

**Saint Mary's Beacon**  
 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY  
 A Dollar a Year in Advance.  
 Terms for Transient Advertising.  
 One square, one insertion..... \$1 00  
 Each subsequent insertion..... .50  
 Right lines or less constitute a square  
 A liberal deduction made for year  
 ly advertisements. Correspondence  
 solicited.

# Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. 70.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1909.

4448

**Saint Mary's Beacon.**  
 Job Printing, such as  
 Handbills, Circulars  
 Blanks, Bill Heads, executed with  
 neatness and despatch.  
 Parties having Real or Personal  
 Property for sale can obtain de-  
 scriptive handbills neatly executed  
 and at city prices

**EDELEN BROS.,**  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
 FOR THE SALE OF  
**TOBACCO, GRAIN AND PRODUCE**  
 Special attention given to  
**The Inspection of Tobacco.**  
 125 S. SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD  
 ALSO DEALERS IN  
 Edelen Bros., Special Tobacco Guano, Edelen Bros. Wheat and Grain Mix-  
 tures, Pure Ground Bone, Pure Dissolved S. C. Bone.  
 Our 'Special Tobacco Guano' and Wheat and Grain Mixture wa-  
 re HA MANUFACTURED. SPECIAL ORDERS SOLICITED.

**The Best Thing About SENATOR FLOUR**  
 It is mechanically clean.  
 Every grain of wheat from which  
 it is made goes through two  
 distinct cleaning operations  
 by the best modern machinery.  
 It is chemically pure as no adulterant is used  
 in its manufacture. It is a perfect food product.

The manufacturers of SENA-  
 TOR FLOUR buy only the best  
 wheat from the v heat-producing  
 limestone area.  
 Everything is done to make SENATOR FLOUR what the best  
 housekeepers pronounce it—"THE BEST."

**CHAS. KING & SON,** Wholesale Senator  
 Flour, Alex. Va.

**LOOKOUT**  
**Prices of Lumber Much Lower.**

**LUMBER THE CARPENTER LIKES**

As piled high in our yard—sometimes  
 as high as it is kept moving, so great  
 and steady is the demand for it. No  
 matter how much we sell, though, we  
 are bound that every stick and board  
 leaving this place shall be thorough-  
 ly seasoned and of the quality you  
 want under chisel and saw.  
 This card solicits your orders,  
 large or small.

Flooring—very good—  
 \$2 per 100 feet.

Dressed Siding—Clear—\$2 per 100 feet.

No. 1 Cypress Shingles, \$5.00 per 1000.

Mail inquiries invited. Answered same day. Bids given on on-  
 shipments quick and reliable. We invite your presence as our guests  
 when we load your car or vessel. If not entirely pleased money refunded.  
 Our warehouses and sheds stocked so full we can supply your en-  
 tire list in one day. NO DELAY. ALWAYS CALL ON

**FRANK LIBBEY & CO.,**

6th & New York Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.  
 MY ACCOUNT OF SALES IS MY TRAVELING SOLICITOR

Ask your neighbor.  
**POULTRY, POULTRY LAMBS,**  
**EGGS, CALVES,**  
**GRAIN, etc. POULTRY LIVE STOCK, etc.**

**C. M. LEWIS,**

COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
 14 E. CAMDEN ST., Baltimore, Md.,  
 MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

**Wm. J. C. Dulany** **HOTEL DONALD,**  
 Company, 1010 13th Street, N. W.,  
 PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS, (between K and L.)  
 STATIONERS, Washington, D. C.,  
 AND PRINTERS. Wm. A. FENWICK, Proprietor.  
 Agents for Milton Bradley's Kinder- 14th Street cars within a block.  
 garten Supplies. Feb. 15, '06-17.  
 Send for Catalogues.

335 N. Charles Street, BALTIMORE, MD  
 Feb 16-17.  
 HIRSH G. DUDLEY, JAMES J. GREENWALD,  
 FRANK S. DUDLEY.

**Dudley & Carpenter**  
 136 LIGHT STREET, BALTIMORE  
**Commission Merchants,**

Open all the year to the general public  
 and traveling men. Livestock and  
 Druggists conveyed to and from St.  
 George's Island. Rates reasonable.  
 Feb 7-7  
 J. T. SWANN.

**SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY**  
 LEONARDTOWN, MD.,  
 Conducted by the  
**SISTERS OF CHARITY,**  
 OF NABARETH, KY.

Boarding and day school for Young  
 Ladies, situated in the most picturesque  
 part of beautiful Maryland.  
 Academic, Intermediate, Elementary  
 and Commercial courses; special advan-  
 ces in Music and Vocalization.  
 Besides the best moral and religious  
 training and a thorough knowledge of  
 the course pursued, particular attention  
 is also given to the cultivation of lady-  
 like manners, amiable deportment and  
 whatever tends to inspire a love for the  
 good, the beautiful and the true.  
 Parents desiring to enter their child-  
 ren will please make application before  
 the opening of the new session, Monday,  
 February 1st.  
 For further information, address  
 SISTERS OF CHARITY,  
 121 9 LEONARDTOWN, MD.

**Md. Del. & Va. Ry. Co.**

**POTOMAC RIVER LINE**  
**SCHEDULE**  
 In Effect Monday, March 23, 1909.  
 FOR FISH SEASON.  
 THREE TRIPS WEEKLY.  
 —BETWEEN—  
 BALTIMORE and WASHINGTON.

Leave Baltimore, pier 3, Light street  
 wharf, weather permitting, at 5 p. m.,  
 every Tuesday, Thursday and Satur-  
 day, for the following River Landings,  
 Alexandria and Washington.  
 Baltimore, 5 p. m., Miller's, Bromes',  
 Porto Bello, Grason's, Coan, 5 a. m.,  
 Bundick's, Lakes, Walnut Point, Gov-  
 ards, Lewisetta, Kinsey Lodge, Mandy  
 Point, Cintra, Piney Point, 10 a. m.,  
 Leonardtown, 12 noon, Coburns, Stone's,  
 Stone's, Bushwood, Lancaster's, 4 p. m.,  
 Riverside, Liverpool Point, Glymont,  
 Alexandria and Washington.  
 "Stops only on Signal."

Leave Washington, Seventh St. Wharf,  
 (weather permitting) 4 p. m., every  
 Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday for the  
 following River Landings and Balti-  
 more:  
 Washington, Alexandria, 4 45 p. m.,  
 Glymont, Liverpool Point, Riverside,  
 Bushwood, Lancaster, Coburns, Stone's,  
 Leonardtown, 6 a. m., Abell's, Piney  
 Point, Cintra, Lodge, 10 a. m., Mandy  
 Point, Kinsey, 12 noon, Coan, Bundick's,  
 Lakes, Walnut Point, Coan's, Lewis-  
 etta, Miller's, 4 p. m., Grason's, 5 p. m.,  
 Bromes', Porto Bello, 6 p. m., Baltimore.  
 "Stops only on Signal."  
 Arriving in Baltimore Tuesday, Thurs-  
 day, and Saturday Mornings.  
 Freight received daily in Baltimore  
 on sailing days until 4:00 P. M.  
 This time-table shows at times which  
 steamers may be expected to arrive at  
 and depart from the several wharves,  
 but their arrivals or departure at the  
 times stated is not guaranteed, nor does  
 the Company hold itself responsible for  
 any delay or any consequences arising  
 therefrom.

WILLARD THOMPSON, General Manager.  
 REARDON & GIMES, Agent,  
 Telephone 50, Alexandria, Va.  
 STEPHENSON & BROS., Agents,  
 Telephone 745, Washington, D. C.  
 T. MURDOCK, Gen. Frt. and Pass. Agt.

**E. VOIGT**  
**MANUFACTURING JEWELER**  
 725 Seventh Street Northwest,  
 BETWEEN G. and H.  
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

Everybody has some friend  
 whom they wish to make  
 happy. It may be mother  
 or father, sister or brother. It  
 may be a wife, or it may be a  
 sweetheart—and often them-  
 selves.

Our stock of Jewelry and  
 Bric-a-Brac is a complete.  
 Each piece has been carefully  
 selected and we feel satisfied  
 that a visit from you will  
 bear us out that we have as  
 fine a selection as can be  
 found anywhere. Why not  
 give us a call.

Any article that you may  
 select will be laid aside and  
 delivered when wanted. Ex-  
 perience clerks. Polite at-  
 tention.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, EM-  
 BLEMS, RINGS, SILVERWARE,  
 CLOCKS and BRONZES, PRAYER  
 BOOKS and MEDALS.

725 7th Street, N. W. Washing-  
 ton, D. C., is the place and the man  
 to deal with is E. VOIGT.  
 Everyone who deals with Voigt is  
 pleased.  
 Nov. 12-17.

**ROB OF THE BOWL.**  
**A LEGEND OF ST. INIGO'S.**  
 BY JOHN P. KENNEDY.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,  
 Publishers, Washington Square,  
 Philadelphia, Sept. 27, 1908.  
 FRANCIS V. KING, Ed.,  
 Leonardtown, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Replying to yours of the 17th,  
 instant, we would state that all interest in J.  
 P. Kennedy's "Rob of the Bowl" is owned  
 by the author's estate, but we have had no  
 correspondence on the subject for some years  
 and do not know where to direct you. How-  
 ever, the work is now out of copyright, and  
 there is no reason why you might not re-  
 print it without permission.  
 Yours very truly,  
 J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,  
 H. G. E.

JOHN PENDELTON KENNEDY, LL. D., auth-  
 or, was born in Baltimore, Aug. 18, 1796; died  
 Oct. 26, 1870. He graduated at the University  
 of Maryland in 1817; was admitted to the bar  
 in 1818; served in the Legislature in 1820-21;  
 was a member of the Senate in 1822-23; was  
 elected to the Harrison ticket in 1840, and  
 was Chairman of the House Committee on  
 Commerce in Congress, 1841-2. He was again  
 elected to the Maryland Legislature and was  
 Speaker of the House in 1842. He was ap-  
 pointed Secretary of the Navy in 1843, and  
 was a member of the Board of Education, Bal-  
 timore, and trustee of the Catholic Education  
 Fund. Was the author of several novels  
 and of a Life of William Pitt.

(Reprint from the Lippincott edition of 1861.)

**CHAPTER XIV.**

"Benedict—nephew," interposed  
 the Lady Maria, "why dost thou  
 fling thy bird so rudely? She  
 brushes Blanche's cheek with her  
 wing. Pray, not so bold: Blanche  
 will not like thee for it."

"Blanche will never quarrel with  
 me for loving my hawk aunt," re-  
 plied the boy playfully. "Will you  
 mistress? A lanette's wing and  
 Blanche Warden's cheek are both  
 accounted beautiful in this province,  
 and will not grow angry with each  
 other upon acquaintance."

"I know not that, Benedict," re-  
 plied the maiden; "my cheek may  
 grow jealous of your praise of the  
 wing, and mischief might follow.  
 She is but a savage bird, and has a  
 vicious appetite."

"I will away to the falconer,"  
 said the boy. "It is but wasting  
 good things to quarrel with women  
 about hawks. You will find me,  
 Master Albert, along the bank with  
 Derrick, if you have need of me."

"That boy has more of the Talbot  
 in him than the Calvert," said the  
 Lady Maria, after he had left the  
 room. "His father was ever grave  
 from youth upwards, and cared but  
 little for these exercises. Benedict  
 Leonard lives in the open air, and  
 has a light heart—You have a book  
 under your mantle, Master Albert,"  
 continued the lady. "Is your bre-  
 viary needful when you go forth to  
 practise a lanette?"

"It is a volume I have brought  
 for Mistress Blanche," replied the  
 Secretary, as, with some evident  
 confusion, he produced a gilded  
 quarto with clasps, from beneath  
 his dress. "It is a delightful his-  
 tory of a brave cavalier, that I  
 thought would please her."

"Ah! exclaimed the sister of the Pro-  
 prietary, taking the book and read-  
 ing the title page—"La tres joyeuse  
 et plaisante Histoire, composee par  
 le Loyal Serviteur, des faits, gestes  
 et prouesses du bon Chevalier sans  
 peur et sans reproche." Ay, and a  
 right pleasant history it is, this of  
 the good Knight Bayard, without  
 fear and without reproach. But,  
 Albert, you know Blanche does not  
 read French."

"I designed to render it myself to  
 Mistress Blanche, in her native ton-  
 gue," replied the Secretary.  
 "Blanche," said the lady, shaking  
 her head, "this comes of not taking  
 my counsel to learn this language  
 of chivalry long ago. See what per-  
 il you will suffer now in journeying  
 through this huge book alone with  
 Master Albert."

"I see no peril," replied the maid-  
 en, unconscious of the rallery. "Mas-  
 ter Albert will teach me, ere he  
 be done, to read French for my-  
 self."

"When you have such a master,  
 and the Secretary such a pupil,"  
 said the lady, smiling, "Heaven  
 speed us! I will eat all the French  
 you learn in a month. But, Master  
 Albert, if Blanche can not under-  
 stand your legend, in the tongue  
 in which it is writ, she can fully  
 comprehend your music—and so can  
 we. It is parcel of your duty at the  
 Rose Croft to do minstrel's service.  
 You have so many songs—and I saw  
 you stealing a glance at you lute, as  
 if you would greet an old acquain-  
 tance."

"If it were not for Master Al-  
 bert," said Alice, "Blanche's lute  
 would be unstrung. She scarce  
 keeps it, one would think, but for  
 the Secretary's occupation."

"Ah, sister Alice, and my dear  
 lady," said Blanche, "the Secretary

has such a touch of the lute, that I  
 but shame my own ears to play upon  
 it, after hearing his ditties. Sing,  
 Master Albert; I pray you," she  
 added, as she presented him the in-  
 strument.

"I will sing to the best of my  
 skill," replied Albert, "which has  
 been magnified beyond my deserv-  
 ings. With your leave, I will try  
 a canonet I learned in London. It  
 was much liked by the gallants  
 there, and I confess a favor for it  
 because it has a stirring relish. It  
 runs thus:

"Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,  
 That from the summary  
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
 To war and arms I fly."  
 "True, a new mistress, now I chase,  
 The first foe in the field;  
 And with a stranger faith embrace,  
 A sword, a horse, a shield."  
 "Yet this inconstancy is such,  
 As you too shall adore;  
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
 Loved I not honor more."

"Well done! Well touched lute—  
 well trolled ditty! Brave song for  
 a bird of thy feather, Master Ver-  
 heyden!" exclaimed the Collector,  
 who, when the song was finished,  
 entered the room with Cockslecraft.  
 "That's as good a song, Master  
 Cockslecraft—the skipper, ladies—  
 my friend of the Olive Branch,  
 who has been with me this hour  
 past docketing his cargo; I may  
 call him especially your friend—he  
 is no enemy to the vanities of this  
 world. Ha, Master Cockslecraft,  
 you have wherewith to win a world  
 of grace with the petticoats!—you  
 have an eye for the trickery of the  
 sex! Sit down, sir—I pray you,  
 without further reverence, sit down."

The skipper, during this intro-  
 duction, stood near the door, bow-  
 ing to the company, and then ad-  
 vanced into the room with a careless  
 and somewhat overbold step, such  
 as denotes a man who, in the endeav-  
 or to appear at his ease in society,  
 carries his acting to the point of  
 familiarity. Still his freedom was  
 not without grace, and his demean-  
 or, very soon after the slight per-  
 turbation of his first accost, became  
 natural and appropriate to his char-  
 acter.

"Save you, madam," he said, ad-  
 dressing the sister of the Proprietary,  
 and bowing low, "and you, my  
 Mistress Alice, and you, my young  
 lady of the Rose Croft. It is a  
 twelvemonth since I left the port,  
 and I am glad to meet the worship-  
 ful ladies of the province once again,  
 and to see that good friends thrive.  
 The salt water whets a sailor's eye  
 for friendly faces. Mistress Blanche,  
 I would take upon me to say, with-  
 out being thought too free, that you  
 have grown some trifle taller than  
 before I sailed. I did not then  
 think you could be bettered in fig-  
 ure."

The maiden bowed without ans-  
 wering the skipper's compliment.  
 "Richard Cockslecraft," said the  
 Collector, "I know not if you ever  
 saw Albert Verheyden. Had he  
 come hither before you sailed? His  
 Lordship's secretary."

"I was not so lucky as to fall into  
 his company," replied Cockslecraft,  
 turning towards the Secretary, and  
 eyeing him from head to foot. "I  
 think I heard that his Lordship  
 brought new comers with him. We  
 shall not lack acquaintance. Your  
 hand, Master Verdun—I think so  
 you said?" he added, as he looked  
 inquiringly at the Collector.

The Collector again pronounced  
 the name of the Secretary with more  
 precision.  
 "Nearly the same thing," contin-  
 ued the skipper. "Master Verhey-  
 den, your hand: mine is something  
 rougher, but it shall be the hand of  
 a comrade, if you be in the service  
 of worshipful Master Anthony War-  
 den, the good Collector of St. Mary's.  
 I know how to value a friend, Mas-  
 ter Secretary, and a friend's friend.  
 You have a rare voice for a ballad—  
 I pretend to have an opinion in such  
 matters—an excellent voice and a free  
 finger for the lute."

"I am flattered by your liking,  
 sir," returned Albert Verheyden,  
 coldly, as he retired towards a win-  
 dow, somewhat repelled by the too  
 freely proffered acquaintance of the  
 skipper, and the rather loud voice  
 and obtrusive manner with which  
 he addressed those around him.

"Oh, this craft of singing is the  
 touchstone of gentility now-a-days,"  
 said Cockslecraft, twirling his vel-  
 vet bonnet by the gold tassel ap-  
 pended to the crown. "A man is  
 accounted unfurnished who has no  
 skill in that joyous art. Sea-bred  
 as I am, Collector—worshipful Mas-  
 ter Warden—you would scarce be-  
 lieve me, but I have touched lute  
 and guitar myself, and passably  
 well. I learned this trick in Milan,  
 whither I have twice gone in my  
 voyages, and dwell there with the

Italians, some good summer months.  
 That is your climate for dark eyes  
 and bright nights—balconies, and  
 damsels behind the lattice, listening  
 to thrummers and singers upon the  
 pavements below. And upon oc-  
 casion, we wear the cloak and dag-  
 ger. I have worn cloak and stiletto  
 in my travels. Master Collector, and  
 trolled a catch in the true tongue of  
 Tuscany, when tuck and rapier  
 rung in the burden. The hot blood  
 there is a commodity which the  
 breeze from the Alps has no virtue  
 to cool, as it does in Switzerland."

"We will try your singing craft  
 ere it be long," replied the Collec-  
 tor. "We will put you to catch and  
 glee, with a jig to the heel of it,  
 Richard Cockslecraft. You must  
 know, Blanche is eighteen on the  
 festival of St. Therese, and we have  
 a junketing forward which has set  
 the whole province astir. You  
 shall take part in the sport with the  
 townspeople, Master Skipper; and I  
 warrant you find no rest of limb until  
 you show us some new antics of the  
 fashion which you have picked up  
 abroad. You shall dance and sing  
 with witnesses—or a good leg and  
 a topping voice shall have no virtue!  
 I pray you, do not forget to make  
 one of our company on the festival  
 of St. Therese. Your gew gaws,  
 Richard, and woman's gear, could  
 not be more in season; every wench  
 in the port is like to be your debt-  
 or."

"Thanks, Master Collector, I have  
 a foot and voice, ay, and hand, ever  
 at the service of your good compa-  
 ny. I will be first to come and last  
 to depart. I have been minded of  
 the Rose of St. Mary's in my voyag-  
 ing," he said in a respectful and  
 lowered tone, as he approached the  
 maiden. "Mistress Blanche is never  
 so far out of my thoughts that I  
 might come back to the port with-  
 out some token for her. I would  
 crave your acceptance of a pretty  
 mantle of crimson silk lined with  
 miniver. I found it in Dordt, and  
 being taken with its beauty, and  
 thinking how well it would become  
 the gray figure of my pretty mistress  
 of the Rose Croft, I brought it away  
 and make bold to ask—that is, if it  
 may be allowed to bring it hither."

"You may find a worthier hand  
 for such a favor," said Blanche,  
 with a tone and a look that some-  
 what eagerly repelled the proffered  
 gift, and manifested dislike at the  
 liberty which the skipper had taken  
 in a liberty which was in no degree  
 lessened to her apprehension by the  
 unaccustomed gentleness of his  
 voice, and the humble and faltering  
 manner in which he had asked her  
 consent to the present. "I am un-  
 used to such gaudy trappings, and  
 should not be content to wear the  
 cloak," then perceiving some re-  
 proof, as she fancied, in the coun-  
 tenance of her sister Alice and La-  
 dy Maria, she added in a kinder  
 voice, "I dare not accept it at your  
 hand, Master Skipper."

"Nay," replied Cockslecraft, pre-  
 suming upon the mildness of the  
 maiden's speech, and pressing the  
 matter with that obtrusiveness that  
 marked his character and nurture,  
 "I shall not take it kindly if you do  
 not," and as a flush overspread his  
 cheek, he added, "I counted to a  
 certainty that you would do me this  
 courtesy."

"Men sometimes count rashly,  
 Master Cockslecraft," interposed  
 the Lady Maria, "who presume upon  
 a maiden's willingness to incur such  
 debts."

"Save you, madam," replied the  
 skipper; "I should be sorry Mis-  
 tress Blanche should deem it to be  
 incurring a debt."

"I have not been trained," said  
 Blanche, with perfect self posses-  
 sion and firmness of manner, which  
 she intended should put an end to  
 the skipper's importunity, "to re-  
 ceive such favors from the hand of  
 a stranger."

"You will, perchance, think bet-  
 ter of it, when you see the mantle,"  
 replied the skipper carelessly; and  
 then added with a saucy smile, "Wom-  
 en are changeable, Master Collector:  
 I will bring the gewgaw for Mistress  
 Blanche's inspection—a chapman  
 may have that privilege."

"You may spare yourself the  
 trouble," said the maiden.  
 "Nay, mistress, think it not a  
 trouble, I beseech you; I count no-  
 thing a trouble which shall allow me  
 to please your fancy." As the skip-  
 per uttered this he came still near-  
 er to the chair on which Blanche  
 was seated, and almost in a whisper  
 said, "I pray you, mistress, think  
 so lightly of my wish to serve  
 you. I have set my heart upon your  
 taking the mantle."

"Master Skipper, a word with  
 you," interrupted the Secretary,  
 who had watched the whole scene;  
 and aware of the annoyance which  
 Cockslecraft's rudeness inflicted upon  
 the maiden, had quietly approach-  
 ed him and now beckoned him to a  
 recess of the window, where they  
 might converse without being heard  
 by the company. "It is not civil to  
 importune the lady in this fashion.  
 You must be satisfied with her an-  
 swer as she has given it to you. It  
 vexes the daughter of Master War-  
 den to be thus besought. I pray  
 you, sir, no more of it."

Cockslecraft eyed the Secretary  
 for a moment with a glance of scorn-  
 ful resentment, and then replied in

a voice inaudible to all but the per-  
 son to whom it was addressed,  
 "Right! perhaps you are right, sir;  
 but when I would be tutored for my  
 behavior, he shall be a man who  
 takes that duty on him, and shall  
 wear a beard and sword both. I  
 needed not thy schooling, master  
 crochot-monger!" Then leaving the  
 Secretary, he strode towards the  
 maiden, and assuming a laughing  
 face, which but awkwardly conceal-  
 ed his vexation, he said: "Well,  
 mistress Blanche, since you are re-  
 solved that you will not take my  
 mantle off my hands, I must give it  
 over as a venture lost, and so an end  
 of it. I were a fool to be vexed be-  
 cause I could not read the riddle of  
 a maiden's fancy; how should such  
 fish of the sea be learned in so gentle  
 a study? So, viagrilo, I shall break  
 no leg of mine! I will dance none  
 the less merrily for us at the feast;  
 and as for the mantle, it may find  
 other shoulders in the port, though  
 it shall never find them so fit to  
 wear it withal, as the pretty should-  
 ers of Mistress Blanche. Master  
 Warden, I must take my leave; my  
 people wait me at the quay. Fair  
 weather for the feast, and a merry  
 time of it, ladies! A Dios, Master  
 Collector!"

The gaiety of his leave-taking was  
 dashed with a sternness of manner  
 which all the skipper's acting could  
 not conceal, and as he walked to-  
 wards the door, he paused a moment  
 to touch Albert Verheyden's cloak  
 and whispered in his ear, "We shall  
 be better acquainted, sir;" then  
 leaving the house he rapidly shaped  
 his course towards the town.

He had scarcely got out of sight  
 before Blanche sprang from her  
 chair and ran towards her father,  
 pouring out upon him a volley of re-  
 proof for his unadvised and especi-  
 ally unauthorised invitation of the  
 skipper to the festival. The maid-  
 en was joined in this assault by the  
 auxiliaries, the Proprietary's sister  
 and Mistress Alice, who concurred  
 in reading the simple minded and  
 unconsciously offending old gentle-  
 man a lecture upon his imprudent  
 interference in this delicate matter.  
 They insisted that Cockslecraft's  
 associations in the port gave him no  
 claim to such a favor, and that at  
 all events, it was Blanche's prerog-  
 ative to be consulted in regard to the  
 admission of the younger and gay-  
 er portions of her company.

"Have you not had your will, my  
 dear father," was the summing up  
 of Blanche's playful attack, "to  
 your full content, in summoning all  
 the old humdrum folks of the prov-  
 ince, even to the Dominie and his  
 wife, who have never been known  
 to go to a merry-making anywhere,  
 and who are both so dead that they  
 have not heard each other speak  
 this many a day? and now you must  
 needs be bringing the skipper hith-  
 er."

"Lackaday, wench! what have I  
 done to redden thy brow?" inter-  
 rupted Mr. Warden, with a face of  
 perplexed good humor, unable long-  
 er to bear the storm of rebuke, or  
 to parry the arguments which were  
 so eagerly thrust at him; "I have  
 made mischief without knowing  
 how! The skipper is a free blade,  
 of good metal, and of a figure, too,  
 which, methinks, might please a  
 damsel in a dance, and spare us all  
 this coil; his leg has not its fellow  
 in the province. You take me to task  
 roundly, when all the while I was  
 so foolish as to believe I was doing  
 you regardful service."

"He has a wicked look, father,"  
 was Blanche's reply; "and a saucy  
 freedom which I like not. He is  
 ever too bold in his greeting, and  
 lacks gentle breeding. He must  
 come to me, forehead to forehead,  
 as an especial token, and set  
 upon me with so much constancy  
 to take it! Take a mantle from him!  
 I have never even seen him but  
 twice before, and then it was in  
 church, where he claimed to speak  
 to me as if he were an old acquain-  
 tance! I will none of him nor his  
 mantle, if he were fifty times a pro-  
 perer man than he is!"

"Be it so, my daughter," replied  
 the Collector. "But we must bear  
 this mishap cheerily. I will not re-  
 fend again. You women," he said,  
 as he walked to and fro through the  
 parlor, with his hands behind his  
 back, and a good-natured smile play-  
 ing over his features, "you women  
 are more shrewd to read the quali-  
 ties of men, especially in matters of  
 behavior, than such old pock-pud-