Dull! Eleanore's feelings and thoughts during that anxious time, Mustering up my self-possession, 1

"Two days after they got there, you

spread out the leaves in their order and commenced.

perceive," Mr. Gryce explained. - A gentleman was introduced to us to-day upon the piazza, whom I cannot forbear mentioning, first, because he is the most perfect specimen of manly beauty I ever beheld, and secondly, because Mary, who is usually so voluble when gentlemen are concerned, had nothing to say, when in the privacy of our own apartment I questioned her as to the effect his appearance and conversation had made upon her. The fact that he is an Englishman may have something to do with this: uncle's antipathy to every one of that nation being as well known to her as to me. But somehow I cannot feel satisfied of this. That experience of hers with Charlie Somerville has made me suspicious I fear. What it the story of last summer were to be repeated here with an Englishman for the hero! But I will not allow myself to contemplate such a possibility. Uncle will return in a few days and then all communication with one who, however elegant and prepossessing, is of a fairily and race with whom it is impossible

for us to ally ourselves, must of me cessity cease. I doubt if I should have thought twice of all this, if Mr. Clavering had not betrayed upon his introduction to Mary such intense and unrestrained admiration.

"July 8. The old story is to be repeated. Mary not only submits to the courages them. To-day she sat two hours at the piano singing over to him her favorite songs, and to-night-But servation; it is unworthy of me. And yet how can I afford to blind my eyes when the happiness of so many I love

"July 11. If Mr. Clavering is not absolutely in love with Mary he is on the verge of it. He is now hardly ever absent from her side, making no disguise of his sentiments. He is a very noble-looking man, too much so to be trifled with in this reckless fashion.

"July 13. Mary's beauty blossoms like the rose. She was absolutely wonderful to-night in scarlet and silver. I think she is the sweetest looking mortal I ever beheld, and in this I am sure Mr. Clavering passionately agrees with me; he never looked away from her to-night. But it is one thing for a woman like Mary to be loved, and another thing for her to return the passion lavished upon her. And yet from certain right last. "It is only too clear. true womanly signs, I began to think that if Mr. Clavering were only an American, Mary would not be indifferent to his fine appearance, strong sense and devoted affection. But did she not deceive us into believing she loved Charlie Somerville ? In her case, blush and smile go for little, I fear. Would it not be wiser under the circumstances to say, I hope?

"July 17. O my heart! Mary came into my room this evening and absolutely startled me by falling at my side and burying her face in my lap. 'O, Eleanore, Eleanore!' she murmured, quivering with what seemed to me very happy sobs. But when I strove to lift her head to my breast, she slid from my arms and drawing herself up into her old attitude of reserved pride, raised her hand as if to impose silence, and haughtily left the room. There is but one interpretation to put upon this. Mr. Clavering has expressed his sentiments, and she is filled with that reckless delight which in its first | my heart, induced by his peculiar manflush makes one insensible to the existence of barriers which have hitherto been deemed impossible. When will

"July 18. Little did I think when I wrote the above that Uncle was at ready for the superintendent. I should ready in the house. He arrived unex- like to show it to you first, so don't pectedly on the last train and came fail me." into my room just as I was putting away my diary. Looking a little careworn, he took me in his arms and then asked for Mary. I dropped my head and could not help stammering as I replied that she was in her own room. Instantly his love took alarm. and leaving me, he hastened to her apartment where I afterwards learned he found her sitting abstractedly before her dressing-table with Mr. Clavering's family ring on her finger. I do not know what followed. An unhappy scene I fear, for Mary is ill this morning and Uncle exceedingly

melancholy and stern. "Afternoon. We are an unhappy family. Uncle not only refuses to consider for a moment the question of Mary's alliance with Mr. Clavering, but even goes so far as to demand from her, his instant and unconditioal dismissal on pain of his severest displeasure. The knowledge of this very painful determination of his came to me in the most distressing way. Recognizing the state of affairs, but secretly rebelling against the power of a prejudice that could allow itself to separate two persons otherwise fitted for each other, I sought Uncle's pre-sence this morning after breakfast and attempted to plead their cause But he almost instantly stopped me with the remark, 'You are the last one, Eleanore, that should seek to premote this marriage.' Trembing with apprehension, I asked him why. For the reason that by so doing you work entirely for your own interest.

More and more trubbed, I begged him

to explain himself, 'I mean,' said he, that if Mary disobeys me by marry-ing this Englishman, I shall disinherit her and substitute your name in the place of hers in my will as well as in my affections.' For a moment the world swam before my eyes. You will never make me so wretched," exclaimed I, I will make you my heiress, if Mary persists in her present determination,' and without furher word he sternly left the room. What could I do but fall on my knees and pray. Of all in this miserable supplant her! But I shall not be called upon to do it, Mary will give

up Mr. Clavering." "There !" exclaimed Mr. Gryce. "What do you think of that? Isn't it pecoming plain enough what was Mary's motive for this murder? But go on; let us hear what followed."

With sinking heart, I continued. "The next entry is dated July 19, and "I was right. After a long struggle

with Uncle's invincible will, Mary has consented to dismiss Mr. Clavering. I was in the room when she made known her decision and I shall never forget our Uncle's look of gratified pride as he clasped her in his arms and called her his own True Heart. He has evidently been very much exercised over greatly relieved that affairs have terminated so satisfactorily. But Mary? What is there in her manner that vaguely disappoints me? What is theer in her manner that vaguely disappoints me? What is there in her action that seems to draw a determining line between us? I cannot say. I only know that I felt a powerful shrinking overwhelm me when she turned her face to me and asked if I were satisfied now. But I conquered

my feelings and held out my hand. She did not take it. "July 26. How long the days are ! The shadow of our late trial is upon me yet; I cannot shake it off. I seem to see Mr. Clavering's despairing face wherever I go. How is it that Mary preserves her cheerfulness? If she does not love him I should think the respect which she must feel for his disappointment would keep her from levity

"Uncle has gone away again. Nothing I could say, sufficed to keep him. "July 28. It has all come out. Mary has only nominally separated from Mr. Clavering; she still cherishes the idea of one day allying herself to him in

marriage. The fact was revealed to firmed by Mary herself. 'I admire the tention of giving him up.' 'Then why only answer was a bitter smile and fession folded as it was when found, ly out, but before my blooc cools let sent this powder and this so-called conwedded wife. I have just returned them precisely as she did, for the purattentions of Mr. Clavering, but en- | Henry Clavering. Strange that I can | right track and of destroying herself write it without quivering when my at the same time; for, as you know, whole soul is one flush of indignation | dead men tell no tales." and revolt. But let me state the facts. I will not put down every trivial cir- Having left my room for a few minumy dressing-table a note from Mary in which she informed me that she was going to take Mrs. Belden for a drive and would not be back for some

> put on my hat-" There the Diary ceased "She was probably interrupted by Mary at that point," exclaimed Mr. Gryce. "But we have heard all we want to know. Mr. Leavenworth threatened to supplant Mary with Eleanore, if she persisted in marrying contrary to his wishes, and what other conclusion can we come to, than that he upon hearing some four or five weeks since this marriage had been entered into by her, repeated his threats and so drew down his fate

son ot be, that she was on her way to

upon him ? "None," I returned, convinced at

Mr. Gryce rose. "But the writer of these words is I went on trying, to grasp the one comfort left me. "No one who reads this diary will ever dare to insinuate she is capable of committing

"No," said he, "the diary settles that matter effectually." "Would it be a very great grief to

you, Mr. Raymond, if Miss Mary Leavenworth should be arrested on this charge of murder?" he asked, pausing detectives have against her: before a sort of tank in which two or three disconsolate looking fishes were slowly swimming about. "Yes," said I, "it would; a very

great grief." z "Yet it has got to be done," said he, though with a strange lack of his usual decision. "As an honest official trusted to bring the murdorer of Mr. Leavenworth to the notice of the proper authorities, I have got to do it." Again that strange thrill of hope at

After a little while he turned, his indecision utterly gone. "Mr. Raymond," said he, "come here again at three. I shall then have my report

There was something so repressed in his expression, I could not prevent myself from venturing one question. "Is your mind made up?" I asked.

"Yes," returned he, but in a peculiar tone, and with a peculiar gesture. "And are you going to make the arrest you speak of?" "Come at three."

2011 m XXXVI. GATHERED THREADS. Promptly at the hour named I made my appearance at Mr. Gryce's door. I

found him awaiting me on the thresh-"I have met you," said he, gravely, "for the purpose of requesting you not to speak during the coming interview under and circumstances whatever. I am to do the talking, you the listening Neither are you to be surprised at anything I may do or say. I am in a facetious mood—" he did not look so— And that moreover, this same gentle-"and may take it into my head to address you by another name than your own. If I do, don't mind it. And above all, don't talk, remember that." And without waiting to meet my look of doubtful astonishment, he

ley don't want all the world to know gave me an admonitory shake of his nger while his voice took a more disinct tone, "I have done the business; the reward is mine; the assassin of Mr. Leavenworth is found, and in two nours will be in custody. Do you want o know who it is?" leaning forward with every appearance of eagerness in

I stared at him in great amazement.

Had anything new come to light? Any house, I am the most wretched. To great change taken place in his conlusions? All this preparation could not be for the purpose of acquainting still more, "a tight go; a woman in the business, too; but all the women in

enworth and-" here his voice became

actually shrill in his excitement- "and of Hannah Chester is found. "Hush!" he went on, though I had neither spoken nor made any move, "you didn't know Hannah Chester was murdered? Well, she wasn't in one sense of the word; but in another she was, and by the same hand that killed the old gentleman. How do I know this matter, and I cannot but feel this? Look here! This scrap of paper was found on the floor of her room; it had a few particles of a white powder sticking to it; those particles were tested last night and found to be poison. But you say the girl took it herself; that she was a suicide. You are right, she did take it herself, and it was a suicide; but who terrified her into committing it? Why the one who had the most reason to fear her testimony, of course. But the proof? you say. Well, sir, this girl left a confession behind her, throwing the onus of the whole crime on a certain party, believed to be innocent; this confession was a forged one, known from three facts; first, that the paper upon which it was written was unobtainable by the girl in the place where she then was; second, that the words used therein were printed In coarse, awkward characters, whereas Hannah, thanks to the teaching of the voman under whose care she was,

ould write very well; third, that the story told in the confession was not that related by the girl herself. Now, the fact of a forged confession throwing the guilt upon an innocent party having been found in the keeping of this ignorant girl, killed by a dose of poison; taken with the fact here stated, me in a strange way not necessary to that on the morning of the day on mention here; and has since been con- which she killed herself the girl received from some one manifestly acman,' she declares, 'and have no in- quainted with the customs of the Leavenworth family, a letter large enough not tell Uncle so?' I asked. Her and thick enough to contain the cona short—'I leave that for you to co.' makes it almost certain to my mind "July 30. Midnight. Worn complete that the murderer of Mr. Leavenworth me write. Mary Leavenworth is a fession to the girl, meaning her to use from seeing her give her hand to pose of throwing off suspicion from the

> He paused and looked at the dingy seem to grow heavier and heavier? Why did I shudder in vague apprehension I knew all this before, why did it strike me, then, as something new?

"But who was this? you ask. Ah, hours. Convinced, as I had every rea- that is the secret; that is the bit of knowledge which is to bring me fame meet Mr. Clavering, I only stopped to and fortune. But secret or not, I don't mind telling you;" lowering his voice and rapidly rising it again. "The fact is, I can't keep it to myself; it burns like a new dollar in my pocket. Smith my boy, the murderer of Mr. Leavenworth-but, stay, who do the world say it is? Whom do the papers point at and shake their heads over? A woman! A young, beautiful, bewitching woman! Ha, ha, ha! The papers are right; it is a woman; young, beautiful and bewitching, too. But what one? Ah, that's the question. There is more than one woman mixed up with this affair; which, then, of them all, is it? Since Hannah's death I have heard it openly advanced that she was the guilty party in the crime. Bah! Others cry it is the niece that was so unequally dealt with by her uncle in his will. Bah! again. But folks are not without some justification for this latter assertion. Eleanore Leavenworth did know more of this matter than appeared. Worse than that, Eleanore Leavenworth stands in a position of positive peril to-day. If you don't think so, let me show you what the

"First, there is the fact that a handkerchief with her name on it was found stained with pistol grease upon the scene of the murder; a place where she explicitly denied having been for twenty-four hours previous to the discovery of the dead body.

"Secondly, the fact that she not only evinced terror when confronted with this bit of circumstantial evidence, but manifested a decided disposition both at this time and others, to mislead inquiry, shirking a direct answer to some questions and refusing all answers to

"Thirdly, that attempt was made by her to destroy a certain letter evidently relating to this crime "Fourthly, that the key to the library

door was seen in her possession. "All this, taken with the fact that the fragments of the letter which this same lady attempted to destroy within an hour after the inquest, were afterwards put together and were found to contain a bitter denunciation of one of Mr. Leavenworth's nieces by a gentleman we will call X-in other words, an unknown quantity-makes out a dark case against her, especially as afthe murderer of Mr. Leavenworth, I! ter investigations revealed the fact that | I! I!" a secret underlay the history of the Leavenworth family. That, unknown to the world at large, and Mr. Leavenworth in particular, a marriage ceremony had been performed a year before in a little town called F- be tween a Miss Leavenworth and this same X. That, in other words, the unknown gentleman who in the letter partly destroyed by Miss Eleanore Leavenworth, complained to Mr. Leavenworth of the treatment received by him from one of his nieces, was, in And that, moreover, this same gentle-man, under an assumed name, called on the night of the murder at the house

which they hold their consultations, if By dint of moleing into old secrets and wing up of nice clews, I have finas much as they do. Smith?" and he ally come to the conclusion that not Eleanore Leavenworth, dark as are the appearances against her, but another man, beautiful as she and fully as interesting, is the true criminal. In short, that her cousin, the exquisite Mary, is the murderer of Mr. Leavenworth, and by inference of Hannah

Chester also! He brought this out with such force and with such a look of triumph and appearance for having led up to it, that I was for the moment dumbfounded, and started as if I had not known what he was going to say. The stir I me with what I already knew, yet- made seemed to awake an echo. Some-He cut short my conjectures with a thing like a suppressed cry was in the low, expressive chuckle. "It was a air about me. All the room appeared long chase, I tell you," raising his voice to breathe horror and dismay. Yet, when in the excitation of this fancy, I half turned round to look, I found the world can't pull the wool over the nothing but the blank eyes of those

dull ventilators staring upon me. eyes of Ebenezer Gryce when he is on a trail; and the assassin of Mr. Leav-"You are taken aback!" Mr. Gryce went on. "I don't wonder. Everyone else is engaged in watching the movements of Eleanore Leavenworth; I only know where to put my hand upon the real culprit. You shake your head!" (another fiction). "You don't believe me? Think I am deceived? Ha, ha! Ebenezer Gryce deceived after a month of hard work! You are as bad as Miss Leavenworth herself, who has so little faith in my sagacity that she offered me, of all men, an enormous reward if I would find her out the assassin of her uncle! But that is neither here nor there; you have your doubts and you are waiting for me to solve them. Well, nothing is easier; know first that on the morning of the inquest I made one or two discoveries not to be found in the records, viz.: that the handkerchief picked up, as I have said, in Mr. Leavenworth's library, had, notwithstanding its stains of pistol grease, decided perfume lingering about it. Going to the dressing table of the two ladies, I sought for that perfume and found it in Mary's room, not Elean-

> ore's. This led me to examine the pockets of the dresses respectively worn by them the evening before. In that of Eleanore I found a handkerchief, presumably the one she had carried at that time. But in Mary's there was none, nor did I see any lying about her The conclusion I drew from this was that she and not Eleanore had carried the handkerchief into her uncle's room, a conclusion emphasized by the fact privately communicated to me by one of the servants that Mary was in Eleanore's room when the basket of clean clothes was brought up with this handkerchief lying on top.

"But knowing the liability we are to mistake in such matters as these, I made another search in the library and came across a very curious thing. Lying on the table was a penknife, and scattered on the floor beneath, in close proximity to the chair, were two or three minute portions of wood freshly chipped off from the leg of the table; all of which looked as if some one of a nervous disposition had been sittling there, whose hand in a moment of solfforgetfulness had caught up the knife and unconsciously whittled the table. A little thing, you say, but when the question is, which of two ladies, one of a calm and self-possessed nature, the other restless in her ways, and excitable in her disposition, was in a certin spot at a certain time, it is these little things that become almost deadly in their significance. No one who has been with these two women an hour

can hesitate as to whose delicate, hand made that cut in Mr. Leavenworth's library table. "But we are not done. I distinctly overheard Eleanore accuse her cousin of this deed. Now, such a woman as Eleanore Leavenworth has proved herself to be, never would accuse a relative of crime, without the strongest and most substantial reasons. First, she must have been sure her cousin stood in a position of such emergency that nothing but the death of her uncle could release her from it; secondly, that her cousin's character was of such nature she would not hesitate to relieve herself from such an emergency by the most desperate of means; and lastly, she must have been in possession of some circumstantial evidence against her cousin, seriously corroborative of her suspicions. Smith, all this was true of Eleanore Leavenworth. As to the character of her cousin, she has had ample proof of her ambition, love of money, caprice and deceit, it having been Mary Leavenworth and not Eleanore, as was first supposed, who had contracted the secret marriage already spoken of. Of the critical position in which she stood, let the threat once made by Mr. Leavenworth to substitute her cousin's name for hers in his will in case she had married this X, answer to all who knew the tenacity with which Mary clung to her hopes of future fortune; while for the corroborative testimony of her guilt which Eleanore is supposed to have had, remember that previous to the key having been found in Eleanore's possessession, she had spent some time in her cousin's room; and that it was at Mary's fire place the half-burned fragments of that letter were foundand you have the outline of a report that in an hour's time from this, will lead to the arrest of Mary Leavenworth as the assassin of her uncle and bene-

factor. A silence ensued which, like the darkness of Egypt, could be felt, then a great and terrible cry rang through the room, and a man's form, rushing from I knew not where, shot by me and fell at Mr. Gryce's feet, shrieking out:

"It is a lie! Mary Leavenworth is innocent as a babe unborn. I am

It was Trueman Harwell. . Calabat XXXVII. CULMINATION.

I never saw such a look of mortal triumph on the face of a man as that as now, that coquette though she was which crossed the countenance of the

"Well, that's the best day's work 1 ever did! Your congratulations Mr. most daring game ever played in a I looked at the trumphant counten-

ance of Mr. Gryce in amazement.
"What do you mean?" I cried; "did an all this ?" "Did I plan it ?" he repeated. "Could I stand here, seeing how things have turned out, if I had not? Mr. Raymond, let us be comfortable. You are a gentleman, but we can well shake hands over this. I have never known such a satisfactory conclusion to a bad piece of business in all my pro-

vently, and then I asked him to explain himself. "Well," said he; "there has always been one thing that plagued me even in the very moment of my stro suspicion against this woman, and that

was, the pistol-cleaning busine could not reconcile it with what I knew of womankind. I could not make it seem the act of a woman. Dfd. you ever know a woman who cleaned a pistol or who even knew the object or use of doing so? No. They can fire them and do; but after firing them they do not clean them. Now it is a principle which every detective recognizes the truth of, that of a hundred leading circumstances connected with a crime, ninety-nine of these are acts pointing to the suspected party with unerring certainty, but the hundredth equally important act, one which that person could not have performed, the whole fabric of suspicion is destroyed. Recognizing this principle, then, as I have said, I hesitat ed when it came to the point of arrest. The chain was complete, the links were fastened, but one link was of a different size and material from the rest and in this argued a break in the chain. Summoning, Mr. Clavering, and Mr. Harwell, two persons whom I had no reason to suspect, but who were individuals beside herself who could have committed this crime, being the only persons of intellect who were in the house or believed to be, at the time of the murder, I notified them separately that the assassin of Mr. Leavenworth was not only found but was about to be arrested in my house, and that if they wished to hear the confession which would be sure to follow, they might have the opportunity of doing so by coming here at such an hour. They were both too much in-

terested, though for very different reasons, to refuse; and I succeeded in inducing them to conceal themselves in the two rooms from which you saw them issue, knowing that if eitner of them had committed this deed, he had done it for the love of Mary Leavenworth, and consequently could not hear her charged with crime and threatened with arrest, without betraying himself. I did not hope much from the experiment: least of all did I anticipate that Mr. Harwell would room as if tossed down on her retiring. prove to be the guilty man-but live and learn, Mr. Raymond, live and

> XXXVIII. A FULL ONFESSION.

I am not a bad man; I am only an intense one. Ambition, love, jealousy, hatred, revenge-transitory emotions with some, are terrific passions with To be sure they are quiet and concealed ones, coiled serpents that make no stir till aroused, but then, deadly in their spring and relentless in their action. Those who have known me best, have not known this. My own mother was ignorant of it. Orten and often have I heard her say, "If True man only had more sensibility! If Trueman were not so indifferent to every thing! In short, if Trueman had more power in him !"

It was the same at school. No one nderstood me. They thought me meek; called me Dough-face. three years they called me this, then turned upon them. Choosing out their ringleader. I felled him to the ground, laid him on his back and stamped upon him. He was handsome before my foot came down; afterwards-Well it is enough, he never called me Dough-face again. In the store I entered soon after I met with even less appreciation. Regular at my work and exact in my performance of it, they thought me a good machine and nothing more. What heart, soul, and feeling could a man have who never sported, never smoked, and never laughed? I could reckon up figures correctly, but one scarcely needed heart or soul for that. I could even write day by day and month by month without showing a flaw in my copy, but that only argued I was no more than they intimated, a regular automaton. I let them think so, with the certainty before me that they would one day change their minds as others had done. The fact was, I loved nobody well enough, not even myself, to care for any man's opinion. Life was well-nigh a blank to me: a dead level plain that had to be traversed whether I would or not. And such it might have continued to this day if I had never met Mary Leavenworth. But when some nine months since, I left my desk in the counting house for a seat in Mr. Leavenworth's library, a blazing torch fell into my soul whose flame has never gone out and never will, till the doom before

me is accomplished. She was so beautiful! When on that first evening I followed my new employer into the parlor, and saw this woman standing up before me in her half-alluring, half-appalling charm, I knew as by a lightning flash what my future would be if I remained in that house. She was in one of her haughty moods and bestowed upon me little more than a passing glance. But her indifference made slight impression upon me then. It was enough that I was allowed to stand in her presence and look unrebuked upon her loveliness. To be sure it was like gazing into the flower-wreathed crater of an awakening volcano. Fear and fascination were in each moment I lingered there: but fear and fascination made the moment what it was, and I could not have withdrawn if I

And so it was always. Unspeakable pain as well as pleasure was in the emotion with which I regarded her. Yet for all that I did not cease to study her hour by hour and day by day; her smiles, her movement, her way of turning her head or lifting I wished to knit her beauty so firmly into the warp and woof of my being that nothing should ever serve to tear it away. For I saw then as plainly uld never stoop to me. No; I might lie down at her feet and let her trample over me, she would not even turn to see what it was she had stepped upon. I might spend days, of her wishes, she would not thank me for my pains or even raise the lashes from her cheek to look at me as I passed. I was nothing to her, could not be anything unless—and this thought came slowly—I could in some

way become her master.

Meantime I wrote at Mr. Leavenworth's diotation and pleased him. My methodical ways were just to his taste.

As for the other member of the family.

Miss Eleahore Leavenworth—she treat-



A BEA

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