

Whilst we were still puzzling our heads about this complicated case, the will was discovered in the hands of the last person we would have suspected of having it, and that was the Episcopalian clergyman, of whose church the deceased had been only a fitful visitant. The Rev. Mr. Everett was absent, when the tragedy occurred, on a visit to his son in a distant part of the country bordering on Lake Ontario; but as soon as he returned, about a fortnight before the trial, he quieted our apprehensions with respect to the will.

"Poor Manning," said the Rector, "I'm sorry to say was not a professed christian, but I had had more than one conversation with him on religious subjects and was hopeful of winning him to the church at last. In his daughter, who was a frequent attendant in our little church, which, unfortunately for her, was distant from her home, I felt a deep interest and made my wife invite her to our house though she had only been able to accept the invitation on one occasion, and that only for a part of the day. Nearly six months ago—you see the exact date on the outside of the package with my initials—I was surprised by a visit from the old man who brought me this bundle with the request that I would promise to take charge of it in case of his sudden death at any moment, for he said that it contained his will and that he did not always feel as well as he did a year or two before. I asked him why it was that he did not leave it in the hands of some lawyer, but he replied that he had more confidence in me as a Minister of the Gospel. After some little hesitation, I accepted the trust on the condition that he would soon come and have some serious talk with me, and he promised and even requested me to call and see himself and daughter occasionally. I called two or three times, but he was always out, and I have never seen him from the day he placed this will in my hands."

When the will was opened and read, the contents were such as to surround the tragedy with still deeper elements of interest. The public, for once, had not been wrong when it suspected that Manning possessed considerable money for a man in his rank of life. It appeared that he had lost a large sum of money by the rascality of his own brother who was employed in some Western bank, and this had so preyed on his mind that he was obliged to leave his home and seek a new one. Then he formed the resolve never to trust any living man with his savings, which, in the course of time, amounted to several hundred pounds, including a small sum left over after the purchase of his new farm.

But where was the money all this while? A natural question, and I will not provoke your curiosity much further. He had exhausted his ingenuity to devise what he considered would be the most effectual means of concealing its whereabouts from curious eyes. In fact, the loss of his money, many years previously, appears to have developed a sort of monomania for secreting his savings. He had given the will, safely sealed, into the custody of the only man in whom he had anything like confidence, but even that confidence appears to