

THAT MAINWARING AFFAIR

city that day, so my appearance at the depot, dressed in his own disguise, would probably attract no attention. I was fortunate enough to reach the depot just as two trains were about to pull out; the suburban train which would leave in three minutes for the city, and the north-bound express, due to leave five minutes later. I bought a ticket for New York, then passing around the rear of the suburban train, quietly boarded the express, and before the discovery of that night's fearful tragedy I was speeding towards the great West.

"But go where I might, from that hour to this, I have never been free from agonizing remorse, nor have I been able for one moment to banish from my memory the sight of that face,—the face of my brother, killed by my own hand, and a discovery which I made within the first few hours of my flight made my remorse ten times deeper. In going through the pockets of the suit I wore I found a letter from my brother, addressed to his son, written in my own library and at my own desk while he awaited my coming. He seemed to have had a sort of presentiment that his interview with me might end in some such tragedy as it did, and took that opportunity to inform his son regarding both his past work and his plans for the future. What was my astonishment to find that his son was, at that time, as totally unaware of his father's existence as was I a few hours before of the existence of a brother!

"From this letter I learned that the son had been given away at birth, and was to know nothing of his true parentage until he had reached years of maturity; that he himself had been shipwrecked, as reported years ago, but had escaped in some miraculous manner; that reaching Africa at last, he disclosed his identity to no one, but devoted all his energies to acquiring a fortune for his son. He succeeded even beyond his anticipations, and when nearly twenty