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****** The LUST of HATE

BY GUY BOOTHBY

Devil", "A Bid For For iune," "The Marriage of Esther," "Dr. Nikola," Etc

Gibbs bade him good-bye, and when he had watched him canter off across the plain returned to the room where I lay. Evidently his conscience was re-proving him, for he stood by my bed

I lay. Evidently his conscience was reproving him, for he stood by my bed for some minutes looking down at me in silence. Then he heaved a little sigh and said under his breath, "You miserable beggar, how little you know what is happening, but I'm bothered if I don't think after all that you're a dashed sight happier than I am. I'm beginning to wish I'd not given you away to that devil. The remembrance of it will haunt me all my life long."

I woke up with his last speech ringing in my ears, and for a moment could scarcely believe my own eyes. I had imagined myself back in the bush, and to wake up in the smoking room of a London hotel was a surprise for which I was not prepared. The clock over the door was just striking eleven as I rose to my feet and went out into the hall. Taking my coat down from a peg I put it on, and then, donning my hat and turning up my collar, went out into the street. then, donning my hat and turning up my collar, went out into the street. Snow was still falling, and the night was beterly cold. As I walked I thought again of the dream from which I had just wakened. It seemed more like a vision intended for my guidance than the mere imagining of an over-excited brain. How much would I not have given to know if it was only imagination, or whether I had been permitted to see a representation of what had really happened? This question, however, I could not of

On reaching the Strand I hailed a hansom and bade the driver convey me with all speed to 23, Great Gunter

Street, Soho.
"Twenty-three, Great Gunter
Street?" repeated the man, staring at
me in surprise. "You don't surely mean
that, sir?"

"I do," I answered. "If you don't like the job I can easily find another

man."
"Oh, I'll take you there, never fear, sir," replied the man; "but I didn't know perhaps whether you was aware what sort of a crib it is. It's not the shop gentlemen goes to as a general rule at night time, except maybe they're after a dog as has been stole, or the like."

"So it's that sort of place is it?" I answered. "Well, I don't know that it matters. I'm able to take care of my

As I said this I got into the vehicle, and in half a minute we were driving down the Strand in the direction of Soho. In something under a quarter of an hour we had left Leicester Square behind us, crossed Shaftesbury Avenbenind us, crossed Shartesbury Avenue, and turned into Great Gunter Street. It proved to be exactly what the driver had insinuated, neither. a respectable nor a savoury neighborhood; and when I saw it and its inhabitants I ceased to wonder at his hesitation. When he had proceeded half-way down the street he pulled his horse up before the entrance to what looked like a dark alley leading into a court. Realizing that this must

be my destination I opened the apron and sprang out.

"Number 23 is somewhere here-abouts, sir," said the driver, who seem-ed to derive a certain amount of satisfaction from his ignorance of the locality. "I don't doubt but what one of these boys will be able to tell you ex-

these boys will be able to tell you exactly."

I paid him his fare and sixpence over for his civility, and then turned to question a filthy little gutter urchin, who, with bare feet and chattering teeth, was standing beside me.

"Where is 23, my lad?" I inquired.
"Can you take me to it?"

"Twenty-three?" said the boy.
"That's where Crooked Billy lives, sir. You come along with me and I'll show.

"That's where Crooked Billy lives, sir. You come along with me and I'll show you the way."

"Go ahead then," I answered, and the boy thereupon bolted into the darkness of the alley before which we had been standing. I followed him as quickly as I could, but it was a matter of some difficulty, for the court was as black as the Pit of Tophet, and seemed to twist and turn in every conceivable as the Pit of Tophet, and seemed to twist and turn in every conceivable direction. A more unprepossessing place it would have been difficult to find, Half-way down I heard the boy cry out "Hold up, mother!" and before I could stop I found myself in collision with a woman who, besides being unsteady on her legs, reeked abominably of gin. Disengaging myself, to the accompaniment of her curses, I sped after my leader, and a moment later emerged into the open court it self. The snow had ceased, and the three-quarter moon, salling along through swift flying clouds, showed me the surrounding houses. In one or two windows, lights were burning, revealing sights which almost made my flesh creep with loathing. In one I could see a woman sewing as if for her very life by the light of a solitary candle stuck in a bottle, while two little children hay asleep, half-clad, on a heap of straw and rags in the corner. On my right I had a glimpse of another room, where the dead body of a man was stretched upon a mattress on the floor, with two old hags seated at a table beside it, drinking gin from a black bottle, turn and turn about. The wind whistled mournfully among the roof tops; the snow had been trodden into a disgusting slush everywhere, save close against the walls, where it still showed white as silver; while the reflection of the moon gleamed in the ley puddles golden as a spade guinea. twist and turn in every conceivable

Success does not always mean the amassing of wealth. It is narrow-ness that uses dollars as the only standard of greatness.

"This is number 23," said my conductor, pointing to the door before which he stood.

which he stood.

I rewarded him, and then turned my attention to the door indicated.

Having rapped with my knuckles upon the panel, I waited for it to be opened to me. But those inside were in no hurry, and for this reason some minutes elapsed before I heard anyone moving about; then there came the sound of shuffling feet, and next moment the door was opened an inch or

sound of shuffing feet, and next moment the door was opened an inch or two, and a female voice inquired with an oath—which I will omit—what was wanted and who was wanting it.

To the first query I replied by asking if Levi Solomon lived there, and, if he did, whether I could see him. The second I shirked altogether. In answer I was informed that Levi Solomon did reside there, and that, if I was the gentleman who had called to see him about a hansom cab I was to corre in at once.

The door was opened to me, and I immediately stepped into the grimiest, most evil smelling passage it has ever been my ill luck to set foot in. The walls were soiled and stained almost beyond recognition; the floor was litered with orange peel, paper, sabbage leaves and systems of all was littered with orange peet, paper, cabbage leaves, and garbage of all sorts and descriptions, while the stench that greeted me baffles description. I have never smelled anything like it before, and I hope I may

thing like it before, and I hope I may never do so again.

The most I can say for the old lady who admitted me is that she matched her surroundings. She was short almost to dwarfshness, well-nigh bald, and had lost her left eye. Her dress consisted of a ragged skirt, and in place of a body—I believe that is the technical expression—she wore a man's coat, which gave a finishing touch of comicality to the peculiar outline of her figure. As soon as she outline of her figure. As soon as she saw that I had entered, she bade me shut the door behind me and follow her. This I did by means of a dilapi-dated staircase, in which almost every step was taken at the risk of one's life, to the second floor. Having arrived there, she knocked upon a door facing her; and I noticed that it was not until she had been ordered to enter that she ventured to turn the handle

dle.

"The gentleman what has come about the 'ansom keb." she said, as she ushered me into the room.

The apartment was lit by two candles stuck in their own wax upon a little deal table, and by their rays I could distinguish the man I had come a search of standing by the fireplace awaiting me. He did not greet me until he had made certain, by listening at the keyhole, that the old woman had gone downstairs. He was a quaint little fellow, Jewish from the soles of

had gone downstairs. He was a quaint little fellow, Jewish from the soles of his feet to the top of his head. He had the nose of his race, little beady eyes as sharp as gimlets, and a long beard which a little washing might have made white. He was dressed in a black frock coat two sizes too large for him, black trousers that would have fitted a man three times his size, and boots that had been patched and otherwise repaired till their original maker would not have known them again.

'Mr. Pennethorne, I presume," he began, rubbing his hands together and speaking as if he had a bad cold in his head, "I am delighted to see you. I am sorry that I cannot ask you to sit down, but I have no chair to give you. For the same reason I cannot offer you refreshment. Have you had a good look at me?"

My surprise at this abrupt question

prevented my replying for a moment;

prevented my replying for a moment; then I insinuated that I thought I should know him again, after which, with a muttered "That's all right," he blew out one of the candles, remarking that, as we now knew each other, we could conduct our business quite as well with half the light.

"I received word from our mutual acquaintance Dr. Nikola this morning," he began, when the illumination had been thus curtailed, "that you would be coming to see me. Of course I did not ask the business, for Dr. Nikola is my friend, and I obey and trust him to the letter. By his instructions I am to fit you with a disguise, and then to take you to the place and then to take you to the place where you will discover a certain han-

where you will discover a certain hansom cab awaiting you."

I nodded. At the very mention of
the cab my old hatred of Bartrand
sprang up again, and I began to question the Jew as to where we were to
find it and what I was to do when I
had got it. But this impetuosity did
not meet with his approval.

"My young friend, you must not be
in such a hurry," he said, wagging
his head deprecatingly at me. "We
shall have to be sure we make no mis-

shall have to be sure we make no mis-take otherwise the doctor would not be pleased, and I should not like to risk that. Have you known Dr. Nikola

very long?"
"I met him this morning for the

"I met him this morning for the first time in my life." I answered, realizing on what intimate terms we now stood, considering the length of our acquaintance
"If that is so you have much to learn regarding him," the Jew replied. "Let us be very careful that we do not risk his displeasure. Now we will get to work, for it is nearly time for us to be going."

As he spoke he crossed to a cupboard in the corner of the room, and took from it some garments which he placed upon the table in the centre. "Here we have the very identical things," he said, "and when you've got them on, you'll be as smart a cabby as any that mounts his box in the streets of London. Try this and see how it suits you."

streets of London. Try this and see how it suits you."

He handed me a bushy black beard, which worked on springs, and assisted me to fasten it to my face. When it was made secure he stepped back and examined it critically; then with a muttered "that will do," turned to the garments on the table, and selected from the heap a tarpaulin cape, such as cabmen wear in wet weather. This I fixed round my shoulders. A sou'wester was next placed upon my head, and when this was done, as far as I was concerned, we were ready to as I was concerned, we were ready to be off. My curious acquaintance was not long in making his tollet, and five minutes later found us passing out of the filthy alley into Great Gunter

"T'll go first," said the Jew. "You follow two or three paces behind me. It's just as well we should not be seen together."

I accordingly took my position a few steps in the rear, and in this fas-

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hion dodged along behind him, until we reached the corner of Wardour and we reached the corner of wardour and Pultney Streets. Here my guide stop-ped and looked about him. Evidently what he wanted was not forthcoming, for he began to grow uneasy, and stamped up and down the pavement, looking eagerly in each direction. All the time I did not venture to approach him. I was considering what I was about to do. I thought of my father, and my horther and sixters and wonand my brother and sisters, and won dered what they would have thought if they could have known to what a pass I had fallen. What would my poor mother have said if she had lived? But she, as far as I could learn from those who had known her, had been said if she had lived? gentle Christian woman, and if she a gentic Christian woman, and it she
had lived I should in all probability
never have left England. In that case
I should not have known Bartrand,
and this revenge would then not have
been necessary. By what small chances are our destinies shaped out for

At last the rattle of wheels sounded, and a moment later a smart hansom cab, which I recognized as that shows me by Nikola at his house that mornme by Nikola at his house that house ing, drove down the street and pulled up at the corner where we stood. The lamps glowed brightly in the frosty air, and it was evident the horse was one of spirit, for he tossed his head and pawed the ground with impatience to be off again.

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