

# A DEAD RECKONING.

## CHAPTER VII.

Let alone Miss Primby mechanically reverted to her embroidery; but it is to be feared that her doing so was little better than a pretence. She bit her under-lip very hard to help her in "wallowing her nervous emotion which she had much ado not to give way to."

True to her promise, Clara was not more than a few minutes away. When she came back she looked pale than before, but her eyes were extraordinarily bright and luminous.

"Is he safe, Clara? Oh, tell me that he is safe!"

"I hope and trust so; more than that I cannot say. The police may arrive at any moment. You must try to look brave and unconcerned, aunt, dear. You need not speak unless you like, but leave everything to me."

"Very well, dear. I know that I shall be too nervous to say a word—but what are you going to tell the police?"

"I am going to deceive them.—But oh, aunt, surely in such a cause I shall be forgiven!"

Suddenly Margery's unkempt head was protruded through the archway. "They've come, ma'am," she said in a stage-whisper. "They've stuck three men in front of the house and two at the back."

Mrs. Brooke nodded, and the head vanished.

"Now, aunt," said Clara, "let us both try to look as if nothing was the matter. So saying she sat down to the piano and began to play a waltz in a minor key."

Presently came Bunce, looking very white and scared, carrying a silver with a card on it.

Mrs. Brooke took the card and read aloud: "Mr. J. Drumley, Superintendent of Police.—What can he want here at this hour of the evening?" she said.—"You had better show him in, Bunce." And with that she resumed her playing.

She ceased playing, however, when the portiere was pushed aside and two men came forward, one a little in advance of the other.

As Mrs. Brooke rose and confronted them, the first man made a stiff military bow, while the second carried a couple of fingers in his forehead.

"To what may I attribute the honour of this visit?" asked Clara in her most gracious tones.

Both the men were evidently disconcerted. This pale shining apparition with its great shining eyes was something they had not expected to meet.

"You are Mrs. Brooke, I suppose, ma'am?" said the first man after an awkward pause.

Clara smiled assent.

"I am Superintendent Drumley of the King's Harold police, and this is one of my sergeants. But our business is with Mr. Brooke, and not with you, ma'am."

"Quite so. But I hope your errand is not an unpleasant one?"

"I am sorry to say it is a very unpleasant one."

"May I ask the nature of it?"

"If you will excuse me, ma'am, I would rather not enter into particulars at least not just now. As I said before, our business is with Mr. Brooke. May I ask whether he is at home?"

"He is not at home," answered Clara. "It is a pity you did not arrive a little earlier." She consulted her watch. "My husband left home about five-and-twenty minutes ago. His intention was to walk across the fields to Woodberry Station and catch the up-train to London."

The two men stared at each other for a moment or two and then began to talk in eager whispers. Clara, who was close by the piano, turned over a leaf of music and struck a cord or two in an absent-minded way.

"In rushed Margery panting once more, and to all appearance breathless. She made believe not to see the two constables, but she whispered, "what do you think? He let me carry his bag all the way through the park, and at the gate he gave me a bright new sixpence. I wanted to carry it to the station; but he wouldn't let me. I wish he had—he'd got morn' a mile to walk. But a new silver sixpence! O crumbs! Margery ended with oney of her most adroit and uncanny laughs. The sergeant of police, who was rather a nervous man, jumped in his shoes; he had never heard anything like it before."

For a moment Mrs. Brooke stared at the girl in blank astonishment; then a look flashed from Margery's eyes into hers and she understood. "Of whom are you speaking, girl?" asked Drumley sternly.

"O lord! I didn't see you, sir.—Why should I be speaking of but Master Geril?"

"She refers to my husband, Mr. Gerald Brooke," remarked Clara.

The two men retired down the room a little way and talked in low tones. "I ain't sure that this is anything more than a clever dodge," said Drumley, "and that the gent we want isn't still somewhere. However, you had better take Remington with you and drive as hard as you can to Woodberry Station. The London train will be gone before you get there; but you can get the deership to work and make whatever enquiries you may think necessary. You've got the description"—The sergeant nodded.—"Of course you've got to bear in mind that he may be disguised. Do the best you can, and then hurry back.—Send Simpson to me. I'll have the house thoroughly searched while you are away."

The man saluted and went; and presently Simpson appeared in his stead. Drumley drew a little nearer Mrs. Brooke. "Without wishing to have told me about Mr. Brooke's departure," he said, "I consider it my duty to search the premises."

The piece of music Clara was holding fell to the ground. To search the premises! she exclaimed as she stooped to pick it up. She deliberately replaced the music on the piano before she

spoke again. Then turning to Drumley with her most dignified air, she said: "You forget, sir, that you have not yet enlightened me as to the nature of your business at Beechley Towers."

"It is my painful duty to inform you, ma'am, that the Baron von Rosenberg was murdered this afternoon in his own grounds at Beaulieu."

"Murdered?" exclaimed both the ladies in a breath.

"O aunt, that was a capital bit of make-believe on your part!" thought Clara to herself. "They are excessively shocked, sir, at your tidings. The Baron was a visitor at the Towers, and was highly esteemed both by my husband and myself. Still, you must excuse me for saying that I fail to see in what way this dreadful tragedy connects itself with Mr. Brooke."

"It's a very disagreeable thing for me to have to break it to you, ma'am; but the fact is that Mr. Brooke is suspected of having shot the Baron."

"Evidence against him?"

"In evidence against him, I hold a warrant for his arrest."

"A warrant—for the arrest of—my husband! You must be dreaming—or—"

"Not at all, ma'am. As I said before, the evidence against Mr. Brooke—circumstantial, of course—is very strong. If you would like to see the document"—

"I will take your word for it.—My husband and the murderer of the Baron von Rosenberg! Impossible! There is some incomprehensible mistake somewhere."

"I hope so, with all my heart," answered the superintendent dryly. "Still I have my duty to perform."

"Of course. I don't blame you for one moment. I only say there is a grievous mistake somewhere. You wish to go over the house—I think that is what I understood you to imply?"

"By your leave, ma'am."

Without another word, Mrs. Brooke rang the bell; then, crossing the hall with her own hands, she drew aside the portiere that shrouded the archway and fastened it back by means of a silver chain. The hall beyond was now lighted up by three or four lamps, which shed a chastened radiance over the scene. More lamps lighted up the gallery. The portraits of the dead and gone Croftons made up for the absence of the living. I bought my experience in the dearest of all schools, and if I try to profit by it, who shall blame me?"

"What would you have—as a certain person sometimes says. I know a little about cards; I know nothing about anything else. I know that what grieves me, I bought my experience in the dearest of all schools, and if I try to profit by it, who shall blame me?"

"Why not?" he answered with a laugh. "It is a law of the universe that one set of creatures should prey on another. I was very nice picking for the kites once on a time; now I am a kite myself. The law of metempsychosis in such cases is a very curious one."

"I don't know what you mean when you make use of such outlandish words," said Miss Primby, with a pouting smile. "Such the better; learned words are an abomination."

At this juncture a servant brought in the morning papers. Crofton seized one of the newspapers, and pushed the other across the table. He was deep in the mysteries of the latest odds, when a low cry from his wife called him to glance sharply at her. "What is the matter, Steph?" he asked.

"It would be a libel to say you had touched the rouge-pot this morning, because there isn't a bit of color in your cheeks."

"What is the name of that place in the country where your uncle used to live?" she asked.

"Beechley Towers."

"And that cousin to whom your uncle left his property?"

"Gerald Brooke—confound him!—But why do you ask?"

"He only she handed him the newspaper, marking a certain passage as she did so. If Mrs. Crofton started by something which caught her eye in the paper, her feelings were not so easily contained. She glanced at her husband as he glanced at the newspaper, and the paragraph in question. It was, in fact, little more than a paragraph in the form of a brief notice, and it was a late hour by a country correspondent."

What the public were told in the telegram had been found in his grounds. Mrs. Brooke went forward to the group where they stood in the centre of the hall. "Well!" she said interrogatively, and with a faint smile. "Have you succeeded in finding Mr. Brooke?"

"No, ma'am; I am bound to say that we have not."

"I hope you have not forgotten what I told you when you first asked for him?" she said quietly. "But can I not offer you a little refreshment after your arduous duties?"

Mr. Drumley laughed the laugh of discomfiture. "I think not, Mrs. Brooke—much obliged to you all the same.—Come, lads; it's no use wasting our time here any longer.—Mrs. Brooke, ma'am, I had a very disagreeable duty to perform; I trust you will hear me out with as little annoyance to you as possible."

You have been most considerate, Mr. Drumley, and my thanks are due to you."

A minute later the men were gone. Then Mrs. Brooke rang the bell and ordered all the lamps in the hall except one to be extinguished; that one but served, as it were, to make the darkness visible. No sooner was this done and the servant gone, than Margery came more than an appearance. "They're gone, ma'am, every man-jack of 'em; and ain't Muster Drumley in a rare way 'cos he couldn't find Muster Geril?"

Securely had the girl finished speaking, when one of the men in armour at the foot of the staircase stepped down from his pedestal and came alone down the hall. Margery fell back with a cry of terror, for not even she had been in the secret.

But Clara rushing to her husband, pushed up his visor and clasped him in her arms. "Save me, save me!" she cried in a voice choked with the emotion she could no longer restrain.

"For a little while, my darling, perchance only for a little while," was the mournful response.

CHAPTER VIII.

We are at London Villa, a pretty little detached house, standing in its own grounds, in one of the north-western suburbs of London, and the time is the morning of the day after the murder of the Baron von Rosenberg. Two people are seated at breakfast—George Crofton and his wife Steph.

Mr. Crofton's protegee, and obnoxious, notwithstanding, and obnoxious view between himself and Clara Brooke. "I thought fit within a month after that data to make an offer

of his hand and heart to Mademoiselle Stephanie Lagrange, an offer which had been duly accepted. And, in truth, the ex-queen of the Haute Ecole was far more suitable wife for a man like George Crofton than Clara Brooke could possibly have been.

Mr. Crofton presented a somewhat seedy appearance this morning; there was a worn look about his eyes, and his hand was scarcely as steady as it might have been. His breakfast consisted of a tumbler of brandy-and-soda and a broken Crofton, who was one of those persons who are always blessed with a hearty appetite, having disposed of her cutlet and her egg, was now leaning back in his easy chair, feeding a green and gold parakeet with tiny lumps of sugar, and sipping at her chocolate between times. She was sitting in a loose morning wrapper of quilted pale blue satin, with a quantity of soft lace round her throat, and looked exceedingly handsome.

"Steph, I think I have told you before, saying that I am a gambling tone, 'that I don't care to have any of your old circus acquaintances calling upon you here. I thought you might have been getting on good when you became my wife.'"

"Que voulez-vous, cher enfant?" answered Steph without the least trace of temper. "You introduce me to no society; you rarely meet me any where; four or five times a week you don't get home till past midnight—this morning it was three o'clock when you were ordered to the house—I think that would you have?"

George Crofton moved uneasily in his chair, but did not reply. "Besides," resumed his wife, "it was only dear old Eugenie who ever came to see me. She looks eighteen when she is on the corde, but she's thirty-four if she's a day. I've known her five years, and many a little kindness she has shown me. Of course she is, of course, I shall never want to go back to the old life, I must say that I like to hear about it now and again and see how everything is getting on. Can you wonder at it now that you leave me so much alone?"

"For all that, Steph, I wish you would break off the connection." Then, after a pause, "I know that of late I have seemed to neglect you a little; but if I have done so, it has been as much for your sake as my own."

"Ah, yes, I know: cards, cards, always cards."

"What would you have—as a certain person sometimes says. I know a little about cards; I know nothing about anything else. I know that what grieves me, I bought my experience in the dearest of all schools, and if I try to profit by it, who shall blame me?"

"Which means, that you are teaching others to buy their experience in the same way?"

"Why not?" he answered with a laugh. "It is a law of the universe that one set of creatures should prey on another. I was very nice picking for the kites once on a time; now I am a kite myself. The law of metempsychosis in such cases is a very curious one."

"I don't know what you mean when you make use of such outlandish words," said Miss Primby, with a pouting smile. "Such the better; learned words are an abomination."

At this juncture a servant brought in the morning papers. Crofton seized one of the newspapers, and pushed the other across the table. He was deep in the mysteries of the latest odds, when a low cry from his wife called him to glance sharply at her. "What is the matter, Steph?" he asked.

"It would be a libel to say you had touched the rouge-pot this morning, because there isn't a bit of color in your cheeks."

"What is the name of that place in the country where your uncle used to live?" she asked.

"Beechley Towers."

"And that cousin to whom your uncle left his property?"

"Gerald Brooke—confound him!—But why do you ask?"

"He only she handed him the newspaper, marking a certain passage as she did so. If Mrs. Crofton started by something which caught her eye in the paper, her feelings were not so easily contained. She glanced at her husband as he glanced at the newspaper, and the paragraph in question. It was, in fact, little more than a paragraph in the form of a brief notice, and it was a late hour by a country correspondent."

What the public were told in the telegram had been found in his grounds. Mrs. Brooke went forward to the group where they stood in the centre of the hall. "Well!" she said interrogatively, and with a faint smile. "Have you succeeded in finding Mr. Brooke?"

"No, ma'am; I am bound to say that we have not."

"I hope you have not forgotten what I told you when you first asked for him?" she said quietly. "But can I not offer you a little refreshment after your arduous duties?"

Mr. Drumley laughed the laugh of discomfiture. "I think not, Mrs. Brooke—much obliged to you all the same.—Come, lads; it's no use wasting our time here any longer.—Mrs. Brooke, ma'am, I had a very disagreeable duty to perform; I trust you will hear me out with as little annoyance to you as possible."

You have been most considerate, Mr. Drumley, and my thanks are due to you."

A minute later the men were gone. Then Mrs. Brooke rang the bell and ordered all the lamps in the hall except one to be extinguished; that one but served, as it were, to make the darkness visible. No sooner was this done and the servant gone, than Margery came more than an appearance. "They're gone, ma'am, every man-jack of 'em; and ain't Muster Drumley in a rare way 'cos he couldn't find Muster Geril?"

Securely had the girl finished speaking, when one of the men in armour at the foot of the staircase stepped down from his pedestal and came alone down the hall. Margery fell back with a cry of terror, for not even she had been in the secret.

But Clara rushing to her husband, pushed up his visor and clasped him in her arms. "Save me, save me!" she cried in a voice choked with the emotion she could no longer restrain.

"For a little while, my darling, perchance only for a little while," was the mournful response.

CHAPTER VIII.

We are at London Villa, a pretty little detached house, standing in its own grounds, in one of the north-western suburbs of London, and the time is the morning of the day after the murder of the Baron von Rosenberg. Two people are seated at breakfast—George Crofton and his wife Steph.

Mr. Crofton's protegee, and obnoxious, notwithstanding, and obnoxious view between himself and Clara Brooke. "I thought fit within a month after that data to make an offer

of his hand and heart to Mademoiselle Stephanie Lagrange, an offer which had been duly accepted. And, in truth, the ex-queen of the Haute Ecole was far more suitable wife for a man like George Crofton than Clara Brooke could possibly have been.

Mr. Crofton presented a somewhat seedy appearance this morning; there was a worn look about his eyes, and his hand was scarcely as steady as it might have been. His breakfast consisted of a tumbler of brandy-and-soda and a broken Crofton, who was one of those persons who are always blessed with a hearty appetite, having disposed of her cutlet and her egg, was now leaning back in his easy chair, feeding a green and gold parakeet with tiny lumps of sugar, and sipping at her chocolate between times. She was sitting in a loose morning wrapper of quilted pale blue satin, with a quantity of soft lace round her throat, and looked exceedingly handsome.

"Steph, I think I have told you before, saying that I am a gambling tone, 'that I don't care to have any of your old circus acquaintances calling upon you here. I thought you might have been getting on good when you became my wife.'"

"Que voulez-vous, cher enfant?" answered Steph without the least trace of temper. "You introduce me to no society; you rarely meet me any where; four or five times a week you don't get home till past midnight—this morning it was three o'clock when you were ordered to the house—I think that would you have?"

George Crofton moved uneasily in his chair, but did not reply. "Besides," resumed his wife, "it was only dear old Eugenie who ever came to see me. She looks eighteen when she is on the corde, but she's thirty-four if she's a day. I've known her five years, and many a little kindness she has shown me. Of course she is, of course, I shall never want to go back to the old life, I must say that I like to hear about it now and again and see how everything is getting on. Can you wonder at it now that you leave me so much alone?"

"For all that, Steph, I wish you would break off the connection." Then, after a pause, "I know that of late I have seemed to neglect you a little; but if I have done so, it has been as much for your sake as my own."

"Ah, yes, I know: cards, cards, always cards."

"What would you have—as a certain person sometimes says. I know a little about cards; I know nothing about anything else. I know that what grieves me, I bought my experience in the dearest of all schools, and if I try to profit by it, who shall blame me?"

"Which means, that you are teaching others to buy their experience in the same way?"

"Why not?" he answered with a laugh. "It is a law of the universe that one set of creatures should prey on another. I was very nice picking for the kites once on a time; now I am a kite myself. The law of metempsychosis in such cases is a very curious one."

"I don't know what you mean when you make use of such outlandish words," said Miss Primby, with a pouting smile. "Such the better; learned words are an abomination."

At this juncture a servant brought in the morning papers. Crofton seized one of the newspapers, and pushed the other across the table. He was deep in the mysteries of the latest odds, when a low cry from his wife called him to glance sharply at her. "What is the matter, Steph?" he asked.

"It would be a libel to say you had touched the rouge-pot this morning, because there isn't a bit of color in your cheeks."

"What is the name of that place in the country where your uncle used to live?" she asked.

"Beechley Towers."

"And that cousin to whom your uncle left his property?"

"Gerald Brooke—confound him!—But why do you ask?"

"He only she handed him the newspaper, marking a certain passage as she did so. If Mrs. Crofton started by something which caught her eye in the paper, her feelings were not so easily contained. She glanced at her husband as he glanced at the newspaper, and the paragraph in question. It was, in fact, little more than a paragraph in the form of a brief notice, and it was a late hour by a country correspondent."

What the public were told in the telegram had been found in his grounds. Mrs. Brooke went forward to the group where they stood in the centre of the hall. "Well!" she said interrogatively, and with a faint smile. "Have you succeeded in finding Mr. Brooke?"

"No, ma'am; I am bound to say that we have not."

"I hope you have not forgotten what I told you when you first asked for him?" she said quietly. "But can I not offer you a little refreshment after your arduous duties?"

Mr. Drumley laughed the laugh of discomfiture. "I think not, Mrs. Brooke—much obliged to you all the same.—Come, lads; it's no use wasting our time here any longer.—Mrs. Brooke, ma'am, I had a very disagreeable duty to perform; I trust you will hear me out with as little annoyance to you as possible."

You have been most considerate, Mr. Drumley, and my thanks are due to you."

A minute later the men were gone. Then Mrs. Brooke rang the bell and ordered all the lamps in the hall except one to be extinguished; that one but served, as it were, to make the darkness visible. No sooner was this done and the servant gone, than Margery came more than an appearance. "They're gone, ma'am, every man-jack of 'em; and ain't Muster Drumley in a rare way 'cos he couldn't find Muster Geril?"

Securely had the girl finished speaking, when one of the men in armour at the foot of the staircase stepped down from his pedestal and came alone down the hall. Margery fell back with a cry of terror, for not even she had been in the secret.

But Clara rushing to her husband, pushed up his visor and clasped him in her arms. "Save me, save me!" she cried in a voice choked with the emotion she could no longer restrain.

"For a little while, my darling, perchance only for a little while," was the mournful response.

CHAPTER VIII.

We are at London Villa, a pretty little detached house, standing in its own grounds, in one of the north-western suburbs of London, and the time is the morning of the day after the murder of the Baron von Rosenberg. Two people are seated at breakfast—George Crofton and his wife Steph.

Mr. Crofton's protegee, and obnoxious, notwithstanding, and obnoxious view between himself and Clara Brooke. "I thought fit within a month after that data to make an offer

# Sash and Door Factory.

Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

We keep in Stock a large quantity of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Flooring and the different Kinds of Dressed Lumber for outside sheeting.

Our Stock of DRY LUMBER is very Large so that all orders can be filled.

Lumber, Shingles and Lath always

In Stock. N. G. & J. McKECHNIE.

200,000 WEAK MEN CURED!

STARTLING FACTS FOR DISEASED VICTIMS. CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY!

ARE YOU? Nervous and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; non-impotence—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; loss of energy; backache; headache; dizziness; nervousness; weak back, etc. If you are afflicted with any of these symptoms, write to us at once and we will send you a free copy of our book, "The Golden Monitor," which contains the full particulars of our treatment and the names of our agents in every part of the world.

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DR. K. & K. JOHN A. MANLIN, JOHN A. MANLIN, CHAS. POWERS, CHAS. POWERS.

BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT. BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT.

NO NAMES OR TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS AND IMPOTENCY CURED.

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY.—CONFIDENTIAL.

Syphilis, Emissions, Varicocele, Cured.

17 YEARS IN DETROIT. 200,000 CURED. NO RISK.

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your blood become diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What has been done for others will be done for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion free of charge. Charges reasonable. BOOKS FREE.—"The Golden Monitor" (illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Inclusive postage, 1 cent. Sealed.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 148 SHELBY ST. DETROIT, MICH.

"It isn't very pleasant to pass here in the evening," said one. "I would be afraid here alone."

"Now, I wouldn't," said another, who considered herself braver than the rest.

"If you will go and put your distaff on the wall," interrupted Lilly.

"A distaff is a staff for holding the material from which the thread is drawn in spinning," said grandma.

"Auntie told her to put her distaff on the dead friend's grave and it would prove that she was there, and they would find it in the morning."

"I will do it," she said.

"The others went home while the brave girl went to put the distaff on the grave."

"In the morning they passed that way to see if she had done as she promised."

"But to their astonishment they found not only the distaff but also the girl who was dead."

"She had been in a hurry to put the distaff on the grave and had fastened her dress with it. She must have thought it was her friend holding her dress and I think she was as true as she thought she was else how could she have been frightened to death?"

"Now, children, this story will teach you never to frighten one another or send anybody to a place where you yourself would not like to go."

PRESENTABLE HANDS.

It is impossible for everyone to have beautiful hands, yet there are many girls who could have much nicer looking ones if they only tried to take a little care of them. Of course we all know that housework spoils the hands and that washing dishes makes them red, but even the smartest women who do all that keep their hands in quite nice condition. Dishwater is often recommended for sore or chapped hands, and no doubt it is good, being soft and greasy. It is often troublesome, however, and it takes weather to keep the skin smooth and soft, and there are numerous cures recommended. One of the best and cheapest remedies is a mixture of lard, flour and tallow and render it like lard. Pour it into a small dish or cup and it will harden into a smooth cake, from which little can be taken with the finger nail. When it has been rubbed well into the skin an old pair of kid gloves should be drawn on. Any greasy ointment should be put on at night as it will then have a better chance to heal the skin. The gloves are not only a great help in softening the skin, but they protect the bed clothing. Before any ointment is put on the hands they should be perfectly clean. Lukewarm water, good soap and a hand brush are necessary.

BIRTH-MONTH STONES.

The craze for wearing birth-month stones does not emanate from America, nor yet from Paris; London is not responsible for it, either. It is from remote Poland that the odd notion comes. Women there, according to an old legend, are saved all manner of misadventure by the guardian charm of the month in which they were born. And men, are also saved all manner of misadventure by the guardian charm of the month in which they were born. Here is the true list. There are varieties, but the one given is direct from Poland:

January, garnet. Constancy.

February, amethyst. Sincerity.

March, bloodstone. Courage, wisdom.

April, sapphire or diamond. Free from enchantment, innocence.

May, emerald. Success in love; discovers false friends.

June, agate. Health and prosperity.

July, ruby. Corrects error of mistaken friendship; discovers poison.

August, sardonyx. Means conjugal felicity.

September, chrysolite. Antidote to madness; frees from sadness and evil passions.

October, opal. Hope.

November, topaz. Fidelity; prevents bad dreams.

December, turquoise. Prosperity.

HE GOT IT.

Talkative Barber—Close shave, sir! Gruff Customer—Yes a close-mouthed shave.