

I was true to time. I had, it occurred to me, been something of an automaton. But wasn't I thrusting my head, when bent on such a business in this street, into the twin mouths of two lions, of Mycroft's brother and of the pale but multitudinous Blake? Often as a schoolboy they had geyed my name to a whiskified objectionable one. Whiskified objectionable was Kipling. And I blubbed with my face in the mackintoshes. But I thanked heaven that their childish jibe was true. I was still going strong. The murderer that is to be hung next day, how does he sleep? I only knew that all the weary business was ended. I looked across the table and saw that she was asleep. A nice old thing. I put Henry's keenness a few inches below the withered salt-cellar. I drove Henry home, and left him. A dog barked and mourned from the next room, but I could have all the stuff I wanted for ever.

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