

coming from Haymarket square. He was pursuing her. He was bent upon making her his wife. I shot him. Then I walked home with your daughter. When I went back to where I left him, he was dying. A friend helped me carry him to a certain house, where he died in a few minutes after. I found a package of papers in his pocket, all that furnished security to him, and would wrong others. I destroyed that package. He told me that he had burned everything else but that package: that won't harm anyone now: I burned it.

Waller can't harm anyone either; I shot him! That was my revenge. He played me false, he is dead, and buried in a hole out on the prairie. Good for the dog! Allan Morton was hurt the night of the Haymarket massacre. I don't think he is dead. Nell Walton knows where he is. He is taken good care of by friends. If he recovers, he must answer for himself. I don't like him, for, though he was a friend to the poor, he was an enemy to anarchy. I am an Anarchist. I will devote my life to Anarchy.

Now, I will tell you that I am the lawful son of Jenny and Paul Bretani. I am your nephew, and Laura Morton's cousin. I discovered this through Lizette who used to listen, and so heard your family talking about it. Then I resolved to watch Waller, for I knew that he wanted to get rid of Robert Morton, and marry Laura. He told me it was the purpose of his life. In watching him I discovered many things; they made me hate the man. I shot him. He is dead. I shall return to Italy; I hate this land of rich tyranny. I leave to-night.

LEON ILLARDO BRETANI.

This letter furnished Eben Bassett a good deal of satisfaction.

"Well, it clears up the mystery 'bout them diamonds," said he to Laura, as they sat talking over the mysterious Italian. "Allan Morton must have a putty hard case agin some of us 'bout that robbery. I've got to find him and tell him all 'bout it 'fore I can rest, that's a fact."