

THE LEAVENWORTH CASE

By A. K. Green.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

Never have days seemed so long as the two which interposed between my return from R— and the receipt of the following letter:

Sir,—1. Individuals mentioned, arrived in R— July 8rd, 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 ball-room. M—liked best. E—considered grave, and toward 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 7th, 1875.

2. H. C. arrived at the hotel in R—, July 6th, 1875, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Vandervort, friends of the above. Left July 19th, two weeks from 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. 7th, of this year.

4. Name of man in employ of S. S. at that time, is Timothy Cook. He has been absent, but returned to F— two days ago. Can be seen if required.

"Ah, ah!" 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:

"T. C. wanted by all means. Also any evidence going to prove that H. C. and E. L. were married at the house of Mr. S. on any day of July or August last."

Next morning came the following telegram:

"T. C. on the road. Remembers a marriage. Will be with you by 2 p.m." At three 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 at 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 ascertained 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 husband."

Mr. Gryce's gaze 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 connexion 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 became 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 6th of the year 1875 and ending July 19th, of the same year, Henry R. Clavering, of London, and Eleanore Leavenworth, of New York, were guests in the same hotel. Fact proved by visitors' book of the Hotel Union at R—, New York.

"They were not only guests in the same hotel, but are known to have held more or less communication with each other. Fact proved by such servants now employed in R— as were in the hotel at the time.

"July 19th. Mr. Clavering left R— abruptly, a circumstance that would not be considered remarkable if Mr. Leavenworth, whose violent antipathy to Englishmen as husbands is publicly known, had not just returned from a journey.

"July 30. Mr. Clavering was seen in the parlor of Mr. Stebbins, the Methodist minister at F—, a town about sixteen miles from R—, where he was married to a lady of great beauty. Proved by Timothy Cook, a man in the employ of Mr. Stebbins, who was called in from the garden to witness the ceremony and sign a paper supposed to be a certificate.

"July 31. Mr. Clavering takes steamer for Liverpool. Proved by newspapers of that date.

"September. Eleanore Leavenworth in her uncle's house in New York, conducting herself as usual, but pale of face and preoccupied in manner. Proved by servants then in her service. Mr. Clavering in London; watches the United States mails with eagerness, but receives no letters. Fits up room elegantly as for a lady. Proved by secret communication from London.

"November. Miss Leavenworth still in uncle's house. No publication of her marriage ever made. Mr. Clavering in London; shows signs of uneasiness; the room prepared for lady closed. Proved as above.

"January 17th, 1876. Mr. Clavering, having returned to America, engages room at Hoffman House, New York.

"March 1, or 2. Mr. Leavenworth receives a letter signed by Henry Clavering, in which he complains of having been ill-used by one of that gentleman's nieces. A manifest shade falls over the family at this time.

"March 4. Mr. Clavering under a false name inquires at the door of Mr. Leavenworth's house for Miss Eleanore Leavenworth. Proved by Thomas."

"March fourth?" exclaimed Mr. Gryce at this point. "That was the night of the murder."

"Yes; the Mr. Le Roy Robbins, said to have called that evening, was none other than Mr. Clavering."

"March 19. Miss Mary Leavenworth, in a conversation with me, acknowledges that there is a secret in the family, and is just upon the point of revealing its nature, when Mr. Clavering enters the house. Upon his departure she declares her unwillingness ever to mention the subject again."

Mr. Gryce slowly waved the paper aside. "And from these facts you draw the inference that Eleanore Leavenworth is the wife of Mr. Clavering?"

"I do."

"And that being his wife—"

"It would be natural for her to make what endeavor she could to conceal anything she knew serving to criminate him."

"Always supposing Clavering himself has done anything criminal!"

"Of course."

"Which latter supposition you now propose to justify?"

"Which latter supposition we must now endeavor to prove justifiable."

A peculiar gleam shot over Mr. Gryce's somewhat abstracted face. "Then you have no new evidence against Mr. Clavering?"

"I should think the fact just given, of his standing in the relation of an acknowledged husband to the suspected party was something."

"No positive evidence as to his being the assassin of Mr. Leavenworth, I mean?"

I was obliged to tell him no, none

which he would call of a positive nature. "But I can show the existence of motive, and I can likewise show that it was not only possible, but probable that he was in the house at the time of the murder."

"Ah, you can!" cried Mr. Gryce, rousing a little from his abstraction.

"The motive was the usual one of self-interest. Mr. Leavenworth stood in the way of Eleanore acknowledging him as a husband, and he must, therefore, be put out of the way."

"Weak!"

"Motives for murders are sometimes weak."

"The motive for this was not. There is not only too much calculation observable in the whole thing, but the manner of it was too cold for the arm to have been nerved by anything short of the most deliberate intention, founded upon the deadliest necessity of passion or avarice?"

"Avarice?"

"One should never deliberate upon the causes which lead to the destruction of a rich man, without taking into account the most common passion of the human race."

"But—"

"Let us hear what you have to say of Mr. Clavering's presence in the house at the time of the murder."

"Well," said I, "if the motive was weak, I fear that you will find this more so." And I related what Thomas, the butler, had told me in regard to Mr. Clavering's call upon Miss Leavenworth that night, and the lack of proof which existed as to his having left the house when supposed to do so.

"That is worth remembering," said Mr. Gryce at the conclusion. "Valueless as direct evidence that he was implicated in this crime, it would be very important as circumstantial." Then in a graver tone than any which he had yet used in his conversations with me, he went on to say, "Mr. Raymond, are you aware that in all this you have been strengthening the case against Eleanore Leavenworth instead of weakening it?"

I could only ejaculate in my sudden wonder and horror.

"You have shown her to be secret, sly, and unprincipled, capable of wronging those to whom she was most bound, her uncle and her husband."

"You put it very strongly," said I, conscious of a shocking discrepancy between this description of Eleanore's character and all that I had preconceived in regard to it."

"No more so than your own conclusions from this story warrant me in doing." Then as I sat silent, murmured low, and as if to himself: "If the case was dark against her before, it is doubly so with this supposition established of her being the woman secretly married to Mr. Clavering."

"And yet," cried I, unable to give up without a struggle the hope I had been cherishing for so long, "you do not, cannot believe the noble-looking Eleanore guilty of this horrible crime?"

"No," said he, slowly; "you might as well know right here what I think about that. I believe Eleanore Leavenworth to be an innocent woman."

"You do? Then what," cried I, swaying between joy at this admission and doubt as to the meaning of his former expressions, "remains to be done?"

Mr. Gryce quietly responded: "Why, nothing but to prove that your supposition is not true."

(To be continued.)

Brown (to Sharpe, who prides himself on his spelling)—"I bet I can give you a word you can't spell."

Sharpe—"I bet you can't."

Brown—"Very well. How do you spell 'need,' meaning to need bread?"

Sharpe (scornfully)—"K-n-e-a-d, of course."

Brown—"Wrong."

Sharpe—"Wrong? You mean to need bread, don't you?"

Brown—"Yes."

Sharpe—"Well, it's k-n-e-a-d, I tell you."

Brown—"Not at all. You k-n-e-a-d dough, but you n-e-e-d bread."

The Briton—Well, 'boggins is 'armless, hafter hall!

The Yankee—You're wrong, friend—'buggin' is arm-full.

GOSSIP.

Messrs. John Chambers & Sons, Holtenby, Northampton, England, advertise in this paper high-class Shire stallions and mares for sale. This firm has a well-established reputation as careful and successful breeders of this grand class of draft horses. Canadian importers may do well to correspond with them for particulars, or call on them when in England.

Among the leading young stockmen of Durham Co., Ont., is Jas. Dickson, of Orono, breeder of Tamworth hogs and Dorset sheep. His Tamworths are headed by Elmdale Bruce 3707, sired by Elmdale Ned 2503, a Nichol-bred boar, dam Springbrook Nellie 2391, bred by A. C. Hallman. Some of his sows are by Colwill's Choice 1343, a noted prizewinner. Mr. Dickson has always found ready sale for his pigs at fair prices, and owing to the keen demand for Dorset sheep, he has found it almost impossible to hold stock necessary to increase his flock to a reasonable size. His flock was founded on drafts from the flocks of Col. John A. McGillivray and John Hunter. In addition to breeding pure-breds, Mr. Dickson has been breeding some half-bred Dorsets for the butcher, with which he has been very successful. Growing the latest varieties of seed grain is also made a specialty by Mr. Dickson, and he has always been able to sell the seed through the advertising columns of the "Farmer's Advocate" at very satisfactory prices. When in want of any of the above, write Mr. Dickson, or call and see him. His farm is only about 1½ miles from Newcastle Station on the G. E. R.

The Jersey breeders of the U. S. are already making preparations for the attempt of their lives to push the Jerseys to the front at the forthcoming Lewis & Clark Exposition, at Portland, Oregon, this summer. They have already brought to Portland, in addition to Loretta D. (which is owned there), the following Jersey cows from the St. Louis demonstration: Brown Lassie Duchess 2nd, Eurybia, Ovozian 23rd of the Hood Farm and Zulo of Menlo, Dorinda Darling, Prize May, thereby giving them the first, second, third, fourth and fifth, ninth and twenty-fifth leading Jersey cows at St. Louis.

These cows were brought to Portland by express, and placed on the Crystal Spring Farm, owned by the Ladd Estate, and it is said further that the United States is to be searched by experts for any other fine specimens, and if found will be taken to Portland and there placed in the hands of experts to be prepared for the coming contest.

TRADE TOPIC.

STOCK TONIC AND PROFIT.—The wisdom of feeding a stock tonic at all times of year, especially during the season when stock cannot be on pasture, has been endorsed by leading medical writers and veterinarians everywhere.

The value of bitter tonics for improving the appetite is well known, as also are laxatives for stock on dry feed, and the salts of iron which act as a tonic. These, as well as others in proper combination, are all contained in Dr. Hess Stock Food, endorsed by leading medical colleges and numberless farm and stock papers. Not the least interesting information concerning this celebrated food tonic is the cost. It only takes a shilling's worth per day of Dr. Hess Stock Food to feed fifteen steers, feeding twice a day as directed, two tablespoonfuls at a feed. Compared to the extra cost of feeding Dr. Hess Stock Food, the gain is many times greater, as the food certainly does increase growth and milk production, and also prevents many forms of disease by keeping stock healthy.

The manufacturers give a written guarantee and agree to refund money if it does not increase flesh and milk production sufficient to cover the cost of the food many times over.

If you cannot buy this Stock Food in your own town, and would like to try 100 pounds at \$7, or a 25-lb. pail at \$2, duty paid, write to Drs. Hess & Clark, Ashland, Ohio, U. S. A., who will be glad to give further information about their stock tonic, or the care of the herd.