

He was dead now, and Mr. Crawford felt that in view of that peculiar statement concerning the wrong done to himself, he must know what was contained in that sealed envelope.

It was blank on the outside, not being addressed to any one, and he carried it out to the family room, and opened it there in presence of them all.

The enclosure was a folded sheet of letter paper, covered with writing in a very shaky hand, which was to the following effect—

“ Maitland Crawford is not guilty of the robbery at the railway depôt, for I did it myself, and a fine lot of bother I've had over it, which of course serves me right, though not pleasant to bear. Happening to go into the office of the depôt on the day in question, I noticed a box of copper nails standing in a corner near the window, and as I happened to be rather badly in want of nails of that kind, I made up my mind to stay in town till after shutting-up time, and then help myself to that box. This I did, getting in at the window and walking off with the box as easy as possible. But no sooner had I set foot on the ground outside the window, than a man, who must have been watching, sprang upon me, collaring me by the throat and nearly choking me. I was mad then, and fought like a wild cat till the fellow was glad to take to his heels, and by his running and general appearance I judged him to be Dolty Simpson, Maitland Crawford's hired man, so I determined to pay him out in a way he wouldn't like. I therefore opened the box, shot the contents into a sack I had handy, then taking a scarf or woollen comforter that I'd clawed off him when we fought, I carried the box and dragged the scarf all the way to Crawford's barn, where I hid the box, then tramped back to Millet and threw the scarf in at the office window