

THE YELLOW LETTER

CHAPTER I

INTO THE MAELSTROM

THEY say that coming events cast their shadows before, but certainly I had no intimation when I left my office on the afternoon of April twelfth, of the maelstrom of mystery and tragedy into which I was about to plunge. I was worried and anxious, it is true, but only as every young man is who finds himself for the first time deeply in love. There was no portent of evil, no foreshadowing of the terrible chain of events that all but destroyed my belief in my fellow-man, and left its mark so deep upon my memory that I do not believe time ever can wholly efface it.

Even now that it is all ended, and the shadow which hung so heavily over the household of my