

let's see: that is an h, isn't it?" And I pointed to the one letter just discernible on the line under the word House. "I should think so, but don't ask me."

"It must be an h. The year is 1875, and this is not the termination of either January or February. Dated then, March 1st. 1876, and signed-" Mr. Gryce rolled his eyes in antici-

patory ecstasy towards the ceiling. "By Henry Clavering," I announced without hesitation. Mr. Gryce's eyes returned to his swathed finger-ends. "Humph! How

do you know that?" 'Wait a moment and I will show you,' and taking out of my pocket the card which Mr. Clavering had handed me as an introduction at our late interview, I laid it underneath the last line of writing on the second page. One glance was sufficient. Henry Ritchie Clavering on the card; H-chie-in the same

handwriting on the letter. "Clavering it is," said he, "without a But I saw he was not sur-

"And now," continued I, "for its general tenor and meaning." And commencing at the beginning I read aloud the words as they came with pauses at the breaks, something as follows: "Mr. Hor-Dear-a niece whom yo-one too who see-the love and trus-any other man ca-autiful, so char-s she in face fo-conversation. -ery rose has its-rose is no exception-ely as she is, char-tender, as she is, spable of tramplin-one who trusted heart—him to—he owes a-honor-ance.

If—t believe—her to—cruel -face, what is ble serv yours H-tchie.

"It reads like a complaint against one of Mr. Leavenworth's nieces," I said, and started at my own words. "What is it?" cried Mr. Gryce; "what

is the matter? "Why," said I, "the fact is I have heard this very letter spoken of. It is a complaint against one of Mr. Leavenworth's nieces, and was written by Mr. Clavering." And I told him of Mr. Harwell's communication in regard to

"Ah! then Mr. Harwell has been talking, has he? I thought he was sworn off from gossip.

"Mr. Harwell and I have seen each other almost daily for the last two weeks," replied I; "it would be strange if he had nothing to tell me." "And he says that he has read a letter written to Mr. Leavenwroth by

Mr. Clavering?" "Yes; but whose particular words he

has now forgotten." "These few here may assist him in recalling the rest."

"I would rather not admit him to knowledge of the existence of this piece of evidence. I don't believe in letting anyone into our confidence whom it is possible to keep out."

"I see you don't," dryly responded Not appearing to notice the fling con-

veyed by these words, I took up the letter once more, and began pointing at such half-formed words in it as I thought we might venture to complete, the Hor, yo-, see-utiful-, harfor-, tramplin-, pable-, serv-This done, I next proposed the intro-

duction of such others as seemed necessary to the sense, as Leavenworth, after Horatio; Sir after Dear; have with a possible you, before a niece; thron after its, in the phrase rose has its; on, after trampling; whom, after to; debt, after a; you, after If; me ask, after believe; beautiful, after cruel. Between the columns of words thus nothing to say. But as is very apt furnished, I interposed a phrase or two, here and there, the whole reading when love and admiration soon got the betdone as follows:

March 1st, 1876. Mr. Horatio Leavenworth, Dear Sir: (You) have a niece whom you one too who seems worthy the love and trust of beauother man ca tiful, so charming is she in face form and conversation. But every rose has its thorn and (this) rose is no exception as she is charming, (as she is), tender as she is, she capable of trampling on one who

him to whom she owes a debt If you don't believe me ask her to cruel, beautiful face what is (her) humble servant yours

trusted her

heart a

Henry Ritchie Clavering. "I think that will do," said Mr. Gryce, "we have got the general tenor of it, and that is all we want at this

"The whole tone of it is anything but complimentary to the lady it invelghs against," I returned. " He must have had, or imagined he had, some desperate grievance to provoke him to the use of such plain language in regard to one he can still characterize as tender, charming, beautiful." Grievances are apt to lie back of

"I think I know what this one was, I said; "but-" seeing him look up, "must decline to communicate my suspicion to you for the present. My theory stands unshaken and in some degree confirmed, and that is all I

Then this letter does not supply the link you wanted?" "No; it is a valuable bit of evidence but it is not the link I am in search of just now."

or Eleanore Leavenworth would not have been to such pains, first to take it in the way she did from her uncle's "Wait." I said; "what makes you think this is the paper she took or was believed to have taken from Mr. Lea-

"Why, the fact that it was found together with the key, which we know she dropped into the grate, and that there are drops of blood on it." I shook my head; she had told me the paper which she had taken at that time was destroyed, though to be sure she might have so considered it.

"Why do you shake your head?" "Because I am not satisfied with your reason for believing this to be the paper taken by her from Mr. Leavenworth's table."

"And why ?" "Well," said I, "first, because Fobbs does not speak of seeing any paper in her hand, when she bent over the fire, leaving us to conclude that these pieces were in the scuttle of coal she threw upon it, which surely, you must acknowledge to be a strange place for her to have put a paper she took such pains to gain possession of, and secondly, for the reason that these scraps were twisted as if they had been used for curl papers or something of that kind; a fact hard to explain by

your hypothesis." The detective's eye stole in the direction of my necktie, which was as near as he ever came to a face, with an expression of great interest. "You are a bright one," said he, "a very bright one; I quite admire you, Mr. Raymond.'

A little surprised, and not altogether pleased with this unexpected compliment, I regarded him doubtfully for a moment and then asked: "What is your opinion upon the mat-

"O, you know I have no opinion. I gave up every thing of that kind when I put the affair into your hands." "Still-

"That the letter of which these scraps are the remnant, was on Mr. Leavenworth's table at the time of the murder is believed. That upon the body being removed, a paper was taken from the table by Miss Eleanore Leavenworth, is also believed. That when she found her action had been noticed and attention called to this paper and the key, she resorted to subterfuge in order to escape the vigilance of the watch that had been set over her, and partially succeeding in her endeavor, flung the key into the fire from which these same scraps were afterwards recovered, is also known. The conclusion I leave to your judgment."

"Very well then," said I rising, "we will let conclusions go for the present. My mind must be settled in regard to the truth or falsity of a certain theory of mine, in order that my judgment may be worth much on this or any matter connected with the affair."

And only waiting to get the address of his subordinate, Q, in case I should need assistance in my investigations, I left Mr. Gryce and proceeded immediately to the house of Mr. Veeley.

XXIII.

THE STORY OF A CHARMING WOMAN. "You have never heard then, any account of the circumstances which

led to his marriage?" It was my parener who spoke. had been asking him to explain to me Mr. Leavenworth's well-known antipathy to the English race.

"If you had," returned he rousing up in his bed-he was not yet entirely recovered from his illness-"you would not need to ask me for this explanation. But it is not strange you are ignorant of the matter. I doubt existence who could tell you where Horatio Leavenworth found the lovely woman who afterwards became his wife, much less give you any details of the circumstances which led to the

marriage. "I am very fortunate then, in being in the cnfidence of one who can. What | and she did not conclude. were those circuctances, Mr. Veeley?" "It will aid you but little to hear; but since you desire it you shall. Horatio Leavenworth when a young man was very ambitious; so much so, that at one time he aspired to marry a wealthy lady of Providence. But chancing to go to England, he there met a young woman whose grace and charm had such an effect upon him, that he relinquished all thought of the Providence lady, though it was some time before he could face the prospect of marrying the one who had so greatly interested him; as she was not only in the humblest circumstances. but was encumbered with a child concerning whose parentage the neighbors professed ignorance and she had to be the case in an affair like this, ter of worldly wisdom. Taking his

future in his hands, he offered himself as her husband, when she immediately proved herself worthy of his regard, by entering at once into those explanations he was too much of a gentleman to demand. "The story she told was very pitiful. It seems that she was an American by birth, her father having been a wellknown merchant of Chicago. While he lieved, her home was one of luxury, but just as she was emerging into womanhood, he died. It was at his funeral she met the man destined to be her ruin. How he came there she never knew, he was not a friend of her father's. It is enough he was there and saw her, and that in three weeks -don't shudder, she was such a childthey were married. In twenty-four hours she knew what that word meant for her; it meant blows. Everett, I am telling no fanciful story. In twentyfour hours after that girl was married, her husband coming drunk into the house found her in his way and knocked her down. It was but the beginning. Her father's estate on being settled up, proving to be less than

expected, he carried her off to England, where he did not wait to be drunk, in order to maltreat her. She was not free from his cruelty night or day. Before she was sixteen she had run the whole gamut of human suffering, and that, not at the hands of a coarse, common rufflan, but from an elegant, handsome, luxury-loving gentleman, whose taste in dress was so nice, he would sooner fling a garment of hers into the fire, than see her go into company clad in a manner he did not consider becoming. She bore it till her child was born, then she fled. Two days after the little on

bred as she had been, might be supposed to do, in a situation so at war with her earlier training and natural instincts. As for her husband, she neither saw him nor heard from him from the day she left him, till about two weeks before Horatio Leavenworth first met her, when she learned from the papers that he was dead. She was therefore free, but though venworth's table on that fatal mornshe loved Horatio Leavenworth with all her heart, she would not marry him. She felt herself forever stained and soiled by that one awful year of abuse and contamination. Nor could he persuade her. Not till the death of her child, a month or so after his proposal, did she consent to give him her hand and what remained of her unhappy life. He brought her to New York, surrounded her with luxury and every terder care, but the arrow had her child breathed its last, she too sionless as that of an automaton. died. It was the blow of his life to the same man again. Though Mary be certain, been to see Mary?" and Eleanore shortly after entered his home, he never recovered his old lightheartedness. Money became his idol, and the ambition to make and leave a great fortune behind him modified all his views of life. But one proof remained that he never forgot the wife of his youth, and that was, he could not bear to have the word "English-

man" uttered in his hearing." Mr. Veeley paused, and I rose to go. "Do you remember how Mrs. Leavenworth looked ?" I asked. "Could you

describe her to me ?" He seemed a little astonished at my request, but immediately said-"She was a very pale woman; not strictly brown, her eyes grey-"

"And very wide apart ?" tonished. "How came you to know? have you seen her picture ?"

I did not answer that question. On my way downstairs, I bethought me of a letter which I had in my pocket for Mr. Veeley's son Fred, and

penea it and looked in. The room was unlighted, but a cheerful fire was burning in the grate, and by its glow I espied a lady crouching on the hearth, whom at first glance I took for Mrs. Veeley. But upon advancing and addressing her by that name, I say my mistake; for the person before me not only refrained from replying, but rising at the sound of my voice, revealed a form so noble in its height and conspicuous in its grace, that all possibility of its being that of the dainty little wife of my partner

"I see that I have made a mistake," said I. "I beg your pardon;" and would have left the room, but something in the general attitude of the lady before me, restrained me, and believing it to be Mary Leavenworth, I inquired: "Can it be this is Miss Leavenworth ?"

The noble figure appeared to droop, the gently lifted head to fall, and for a moment I doubted if I had been correct in my supposition. Then form and head slowly erected themselves, a soft voice spoke and I heard a low "yes," and hurriedly advancing, confrontednot Mary with her glancing, feverish gaze and scarlet, trembling lips-but Eleanore, the woman whose faintest look had moved me from the first, the woman whose husband I believed myself to be even then pursuing to his

Stumbling slowly back, I murmured something about having believed it to be her cousin; and then, conscious only of the one wish to fly a presence I dared not encounter in my present mood, turned, when her rich, heartfull voice rose once more, and I heard: "You will not leave me without a word, Mr. Raymond, now that chance

has thrown us together?" "Will you not tell me, then, some thing of Mary and home? I cannot if there are half a dozen persons in ask Mrs. Veeley; she is kind, but has no real knowledge of Mary or me, nor does she know anything of our estrangement. She thinks me obstinate, and blames me for leaving my cousin in her trouble. But you know that I could not do otherwise. You know"-Her voice wavered off into a tremble

"I cannot tell you much." I hastened to reply, "but whatever knowledge is at my command, is certainly yours. Is there anything in particular you would like to ask?"

"I would like to know how Mary is? Whether she is well and-and com nosed?"

"Your cousin is not ill," I returned, but I fear that I can hardly say she is composed. She is in great anguish Miss Leavenworth. She is not only overwhelmed at the loss which has befallen her, but overcome with anxiety for you. You must not think of her as being otherwise than troubled."

"You see her often, then?" said she. "I am assisting Mr. Harwell in preparing your uncle's book for the press and necessarily am there much of the time," replied I. "My uncle's book!" The words came

n a tone of low horror. "Yes, Miss Leavenworth. It has been thought best to bring it before the world, and-'

"And Mary has set you at the task?" "Yes. "It seemed as if she could not escape from the horror which had overtaken

her. "How could she? Oh, how could she?" "She considers herself as doing what her uncle would approve. He was very anxious, as you know, to have the book out by July; she is but fulfilling his

"Do not speak of it," cried she, falling a step back. "I cannot bear it." Then, as if she feared she had hurt my feelings by her abruptness, lowered her voice and said, "I do not, however, know of anyone I should be better pleased to have charged with the task than yourself. With you it will be a work of respect and reverence; but a stranger-Oh, I could not have endured a stranger touching it."

She was fast falling into her old hor ror, but rousing herself, murmured-"I wanted to ask you something; ah, I krow-" and she moved a little so as to face me. "I wish to inquire if everything is as before in the house; the servants the same and-and other

"There is a Mrs. Darrell there; I do not know of any other change.' "Mary does not talk of going away?"
"I think not."

"But she has visitors? Some one bepides Mrs. Darrell to help her bear her I felt a deathly chill strike me. "Yes." I replied, "a few."
"Would you mind naming them?"
she asked in a low, distinct voice.

ering."
"You speak that name with evident embarrassment," she said, after a moent of intense anxiety on my part.

"May I inquire why?"

Astounded, I raised my eyes to her face. It was very pale and flashed like marble in the fire-light, and wore the old look of self-repressed calm I remembered so well. I immediately dropped my gaze. "Why? Because there are some cir-

cumstances surrounding him which have struck me as peculiar." "How so?" she asked. "He appears under two names. Today it is Clavering; a short time ago

Her dress rustled on the hearth; there was a sound of desolation in it, but gone too deep; two years from the day her voice when she spoke, was expres-"How many times has this persor Horatio Leavenworth; he was never of whose name you do not appear to "Once."

"When was it?"

"Last night." "Did he stay long?" "About twenty minutes, I should

"And do you think he will come again?" "No." "Why?"

"He has left the country." A short silence followed this. I felt her eyes searching my face, but doubt whether if I had known that she held a loaded pistol in her hand, I could have looked up at that moment.

"Mr. Raymond," she said at length beautiful, but of a contour and ex- in a changed tone, "the last time I pression of great charm. Her hair was saw you, you told me that you were going to make some endeavor to restore me to my former position before He nodded, looking still more as- the world. I did not wish you to do so then, nor do I wish you to do so now. Can you not make me comparatively happy, then, by assuring me that you have abandoned or will abandon a project so hopeless?"

"It is impossible," said I; "I cannot abandon it. Much as I grieve to be a source of sorrow to you, it is best you should know that I can never give up the hope of righting you while I live." She put one quick hand in a sort of hopeless deprecation inexpressibly teuching to behold in the fast waning firelight. But I was relentless.

"I should never be able to lie quietly in my grave if through any weakness I should miss the blessed privilege of setting the wrong right, and saving a noble woman from unmerited disgrace. And then seeing that she was not likely to reply to this, drew a step nearer and "Is there not some little kindness I can show you, Miss Leavenworth, which you can mention before we part? Some message you would like taken, or some action performed which only a friend could do?" She stopped to think, "No," she said

'I have only one request to make, and that you refuse to grant." "For the most unselfish of reasons,

I urged. She slowly shook her head, "You think so," murmured she; then before I could reply, "I could desire one little favor show me, however." "What is that?"

if Hannah should be found, or-or my presence required in any way, you will gust last." not keep me in ignorance. That you will let me know the worst when it comes, without fail."

"And now, good-night."

XXIV.

A REPORT FOLLOWED BY SMOKE. When, therefore, I found myself the next morning with the Visitor book of the Hotel Union at R- in my hands, it was only by the strongest effort of will that I could restrain my impatience. The suspense, however, was short. Almost immediately I encountered Henry Clavering's name written not half a page below those of Mr. Leavenworth and his nieces and whatever may have been my emotion at finding my suspicions thus confirmed. I recognized the fact that I was in the possesion of a clue which would yet lead to the solving of the fearful problem which had been imposed upon me.

Hastening to the telegraph office I sent a message for the man promised me by Mr. Gryce, and receiving for an swer that he could not be with me before three o'clock, started for the house of Mr. Monell, a client of ours, living

train came in. There was but one passenger for R-, a brisk young man, whose whole apearance was so different from what I expected Q's to be that I at once made up my mind he could not be the man I was looking for, and was therefore turning away disappointed, when he approached and handed me a card on which was inscribed the single character "?."

"You are very punctual; I like that." He gave another short, quick nod. "Glad, sir, to please you. Punctuality is too cheap a virtue not to be practiced by a man on the look-out for a rise. But what orders, sir? Down train due in ten minutes; no time to "Down train? What have we to

with that ?" "I thought you might wish to take it, sir. Mr. Brown-" winking expressively at the name, "always checks his carpet bag for home when he sees me coming. But that is your affair. am not particular."

"I wish to do what is wisest." "Go home, then, as speedily as possible." And he gave a third sharp nod exceedingly business-like and deter-

"If I leave you, it is with the understanding that you come first to me with your information. That you are in my employ and in that of no one else for the time-being, and that mum is the word till I give you liberty to speak." "Yes, sir. When I work for Brown

& Co., I work for them: and when I work for Smith & Co., I. work for "Very well then," said I giving him known, had not just returned from a a memorandum I had made before Journey

degree of care, then stepped into the miles from R -, where he was mar-waiting room, and threw it into the ried to a lady of great beauty. Proved tove saving in a low tone—"So much, by Timothy Cook, a man in the employ of Mr. Stebbins, who was called in cident: have an _poplectic fit or any from the garden to witness the cerething of that sort."

"O don't worry; I sha'nt forget. I've a memory, sir. No need of anybody using pen and paper with me." And laughing in the short, quick way one she fied. Two days after the little one saw the light, she rose up from her bed and taking her baby in her arms, ran out of the house. The few jewels she had put into her pocket, supported her till she could set up a little shop.

After that, she lived as one born and

"Uertainly not," I returned, looking laughing in the short, quick way one would expect from a person of his appearance and conversation, he added:

"Vor will probably hear from me in a day or so "and bowing, took his brisk, free way down the street just as the

train came rushing up to the depot My instructions to Q were as fol-

1. To find out on what day and in whose company, the Misses Leavenworth arrived at R- the year before. What their movements were while there, and with whom they most consorted. Also the date of their departure and such facts as could be gathered in regard to their habits, etc. 2. Ditto in respect to Mr. Henry Clavering, fellow guest and probable friend of said ladies.

3. Name of individual fulfilling the following requirements. Clergymen, Methodist, deceased since last December or thereabouts, who in July of Seventy-five was located in some town not over twenty miles from R-. 4. Also name and present whereabouts of a man at that time in service of the above.

To say that I passed the interval of time necessary to a proper inquiry into these matters in any reasonable frame of mind, would be to give myself credit for an equanimity of temper which I unfortunately do not possess. Never have days seemed so long as the two which interposed between my return from R- and the receipt of the following letter:

1. Individuals mentioned arrived in R- July 3, 1875. Party consisted of four; themselves, uncle and the girl named Hannah. Uncle remained three days and then left for a short tour through Massachusetts. Gone two weeks, during which ladies were seen more or less with the gentleman named between us, but not to an extent sufficient to excite gossip or occasion remark, when said gentleman left R- abruptly, two days after uncle's return. Date July 19. As to habits of ladies, more or less social. They were always to be seen at picnics, rides, etc., and in the ballroom. Mliked best, E- considered grave, and towards the last of her stay, moody. It is remembered now, that her manner was always peculiar, and that she was more or less shunned by her cousin. A servant-girl now in the hotel says, however, she was the sweetest lady ever breathed. No particular reason for this opinion. Uncle. ladies and servant left R- for New York.

August 7, 1875. 2. H.C. arrived at the hotel in R-July 6, 1875, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Vandervort, friends of the above. Left July 19, two weeks from the day of arrival. Little to be learned in regard to him. Remembered as the handsome gentleman who was in the party with the L Girls, and that is all.

3. F- a small town, some sixteen or seventeen miles from R-, had for its Methodist minister in July of last year a man who has since died. Samuel Stebbins by name. Date of decease Jan. 7, of this year. 4. Name of man in employ of S.S. at that time, is Timothy Cook. He has

days ago. Can be seen if required. "Ah ha!" I cried aloud at this point in my sudden surprise and satisfaction; "now we have something to work with!" And sitting down, I penned the following reply:

been absent, but returned to F- two

"T. C. wanted by all means. Also any evidence going to prove that H. C. "That if anything should transpire; and E. L. were married at the house of Mr. S. on any day of July or Au-Next morning came the following telegram.

"T. C. on the road. Remembers marriage. Will be with you by 2 P. M. At 3 o'clock of that same day, I stood before Mr. Gryce. "I'am here to make my report," said I. The flicker of a smile passed over his

face, and he gazed for the first time as his bound-up finger ends with a softening aspect that must have done them good. "I'm ready," said he. "Mr. Gryce," I began, "do you remember the conclusion we came to at

our first interview in this house?" "I remember the one you came to." "Well, well," returned I, a little peevishly, "the one I came to, then. It was this; that if we could find to whom Eleanore Leavenworth felt she owed her best duty and love, we should discover who it was that murdered her uncle.

"And do you imagine you have escertained this?" "I do."

His eyes stole a little nearer my face. "Well!" exclaimed he, "that is good; go on." "When I undertook this business of clearing Eleanore Leavenworth from suspicion," resumed I, "it was with the premonition that this person would prove to be her lover, but I had no

idea he would prove to be her hus-Mr. Gryce's eyes flashed like lightning to the ceiling. "What?" said he,

with a frown. "The lover of Eleanore Leavenworth is likewise her husband," I repeated. "Mr. Clavering holds no lesser connection to her than that."

"How have you found that out?" demanded Mr. Gryce in a harsh tone that argued disappointment or displeasure. "That it is not necessary for me to state. The question is not how I be came acquainted with a certain thing. but is what I assert in regard to it true. I believe that it is, and if you will cast your eye over this summary of events gleaned by me from the lives of these two individuals, I think you will agree with me." And I held up before his eyes the following:

"During the two weeks commencing July 6, of the year 1875, and ending July 19, of the same year, Henry R. Clavering of London and I anore Leavenworth of New York, were guests in the same hotel. Fact proved by visitor book of the Hotel Union at R-, New York. They were not only guests in the

more or less communication with each other. Fact proved by such servants now employed in R- as were in the hotel at that time. July 19, Mr. Clavering left Rabruptly, a circumstance that would not be considered remarkable, if Mr. Leavenworth, whose violent antipathy

to Englishmen as husbands is publication

same hotel, but are known to have held

July 30. Mr. Clavering was seen in the parlor of Mr. Stebbins, the Metho-He looked it over with a certain dist minister at F-, a town about 16

July 31. Mr. Clavering takes steame

Tobe Omtimued.)



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