From the collection of
HON. WALTER I. DAWKINS, 1853-1936
Presented to the Maryland Department, 1937
Enoch Pratt Free Library

ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.

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
Eight lines or less constitute a square
A liberal deduction made for yearly advertisements. Correspondence solicited.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. 9. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1909. 4452

Saint Mary's Beacon.
Job Printing, such as
Handbills, Circulars
Blanks, Bill H ds, executed with ne d despatch.
Parties having Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive handbills neatly executed

W J Dawkins Fidelity g'td

EDELEN BRO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
TOBACCO, GRAIN AND PRODUCE
Special attention given to
The Inspection of Tobacco.
125 S. SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BTIMORE, MD
ALSO DEALERS IN
Edelen Bros., Special Tobacco Guano, Edelen Bros. Wheat and Grain Mixture, Pure Ground Bone, Pure Dissolved S. C. Bone.
Our 'Special Tobacco Guano' and Wheat and Grain Mixture we have 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 SENATOR FLOUR buy only the best wheat from the v heat-producing limestone area.
Ask your Grocer for Senator Flour-look for the trade-mark—and refuse substitutes.
Everything is done to make SENATOR FLOUR what the best housekeepers pronounce it—"THE BEST."
CHAS. KING & SON, Wholesale Senator Flour, Alex. Va.

LOOKOUT
Pricesof Lumber Much Lower.
LUMBER THE CARPENTER LIKES
is piled high in our yard—sometimes. As a rule 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 thoroughly 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 at once. 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 entire 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, EGGS, GRAIN, etc. POULTRY POULTRY LAMBS, CALVES, LIVE STOCK, etc.
C. M. LEWIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
14 E. CAMDEN ST., Baltimore, Md.,
MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Wm. J. C. Dulany Company,
PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS AND PRINTERS.
Agents for Milton Bradley's Kindergarten Supplies.
Send for Catalogues.
325 N. Charles Steet, BALTIMORE, MD
Feb 16—y.

HIRAM G. DUDLEY, JAMES J. GREENWELL, FRANK S. DUDLEY.
Dudley & Carpenter
125 LIGHT STREET, BALTIMORE.
Commission Merchants,
Sell Tobacco, Grain and Country Produce. Strict attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.

HOTEL DONALD,
1010 13th Street, N. W.,
(between K and L.)
Washington, D. C.,
WM. A. FENWICK, Proprietor.
14th Street cars within a block.
Feb. 15, '06—tf.

The Latest Patterns
Wall Paper,
5c. apiece; Gilt, 8c. apiece; Window Shades, 20c. to $1.00.
Thomas & Messer Co.,
1015 W. BALTIMORE STREET,
Baltimore, Md.

HOTEL SWANN
PINEY POINT, MD.
Open all the year to the general public and traveling men. Livery Attached. Drummers conveyed to and from St. George's Island. Rates reasonable.
Feb 7—y J. T. SWANN.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY
LEONARDTOWN, MD.,
Conducted by the
SISTERS OF CHARITY,
OF NAZARETH, KY.
Boarding and day School for Young Ladies, situated in the most picturesque part of beautiful Maryland.
Academic, Intermediate, Elementary and Commercial courses; special advantages in Music and Vocalization.
Besides the best moral and religious training and a thorough knowledge of the coures pursued, particular attention is also given to the cultivation of ladylike manners, amiable deportment and whatever tends to inspire a love for the good, the beautiful and the true.
Parents desiring to enter their children 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.

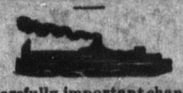
SCHEDULE

In Effect Monday, May 15, 1909.

THREE TRIPS WEEKLY.

—BETWEEN—

BALTIMORE and WASHINGTON.



Read Carefully important changes have been made.

Leave Baltimore, pier 3, Light street wharf, weather permitting, at 5 p. m., every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, for the following River Landings, Alexandria and Washington.

Baltimore, 5 p m., Miller's, Brome's, Porto Bello, Grason's, Coan, 5 a. m., Bundick's, Lakes, Walnut Point, Cowarts, Lewisetta, Kinsale, Lodge, Mundy Point, *Cintra, Piney Point, 10 a. m., Leonardtown, 12 noon, Abells, Cobrums, Stone's, Bushwood, Lancaster's, 4p. m., Riverside, Liverpool Point, Glymont, Alexandria and Washington.

*Stops only on Signal.

Leave Washington, Seventh St. Wharf, (weather permitting,) 4 p. m., every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday for the following River Landings and Baltimore:

Washington, Alexandria, 4.45 p. m., Glymont, Liverpool Point, Riverside, Bushwood, Lancaster, Cobrums, Stones, Leonardtown, 9 a. m., Abell's, Piney Point, *Cintra, Lodge, 10 a. m., Mundy Point, Kinsale, 12 noon, Coan, Bundick's, Lakes, Walnut Point, Cowart's, Lewisetta, Miller's, 4 p. m., Grason's, 5 p. m., Brome's, Porto Bello, 6 p. m., Baltimore.

*Stops only on Signal.

Arriving in Baltimore early Wednesday, Friday and Monday Mornings.

Freight received daily in Baltimore on sailing days until 4.00 P. M.

This time-table shows the 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 & GRIMES, Agent, Telephone 50, Alexandria, Va.
STEPHENSON & BRO., Agts. Telephone 745, Washington, D. C.
T. MURDOCK, Gen. Frt. and Pass. Agt.

E. VOIGT
MANUFACTURING JEWELER
726 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 themselves.
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. Experienced clerks. Polite attention.
WATCHES, DIAMONDS, EMBLEMS, RINGS, SILVERWARE, CLOCKS and BRONZES, PRAYER BOOKS and MEDALS.
725 7th Street, N. W. Washington, D. C., is the place and the man to deal with is E. VOIGT.
Everyone who deals with Voigt is pleased.
Nov. 12—1y.

ROB OF THE BOWL.

A LEGEND OF ST. INIGO'S.

BY JOHN P. KENNEDY.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
Publishers, Washington Square,
Philadelphia, Sept. 22, 1908.

FRANCIS V. KING, ESQ.,
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. However, the work is now out of copyright, and there is no reason why you might not reprint it without permission.

Yours very truly,
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
H. G. E.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY, LL. D. author, was born in Baltimore, Aug. 18, 1795; died Oct. 25, 1870. He graduated at the University of Maryland in 1812; was admitted to the bar in 1816; served in the Legislature in 1820—24; member of Congress 1835—42; presidential elector on 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 1846. Was appointed Secretary of the Navy 1852, and aided in fitting out Commodore Perry's Japan expedition and Dr. Kane's second Arctic voyage. At his death was provost of the University of Maryland, vice-president of the Maryland Historical Society, chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Peabody Academy, Baltimore and trustee of the Peabody Educational Fund. Was the author of several novels and of a Life of William Wirt.

(Reprint from the Lippincott edition of 1861.)

CHAPTER XVII.

Some do call me Jack, sweetheart,
And some do call me Jille:
But when I come to the king's faire courte,
They call me Willulie Wille.
THE KNIGHT AND SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

The skipper's necessary affairs in the port engaged him all the day succeeding that of his interview with Father Pierre, and therefore prevented him from making his intended visit to the Cripple of St. Jerome's. When the next morning broke upon him, the early bell of St. Mary's Chapel informed him of the Sabbath;—a day seldom distinguished in his calendar from the rest of week. It was, however, not unheeded now, as it suggested the thought that an opportunity might be afforded him to gain a sight of Blanche Warden—and even, perchance, an interview—at the service of the Chapel. In this hope he at once relinquished his design of going to St. Jerome's, at least until after the morning offices of the church were performed. Accordingly, at an hour somewhat in advance of the general attendance of the congregation, the skipper was seen loitering in the purlieus of the Chapel, where he marked with an inquisitive but cautious whatchfulness the various groups that were coming to their devotions. When at length his strained vision was able to descry a cavalcade approaching from the direction of St. Inigoe's, and he discerned the figures of Albert Verheyden and Blanche Warden dallying far in the rear of the Collector and his daughter Alice, their horses almost at a walk, and themselves manifestly engrossed in an earnest conference, he turned hastily towards the church, and with a compressed lip and knitted brow ascended the stair and threw himself into an obscure corner of the little gallery which locked upon the altar. Here he remained a sullen and concealed observer of the rites of the temple,—his bosom rankling with uncharitable thoughts, and his countenance clouded with feelings the most ungenial to the lowly selfabasement and contrition of heart which breathed in every word of the solemn ritual that addressed his ear.

The Collector's family entered the place of worship. The Secretary still accompanied Blanche, knelt beside her in prayer, opened her missal to the various services of the day, and tendered the customary offices of familiar gallantry common to such an occasion, with an unrebuked freedom: all this in the view of the skipper, whose eye flashed with a vengeful fire, as he gazed upon the man to whom he attributed the wrong he deemed himself to have suffered in his recent interview with the maiden. The service ended and the throng was retiring, when Cocklescraft planted himself on the outside of the door. His purpose was to exchange even but a word with the daughter of the Collector—at least to win a recognition of his persence by a smile, a nod, the smallest courtesy,—so dear to the heart of a lover. She came at last, loiteringly with Father Pierre and Albert Verheyden. Perhaps she did not see Cocklescraft in the shade of the big elm, even although her father's weaker sight had recognized him, and the old man had stepped aside to shake his hand. She passed on to her horse without turning her head towards him. The skipper abruptly sprang from the Collector to help her into her saddle, but Blanche had already Albert's hand, and in a moment was in her seat. Cocklescraft's proffered service was acknowledged by a bow and only a casual word. The Secretary in an instant mounted his steed, and, with the maiden, set forth on their ride at a brisk gallop. The Brother of the Coast, forgetful of his usual circumspection, stood with folded arms and moody visage, looking darkly upon them as they disappeared, and muttering half-audible ejaculations of wrath. He was after an interval, roused from his abstraction by the hand of Father Pierre gently laid upon his shoulder:

"You have forgotten the censer of virgin silver you promised to offer at this shrine," said the priest in a grave voice. "It was to be an offering for the sin of a wayward spirit of anger. Beware, son, that thou dost no wrong to a brother."

"I have not forgotten the censer, holy Father," returned the skipper with an ineffectual effort to assume his usual equinimity. "I have only deferred the offering—until I may give it," he added in a stern voice, "with an honest conscience. You shall have it anon. I have business now that stands in the way; good morning to you, Father." And with these words he walked rapidly away.

In the afternoon Cocklescraft was seen plying his way from the quay in a small boat, attended by two seamen who rowed him to a point some five or six miles below the town, where he landed, and set out on foot for St. Jerome's.

On the following morning, whilst the dawn yet cast its gray hue over the face of the land, two men, in shaggy frize dresses, arrived at the hut of The Cripple. They rode on rough, little beach-ponies, each provided with a sack. The mastiff bitch eyed the visitors with a malign aspect from her station beneath the door sill, and by her low mutterings warned them against a too near approach. They accordingly stood at bay.

"Curse on the slut!" said one; "she has the eye of a very devil; it might not be safe to defy her. Not a mouse is stirring:—the old Trencherman is as still as his bowl. Were it safe, think you, to wake him?"

"Why not?" demanded the other. "He will be in a passion and threaten, at first, with his weapon; but when he knows we come to trade with him, I will warrant he butters his wrinkles as smoothly with a smile as you could desire. Strike your staff, Nichol, against the door."

"The fiend fetch me, if I venture so near as to strike, with that bitch at the step. Try it yourself, Perry Cadger."

"Nay, and it comes to that, I will rouse him in another fashion," said the other.

"Master Swale—Master Robert Swale—halloo—halloo!"

"Rob, man, awake; turn out for friends!" exclaimed the first. The growl of the mastiff bitch was now changed into a hoarse bark. Some stir was heard from the inside of the hut, and, in a moment afterwards, the door was unbolted and brought sufficiently open to allow the uncouth head and half dressed figure of the Cripple to be seen. A short blunderbuss was leveled directly in the face of the visitors, whilst an ungracious repulse was screamed out in a voice husky with rage.

"Begone, you misbegotten thieves! What makes you here? Do you think I am an ale draper to take in every strolling runagate of the night. Begone, or I will baptize you with a sprinkling of lead!"

"I beseech you, Robert Swale," exclaimed the first speaker, "turn your weapon aslant! You may do deed of mischief upon your friends. We are Nicholas Upstake and Peregrine Cadger—friends, Rob—friends who have come to drive bargains to your profit. Open your eyes, Master—put on your glasses—we have gold in pocket, man."

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled the tenant of the hut; "thou art astir, cronies! Ha, ha! I took you for land loupers—sharks. By the Five Wounds, I knew ye not! Have patience a space and I will open."

When The Cripple had dressed himself he came swinging forth in his bowl, and passing beyond the curtilage of his dwelling went to the beach, whither he was followed by his two visitors, who had now dismounted from their ponies. Here he halted, and taking off his cap, exposed his bare head and loose white tresses to the morning breeze which came somewhat sharply from the water.

"Soh!" he exclaimed, "there is refreshment in that! It is my custom to expel these night-cap vapors with the good salt water breeze; that is a commodity that may reach the province without paying duty to his Lordship! a cheap physic, masters. Now what scent are you upon, Nichol Upstake? Perry Cadger, man of sarsnet and grogram, I guess your errand."

"In truth, Robert Swale," said Upstake——

"No Robert Swale, nor Master Robert Swale," testily interrupted the owner of the cabin; none of your worshipful phrase for me! You are but a shallow hypocrite to affect this reverence. Rob of the Bowl is the best I get from you when your longings are satisfied; ay, and it is said with a curl of your lip; and you make merry over my unworthiness with your pot-fellows. So, be honest and give me plain Rob; I seek no flattery."

"You do us wrong, good Master Rob," interposed Peregrine Cadger—

"To your needs," said Rob sternly; "speak in the way of your trade! You have no voice' nor ear for aught else."

'Then, in brief," said Nichol Upstake, "I would know if you could supply me with Antigua to-day, or aqua vitæ, I care not which?"

"If such a thing might be, where would you take it, Nichol?" inquired Rob.

"To Warrington on the Cliffs."

"Ay, to Warrington on the Cliffs; good!—and warily to be borne? no hawk's eye upon your path?"

"It shall be by night, if you like it," said the dealer.

"Well, well!" replied The Cripple; "I can give you a little of both, master: a flagon or so; some three or four. My hut is small, and has a scant cellar. But the money in hand, Nichol Upstake! Good gold—full weight—and a fair price, too, mark you! I must have a trifle above my last market—ten shillings the gallon on the brandy, and two more for the Antigua. Leave your kegs, and see me again at sunset. The money in hand! the money in hand! there is no trust in my commonwealth."

"It shall be so," said Nichol.

"And now, Master Cadger, what wilt? You have a scheme to cozen dame and wench with gewgaws; I see it in your eye: and you will swear upon book and cross, if need be, they have stood you a wondrous hard purchase, even at the full three hundred per cent. excess you purpose to exact above the cost; and all the while it has come out of Rob's warehouse as cheap as beggars' alms: ha, ha, ha! This world thrives on honesty! it grows fat on virtue! knavery only starves. Your rogue in rags, what has he but his deserts? Let him repent and turn virtuous, like you and me, Perry, and his torn cloak and threadbare doublet shall be fenced and lined to defy all weathers. Hark you, master, I have camblets, satins, and velvets, cambric, and lawn—choice commodities all. You shall see them in the hut."

"How came you by so rich an inventory, Rob?"

The Cripple turned a fierce eye upon the mercer, and with one glance conveyed his meaning, as he touched the handle of his dagger and said in a low tone.

"Do you forget the covenant between us? Peregrine Cadger, you know I brook no such question."

The mercer stood for a moment abashed, and then replied: "An idle word, Master Rob, which meant no harm: as you say, honesty will only thrive. You shall find never a knave that is not some part fool. I will into the hut to look at the wares."

"Do so," said The Cripple. "You will find them in the box behind the door. There is need that you leave me, so follow him, Nichol. I have sudden business, masters, which it does not concern you to witness. When you have seen what you desire, depart quickly; leave your sacks and come back at sunset. I charge you, have a care that your eyes do not wonder towards my motions. You know me, and know that I have sentinels upon your steps who have power to sear your eye balls if you but steal one forbidden glance: away!"

The dealers withdrew into the hut, wondering at the abrupt termination of their interview, and implicitly confiding in the power of The Cripple to make good his threat.

"The Lord have mercy upon us!" said the mercer, in a smothered voice, after they had entered the door; "The Cripple has matters on hand which it were not for our good to pry into. Pray you, Nichol, let us make our survey and do his bidding, by setting forth at once. I am not the man to give him offence."

The cause of this unexpected dismissal of the visitors was the apparition of Cocklescraft, whose figure, in the doubtful light of the morning, was seen by Rob at a distance, on the profile of the bank in the neighborhood of the Wizard's Chapel. He had halted upon observing The Cripple in company with strangers, and had made a signal which was sufficiently intelligible to the person to whom it was addressed, to explain his wish to meet him.

Rob, having thus promptly rid himself of his company, now swung his short crutches, almost as rapidly as a good walker could have got over the ground, towards the spot where the buccaneer had halted.

"Steer your cockleshell there to the right, old worm!" said the freebooter, as Rob came opposite to the bank on which he stood. "You shall find it easier to come up by the hollow."

"The plague of a foul conscience light on you!" replied The Cripple, desisting from further motion, and wiping the perspiration from his brow. "Is it more seemly I should waste my strength on the fruitless labor to clamber up that rough slope, or you come down to me? You mock me, sirrah!" he added, with an expression of sudden anger; "you know I cannot mount the bank."

"You know I can drag you up, reverend fragment of a sinful man!" returned Cocklescraft, jocularly; "yes, and with all your pack of evil passions at your back besides. Would you hold our meeting in sight from the window of the hut, where you have just lodged a pair of your busy meddlers—your bumpkin cronies in the way of trade? It was such as these that, but a few nights ago, set his Lordship's hounds upon our tracks Come up, man, without further parley."

The Cripple's fleeting anger changed, as usual, to that bitter smile and chuckle with which he was wont to return into a tractable mood, as he said,—

"A provident rogue! a shrewd imp! He has his instinct of mischief so keen that his forecast never sleeps. The devil has made him a perfect scholar. There, Dickon, give me your hand," he added, when he came to the steep ascent which his machine of locomotion was utterly inadequate to surmount. "Give me your hand, good cut-throat. Help me to the top."

The muscular seaman, instead of extending his hand to his companion, descended the bank, and taking the bowl and its occupant upon his shoulder, strode upward to the even ground, and deposited his load with as little apparent effort as if he had been dealing with a truss of hay.

"Bravely!" ejaculated Rob, when he was set down. "I scarce could have done better in my best day. Now what you to jogging so early, Dickon? Where do you come from?"

"From the Chapel," replied the other. "I came there from the port last night, express to see you; and having no special favor for the bed I slept on, I left it at the first streak of light to go and rouse you from your dreams, and lo! there you are at one of your dog and wolf bargains with the countryside clowns."

"Discreet knaves, Dickon, who have come to ease us of somewhat of our charge of contraband: stout jerkins—stout and well lined; rogues of substance—Nichol Upstake, the ordinary keeper of Warrington, and Perry Cadger, the mercer of St. Mary's. Seeing you here, I dismissed them until sunset. That Peregrine Cadger is somewhat leaky as a gossip, and might tell tales if he were aware that I consorted with you."

"I see them taking the road on their ponies," said Cocklescraft; "we may venture to the hut. I am sharp set for breakfast, and when I have a contented stomach, I will hold discourse with you, Rob, touching matters of some concern to us both."

The Cripple and his guest, upon this hint, repaired to the hut, and in due time the morning meal was supplied and despatched. Cocklescraft then opened the purport of his visit.

"Has it ever come into your wise brain, Master Rob," he asked, "that you are getting somewhat old; and that it might behoove you to make a shrift at the confessional, by way of settling your account? I take it, it will not be a very clean reckoning without a good swashing penance."

"How now, thou malignant kite!" exclaimed The Cripple; "what's in the wind?"

"Simply, Rob, that the time has come when, peradventure, we must part. I am tired of this wicked life. I shall amend, and I come to counsel you to the like virtuous resolution. I will be married, Robert Swale, Man of the Bowl!"

"Grammercy! you will be married! you! I spit upon you for a fool. What crotchet is this?"

"I will be married, as I say, neither more nor less. Now to what wench, ask you? Why to the very fairest and primest flower of this province—the Rose of St. Mary's—the Collector's own daughter. I mark that devil's sneer of unbelief of yours, old buckler man; true word was never spoke by son of the sea or land, than I speak now."

"To the Collector's daughter!" ejaculted The Cripple in a tone of derision. "Your carriage is bold in the port, but no measure of audacity will ever bring you to that favor. Would you play at your old game, and sack the town, and take the daintiest in it for ransom? You know no other trick of wooing, Dickon."

"By my hand, Rob, I am specially besought by the Collector to make one at a choice merry-making which his daughter has on foot for next Thursday. Ay, and I am going, on his set command, to dance a galliard with Mistress Blanche. Oh, she shall be the very bird of the sea—the girl of the billow, Rob! She shall be empress of the green wave that nursed me, and the blue sky, and and the wide waste. Her throne shall be on the deck of my gay bark: and my merry men shall spring at her beck as deftly as at the boatswain's pipe!"

"You shall sooner meet your deservings," said Rob, "on the foal of the acorn, with a hempen string, than find grace with the Collector's child. Your whole life has been adversary to the good will of the father."

"I know it," replied Cocklescraft. "I was born in natural warfare with the customs and all who gather them; the more praise for my exploits! I shall change my ways and forsake evil company. I shall shut up the Chapel, Rob; expel our devils; pack off our witches to Norway, and establish an honest vocation. Therefore, Rob, go to Father Pierre, repent of your misdeeds, and live upon your past gains. You are rich and may afford to entertain henceforth a reputable conscience."

"Do not palter with me, sirrah! but tell me what this imports."

"Then truly, Rob, I am much disturbed in my fancies. I love the wench, and mean to have her—fairly if I can—but after the fashion of the Coast if I must. She does not consent as yet—mainly because she has a toy of delight in that silken Secretary of my Lord—a bookish, pale-cheeked, sickly strummer of stringed instruments—one Master Verheyden, I think they him."

"Ha!" exclaimed The Cripple, as a frown gathered on his brow; "what is he? Whence comes he?"

"His Lordship's chamber secretary," replied Cocklescraft; "brought hither I know not when, nor whence. A silent-paced, priestly pattern of modesty, who feeds on the favor of his betters, as a lady's dog, that being allowed to lick the hand of his mistress, takes the privilege to snarl on all who approach her. I shall make light work with him by whipping him out of my way. Why are you angry, that you scowl so, Master Rob?"

"I needs must be angry to see thee make a fool thyself," replied the master of the hut. "Verheyden—his Lordship's secretary!" he muttered to himself. "No, no! it would be a folly to think it."

To Be Continued.