POOR DOCUMENT

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The Man in The Basement

By BARON PALLE ROSENKRANTZ

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CHAPTER X—(Continued.)

Nielsen pressed for more, but the worthy Mr. Davies knew just that, that it was a scandal; he did not know the details of the case.

This annoyed Nielsen, but he parted amicably from his new friend, with his pocket full of addresses he did not want, and the feeling that perhaps he would be able to corner Mr. Armstrong.

Nielsen sat, stern and reserved, in Mr. Armstrong's private office, not unlike Rhadamanthus, who, according to the Greek myth, judged the dead in the world below. He simply flashed with offended justice, with violated respectability.

"Sir," he said, "I came to you with a high opinion of this town, whose reputation for respectability is known all over the world, trusting that here I could safely do business with a man who had his office in a street like this. I admire and honor your country and your city. I had confidence in you as an Englishman. I took the house you recommended to me; it was too dear, but it suited me. My friend and I settled down there quietly, confiding in you, Mr. Armstrong."

Mr. Armstrong wriggled in his chair; he did not know what was coming.

Nielsen went on:

"I am not a nobody, I am a lawyer of standing, and I have something to do here. My occupation brings me in contact with well known people, I have to give them my address——"

Armstrong interrupted:

"The street is perfectly respectable."

"Let me continue," said Nielsen severely. "I'm not speaking of the street, nor of the house, but of its owners. Major Johnson has been dismissed from the army on account of a dirty piece of business, hasn't he? Mr. Weston, and presumably Throgmorton, too, are, to say the least of it, notorious—can you deny it? And you yourself, Mr. Armstrong—that affair of the building society.

Armstrong flared up.

"I'm not going to be insulted by a man from the street——"

Nielsen looked sharply at the agent and said in a tone of derision:

"Take it quietly, Mr. Armstrong—the affair is an affair; everybody knows about it. For me it may be a matter of indifference what sort of people they are who own the house, but if I am to be pestered every day on account of these people's crooked dealings, I have a right to complain, and I do complain. To you, first of all. I have duns continually coming to the door; in short, there is every sympton of flimsy credit; and besides this, there is that lady I told you about—an honorable man's daughter, who has claims on the major. This kind of thing doesn't amuse me—it worries me, Mr. Armstrong, and it excites my suspicion when I find out, in addition, that you have been personally mixed up in a doubtful transaction with these people. You have been telling me lies."

Mr. Armstrong flushed and tried to speak.

Nielsen proceeded, raising his voice.

"You told me lies—you let the house to me, saying it belonged to a major in the army. You didn't say a word about this major having been cashiered for blackguardly behaviour. You said you didn't know who had owned the house before him—you, Mr. Armstrong, whose name had been mixed with these men's in a scandalous affair. Do you call that gentlemanly conduct—no! Is it the conduct of an honorable man? I tell you Mr. Armstrong, I'm not going to put up with such treatment. I insist upon knowing all, you understand me, all—or, as I'm an honest man, I'll go straight to a lawyer and have the whole business sifted to the bottom. I wish to know who it is I have to deal with; I'm not going to run the risk of paying my money and then being turned out of the house because your swindlers have no right to it."

Nielsen spoke in a loud tone, and Mr. Armstrong felt exceedingly uncomfortable, since there were a lot of people in the outer office. The agent turned and twisted and wriggled, but fortunately for Nielsen there was something in what Mr. Davies had told him. Mr. Armstrong could not venture to ride the high horse, and Nielsen had the upper hand. It is a man's little weaknesses that put him in the power of those stronger and cleverer than himself. Mr. Armstrong surrendered. What did Nielsen want to know?

"Everything," said Nielsen.

He got some information. It was true that Major Johnson had been implicated in the affair of the building society; it was an unfortunate speculation, nothing more, and Mr. Armstrong's escutcheon was unsmirched. There were other reasons for the major being cashiered—purely disciplinary reasons. The house belonged to Mr. Throgmorton and his sister, Mrs. Weston, in common; if the agent had mentioned the major as the owner, it was because the two men, Weston and Throgmorton, were deeply compromised—business misfortunes again—and in particular the circumstance that Mr. Weston drank and the major made love to his wife, had got the couple a bad name. Mr. Throgmorton had debts, sure enough, but the house was not involved in them. Nor could Weston's creditors touch the house. Meanwhile these gentlemen had thought it advisable to leave England for a time. They had gone to a seaside place on the west coast of Denmark, for the sake of economy. Whether Major Johnson had gone with them, the agent did not know. Since the building affair he had been a sort of business manager for the major, who had a fortune; but when Nielsen pressed him closely, he had to admit that the major's affairs were a good deal involved. Johnson was particularly anxious to keep out of the way of the Derry family; he had spread the report that he had gone to Burma, and there might be some truth in it, as he had given Mr. Throgmorton a power of attorney to receive all sums due to him and his letters. The power of attorney was dated April 30 of the present year.

Nielsen interrupted:

"It comes to this then, that you know all these people personally, and you lied to me on the day you showed me the house." The agent had to admit this.

"Do you knowMiss Derry?" was Nielsen's next question.

"The young lady has been here once or twice in the last few days. According to my instructions, I told her nothing; I had strict orders not to tell her anything at all."

Nielsen made a mental note that Amy kept up her character for lying.

"I am glad, Mr. Armstrong, that you have put me in the position of being able to test all these statements," said Nielsen, in a milder tone. "My friend and I will now consult an influential English acquaintance, as to whether we can continue to trust you. For your own sake, I advise you not to reveal a word of this to your former associates in the affair. Your interests will be best served by keeping your mouth shut, and, besides, I don't suppose you would do yourself any good by telling these gentlemen that you have yielded to better impulses and been frank with me. You shall not regret your frankness. Misfortunes may happen to any of us, and I am willing to believe that you have been the victim of misfortune. I shall always take your part. And, as I told you, I am not a nobody from the street. One more question and I have done: When did you last see Major Johnson?"

The agent rummaged among his papers. "On April 28 he was here with Mr. Throgmorton. "I have not seen anything of either of them since that day. The power of attorney was sent me by post."

"And Mr. Weston?" asked Nielsen.

"Mr. Weston I have not seen since the middle of April. I did not see much of these gentlemen," added the agent, with a final effort to assert himself. Nielsen had made an impression on him; he politely bowed him out.

Nielsen went straight home, satisfied with the result.

"Doctor," he said, "now we have made a good step in advance. We know that Major Johnson made love to Mrs. Weston, that the major wanted to disappear from among the living, or the others wanted to make him disappear. This happened since the 26th of April this year. We know now that Messrs. Weston and Throgmorton are two very unsympathetic figures, that the house does not belong to the major, and that Throgmorton has power to receive the latter's money."

The doctor nodded. "This would lead us to suppose that the two swindlers, in the interval between the 26th and 29th of April, have murdered the major and left the country, to settle down, for some unknown reason, in a quiet Danish fishing village. Good, we shall be able to find them there. But the cat, Amy's cat? Suppose Miss Derry is right, and the cat was not hers, but the collar is, and it was not stolen. We then have nothing to connect her with the drama at Cranbourne Grove. Her case looks much better than before. But, then, why does she tell such lies? Let us pass over her lying at first; but why does she tell us now that she knows the major's address, when, as a matter of fact, she does not know it; and what does she want with him?"

"That I shall have to find out," said Nielsen. "After the excellent results I have obtained from Mr. Armstrong, I am less anxious about how I shall succeed with the young lady. The difficulty lies more in getting access to her. I must say, that, after the information I have got, I want to treat her with every consideration and spare her anything in the shape of domestic unpleasantness."

The doctor put his head on one side.

"That means that you are now convinced that Amy is guiltless? You leave entirely out of the reckoning the possibility of the major's having played a double game—which he evidently has done—keeping up his connection with Miss Amy. She may have been driven to desperation; she may, in this very house, have taken jealous revenge upon the faithless one, and the two scoundrels, Weston and Throgmorton, of whom we may now suspect the worst, may have taken advantage of her deed to secure the pecuniary booty for themselves."

Nielsen shook his head.

"Why, then should they flee the country?"

"Simply because suspicion would fall upon them; besides, these two gentlemen would hardly be anxious to have their affairs publicly investigated. I believe we are doing them a tremendous service by keeping all this quiet."

Nielsen got up.

"Do you want to go to the police now?"

"No, by jove, I don't!" said the doctor. "But you, my boy, have just got to get hold of Miss Amy as quick as you can and hold the pistol to her head. If the girl has clean hands, she will at once out what she knows. You need not threaten her with even the slightest unpleasantness. The agent's story furnishes us with a whole arsenal, which you can use with your usual discretion and shrewdness."

"And if she hasn't clean hands, as you say?" suggested Nielsen.

"Then we shall get the solution of the riddle from her. You and I will be saved our trip to Hjorring, and we can let the police continue the case, if we like. If so, we shall stay here, you to follow the criminological development of the case, and I to put on my canvas Turner's immortal 'Storm in the Channel.'"

Thereupon Nielsen went to Clarendon road. Madam Sorel had received instructions and was unpleasant; he was not received.

However, he left a card to the following effect.

"Dear Madam,

"It is no use refusing to see me. I know where Major Johnson is; I am not sure whether this may be of interest to you. You began our acquaintance; you came to me. I should like to arrange this matter with you, not with your father. I shall be here again at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning.

"Yours truly,

"HOLGER NIELSEN."

The answer was favorable; it came by telegram the same evening.

CHAPTER XI.

Nielsen took the train from Gloucester road to Notting Hill Gate. It was a bright, fresh morning, everyone looked happy and good humored; people nodded to each other with a friendly greeting, and London lay positively bathed in the beautiful spring sunshine. But Nielsen could not properly enjoy it. The Underground suited his mood best, with its unnatural electric light and its sooty walls and tunnels. He did not relish the task of forcing himself upon this young woman and gaining her confidence by threats. But for him a case was a case. There was also a personal element in it. He did not believe in her guilt; to spare her was just what he wanted; she should come out of it without any worry. She was innocent, and she was to help him.

When he again emerged into daylight, walked under the bright green trees of Holland Park Avenue, and looked into the gardens on either side, gay with red and yellow flowers, he felt a sense of freedom and relief. The feeling of spring was upon him, and he had the idea that this feeling must communicate itself to her. He would win her confidence without using threats, since she, the young woman, would grant him, the young man, that ready trust which is the passport of youth.

The house stood behind trees in a broad, handsome row of villas. Nielsen was admitted and found Miss Derry there, tall and elegant, in a new, tight-fitting spring costume, and a little light straw hat trimmed with flowers.

She gave him a courteous but rather cool greeting and asked him to be seated.

He told her the object of his visit, and as he spoke her mouth closed tighter, her look became sharper; he saw the fight would be a hard one, but did not understand why.

At last she spoke, in a firm, clear voice: "It will not surprise you—a complete stranger—that I neither can nor will give you my confidence. You know—you have committed an intrusion and must admit it—you know that I have been engaged to Major Johnson. You know that it is broken off, that my people wish it to be broken off——"

Nielsen interrupted her.

"I know, too, that you do not treat it in quite that light. You must remember, Miss Derry, that you came to my house and asked me to forward Major Johnson's letters to you. I did not seek you out; I had no idea who you were, until you called. Now I have reasons for wishing to have full information. I am a man in whom you can trust. Fate or accident has brought us together, and now I shall not let you go. I will have full information."

"What right have you?" she asked, rather hoarsely.

"Ordinary human right. We do not, each of us, stand alone on this earth; our paths cross those of our fellow men, and then our interest is awakened. It is the instinct of self-preservation, a strong, inborn instinct, that makes us, when these paths meet, seek to know what has caused their meeting. I tell you plainly, a fortnight ago—a week ago, the names Derry and Johnson were nothing to me; now they have excited my interest. I have made a study of my fellow men, it is the occupation of my life, not idle curiosity. And here we are in the presence of a crime."

Miss Derry turned pale.

Nielsen continued. "Here we are in presence of a crime, I say. And I am going to get to the bottom of it. I am not in the habit of idly looking on; it is my nature to take an important part in anything that happens to me. This Major Johnson is the center of a series of actions which are summed up in what we call 'a crime.' It is my right as a human being to assist in protecting society from crime. That being so, I shall sit here and wait for you to speak."

"I don't understand what you mean," she said in a trembling voice.

"If I knew all about it, I should not intrude upon you. I took the house, and I was told it belonged to a Major Johnson, who had gone to Burma. That did not concern me, I was to pay this owner's agent. Then you came and asked me to send this man's letters to you. I then questioned the agent, and he protested very decidedly against this; he showed me a power of attorney from another person, and he forbade me to comply with your request. We found a letter from you—it was from you, wasn't it? You told us an untruth. You wanted to be rid of us. That little episode of the cat that was living in the house, and had a collar with your name, made us still more suspicious of you. You tried to get me to act in collusion with you and deceive your parents. Major Johnson wished to disappear, the agent tells me. You say you know where he is. You told untruths before. Now I will tell you what I believe. Major Johnson has fallen into the hands of two impudent criminals, who misuse his name, spend his money—and perhaps have designs on his life."

Miss Derry listened open-mouthed until the end of Nielsen's long speech. Then she sank back, as though in weariness.

Nielsen observed her narrowly. Her face could tell him—nothing new. But she might be thinking of anything—and of what Nielsen wanted to find out.

He continued:

"I only ask you to tell me frankly: Do you know where Major Johnson is? and do you know whether it was of his own free will that he placed himself in the hands of these two men, Weston and Throgmorton? Do you know that he has fallen into the snares of a woman, Mrs. Weston? and why do you want his letters to be sent to you?"

"I decline to answer," she said firmly.

"Very well," said Nielsen, "I can't force you. Perhaps you will regret not having spoken now; it is quite possible that you may find yourself face to face with those who will have the means of making you speak."

She rose and said proudly:

"Your threats do not frighten me. There is nothing for me to be ashamed of in what has passed between him and me. I have acted rightly. I can answer before God and man for what I have done. I am not to be moved by threats."

"That means nothing," thought Nielsen; but he saw that he could not threaten her. Nor would he say anything about the corpse in the cellar. What he had to do was to find out what it was that she could answer for before God and man. He changed his tone.

"Miss Derry," he said, "I do not wish to press you. I am seeking your help in your own interest. I must see Major Johnson—I must speak to him. Not about you; I shall not meddle with your relations to him; I only ask you to tell me, where is he?"

"I do not know," was her brief answer.

"Does that mean that you won't tell me?"

She answered calmly and quite collectedly:

"If I knew, I should not tell you. I don't trust you."

Nielsen rose.

"Very well," he said, "I beg you to remember that if anything disagreeable happens, you have yourself to thank. I do not wish to continue this conversation.

"Will you go to my father?" she asked rather hoarsely. "Don't do that—if you do that, I shall go, and my fate will be on your head."

Her cheeks flushed and her bosom rose and fell in agitation. As she stood there he could see that she was a thoroughly British, high-mettled, and courageous girl, who meant what she said. She had a will; he must take care not to bend the bow till it broke.

"I am a gentleman," said Nielsen in a courteous tone. "I have to deal with you, not with your father. You decline to give me any information. I believe you do so because you yourself know nothing. If you knew anything, it would be foolish of you to put me on a false scent. You do not know where the major is, and you would give all you possess to know it."

Her face was unmoved, she stood erect as before.

"I promise you, Miss Derry, that as soon as I find out where he is, you shall be the first to learn it. I give you my word of honor on that. If he should be dead, you shall know it. I will find out, as I told you before."

"Major Johnson is not dead," she said quietly.

"If he had been, you would have known it?" asked Nielsen carelessly.

She said nothing.

"Answer me one thing, only one: Have you spoken to this man since the 28th of April, this year?"

"Mr. Nielsen," she said in a firm voice, "I see from your whole behavior that you are a police spy—you must excuse my saying so—but that is just what you are. I shall not give him up to the police, whatever wrong he may have done. If you like, you can have me arrested. I don't care."

Nielsen bowed.

"You're mistaken, Miss Derry. I haven't the slightest wish to molest either you or him. You think he has left the country with two suspicious characters; I believe he is still in this country—silent, helpless, let us say right out—murdered."

"You are exerting yourself in vain, Mr. Nielsen," she said quietly; "and you're wasting your time."

Nielsen had the same impression himself. "Very well," he said, "let it be understood then. If I find him, I'll write to you, whether it's in China or Peru. Find him I will, dead or alive. And then you'll come."

She smiled sadly.

"In that case you will hardly have any use for me. I do not know what your motives may be, but you must be able to understand that with me you are wasting you're time. That is mine—my own—and I don't abandon it to anyone."

Nielsen bowed and took his leave.

CHAPTER XII.

"You hardly came out of that so well as you did with Armstrong," said the doctor, when Nielsen had finished his story. "Amy is too much for you. I'm beginning to think you'll be shipwrecked over this business; you'll go ashore on the female sandbank. Shame on you—a big, strong man! You'll see—she's done it. She has him on her conscience, that's what makes her so sure and so determined to keep her mouth shut."

"I don't believe it," said Nielsen. He sat turning over a time table. "The Esbjerg boat goes to-morrow; we'll go to Hjorring, doctor, and see what we can make out of the others first."

"In the meantime she'll be shut off," said the doctor teasingly. "She's making fools of us."

"No, she won't," said Nielsen, shutting the time table with a bang. "If she was going to run away, she'd have gone long ago. I believe in her innocence. She looked honest, I'm sure."

"Even when she was lying," put in the doctor.

"She lied with conviction; it's womanly delicacy, this. She won't confide in a man. She loves this fellow, whatever he may be, and she will find him, forgive him; in short, she wants him. And he is preserved in lime in the cellar here."

The doctor muttered: "Unless her cocksureness is derived from the simple circumstance that she knows him to be alive. You're insisting now that it's the major who is murdered. How do you know that?"

"I'll tell you, doctor. It must be he. He has given the power of attorney to a questionable person, enabling this person to receive his letters and draw his money. A man doesn't do a thing like that. What pleasure would it be to him to have these swindlers taking him money? What advantage was he to gain by disappearing? He is not wanted by the police, and he could easily keep out of Miss Amy's way, if he wanted to. On the other hand, it is far more probable that the other two have made use of his death to get possession of his fortune, as far as it goes."

"There may be something in that," said the doctor, "but why didn't you say that to Miss Derry?"

"For the simple reason, doctor, that I don't know yet whether it isn't Miss Derry who murdered him. I mean, dealt him the blow, nothing more, for the others have all the advantage of it. If that is the case, we ought to proceed against her at once, and I don't want to do that. I like the girl, she is brave, active, and determined. If she has stabbed her major, she had a good reason for it. All we have to do is to move from here and to inform these noble gentlemen that they are discovered and that they will have to deal with the London police. That will take place while we are in Denmark and outside it all."

"We are to beat a retreat, then," said the doctor sarcastically. "And what is to happen to justice and the vindication of right?"

"That won't be my affair," said Nielsen shortly. "When we're in Denmark I shall find out everything through the three people we shall find there. I shall be able to manage them, and when we have reached the goal, we can talk again over what we are to do. Meanwhile Miss Amy is respited."

"And Madam Sivertsen and the cat?" asked the doctor.

"They'll stay here. "I'll got to that much expense over the business myself, unless you like to go even shares with me. We two will leave to-morrow, and the other two shall stay here. Then if we come to a point where we wish to abandon the affair, if, that is, Miss Derry has acted as we think—then we call Madam Sivertsen home and send a message to Miss Derry that the cat is at her disposal."

"And supposing the cat belongs to the other lady? You forget there are two ladies."

Nielsen smiled. "I only know one, doctor. She has given me work enough. All I have got out of her is that, in any case, she has acted rightly, that is to say, without any mean object. I don't think he was much of a fellow, our man in the cellar; he doesn't interest me much now. But one thing is settled, the riddle is to be solved."

The doctor said nothing.

But they did as Nielsen had proposed. Next evening they left London, and when they stood on the deck of the Esbjerg boat and watched the lights of Harwich disappear in the distance, the doctor said, rather derisively:

"We didn't make a very long visit."

"Wait a bit," said Nielsen. "We don't know yet whether we mayn't have to come back again. In fact, we don't know anything at all about the whole business."

"Do you think," asked the doctor, "that at this point the police would have known more than we do? For, if so, we have not distinguished ourselves very notably."

Nielsen shook his head.

"I believe that our friend Mr. Sydney Armstrong would be very much obliged to us if he knew what we have done for him; he would certainly have been sitting cooling his heels in a police cell before this. And then I think Miss Derry would have fared very badly—perhaps she would be dead. This determined young lady seems to me to be capable of taking even the strongest measures, if things go seriously against her. She would scarcely have confessed her crime. If she is the guilty party, there will have been no witnesses, and nothing will induce her to make her story known. The trio we are now looking for would certainly have made themselves scarce. Yes, doctor, it is not my habit to boast, but I really think that at present all parties have been best served by our acting as we have done."

"You and I especially," laughed the doctor. "For we should undoubtedly have been the first to make the acquaintance of an English jail. It may be well that we are not out of the wood yet, if events should bring us back to London. The longer the time that passes, the surer we are to be caught, so long as we are the tenants of the house and Mr. Sydney Armstrong will be ready enough to put in a good word for us. So at present we must be satisfied and—cautious."

It was summer, the sea was calm and the sky was clear. The doctor sat all day and painted the shining water. Nielsen stood gazing at the little crested waves; his thoughts were far away, but it seemed as though the case faded into insignificance in the vast free space around him. It had no real hold on him, it was too abstract, too much an affair of the intellect, there was too little spontaneous feeling in it.

Nielsen was still a young man, and Amy—the Amy in the case was too impersonal for him.

Their course now lay towards Denmark; in Cranbourne Grove, in the cabin behind the kitchen, sat Madam Sivertsen with Amy's cat. And in the cellar, still and quiet, lay the dead man.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the top of a hill, about two miles from the Bay of Sorrow, in a fertile tract of country, lies Borglum Abbey. Broad and white, with red tiled roof, it looks like a beacon from the sea, and from the land, like an old mansion, one wing of which is the ancient episcopal church of Vendsyssel. In the middle ages Borglum Abbey was a Premonstrant establishment and the seat of the bishop of the north of Limfjord. In those days we hear of many feuds and many mighty bishops. Then the decoying beacon used to burn on Rudbjerg cliff, drawing the sailors to land, so that their vessels met their death in the waves or at the hands of the bishop's men-at-arms. There were tales of secret passages from Borglum to the nuns' convent at Vrislev, of feuds between the lords and bishops and of the last bishop of Borglum—Niels Stygge Rosenkrantz, whose gravestone it still to be seen in the wall of the nave of the cathedral, and who sums up in himself all that has come down to us of the bishops of Borglum. Fond of women, fond of gold, quarrelsome, lazy, ignorant, malicious, and domineering was this bishop, of whom the chronicle of Skiby relates that he only possessed one virtue: abstinence from wine. He was the last, he and his dean, who never really became bishop; Stygge lay low when the torch of the reformation was lighted, toying with Elsebeth Glydenstjerne at Borglum Abbey; and when the peasants overran the monastery Stygge crept into a baking oven and hid himself.

Then the monastery was burnt and fell into ruins, and after the civil war it fell to the crown, which gave it in exchange, a hundred years later, to a knight named Feder Reedtz. Since then the abbey has changed hands many times: the church falling into ruin, it came into the possession of wealthy slave dealers, who white washed the choir and set up the altars of painted wood with gaudy, parvenus' coats of arms; it came into the hands of enterprising agriculturists, who pulled down the aisles and built cowsheds and barns out of them; but it stood, as it stands now towering over the hill, with its gleaming white walls and its red tiled roof. Across the hill runs the road from Vraa to Lokken; on the old rampart of the castle stands a disused mill, and from here you have a wide view over land and sea to the hills of Hjorring, across moors and bogs to the great fens, and even, between tufted hills, as far as the town of Aalborg. Tise church stands out on its headland, overlooking the sea; to the west flashes Vennebjerg church and the lighthouse or. Rudbjerg cliff; to the north Hirtsholm lighthouse and Raabjerg kiln, close to the extreme point of Jutland.

More than twenty churches may be counted in the broad landscape; heavy granite churches with step-gables, towers, or with flat outlines. And the cathedral itself is shorn of its tower, which fell with the last of the bishops before the fire of Lutherism.

But away in the Bay of Sorrow lies Lokken, friendly and inviting, with its two little church spires and a great sea mark painted red: a little fishing village among the sand-dunes.

Here it was that Holger Nielsen and Dr. Koldby were to solve the mystery of Cranbourne Grove.

Mr. Armstrong had given the address of poste restante, Hjorring. The postmaster at Hjorring said, in answer to their inquiries, that an Englishman of the name mentioned had been staying at Lokken since the beginning of May, and so the two seekers of justice turned their steps to Lokken.

Nielsen stopped the carriage on Borglum Hill and got out. He knew and loved the spot, one of the most beautiful in Denmark. The sun was high and there was a stiff breeze; Nielsen drew a long breath and, turning to his companion, said:

"In this clear air it is impossible to conceal anything. Look how the sun shines on the blue waters out there. If the land does not help us, we'll call on the sea for aid, the sea there in the west."

"It's better here than in London," said the doctor. "Clearer, somehow. It makes one gape like a fish on dry land, eh?" And he added: "I think Denmark is best, after all. What do you say to leaving the whole story to take care of itself, calling Madam Sivertsen back and giving up the house to Amy's cat?"

Nielsen turned and came back to the carriage.

(To be continued.)

CANNING FACTORY AT KINGSTON, N. S., BURNED; LOSS $12,000; INSURED

Kingston, N. S., Nov. 9—The canning factory and creamery at Kingston station was burnt out, lock stock and barrel, soon after midnight. There was a large meeting of the Oddfellows in their hall close by and Mr. W. O. Piggott, merchant, of Kingston, happened to go out and discovered the fire, when the alarm was given and in a few minutes a bucket brigade was formed and by hard work kept the fire from spreading to the lumber and woodworking factory belonging to S. S. Stevens.

The buildings and other property aggregating about twelve thousand dollars in value are a total loss; fully insured. Two carloads of canned apples, a quantity of flour and feed, fixings and machinery of both buildings were totally destroyed.

Suggests Audit of Lancaster Accounts.

At a meeting of the Lancaster councillors Friday evening, it is reported that a second clash took place beteen Coun. Fox and Hooley about the payment of a man hired to do road work by the former. A bill at the rate of $2.30 a day was turned down. In the matter of electric lighting for the parish, two schemes of getting the opinion of the parish were proposed. Coun. Hooley thought the property holders only should be consulted, and that these should be given an opportunity to sign a requisition form for the improvement. Coun. Fox proposed that a public meeting should be held, all the ratepayers to be present to express their opinions. The question stands. Coun. Fox suggested that while the books at city hall were being looked into by the Halifax accountant, the parish books should be revised.

SPECTACULAR FAREWELL OF GEN. BOOTH TO NEW YORK

New York, Nov. 8—At a monster open-air demonstration in which stereopticon reproductions of various scenes connected with his life and work, formed a novel feature, General Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, who is to sail tomorrow for Europe after what, in the course of nature, probably will be his last American "campaign," tonight bade his soldiers in this country and the American people generally an affectionate adieu. The choice of an open-air rather than an in-door meeting for a conclusion of his final visit to America was made by General Booth because of his belief that no place is better fitted to contain the pulpit of his unique organization than the temple of the great out-of-doors, where many of his army's notable trophies have been won.

Standing on the steps of the city hall, surrounded by hundreds of uniformed followers, the glare of dozens of red beaming torches showed forth the tall figure of the venerable exponent of militant Christianity, erect in spite of his four score years. His voice was somewhat husky, showing the strain of his many recent public addresses.

Thousands of adherents and friends of the Salvation Army bearing flags and torches, formed in parade array in West Fourteenth street, near the national headquarters of the organization, at 8 o'clock, and, to the music of four bands, marched down the poorer sections of the east side, thousands of the residents of that district following the line to the City Hall Park. When a near approach to order was secured, General Booth addressed the assemblage, three megaphonists standing before him repeating his words in unison. He said:

"My beloved comrades and friends: We have had a mighty time. I leave you with confidence in your loyalty and perseverance in the war. Be true to your principles. Be true to your Master; stand by His cross as He stood by you. Be true to your commander—she is worthy of it. She has the love of my soul. Be true to your general, be prepared to fight to the death for God, for salvation, for the true welfare of the nation; to get people to be good, to get men and women into heaven, to be savior of your fellow men. Fight the whole of your lives. Meet me in heaven. Glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace, good-will to men.

"You have nearly killed me, but I shall recuperate on the steamer. Friends of everybody, enemies of none. Good-bye I'll come to see you again if I live and if I die, I'll be carried over here if they'l let it be so. God bless you, your wives and your children. Hallelujah, ten thousand hallelujahs. All live for the salvation of the world. Fire a volley (chorus of "amen.")

Here Commander Miss Booth interposed: "Careful, father, you're killing yourself." Whereupon the general concluded his epigrammatic address with the words: "God be with you 'till we meet again.'"

The hymn of this name then was thrown upon the screen and the crowd sang the words feelingly, after which the Salvationist leader and his staff stepped into an automobile and were taken to the steamer St. Louis, on which he will sail tomorrow.

STRONG CLAIMS FOR P. E. ISLAND TUNNEL AT SACKVILLE MEETING

Father Burke Declared the Scheme Was Feasible, and That an Offer to Build it for $10,000,000 Had Been Made.

Sackville, N. B., Nov. 8—The P. E. I. tunnel meeting under the auspices of the Sackville Board of Trade filled Music Hall here last night, Senator Wood presiding.

The Rev. Father A. E. Burke spoke for over an hour, completely demonstrating the necessity of a tunnel and its practicability, in an interesting and instructive manner. Father Burke at the outset of his address mentioned the terms upon which the island entered confederation, and proceeded to show how imperfectly these terms had been kept by the dominion government so far as keeping up uninterrupted communication with the mainland was concerned. To show in actual figures how the island had suffered from the nonfulfilment of this confederation compact, they had lost eighteen thousand of their population in one decade, and really was the only province in the dominion that showed a loss, according to the last census. They were fast losing their representation at Ottawa, and at the present rate the day was not far distant when the island would be without a representative in parliament. The loss had been very great to the merchants and farmers on the island who were unable to get their goods in, or their produce out, to any advantage. Only a tunnel in the straits would solve the difficulty and give the island what she had been promised when she entered the confederation.

Father Burke stated upon the authority of the leading tunnel engineers in England and elsewhere, that this tunnel was a perfectly feasible scheme, and that all difficulties, if there were any, as to construction, could easily be overcome. The cost of the undertaking was placed at $10,000,000, and at this figure, the speaker stated, a leading firm of contractors in Toronto was prepared to undertake the work.

He was followed by Capt. Read, M. P. P., who presented the financial side of the question very lucidly and fairly, and it must be admitted by all who heard him, that they were very convincing. Briefly stated, he gave the audience to understand that the tunnel would earn and save the Dominion of Canada upwards of $1,000,000 every year.

The Hon. Mr. Emmerson, who was present in the audience, was called upon, and spoke briefly endorsing the scheme, declaring that it was going to be built, and emphasizing that it must be built, and promising his support to it unreservedly.

A. B. Copp, M. P. P. and government organizer, followed, declaring his early adhesion to the tunnel scheme and calling on the New Brunswick M. P's to actively urge it in parliament.

A vote of thanks was proposed by Rev. Dr. Borden, seconded by Dr. W. W. Andrews, heartily thanking the island speakers, and a resolution was attached to it demanding immediate action in the construction of the tunnel.

The speakers pleasingly acknowledged the compliments tendered them.

TRAGIC DEATHS OF P. E. ISLAND MEN

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Nov 9—(Special)—The body of Howard Poole, one of the crew of the schooner Halcyon, was found yesterday at Little River, among the fragments of the little vessel which left Souris on Wednesday night, during the storm, for Georgetown. James Stewart and W. Reeves were the other two men on board. The vessel went to pieces on Brown's Cape, at the entrance to Little River, eight miles from Souris.

"Accidentally killed," was the verdict rendered at the inquest on the death of Artemas Stetson, the switchman who was run over by the shunting engine in the railway yard here yesterday.

Archibald McKinnon, aged 27, a native of P. E. Island, was murdered on the oil steamer Rosedans, in Honolulu harbor by John Wynne, an oiler on the same vessel. McKinnon was third engineer. As he was sleeping in his bunk Wynne struck him on the right temple with a two-pound hammer, which he secured from the machine shop. He gave no reason for the deed.

Thomas Morgan, aged 28, son of James Morgan, of the P. E. I. Railway, Charlottetown, died in the hospital at Memphis, Tenn., on October 30. He was an expert elevator man and when at work installing a new elevator in a hotel a negro workman let a heavy plank fall from an upper story, which struck him on the back. He died a week later.

JOS. F. HENDERSON, OF HENDERSON SETTLEMENT, KILLED AT NORTON

Supposed to Have Been Struck by Train While Asleep on Platform—An Inquest to Be Held.

Norton, Nov. 9—This place has been all excitement since five o'clock this morning, when Wesley Sproul and Harry Griffith, on their way to the station to take the early morning express for St. John, came upon the lifeless body of Joseph F. Henderson, of Henderson Settlement, Queens county, lying at the crossing alongside of the track at the northeast end of the station platform.

After a number viewed the body it was taken to the shop of Undertaker Innis. Coroner Pearson, of Sussex, was wired and came down on the Sussex express, getting here about 7.30. He viewed the body and handled it over to the undertaker to prepare it for burial.

Later in the forenoon the attorney-general wired Dr. Pearson to come to Norton and hold an inquest.

The sister of the deceased, Mrs. Joshua Greensted, of Midland, and her husband arrived about 11 o'clock.

The circumstances surrounding the sad event are briefly as follows: He left his home and went to St. John from Belleisle Point by boat on Wednesday. He came up here last night, getting here on what is known as the midnight train. When he was put off those who helped him to the platform told him to keep away from the train. He was not capable of taking care of himself, being intoxicated. Miss Meigher also got off the same train and when the train pulled out she saw him walk toward the end of the platform. Se thought he was going to Central House for the rest of the night.

Miss Meigher went over to her brother's near the station and was horrified to learn the particulars this morning.

There is no night operator here at Norton. One is very much needed and so is a coroner. An early freight train in passing is thought to have struck him. A glancing blow struck him about an inch above the right ear and took nearly the whole top of the skull off. His hard felt hat was not hurt and with his two grips was lying near his body. A large pool of blood was under his head. His sister said he had a good gold watch and often carried considerable money. No watch was found on him and only fifteen cents. He had no other marks or bruises. One of his grips had part of the end broken out of it, the broken pieces being found near by. He had many testimonials in his pocket and an accident policy for $300 issued in Portland (Me.) on Dec. 15, 1906. His age was then thirty years and occupation coachman. The policy was in the Massachusetts Mutual Accident.

He leaves two girls, nine and seven years, living at his father's, but his wife has been dead four years. The community has been shocked by the accident.

The brothers of the deceased, Dykeman and Fred, arrived at 4 o'clock. Dr. Pearson on his arrival commissioned Constable Paxton McLeod and soon the coroner had the following jury empanelled: Early T. Harmer, foreman; Lendore Jones, Angus McPhee, Arthur B. Innis, James Scott Brown, Gabriel Pierce, Cornelius McLaughlin. They viewed the body and then the inquest was adjourned till 9 o'clock Monday morning in Forester's Hall. Train Dispatcher Price, of Moncton, was here and requested the adjournment, stating that the trainmen would be present on Monday. The body was then made ready and taken to Henderson Settlement for interment.

Can't Afford It.

Among other evidences of prosperity, it costs about fifty per cent more to be buried now than it did six months ago, on account of the rise in funeral apparel and carriage hire.—Indianapolis Star.

This may account for the general decrease in the death rate.—New York Herald.

"Professor," said a senior, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray, don't mention such a trifle," was the reply.—Christian Advocate.

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