"I must insist upon ... it, Miss Leavenworth," pursued the coroner. "When it was found just now, all the chambers were loaded." Instantly the agonized look left her countenance. "Oh, then-" She did not finish, but put out her hand for the

But the coroner, looking at her steadily, continued, "It has been lately fired off for all that. The hand that cleaned the barrel forgot the cartridge chain-

ber, Miss Leavenworth." She did not shriek again, but a hopeless, helpless look slowly settled over her face, and she seemed about to sink, but like a flash the reaction came, and lifting her head with a steady, grand action I have never seen equalled, she exclaimed. "Very well, what then?"

"You ask me, Miss Leavenworth, upon the evidence given, what then? Your question obliges me to say that no burglar, no hired assassin, would have used this pistol for a murderous purpose, and then taken the pains not only to clean it, but to reload it and lock it up again in the drawer from

which he had taken it." She did not reply to this, but I saw Mr. Gryce make a note of it with that peculiar, emphatic nod of his.

"Nor," he went on, even more gravely, "would it be possible for any one who was not accustomed to pass in and out of Mr. Leavenworth's room, at all hours, to enter his door so late at night, procure this pistol from its place of concealment, traverse his apartment, and advance so closely upon him as the facts show to have been necessary-without him at least to turn his head to one side, which in consideration of the doctor's testimony,

We cannot believe he did." It was a frightful suggestion, and we looked to see Eleanore Leavenworth recoil. But that expression of outraged feeling was left for her cousin to exhibit. Starting indignantly from her seat, Mary cast one hurried glance around her, and opening her lips to speak, but Eleanore, stightly turning, motioned to her patience, and replied, in a cold and calculating voice, "You fre not sure, sir, that this was done. If my uncle for some purpose of his own, had fired the pistol off yesterday, let us say-which is surely possible if not probable—the like results would be observed, and the same conclusions

drawn. "Miss Leavenworth." the coroner went on, "the ball has been extracted from your uncle's head."

"Ah !"

"It corresponds with those in the cartridges found in his stand-drawer, and is of the number used with this

Her head fell forward on her hands, her eyes sought the floor, her whole attitude expressed disheartment. Seeing it, the corener grew still more

"Miss Leavenworth," said he, "I have now some questions to put you concerning last night. Where did you spend the evening?" "Alone in my own room."

"You, however, saw your uncle or your cousin during the course of it?" "No, sir; I saw no one after leaving the dinner table-except Thomas," she added after a moment's pause. "And how came you to see him?" "He came to bring me the card of a

gentleman who called." "May I ask the name of the gentleman ?"

"The name on the card was Mr. Le

Roy Robbins." The matter seemed trivial, but the sudden start given by the lady at my side made me remember it. "Miss Leavenworth, when seated in

your room are you in the habit of leaving your door open?" A startled look at this, quickly suppressed. "Not in the habit, no, str." "Why did you leave it open last night ?"

"I was feeling warm "No other reason?" "I can give no other." "When did you close it?" "Upon retiring."

"Was that before or after the ser vants went up?" "After." "Did you hear Mr. Harwell when he

left the library and ascended to his room?" "I did. sir." "How much longer did you leave your

door open after that?" "I-I-a few minutes, a-I cannot say," she added hurriedly. "Cannot say? why, do you forget?"

"I forgot just how long after Mr. Harwell came up I closed it." "Was it more than ten minutes?" "Yes."

"More than twenty?" "Perhaps." How pale her face wa and how she trembled. "Miss Leavenworth, according

evidence, your uncle came to his death not very long after Mr Harwell left him. If your door was open, you ought to have heard if any one went to his room or any pistel shot was fired. Now did you hear anything ?" "I heard no confusion, no, air,"

"Did you hear anything?" "Nor any pistol shot." "Miss Leavenworth, excuse my De sistence, but did you hear anything?"
"I heard a door close."

"The library door." " do not know." She clasped her and hysterically; "I cannot say.

ing, almost fainting. But before I tlemen, could reach her, she had drawn herself up again and resumed her former demeanor. "Excuse me," said she, "I am not myself this morning. I beg your pardon," and she turned steadily to the coroner. "What was it you

"I asked," and his voice grew thin and high-evidently her manner was beginning to tell against her-"when it was you heard the library door shut?" "I cannot fix the precise time, but it was after Mr Harwell came up and before I closced my own."

"And you heard no pistol shot?" The coroner cast a quick look at the "No, sir."

jury, who almost to a man dropped their eyes as he did so. "Miss Leavenworth, we are told that Hannah, one of the servants started for your room late last night after some medicine. Did she come there ?"

"No, sir." "When did you first learn of her remarkable disappearance from this

house during the night?" "This morning before breakfast. Molly met me in the hall, and asked how Hannah was. I thought the inquiry a strange one, and so questioned her. A moment's talk made the conclusion plain that the girl was gone." "What did you think when you be-

came assured of this fact?" "I did not know what to think." "No suspicion of foul play crossed your mind ?"

"No. sir." "You did not connect the fact with that of your uncle's murder ?" "I did not know of this murder then." "And afterwards ?"

"O, some thought of the possibility of her knowing something about it may have crossed my mind, I cannot

"Can you tell us anything of this girl's past history?" "I can tell you no more in regard to

t than my cousin has done." "Do you know what made her so sad Her cheek flushed angrily; was it at his tone or at the question itself? "No,

sir; she never confided her secrets to my keeping." "Then you cannot tell us where she would be likely to go upon leaving this house ?"

"Certainly not." "Miss Leavenworth, we are obliged to put another question to you. We are told that you were the one who ordered your uncle's body to be removed from where it was found, into the

next room.' She bowed her head. "Didn't you know that it is not proper to disturb the body of a person found dead, except in the presence and under the authority of the proper of-

sir, in regard to the subject, only my "I did not consult my knowledge,

feelings." "Then, I suppose it was your feelings that prompted you to remain standing by the table at which he was murdered, instead of following the body in and seeing it properly derelentless sarcasm, much interested just then, in the piece of paper you took away, to think

much of the properties of the occasion ?" "Paper ?" lifting her head with determination. "Who says that I took a piece of paper from the table ? I am sure I have not. "One witness has sworn that he

saw you bending over the table upon which there were lying several papers, another, that when she met you a rew minutes later in the hall, you were in the act of putting a piece of paper in your pocket. The inference follows, Miss Leavenworth." This was a home thrust and we

looked to see some show of agitation, but her haughty lip never quivered. "You have drawn the inference, and you must prove the fact" The answer was stateliness itself,

and we were not surprised to see the coroner look a trifle baffled; but recovering himself, he said: "Miss Leavenworth, I must ask you

again, whether you did or did not take any thing from that table?" She folded her arms; "I decline answering the question," she said quietly. "Pardon me," he rejoined, "it is necessary that you should."

Her lip took a still more determined curve. "When any suspicious paper is found in my possession, it will be time enough then, for me to explain how I came by it." This defiance seemed to quite stagger

the coroner. "Do you realize to what this refusal is liable to subject you?" She dropped her head. "I am afraid that I do; yes, sir." Mr. Gryce lifted his hand and soft-

ly twirled the tassel of the window-"And still you persist?"

She absolutely disdained to reply. The coroner did not press it fur-"Miss Leavenworth." the coroner

continued, changing the line of attack, "you have had free access to your uncle's apartments, have you "Yes, gir.'

"Might even have entered his room late at night, crossed it and stood at his side, without disturbing him sufficiently to cause him to turn his head?" "Yes;" her hands pressing themselves cainfully together. "Miss Leavenworth, the key to the

library door is missing." She made no answer. "It has been testified to, that previ ous to the actual discovery of the murder, you visited the door of the library alone. Will you tell us if the

key was then in the lock?" "It was not." "Are you certain?"

"T am." "Now, was there anything peculiar about this key, either in size or shape?"

She strove to repress the sudder terror which this question produced, glanced carelessly around at the group of servants stationed at her back and trembled. "It was a little different from the others," she murmured at last.

"In what respect?" "The handle was broken." "Ah, gentleman, the handle was proken," the coroner observed, looking toward the jury.

Mr. Gryce seemed to take this information to himself, for he gave an-

other of his quick nods

"You would, then, recognize this key, Miss Leavenworth, if you should see She cast a startled look at him, as if she expected to behold it in his hand, but seeming to gather courage at not finding it produced, replied

jurymen, "you have heard the testi-mony of the members of the household, and-" But here Mr. Gryce quietly advancing, touched him on the arm. "One moment," said he, and stooping, he whispered a few words in the coroner's ear, then recovering himseif, stood with his right hand in his breast

pocket and his eye upon the chandlier. I scarcely dared to breathe. Had be reated to the coroner the words ne had inadvertently overheard in the hall above? But a glance at the latter's face satisfied me that nothing so important as that had transpered. looked not only tired but a trifle annoyed.

"Miss Leavenworth," said he, turning again in her direction, "you nave declared that you were not with your uncle last evening, did not visit his room. Do you repeat the agsertion ?"

He glanced at Mr. Gryce, who immediately drew from his breast a handkerchief curiously soiled. "It is strange then," he remarked, "that this handkerchief of yours in the hands of the officer, should have been found this

morning in that room." The girl uttered a cry; then while Mary's face hardened into a sort or strong despair, Eleanore tightened her lips and coldly replied, "I do not see as it is so very strange. I was in that room early this morning." "And you dropped it then ?"

A distressed blush crossed her face; she did not reply. "Soiled in this way?" he went on.

"I know nothing about the soil." What is it? let me see." "In a moment; what we now wish is to know how it came to be in your

uncle's apartment." "There are many ways I might have left it there, days ago. I have told you that I was in the habit of visiting his room. But first, let me see if it is my handkerchief." And

she held out her hand. "I presume so, as I am told it has your initials embroidered in the corner," he returned, as Mr. Gryce passed it to her.

But she with horrified voice interrupted him. "These dirty spots! what are they? they look like-' "Like what they are," said the cor oner. "If you have ever cleaned a

pistol you must know what they are, Miss Leavenworth." She let the handkerchief fall convulsively from her hand, and stood staring at it, lying before her on the floor. "I know nothing about it, gentlemen," she said. "It is my handkerchief, but-" for some cause she did not finish her sentence, but again

nothing about it." This closed her testimony. Kate, the cook, was now recalled. and asked to tell when she last washed the handkerchief.

repeated, "Indeed, gentlemen, I know

"This sir: this handkerchief? O some time this week, sir," throwing a deprecatory glance at her mistress. "What day ?" "Well, I wish I could forget, Miss

Eleanore, but I can't. It is the only posited? Or perhaps," he went on with one like it in the house. I washed "you should hope for the best. Beit day before yesterday.' "When did you iron it ?"

"Yesterday morning," half choking over the words "And when did you take it to ne room ?"

The cook threw her apron over her head. "Yesterday afternoon with the rest of the clothes, just before dinner. Indade, I could not help it Miss Eleanore," whispered she; "it was the truth.' Eleanore Leavenworth frownel. This

somewhat contradictory evidence had very sensibly affected her; and when a moment later, the coroner having dismissed the witness, turned towards her, and inquired if she had anything further to say in regard to this mat ter, in the way of explanation or otherwise, she threw her hands up almost spasmodically, slowly shook her head, and without word or warning, fainted quietly away in her chair.

A commotion of course followed, during which I noticed that Mary did not hasten to her cousin, but left it for Molly and Kate to do what they could toward her resuscitation. In a few moments this was in so far accomplishthat they were enabled to lead her from the room. As they did so, I observed a tall man rise and follow

her out. A momentary silence ensued, soon broken, however, by an impatient stir as our little juryman rose and proposed that the jury should now adjourn for the day. This seeming to fall in with the coroner's views, he announced that the inquest would stand adjourned till three o'clock the next day, when he trusted all the jurors

would be present. A general rush followed, that in few minutes emptied the room of all but Miss Leavenworth, Mr. Gryce and

> IX. A DISCOVERY.

Miss Leavenworth, retiring to a distant corner, gave herself up to grief. Turning my attention, therefore, in the direction of Mr. Gryce, I found' that person busily engaged in counting his own fingers with a troubled expression upon his countenance.

"Well," said I, taking my stand be fore him, "I cannot blame you. You had a right to do as you thought best, but how had you the heart? Was sne not sufficiently compromised without your bringing out that wretched handkerchief, which she may or may not have dropped in that room, but whose presence there, soiled though it was with pistol grease, is certainly no proof that she herself was connected with this murder ?"

"Mr. Raymond," returned he, "I have been detailed as police officer and detective to look after this case. and I propose to do it."

"Of course," I hastened to repry, "I am the last man to wish you to shirk your duty; but you cannot have the temerity to declare, that this young and tender creature, can by any possi-bility be considered as at all likely to he implicated in a crime so monstro and unnatural. The mere assertion of another woman's suspicions on the subject ought not-

But here Mr. Gryce interrupted me "You talk when your attention should That other woman, as you are plea to designate the fairest ornament or New York society, sits over there in tears; go and comfort her." Looking at him in amazement, I

hesitated to comply, but seeing he was in earnest, crossed to Mary Leavenworth and sat down by her side. She was weeping, but in a slow unconscious way, as if grief had been mastered by fear. The fear was too unhands systerically; "I cannot say.

"I think I should sir."

"I think I should sir."

"I think I should sir."

"Very well, them," said he, waving tions?"

I leaped to my feet; she was sway
"I think I should sir."

"Then you think she is trying to conditional to the learning our constitutions of the learning our constitutions."

"I think I should sir."

"Then you think she is trying to conditional the learning our constitutions."

"I do not say so. But there was considerable talk about a paper—"

"Miss Leavenworth," said I "any siderable talk about a paper—"

Tele Continued.)

attempt at consolation on the part of a stranger, must seem at a time like this the most bitter of mockeries, but do try and consider that circumstantial evidence is not always absolute

"No," murmured she, "circumstantial evidence is not absolute proof, but Eleanore does not know this. She is so intense; she cannot see but one

thing at a time. She has been running her head into a noose and O .- " Pausing she clutched my arm with a passionate grasp, "Do you think there is any danger? Will they-" She could not go on.

"Miss Leavenworth," whispered I with a warning look toward the detective, "what do you mean?" Like a flash her glance followed mine, an instant change taking place

in her bearing. "Your cousin may be intense," I went on, as if nothing had occurred, "but I do not know to what you refer, when you say that she has been running her head into a noose." "I mean this," returned she firmly; "that wittingly or unwittingly, she has so parried and met the questions which have been put to her in this room, that any one listening to her, would give her the credit of knowing more than she ought to of this horrible affair. She acts,"-Mary whispered, but not so low that every word could be distinctly heard in all quarters of the room-"as if she were anxious to conceal something. But she is not, I am sure she is not. Eleanore and I are not good friends, but all the world could never make me believe that she has any more knowledge of this murder than I have. Won't somebody tell her ten-won't you-that her manner is a mistake, that it is calculated to arouse suspicion, that it has already done so?

circumstantial evidence is not always absolute proof." I surveyed her with great astonishment. What an actress this woman

And, O, tell her from me-" she went

on, her voice sinking to a low whisper

now-"what you have just said, that

"You request me to tell her this," said I; "wouldn't it be better for you to speak to her yourself ?" "Eleanore and I hold little or no con-

fidential communication," replied she. I could easily believe that and yet was puzzled. Indeed there was something incomprehensible in her whole manner. Not knowing what else to say, I remarked, "That is unfortunate. She ought to be told that the straightforward course is the best by all

Mary Leavenworth only wept, "O why has this awful trouble come to me who has always been so happy before !"

"Perhaps for the very reason that you have always been so happy." "It was not enough that dear uncle should die in this horrible manner; but she, my own cousin had to-" I touched her arm, and the action seemed to recall her to herself. Stopping short she bit her lip.

"Miss Leavenworth," I whispered, sides. I honestly believe that you are disturbing yourself unnecessarily. If nothing fresh transpires, a mere prevarication or so of your cousin's will not suffice to infure her."
I said this to see if she had any reason to doubt the future. I am

amply rewarded. "Any thing fresh? How could there be anything fresh, when she is perfectly innocent?"

Suddenly a thought seemed to strike "Mr. Raymond," said she, wheeling round in her seat till her lovely, perfumed wrapper brushed my knee, "why didn't they ask me more questions? I could have told them Eleanore never left her room last night." "You could?" What was I to think

of this woman. "Yes; my room is nearer the and of the stairs than hers; to have gone down, she would have been obliged to pass my door. I should have heard her, don't you see?"

Ah, was that all? "That does not follow," I answered sadly. "Can you give no other reason ?"

"I would say whatever was necessary," she whispered. I started back. Yes, this woman would lie now to save her cousin, had lied during the inquest, but then I felt grateful, and now I was simply

horrified. "Miss Leavenworth," said I, "nothing can justify one in violating the dictates of his own conscience, not even the safety of one we do not al-

together love." "No.?" returned she; and her lip took a tremulous curve, the lovely bosom heaved and she softly looked

If Eleanore's beauty had made one jot less of an impression on my fanev. or her frightful situation awakened one iota less of anxiety in my breast, I should have been a lost man from that moment.

"I did not mean to do any thing very wrong," murmured she; "do not think too badly of me.' "No, no," said I; and there is not

man living who would not have said the same in my place. What more might have passed between us on this subject I cannot say, for just then the door opened and a man entered, whom I recognized as the one who had followed Eleanore Leavenworth out, a short time before. "Mr. Gryce," said he, pausing just

inside the door, "a word if you please." The detective nodded, but did not hasten towards him; instead of that, walked deliberately away to the other end of the room, where he lifted the lid of an inkstand he saw there, muttered some unintelligible words into it, and speedily shut it again. Immediately the uncanny fancy seized me, that if I should leap to that inkstand, open it and peer in, I should

surprise and capture the bit of confidence he had intrusted to it. But I restrained my foolish impulse, and contented myself with noting the subdued look of respect with which the gaunt subordinate watched the approach or "Well?" inquired the latter eached him, "what now?" The man shrugged his shoulders and drew his principal through the open door. Once in the hall their voices

sank to a whisper, and as their backs only were visible, I turned to look at my companion. She was pale but "Has he come for Eleanore?" "I do not know; I fear so. Miss Leavenworth," said I, "can it be pos-sible that your cousin has anything in her possession that she desires to

possession," interrupted she. "In the first place, there was no paper of importance enough"-I saw Mr. Gryce's form suddenly stiffen-"for anyone to think of concealment. Don't I know?

Was I not my uncle's confidant?" "I do not suppose there was," suggested I, "as far as your knowledge goes. But could she not have been acquainted with something-"

She drew back coldly. "There was nothing to be acquainted with, Mr. Raymond. We lived the most methodical and domestic of lives. I cannot understand for my part why so much should be made out of this. My uncle undoubtedly came to his death by the hand of some intended burglar. That othing was stolen from the house, is no proof that a burglar never entered As for the doors and windows being locked, will you take the word of an Irish servant as infallible upon such a point as that? I cannot. I believe the assassin to be one of a gang who make their living by breaking into houses, and if you cannot honestly agree with me, do try and consider such an explanation as possible, if not for the sake of the family credit, why then-" and she turned her face with all its fair beauty upon mine, eyes, cheeks, mouth all so exquisite and winsomewhy, then for mine."

Instantly Mr. Gryce turned towards "Mr. Raymond, will you be kind enough to step this way?" Glad to escape from my present posi-

tion, I hastily obeyed. "What has happened?" I inquired. "We propose to take you into our confidence." murmured Mr. Gryce eas-"Excuse me, Mr. Raymond, Mr.

and stood uneasily waiting. Anxious as I was to know what we really had to fear, I still intuitively shrank from any communication with one whom I looked upon as a spy. "A matter of some importance," con-

I bowed to the man I saw before me

for me to remind you that it is in confidence, is it?" "No." "I thought not. Mr. Fobbs you may

tinued Mr. Gryce. "It is not necessary

proceed." Instantly the whole appearance o the man Fobbs changed. Assuming an expression of lofty importance, he laid his large hand outspread upon his heart

and commenced: "Detailed by Mr. Gryce to watch the movements of Miss Eleanore Leaven worth, I left this room upon her departure from it, and followed her and the two servants who conducted her, upstairs to her own apartment. Once there-'

Mr. Gryce interrupted him. "Once there? Where?" "Her own room, sir." 'Where situated?" "At the head of the stairs."

"That is not her room. Go on." "Not her room? Then it was the fire she was after!" cried he, clapping himself upon the knee. "The fire?"

"Excuse me, I am ahead of my story. She did not appear to notice me much though I was right behind her. It was not until she had reached the door of this room-which was not her room," he interpolated, dramatically, "and turned to dismiss her servants, that she seemed conscious that she was followed. Looking at me then with an air of great dignity, quickly eclipsed however, by an expression of patient endurance, she walked in, leaving the door open behind her in a courteous way that I cannot sufficiently com-

mend." I could not help frowning. Honest as the man appeared, this was evidently anything but a sore subject with him. Observing me frown, he softened his

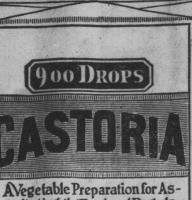
"Not seeing any other way of keeping her under my eye, and thus performing my duty creditably, except by entering the room, I followed her in and took a seat in a remote corner. She flashed one look at me as I did so, and commenced pacing the room in a restless kind of way I'm not altogether unused to. At last she stopped abruptly, right in the middle of the room, 'Get me a glass of water,' she gasped; 'I'm faint again-quick! on the stand in the corner.' Now in order to get that glass of water it was necessary for me to pass behind a dressing mirror that reached almost to the ceiling, and I naturally hesitated. But she turned and looked at me, and-Well, gentle men, I think either of you would have hastened to do what she asked; or at least-" with a doubtful look at Mr. Gryce-"have given your two ears for the privilege, even if you didn't succumb to the temptation.'

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mr. Gryce, impatiently. "I am going on," said he. "I stepped out of sight, then, for a moment, but it seemed long enough for her purpose, for when I emerged glass in hand, she was kneeling at the grate full five feet from the spot where she had been standing, and was fumbling with the waist of her dress in a way that convinced me she had comething concealed there, which she was anxious to dispose of. I eyed her pretty closely as I handed her the glass of water, but she was gazing into the grate with a look on her face such as I don't remember ever seeing before, and didn't appear to notice. Drinking barely a drop, she gave it back, and in another moment was holding out her hands over the fire. 'Oh, I am so cold,' musmured she, 'so cold.' And I verily be lieve she was. At any rate she shivered most naturally. But there were a few dying embers in the grate, and when I saw her thrust her hand again into the folds of her dress. distrustful of her intentions, and drawing a step nearer, looked over her shoulder, when I distinctly saw her drop something into the grate that clinked as it fell. Suspecting what it was, I was about to interfere, when she sprang to her feet, seized the scuttle of coal that was upon the hearth and with one move emptied the whole upon the dying embers. 'I want a fire,' she cried, 'a fire.' 'That is hardly the way to make one,' I returned, carefully taking the coal out with my hands, piece by piece, and putting it back into the scuttle, till—" "Till what?" I asked, seeing him and

Mr. Gryce exchange a hurried look.
"Till I found this," opening his large
hand and showing me a broken handled

MR. GRYCE RECEIVES NEW IMPETUS. This astounding discovery, thus made was dreadful to me. It was true, then. Dleanore, the beautiful, the lovesome, was—I did not, could not, finish the

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