

THAT MAINWARING AFFAIR

added a hundred-fold to my own grief and remorse. I dared not run the risk of disclosing myself by sending it to my brother's son, but I have preserved it carefully for him, and desire it to be given him as quickly as possible.

"Through New York papers I learned from time to time of the murder of Hugh Mainwaring, the lost will, the discovery of the old will, and the appearance of the rightful heir. From that source, also, I learned that Merrick, the detective, was shadowing the murderer, who was generally supposed to be a man by the name of Carruthers. I had one advantage of Merrick. I knew him—my old friend Whitney having often pointed him out to me—while he did not know the man he sought. Many a time in my wanderings I have seen him, and, knowing well the game he was after, eluded him, only to fall at last into the snare of one whom I did not know. The man searching for the murderer of Hugh Mainwaring encountered another, trailing the murderer of Harold Scott Mainwaring, and I suddenly found my time had come! A coward then, as always, I tried to shoot myself. In the darkness I held the muzzle of my brother's revolver to my own temple; instantly there flashed before me his face when I had killed him! I grew sick, my hand trembled and dropped; then, as my pursuers came nearer, I aimed for my heart and fired! This is the result. Death was not instantaneous, as I had hoped; instead, I was given this opportunity to make some slight reparation for my sin; to aid, as I said before, in righting the wrong wrought by my past life.

"And now, in these my last moments, I do solemnly affirm and aver that on the night preceding his death, my father executed a will restoring to my elder brother his full right and title, which will I have for more than twenty-five years last past wrongfully and fraudulently withheld and concealed; and that my brother being now dead, killed by