THIS STORY BEGAN IN NO 29.

## MYSTERY THE -OF-

## A HANSOM CAB

BY FERGUS W. HUME.

CHAPTER XXVII-Continued.

Lizer tossed back her tangled black hair, and was about to make some impudent reply, when the other girl, who was older and wiser, put out her hand, and pulled her down beside her.

Meanwhile, Calton was addressing himself to the old beldame in the corner.

"You wanted to see me?" he said gently, for, notwithstanding his repugnance to her, she was, after all, a woman, and dying.

"Yes, blarst ye," croaked Mother Guttersnipe, lying down and pulling the greasy bedclothes up to her neck. "You ain't a parson ?" with sudden suspicion.

"No, I am a lawyer."

"I ain't a-goin' to have the cussed parsons a-prowlin' round 'ere,' growled the old waman viciously. "I ain't a goin' to die cuss ye: I'm going to get well well an' strong, an' 'ave a good time of it."

"I'm afraid you won't recover," said Calton, gently. "You had better let me send for a doctor."

"No, I shan't," retorted the hag, aiming a blow at him with all her feeble strength. "I ain't a goin' to have my inside spil'd with salt and senner. I don't wan't neither par-'ave a lawyer, only I'm thinkin' of were," makin' my will, I am, blarst it."

"Mind I gits the watch," yelled Lizer, from the corner. "If you gives it to Sal I'll tear her eyes out.'

"Silence!" said Kilsip, sharply, and, with a muttered curse, Lizer sat back in her corner.

"Sharper than a surpent's tooth, she are," whined the old woman, when quiet was once more restored. "That young devil 'ave fed at my 'ome, an' now she turns, cuss her.'

"Well-well," said Calton, rather impatiently, "what is it you wanted to see me about?"

"Don't be in such a 'urry," said the hag, with a scowl, "or I'm blamed if I tell you anything, s'elp me G-."

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 arose, and putting her arm in that of the child's, they left together.

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

bending forward.

of gin, and it seemed to put life into her, for she sat up in the bed, and he was inclined to think it was some commenced to talk rapidly, as though trick of the old woman's. she were afraid of dying before her secret was told.

"You've been 'ere afore?" she said

about 'er; but you didn't blarst ye. Roseanner gave him the go-by." She wouldn't let me tell, for she was always a proud jake, a-floutin' 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, cuss 'im 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 werry girl," answered Mother Guttersnipe. "She were on the stage, she were, an' my eye, what a dyin' for 'er, an' she dancin' over I wanted to pay 'im out, blarst 'imtheir black 'earts, cuss 'em; but she was allays good to me till 'e came."

"Who came?"

"E!" velled the old woman, raising berself 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, cuss 'im--cuss 'm!"

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

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

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

"Ave, '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, sons nor doctors, I don't. I wouldn't like a black earted villain as 'e

"The child! Her name!"

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

"Sal, Mark Frettlby'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-sweeping' long in 'er silks an' satins as tho we were dirt -an' Sal 'er half sister-cuss '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 Frettlby's mistress he hardly wondered at; after She was evidently growing very 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 whorakes at heart-prefer the untramage of a wife. In questions of morality, so many people live in glass houses, that there are few nowadays whe can afford to thaow stones, so Calton did not think any the worse of Frettlby for his youthful follies. But what he did woder at, was that Frettlby should be so heartless as to from what he knew of the man, that

> "Did Mr. Frettlby know Sal was ful tenacity. his child?" he asked.

"Not 'e" snarled Mother Gutter-

pointing one skinny finger at Calton, snipe, in an exultant tone. "E "and you wanted to find out all thought she was dead, 'e did, arter she shrieked; "good money-all

"And why did you not tell him?"

"'Cause I wanted to break 'is 'eart, if 'e 'ad any," said the old beldame, 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 'im, and said, 'Look at your darter! 'Ow I've ruined her as you did

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

"None of yer preaching'," retorted the hag gullenly; "I ain't bin swell she were, with all the coves a- brought up for a saint, I ain,t-an' '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--an' mine, cuss me."

> Calton arose; he fetl quite sick at this exhibition of human depravity, and longed to be away. As he was putting, who nodded to Kislip, cast a sharp scrutinizing glauce 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 clawlike hand clutching the pillow, as if to protect her beloved gold, and over her face a deadly plate-ness was spreading, which told the practised eye of the doctor that the end corpse. 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 hearers 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, mumbled 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 what is it?" aske I Calton, leave his child to the tender mercies clawing his sleeve, "I ain't fit to die very handsome, many people turned of an old hag like Mother Gutter- -cuss me; save me-save me; I and looked at him he attributed The old woman took another drink snipe. It was so entirely different don't know where I'd go to, s'elp me their admiration to a morbid desire

> The doctor tried to remove her been hanged for murder. hands, but she held on with wonder-

"It is impossible," he said briefly. The hag fell back in her bed.

"I'll give you money to save me," mine. See-'ere - suverain," and, tearing her pillow open, she took out a canvas bag, and from it poured a gleaming stream of gold. Goldgold--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-goldmoney-cuss ve-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.

"Don't look at me-don't" cried the hag, falling dawn again amid the shining gold. "Ye want me to die. Blarst ye-I shan't-I shan't -give me my gold," clawing at the scattered sovereigns. "I'll take it with me-I shan't die-G----Gwhimpering. "I ain't done nothin' -let me live-give me a Biblesave me, G-cuss it-G-, G-, and she fell back on the bed, a

The faint light of the candle flick ered on the the shining gold, and the dead face, framed in tangled white hair; while the three men sick at heart, turned away in silence to seek assistance, with that wild cry still ringing in their ears-

"G-save me, G-!"

## CHAPTER XXVIII

According to the copy books of our youth, "Procrastination is the thief of time," and, certainly, Brian found that the remark was a true one. He had been nearly a week in town, yet could not make up his mind to go and see Calton, and though morning after morning he set out with the drtermination to go straight to Chancery Lane, yet he never arrived there. He had gone back to his lodgings in East Melbourne, and passed his time either in the house or in taking long walks in the gardens, or along the banks of the muddy Yarra. When he did go into town, on business connected with the sale of his station, he drove there and back in a hansom, for he had a curious shrinking against seeing any of his friends. He quite agreed with Brian's remark about "d----d good-natured friends," and was determined that he would not meet or with people, whose every word an action would imperceptibly remind him of the diagrace which had fallen on him of standing in the criminal doch, Even when walking and seized his arm with a scream of by the Yarra he had a sort of uneasy feeling that he was looked upon as "Dyin' dyin'--no! no!" she wailed an object of curiosity, and as, being for seeing a man who had nearly

> As soon as his station was sold, and he married to Madge, he determined to leave Australia, and never set foot on it again. But until he | Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

could leave the place he saw no one. nor mixed with his former friends, so great was his dread at being stared at. Mrs. Sampson, who had welcomed him back with shrill exclamations of delight, was loud in her expressions of disapproval as to the way he was shutting himself up.

"Your eyes bein' 'ollow" said the sympathizing cricket, it is nat'ral as it's want of air, which my 'usband's uncle, being a druggist, an' well-todo, in Collingwood, ses as 'ow a want of ox-eye-gent, being a French name, as 'e called the atmispeare, were fearful for pullin' people down, an' makin' 'em go off their food, which you hardly eats anythin,' an' not bein' a butterfly it's expected as your appetite would be larger."

"Oh, I'm all right," said Brian, absolutely, lighting a cigarette, and only half listening to his landlady's garrulous chatter, "but if anyone calls, tell them I'm not in. I don't wan't to be bothered by visitors."

"Bein as wise a thing as Solomon ever said," answered Mrs. Sampson, energetically, "which, no doubt, 'e was in good 'ealth when seein' the Queen of Sheber, as is necessary when anyone calls, and not feelin' disposed to speak, which I'm often that way myself on occasions, my sperits bein'low, as I've 'eard tell'soder water 'ave that effect on 'em which you takes it with a dash of brandy, tho' to be sure that might be the cause of your want of life. and-draft that bell," she finished, hurrying out of the room as the front door bell sounded. "which my legs is a-givin' way under me thro' bein' over-worked."

Meanwhile. Brian sat and smoked contentedly, much relieved by the departure of Mrs. Sampson, with her constant chatter, but he soon heard her mount the stairs again, and she entered the room with a telegram, which she handed to her lodger.

"Opin' it don't contain bad noose," she said, as she retreated to the door again, "which I don't like 'em, 'avin' ad a shock in early life thro' one 'avin' come unexpected, as my uncle's grandfather were dead, 'avin' perished of consumption, our family all being disposed to the diseaseand, if you'll excuse me, sir, I'll get to my dinner, bein' in the 'abit of takin' my meals reg'lar, and I studies my inside carefully, bein' easily upset, thro' which I never could be a

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A Doctor's Bill Saved.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., June 28, 1888.

The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.: Gentlemen-In the fall of 1887, a case of blood poison developed on me. It was extremely bad and the glands about my neck became fearfully enlarged. A friend who had reaped great benefit from your medicine induced me to try S. S. S. Before the first bottle was gone the swelling went down and I began to improve. In less than two months I was entirely well. My skin is perfectly clear now, and my blood absolutely pure. I am absolutely certain that Swift's Specific not only cured me, but at the same time saved me a big doctor's bill. I shall always cheerfully recommend your medicine whenever an opportunity offers.

Gratefully yours,

ADAM SCHERER. 111 West Sixth Street.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. The Swift Specific