

ODD FOLKS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649661114

Odd Folks by Opie Read

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

OPIE READ

ODD FOLKS

"ODD FOLKS",

BY

OPIE READ,

AUTHOR OF "A CAPTAIN'S ROMANCE."



UNIV OF
CALIFORNIA

F. TENNYSON NEELY,
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHER.

114 Fifth Avenue,
MDCCCXCVII.

955
R284
cd

Copyrighted, 1897,
in the
United States
and
Great Britain,
by
F. TENNYSON NERLY.

(All Rights Reserved.)

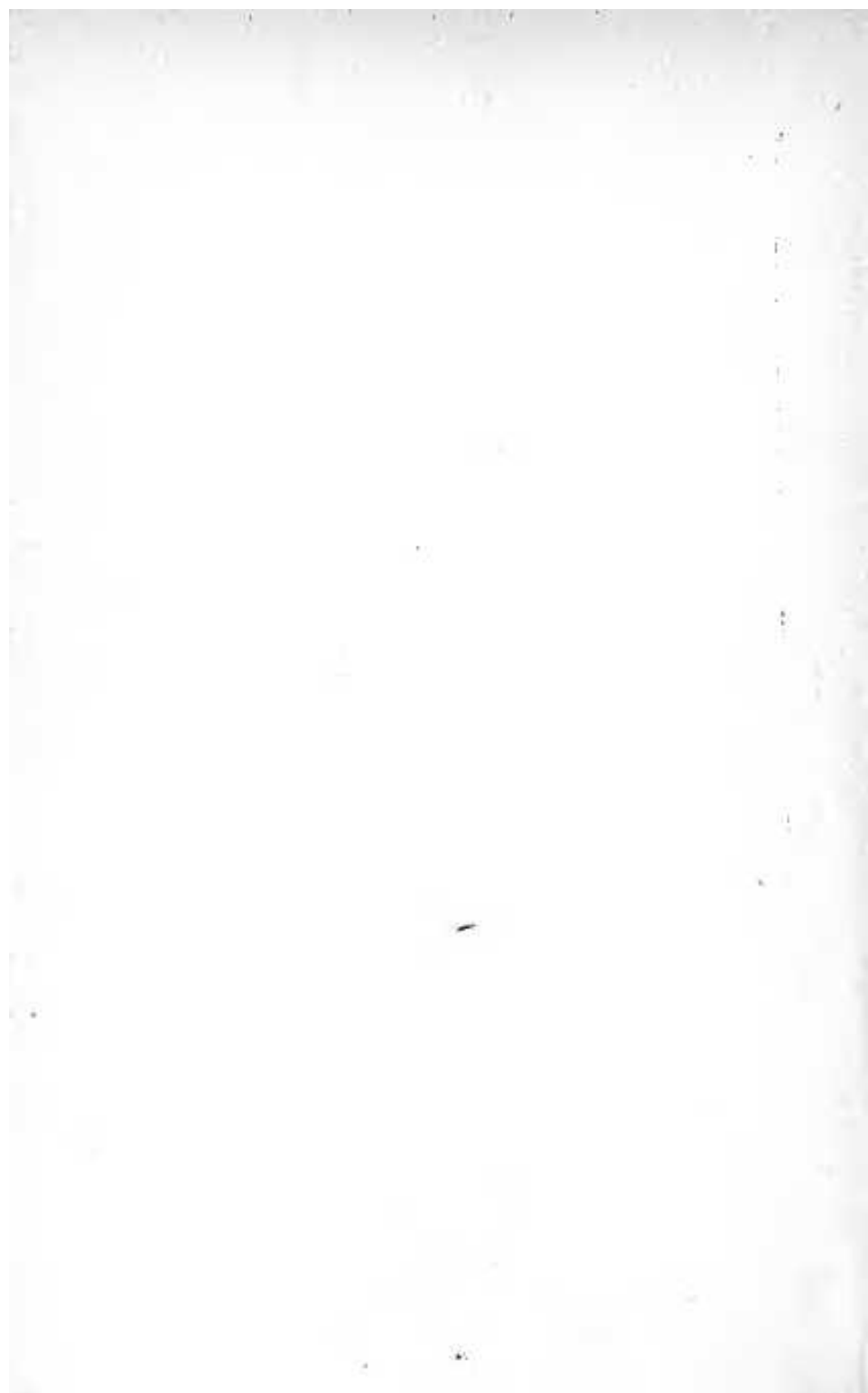
TO THE
LIBRARY OF
MICHIGAN

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE SUPERINTENDENT'S EXAMPLE	5
THE BRICK OFFICE	30
THE GREEK GOD BARBER	41
UGLY RACHEL	52
THE MOON IN THE PICTURE	62
HIS SIXTEEN-EIGHTY-NINE	95
BIG HEP AND LITTLE LADY	108
AN IVORY SMILE	120
OLD JOBLEY	133
OLD BILLY	140
SWINGING IN THE DUSK	146
A MEMORABLE MEAL	153
A DEAD MARCH	156
AN IMPERIOUS COURT	159
HIS SPECIAL	165
AT THE SPRING	177
NOT FOR THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND	183
HER SWEET DREAM	194

(3)

M130309



ODD FOLKS.

WANTED A CERTIFICATE.

At a small town on a railway running through Kentucky an express company had been robbed of \$5,000. The loss of the money was insignificant when viewed simply as the removal of so many pieces of paper bearing the portrait of a distinguished American, but the necessity to hold up some one in the glaring light of the law as a dazzling example was a momentous consideration. It may be observed that a great corporation never knows an evil doer as an individual, but regards him wholly as an "example"; indeed, the closest relationship and services that have endured through many years can be forgotten by a great institution when it sets out to establish an "example." And I have often wondered why some one has not taken up the business of professional "example," to undergo a sentence to prison, for a reasonable salary. Well, \$5,000 was taken one night from the express office in Springdale. The safe was blown open, the town

trembled for three days in a delirium of excitement, and the agent, with a bruise on his head, lay in his room at the tavern. At that time I was operating a detective agency in Louisville (truly, a despicable calling, I must say), and the division superintendent of the express company sent for me. A great man was he. Consciously impressive, portly, with animal life running like an engine within him. As I entered his private apartment he turned in his chair and, looking at me a moment, said :

“So you are Capt. Blake?”

“My name is Blake; yes, sir.”

“I suppose you have heard of our little affair down in the country?”

“Yes; I have read an account of it.”

“What do you think?”

“It is only now, sir, that I have found it to my advantage to think.”

“Ah; I see.” And after a short pause he added: “Now, I tell you what we have done, and then I’ll tell you what we want you to do. The agent at Springdale has been arrested.”

He paused and looked at me as if he expected me to show astonishment, but I didn’t. I simply said: “Yes;” and he continued: “About six years ago he came to us most highly recommended, strictly sober, and with no bad habits. There is no bank in the town,

and on numerous occasions he has been intrusted with large sums of money. He is of a good family, and during many years his father has been cashier of a bank in this city."

He leaned back in his chair, stroked his side whiskers, and looked at me, and I fancied that I could hear the great engine of health pumping within him. "I authorized his arrest last night," he went on, "and I have a dispatch telling me that the town is greatly excited. The physician is unable to decide whether or not the blow on the head was self-inflicted, but he agrees that it looks suspicious."

"Well," said I, "what do you want me to do?"

"I have a scheme," he answered. "There have been so many similar cases, you understand, that I believe we could convict him upon the testimony of the physician and other suspicious circumstances; and although it is necessary for us to have an example, you understand, yet I should like to know beyond question whether or not he is guilty. I may be overparticular, but, the fact is, I want him to make a confession. I may be a trifle soft-hearted, you understand, but I'd like to know."

"Don't you always want to know," I asked.

"Oh, yes, surely," he quickly replied, "but as a general thing we are willing for the law to settle that point and act accordingly. But down in that part of the