



Leavenworth Case

household whom she met every day at table, and who, as she or any one else could see, was none too happy or hopeful.

Six months went by; I had learned two things; first, that Mary Leavenworth loved her prospective husband above every other earthly consideration; and secondly, that she was in the possession of a secret which endangered that position.

Dear Sir: You have a niece whom you love and trust, one, too, who seems worthy of all the love and trust that you can give her; so beautiful, so charming, so tender is she in face, form, manner and conversation.

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Two days passed; days that were for me one long and unrelieved suspense. Had Mr. Leavenworth answered that letter? Would it all end as it had begun, without the appearance of the mysterious Clavering on the scene? I could not tell.

Meanwhile my monotonous work went on, grinding my heart beneath its relentless wheel. I wrote and wrote, and wrote, till it seemed as if my life blood went from me with every drop of ink I used. Always alert and listening, I dared not lift my head or turn my eyes at any unusual sound lest I should seem to be watching.

My account of the matter was free. This vision had a tremendous effect upon me. Was it a premonition? A warning of the way in which I was to die? Was the death of her uncle the bridge that was to span the impassable gulf between us? I began to think it might be; to consider the possibilities which could make this the only path which would lead me to her.

It immediately set to work to convince her that she could. The midnight train did not leave the city for half an hour yet, and the distance to the depot could be easily walked by her in fifteen minutes.

Of the dreadful agitation that followed the disappearance of this letter I can give no better account than that which I have given in my story. I entered into the error of looking up the house on my re-entrance, but omitted to dispose of the key then in my pocket, by flinging it into the street, or dropping it into the hall as I went up.

But even these thoughts faded after awhile, before the realization of the peril I was in as long as the key and papers remained in my possession. How to get rid of them! I dared not leave my room again, or open my door to any one who might see me.

But with daylight came hope. Whether it was the sunshine glancing on the wall made me think of Mary and all I was ready to do for her sake, or whether it was the mere return of my natural stoicism in the presence of actual necessity, I cannot say.

It was not till I reached the top of the stairs did I realize what I had done, and then it was too late, for there before me, candle in hand, and surprise written on every feature of her face, stood Hannah, one of the servants, looking at me.

Of the alarm that speedily followed, and my action at that time and afterwards, I need not speak in detail. I behaved just as I would have done if I had had no hand in the murder. Indeed, I tried to forget I had. Even before to touch the key or go to the spare room I made any movement which was not willing all the world should see.

And this was the principal upon which I based my action at the inquest. I resolved to answer all queries put me, as truthfully as I could; the great fault with men situated as I was usually being that they lied too much, committing themselves on unessential matters.

That all present believed it to have been made by Eleanor, did not reassure me. She was a completely disconnected with the crime I could not imagine suspicion holding to her for an instant.

Seeing all this, my fear of what the ladies would admit when questioned, became very great. I was informed by Mr. Leavenworth's own pistol had been used in the assassination, and that too by a person then in the house, but I myself was brought to acknowledge that Eleanor had learned from me only a little while before she had, almost by accident, discovered the pistol.

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Advertisement for '900 Drops' medicine, featuring a signature and a testimonial about its effectiveness for various ailments.

Advertisement for 'OUR STOCK OF MILLINERY IS LARGER THAN EVER' featuring 'FLOWERS AND NEW GOODS' and 'MISS MITCHELL'S'.

Advertisement for 'VICTORIA PLANING MILL' and 'DRY KILN', highlighting their services for house finishing.

Advertisement for 'J. P. RYLEY' furniture store, located at Kent Street, Lindsay.

Advertisement for 'Anderson, Nugent, & Co.' as undertakers and cabinet makers.

Advertisement for 'JOB WORK' by 'The Warder' office, offering services for various types of printing and job work.