

**AT THE FIRST  
CORNER, AND  
OTHER STORIES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649230518

At the first corner, and other stories by H. B. Marriott Watson

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON**


**AT THE FIRST  
CORNER, AND  
OTHER STORIES**



AT THE FIRST CORNER  
AND OTHER STORIES

*Copyrighted in the United State*

*All rights reserved*



At the First Corner

AND OTHER STORIES BY

H. B. Marriott Watson

AUTHOR OF  
'DIOGENES OF LONDON'

London: John Lane, Vigo St.  
Boston: Roberts Bros., 1895



## CONTENTS

	PAGE
AT THE FIRST CORNER, . . . . .	1
THE HOUSE OF SHAME, . . . . .	20
MR. ATKINSON, . . . . .	63
THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE, . . . . .	87
IN THE BASEMENT, . . . . .	106
AN ORDEAL OF THREE, . . . . .	119
THE PORTRAIT IN THE INN, . . . . .	132
AKBAR ALI'S COURTYARD, . . . . .	159
THE LAST OF BLACKBEARD, . . . . .	196





## AT THE FIRST CORNER

MILLICENT stood awhile with her hand on the door. Now that she had come so far she was disposed to turn back. A medley of superficial sensations swarmed within her. She flushed warm, and then a quick chill took her; excitement fluttered in her heart; she felt the great stream of light from the fanlight in the hall play over her face pleasantly; and at the last arose a sudden fear. A certain feeling of resentment too separated itself from among the conflicting emotions, and was individualised distinctly for a moment. She wondered if she had not better put off the task until she were more in her own control; but to this mood succeeded the thought that she must bring the news sometime, and that concealment would fret her. She opened the door and went in.

Rossiter looked up as the lock snapped, and half-turning in his chair put his arms over his

## 2 AT THE FIRST CORNER

head towards her. 'If it were an invitation she ignored it, standing by him in silence. He smiled in her face.

'Finished all your work, little woman?' he asked, stretching himself. 'Taking a spell? You have interrupted a most desultory piece of verse. I have no inspiration this morning. I can't get the last two lines right. The first verse is decent.

The grey clouds gathered in the skies,  
And loud the west wind blew  
With gusty sobs and long-drawn sighs,  
And all for me and you.  
It wailed round roof and tree, my dear ;  
Too well its word I knew—  
Farewell 'twixt you and me, my dear,  
Farewell 'twixt me and you.

The feeling I want to get is that all things really shadowed my trouble, and were not, what they were as a matter of fact, ordinary natural phenomena. But I can't phrase it.'

'What was your trouble?' she asked.

'Parting, dear—the sudden knowledge of a collapse, the most tragic accident in life. Isn't that so?' She leaned over him and looked at the paper on which he had been writing; he put up a hand and caught hold of her arm.