THE YAKIMA HERALD.

SUPPLEMENT.

THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB.—Continued.

orderly, owing to the excellent management of Sal Rawlins. She had taken the command in everything, and although the servants, knowing her antecedents, were disposed to resent her doing so, yet such were her administrative powers and strong will that they obeyed her implicitly. Mark Frettiby's body had been taken up to his bedroom, Madge had been put to bed, and Dr. Chinston and Brian sent for. When they arrived they could not help expressing their admiration at the capital way in which Sal Rawlins had managed things.

"She's a clever girl, that," whispered Calton to Fitzgerald. "Curious thing she should have taken up her proper position in her father's house. Fate is a deal cleverer than we mortals think her."

Brian was about to reply when Dr. Chinston entered the room. His face was very grave, and Fitzgerald looked at him in alarm.

"Madge—Miss Frettiby," he faltered.

"Is very ill," replied the doctor, has an attack of brain fever. I can't answer for the consequences yet."

Brian sat down on the sofa and stared at the doctor in a dazed sort of way. Madge dangerously ill—perhaps dying. What if she did die, and he lost the true hearted woman who stood so nobly by him in his trouble?

"Cheer up," said Chinston, patting him on the shoulder, "while there's life there's hope, and whatever human aid can do to save her will be done."

Brian grasped the doctor's hand in silence, his heart being too full to speak.

"How did Frettiby die?" asked Calton.

"Heart disease," said Chinston. "His heart was very much affected, as I discovered a week or so ago. It appears he was walking in his sleep, and entering the drawing room he alarmed Miss Frettiby, who screamed and must have touched him. He awoke suddenly, and the natural consequences followed—he dropped down dead."

"What alarmed Miss Frettiby?" asked Brian in a low voice, covering his face with his hand.

"The sight of her father walking in his sleep, I suppose," said Chinston, buttoning his glove, "and the shock of his death, which took place indirectly through her, accounts for the brain fever."

"Madge Frettiby is not the woman to scream and waken a somnambulist," said Calton, decidedly, "knowing as she did the danger. There must be some other reason."

"This young woman will tell you all about it," said Chinston, nodding toward Sal, who entered the room at this moment. "She was present, and since then has managed things admirably; and now I must go," he said, shaking hands with Calton and Fitzgerald. "Keep up your heart, my boy; I'll pull her through yet."

After the doctor had gone, Calton turned sharply to Sal Rawlins, who stood waiting to be addressed.

"Well," he said briskly, "can you tell us what startled Miss Frettiby?"

"I can, sir," she answered, quietly. "I was in the drawing room when Mr. Frettiby died—but—we had better go up to the study."

"Why?" asked Calton, in surprise, as he and Fitzgerald followed her up stairs.

"Because, sir," she said, when they had entered the study and she had locked the door, "I don't want any one but yourselves to know what I tell you."

"More mystery," muttered Calton, as he glanced at Brian, and took his seat at the escritoire.

"Mr. Frettiby went to bed early last night," said Sal, calmly, "and Miss Madge and I were talking together in the drawing room, when he entered, walking in his sleep, carrying some papers"——

Both Calton and Fitzgerald started, and the latter grew pale.

"He came down the room and spread out a paper on the table where the lamp was. Miss Madge bent forward to see what it was. I tried to stop her, but it was too late. She gave a scream and fell on the floor. In doing so she happened to touch her father. He awoke, and fell down dead."

"And the papers?" asked Calton, uneasily.

Sal did not answer, but producing them from her pocket, laid them in his hands.

Brian bent forward as Calton opened the envelope in silence, but both gave vent to an exclamation of horror at seeing the certificate of marriage which they knew Rosanna Moore had given to Whyte. Their worst suspicions were confirmed, and Brian turned away his head, afraid to meet the barrister's eye. The latter folded up the papers thoughtfully and put them in his pocket.

"You know what these are?" he asked Sal, eyeing her keenly.

"I could hardly help knowing," she answered. "It proves that Rosanna Moore was Mr Frettiby's wife, and"—— She hesitated.

"Go on," said Brian, in a harsh tone, looking up.

"And they were the papers she gave Mr. Whyte."

"Well?"

Sal was silent for a moment, and then looked up with a flush.

"You needn't think I'm going to split," she said, indignantly, recurring to her Bourke street slang in the excitement of the moment. "I know what you know, but s'elp me G—— I'll be as silent as the grave."

"Thank you," said Brian, fervently, taking her hand; "I know you love her too well to betray this terrible secret."

"I would be a nice un', I would," said Sal, with scorn, "after her lifting me out of the gutter, to round on her—a poor girl like me, without a friend'or a relative, now Gran's dead."

Calton looked up quickly. It was plain Sal was quite ignorant that Rosanna Moore was her mother. So much the better; they would keep her in ignorance, perhaps not altogether, but it would be folly to undeceive her at present.

"I'm goin' to Miss Madge now," she said, going to the door, "and I won't see you again; she's getting lightheaded, and might let it out; but I'll not let any one in but myself," and so saying she left the room.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters," said Calton oracularly. "The kindness of Miss Frettiby to that poor waif is already bearing fruit—gratitude is the rarest of qualities, rarer even than modesty."

Fitzgerald made no answer, but stared out of the window, and thought of his darling lying sick unto death, and he could do nothing to save her.

"Well," said Calton, sharply.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Fitzgerald, turning in confusion. "I suppose the will must be read, and all that sort of thing."

"Yes," answered the barrister; "I am one of the executors."

"And the other?"

"Yourself and Chinston," answered Calton; "so I suppose," turning to the desk, "we can look at his papers, and see that all is straight."

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Brian, mechanically, his thoughts far away, and then he turned again to the window. Suddenly Calton gave vent to an exclamation of surprise, and, turning hastily, Brian saw him holding a thick roll of papers in his hand, which he had taken out of the drawer.

"Look here, Fitzgerald," he said, greatly excited, "here is Frettiby's confession—look!" and he held it up.

Brian sprang foward in astonishment. So at last the hansom cab mystery was to be cleared up. These sheets, no doubt, contained the whole narration of the crime and how it was committed.

"We will read it, of course," he said, hesitating, half hoping that Calton would propose to destroy it at once.

"Yes," answered Calton, "the three executors must read it, and then—we will burn it."

"That will be the better way," answered Brian gloomily. "Frettiby is dead, and the law can do nothing in the matter, so it would be best to avoid the scandal of publicity. But why tell Chinston?"

"We must," said Calton, decidedly. "He will be sure to gather the truth from Madge's ravings, and may as well know all. He is quite safe, and will be silent as the grave. But I am more sorry to tell Kilsip."

"The detective! Good God, Calton, surely you will not do so?"

"I must," replied the barrister, quietly. "Kilsip is firmly persuaded that Moreland committed the crime, and I have the same dread of his pertinacity as you had of mine. He may find out all."

"What must be, must be," said Fitzgerald, clenching his hands. "But I hope no one else will find out this miserable story. There's Moreland, for instance."

"Ah, true!" said Calton, thoughtfully. "He called and saw Frettiby the other night, you say?"

"Yes. I wonder what for?"

"There is only one answer," said the barrister, slowly. "He must have seen Frettiby following Whyte when he left the hotel, and wanted hush money."

"I wonder if he got it," observed Fitzgerald.

"Oh, I'll soon find that out," answered Calton, opening the drawer again, and taking out the dead man's check book. "Let me see what checks have been drawn lately."

Most of the blocks were filled up with small amounts, and one or two for a hundred or so. Calton could find no large sum such as Moreland would have demanded, when, at the very end of the book, he found a check torn off, leaving the block slip quite blank.

"There you are," he said, triumphantly, holding out the book to Fitzgerald. "He wasn't such a fool as to write in the amount on the block, but tore the check out, and wrote in the sum required."

"And what is to be done about it?"

"Let him keep it, of course," answered Calton, shrugging his shoulders. "It's the only way to secure his silence."

"I expect he cashed it yesterday, and is off by this time," said Brian, after a moment's pause.

"So much the better for us," said Calton grimly. "But I don't think he's off, or Kilsip would have let me know. We must tell him, or he'll get everything out of Moreland, and the consequences would be that all Melbourne will know the story; whereas, by showing him the confession, we get him to leave Moreland alone, and thus secure silence in both cases."

"I suppose we must see Chinston?"

"Yes, of course. I will telegraph to him and Kilsip to come up to my office this afternoon at 3 o'clock, and then we will settle the whole matter."

"And Sal Rawlins?"

"Oh! I quite forgot about her," said Calton, in a perplexed voice. "She knows nothing about her parents, and, of course, Mark Frettiby died in the belief that she was dead."

"We must tell Madge," said Brian, gloomily. "There is no help for it. Sal is by rights the heiress to the money of her dead father."

"That depends upon the will," replied Calton, dryly. "If it specifies that the money is left to 'my daughter, Margaret Frettiby,' Sal Rawlins can have no claim, and if such is the case, it will be no good telling her who she is."

"And what's to be done?"

"Sal Rawlins," went on the barrister, without noticing the interruption, "has evidently never given a thought to her father or mother, as the old hag, no doubt, swore they were dead. So I think it will be best to keep silent—that is, if no money is left to her, and, as her father thought her dead, I don't think there will be any. In that case, it would be best to settle an income on her. You can easily find a pretext, and let the matter rest."

"But suppose, in accordance with the wording of the will, she is entitled to all the money?"

"In that case," said Calton, gravely, "there is only one course open—she must be told everything, and the dividing of the money left to her generosity. But I don't think you need be alarmed, I'm pretty sure Madge is the heiress."

"It's not the money I think about," said Brian, hastily. "I'd take Madge without a penny."

"My boy," said the barrister, placing his hand kindly on Brian's shoulder, "when you marry Madge Frettiby, you will get what is better than money—a heart of gold."

CHAPTER XXXII.

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.

Dr. Chinston had received Calton's telegram, and was considerably astonished thereat. He was still more so when, on arriving at the office at the time appointed, he found Calton and Fitzgerald were not alone, but a third man whom he had never seen was with them. This latter Calton introduced to him as Mr. Kilsip, of the detective office, a fact which began to make the worthy doctor uneasy, as he could not divine the meaning of the presence of a detective. However, he made no remark, but took the seat handed to him by Mr Calton and prepared to listen. Calton locked the door of the office, and then went back to his desk, having the other three seated before him in a kind of semicircle.

"In the first place," said Calton to the doctor, "I have to inform you that you are one of the executors under the will of the late Mr. Frettiby, and that is why I asked you to come here today. The other executors are Mr. Fitzgerald and myself."

"Oh, indeed," murmured the doctor, politely.

"And now," said Calton, looking at him, "do you remember the hansom cab murder, which caused such a sensation some months ago?"

"Yes, I do," replied the doctor, rather astonished. "But what has that to do with the will?"

"Nothing to do with the will," answered Calton, gravely, "but the fact is Mr. Frettiby was implicated in the affair."

Dr. Chinston glanced inquiringly at Brian, but that gentleman shook his head.

"It's nothing to do with my arrest," he said, sadly.

"What do you mean?" he gasped, pushing back his chair. "How was he implicated?"

"That I cannot tell you," answered Calton, "until I read his confession."

"Ah!" said Kilsip, becoming very attentive.

"Yes," said Calton, turning to Kilsip, "your hunt after Moreland is a wild goose chase, for the murderer of Oliver Whyte is discovered."

"Discovered!" cried Kilsip and the doctor in one breath.

"Yes, and his name is Mark Frettiby."

Kilsip shot a glance of disdain out of his right black eyes and gave a low laugh of disbelief, but the doctor pushed back his chair furiously and arose to his feet.

"This is monstrous," he cried, in a rage. "I won't sit still and hear this accusation against my dead friend."

"Unfortunately, it is too true," said Brian, sadly.

"How dare you say so?" said Chinston, turning angrily on him. "And you going to marry his daughter!"

"There is only one way to settle the question," said Calton, coldly. "We must read his confession."

"But why the detective?" asked the doctor, ungraciously, as he took his seat reluctantly.

"Because I want him to hear for himself that Mr. Frettiby committed the crime, and that he may keep it quiet."

"Not till I've arrested him," said Kilsip, determinedly.

"But he's dead," said Brian.

"I'm speaking of Roger Moreland," retorted Kilsip. "For he and no other murdered Oliver Whyte."

"That's a much more likely story," Chinston said.

"I tell you no," said Calton vehemently. "God knows I would like to preserve Mark Frettiby's good name, and it is with this object I have brought you all together. I will read the confession, and when you know the truth I want you all to keep silent about it, as Mark Frettiby is dead and the publication of his crime can do no good to any one."

"I know," resumed Calton, addressing the detective, "that you are fully convinced in your own mind that you are right and I am wrong, but what if I tell you that Mark Frettiby died holding those very papers for the sake of which the crime was committed?"

Kilsip's face lengthened considerably.

"What were the papers?"

"The marriage certificate of Mark Frettiby and Rosanna Moore, the woman who died in the back slum."

Kilsip was seldom astonished, but he was this time, while Dr. Chinston fell back in his chair and looked at the barrister with a dazed sort of expression.

"And what's more," went on Calton, triumphantly, "do you know that Moreland went to Frettiby two nights ago and obtained a certain sum for hush money?"

"What?" cried Kilsip.

"Yes, Moreland, in coming out of the hotel, evidently saw Frettiby, and threatened to expose him unless he paid for his silence."

"Very strange," murmured Kilsip to himself, with a disappointed look on his face. "But why did Moreland keep still so long?"

"I cannot tell you," replied Calton, "but no doubt the confession will explain all."

"Then for heaven's sake read it," broke in Dr. Chinston, impatiently. "I'm quite in the dark, and all your talk is Greek to me."

"One moment," said Kilsip, dragging a bundle from under his chair, and untying it. "If you are right, what about this?" and he held up a light coat, very much soiled and weather worn.

"Whose is that?" asked Calton, startled. "Not Whyte's?"

"Yes, Whyte's," repeated Kilsip, with great satisfaction. "I found it in the Fitzroy gardens, near the gate that opens to George street, East Melbourne. It was up in a fir tree."

"Then Mr. Frettiby must have got out at Powlett street, and walked down George street, and then through the Fitzroy gardens into town," said Calton.

Kilsip took no heed of the remark, but took a small bottle out of the pocket of the coat and held it up.

"I also found this," he said.

"Chloroform," cried every one, guessing at once that it was the missing bottle.

"Exactly," said Kilsip, replacing it. "This was the bottle which contained the poison used by—by—well, call him the murderer. The name of the chemist being on the label, I went to him and found out who bought it. Now, who do you think?" with a look of triumph.

"Frettiby," said Calton, decidedly.

"No, Moreland!" burst out Chinston, greatly excited.

"Neither," retorted the detective, calmly. "The man who purchased this was Oliver Whyte himself."

"Himself!" echoed Brian, now thoroughly surprised, as, indeed, were all the others.

"Yes. I had no trouble in finding out that, thanks to the 'Poison act. As I knew no one would be so foolish as to carry chloroform about in his pocket for any length of time, I mentioned the day of the murder as the probable date it was bought. The chemist turned up his book and found that Whyte was the purchaser."

"And what did he buy it for?" asked Chinston.

"That's more than I can tell you," said Kilsip, with a shrug of his shoulders. "It's down in the book as being bought for medicinal uses, which may mean anything."

"The law requires a witness," observed Calton, cautiously. "Who was the witness?"

Again Kilsip smiled triumphantly.

"I think I can guess," said Fitzgerald. "Moreland?"

Kilsip nodded.

"And I suppose," remarked Calton, in a slightly sarcastic tone, "that is another of your proofs against Moreland. He knew that Whyte had chloroform on him, therefore he followed him that night and murdered him?"

"Well, I"——

"It's a lot of nonsense," said the barrister impatiently. "There's nothing against Moreland to implicate him. If he killed Whyte, what made him go and see Frettiby?"

"But," said Kilsip, sagely nodding his head, "if, as Moreland says, he had Whyte's coat in his possession before the murder, how is it that I should discover it afterwards up a fir tree in the Fitzroy gardens, with an empty chloroform bottle in the pocket?"

"He may have been an accomplice," suggested Calton.

"What's the good of all this conjecturing?" said Chinston impatiently, now thoroughly tired of the discussion. "Read the confession, and we will soon know the truth, without all that talk."

Calton assented, and all having settled themselves to listen, he began to read what the dead man had written.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CONFESSION.

"What I am now about to write is set forth by me so that the true circumstances connected with the 'Hansom Cab Tragedy,' which took place in Melbourne in 18—, may be known. I owe a confession, particularly to Brian Fitzgerald, seeing that he was accused of the crime. Although I know he was rightfully acquitted of the charge, yet I wish him to know all about the case, though I am convinced, from his altered demeanor towards me, that he is better acquainted with it than he chooses to confess. In order to account for the murder of Oliver Whyte, I must go back to the beginning of my life in this colony, and show how the series of events began which culminated in the commital of the crime.

"Should it be necessary to make this confession public, in the interests of justice, I can say nothing against such a course being taken; but I would be grateful if it could be suppressed, both on account of my good name and of my dear daughter Margaret, whose love and affection has so soothed and brightened my life.

"If, however, she should be informed of the contents of these pages, I ask her to deal leniently with the memory of one who was sorely tried and tempted.

"I came to the colony of Victoria, or rather, as it was called then, New South Wales, in the year 18—. I had been in a merchant's office in London, but not seeing much opportunity for advancement, I looked about to see if I could better myself. I heard of this new land across the ocean, and though it was not then the El Dorado which it afterwards turned out, and, truth to tell, had rather a shady name, owing to the transportation of convicts, yet I longed to go there and start a new life. Unhappily, however, I had not the means to go, and saw nothing better before me than the dreary life of a London clerk, as it was impossible that I could save out of the small salary I got. Just at this time, however, an old maiden aunt of mine died and left a few hundred pounds to me, so, with this, I came out to Australia, determined to become a rich man. I stayed some time in Sydney, and then came over to Port Phillip, now so widely known as Marvelous Melbourne, where I intended to pitch my tent. I saw that it was a young and rising colony, though of course, coming as I did, before the days of the gold diggings, I never dreamt it would spring up, as it had done since, to a nation. I was careful and saving in those days, and indeed, I think it was the happiest time of my life.

"I bought land whenever I could scrape the money together, and, at the time of the gold rush, was considered well to do. When, however, the cry that gold had been discovered was raised, and the eyes of all the nations were turned to Australia, with her glittering treasures, men poured in from all parts of the world, and the 'Golden Age' commenced. I began to get rich rapidly and was soon pointed out as the wealthiest man in the colonies. I bought a station, and leaving the riotous, feverish Melbourne life, went to live on it. I enjoyed myself there, for the wild, open air life had great charms for me, and there was a sense of freedom to which I had hitherto been a stranger. But man is a gregarious animal, and I, growing weary of solitude and communings with Mother Nature, came down on a visit to Melbourne, where, with companions as gay as myself, I spent my money freely, and, as the phrase goes, saw life. After confessing that I loved the pure life of the country, it sounds strange to say that I enjoyed the wild life of the town, but I did. I was neither a Joseph nor a St. Anthony, and I was delighted with Bohemia, with its good fellowship and charming suppers, which took place in the small hours of the morning, when wit and humor reigned supreme. It was at one of these suppers that I first met Rosanna Moore, the woman who was destined to curse my existence. She was a burlesque actress, and all the young fellows in those days were madly in love with her. She was not exactly what was called beautiful, but there was a brilliancy and fascination about her which few could resist. Or first seeing her I did not admire her much, but laughed at companions as they raved about her. On becoming personally acquainted with her, however, I found that her powers of fascination had not been overrated, and ended by falling desperately in love with her. I made inquiries about her private life, and found that it was irreproachable, as she was guarded by a veritable dragon of a mother, who would let no one approach her daughter. I need not tell about my courtship, as these phases of a man's life are generally the same, but it will be sufficient to prove the depth of my passion for her when I at length determined to make her my wife. It was on condition, however, that the marriage should be kept secret until such time as I should choose to reveal it. My reason for such a course was this: my father was still alive, and he, being a rigid Presbyterian, would never have forgiven me for having married a woman of the stage, so, as he was old and feeble, I did not wish him to learn that I had done so, fearing that the shock would be too much for him in his then present state of health. I told Rosanna I would marry her, but wanted her to leave her mother, who was a perfect fury, and not an agreeable person to live with. As I was rich, young and not bad looking, Rosanna consented, and, during an engagement she had in Sydney, I went over there and married her. She never told her mother she had married me, why, I do not know, as I never laid any restriction on her doing so. The mother made a great noise over the matter, but I gave Rosanna a large sum of money for her, and this the old harridan accepted and left for New Zealand. Rosanna went with me to my station, where we lived as man and wife, though, in Melbourne, she was supposed to be my mistress. At last, feeling degraded in my own eyes as to the way I was living to the world, I wanted to reveal our secret, but this Rosanna would not consent to. I was astonished at this and could never discover the reason, but in many ways Rosanna was an enigma to me. She then grew weary of the quiet country life, and longed to return to the glitter and glare of the footlights. This I refused to let her do, and from that moment she took a dislike to me. A child was born, and for a time she was engrossed with it, but soon wearied of the new plaything, and again pressed me to allow her to return to the stage. I again refused, and we became estranged from one another. I grew gloomy and irritable, and was accustomed to take long rides by myself, frequently being away for days. There was a great friend of mine who owned the next station, a fine, handsome young fellow called Frank Kelly, with a gay, sunny disposition, and a wonderful flow of humor. When he found I was so much away, thinking Rosanna was only my mistress, he began to console her, and succeeded so well that one day, on my return from a ride, I found she had fled with him, and had taken the child with her. She left a letter saying that she had never really cared for me, but had married me for my money—she would keep our marriage secret, and was going to return to the stage. I followed my false friend and false wife down to Melbourne, but arrived too late, as they had just left for England. Disgusted with the manner in which I had been treated, I plunged into a whirl of dissipation, trying to drown the memory of my married life. My friends, of course, thought that my loss amounted to no more than that of a mistress, and I soon began to doubt that I had ever been married, so far away and visionary did my life of the year previous seem. I continued my fast life for about six months, when suddenly I was arrested upon the charge of destruction by—an angel. I say this advisedly, for if ever there was an angel upon earth, it was she who afterwards became my wife. She was the daughter of a doctor, and it was her influence which drew me back from the dreary path of profligacy and dissipation, which I was then leading. I paid her great attention, and we were, in fact, looked upon as good as engaged, but I knew that I was still linked to that accursed woman, and could not ask her to be my wife. At this second crisis of my life Fate again intervened, for I received a letter from England, which informed me that Rosanna Moore had been run over in the streets of London, and had died in an hospital. The writer was a young doctor, who had attended her, and I wrote home to him, begging him to send out a certificate of her death, so that I might be sure she was no more. He did so, and also enclosed an account of the accident, which had appeared in a newspaper. Then, indeed, I felt that I was free, and closing, as I thought forever, the darkest page of my life's history, I began to look forward to the future. I married again, and my domestic life was a singularly happy one. As the colony grew greater, with every year I became even more wealthy than I had been, and was looked up to and respected by my fellow citizens. When my dear daughter Margaret was born, I felt that my cup of happiness was full, but suddenly I received a disagreeable reminder of the past. Rosanna's mother made her appearance one day—a disreputable looking creature, smelling of gin, and in whom I could not recognise the respectably dressed woman who used to accompany Rosanna to the theatre. She had spent long ago all the money I had given her, and sank lower and lower, until she now lived in a slum off Little Bourke street. I made inquiries after the child, and she told me it was dead. Rosanna had not taken it to England with her, but had left it in her mother's charge, and, no doubt, neglect and want of proper nourishment was the cause of its death. There now seemed to be no link to bind me to the past with the exception of the old hag, who knew nothing about the marriage. I did not attempt to undeceive her, but agreed to allow her enough to live on if she promised never to trouble me again, and to keep quiet about everything which had reference to my connection with her daughter. She promised readily enough, and went back to her squalid dwelling in the slums, where, for all I know, she still lives, as money has been paid to her regularly every month by my solicitors. I heard nothing more about the matter, and now felt quite satisfied that I had heard the last of Rosanna. As years rolled on things prospered with me, and so fortunate was I in all speculations that my luck became proverbial. Then, alas! when all things seemed to smile upon me my wife died, and the world has never seemed the same to me since. I, however, had my dear daughter to console me, and in her love and affection I became reconciled to the loss of my wife. A young Irish gentleman, called Brian Fitzgerald, came out to Australia, and I soon saw that my daughter was in love with him, and that he reciprocated that affection, whereat I was glad, as I have always esteemed him highly. I looked forward to their marriage, when suddenly a series of events occurred, which must be fresh to the memory of those who read these pages. Mr. Oliver Whyte, a gentleman from London, called on me and startled me with the news that my first wife, Rosanna Moore, was still living, and that the story of her death had been an ingenious fabrication in order to deceive me. She had met with an accident, as stated in the newspaper, and had been taken to an hospital, where she recovered. The young doctor, who had sent the certificate of her death, had fallen in love with her and wanted to marry her, and had told me that she was dead in order that her past life might be obliterated. The doctor, however, died before the marriage, and Rosanna did not trouble herself about undeceiving me. She was then acting on the burlesque stage under the name of 'Musette,' and seemed to have gained an unenviable notoriety by her extravagance and infamy. Whyte met her in London, and she became his mistress. He seemed to have a wonderful influence over her, for she told him all her past life and about her marriage with me. Her popularity being on the wane in London, as she was now growing old, and had to make way for younger actresses, Whyte proposed that they should come out to the colonies and extort money from me, and he had come to me for that purpose. The villain told me all this in the coolest manner, and I, knowing he held the secret of my life, was unable to resent it. I refused to see Rosanna, but told Whyte I would agree to his terms, which were, first, a large sum of money was to be paid to Rosanna, and secondly, Whyte wanted to marry my daughter. I, at first, absolutely declined to sanction the latter proposal, but as he threatened to publish the story, and that meant the proclamation to the world of my daughter's illegitimacy, I at last agreed, and he began to pay his addresses to Madge. She, however, refused to marry him and told me she was engaged to Fitzgerald, so after a severe struggle with myself I told Whyte that I would not allow him to marry Madge, but would give him whatever sum he would like to name. On the night he was murdered he came to see me, and showed me the certificate of marriage between myself and Rosanna Moore. He refused to take a sum of money, and said unless I consented to his marriage with Madge he would publish the whole affair. I implored him to give me time to think, so he said he would give me two days, but no more, and left the house, taking the marriage certificate with him. I was in despair, and saw that the only way to save myself was to obtain possession of the marriage certificate and deny everything. With this idea in my mind I followed him up town and saw him meet Moreland, and drink with him. They went into the hotel in Russell street, and when Whyte came out, at half past 12, he was intoxicated. I saw him go out along to the Scotch church, near the Burke and Wills monument, and cling to the lamp post at the corner. I thought I would then be able to get the certificate from him, as he was drunk, when I saw a gentleman in a light coat—I did not know it was Fitzgerald—come up to him and hail a cab for him. I saw there was nothing more to be done at that time, so, in despair, went home and waited for the next day, in fear lest he should carry out his determination. Nothing, however, turned up, and I was beginning to think that Whyte had abandoned his purpose, when I heard that he had been murdered in the hansom cab. I was in great fear lest the marriage certificate would be found on him, but as nothing was said about it I began to wonder. I knew he had it on him, so came to the conclusion that the murderer, whoever he was, had taken it from the body, and would sooner or later come to me to extort money, knowing that I dare not denounce him. Fitzgerald was arrested, and afterwards acquitted, so I began to think that the certificate had been lost, and my troubles were at an end. However, I was always haunted by a dread that the sword was hanging over my head, and would fall sooner or later. I was right, for two nights ago Roger Moreland, who was an intimate friend of Whyte's, called on me and produced the marriage certificate, which he offered to sell to me for five thousand pounds. In horror, I accused him of murdering Whyte, which he denied at first, but afterwards acknowledged, stating that I dare not betray him for my own sake. I was nearly mad with the horror I was placed in, either to denounce my daughter as illegitimate or let a murderer escape the penalty of his crime. At last I agreed to keep silent, and handed him a check for £5,000 pounds, receiving in return the marriage certificate. I then made Moreland swear to leave the colony, which he readily agreed to do, saying Melbourne was dangerous. When he left I reflected upon the awfulness of my position, and had almost determined to commit suicide, but, thank God, I saved myself from that crime. I wrote out this confession in order that after my death the true story of the murder of Whyte may be known, and that any one who may hereafter be accused of the murder may not be wrongfully pun-

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