



Continued from page six.

Here requested to relate how and when he became acquainted with the facts of the murder, he substantiated, in all particulars, the account of the master already given by the butler; which satisfied the coroner, and he asked the condition of the library table after the body had been removed.

"Somewhat, yes, sir."

"What was on it?"

"The usual properties, sir, books, papers, a pen with the ink dried on it, besides the decanter and the wineglass from which he drank the night before."

"Nothing more?"

"I remember nothing more."

"In regard to that decanter and glass, broke in the juryman of the match and chain, did you not say that the latter was found in the same condition in which it was at the time you left Mr. Leavenworth sitting in his library?"

"Yes, sir, very much."

"Yet he was in the habit of drinking a full glass?"

"Yes, sir."

"An interruption must then have occurred very close upon your departure, Mr. Harwell?"

"A cold bluish pale suddenly broke out upon the young man's face. He started and for a moment looked as if struck by some horrible thought."

"That does not follow, sir," he articulated with some difficulty. "Mr. Leavenworth might, but suddenly stopped as if too much distressed to proceed."

"Go on, Mr. Harwell, let us hear what you have to say."

"There is nothing," he returned faintly, as if battling with some strong emotion.

"As he had not been answering a question, only volunteering an explanation, the coroner, looking at him suspiciously from side to side, as if many there felt they had at last found some sort of a clue in this man's emotion. The coroner, ignoring in his usual way both the emotion and the unusual excitement it had produced, now proceeded to ask: "Do you know whether the key of the library was in its place or not when you left the room last night?"

"No, sir; I did not notice."

"The presumption is, it was?"

"I suppose so."

"At all events the door was locked in the morning and the key gone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then whoever committed this murder locked the door on passing out and took away the key?"

"It would seem so."

"Again that defiant lift of the head. "Miss Eleanor."

"How long has this shadow been observable?"

"I cannot say."

"You do not know the name?"

"I do not."

"For the extent of the feeling?"

"No, sir."

"You open Mr. Leavenworth's letters?"

"I do."

"Has there been any thing in those lately received by him that, recurring to your memory now, might seem to throw any light upon this deed?"

"It actually seemed as if he never would answer. Was he simply pondering over my reply or was the man turned to stone?"

"Mr. Harwell, did you hear the juryman?"

"Yes, sir; I was thinking."

"Very well, now answer."

"Sir," he replied, turning and looking the juryman full in the face and in that way revealing his unguarded left hand to my gaze. "I have opened Mr. Leavenworth's letters as usual for the last two weeks and I can think of nothing in them bearing in the least upon this tragedy."

The man lied; I knew it instantly. The clenched hand pausing irresolute, then making up his mind to go through with the lie firmly, was enough for me.

"Mr. Harwell, this is undoubtedly true, according to your judgment," said the coroner; "but Mr. Leavenworth's correspondence will have to be searched for all that."

"Of course," he replied carelessly. "That is only right."

"This remark ended Mr. Harwell's examination for the time. As he sat down I made note of four things: That Mr. Harwell himself, for some reason not given, was conscious of a suspicion which he was anxious to suppress even from his own mind. That a woman was in some way connected with it, a rustle as well as a footstep having been heard by him on the stairs. That a letter had arrived at that house and not long since, which if found would be likely to throw some light upon this subject. That Eleanor Leavenworth's name came with difficulty from his lips; he evidently an impressive man, manifesting more or less emotion whenever he was called upon to utter it.

IV. A CLUE.

The cook of the establishment was now called.

"Your name?"

"Katherine Malone, sir."

"Well, Katherine, how long have you been in Mr. Leavenworth's service?"

"Shure, it is a good twelvemonth now, sir, since I came, on Mrs. Wilson's recommendation, to that very front door."

"Never mind the front door, but tell us why you left this Mrs. Wilson?"

"Shure, and it was she as left me, being as she went sailing to the Ould Country the same day when on her recommendation I came to this very front door."

"Well, well; no matter about that. You have been in Mr. Leavenworth's family a year?"

"Yes, sir."

"And liked it? found him a good master?"

"Och, sir, niver have I found a better, worse luck to the villain as killed him. He was that free and generous, sir, that many's the time I have said to Hannah—" She stopped with a sudden comical gasp of terror, looking at her fellow-servants like one who had incautiously made a slip. The coroner, observing this, inquired hastily: "Hannah? who is Hannah?"

The cook, drawing her roly-poly figure up into some sort of shape in her efforts to appear unconcerned, exclaimed boldly: "She? O, only the ladies' maid, sir."

"But I don't see any one here answering to that description. You didn't speak of any one by the name of Hannah, as belonging to the house," said he, turning to Thomas.

"No, sir," the latter replied with a bow and a side-long look at the red-checked girl at his side. "You asked me who were in the house at the time the murder was discovered, and I told you."

"O," cried the coroner satirically, "used to police courts, I see."

"Since last night?"

"What time last night?"

"Troth, sir, and I don't know. I don't know any thing about it."

"Was she dismissed?"

"As I knows on; her clothes is here."

"O, her clothes are here. At what hour did you miss her?"

"I didn't miss her. She was here last night, and so I says her gone."

"Humph!" cried the coroner, casting a slow glance down the room, while every one looked about him as if he had suddenly stumbled upon a door in a closed wall.

"Where did this girl sleep?"

The cook, who had been fumbling uneasily with her apron, looked up. "Shure, we all sleeps at the top of the house, sir."

"In one room?"

"Slowly. "Yes, sir."

"Did she come up to the room last night?"

"At what hour?"

"Shure, it was ten when we all come up. I heard the clock a-striking."

"Did you observe any thing unusual in her appearance?"

"She had a toothache, sir."

"O, a toothache; what then? Tell me all she did."

But at this the cook broke into tears and we all looked on.

"Shure, she didn't do nothing, sir. It wasn't her, sir, as did any thing, don't you believe it. Hannah is a good girl, and honest, sir, as ever you see. I am ready to swear on the Bible that she never put her hand to the lock of his door. What should she do for? She only went down to Miss Eleanor for some toothache drops, her face was paining her that awful; and O, sir—" "There, then," interrupted the coroner. "I am not accusing Hannah of anything. I only asked you what she did after you reached your room. She went down stairs, you say. How long after you went up?"

"Troth, sir, I couldn't tell; but Molly says—" "Never mind what Molly says. You didn't see her go down?"



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In the midst of the universal gloom that had now fallen upon all presences, there came a sharp ring at the bell. Instantly all eyes turned toward the parlor door, when it slowly opened, and the officer who had been sent off before, entered with a young man at his side, whose sleek appearance, intelligent eye and general air of trustworthiness, seemed to proclaim him to be, what in fact he was, the confidential clerk of a responsible mercantile house.

Advancing without apparent embarrassment, though each and every eye in the room was fixed upon him with lively curiosity, he made a slight bow to the coroner.

"You have seen for a man from Bohn & Co.," the said. "Strong and immediate excitement. Bohn & Co. was the well-known pistol and ammunition store of - Broadway."

"Yes, sir," returned the coroner. "We have here a bullet, which we would be glad to have you examine. You are fully acquainted with all matters connected with your business?"

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