired temperature.

Too One-Sided.

Sam Jones, in one of his sermons, took women to task for spending more time in prinking than in praying. "If there's a woman here," he finally screamed, "who prays more than she prinks, let her stand up." One poor old faded specimen of humanity, in the sorriest, shabbiest of clothes, arose. "You spend more time praying than prinking?" asked the preacher, taking her all in. The poor old creature said she did—prayed all the time, prinked not at all. "You go straight home," admonished Jones, "and put a little time on your prinking."

Fears Not Realized.

He—"Clarice, you know I have always thought a great deal of you, and I have flattered myself you think not unfavorably of me. May I—will you be my wife?" She—"What a start you gave me, Harry! Do you know, I thought you were going to ask me to lend you some money."—Boston Transcript.

Last Saturday was a busy day for Squire Baxter. Clay Honeysuckle and Uncle John Phillips both got drunk.