

who kept a library on Arch Street for so many years, do you not?"

"Yes, only too well."

"Then you also remember it was rumored that the Major had an enemy who would not hesitate to put him out of the way if he saw fit and who had declared everlasting vengeance against the wrecker of his hopes. I was that man!

"Our enmity began about five years before the war. I was living on a farm close to a small village in the central part of New Jersey. In this village lived Alice Narley. She and I had been in the first reader class together and were sweethearts from that time until she met that scoundrel Joe Wilson. After my school days were over I was employed as a clerk in the village store but I soon tired of that life and secured a position as travelling salesman for one of the firms with whom we had been dealing. In the meantime Alice and I had set a date for our wedding day and we were each as happy as anyone who ever anticipated such a step. My work kept me away from home the greater part of the time but every evening I always wrote two letters: one to her and one to my firm. Each day I eagerly went to the office of the hotel where I happened to be and I always received two letters in return. Sometimes, though, the letter from the firm might be delayed but never the letter from Alice.

"About two months before our wedding day I was sent on a route into the middle West. It was to be a five weeks' tour and Alice and I had counted how short the time would be after my return until I, and she, would take advantage of the four weeks' vacation promised me by my firm.

"It was a Monday morning when I left home and as Alice and I parted at the station everything seemed bright and clear. Little did I even suppose as I stood on the rear platform waving my hand good-bye to her it was destined to be my last happy meeting with one so pure and true as I be-