

The Firm of Girdlestone

BY
A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

She went down the avenue and had a few words with the sentry there. She felt no bitterness against him now—the contrary, she could afford to laugh at his peculiarities. He was in a very bad humor on account of domestic difficulties. His wife had been abusing him, and had ended by assaulting him. "She used to argue first and then fetch the poker," he said ruefully, "but now it's the poker first and there ain't no arguement at all."

Kate looked at his savage face and burly figure, and thought what a very courageous woman his wife must be.

"It's all 'cause the fisher lassies won't lemme alone," he explained with a leer. "She don't like it, knock me sideways if she do! It ain't my fault, though, I al'ers had a kind of a fetchin' way w' women."

"Did you post my note?" asked Kate. "Yes; in course I did," he answered. "I'll be in Lunnon now, most like." His eye moved about in such a very shifty way as he spoke that she was convinced that he was telling a lie. She could not be sufficiently thankful that she had something else to rely upon besides the old scoundrel's assurances.

There was nothing to be seen down the lane except a single cart with a loutish young man walking at the horse's head. She had a horror of the country folk since her encounter with the two bumpkins away from the gate and went through the wood to the shed, which she mounted. On the other side of the wall there was standing a little boy in buttons, so rigid and motionless that he might be one of Madame Tussaud's figures, were it not for his eyes, which were rolling about in every direction, and which finally fixed themselves on Kate's face.

"Good-mornin', miss," said this apparition.

"Good-mornin'," she answered. "I think I saw you with Mrs. Scully yesterday."

"Yes, miss. Missus, she told me to wait here and never to move until I seed you. She said as you would be sure to come. I've been waitin' here for nigh on an hour."

"Your mistress is an angel," Kate said enthusiastically, "and you are a very good little boy."

"Indeed, you've hit it about the missus," said the youth, in a hoarse whisper, nodding his head to emphasize his remarks. "She's got a heart as is big enough for three."

Kate could not help smiling at the enthusiasm with which the little fellow spoke.

"You seem fond of her," she said. "I'd be a bad 'un if I wasn't." She took me out of the work without character or nothing, and she's a-educatin' of me. She sent me 'ere with a message."

"What was it?"

"She said as how she had written instead of electro-telegraphing, 'cause she had so much to say she couldn't fit it all on a telegraph."

"I thought that would be so," Kate said.

"She wrote to Major—Major—him as is a-follerin' of her. She said as she had no doubt as he'd be down to-day, and you was to keep up your sperrits and let her know by me if any one was a-wexin' you."

"No, no. Not at all," Kate answered, smiling again. "You can tell her that my guardian has been much kinder to-day. I am full of hope now. Give her my warmest thanks for her kindness."

"All right, miss. Say that chap at the gate hasn't been giving you no cheek, has he—him with the game eye?"

"No, no, John."

John looked at her suspiciously. "If he hasn't it's all right," he said, "but I think as you're one of them as don't complain if you can 'elp it." He opened his hand and showed a great jagged flint which he carried. "I'd ha' knocked his other peeper out w' this," he said, "blowed if I wouldn't."

"Don't do anything of the sort, John, but run home like a good little boy."

"All right, miss. Good-by to ye!"

Kate watched him stroll down the lane. He paused at the bottom as if irresolute, and then she was relieved to see him throw the stone over into a turnip field, and walk rapidly off in the opposite direction to the Priory gates.

CHAPTER XX.

Late in the afternoon Ezra arrived at the Priory. From one of the passage windows Kate saw him driving up the avenue in a high dogcart. There was a broad-shouldered, red-bearded man sitting beside him, and the ostler from the Flying Bull was perched behind. Kate had rushed to the window on hearing the sound of wheels, with some dim expectation that her friends had come sooner than she anticipated. A glance, however, showed her that the hope was vain. From behind a curtain she watched them alight and come into the house, while the trap wheeled round and rattled off for Bedworth again.

She went slowly back to her room, wondering what friend this could be whom Ezra had brought with him. She had noticed that he was roughly clad, presenting a contrast to the young merchant, who was vulgarly spruce in his attire. Evidently he intended to pass the night at the Priory, since they had let the trap go back to the village. She was glad that he had come, for his presence would act as a restraint upon the Girdlestons.

As the long afternoon stole away she became more and more impatient and expectant. She had been sewing in her

room, but she found that she could no longer keep her attention on the stitches. She paced nervously up and down the little apartment. In the room beneath she could hear the dull, muffled sound of men's voices in a long continuous monotonous broken only by the interposition now and again of one voice which was so deep and loud that it reminded her of the growl of a beast of prey. This must belong to the red-bearded stranger. Kate wondered what it could be that they were talking over so earnestly. City affairs, no doubt, or other business matters of importance. She remembered having once heard it remarked that many of the richest men of 'Change were eccentric and slovenly in their dress, so the newcomer might be a more important person than he seemed.

She had determined to remain in her room all the afternoon to avoid Ezra, but her restlessness was so great that she felt feverish and hot. The fresh air, she thought, would have a reviving effect upon her. She slipped down the staircase, treading as lightly as possible not to disturb the gentlemen in the refectory. They appeared to hear her, however, for the hum of conversation died away, and there was a dead silence until after she had passed.

She went out on to the little lawn which lay in front of the old house. There were some flower beds scattered about on it, but they were overgrown with weeds and in the last stage of neglect. She amused herself by attempting to improve the condition of one of them, and kneeling down beside it she pulled up a number of the weeds which covered it. There was a withered rose bush in the center, so she pulled that up also, and succeeded in imparting some degree of order among the few plants which remained. She worked with unnatural energy, pausing every now and again to glance down the dark avenue, or to listen intently to any chance sound which might catch her ear.

In the course of her work she chanced to look at the Priory. The refectory faced the lawn, and at the window of it there stood the three men looking out at her. The Girdlestons were nodding their heads, as though they were pointing her out to the third man, who stood between them. He was looking at her with an expression of interest. Kate thought as she returned his gaze that she had never seen a more savage and brutal face. He was flushed and laughing, while Ezra beside him appeared to be pale and anxious. They all, when they saw that she noticed them, stepped precipitately back from the window. She had only a momentary glance at them, and yet the three faces, the strange, fierce red one, and the two hard familiar pale ones which flanked it, remained vividly impressed upon her memory.

Girdlestone had been so pleased at the early appearance of his two allies, and the prospect of settling the matter once for all, that he received them with a cordiality which was foreign to his nature.

"Always punctual, my dear son, and always to be relied upon," he said. "You are a model to our young business men. As to you, Mr. Burt," he continued, "I am delighted to see you at the Priory, much as I regret the sad necessity which has brought you down."

"Talk it over afterwards," said Ezra, shortly. "Burt and I have had no luncheon yet."

"I am near starved," the other growled, throwing himself into a chair. Ezra had been careful to keep him from drink on the way down, and he was now sober, or as nearly sober as a brain saturated with liquor could ever be.

Girdlestone called for Mrs. Jorrock, who laid the cloth. Ezra appeared to have a poor appetite, but Burt ate voraciously. When the meal was finished Ezra drew a chair up to the fire, and his father did the same, after ordering the old woman out of the room, and carefully closing the door behind her.

"You have spoken to our friend here about the business?" Girdlestone asked, nodding his head in the direction of Burt.

"Yes. I have made it all clear."

"Five hundred pounds down, and a free passage to Africa," said Burt.

"An energetic man like you can do a great deal in the colonies with five hundred pounds," Girdlestone remarked.

"What I do with it is nothing to you, gov'nor," Burt remarked surlily. "I does the job, you pays the money, and there's an end as far as you are concerned."

"Quite so," the merchant said in a conciliatory voice. "You are free to do what you like with the money."

"Without axin' your leave," growled Burt. He was a man of such a turbulent and quarrelsome disposition that he was always ready to go out of his way to make himself disagreeable.

"The question is how it is to be done," interposed Ezra. "You've got some plan in your head, I suppose," he said to his father. "It's high time the thing was carried through, or we shall have to put up the shutters in Feaghurch street."

His father shivered at the very thought. "Anything rather than that," he said.

"It will precious soon come to that."

"What's the matter with your lip? It seems to be swollen."

"I had a turn with that fellow Dimsdale," Ezra answered, putting his hand up to his mouth to hide the disfigurement. "He followed us to the station and we had to beat him off, but I think I left my marks upon him."

"He played some bokey-pokey business on me," said Burt. "He tripped me in some new-fangled way, and nigh knocked the breath out of me. I don't fall as light as I used."

"He did not succeed in tracing you?" Girdlestone asked uneasily. "There is no chance of his turning up here, and spoiling the whole business?"

"Not in the least," said Ezra confidently. "He was in the hands of a policeman when I saw him last."

"That is well. Now I should like, before we go further, to say a few words to Mr. Burt as to what has led up to this. I wish you to understand," he said, "that this is no sudden determination of ours, but that events have led up to it in such a way that it was impossible to avoid it. Our commercial honor and integrity are more precious to us than anything else, and we have both agreed that we are ready to sacrifice anything rather than lose it. Unfortunately, our affairs have become somewhat involved, and it was absolutely necessary that the firm should have a sum of money promptly in order to extricate itself from its difficulties. This sum we endeavored to get through a daring speculation in diamonds, which was, though I say it, ingeniously planned and cleverly carried, and which

would have succeeded admirably had it not been for an unfortunate chance."

"I remember," said Burt.

"Of course. You were there at the time. We were able to struggle along for some time after this on money which we borrowed and on the profits of our African trade. The time came, however, when the borrowed money was to be repaid, and once again the firm was in danger. It was then that we first thought of the fortune of my ward. It was enough to turn the scale in our favor, could we lay our hands upon it. It was securely tied up, however, in such a way that there were only two means by which we could touch a penny of it. One was by marrying her to my son; the other was by the young lady's death. Do you follow me?"

Burt nodded his shaggy head.

"This being so, we did all that we could to arrange a marriage. Without flattery I may say that no girl was ever approached in a more delicate and honorable way than she was by my son, Ezra. I, for my part, brought all my influence to bear upon her in order to induce her to meet his advances in a proper spirit. In spite of our efforts, she rejected him in the most decided way, and gave us to understand that it was hopeless to attempt to make her change her mind."

"Someone else, maybe," suggested Burt.

"The man who put you on your back at the station," said Ezra.

"Ha! I'll pay him for that," the navy growled viciously.

"A human life, Mr. Burt," continued Girdlestone, "is a sacred thing, but a human life, when weighed against the existence of a great firm from which hundreds derive their means of livelihood, is a small consideration indeed. When the fate of Miss Harston is put against the fate of the great commercial house of Girdlestone, it is evident which must go to the wall. Our house has for nearly forty years been a bright spot in the darkness. If it should fall now it would be a stumbling block and a scandal. You see, therefore, that greater interests are at stake than the mere dress of this world. Having seen that this sad necessity might arise, I had made every arrangement some time before. This building is, as you may have observed in your drive, situated in a lonely and secluded part of the country. It is walled round, too, in such a manner that any one residing here is practically a prisoner. I removed the lady so suddenly that no one can possibly know where she has gone to, and I have spread such reports as to her condition that no one down here would be surprised to hear of her decease."

"But there is bound to be an inquiry. How about a medical certificate?" asked Ezra.

"I shall insist upon a coroner's inquest," his father answered.

"An inquest! Are you mad?"

"When you have heard me I think that you will come to just the opposite conclusion. I think that I have hit upon a scheme which is really neat—neat in its simplicity." He rubbed his hands together, and showed his long yellow fangs in his enjoyment of his own astuteness.

Burt and Ezra leaned forward to listen, while the old man sank his voice to a whisper.

"They think that she is insane," he said.

"Yes."

"There's a small door in the boundary wall which leads out to the railway line."

"Well, what of that?"

"Suppose that door to be left open, would it be an impossible thing for a crazy woman to slip out through it, and to be run over by the ten o'clock express?"

"If she would only get in the way of it."

"You don't quite catch my idea yet. Suppose that this express ran over the dead body of a woman, would there be anything to prove afterwards that she was dead, and not alive at the time of the accident? Do you think that it would ever occur to any one's mind that the express had run over a dead body?"

"I see your meaning," said his son thoughtfully. "You would settle her and then put her there."

(To be continued.)

Greatest Concrete Bridge.

The largest concrete bridge in the world has just received the finishing touches at Washington, says the New York Sun. The Connecticut avenue bridge, as it is known, spans the deep gorge of Rock creek, not fifteen minutes by trolley from the center of the city.

The structure is remarkable for several reasons. In the first place, it is built entirely of concrete without being reinforced with steel.

It is 1,421 feet long, with a 52-foot roadway and a walk on either side. The floor of the bridge is 136 feet above the ground. There are several 150-foot arches and two narrow ones of 82 feet.

Work was begun about seven years ago on the foundations, though the plans had already taken about two years to complete. The work halted owing to the failure of Congress to appropriate enough money to complete it.

But about three years ago the necessary bills went through and a really beautiful bridge is now the result. The cost was a million dollars.

The New Times.

The new times in Georgia—No skies that wear a frown. And when the trouble strikes us We'll dance the trouble down.

The old times forgotten. Though now their story's told, New times bring all the happiness The arms of you can hold!—Atlanta Constitution.

A Special Brand.

Brown—I want to thank you again for that cigar you gave me yesterday. I enjoyed it immensely.

Green—I'm glad you liked it. By the way, I have another of the same brand if you care to smoke.

Brown—No, thank you. I didn't smoke the other one. I have a grudge against Jones, so I gave it to him.

He who can move his ears can usually make his hair stand on end.

FARMS AND FARMERS



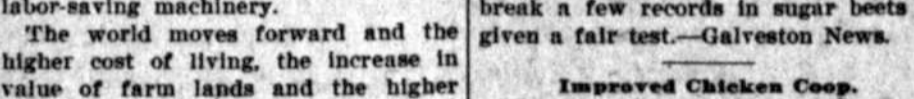
New Farm Products.

Alfalfa was an unknown crop a few years ago. Now it is one of the most reliable and profitable of Texas crops. It has not been long since the onion was produced only in a few short rows for family use. Now the onion crop is one of Texas' best advertisements. The effort to raise for the market medicinal plants began with one enterprising citizen of Grayson County only a few years ago. Now this line is being taken up and will be carried on for all it is worth. The list is growing longer, and the prices of cotton and other farm products are better than they used to be, and the man with the hoe is growing more independent. The sugar beet is now being tested. Colorado holds first place in the production of beet sugar in the United States, with 422,732,530 pounds of sugar from 138,368,366 acres, while Michigan and California are closely matched for second place, producing 105,000,000 and 164,000,000 pounds, respectively. The sugar beet crop in this country last year brought \$4,500,000.

The present year will be an important season for experiments with the sugar beet in Texas. Let the tests be made under as good conditions as possible. There is really no doubt as to the results in localities where the soil is of the right density and quality. Lands that produce fine crops of beets of the ordinary variety or the "biggest turnips in the world" are quite sure to break a few records in sugar beets if given a fair test.—Galveston News.

Improved Chicken Coop.

The diagram shows a convenient way to make a coop for the poultry yard, of which the special feature is its door. Procure a box of the right dimensions and saw a hole, d, in one end. Then strengthen the box with narrow strips of wood, b c, on each side of the hole.



b c. This acts as a groove for the door, a, to slide in. Thus you have a sliding door, which opens and shuts with the greatest ease. The front of the coop is inclosed with lath, or narrow strips, placed 2 1/2 to 3 inches apart. The top should be covered with a good grade of roofing paper to make it waterproof. A coop of this sort should be 2 to 2 1/2 feet long, 16 inches deep and not less than 20 inches high, while 2 feet would be better.—Richard Moncure, in Farm and Home.

The Judge and \$1 Wheat.

Maud Miller, in the summer's heat, Raked the meadow thick with wheat. The judge rode slowly down the lane, Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

"With wheat at a dollar per," said he, "This maid is about the size for me."

Then he smiled at her and she blushed at him, And over the meadow fence he climed.

"Will you marry me, sweet maid?" he said, And she told him "Yes," and they were wed.

Alas for maiden, alas for judge, For old designer and wheat-field drudge.

Lord pity them both and pity us all, For Maud didn't own the wheat at all.

And the judge remarked when he learned the cheat: "Don't talk to me about dollar wheat!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

How Animals Doctor Themselves.

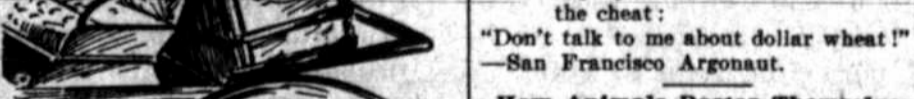
Man might often take from the lower animals a lesson as to the cure of himself when ill. All sorts of animals suffering from fever eat little, lie quiet in dark, airy places and drink quantities of water. When a dog loses his appetite he knows where to find choleridog grass—which acts as a purgative and emetic. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek certain herbs. Any animal suffering from chronic rheumatism keeps as far as possible in the sun. If a chimpanzee be wounded he has been seen to stop the bleeding by a plaster of chewed up leaves and grass.

Eggs Various Preserved.

Eggs are preserved in many other ways besides cold storage. Often the preservative is effected by excluding the air by coating, covering or immersing the eggs, some material or solution being used which may or may not be a germicide. An old domestic method is to pack the eggs in oats, bran or salt; another consists in covering the eggs with lime water, which may or may not contain salt. In Germany sterilization is effected by placing in boiling water from twelve to fifteen seconds. Sometimes they are treated to a solution of alum or salicylic acid. Other methods consist in varnishing with a solution of permanganate of potash, varnishing with collodion or shellac; packing in peat dust, preserving in wood ashes, treating with a solution of boric acid and water glass, varnishing with vasoline, preserving in lime water, preserving in a solution of water glass. The last three methods have proved most successful. Infertile eggs will keep much better than fertile eggs by any manner of preservation.

Mow to Carry the Trunk.

In A of the accompanying illustration. Place the free ends beneath the seat and under the foot rest in front, letting the frame extend behind the buggy; the trunk or box, explains Prairie Farmer, can then be placed on the end of the frame behind the seat of the buggy. It should be tied on.



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Farm Hints.

The horse is man's best friend, therefore he is deserving of a friend's treatment.

Don't forget that the barnyard manure is the best all-round fertilizer you can obtain.

Pasture makes the cheapest hog feed on the farm and clover makes the best hog pasture.

Don't let money act as a padlock on your heart and shut in all the kindness and happiness.

The animal that has a full, bright eye is apt to be healthy. And a moist nose is another indication of health.

The man who keeps his troubles to himself is better thought of than he who burdens his neighbors with them. The neighbors have their own troubles to think about.

Little things on the farm amount to as much in the end as they do in any other business, yet the farmer as a rule does not pay as much attention to details as does the city business man.

BUSY PART OF MANHATTAN.

In One Block of New York Are 4,000 Factory Workers.

There is congestion of industries and factories, as well as congestion of population in New York, says the Sun. The committee on congestion of population has been making interesting study from the records of the department of labor of the state of the location of factories and the number of factories and workers in the area of the assembly districts of Manhattan.

The significant fact was brought out that 12 per cent of the factories and 11.7 per cent of the workers are packed into 1.3 per cent of the area of Manhattan in the sixth assembly district, with its 186 acres, bounded by East 4th street, 34 avenue, St. Mark's place, 2d avenue, 2d street, 1st avenue, Houston, Eldridge, Stanton, Chrystie, Division streets, Bowery, Canal street and Broadway.

This assembly district immediately adjoins the 8th and 10th assembly districts, which are the most densely populated of any in Manhattan, with over 640 people to the acre.

Manhattan has 19,500 factories and 841,856 workers in these factories, with an acreage of 14,088. The Bronx has 642 factories only and 18,143 workers sprinkled through its area of 26,017 acres, less than one worker to the acre, as against twenty-four to the acre in Manhattan.

The department of labor gives the following number of factories and employees in the other boroughs of Greater New York: Brooklyn, 4,800 factories, with 121,822 employees; Queens, 422 factories, with 20,180 employees; Richmond, 173 factories, with 7,684 employees.

It is when one makes a dividing line between upper and lower Manhattan at 14th street that the true significance of the crowding of factories in lower Manhattan is evidenced, for in this area, roughly cut off at 14th street, 325,000 workers are located in about 2,700 acres.

As the acre of density is the block bounded by West Houston, Prince and Crosby streets and Broadway, with 97 per cent of its site covered with buildings, a density of 1,210 workers to the acre, and with a total of 4,000 people working in the block during 1906, the year for which all the data are taken. A large proportion of the buildings in this block are twelve stories high.

Another fact of significance is that in this block the assessed value of land, according to the report of the department of taxes and assessment, was \$1,123,848, or \$25.08 a square foot.

Does it pay to manufacture where land costs this rate? Who pays the additional rent on the land, and could factories easily remove to other boroughs? These are some of the questions which the committee suggests as a result of its studies.

OPERATED BY ELECTRICITY.

Fender Can Be Instantly Dropped to Ground to Pick Up Victim.

In an electrically operated street car fender, recently designed, a Colorado man comes very close to providing one which will actually serve the purpose for which it is intended. It is universally known that the majority of the fenders now used are a farce and

utterly useless when put to the test. This can be accounted for by reason of the common custom of supporting the fender too high above the ground so that it will be sure to clear all obstructions. In emergencies, when the fender is needed to prevent injury to a person accidentally caught on the track, it proves valueless, rolling over the unfortunate instead of picking him up. The fender shown here is normally supported about a foot above the ground. When the motorman sees a person on the track and is unable to stop the car in time to avoid an accident he releases a convenient handle on the dashboard and the fender drops to within an inch or two of the ground. It is thus in a position to pick up the victim instead of passing over him. Electricity is employed to operate the movement of the fender.

Worth Seeing.

In a certain preparatory school in Washington, says a contributor in Harper's Magazine, an instructor one day made the statement that "every year a sheet of water fourteen feet thick is raised to clouds from the sea."

"At what time of year does that occur, professor?" asked a freshman. "It must be a sight worth going a long way to see."

After a man has been accused of stealing, though he may have proven his innocence, the people for the rest of his life will tighten their hold on their pocketbooks when they see him coming.

FENDER DROPS CLOSE TO THE GROUND.



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