

The Firm of Girdlestone

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Very well," the merchant said coldly. "If you insist on it, it must be done. But, of course, it would make a great difference in your salary."

"Eh?"

"You are at present getting fifteen pounds a month, and five per cent commission. These are exceptional terms in consideration of any risk that you may run. We shall dry dock the Black Eagle, and your salary is now ten pounds a month, and two and a half per cent."

"Belay, there, belay!" the sailor shouted. His coppery face was a shade darker than usual, and his bilious eyes had a venomous gleam in them. "Don't you beat me down!" he hissed, advancing to the table and leaning his hands upon it while he pushed his angry face forward until it was within a foot of that of the merchant. "Don't you try that game on me, for I am a freeman British seaman, and I am under the thumb of no man. You'd reduce my salary, would ye?" roared Captain Hamilton Miggs, working himself into a fury. "Me that has worked for ye, and slaved for ye, and risked my life for ye. You try it on, guv'nor, just you try it on! Suppose I let out that little story of the painting out of the marks—where would the firm of Girdlestone be then? I guess you'd rather double my wage than have that yarn goin' about."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? You don't know what I mean, do you? Of course not. It seems to you as set us on to go at night and paint out the government Pimsall marks and paint 'em in again higher up, so as to be able to overload. That wasn't you, was it?"

"Do you mean to assert that it was?"

"In course I do," thundered the angry seaman.

The senior partner struck the gong which stood upon the table. "Gillray," he said quietly, "go out and bring in a policeman."

Captain Hamilton Miggs seemed to be somewhat startled by this sudden move of his antagonist. "Steady your helm, guv'nor," he said. "What are ye up to now?"

"I'm going to give you in charge."

"What for?"

"For intimidating and being threatening language, and endeavoring to extort money under false pretenses."

"There's no witnesses," the sailor said in a half-cringing, half-defiant manner.

"Oh, yes, there are," Earsa Girdlestone remarked, coming into the room. He had been standing between the two doors which led to the counting house, and had overheard the latter portion of the conversation. "Don't let me interrupt you. You were saying that you would blacken my father's character unless he increased your salary."

"I didn't mean no harm," said Captain Hamilton Miggs, glancing nervously from the one to the other. He had been fairly well known to the law in his younger days, and had no desire to renew the acquaintance.

"Who painted out those Pimsall marks?" asked the merchant.

"It was me."

"Did any one suggest it to you?"

"No."

"Shall I send in the policeman, sir?" asked Gillray, opening the door.

"Ask him to wait for a moment," Girdlestone answered. "And now, captain, to return to the original point, shall we dry dock the Black Eagle and reduce the salary, or do you see your way to going back in her on the same terms?"

"I'll go back," said the captain recklessly. "When d'ye want me to start?"

"When she's unloaded and loaded up again. Three weeks or a month yet. I expect that Spender will have come in with the Maid of Athens by that time."

"Unless some accident happens on the way," said Captain Hamilton Miggs, with a leer. "He was at Sierra Leone when we came up the coast. I say," he continued, giving his employer a confidential nudge with his elbow, "suppose we'd gone down in the bay this last time, you'd have been a bit out in your reckoning—eh, what?"

"Why so?"

"Well, we were over-insured on our outward passage. An accident then might have put thousands in your pocket. I know. Coming back, though, the cargo was worth more than the insurance. I reckon you'd have been out of pocket if we'd foundered."

"We take our chance of these things," the merchant said with dignity.

"Well, good morning, guv'nor," Captain Hamilton Miggs said brusquely.

As he passed out through the office, Earsa rejoined his father.

"He's a rum chap," he remarked, jerking his head in the direction which Miggs had taken. "A useful servant, though."

"The fellow's half a savage himself," his father said. "He's in his element among them. That's why he gets on so well with them."

"He doesn't seem much the worse for the climate, either."

"His body does not, but his ideas are shockingly immoral! However, to return to business. I wish you to see the underwriters and pay the premium of the Black Eagle. If you see your way to it, increase the policy, but do it carefully, Earsa, and with tact. She will start about the time of the equinoctial gales. If anything should happen to her, it would be as well that the firm should have a margin on the right side."

CHAPTER III.

The residence of Major Tobias Clutterbuck was not known to any of his

friends. It is true that at times he alighted in a modest way to his "little place," and even went the length of remarking airily to new acquaintances that he hoped they would look him up any time they happened to be in his direction. As he carefully refrained, however, from ever giving the slightest indication of which direction that might be, his invitations never led to any practical results. Still, they had the effect of filling the recipient with a vague sense of proffered hospitality, and occasionally led to more substantial kindness in return.

The gallant major's figure was a familiar one in the card room of the "Rag and Bobtail," or at the bow window of the Jeunesse Doree. Tall and pompous, with a portly frame and a puffy clean-shaven face which peered over an abnormally high collar and old-fashioned linen cravat, he stood as a very type and emblem of staid middle-aged respectability. The major's hat was always of the glossiest, the major's coat was without a wrinkle, and, in short, from the summit of the major's bald head to his bulbous fingertips and his gouty toes, there was not a flaw which the most severe critic of deportment could have detected. Let us add that the conversation of the major was as irreproachable as his person—that he was a distinguished soldier and an accomplished traveler, with a retentive memory and a mind stuffed with the good things of a lifetime. Combine all these qualities, and one would naturally regard the major as a most desirable acquaintance.

Standing at the head of the broad stone steps which lead up to the palatial edifice which its occupiers irreverently term the "Rag and Bobtail," he was explaining to a bull-necked, olive-complexioned young man, the series of marriages and inter-marriages which had culminated in the production of his own portly stiff-backed figure. His companion, who was none other than Earsa Girdlestone of the great African firm of that name, leaned against one of the pillars of the portico and listened gloomily to the major's family reminiscences, giving an occasional "ya" which he made no attempt to conceal.

"It's as plain as the fingers of my hand," the old soldier said in a wheezy, muffled brogue as if he were speaking from under a feather bed. "See here now, Girdlestone—this is Miss Letitia Snackles, of Snackleton, a cousin of ol' Sir Joseph." The major tapped his thumb with the silver head of his walking stick to represent the maiden Snackles! "She marries Crawford, of the Blues—one of the Warwickshire Crawfords; that's him—here he elevated his stubby forefinger—and here's their three children, Jimmie, Harold and John." Up went three other fingers. "Jimmie Crawford grows up, and then Charley Clutterbuck runs away with her. This other thumb o' mine will stand for that young devil Charley, and then my fingers—"

"Oh, hang your fingers," Girdlestone exclaimed with emphasis. "It's very interesting, major, but it would be more intelligible if you wrote it out."

"And so I shall, me boy!" the major cried enthusiastically, by no means abashed at the sudden interruption. "I'll draw it up on a bit of foolscap paper. Let's see, Fenchurch street, eh? Address to the offices, of course. Though for that matter, 'Girdlestone, London,' would fold you. I was spakin' of ye to Sir Musgrave Moore, of the Rifles the other day, and he knew you at once." "Girdlestone?" says he. "The same," says I. "A merchant prince?" says he. "The same," says I. "I'd be proud to meet him," says he. "And you shoul'," says I. He's the best blood of county Waterford."

"More blood than money, I suppose," the young man said. "I'm due in the city. The governor leaves at four. Good-by; shall I see you to-night?"

"Card room, as per usual," quoth the clean-shaven warrior. He looked after the retreating figure of his late companion with anything but a pleasant expression upon his face. The young man happened to glance round as he was half way down the street, on which the major smiled after him paternally, and gave a merry flourish with his stick.

At last he hailed a passing bus, into which he sprang. After a drive which brought him to the other side of the city, he got out in a broad, busy thoroughfare, lined with large shops. Down a somber avenue the major strutted with all his wonted pomposity, until about half way down he reached a tall grim-looking house, with many notices of "apartments" glaring from the windows. The major walked briskly up the stone steps, and pushing open the great stately door, which bore upon it a brass plate indicating that the establishment was kept by a Mrs. Robins, he walked into the hall with the air of one who treads familiar ground. Up one flight of stairs, up two flights of stairs, and up three flights of stairs did he climb, until on the fourth landing he pushed open a door, and found himself in a small room, which form—of for the nonce the "little place" about which he was wont at the club to make deprecatory allusions, so skillfully introduced that the listener was left in doubt as to whether the major was the happy possessor of a country house and grounds, or whether he merely owned a large suburban villa. Even this modest sanctum was not entirely the major's own, as was shown by the presence of a ruddy-faced man with a long, tawny beard, who sat on one side of the empty fireplace. As the other entered, the man in the chair gave vent to agitated grunt, and Major Clutterbuck returned the greeting with an off-handed nod. His next proceeding was to take off his glossy hat, and pack it away in a hat box. He then removed his coat, his collar, his tie and his gaiters with equal solicitude, and put them in a place of safety. After which he donned a long purple dressing gown and a smoking cap, in which girth he performed the first steps of a masquerade as a sign of the additional ease which he experienced.

"Not much to dance about either, me boy," the old soldier said, seating himself in a camp chair and putting his feet upon another one. "We're all on the verge. Unless luck takes a turn there's no saying what may become of us."

"We have been better than this before now many a time," said the yellow-bearded man, in an accent which proclaimed him to be a German. "My money will come, or something will arrive to set all things right."

Sigismund von Baumer was a political refugee from the Fatherland who had managed to become foreign clerk in a small London firm, an occupation which just enabled him to keep body and soul

together. He and the major had lodged in different rooms in another establishment until some common leaven of Bohemianism had brought them together. When circumstances had driven them out of their former abode it had occurred to the major that by sharing his rooms with Von Baumer he would diminish his own expenses, and at the same time secure an agreeable companion, for the veteran was a sociable soul in his unofficial hours, and had all the liberality dislike to solitude. The arrangement commended itself to the German, for he had a profound admiration for the other's versatile talents and varied experiences, so he grunted an acquiescence and the thing was done. When the major's luck was good there were brave times in the little fourth floor back. On the other hand, if any slice of good fortune came in the German's way, the major had a fair share of the prosperity. During the hard times which intervened between these gleams of opulence, the pair roughed it uncomplainingly as best they might.

"Have you had your letter?" the major asked. The German was expecting his quarterly remittance from his friends at home, and they were both anxiously awaiting it.

Von Baumer shook his head. "They should have sent a wake ago."

"But you—how do you stand for money?"

Major Clutterbuck took ten sovereigns out of his trousers pocket and placed them upon the table. "You know me law," he said, "I never on any consideration break into these. You can't sit down to play cards for high stakes with less in your purse, and if I was to change one they'd all go like a whiff o' smoke. Bar this money I've hardly a penny."

"Nor me," said Von Baumer, despondently.

"I say, Baumer, I can't stand that young fellow Girdlestone. I'll have to chuck him up. He's a cold-blooded, flinty-hearted, calculating sort of a chap."

"What for did you make him your friend, then?"

"Well," the old soldier confessed, "it seemed to me that if he wanted to flout his money away at cards, Tobias Clutterbuck might as well have the handling of it as any one else. He plays a safe game for low stakes, and never throws away a chance. I think I've been a loser in pocket by knowing him, while as to me character, I'm very sure I'm the worse there."

"What's the matter with him?"

"What's the matter with him? If he's agreeable he's not natural, and if he's natural he's not agreeable. I don't pretend to be a saint. I've seen some fun in my day, and hope to see some more before I die, but there are some things that I wouldn't do. If I live he cards it all fair and above board. I never play anything but games o' skill, and I reckon on me skill bringing me out on the right side, taking one night with another through the year. Again, at billiards I may not always play me best, but that's generalship. You don't want a whole room to know to a point what your game is. I'm the last man to preach, but I don't like that chap, and I don't like that handsome brazen face of his. I've spent the greater part of my life reading folks' faces, and never very far out, either."

"What did you say his name was?" Von Baumer asked, suddenly.

"Girdlestone."

"Is his father a merchant? One who trades with the Afrikaner?"

"The same."

Von Baumer took a bulky pocketbook from his inside pocket and scanned a long list of names therein. "Ah, it is the same," he cried at last triumphantly, shutting up the book and replacing it. "Girdlestone & Co., African merchants—Fenchurch street, City."

"Those are they."

"And you say they are rich?"

"Yes. Very rich."

"Very rich! Ho, ho! Very rich!" he laughed. "I know dem, not as friends, but I know dem and their affairs."

"What are you driving at? Let's have it. Out with it, man."

"I tell you," said the German, suddenly becoming supernaturally solemn and saving his hand up and down in the air to emphasize his remarks. "In three or four months, or a year at the most, there will be no firm of Girdlestone. They are rotten, useless—wool!" He blew an imaginary feather up into the air to demonstrate the extreme fragility of the house in question.

(To be continued.)

Stumbles on Many Words.

A certain business man in Seattle was married recently to a girl who after a few weeks of wedded life began to fear that her husband indulged too freely in the cup that cheers. She determined to find out beyond doubt whether her suspicions were well founded. From a friend she learned that a man even slightly intoxicated cannot pronounce words of any length. Whereupon the wife decided that she would try this test.

When next the friend met the latter, she asked if her suspicions had been verified. The wife burst into tears and said they had. "I handed him this list," she said, between sobs, bringing from her pocket a paper she gave to her friend, and which contained the following words: "Phthisis, photochromy, gnomology, hypochondriasis, phlegmnia, dotens, cyncatogrematic, anti-nomianism, pseudothesia."

"And," she continued while her friend read the list, "he misread nearly half of them."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Feminine Reasoning.

Husband (as they arrive at the station a minute too late)—If you hadn't taken so much time with your toilet, we wouldn't have been too late.

Wife—And if you hadn't made me run, we wouldn't have to wait so long for the next train!—Translated for Transatlantic Tales from Meggendorfer Blatter.

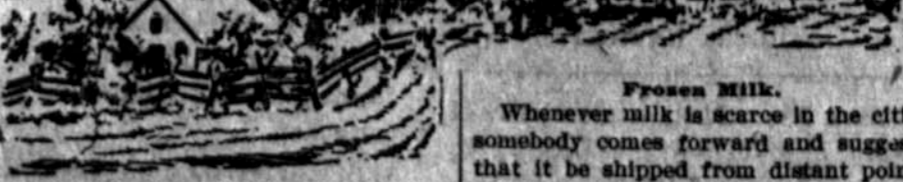
A Doubtful Advantage.

Customer—Tell me, truly, which of these two hats is more becoming?

Milliner—This one. See! It conceals your face more.—Brooklyn Life.

A good carriage horse in Australia costs \$200, or four times as much as the cost fifteen years ago.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Frozen Milk.

Whenever milk is scarce in the cities somebody comes forward and suggests that it be shipped from distant points in a frozen condition.

This idea has been frequently suggested during the past years, but it does not seem to be coming into practical use. The latest suggestion is that the fresh milk should be frozen by submerging the sealed cans in brine chilled far below the melting point of ice. The milk would not only be frozen, but would be cooled still further to a hard, dry ice, which, it is claimed, would remain in the solid form after removal for a day or two before the entire mass would rise to a melting point, the keeping qualities being much superior to that of milk which is merely frozen at common temperature.

The operating plan would be to establish a freezing plant at the creameries and milk stations, the frozen product to be shipped in ordinary cans, thus doing away with the present high cost of refrigerating cars.

It is claimed that frozen milk kept over a month in a refrigerator room showed no change in taste on thawing, and that the cream remained evenly mixed throughout the solid mass, not rising, as it would when milk is merely kept liquid at low temperature. Milk for freezing would need to be in fresh, clean condition when frozen, else its keeping period would be very short after melting. If this plan ever comes into favor, it would greatly increase the competition in the business of supplying milk in the great cities.

Shipping Coops.

For shipping live poultry to market the following sizes of coops are most generally used in the West: Coops should be 48 inches long, 30 inches wide, 12 inches high for chickens and ducks, and 15 inches high for turkeys and geese. Use lumber as follows: Two by two for corner posts, or 1x2 will answer. If you cannot get them, get 1x4 and rip them in two. Cut six pieces 30 inches long and nine pieces 12 or 15 inches long for each coop. Nail the short pieces one at each end and one in the center of the long ones, using ten-penny wrought nails. Make three of these frames, one for each end and center. For the bottom use half-inch boards or lath, make the bottom tight, using six-penny nails. Use 1/2x2-inch strips of lath for sides, ends and top, put them 1 1/2 inches apart; the width of lath is about right. Leave two laths loose on top in center, or make a door of them to open, in order to put poultry in and take it out. Now nail a lath around the coops, each end and the center, outside, the three frames made first. This will keep the lath from coming off and make the coops stronger. For broilers the coops can be made 10 inches high and 24 inches wide. This will make a good, strong, light coop.—P. H. Sprague.

Winter Forage.

The question of winter forage and pasturage is one of the greatest importance in the Southern States, and Carlton R. Ball, of the Bureau of Plant Industry, was sent by the Department of Agriculture early in the year to make an investigation in several of the Gulf States. In his report Mr. Ball says, amongst other things: "The production of Southern hay has been a question long under discussion. The amount produced and the yield per acre have both increased steadily and encouragingly during the last few years. On every hand it is admitted that it is both possible and necessary to raise all that is needed for home consumption. Alfalfa, Bermuda grass, Johnson grass, crabgrass and cowpeas furnish an abundance of hay of the very best quality. This hay can be produced much more cheaply than an equal quality can be shipped in from Northern and Western States. With better transportation facilities and an increasing demand, the production will become more and more profitable. At the same time, with hay raised on the home plantations, and hence cheaply and readily available, larger quantities are being used in feeding the plantation stock."

Regular Feeding and Variety.

Two things are essential to the thrift of animals—a variety in their food and regularity in its receipt. One article of food cannot supply all the necessary sustenance, because it may lack some of the essential elements, and is almost sure to have some insufficient quantities. Animals do not thrive as well when fed irregularly as when they get their food at certain seasons. The more regular the food is supplied the better the results.

Repairing Leaky Roofs.

Take coal tar and sift coal ashes 1:1, until the thickness of stiff mortar. Plaster it around leaks. If used on slate roofs the snow and rain cannot blow in. This cement will harden like a stone and is apparently as indestructible. It answers admirably for paper rooms and if properly put on it seems to be there forever.

Farm Notes.

The crusade against tuberculosis in cattle may ultimately lead to colder stables and blankets on the cattle.

Feed floors for hogs save feed, keep the animals healthier and make it possible to keep the quarters cleaner.

Well Planned Grounds.

gardens, driveways, lawns and shrubbery should be completed in all their details. Indeed for best results it is well that most of this work be done gradually though having all the time a fixed plan in view. Land is not so valuable that an acre or two cannot be devoted to artificial adornment.

It is the rule of life to provide first for necessities, then for comforts and finally for pleasures. Most of our country is too new to permit of much attention being given to landscape gardening. The efforts of the people have been directed to the acquiring of lands and buildings. The illustrations given herewith are intended to offer suggestions for improving the appearance of the farm home without any considerable expense. The first shows a farm home well sheltered by surrounding trees. The space immediately around the house is clear to allow of circulation of the air. The view from the front of the house is unobstructed. The second is an example of what may be done in planning the home grounds—

not a model to be followed in detail, but embodying some general principles that may be adopted.

Straight lines and square plots so desirable in the laying out of fields are not the most desirable for the home grounds. Curved lines especially for the driveways take away the stiffness and add naturalness to the scene. In the illustration the double driveway in front makes too complicated a plan for the ordinary farm. A variety of trees and shrubs should be used around the house without having them too close to allow free circulation of the air and a view of the roadway in front.—Monthly Star.

Hibernation of Boll Weevils.

It has been often noticed that in a wooded country boll weevils appear first in spring along the borders of fields next to the woods and gradually work inward from the edges, so that it seems probable that in a wooded country most of them hibernate in woodland. Around outbuildings and barns also are found favorable places, as there are always more or less rubbish and protection in such situations. In 1903 more than five times as many weevils were found in a piece of cotton near the Texas State College barn, where cotton had been grown the previous year, than were found in any other locality in that neighborhood. It is also noticeable that weevils are always more numerous near gins than at a distance from them. Unfortunately, where much rubbish and grass are present and where the soil remains loose and is not packed by rains, large numbers of the weevils winter in the cotton fields.

Farmer's Bath.

All farmers do not feel able to afford a bathroom and furnishings. But what class of people need an evening bath more than a farmer after a busy day in the dusty fields? A good bath at night should be a necessity that ought not to be neglected, and husband and hands should have a bath every night during hot months. But how? Well, get some empty oil barrels, knock out one end and let oil evaporate, and your bath barrel is ready. Fill barrels at noon (half or more) with water, let set in sun; at night put a gallon of hot water in each barrel and when darkness has fallen then take a bath, and with thin gauze undershirt and drawers they are ready for bed. Their sleep will be sweeter and the work lighter on the poor washerwoman.

A TEMPERANCE WORKER

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"I know of nothing which is better to build up the strength of a young mother, in fact all the ailments peculiar to women, so I am pleased to give it my hearty endorsement."

Dr. Hartman has prescribed Peruna for many thousand women, and he never fails to receive a multitude of letters like the above, thanking him for the wonderful benefits received.

Man-a-lin the Ideal Laxative

Oversold is Hospital Physician (to reassure him)—"That make you see is not a real one, you know."

Dallium Tremens Patient—You see it too, do you, doc? Ah, ha!

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Her Loving Friends. Nan—Where do poor, dear Lili and the husband she has managed to get at last expect to spend their honeymoon?

Fan—There won't be any honeymoon. She's a wamp.

Mo men will and Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Had None. "Going to write a book, eh?"

"Yep, thought I would."

"Gone to tell about your early struggles?"

"None; never had no early struggles; didn't get married till I was past 40."—Houston Post.

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