THE YAKIMA HERALD.

SUPPLEMENT.

THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB—Continued.

When Fitzgerald had finished the last of the closely written sheets, he let the letter fall from his hands, and, leaning back in his chair, stared into the dawning light outside with a haggard face. He arose after a few moments, and, pouring himself out a glass of brandy, drank it feverishly. Then mechanically lighting a cigar, he stepped out of the door into the fresh beauty of the dawn. There was a soft crimson glow in the east, which announced the approach of the sun, and he could hear the chirping of the awakening birds in the trees. But Brian did not see the marvelous breaking of the dawn, but stood staring at the red light flaring in the east, and thinking of Calton's letter.

"I can do no more," he said bitterly, leaning his head against the wall of the house. "There is only one way of stopping Calton, and that is by telling him all. My poor Madge! My poor Madge!"

A soft wind arose, and rustled among the trees, and there appeared great shafts of crimson light in the east; then, with a sudden blaze, the sun peered over the brim of the wide plain. The warm yellow rays touched lightly the comely head of the weary man, and, turning round, he held up his arms to the great luminary, as though he were a fire worshiper.

"I accept the omen of the dawn," he cried, "for her life and for mine."

CHAPTER XXV.

WHAT DR. CHINSTON SAID.

His resolution taken, Brian did not let the grass grow under his feet, but rode over in the afternoon to tell Madge of his intended departure.

The servant told him she was in the garden, so he went there, and, guided by the sound of merry voices, and the silvery laughter of pretty women, soon found his way to the lawn tennis ground. Madge and her guests were all there, seated under the shade of a great witch elm, and watching, with great interest, a single handed match being played between Rolleston and Paterson, both of whom were capital players. Mr. Frettiby was not present, as he was inside writing letters, and talking with old Mr. Valpy, and Brian gave a sign of relief as he noted his absence. Madge caught sight of him as he came down the garden path, and flew quickly toward him with outstretched hands, as he took his hat off.

"How good of you to come," she said, in a delighted tone, as she took his arm, and they sauntered slowly toward the house. Brian told her of his approaching departure, but not his reasons for going.

"I got a letter last night," he said, turning his face away from her; "and, as it's about some important business, I must start at once."

"I don't think it will be long before we follow," answered Madge, thoughtfully. "Papa leaves here at the end of the week."

"Why?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Madge, petulantly; "he is so restless, and never seems to settle down to anything. He says for the rest of his life he is going to do nothing but wander all over the world."

There suddenly flashed across Fitzgerald's mind a line from Genesis, which seemed singularly applicable to Mr. Frettiby—"A fugitive and a vagabond thou shalt be in the earth."

"Everyone gets these restless fits sooner or later," he said, idly. "In fact," with an uneasy laugh, "I believe I'm in one myself."

"That puts me in mind of what I heard Dr. Chinston say yesterday," she said. "This is the age of unrest, as electricity and steam have turned us all into Bohemians."

"Ah! Bohemia is a pleasant place," said Brian absently, unconsciously quoting Thackeray, "but we all lose our way to it late in life."

"At that rate we won't lose our way to it for some time," she said laughing, as they stepped into the drawing room, so cool and shady, after the heat and glare outside.

As they entered Mr. Frettiby arose out of a chair near the window, and appeared to have been reading, as he held a book in his hand.

"What! Fitzgerald," he exclaimed in a hearty tone, as he held out his hand; "I am glad to see you."

"I let you know I am living, don't I?" replied Brian, his fair face flushing as he reluctantly took the proffered hand. "But the fact is I have come to say good-by for a few days."

"Ah! going back to town, I suppose," said Mr. Frettiby, lying back in his chair and playing with his watch chain. "I don't know that you are wise, exchanging the clear air of the country for the dusty atmosphere of Melbourne."

"Yet Madge tells me you are going back," said Brian, idly toying with a vase of flowers on the table.

"Depends upon circumstances," replied Midas carelessly. "I may and I may not. You go on business, I presume?"

"Well, the fact is, Calton"—— Here Brian stopped suddenly, and bit his lip with vexation, for he had not intended to mention the lawyer's name.

"Yes?" said Mr. Frettiby interrogatively, sitting up quickly, and looking keenly at Brian.

"Wants to see me about business," he finished awkwardly.

"Connected with the sale of your station, I suppose," said Frettiby, still keeping his eyes on the young man's face. "Can't have a better man. Calton's an excellent man of business."

"A little too excellent," replied Fitzgerald, ruefully; "he's a man that can't leave well enough alone."

"Apropos of what?"

"Oh, nothing," answered Fitzgerald, hastily, and just then his eyes met those of Frettiby. The two men looked at one another steadily for a moment, but in that short space of time a single name flashed through their brains; that name was Rosanna Moore. Mr. Frettiby was the first to lower his eyes and break the magnetism.

"Ah, well," he said lightly, as he rose from his chair and held out his hand, "if you are two weeks in town call at St. Kilda, and it's more than likely you will find us there."

Brian shook hands in silence and watched him pick up his hat and move on to the veranda, and then out into the hot sunshine.

"He knows," he muttered involuntarily.

"Knows what, sir?" said Madge, who came silently behind him, and slipped her arm through his. "That you are hungry, and want something to eat before you leave us?"

"I don't feel hungry," said Brian, as they walked toward the door.

"Nonsense," answered Madge, merrily, who, like Eve, was on hospitable thoughts intent. "I'm not going to have you appear in Melbourne a pale, fond lover, as though I were treating you badly. Come, sir—no," she continued, putting up her hand as he tried to kiss her, "business first, pleasure afterward," and they went into the dining room laughing.

Mark Frettiby wandered down to the lawn tennis ground, thinking of the look he had seen in Brian's eyes. He shivered for a moment in the hot sunshine, as though it had grown suddenly chill.

"Some one stepping across my grave," he murmured to himself, with a cynical smile. "Bah! how superstitious I am, and yet—he knows, he knows!"

"Come on, sir," cried Felix, who had just caught sight of him. "a racket awaits you."

Frettiby woke with a start, and found himself near the lawn tennis ground, and Felix at his elbow, smoking a cigarette.

Frettiby woke with a start.

He roused himself with a great effort and tapped the young man lightly on the shoulder.

"What?" he said with a forced laugh, "do you really expect me to play lawn tennis on such a day? You are mad."

"I am hot, you mean," retorted the imperturbable Rolleston, blowing a wreath of smoke.

"That's a foregone conclusion," said Dr. Chinston, who came up at that moment.

"Such a charming novel," cried Julia, who had just caught the last remark.

"What is?" asked Paterson, rather puzzled.

"Howells' book, 'A Foregone Conclusion,'" said Julia, also looking puzzled. "Weren't you talking about it?"

"I'm afraid this talk is getting slightly incoherent," said Felix, with a sigh. "We all seem madder than usual today."

"Speak for yourself," said Chinston, indignantly; "I'm as sane as any man in the world."

"Exactly," retorted the other, coolly, "that's what I say, and you, being a doctor, ought to know that every man and woman in the world is more or less mad."

"Where are your facts?" asked Chinston, smiling.

"My facts are all visible ones," said Felix, gravely pointing to the company. "They're all crooked on some point or another."

There was a chorus of indignant denial at this, and then every one burst out laughing at the extraordinary way in which Mr. Rolleston was arguing.

"If you go on like that in the house," said Frettiby, amused, "you will, at all events, have an entertaining parliament."

"Ah! they'll never have an entertaining parliament till they admit ladies," observed Paterson, with a quizzical glance at Julia.

"It will be a parliament of love then," retorted the doctor, dryly, "and not mediæval either."

While every one was laughing at this remark, Frettiby took the doctor's arm and walked away with him. "I want you to come up to my study, doctor," he said, as they strolled toward the house, "and examine me."

"Why, don't you feel well?" said Chinston, as they entered the house.

"Not lately," replied Frettiby. "I'm afraid I've got heart disease."

The doctor looked sharply at him, and then shook his head.

"Nonsense," he said, cheerfully, "it's a common delusion with people that they have heart disease, and in nine cases out of ten it's all imagination, unless, indeed," he added, waggishly, "the patient happens to be a young man."

"Ah! I suppose you think I'm safe as far as that goes," said Frettiby, as they entered the study; "and what did you think of Rolleston's argument about people being mad?"

"It was amusing," replied Chinston, taking a seat, Frettiby doing the same. "That's all I say can about it, though, mind you, I think there are more mad people at large than the world is aware of."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, do you remember that horrible story of Dickens', in the 'Pickwick Papers,' about the man who was mad, and knew it, yet successfully concealed it for years? Well, I believe there are many people like that in the world, people whose lives are one long struggle against insanity, and yet who eat, drink, talk and walk with the rest of their fellow men, evidently as gay and light hearted as they are."

"How extraordinary."

"Half the murders and suicides are done in temporary fits of insanity," went on Chinston, "and if a person broods over anything, his incipient madness is sure to break out sooner or later; but, of course, there are cases where a perfectly sane person may commit a murder on the impulse of the moment, but I regard such persons as mad for the time being; but, again, a murder may be planned and executed in the most cold blooded manner."

"And in the latter case," said Frettiby, without looking at the doctor, and playing with the paper knife, "do you regard the murderer as mad?"

"Yes, I do," answered the doctor, bluntly. "He is as mad as a person who kills another because he supposes he has been told by God to do so—only there is method in his madness. For instance, I believe that hansom cab murder, in which you were mixed up"——

"I— it, sir! I wasn't mixed up in it," interrupted Frettiby, pale with anger.

"Beg pardon," said Chinston, coolly. "a slip of the tongue, I was thinking of Fitzgerald. Well, I believe that crime to have been premeditated, and that the man who committed it was mad. He is, no doubt, at large now, walking about and conducting himself as sanely as you or I, yet the germ of insanity is there, and sooner or later he will commit another crime."

"How do you know it was premeditated?" asked Frettiby, abruptly.

"Any one can see that," answered the other. "Whyte was watched on that night, and when Fitzgerald went away the other was ready to take his place, dressed the same."

"That's nothing," retorted Frettiby, looking at his companion sharply. "There are dozens of men in Melbourne who wear evening dress, light coats and soft hats—in fact, I generally wear them myself."

"Well, that might have been a coincidence," said the doctor, rather disconcerted; "but the use of chloroform puts the question beyond a doubt; people don't usually carry chloroform about with them."

"I suppose not," answered the other, and then the matter dropped. Chinston made an examination of Mark Frettiby, and when he had finished his face was very grave, though he laughed at the millionaire's fears.

"You're all right," he said, gayly. "Action of the heart a little weak, that's all—only," impressively, "avoid excitement—avoid excitement."

Just as Frettiby was putting on his coat a knock came to the door and Madge entered.

"Brian is gone," she began. "Oh, I beg your pardon, doctor, but is papa ill?" she asked with sudden fear.

"No, child, no," said Frettiby, hastily, "I am all right, I thought my heart was affected, but it isn't."

"Not a bit of it," answered Chinston, reassuring. "All right, only avoid excitement."

But when Frettiby turned to go to the door Madge, who had her eyes fixed on the doctor's face, saw how grave it was.

"There is danger?" she said, touching his arm as they paused for a moment at the door.

"No, no!" he answered hastily.

"Yes, there is," she persisted. "Tell me the worst; it is best for me to know."

The doctor looked at her in some doubt for a few moments and then placed his hands on her shoulder.

"My dear young lady," he said gravely, "I will tell you what I have not dared to tell your father."

"What?" she asked in a low voice, her face growing pale.

"His heart is affected."

"And there is great danger?"

"Yes, great danger. In the event of any sudden shock"—— He hesitated.

"Yes"——

"He would probably drop down dead."

"My God!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

KILSIP HAS A THEORY OF HIS OWN.

Mr. Calton sat in his office reading a letter he had just received from Fitzgerald, and it seemed to give him great satisfaction, judging from the complacent smile on his face. "I know," wrote Brian, "that now you have taken up the affair, you will not stop until you find everything out, so, as I want the matter to rest as at present, I will anticipate you, and reveal all. You were right in your conjecture that I knew something likely to lead to the detection of Whyte's murderer; but when I tell you my reasons for keeping such a thing secret, I am sure you will not blame me. Mind you, I do not say that I know who committed the murder; but I have suspicions—very strong suspicions—and I wish to God Rosanna Moore had died before she told me what she did. However, I will tell you all, and leave you to judge as to whether I was justified in concealing what I was told. I will call at your office some time next week, and then you will know everything that Rosanna Moore told me; but once that you are possessed of the knowledge you will pity me."

"Most extraordinary," mused Calton, leaning back in his chair, as he laid down the letter. "I wonder if he's going to tell me that he killed Whyte after all, and that Sal Rawlins perjured herself to save him! No, that's nonsense or she'd have turned up in better time, and wouldn't have risked his neck up to the last moment. Though I make it a rule never to be surprised at anything, I expect what Brian Fitzgerald tells me will startle me considerably. I've never met with such an extraordinary case, and from all appearances the end isn't reached yet. After all," said Mr. Calton, thoughtfully, "truth is stranger than fiction."

Here a knock came to the door, and in answer to an invitation to enter, it opened, and Kilsip glided into the room.

"You're not engaged, sir," he said, in a soft, low voice.

"Oh, dear, no," answered Calton, carelessly, "come in, come in."

Kilsip closed the door softly, and gliding along in his usual velvet footed manner, sat down in a chair near Calton's, and placing his hat on the ground, looked keenly at the barrister.

"Well, Kilsip," said Calton, with a yawn, playing with his watch chain, "any good news to tell me?"

"Well, nothing particularly new," purred the detective, rubbing his hands together.

"Nothing new, and nothing true, and no matter," said Calton, quoting Emerson. "And what have you come to see me about?"

"The hansom cab murder," replied the other quietly.

"The devil!" cried Calton, startled out of his professional dignity. "And have you found out who did it?"

"No!" answered Kilsip, rather dismally; "but I've got an idea."

"So had Gorby," retorted Calton, dryly, "an idea that ended in smoke. Have you any practical proofs?"

"Not yet."

"That means you are going to get some?"

"Well, if possible."

"Much virtue in 'if,'" quoted Calton, picking up a pencil and scribbling idly on his blotting paper. "And to whom does your suspicion point?"

"Aha!" said Mr. Kilsip, cautiously.

"Don't know him," answered the other coolly. "family name Humbug, I presume. Bosh! Whom do you suspect?"

Kilsip looked around cautiously, as if to make sure they were alone, and then said, in a stage whisper:

"Roger Moreland!"

"That was the young man that gave evidence as to how Whyte got drunk?"

Kilsip nodded.

"Well, and how do you connect him with the murder?"

"Do you remember in the evidence given by the cabmen, Royston and Rankin, they both swore that the man who was with Whyte on that night wore a diamond ring on the forefinger of the right hand?"

"What of that? Nearly every second man in Melbourne wears a diamond ring."

"But not on the forefinger of the hand."

"Oh! And Moreland wears a ring in that way?"

"Yes!"

"Merely a coincidence. Is that all your proof?"

"All I can obtain at present."

"It's very weak," said Calton, scornfully.

"The weakest proofs may form a chain to hang a man," observed Kilsip, sententiously.

"Moreland gave his evidence clearly enough," said Calton, rising and walking up and down. "He met Whyte; they got drunk together. Whyte went out of the hotel, and shortly afterward Moreland followed with the coat, which was left behind by Whyte, and then somebody snatched it from him."

"Ah, did they?" interrupted Kilsip, quickly.

"So Moreland says," said Calton, stopping short. "I understand; you think Moreland was not so drunk as he says, and after following Whyte outside, put on his coat, and got into the cab with him."

"That is my theory."

"It's ingenious enough," said the barrister; "but why should Moreland murder Whyte? What motive had he?"

"Those papers"——

"Pshaw! another idea of Gorby's," said Calton, angrily. "How do you know there were any papers?"

The fact is, Calton did not intend Kilsip to know that Whyte really had papers until he heard what Fitzgerald had to tell him.

"And another thing," said Calton, resuming his walk, "if your theory is correct, which I don't think it is, what became of Whyte's coat? Has Moreland got it?"

"No, he has not," answered the detective, decisively.

"You seem very positive about it," said the lawyer, after a moment pause. "Did you ask Moreland about it?"

A reproachful look came into Kilsip's white face.

"Not quite so green," he said, forcing a smile. "I thought you'd a better opinion of me than that, Mr. Calton. Ask him?—no."

"Then how did you find out?"

"The fact is Moreland is employed as a barman in the Kangaroo hotel."

"A barman!" echoed Calton; "and he came out here as a gentleman of independent fortune. Why, hang it, man, that in itself is sufficient to prove that he had no motive to murder Whyte. Moreland pretty well lived on Whyte, so what could have induced him to kill his golden goose and become a barman—pshaw! the idea is absurd."

"Well, you may be right about the matter," said Kilsip, rather angrily; "and if Gorby makes mistakes I don't pretend to be infallible. But at all events when I saw Moreland in the bar he wore a silver ring on the forefinger of his right hand."

"Silver isn't a diamond."

"No, but it shows that was the finger he was accustomed to wear his ring on. When I saw that I determined to search his room. I managed to do so while he was out and found"——

"A mare's nest?"

Kilsip nodded.

"And so your castle of cards falls to the ground," said Calton, jestingly. "Your idea is absurd. Moreland no more committed the murder than I did. Why he was too drunk on that night to do anything."

"Humph—so he says."

"Well, men don't calumniate themselves for nothing."

"It was a lesser danger to avert a greater one," replied Kilsip, coolly. "I am sure that Moreland was not drunk on that night. He only said so to escape awkward questions as to his movements. Depend upon it he knows more than he lets out."

"Well, and how did you intend to set about the matter?"

"I shall start looking for the coat first."

"Ah! you think he has hidden it?"

"I'm sure of it. My theory is this: When Moreland got out of the cab at Powlett street"——

"But he didn't," interrupted Calton, angrily.

"Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that he did," said Kilsip, quietly. "I say when he left the cab he walked up Powlett street, turned to the left down George street, and walked back to town through the Fitzroy gardens, then, knowing that the coat was noticeable, he threw it away, or hid it, and walked out of the gardens through the town"——

"In evening dress more noticeable than coat."

"He wasn't in evening dress," said Kilsip, quietly.

"No more he was," observed Calton, eagerly, recalling the evidence at the trial. "Another blow to your theory. The murderer was in evening dress—the cabman said so."

"Yes; because he had seen Mr. Fitzgerald in evening dress a few minutes before, and thought that he was the same man who got into the cab with Whyte."

"Well, what of that?"

"If you remember, the second man had his coat buttoned up. Moreland wore dark trousers—at least, I suppose so—and, with the coat buttoned up, it was easy for the cabman to make the mistake, believing, as he did, that it was Mr. Fitzgerald."

"That sounds better," said Calton, thoughtfully. "And what are you going to do?"

"Look for the coat in the Fitzroy gardens."

"Pshaw! a wild goose chase."

"Possibly," said Kilsip, as he arose to go.

"And when shall I see you again?" said Calton.

"Oh, to-night," said Kilsip, pausing at the door. "I had nearly forgotten, Mother Guttersnipe wants to see you."

"Why? What's up?"

"She's dying, and wants to tell you some secret."

"Rosanna Moore, by Jove!" said Calton. "She'll tell me something about her. I'll get to the bottom of this yet. All right, I'll be here at 8 o'clock."

"Very well, sir!" and the detective glided out.

"I wonder if that old hag knows anything?" said Calton to himself, as he resumed his seat. "She might have overheard some conversation between Whyte and his mistress, and is going to split. Well, I'm afraid when Fitzgerald does confess I will know all about it beforehand."

CHAPTER XXVII.

MOTHER GUTTERSNIPE JOINS THE MAJORITY.

Punctual to his appointment, Kilsip called at Calton's office at 8 o'clock, in order to guide him through the squalid labyrinths of the slums, and found the barrister waiting impatiently for him.

They went into Little Bourke street, and after going through the narrow and dark lanes, which now seemed quite familiar to Calton, reached Mother Guttersnipe's den, for in truth it could be called nothing else. After climbing the rickety stairs, which groaned and creaked beneath their weight, they entered the room, and found Mother Guttersnipe lying on the bed in the corner, and the elfish child with the black hair playing cards with a slatternly looking girl at the deal table by the faint light of a tallow candle. They both sprang to their feet as the strangers entered, and the elfish child pushed a broken chair in a sullen manner toward Mr. Calton, while the other girl shuffled into a far corner of the room, and crouched down there like a dog. The noise of their entry awoke the hag from an uneasy slumber into which she had fallen, and sitting up in bed, she huddled the clothes round her, and presented such a grewsome spectacle that Calton involuntarily recoiled. Her white hair was all unbound, and hung in tangled masses over her shoulder in snowy profusion. Her face, parched and wrinkled, with the hooked nose and beady black eyes, like those of a mouse, was poked forward, and her skinny arms, bare to the shoulder, were waving about as she grasped at the bedclothes with her claw like hands.

She was evidently growing very weak, so Calton turned to Kilsip and told him in a whisper to get a doctor. The detective scribbled a note on some paper, and, giving it to Lizer, ordered her to take it. At this, the other girl rose, and, putting her arm in that of the child's, they left together.

"Them two young 'useys gone?" said Mother Guttersnipe. "Right you are, I don't want what I've got to tell to get into the noospaper, I don't."

"And what is it?" asked Calton, bending forward.

The old woman took another drink of gin, and it seemed to put life into her, for she sat up in the bed and commenced to talk rapidly, as though she were afraid of dying before her secret was told.

"You've been 'ere afore?" she said, pointing one skinny finger at Calton, "and you wanted to find out all about 'er; but you didn't, blarst ye. She wouldn't let me tell, for she was always a proud jade, a flouncin' round while 'er pore mother was a starvin'."

"Her mother! Are you Rosanna Moore's mother?" cried Calton, considerably astonished.

"May I die if I ain't," croaked the hag. "'Er pore father died of drink, an' I'm a follerin' 'im to the same place in the same way. You weren't about town in the old days, or you'd a bin after her, blarst ye."

"After Rosanna?"

"The merry girl," answered Mother Guttersnipe. "She were on the stage, she were, an' my eye, what a swell she were, with all the coves a-dyin' for 'er, an' she dancin' over their black 'earts, curse 'em; but she was allays good to me till 'e came."

"Who came?"

"'E!" yelled the old woman, raising herself on her arm, her eyes sparkling with vindictive fury. "'E, a-comin' around with di'monds and gold, and a-ruinin' my pore girl; an' how 'e's 'eld 'is bloomin' 'ead up all these years as if he were a saint, curse 'im—curse 'im!"

"Who does she mean?" whispered Calton to Kilsip.

"Mean?" screamed Mother Guttersnipe, whose sharp ears had caught the muttered question. "Why, Mark Frettiby!"

"Good God!" Calton rose up in his astonishment, and even Kilsip's inscrutable countenance displayed some surprise.

"Aye, 'e were a swell in them days," pursued Mother Guttersnipe, "and 'e comes a-philanderin' round my gal, blarst 'im, an' seduces 'er, and leaves 'er and 'er child to starve, like a black 'earted villain as 'e were."

"The child! Her name?"

"Bah," retorted the hag, with scorn, "as if you didn't know my gran'darter Sal."

"Sal, Mark Frettiby's child?"

"Yes, an' as pretty a girl as the other, tho' she 'appened to be born on the wrong side of the 'edge. Oh, I've seen 'er a-sweepin' along in 'er silks an' satins as tho' we were dirt—an' Sal 'er 'alf sister—curse 'er."

Exhausted by the efforts she had made, the old woman sank back in her bed, while Calton sat in a dazed manner, thinking over the astounding revelation that had just been made. That Rosanna Moore should turn out to be Mark Frettiby's mistress he hardly wondered at; after all, he was but a man, and in his young days had been no better and no worse than the rest of his friends. Rosanna Moore was pretty, and was evidently one of those women who—rakes at heart—prefer the untrammeled freedom of being a mistress to the sedate bondage of a wife. In questions of morality, so many people live in glass houses that there are few nowadays who can afford to throw stones, so Calton did not think any worse of Frettiby for his youthful follies. But what he did wonder at was that Frettiby should be so heartless as to leave his child to the tender mercies of an old hag like Mother Guttersnipe. It was so entirely different from what he knew of the man, that he was inclined to think it was some trick of the old woman's.

"Did Mr. Frettiby know Sal was his child?" he asked.

"Not 'e," snarled Mother Guttersnipe, in an exultant tone; "'e thought she was dead, 'e did, arter Rosanner gave him the go by."

"And why did you not tell him?"

"'Cause I wanted to break his 'eart, if 'e 'ad any," said the old baldame, vindictively. "Sal was a-goin' to 'ell as fast as she could till she was tuk from me. If she had gone and got into quod I'd 'ave gone to him, and said 'Look at yer darter! 'Ow I've ruined her as you did mine.'"

"You old devil," said Calton, revolted at the malignity of the scheme. "You have sacrificed an innocent girl for this."

"None of your preachin," retorted the hag sullenly; "I ain't been brought up for a saint, I ain't—an' I wanted to pay 'im out, blarst 'im—'e paid me well to 'old my tongue about my darter, an' I've got it 'ere," laying her hand on the pillow. "All gold, good gold—an' mine, curse me."

Calton arose; he felt quite sick at this exhibition of human depravity, and longed to be away. As he was putting on his hat, however, the two girls entered with a doctor, who bowed to Kilsip, cast a sharp scrutinizing glance at Calton, and then walked over to the bed. The two girls went back to their corner, and waited in silence for the end. Mother Guttersnipe had fallen back in the bed, with one claw-like hand clutching the pillow, as if to protect her beloved gold, and over her face a deadly paleness was spreading, which told the practiced eye of the doctor that the end was near. He knelt down beside the bed for a moment, holding the candle to the dying woman's face. She opened her eyes, and muttered drowsily

"Who's you? go t' 'ell," but then she seemed to grasp the situation again, and she started up with a shrill yell, which made the bearers shudder, it was so weird and eerie.

"My money!" she yelled, clasping the pillow in her skinny arms. "It's all mine, ye shan't have it, blarst ye."

The doctor arose from his knees, and shrugged his shoulders. "Not worth while doing anything," he said, coolly, "she'll be dead soon."

The old woman, mumbling over her pillow, caught the word, and burst into tears.

"Dead! dead! my poor Rosanna, with 'er golden 'air, always lovin' 'er pore mother till 'e took 'er away, an' she came back to die—die—ooh!"

Her voice died away in a long, melancholy wail, that made the two girls in the corner shiver and put their fingers in their ears.

"My good woman," said the doctor, bending over the bed, "would you not like to see a minister?"

She looked at him with her bright, beady eyes, already somewhat dimmed with the mists of death, and said, in a harsh, low whisper—"Why?"

"Because you have only a short time to live," said the doctor, gently. "You are dying."

Mother Guttersnipe sprang up, and seized his arm with a scream of terror.

"Dyin', dyin'—not no!" she wailed, clawing his sleeve. "I ain't fit to die—curse me; save me—save me, I don't know where I'd go to, s'elp me—save me."

The doctor tried to remove her hands, but she held on with wonderful tenacity.

"It is impossible," he said briefly.

The hag fell back in her bed.

I sold my soul for it.

"I'll give you money to save me," she shrieked; "good money—all mine—all mine. See—see—'ere—suverains," and, tearing her pillow open, she took out a canvas bag, and from it poured a gleaming stream of gold. Gold—gold—it rolled all over the bed, over the floor, away into the dark corners, yet no one touched it, so enchained were they by the horrible spectacle of the dying woman clinging to life. She clutched up some of the shining pieces, and held them up to the three men as they stood silently beside the bed, but her hands trembled so that the sovereigns kept falling from them on the floor, with metallic clinks.

"All mine—all mine," she shrieked, loudly, "Give me my life—gold—money—curse ye—I sold my soul for it—save me—give me my life," and, with trembling hands, she tried to force the gold on them. They did not say a word, but stood silently looking at her, while the two girls in the corner clung together, and trembled with fear.

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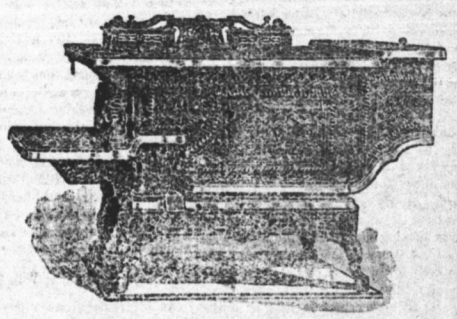

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