

THE YAKIMA GENERAL.

SUPPLEMENT.

THE MYSTERY OF A HANSON CAB—Continued.

A young English fellow, called Peterson, who assumed himself to be an old colonist, full of reminiscences of the old days, when, "by god, sir, we had a gas lamp in the streets of Malbourne," and several other people completed the party. They had all gone off to the billiard room, and left Madge in her comfortable chair, half asleep.

Suddenly, she started as she heard a step behind her and turning, saw Sal Rawlins, in the nearest of black gowns, with a coquettish white cap and apron, and an open book. The fact is, Madge had been so delighted with Sal for saving Brian's life that she had taken into her service as maid. Mr. Fretzly had offered strong opposition at first that a fallen woman like Sal should be near his daughter, but Madge determined to rescue the unhappy girl from the life of sin she was leading, and so at last he reluctantly consented. Brian, too, had objected, but ultimately yielded, as he saw that Madge had set her heart on it. Mother Gutterschuppe objected at first, characterizing the whole affair as "blasted nonsense," but she, likewise, gave in, and Sal became maid to Miss Fretzly, who immediately set to work to remedy Sal's defective education by teaching her to read. The book she held in her hand was a spelling book, and this she handed to Madge.

"I think I know it now, miss," she said, respectfully, as Madge looked up with a smile.

"Do you, indeed?" said Madge, gaily.

"You will be able to read in no time, Sal."

"Read this," said Sal, touching "Tristan: A Romance, by Zoe."

"Hardly," said Madge, picking it up with a look of contempt, "I want you to learn English, and not a confusion of tongues like this thing. But it's too hot to do lessons, Sal," she went on, leaning back in her seat, "to get a chair and talk to me."

Sal complied, and Madge looked out on the brilliant flower beds and at the black shadow of the tall witch elm which grew on one side of the lawn. She wanted to ask a certain question of Sal, and did not know how to do it. The moodiness and irritability of Brian had troubled her very much of late, and with the quick instinct of her sex, she ascribed it indirectly to the woman who had died in the back slum. Anxious to share his troubles and lighten his burden, she determined to ask Sal about this mysterious woman, and find out, if possible, what secret had been told to Brian, which affected him so deeply.

"Sal," she said, after a short pause, turning her clear gray eyes on the woman, "I want to ask you something."

The other shivered and turned pale.

"About—about that?"

Madge nodded, and pointed to the book.

"I hesitated for a moment, and then sang herself at the feet of her mistress."

"I will tell you, as I have a right to know. I will tell you all I know."

"Then," asked Madge, firmly, as she clasped her hands tightly together, "who was this woman whom Mr. Fitzgerald went to see, and where did she come from?"

"Gran," said she, "found her one evening in Little Bourke street," answered Sal, "just near the theatre. She was quite drunk and we took her home with us."

"How kind of you," said Madge.

"Oh, it wasn't that," replied the other dryly. "Gran" washed her clothes; she was a wretched sinner."

"And she took the clothes—how wicked?"

"Any one would have done it down our way," answered Sal, indifferently. "But Gran" changed her mind when she got home. I went out to get some gin for Gran, and when I came back she was huggin' and kissin' the woman."

"She recognized her?"

"Yes, I 'spos' she 'spos' it was her, 'an' next mornin', when the lady got square, she made a grab at Gran," Sal hollered out, "I was 'savin' to see you."

"And then?"

"Gran" checked me out of the room, 'an' they had a long jaw; and then, when I come back, Gran" tells me the lady is a-goin' to stay with us 'cause she was ill, and sent me for Mr. Whyte."

"And he came?"

"Oh, yes—often," said Sal. "He looked up a row when he first turned up, but when he found she was ill, sent a doctor; but it wasn't no good. She was two weeks with us, and then died the mornin' she was Mr. Fitzgerald."

"I suppose Mr. Whyte was in the habit of talking to this woman?"

"Lose," returned Sal, "but he always turned Gran" out of the room after he started."

"And—hesitating—"did you ever overhear one of these conversations?"

"Yes—once," answered the other, with a nod. "I got riled at the way he cleared us out of our room, and once, when he shut the door and Gran" went off to get some gin, I sat down at the door and listened. He wanted her to give up some papers, and she wouldn't. She said she'd die first. But as last he got 'em, and took 'em away with him."

"Did you see them?" asked Madge, as the mention of Gerby and Whyte had been murdered for certain papers passed across her mind.

"Rather," said Sal. "I was looking through a hole in the door, 'an' she takes 'em under her pillow, 'an' she takes 'em to a table, where the candle was, 'an' looks at 'em; when she is in a large blue envelope, with writing on it in red ink—then he puts 'em in his pocket, and she sings out, 'You'll lose 'em, 'an' she says, 'No, I'll always be with you, 'an' if he wants 'em I'll give 'em to you, 'an' she says, 'You did not know who the man was to whom the papers were of such importance?'"

"No, I didn't," she never said no names."

"And when was it Whyte got the papers?"

"About a week before he was murdered," said Sal after the moment's thought. "As after that he never turned up again. She kept watching for him night 'an' day, 'an' 'cause he didn't come good mad at him, I hear her sayin', 'You think you've done with me, my gentleman, 'an' I lay me here to die, but I'll spoil your little game, 'an' then she writes that letter to Mr. Fitzgerald and I brought him to her, as you know."

"Yes, you," said Madge, rather impatiently.

"I heard all that at the trial, but what conversation passed between Mr. Fitzgerald and this woman? Did you hear it?"

"Bits of it," replied the other. "I didn't split in court, 'cause I thought the lawyer would be down on me for listenin'. The only thing I heard Mr. Fitzgerald say was, 'You've meddled with my game, 'an' she says, 'Help me, God, it is; Whyte got the profit, 'an' then he says out, 'My poor girl, 'an' she says, 'Will you marry her now, 'an' she says, 'I'll love her more than ever, 'an' then she makes a grab at him, and says, 'Give me the game if you can, 'an' she says, 'What's your name?' 'an' she says, 'Rosanna Moore!'"

"There was a sharp exclamation as Sal said the name, and turning around quickly Madge found Brian standing beside her, pale as death, with his eyes fixed on the woman, who had risen to her feet.

"She on?" he said sharply.

"That's all I know," she replied in a sullen tone.

Brian gave a sigh of relief.

"You can go," he said, slowly; "I wish to speak with Miss Fretzly alone."

CHAPTER XXII.

A DANGER OF EVE.

After Sal had vanished into the house, Brian sank into a chair beside Madge, with a weary sigh. He was in riding dress, which became his salwar's figure well, and looked remarkably handsome—but ill and worried.

"What on earth were you asking that girl about?" he said abruptly, taking his hat off, and tossing it and his gloves on the floor.

Madge flushed crimson for a moment, and then looking Brian's two strong hands in her own, looked steadily into his frowning face.

"Why don't you trust me?" she asked in a quiet tone.

"But it is not necessary that I should," he answered moodily. "The secret that Rosanna Moore told me on her deathbed is nothing that would identify you or me."

"Is it about me?" she persisted.

"It is, and it is not," he answered epigrammatically.

"I suppose that means that it is about a third person and concerns me," she said calmly, releasing his hands.

"Madge," he impudently striking his boot with his riding whip. "But it is nothing that can harm you as long as you do not know it, but God help you should any one tell it to you, for it would embitter your life."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

ACROSS THE WALNUTS AND THE WINE.

Mark Fretzly had an excellent ocell, and his wine were irreproachable, so that Brian, in spite of his worries, was glad that he had accepted the invitation. The bright gleam of the silver, the glitter of glass and the perfume of flowers, all collected under the crimson glow of a pink globe lamp which hung from the ceiling, could not give him a pleasurable sensation.

On one side of the dining room there were French windows opening onto the veranda, and beyond appeared the vivid green of the trees, and the dazzling colors of the flowers, somewhat tempered by the soft, gray glow of the twilight. Brian had made himself as respectable as possible, under the old circumstances of dining in his riding dress, and had been accepted the invitation. The bright gleam of the silver, the glitter of glass and the perfume of flowers, all collected under the crimson glow of a pink globe lamp which hung from the ceiling, could not give him a pleasurable sensation.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE HOSPITABLE INVITATION OF Mr. Fretzly, Brian refused to stay at Yabba Yalook that night, but after saying good-by to Madge, mounted his horse and rode away in the moonlight. He felt very happy as, letting the reins lie on his horse's neck, he gave himself up unreservedly to his thoughts. Atré Curs certainly did not sit behind the horseman on this night, and Brian, to his surprise, found himself singing "Kitty of Coleraine," as he rode along in the silver moonlight. Why should he trouble himself about the crime of another? He had made a resolve, and intended to keep it. He would put this secret with which he had been entrusted behind his back and would wander about the world with Madge and her father. He felt a sudden chill come over him as he murmured the last words to himself—"the world."

"In a foot," he said, impatiently, as he gathered up the reins and spurred the horse into a canter. "It can make no difference to me as long as Madge remains ignorant; but to sit beside him, to eat with him, to have him always present like a skeleton at a feast—God help me!"

He urged his horse into a gallop, and as he thundered over the turf, with the fresh, cool night wind blowing keenly against his face, he felt a sense of relief as though he were leaving some dark secret behind. On he galloped, with the blood throbbing in his young veins, over stiles of plain, with the dark blue, star-studded sky above, and the moon shining down in the distance. On he galloped, until his own homestead appeared, and he set the star like light shining brightly in the distance—a long avenue of tall trees, over whose wavering shadows his horse thundered, could not give him a pleasurable sensation.

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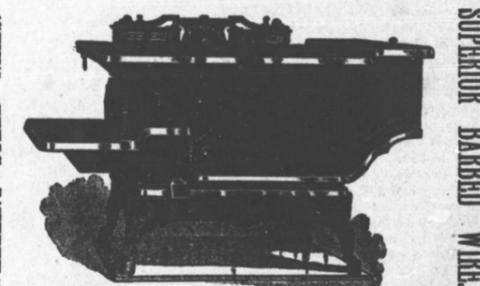
Encourage the Establishment of Homes,

And to make this City, where the people own their own homes, a condition of which any city may boast.

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Fresh Oysters in Every Style.

At moderate prices, and for public accommodation will keep OPEN AT ALL HOURS. Also a full line of

Fine Candies, Nuts, Fresh Fruits, Imported and Domestic Cigars.

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"Then come with us"

Her lover, however, did not second the invitation, but stood moodily twisting his tawny mustache, and staring out into the garden in an absent sort of way.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Fretzly, who was eyeing him keenly.

"Oh, delighted, of course," answered Brian, confusedly.

"In that case," returned the other, coolly, "I will tell you what we will do. I have bought a steam yacht, and she will be ready for sea about the end of January. You will marry my daughter at once, and go round New Zealand for your honeymoon. When you return, I will give you the yacht, and you will make a tour of the world."

"Oh, how delightful," cried Madge, clasping her hands. "I am so fond of the ocean—with a companion, of course. I have bought a steam yacht, and she will be ready for sea about the end of January. You will marry my daughter at once, and go round New Zealand for your honeymoon. When you return, I will give you the yacht, and you will make a tour of the world."

"You are a pair of monstrous lovers," he said, taking an arm of each and leading them into the house, "but you forget dinner will soon be ready."

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