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R. D. THEXTON,

Lindsay, Feb. 14, 1889.-36.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1889.

(Continued from last week.) love with her as to commit a crime for her sake. So far, so good; the motive of the crime must be found in Australia. Whyte had spent nearly all his money in England, and consequently Musette and her lover arrived in Sydney with comparatively little cash. However, with an Epicurean like philosophy they enjoyed themselves on what little they had, and then came to Melbourne, where they stayed at a second rate hotsl. Musette, I may tell you, had one special vice, a common one—drink. She loved champagne, and drank a good deal of it. Consequently, on arriving in Melbourne, and finding that a new generation had arisen which knew not Joseph-I mean Musette-she drowned her sorrow in the flowing bowl, and went out after a quarrel with Mr. Whyte to view Melbourne by night—a familiar aspect to her, no doubt. What took her to Little Bourke street I don't know. Perhaps she got lost; perhaps it had been a favorite walk of hers in the old

days; at all events she was found dead drunk in that unsavory locality by Sal Rawlins. I know this is so, because Sal told me so her-self. Sal acted the part of the good Samaritan; took her to the squalid den she called home, and there Rosanna Moore fell dangerously ill. Whyte, who had missed her, found out where she was and that she was too ill to be removed. I presume he was rather glad to get rid of such an encumbrance, so went back to his lodgings at St. Kilda, which, judging from the landlady's stery, he must have occupied for some time, while Rosanna Moore was drinking herself to death in a quiet hotel. Still he does not break off his connection with the dying woman; but one night is murdered in a hansom cab. and that same night Rosanna Moore dies. So, from all appearance, everything is ended; not so, for before dying Rosanna sends for Brian Fitzgerald at his club, and reveals to him a secret which he locks up in his own heart. The writer of this letter has a theory—a fanciful one, if you will—that the secret told to Brian Fitzgerald contains the mystery of Oliver Whyte's death. Now then, have I not found out a good deal without you, and do you still decline to reveal the rest? I do not say you know who killed Whyte, but I do say you know sufficient to lead to the detection of the murderer. If you tell me, so much the better, both for your own sense of justice and for your peace of mind; if you do not-well, I shall find it out without you. I have taken, and still take, a great interest in this strange case, and I have sworn to bring the murderer to justice; so I make this last appeal to you to tell me what you know. If you refuse, I will go to work to find out all about Rosanna Moore prior to her departure from Australia in 1858, and I am certain sooner or later to discover the secret which led to Whyte's murder. If there is any strong reason why it should be kept silent, I, perhaps, will come round to your view, and let the matter drop; but if I have to find it out myself, the murderer of Oliver Whyte need expect no mercy

said. If I do not hear from you within the next week I will regard your decision as final, and pursue the search myself.
"I am sure, my dear Fitzgerald, you will find this letter too long, in spite of the interesting story it contains, so I will have pity on you and draw to a close. Remember me to Miss Frettlby and to her father. With kind regards to yourself, I remain, yours

at my hands. So think over what I have

Very truly.

DUNCAN CALTON."
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 awak-ening 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.

WEAT 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

den, so he went there, and, guided by the sound of merry voices, and the silvery laugh her of pretty women, soon found his way to he lawn tennis ground. Madge and her posts were all there, seated under the shade of a great witch elm, and watching, with great interest, a single hap and watching, with great interest, a single hap and watching, being layed between Rolleston and watersou, both stayed between Rollesson and Faterson, both it whom were capital players. Mr. Fretilly was not present, as he was inside writing letters, and lalking with old Mr. Veipy, and sing of relief as he noted his beans. Madge caught sight of him as he was down the garden path, and few quickly image him with outstretched hands, as he

not his reasons for going.
"I got a letter has night," he said, turning his face away from her; "and, as it's about some impertant business, I must start at

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

"Why?"

"I'm sure I don't knew," said Madge, petalantly; "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 Genesia, which seemed
singularly applicable to Mr. Frettlby—"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 un-easy laugh, "I believe I'm in one myself." "That puts me in mind of what I heard Dr. Chins'on 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."

for some time," she said laughing, as they stepped into the drawing room, so ecol 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

"What! Fitzgerald," he exclaimed in a hearty tone, as he held out his hand; "I am

"I set you know I am living, don't If replied Brian, his fair face finhing as he reductantly took the proferred hand. "But the fact is I have come to say good-by for a few

"Ah! going back to town, I suppose," said Mr. Frettlby, 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

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

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

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

"Apropos of what?" "Oh, nothing," answered Fitzgerald, hastily, and just then his eyes met those of Frettlby. 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. Frettlby 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 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 Frettlby wandered down to the lawn tennis ground, thinking of the look he had seen in Brian's eyes. He shivered for a mo-ment 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 superstations I am, and yet—he knows he knows!

"Come on, sir," cried Felix, who had just caught sight of him, "a racket awaits you." Frettlby woke with a start, and found himself near the lawn tennis ground, and Felix at his elbow, smoking a cigaretta



Frettlby woke with a start, He roused himself with a great effort and tapped the young man lightly on the

"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

"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's

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 Chineton

"My facts are all yisfole 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. Rol-

gave a sign of reflet as he noted his

a. Madge caught sight of him as he
down the garden path, and flow quickly
if him with outstrutched hands, as he
its instead,
low good of you to come," she said, in a
hand tone, at the teck his arm, and ther

leston was arguing.

"If you go on like that in the house," said
Prettiby, amused, "you will, at all events,
have an entertaining parliament till they admit indies," observed
Paterson, with a quindied places at Julia.

While every one was laughing at this re-mark, Frettley took the doctor's arm and walked away with him. "I want you to some up to my study, doctor," he said, as they strelled toward the house, "and exam-

ine me."
"Why, don't you feel well?" said Chin

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

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 Rollesten'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 of Dickens, in the "Florwick Papers," about the man who was mad, and knew it, yet suc-cessfully concealed it for years? Well, I be-lieve there are many people like that in the world, people whose lives are one long strug-gle 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." they are."

"How extraordinary."
"Half the murders and suicides are done in porary fits of insanity," went on Chin-, "and if a person broods over anything, 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 man-

"And in the latter case," said Frettlby, without looking at the doctor, and playing with the paper knife, "do you regard the

"Yes, I do," answered the doctor, blum "He is as mad as a person who kills anot because he supposes he has been told by God to do so—only there is method in his mad-ness. For instance, I believe that hansom "D-it, sir! I wasn't mixed up in it,"

terrupted Frettlby, 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 him as sanely as you or I, yet the germ of in sanity is there, and sooner or later he will it another crime."

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 Frettlby, look-ing at his companion sharply. "There are

dozens of men in Melbourne who wear even-

ing 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

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

"You're all right," he said, gayly. "Action of the heart a little weak, that's all only," impressively, "avoid excitementavoid excitement." Just as Frettlby 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 "No, child, no," said Frettlby, hastily, "I am all right; I thought my heart was af-

fected, but it isn't." "Not a bit of it," answered Chinston, re-assuring. "All right, only avoid excite-

But when Frettlby 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

"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 few moments and then placed his hands on

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

"He would probably drop down dead." "My God!"

CHAPTER XXVL 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 every-thing 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. 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. Pve 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

wer to an invitation to enter, it opened, and Kilsip glided into the room.

"You're not engaged, sir," he said, in a

"Oh, dear, mo," answered Calt "come in, come in."

Kilnip closed the door softly, and glidin along in his usual velvet footed manner, sat down in a chair near Calton's, and placing

barrister.

"W.!!, Ellsip," said Calten, 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.

"Hothing new, and nothing true, and no matter," said Calten, quoting Emerson.

"And what have you come to see me about?"

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

other quietly.
"The devil!" cried Calton, startled out of his professional dignity. "And have you found out who did it?" found out who the ser dismally; "Rof" answered Kilsip, rather dismally; "but I've get an idea."
"So had Gorby," retorted Calton, dryly,
"an idea that ended in smoke. Have you

any practical proofs?"
"Net yet."

"Net 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 hlotting 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:

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

"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

"Merely a coincidence. Is that all your

"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 hortly afterward Moreland followed with the coat, which was left behind by Whyte, and then somebody snatched it from him." "Ah, did they?" interrupted Kilsip,

"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, resum-

ing his walk, "if your theory is correct, which I don't think it is, what became of Whyte's coat! Has Moraland got it?" "No, he has not," answered the detective,

"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

"Not quite so green," he said, forcing smile. "I thought you'd a better opinion o me than that, Mr. Calten. Ask him?—no." "Then how did you find out?" "The fact is Moreland is employed as barman in the Kangaroo hotel"

"A barmani" 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 mat ter," 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 saw that I determined to search his room. 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 to 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 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

angrily.
"Let us suppose, for the sake of argumes" that be 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,

town"___ "In evening dress more noticeable than coat."
"He wasn't in evening dress," said Kilsip,

and walked out of the gardens through the

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

"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, thought-fully. "And what are you going to do?"
"Look for the coat in the Fitzroy gar-

"Pshawi a wild goose chase."
"Possibly," said Kilsip, as he arose to go.
"And when shall I see you again?" said

"Ch, to-night," said Kilsip, pausing at the loor. "I had nearly forgotten, Mother Gut-issuape wants to see you."
"Why? What's up?"
"She's dying, and wants to tell you seem

Michael Condon.





THE PEOPLE OF LINDSAY and surrounding Country are respectfully informed that I have bought out the Grocery business recently carried on by S. BAKER & CO., and will continue the same in the Old Stand, two doors west of the Daly House, where I hope to be favored with a share of public patronage.

Having had long experience in the Grocery business in Lindsay, I possess a fair knowledge of the requirements of the trade, and heads of households will do well to see what satisfactory relations they can establish with me. A fresh and well-selected stock of GENERAL GROCERIES, FLOUR and FEED, COAL OIL and SALT, has just been placed and will be kept constantly replenished.

I am anxious to acquaint everybody with the facilities at hand for supplying Groceries and such Household Necessaries to all, and ask my friends and the public generally to connect my name with their wants in that direction,—I'll take the chances of securing and holding their custom.

Low expenses and a perfectly fresh stock are important helps in starting a business, and customers will derive benefit therefrom—in fact, for cash, buyers can select from my stock and save good money.

W AN EARLY CALL IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

MICHAEL CONDON,

Lindsay, Feb. 29th, 1889.

here at 8 o'clock."

"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 Ingle & Ryley.

"Very well, sir!" and the detective glided thingf' 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, Pm afraid when Fitzgerald does confess I will know all about it beforehand."

CHAPTER XXVIL

MOTHER GUTTERSNIPE JOINS THE MAJORITY 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 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 usseys 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 aston-

"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 werry 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, cuss 'em; but she was allays good to me till 'e came."
"Who came!"

"E!" yelled the old woman, raising her self 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-"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 aston shment, and even Kilsip's inscrutable countenance displayed some surprise.
(Continued next week.)

-From the writings of H. M. the Queen's Physician in Scotland, T. Granger Stewart, M. D., F. R. S. E., on kidney disease, the following statement is taken: "Dropsy in the form of ansarca is almost constantly present in the early sings and during exacerbations of the inflammatory form." Consequently the attention should be turned to the restoration of the kidneys to a healthy condition on the first appearance of any pufficess or swelling about the ayelida, ankies, or any part of the hody. It is not difficult to make a selection of the remody, for Warner's Safe Cure has long been before the public and given universal satisfaction,

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