

have been only partial; for the will did not reveal the place of concealment, but simply indicated a place where there was a paper which gave the necessary clue. After some search, this paper was found in a little drawer to which nobody ever had access except himself, and which would have been unintelligible to any except those who first saw the will. On this slip of paper were simply the words:

“The big rock—old clearing
N. E. side.”

We had little difficulty now in finding the spot, but you may imagine our perplexity and astonishment when we could see no sign of the money. At first we thought that we might have mistaken the directions, but a little patient investigation showed that we were quite right, and that some one had been there before us or else Manning had secreted the money elsewhere after he had written the will. But it seemed most probable that the money had been stolen; and if that were the case, who was the robber. Whoever it was, he was most likely the murderer. The whole matter gave us plenty to think about; but whatever the others thought, I could not believe that Gordon would have murdered the old man for his money.

My own suspicions were still turned to the surly fellow I had met on the road, and who could have easily followed the old man, and discovered the hiding place, whilst he was employed about the farm. When he had been discharged he might have lurked in the woods and then came upon the old man whilst secreting the money, and shot him in the tussel that probably ensued when Manning saw him. The constable, with whom I had talked a great deal about the whole case, agreed with me that it was very important that we should catch this suspicious fellow; but so far no news of him had come from the different places where the authorities had been put on the alert to arrest him. I was much worried at our want of success in this particular; but I buoyed myself up with the hope that he might turn up at the last moment, and that in any event Gordon's counsel might strengthen his case by bringing out the facts concerning the missing individual.

The first day of the Assizes arrived whilst we were still in the dark. Court week is always a busy time in the towns and villages of the country, and only yields in excitement to election time; but never in the history of our little village—a history, it is true, not extending beyond twenty years—had the “oldest inhabitant” seen such a throng as assembled to hear the trial which had been for weeks the absorbing topic at every fireside. The best counsel had been engaged for Gordon, and he was quite confident the jury would hardly convict on such purely circumstantial evidence; but I had my fears of the result for the Queen's counsel was a very able and popular lawyer, never allowing any personal feelings to interfere with what he considered his duty. The Grand Jury were called together in due form, and lost no time in bringing in a true bill against Gordon, and the trial was put down for the next day. That same evening—I mean of the day before the trial—I