

**KING OF THE CASTLE.
A NOVEL. IN THREE
VOLUMES. VOLUME III**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649259984

King of the castle. A novel. In three volumes. Volume III by G. Manville Fenn

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

G. MANVILLE FENN

**KING OF THE CASTLE.
A NOVEL. IN THREE
VOLUMES. VOLUME III**

King of the Castle.

A NOVEL

BY

G. MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF

'THIS MAN'S WIFE;' 'THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES;'

'DOUBLE CUNNING,' ETC., ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

WARD & DOWNEY,

12 YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1892.

[All Rights reserved.]

823
F359.htm
v.3

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
AN ANGRY ENCOUNTER,	1
CHAPTER II.	
AT THE GRAVE,	15
CHAPTER III.	
GLYDDYR REQUIRES A PICK-UP,	21
CHAPTER IV.	
WIMBLE SEIZES THE CLUE,	49
CHAPTER V.	
MR WIMBLE IS IN DOUBT,	61
CHAPTER VI.	
TWO MEETINGS,	73
CHAPTER VII.	
GLYDDYR ENDORSES A NOTE,	84
CHAPTER VIII.	
MRS SARSON'S APPEAL,	95
CHAPTER IX.	
A DEBATE,	117

	PAGE
CHAPTER X.	
COMING BACK ON FRIDAY,	130
CHAPTER XI.	
UNDER THE CLOUD,	145
CHAPTER XII.	
CONSCIENCE PRICKING,	158
CHAPTER XIII.	
A STRANGE WOOING,	167
CHAPTER XIV.	
AND THIS IS BEING MARRIED,	182
CHAPTER XV.	
"ONLY WAIT,"	195
CHAPTER XVI.	
HOW JOHN TREVITHICK SPOKE OUT,	213
CHAPTER XVII.	
A CLIMAX IN GLYDBYR'S LIFE,	222
CHAPTER XVIII.	
THE LAWYER IS BUSY,	234
CHAPTER XIX.	
TWO WIVES,	251
CHAPTER XX.	
THE TRUTH,	260

KING OF THE CASTLE

KING OF THE CASTLE.



CHAPTER I.

AN ANGRY ENCOUNTER.

NIGHT, and the tramping of many feet on the granite-paved path and terrace.

The wind from off the sea rushing and sighing round the house, making, as the great hall door was opened, the lightly-hung pictures on the walls swing gently to and fro, as if ghostly hands touched them from time to time.

Claude and Mary were waiting, dressed, in the drawing-room, ready to go to the inquest, and the latter held her cousin's hand tightly as they listened, and in imagination painted, by the help of the sounds, all that was going on.

There were whispers in men's voices, muffled footsteps on the thick rugs in the paved hall, with the sharp sound from time to time as a foot fell on the bare granite.

Then came the opening of the study door, and a piteous sigh escaped from Claude's breast as in imagination she saw the darkened room into which the jurymen passed one by one, to stay a few moments, and then pass out.

Then more whispers, more trampling, muffled and loud; the closing of the study door; and then the sighing and moaning of the wind ceased suddenly, as the great hall door was shut; voices came more loudly as steps passed along the terrace, and grew fainter and fainter as they filed out, and once more the house was still.

Down by the inn, affected most by the fishermen from its proximity to the harbour, the principal part of the inhabitants of the place were gathered, waiting in knots and discussing Gartram's death, till such time as the jury returned. Then a lane was opened for them to pass through into the great room of the inn, the fishermen crowding in after-

wards, while two men drawn, one by summons, the other for reasons of his own, to the inquest, found themselves, by the irony of fate, side by side, and compelled to walk in this way down the long passage packed in by the crowd, and upstairs to the room where the inquest was to be held.

Parry Glyddyr had grown more calm and firm as the day had worn on, while Chris had, on the other hand, become more excited; and, finding himself thus thrown close beside his rival, he could not help turning a sharp inquiring look upon him, as if asking what he had to say.

But no word was spoken, and, forced on by the crowd behind, they at last found themselves close up to the head of the table, listening to the coroner's words as the various witnesses were examined, a low murmur arising when Claude's name was called, and a way clear made for her to pass through, and give the little evidence she could as to her father's habits, and then she was led, silently weeping, away.

Sarah Woodham—cold, dark and stern now