

THE INN OF THE SILVER MOON

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The inn of the Silver Moon by Herman Knickerbocker Viele

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HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELE

**THE INN OF THE
SILVER MOON**



There were drops of water in her hair.

The Inn of the Silver Moon

BY

Herman Knickerbocker Viele



HERBERT S. STONE & COMPANY
ELDRIDGE COURT, CHICAGO
MDCCCCI

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TO _____

THE FRIEND OF THE
JOURNEY'S END
AT THE INN OF THE
SILVER MOON

2061940

The Inn of the Silver Moon

I.

"If you will refrain from talking all at the same time, I will tell you everything that I know," said the gardener, loftily, "and as it was I who last saw the master *alive*, what I have to say may be of some importance."

The gardener laid stress upon the adjective, and observing that the under housemaid chanced to be occupied in tying a pink string about the neck of the cat, he waited until she had finished before continuing.

"It must have been five o'clock, or a trifle later. Monsieur was in the white rose arbor taking his afternoon tea. I was near by, at the geranium bed, filling

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in a cavern which Boy had pawed in the very middle. I had been most careful to shut the beast in the tool house, but as usual he had contrived to escape. Just as I had finished resetting the plants the master called—

“‘Paul,’ he said, ‘yesterday was the day for clipping the poodle.’

“‘That is true, Monsieur,’ I answered, ‘but by good fortune, I noticed that the probabilities predicted it would be cooler.’

“‘On the contrary,’ he replied, ‘it is much warmer to-day. Why has it not been done this morning?’

“I was obliged to explain that I had not been able to find the clippers; that, in fact, this Image of Satan had hidden them himself, as he always does on Wednesdays.”

The gardener shuffled his feet uneasily and looked about him to note the effect of his disclosures.