nent as he hastily read it, and stood turning it over and over in his hand, examining it. "A remarkable piece of evidence," exclaimed I not without a certain

feeling of triumph; "quite changes the aspect of affairs !" "Think so?" answered he sharply; then whilst I stood staring at him in amazement, his manner was so different from what I expected, looked up and said, "You tell me that you found this in her bed. Whereabouts in her bed?

"Under the body of the girl herself," returned I. "I saw one corner of it protruding from beneath her shoulders, and drew it out." He came and stood before me. "Was

it folded or open, when you first looked at it? "Folded; fastened up in this envelope:" showing it to him.

He took it, looked at it for a moment, and went on with his questions. This envelope has a very crumpled appearance, as well as the letter it-Were they so when you found "Yes, not only so, but doubled up

"Doubled up? You are sure of that? Folded sealed and then doubled up as

if her body had rolled across it while alive ?" "Ne trickery about it? No look as If the thing had been insinuated there

since her death?' "Not at all, I should rather say that to every apperaance she held it in her hand when she lay down, but turning over, dropped it and had dain upon it.

Mr. Gryce's eyes which had been stood musing, but suddenly lifted it again, scrutinized the edges of the paper on which it was written, and, darting me a quick look, vanished with it into the shade of the window ourtain. His manner was so peou

I involuntarily rose to follow, but he waved me back, saying: "Amuse yourself with that box on the table, which you had such an ado over; see if everything is there according to Mrs. Belden's telling; I

want to be by myself for a moment." Subduing my astonishment, I proceeded to comply with his request, but scarcely had I lifted the Md of the box before me, when he came hurrying back flung the letter down on the table with an air of the greatest excitement and cried :

"Did I say there had never been anything like it since the Lagarge affair? I tell you there has never been anything like it in any affair. It is the rummest case on record! Mr. Raymond-" and his eyes, in his excitement, actually met mine for the first time in my experience of him; "prepare yourself for a disappointment. This pretended confession of Hannah's, is a fraud?"

"A fraud ?" "Yes; fraud, forgery, what you will; the girl never wrote it." Amazed, outraged almost, I bounded from my chair. "How do you

know that ?" cried I. Bending forward, he put the letter into my hand. "Look at it," said he, examine it closely. Now tell me what is the first thing you notice in

regard to it." 'Why, the first thing that strikes me, is that the words are printed, instead of written, something which might be expected from this girl, according to all acounts."

"Well ?" "That they are printed on the inside of a sheet of ordinary paper-" "Ordinary paper ?"

"Yes." "That is, a sheet of commercial note of the ordinary quality."

"Of course." "But is it ?" "Why yes, I should may so."

"Look at the lines." "What of them? O, I see, they run up close to the top of the page; evidently the scissors have been

"In short, it is a large sheet, trimmed down to the size of commercial note ?"

"Yes." "And is that all you see ?"

"All but the words."

"Don't you perceive what has been lost by means of this trimming down?" "No, unless you mean the manufacturer's stamp in the corner." Mr. Gryce's glance took meaning. "But I don't see why the loss of that should be deemed a matter of any import-

"Don't you? not when you conside that by it we seem to be deprived of all opportunity of tracing this sheet back to the quire of paper from which it was taken ?"

"Humph! then you are more of an amateur that I thought you. Don't you see that as Hannah could have had no motive for concealing where the per came from on which she wrote her dying words, this sheet must have been prepared by some one else?"
"No," said I, "I cannot say, I see

"Can't! Well then answer me this Why should Hannah, a girl about to commit suicide, care whether any clus was furnished in her confession, to the actual desk, drawer, or quire of paper from which the sheet was taken, on which she wrote it?"

"Yet especial pains have been taken

"Then there is another thing. Read the confession itself, Mr. Raymond, and tell me what you gather from it." "Why," said I, after complying, "that the girl, worn out with constant apprehension, has made up her mind to do away with herself, and that Henry Clavering-"

"Henry Clavering ?" The interrogation was put with so much meaning, I looked up. "Yes," "Ah, I didn't know that Mr. Claver-

ing's name was mentioned there; ex-"His name is not mentioned, but a lescription is given so strikingly in

Here Mr. Gryce interrupted me. Does it not seem to you a little surorising that a girl like Hannah should have stopped to describe a man she I started; it was unnatural surely.

"You believe Mrs. Belden's story, don't you?" "Consider her accurate in her re-

lation of what took place here a year ago ?" "I do." "Must believe, then; that Hannah,

the go-between, was acquainted with Mr. Clavering, and with his name?" "Then why didn't she use it? If her

ntention was, as she here professes, to save Eleanore Leavenworth from the alse imputation which had fallen upon her, she would naturally take the most direct method of doing it. This description of a man, whose identity she could have at once put beyond doubt by the mention of his name, is the work, not of a poor ignorant girl, but of some person who in attempting to play the role of one, has signally failed. But that is not all. Mrs. Bellen, according to you, maintains that Hannah told her upon entering the house, that Mary Leavenworth sent her there. But in this document she declares it to have been the work

of Black Mustache." "I know, but could they not have both been parties to the transaction?" "Yes," said he, "yet it is always a uspicious circumstance, when there is any discrepancy between the written

and spoken declaration of a person. But why do we stand here fooling, when a few words from this Mrs. Belden you talk so much about will probably settle the whole matter!"

"A few words from Mrs. Belden," I repeated; "I have had thousands from her to-day, and find the matter no nearer settled than in the beginning." "You have had," said he, "but not . Fetch her in, Mr. Raymond." Mr. Gryce, who in the short interim

of my absence, had altered his mood from the severe to the beneficent, received Mrs. Belden with just that show of respectful courtesy likely to impress a woman as dependant as she, upon the good opinion of others. "Ah! and this is the lady in whose

house this very disagreeable event has occurred." exclaimed he, partly rising Mr. Gryce's eyes which had been wery bright, ominously clouded; evidently he had been discorporated in his enthusiasm to greet her. "May I request you to sit," he asked; "if a dently he had been disappointed in my stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed Mr. Gryce; "every scrap and stranger may be allowed to take the observed may be allowed to take the observed may be allowed to take the ob answers. Laying the letter down, he liberty of inviting a lady to sit in her half sheet w own house."

"It does not seem like my own house any longer," said she, but in a sad, rather than an aggressive tone; so much had his genial way imposed upon her. "Little better than a prisoner here, I go and come, keep silence or speak, just as I am bidden; and all ecause an unhappy creature, whom took in for the most unselfish of motives, has chanced to die in my house."

"Just so!" exclaimed Mr. Gryce. "it s very unjust. But perhaps we can right matters. I have every reason to pelieve me can. This sudden death ought to be easily explainable. You say you had no poison in the house?" "No, sir."

"And that the girl never went out?" "Never. sir." "And that no one has ever been here to see her?"

"No one, sir." "So that she could not have procured any such thing if she had wished?" "No, sir."

"Unless," he added suavely, "she had t with her when she came here?" "That couldn't have been, sir. She brought no baggage; and as for her pocket, I know every thing there was in it, for I looked.'

"And what did you find there?" "Some money in bills, more than you would have expected such a girl to have, some loose pennies and a com-

non handkerchief.' "Well, then, it is proved the girl didn't die of poison, there being none in the house. He said this in so convinced a tone

she was deceived. "This is just what I have been telling Mr. Raymond," giving me a triumphant look.

"Must have been heart disease," he went on. "You say she was well yesterday?

"Yes, sir; or seemed so."
"Though not cheerful?" "I did not say that; she was, sir,

"What, ma'am, this girl?" giving me look. "I don't understand that. I should think her anxiety about those she had left behind her in the city. would have been enough to keep her from being very cheerful." "So you would," returned Mrs. Belden; "but it wasn't so. On the con-

trary, she never seemed to worry about "What!" cried he, "not about Miss Eleanore, who, according to the papers, stands in so cruel a position before the world? But perhaps she didn't know

anything about that-Miss Leavenworth's position, I mean?" "Yes, she did, for I told her. I was so astonished I could not keep it to myself. You see, I had always considered Eleanore as one above reproach and it shocked me so to see her name mentioned in the newspaper in such a connction, that I went to Hannah and read the article aloud and watched her face to see how she took it."

"And how did she?" "I can't say. She looked as if she didn't understand; asked me why I read such things to her, and told me she didn't want to hear any more; that I had promised not to trouble her about this murder, and that if I con-

tinued to do so she wouldn't listen." "Humph! and what else?" "Nothing else. She put her hand over her ears and frowned in such a sullen way I left the room."

"That was when?" "About three weeks ago." "She has, however, mentioned the ubject since?" "No, sir; not once."

"What! not asked what they were ng to do with her mistress? "She has shown, however, that som

thing was preying on her mind—fear, remorse, or anxiety?" "No, sir; on the contrary, she has

oftener appeared like one secretly "But," exclaimed Mr. Gryce with another sidelong look at me, "that was very strange and unnatural; I cannot account for it."

"Nor I, sir. I used to try to explain it by thinking her sensibilities had been blunted, or that she was too ignorant to comprehend the seriousness of what had happened, but as I learned to know her better, I gradually changed my mind. There was too much method in her gayety for that. I could not help seeing she had some future before her for which she was preparing her-As, for instance, she asked me one day if I thought she could learn to play on the piano. And I finally same to the conclusion she had been promised money if she kept the secret intrusted to her, and was so pleased with the prospect that she forget the dreadful past and all connected with it. At all events that was the only explanation I could find for her general industry and desire to improve herself, or for the complacent smiles I detected now and then stealing over

her face when she didn't know I was Not such a smile as crept over the countenance of Mr. Gryce at that moment, I warrant.

"It was all this," continued Mrs. Bel-"which made her death such a shock to me. I couldn't believe that so cheerful and healthy a creature could die like that, all in one night without anybody knowing anything about it. But-" "Wait one moment," Mr. Gryce here

broke in. "You speak of her endeavors to improve herself. What do you nean by that?" "Her desire to learn things she didn't know, as, for instance, to write and read writing. She could only clumsily print when she came here."

I thought Mr. Gryce would take out piece of my arm, he griped it so. "When she came here! Do you mean to say that since she has been with you she has learned to write?" "Yes, sir. I used to set her copies

"Where are these copies?" broke in Mr. Gryce, subduing his voice to its most professional tone. "And where are her attempts at writing? I'd like to see some of them. Can't you get them for

"I don't know, sir. I always made it a point to destroy them as soon as they had answered their purpose. I didn't like to have such things lying around. But I will go see." "Do," said he; "I will go with you. I

want to take a look at things up stairs anyway." And heedless of his rheumatic feet, he rose and prepared to accompany her. "This is getting very intense," whispered, as he passed me.

have made the fortune of a Thespian Mephistopheles. Of the ten minutes of suspense which endured in their absence, I say nothing. At the end of that time they returned with their hands full of paper boxes, which they flung down on the

The smile he gave me in reply would

table. "The writing paper of the household," before you examine it, look at this." And he held out a sheet of bluish foolscap, on which were written some dozen imitations of that time-worn copy, "Be good and you will be happy;" with an occasional "Beauty soon fades," and "Evil communications corrupt good manners." "What do you think of

"Very neat and very legible." "That is Hannah's latest. The only pecimens of her writing to be found. Not much like some scrawis we have

"Mrs. Belden says this girl has known how to write as good as this for more than a week. Took great pride in it, and was continually talking about how smart she was." Leaning over he whispered in my ear, "This thing you have in your hand must have been scrawled some time ago, if she did it." Then aloud, "But let us look at the

paper she used to write on." Dashing open the covers of the boxes on the table, he took out the loose sheets lying inside and scattered them out before me. One glance showed they were all of an utterly different quality from that used in the confes-

"This is all the paper in the house," said he. "Are you sure of that?" I ssked, looking at Mrs. Belden, who stood in a sort of maze before us. "Wasn't there one stray sheet lying around somewhere, foolscap or something like that, which she might have got hold

of and used without your knowing it?" "No. sir: I don't think so. I had only these kinds; besides, Hannah had a whole pile of paper like this in her room, and wouldn't have been apt to

go hunting round after any stray sheets." "But you don't know what a girl like that might do. Look at this one," said I, showing her the blank side of the confession. "Couldn't a sheet like this have come from somewhere about the house? Examine it well; the matter

is important." "I have," replied she; "and I say no. I never had a sheet of paper like that

in my house." Mr. Gryce advanced and took the confession from my hand. As he did so, he whispered, "What do you think now? Many chances that Hannah got

up this precious document?" I shook my head, convinced at last, but in another moment turned to him and whispered back, "But if Hannah didn't write it who did? And how came it to be found where it was?"

"That," said he, "is just what is left for us to learn." And beginning again, he put question after question concerning the girl's life in the house, receiving answers which only tended to show that she could not have brought the confession with her, much less received it from a secret messenger. Unless we doubted Mrs. Belden's word the mystery seemed impenetrable, and I was beginning to despair of success when Mr. Gryce, with an askance look at me, leaned towards Mrs. Belden and said:

"You received a letter from Miss Mary Leavenworth yesterday, I hear." "This letter?" continued he, showing

"Now I want to ask you a question Was the letter as you see it, the only contents of the envelope in which it came? Wasn't there one for Hannah enclosed with it?"

"No, sir," replied she, but with strange eagerness. "There was nothing in my letter for her, but she had a letter herself yesterday. It came in the same mail with mine." annah had a letter!" exclaimed

"Yes, but it was not directed to her.

we both "and in the mail?"

It was " casting me a look full of despair, "directed to me. It was only by a certain mark in the corner of the pe that I knew-"

"Good heaven!" interrupted I, "where is this letter? Why didn't you speak of it before? What do you mean allowing us to flounder about here the dark, when a glimpse of this let-ter might have set us right at once?"

But I couldn't restrain myself. "Mra. Belden!" cried I, "where is this letter? Have you got it?" "No," said she. "I gave it to the

girl yesterday; I haven't seen it since,"
"It must be upstairs, then. Let us
take another look," and I hastened towards the door "You won't find it." said Mr. Gryce at my elbow. "I have looked. There is nothing but a pile of burned paper

that have been?" asked he of Mrs. "I don't know, sir. She hadn't anything to burn unless it was the letter." "We will see about that," murmured hurrying up stairs and bringing down the washbowl with its contents. 'If the letter was the one I saw in your hand at the postoffice, it was in a yel-

in the corner. By the way, waat could

low envelope. "Yellow envelopes burn differently from white paper. I ought to be able to tell the tinder made by a yellow envelope when I see it. Ah, the letter has been destroyed; here is a piece of the envelope," and I drew out of the heap of charred scraps a small bit less burnt than the rest and held it up.

"Then there is no use looking here for what the letter contained." said Mr. Gryce, putting the washbowl aside. "We will have to ask you, Mrs. Bel-

"But I don't know. It was directed to me to be sure, but Hannah told me when she first requested me to teach her how to write, that she expected such a letter, so I didn't open it when it came, but gave it to her just

"Wait!" cried Mr. Gryce and beckoning me into a corner, he whispered, "Now comes in that experience of Q's. While you are gone from the house and before Mrs. Belden sees Hannah again, he has a glimpse of the girl bending over something in the corner of her room which may very fairly be the washbowl we found there. After which he sees her swallow in the most lively way, a dose of something from a bit of paper. Was there anything more?"

"No," sald I. "Very well then," cried he going back to Mrs. Belden. "But-" "But when I went upstairs to bed, I thought of the girl, and going to her door opened it. The light was extinguished and she seemed asleep, so I closed it again and came out.'

"Without speaking?" "Yes, sir." "Did you notice how she was lying?" "Not particularly. I think on her

"In something of the same position in which she was found this morning?" "Yes, sir." "And that is all you can tell us

death ?" "All, sic." Mr. Gryce straightened himself up. "Mrs. Belden," said he, "you know Mr. Clavering's handwriting when you see it?"

"I do." "And Miss Leavenworth's ?" "Yes, sir."

"Now, which of the two was upon the envelope of the letter you gave Hannah? "I couldn't say. It was a disguised handwriting and might have been

that of either; but I think-" "That it was more like hers than his though it wasn't like hers either." With a smile Mr. Gryce enclosed the confession in his hand in the envelope in which it had been found. "You

remember how large the letter was which you gave her ?" "O, it was large, very large; one of the largest sort." "And thick ?"

"O, yes; thick enough for two let-"Large enough and thick enough to contain this?" laying the confession folded and enveloped as it was, before

"Yes, sir," giving it a look of startled amazement, "large enough and thick enough to contain that." Mr. Gryce's eyes, bright as diamonds, flashed around the room and

finally settled upon a fly traversing my coatsleeve. "Do you need to ask now," whispered he in a low voice, "where and from whom, this so-called confession

Mr. Gryce allowed himself one moment of silent triumph, then rising, began folding the papers on the table and putting them in his pocket. "What are you going to do?" I ask-

ed, hurriedly approaching. He took me by the arm and led room. "I am going back to New York. me across the hall into the sitting-I am going to pursue this matter. I am going to find out from whom came the poison that killed this girl, and by whose hand this vile lorgery of a con-

on was written. "But," said I, rather thrown off my balance by all this, "Q and the coroner will be here presently won't you wait

"No," said he; "clews such as are given here, must be followed while the trail is hot; I can't afford to wait." "If I am not mistaken they have already come," said I, as a tramping of feet without, announced that someone stood at the door. "That is so," cried he, hastening to let them in

Judging from common experience, we had every reason to fear that an immediate stop would be put to all proceedings on our part, as soon as the coroner was introduced upon the scene. But happily for us and the interest at stake, Dr. Fink of R—, proved to be a very sensible man. The delay was therefore short. Mr. Gryce was enabled to take the 6.30 train for New York, and I to follow on the 10 p.m.,the calling of a jury, ordering of an autopsy and final adjournment of the inquiry til Ithe following Tuesday, having all taken place in the interim.

> XXXV FINE WORK.

Mr. Gryce had told me enough of his plans before leaving R-, for me to understand that the clue he intended to follow was that given by the paper on which the confession was written. "Find in whose possession is the package of paper from which this sheet was taken, and you find the double murderer," he had said.

I was therefore not surprised when

upon visiting his house early the next morning. I beheld him seated before a table on which lay a lady's writing desk and a pile of paper, till he told me the desk was Eleanore's. "What," aid I, "are you not yet satisfied of her

"O, yes; but one must go through on would be worth anything if the investigation made was not full and complete.

"But let us see what we have here pursued he, drawing the package of paper towards him with a look of great etation. "I found this pile, just as it is, in the drawer of the library table in Miss Leavenworth's house in Fifth Avenue. If I am not mistaken, it is the thing we want."

"But this paper is square, while that of the confession is of the size and shape of commercial note? I know, but you remember the sheet used in the confession was trimmed down. Let us compare the quality."

Taking the confession from his pocket and a sheet from the pile before him, he looked at them closely, then held them out for my inspection. A glance showed they were of the same "Hold them up to the light," said he

I did so; the appearance presented by both was precisely alike. "Now let us compare the ruling," And laying them both down on the table, he placed the edges of the two sheets together. The lines on the one accommodated themselves to those on the other; and that question was de-

His triumph was assured. "I was convinced of it." said he. "From the moment I pulled open that drawer and saw this mass of paper lying within so snugly. I knew the end was come."

"But," cried I, in my old spirit of combativeness. "isn't there any room for doubt? This paper is of the commonest kind. Every family on the block might easily have specimens of

it in their library." "That isn't so," he said, "it is letter size, which has gone out. Mr. Leavenworth used it for his manuscript, or I doubt if it would have been found in his library. But If you are still incredulous, let us see what can be done, and jumping up, he carried the confession to the window, looked at it this way and that, and finally discovering what he wanted, came back and laying it before me, pointed out one of the lines of ruling that was markedly heavier than the rest, and another which was so faint as to be almost undistinguishable. "Defects like these often run through a number of consecutive sheets," said he. "If we could find the identical halfquire from which this was taken, I might show you proof that would dispel every doubt," and taking up the oe that lay on top,, he rapidly counted the sheets. There were but eight. "It might have been taken from this one," said he: but upon looking closely at the ruling he found that it was uniformly distinct. "Humph, that

won't do!" came from his lips. The remainder of the paper, some dozen or so half-quires, looked undisturbed. Mr. Gryce tapped his fingers on the table and a frown crossed his "Such a pretty thing!" exclaied he, "if it could only have been Suddenly he took up the next half quire. "Count the sheets," said he thrusting it towards me, and him-

self lifting another. I did as I was bid. "Twelve." He counted his and laid them down. "Go on with the rest," cried he. I counted the sheets in tht next; twelve. He counted those in the one following and paused, "Eleven!"

"Count again." I suggested. He counted again and quietly put them aside. "I made a mistake," ob-

served he. But he was not to be discouraged. Taking another half-quire he went through with the same operation-in vain. With a sigh of impatience he flung it down on the table and looked "Halloo!" cried he, "what is the

matter ?'

package," I said, placing it in his The excitement he immediately evinced was contagious. Oppressed as I was, I could not resist his eagerness. beautiful!" he exclaimed. "O, beautiful! see! the light line on the inside, the heavy one on the outside and both in positions precisely corresponding to those on this sheet of

Hannah's. What do you think now?

"There are but eleven sheets in this

Do you wish for any further proof?" "The veriest doubter could ask no more." returned I. With something like a considerate regard for my emotion, he turned "I am obliged to congregate away. myself," said he. "notwithstanding the gravity of the discovery that has been made. It is so neat, so very neat, and so conclusive. I declare I am astonished, myself, at the perfection of the thing. But what a woman that is!" cried he suddenly, in a tone of the greatest admiration, "what an in-tellect she has! what shrewdness! what skill! I declare it is almost a pity to entrap a woman who has done as well as this-taken a sheet from the very bottom of the pile, trimmed it into another shape, and then remembering the girl couldn't write, put what she had to say into coarse, awkward printing, Hannah-like. Splendid! or would have been if any other man than

myself had had this thing in charge." "Mr. Gryce." I said again, aft another moment of silent self-con ratulation on his part and of desperate self-control on mine, "what do you propose to do now? You have followed your clue to the end and are satisfled. Such knowledge as this is the precursor of action." "Humph, well we will see," he re-

turned, going to his private desk and oringing out the box of papers which se documents and see if they do not contain some hint which may be of service to us." And taking out the en or so loose sheets which had been torn from Eleanore's diary, he began rning them over.

While he was doing this I took occasion to examine the other contents of the box. I found them to be just what Mrs. Belden had described them. A certificate of marriage between Mary and Mr. Clavering, and a half dozen or more letters. While glancing over the former, a short exclamation from Mr. Gryce startled me into looking up. "What is it?" cried I.

He thrust into my hand the leaves of Eleanore's diary. "Read," said he. "Most of it is a repetition of what you have already heard from Mrs. Belden, though given from a different standpoint, but there is one passage in it which, if I am not mistaken, ope the way to an explanation of this mur-

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