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Saint Mary's Beacon

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ROB OF THE BOWL. A LEGEND OF ST. INIGO'S. BY JOHN P. KENNEDY. J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Philadelphia, Sept. 27, 1908.

CHAPTER XXIV. Not less upon the ancient town The evening sank in sorrow down. The burghers' souls of civil war, Of raptured souls and mountain war.

CHAPTER XXV. "Stark battles with the Papist as old Luther battled with the Devil," he said, "and I am going to be a group of inland explorers who were actually discussing the expected issue of the fight."

CHAPTER XXVI. "Put up your sword, you venturesome fool," exclaimed Verbrack, who, in hurrying round the confines of the crowd with a small party of the musketeers, encountered the man of war in the night of his life.

CHAPTER XXVII. "Huzza, excellent! Nobby parried, Sergeant!" and similar expressions of encouragement, burst forth from the lips of the excited groups, as they involuntarily laid their hands upon their swords, and, breaking through all constraint, passed up to the frame of the platform.

who sprang upon the platform and shook his sword in Travers's face. "I'll meet thee, Master Toasting-iron, when you dare—I'll give thee a lesson for striking a man below the knee."

These invaders of the platform were instantly confronted by two or three of the opposite party who ascended the stage to drag them off—and, in turn, some dozens of either complexion in the quarrel sprang to the aid of their respective friends—thus presenting on both sides a compact body of excited opponents fiercely bent on mischief.

And with this word he pushed the burgess violently over the edge of the platform on the brink of which he stood. In a moment the musketeers were marshaled by Dauntress, in solid mass, upon the stage, and the threatened rioters were thus expelled from the seat of contest.

"Put up your sword, you venturesome fool," exclaimed Verbrack, who, in hurrying round the confines of the crowd with a small party of the musketeers, encountered the man of war in the night of his life.

"Find other service for your pike, than to stop my wandering." "By my troth, saucy master," replied Dauntress, "but I will speedily find service for my pike that shall teach thee more civil behavior."

CHAPTER XXIV. In this state of excitement and expectation, the early twilight found the greater number of the spectators of the recent show, and crowds still lingered in detached and angry parties about the common, even until the new moon began to shed a pale light over the field.

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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 descriptive handbills neatly executed and at city prices.

Master Wheatbread, on the night of the fifth of November, as the reverend Master Yeo has appointed, "Guy Fawkes's night," said Dauntress, "But the Fendalls—"

"The Lord love you, Master Wheatbread! thou couldst not have rightly apprehended Captain Cooke. Lieutenant Godfrey is to bring his troopers—I am one of them and counted on; I wear his Lordship's colors and take his pay, though I be not of his cause, mark you—Lieutenant Godfrey is to fetch his minutes-men on Wednesday come next sunnigh, and make an onslaught on the prison. We begin with that."

"Faith did he; and he looks to see it done to the last scruple, which I promise you, it shall be if there be virtue in steel."

"But he did not explain how these friends from Virginia should reach our shore." "Thou wert asleep, Master Sweetbread; thou wert dull. Did you not know that Cooke's men have quarreled with the Proprietary and brings us his brigantine? Truly, does he! When knives fall out, honest men come by their own, ha, ha! By cock and pye—but that's a true word!"