

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 year
ly advertisements. Correspondence
solicited.

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. 70. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1909.

Saint Mary's Beacon.
Job Printing, such as
Handbills, Circulars
Blanks, Bill Heads, executed with
neatness and dispatch.
Parties having Real or Personal
estate can obtain des-
patched and neatly executed
and at low rates.

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-
ture, Pure Ground Bone, Pure Dissolved S. C. Bone.
Our 'Special Tobacco Guano' and Wheat and Grain Mixture wa-
re 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 best producing
sections of the world.
Everything is done to make SENATOR FLOUR what the best
housekeepers pronounce it—"THE BEST."
Ask your grocer for Senator
Flour—look for the trade-mark
and refuse substitutes.

CHAS. KING & SON,

Wholesale Senator
Flour, Alex. Va.

LOOKOUT

Prices of Lumber Much Lower.

FOR THE
CARPENTER LIKES
In our yard—sometimes
it is kept moving, so great
is the demand for it. No
how much we sell, though, we
and that every stick and board
of this place shall be thor-
oughly 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 1,000.
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.,

New York Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.
ACCOUNT OF SALES IS MY TRAVELING SOLICITOR
Ask your neighbor.
BY, POULTRY LAMBS,
CALVES,
POULTRY LIVE STOCK, etc.
M. LEWIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
14 E. CAMDEN ST., Baltimore, Md.,
MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Wm. J. C. Dudley

Company,
PUBLISHER,
BOOKSELLER,
STATIONER,
AND
PRINTER
Agents for Millard's Kinder
garden Supplies.
Send for Catalogues.
335 N. Charles Street,
BALTIMORE, MD
Feb 18-7.
HIRSH G. DUDLEY, JAMES J. GREENWELL,
FRANK B. DUDLEY.
Dudley & Carpenter
185 LIGHT STREET, BALTIMORE.
Commission
Merchants.
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 7-7
J. T. SWANN.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

The following tracts of land located in
St. Mary's county can be purchased
cheap and on liberal terms, if time is de-
sired
A farm on road leading from Saint
John's to St. Andrew's church, contain-
ing 125 acres. Dwelling of five rooms,
stable and barn. Level and fairly tim-
bered. Soil varied.
A farm near or adjoining the same,
on the Glebe, containing 228 acres,
level and well wooded. Small dwelling
and stables, barn, corn house in good
condition. Fine tobacco soil.
A farm near Laurel Grove containing
100 acres, more or less. Dwelling and
out house in good condition. Fine
Tobacco soil.
Also one farm containing 100 acres,
near Jacobsville, 8th District. Well
timbered in oak, pine and gum.
The above lands being owned by me,
can be purchased exclusive of Agent's
commission.
In addition to the above lands, I have
for sale the following very desirable
farms in the 5th District, near Charlotte
Hall, and on the Southern Maryland
Railroad, which can be bought at a re-
asonable figure and at a liberal terms.
A farm in the 5th District, containing
253 acres, can be divided into two
farms. On one side is a barn of 60x40,
with large peach orchard; on other side,
two small dwellings, directly on railroad;
both sides well timbered.
Another farm containing 309 acres
building; large dwelling of 10 rooms,
three barns and tenant house. Well
timbered.
Another farm of 198 acres; fine, roomy
dwelling; new barn, 40x40; well tim-
bered and tenant houses for labor.
Another farm of 196 acres; large dwel-
ling of 7 rooms and 2 barns; heavily
timbered with chestnut and white oak.
Tenant house for labor.
Another farm of 168 acres; 8 room
dwelling; 3 nice barns in good repair. 1
tenant house.
The last mentioned four farms adjoin
each other, near Charlotte Hall, and all
in close proximity to Railroad.
ENOCH B. ABELL,
Leonardtown, Md.

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-
perienced 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.
Valuable Farms For Sale.
Farm No. 1. Has 100 acres cleared
and timbered land known as Fish
Commission situated directly on Chesapeake
Bay. Has three fourths mile water front.
Ten miles view up and down Bay. Beau-
tiful summer home. Splendid oyster
bottom to be had by leasing same from
State. Premises generally, buildings etc.
in good repair.
Farm No. 2 adjoins No. 1. Contains
250 acres cleared and timbered land ad-
jacent on South of St. Jerome's Creek.
Beautifully located. Desirable for any
purpose. Premises generally, buildings
etc., in good repair.
Farm No. 3 adjoins No. 2. Has 100
acres cleared and timbered land ad-
jacent on Phillips Branch a tributary of St.
Jerome's Creek. Will suit any industri-
ous farmer. Premises generally, build-
ings, etc., in good repair.
Farm No. 4 can be divided into two
smaller farms and made splendid home.
Land is level. Easy cultivated responds
quickly adapted to the growth of all
kinds of grains and other crops, fruits,
etc., etc. Conveniently located to
Churches, Schools and Wharves. Can be
bought on easy terms and long time pay-
ments. Write or call for information.
W. P. POWELL,
Ridge, Md.
July 14-14.

HOTEL DONALD,

1010 12th Street, N. W.,
(between K and L)
Washington, D. C.,
Wm. A. FENWICK, Proprietor.
14th Street cars within a block.
Feb. 15, '06-14
The Latest Patterns
Wall Paper.
5c. a piece; 6 1/2c. a piece; Win-
dow 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 7-7
J. T. SWANN.

ROB OF THE BOWL.

A LEGEND OF ST. INIGO'S.

BY JOHN W. KENNEDY.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
Publishers, Washington Square,
Philadelphia, Sept. 25, 1908.
FRANCIS V. KING, 1909.

DEAR SIR:—Replying to yours of the 17th
instant, we would state that all interest in
F. 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 very truly,
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
H. G. E.

JOHN FREDERICK KENNEDY, LL. D. author
of "Rob of the Bowl," was born in Baltimore, Aug. 18, 1793; died
Oct. 25, 1870. He graduated at the University
of Maryland in 1813; was admitted to the bar
in 1815; served in the Legislature in 1820-21;
member of Congress 1825-27; Presidential
elector on the Harrison ticket in 1840; and
was Chairman of the House Committee on
Commerce in Congress, 1847. He was again
elected to the Maryland Legislature and was
Speaker of the House in 1856. Was appointed
Secretary of the Navy in 1858, and acted in
that capacity until 1861. Was a member of
the Maryland Historical Society, the Maryland
Historical Society, chairman of the Board of
Trustees of the University of Maryland, and
more and trustee of the Peabody Education-
al Fund. Was the author of several novels
and a Life of William Pitt.

(Reprint from the Lippincott edition of 1901.)
CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.
On the following morning, soon
after the town was emptied of the
press of visitors who had crowded
in to the prize play, the greater por-
tion of whom had taken their de-
parture at an early hour, it is sufficient
for me only to inform my reader
that John Cooles, Lieutenant God-
frey, and Corporal Abbot, with a
half score of others less distin-
guished in this history, were snugly
encompassed in jail, sharing the ap-
artment of the persecuted patriots
Josias and Samuel Pendlar. How
they came into this stronghold, and
what consideration this decisive
act of vigorous administration
spread through the town; who advised
the measure and who executed it; I
leave to the conjecture of the im-
aginative friend who has accom-
panied me through the dry narra-
tive of these pages.
For the present, neither Kenelm
Chiseldine nor the reverend Par-
son Yoo were to be thought of. It
was conceived that they did not
pass free of that close observation
of their outgoings and incomings
which, in all countries, sus-
picious persons are wont to be fa-
vored by the authority of govern-
ment.
CHAPTER XXV.
The baffled factions in their houses staid.
JOHN WOODVILLE.

When day broke upon the drowsy
burgers of St. Mary's, on the
morning after the prize play, the
Olive Branch was no longer to be
seen in the river. Such a sudden
departure of so important a portion
of the commercial marine of the
port, produced no small degree of
speculation amongst the waking
citizens as, by degrees, after sun-
rise, they began to rub their eyes
and look abroad. This speculation
became still more intense when, in
a few hours, they saw files of sol-
diers passing through the town, and
heard, immediately afterwards, the
rumor of the arrest of Cooles and
his companions. Still more was it
excited by a report which was
brought to town from the
Bowl Croft, that the broad arrow-
the mysterious presignification of
mischief, a mark by which a sus-
pected person was proscribed, had
been found deeply scratched, as with
the point of a dagger, on the Col-
lector's door. An unusual stir and
buzz of murmured wonder prevailed
through the little city, and every
body was on foot to learn the cause
of these phenomena. By some it
was said that the skipper had gone
on a trading excursion up the bay
to Kent Island, and was his cus-
tom to take the night of the night
in the secret of the night's con-
spiracy had no difficulty in scribbling his de-
parture to movements connected with
the plot; the broad arrow on the
Collector's door was easily account-
ed for by such as were aware of
Coolescraft's midnight ride on
Godfrey's horse; and, on all sides,
expectation was raised into silent
dread of some eruption that was to
break forth, in a moment when none
might be aware of it, and from a
quarter to which few night look-
ers would have dreamed of looking.
The council was convened at the
Proprietary's mansion, and there the
emergency was gravely debated and
the most energetic measures of pre-
caution and defence adopted. The
escape of Coolescraft, connected
with his recent quarrel with the
Secretary, and the disclosure made
by Abbot of his concurrence in the
plot of the conspirators, left no
doubt of his treachery. The out-
break was rendered more formid-
able by its coincidence in point of
time with the contemplated incursion
of the Northern Indians, as re-
lated by the travelling doctor—a
circumstance that seemed to infer
correspondence between the leaders
of the conspiracy and the savages,
and to give the plot a consistency
well calculated to excite alarm. To
these topics of apprehension, on the
part of the council, was added a
certain undefined and anxious mis-
giving that the goblin stories of the
Wizard's Chapel, as reported by
Dauntress and Arnold de la Grange,
and now repeated by the Proprietary
with all the testimony he had

obtained to support them, might
have some connection with this
long-batched rebellion, and that
there were secret ramifications of
the plot that had not yet been sus-
pected. The participation of Godfrey
and Coolescraft in the designs of
Cooles, of which none of the Proprietary's
friends had entertained a surmise
until the previous night, was a
fact adapted to confirm their fears
of the wide diffusion of disaffection
where it had not been looked for.
The result of this deliberation was
a resolve to pursue matters to a speedy
conclusion by a decisive and bold
action. The ringleaders were to be
brought instantly to trial; the mili-
tary force was to be increased;
their ranks purged of all who were
suspected to want heartiness in the
cause; and every precaution was to
be taken to provide against assault
from all quarters, by night or day.
Captain Dauntress was commanded
to look to the safety of the town, and
to endeavor to ascertain what had
become of Coolescraft.
In this state of preparation and
suspense, twenty-four hours past
over without tidings of the skipper,
or any new developments of the de-
signs of the conspirators. The vir-
ginal measures taken by the Proprietary
seemed to have struck ter-
ror into his adversaries, and at
least driven them into the shelter
of silence and concealment. At the
end of this period Willy of the Plate,
who was one of those expert poli-
ticians who make it a point to man-
ifest their patriotism by the most
eager zeal in favor of the side that
is uppermost,—having until the
overthrow of Cooles been strongly
inclined to take part with the
agitators, now made his way about
ten o'clock at night, into the fort,
and thence to the presence of Cap-
tain Dauntress. Approaching the
Captain, with an air of constrained
self-importance, he said in a half
whisper—
"News, Master Captain—grave
news, worshipping sir,—state mat-
ters I have come post-haste to tell
you, that twenty minutes ago—no,
that I may not lie, I will say twenty-
five minutes ago—just so long as
with good speed—a dog trot we will
say—might suffice for me to come
hither from Master Wessel's tap-
room—who think you I saw, and
what did he do?"
"Speak, Willy, without this windy
prologue."
"There comes in Master Cooles-
craft, and straight orders a poggin
of brandy,—whereof gruzzing it down
with a most reasonable haste, he
wiped his lips, and asked for Lieu-
tenant Godfrey; and when he heard
that the Lieutenant was in prison,
he bit his lip and gave a kind of hal-
lo! I might say, grunt, and walked
very suspiciously away."
"And you had the wit to follow
him?"
"Follow him, Captain, I did, as
far as the cedars of the Town House,
where—the moon being down—I
lost him. He might have been
on his way to the jail, but I
stayed not to seek that out, for
turning round,—now, said I, Willy,
make for the fort as fast as you can,
and tell the Captain the whole mat-
ter."
"Thanks, at least, for that dilige-
nce of yours. You shall have your
supper and a stoop of liquor for
this."
"Blessings on your worship, for
thinking of the need of an empty
man!" said Willy, as with his hat
tucked under his arm he went to-
wards the Captain's kitchen to ac-
quaint Matchcock with his master's
hint touching the refreshment.
Dauntress lost no time in dis-
patching an inferior officer, with
two or three files, in quest of the
skipper. These returned after mid-
night with a tale confirming Willy's
narrative; but with the further in-
telligence that no traces could be
obtained of Coolescraft beyond his
appearance at the Crow and Ar-
cher.
The next day the Superior of the
Jesuit House of St. Inigo's visited
the Proprietary to inform him that,
at the dawn, the servants of his es-
tablishment had found their skiff
hauled up on the beach, some fifty
or a hundred yards remote from the
wharf where, on the preceding
night, it had been carefully locked
by a chain, which, it appeared, had
been broken, showing that the boat
had been used by some person of
whom no knowledge could yet be
obtained. He further stated that
Fluke, the fisherman, who lived
some distance below St. Inigo's, on
the river bank, had that morning
reported, that before daylight his
dogs had waked him with loud bark-
ing, and that he had heard the foot-
steps of a man upon the beach; that
the fisherman had challenged the stran-
ger from his window, but had got no
reply, and was fain to let him pass
without molestation, owing to the
darkness of the hour.
This intelligence, combined with
that brought to the fort by the fid-
dler, strongly pointed to the visit
and retreat of the skipper, and
seemed to indicate that he was lurk-
ing somewhere near the mouth of
the river, and had, in the night,
crossed St. Inigo's creek immedi-
ately from the wharf of the Jesuit
House to that of the Rose Croft, by
which road he had visited the town
and returned again before day-
light.
Dauntress, upon receiving this
information, lost no time in visit-
ing the House of St. Inigo's, to inquire
into the particulars; after which he
went to see the fisherman. The
result of this journey was to confirm
him in the impression of the secret
correspondence of the skipper with
the town, and to engage Fluke in

the service of watching the future
motions of the same visitant.
Simon Fluke lived some two or
three miles below St. Inigo's, near
the mouth of the river, where a
small cabin gave shelter to his wife
and a troop of children—an ampli-
fied brood of uroboros who seemed
to be at home either on land or wa-
ter, and whose rude habits of life
had inured them to the scant accom-
modation and precarious protection
of the hut into which they were all
huddled. This man earned a hard
livelihood by supplying the neigh-
bors of St. Inigo's and the town-
people with fish; and it was greatly to
his content that he now found him-
self engaged in the service of the
Proprietary, with the promise of a
handsome reward if his good fortune
should enable him to aid effectually
in securing the person of the skip-
per.
It was a few days after his em-
ployment in this service, that the
sun was seen to set amongst thickly
sounding clouds and blasts of
wind, such as, with the near ap-
proach of November, are apt sud-
denly to break in upon the serene
autumn, giving rude foretastes of
winter. The horizon was dark, and
the overmastered sun hopelessly
struggled to fling a parting beam
upon the ruffled waters.
The fisherman had hauled his
boat upon the sand, bestowed his
nets and other tackle in safety for
the night, and taken his seat at his
fireplace, with a lighted pipe, where
he challenged the besmirched, white-
haired boy that addled across the
room—the youngest of his troop—to
a game of romps, or more decorously
checked of household cares with his
meagre and sad-visaged dame. The
door of his hut standing wide open
and looking southwardly, showed
him the Potomac, even across to that
remote cape called by the early set-
tlers St. Gregory, but now
known as Smith's Point.
"Look out, wife," said the fisher-
man, as he cast his eye over this ex-
tensive sheet of water, yet illumined
with the light of parting day,
"and you shall see a strange craft
beating up from from the Virginia
shore; she is almost too light a skiff
for a sea boat that now running
in. Have you seen it go down the
river? Where can it belong?"
"It is a new sight to me," replied
the wife; "I saw nothing like it go
down from St. Mary's to-day."
"He does not shape his course,
either, up the river, so much as he
makes for this shore," added the
fisherman. "He comes from some
harbor on the other side, short of
St. Gregory. His business must
drive him hard, to bring him out at
this hour, in the teeth of such a
wind, I will keep an eye on that
venturing wife; there is enough in his
venturing to raise a suspicion."
The homely supper of the family,
soon after this, and of the fisher-
man from his wale, which indeed
the thickening shades of night soon
rendered useless, and the only vigi-
lance which the master of the hut
could now exercise was shown in
an occasional walk to the beach, in
the hope that the nearer approach
of the boat might inform him with
more certainty whether her course
lay towards the town. Nothing
however was gained by these visits;
no boat came in view, and the gloom
forbade further observation. The
craft was some seven or eight miles
at least, from shore when the dawn
last seen, and the fisherman, giving
up all hope of learning more that
night, threw his weary frame upon
his tattered couch and sunk shortly
into a profound sleep.
During the night a growl of the
house-dog, and the tread of a foot
upon the gravel, woke the uneasy
slumbering dame, but the sound
died away amidst the plash of waves
upon the strand, before she could
rouse the heavy and torpid frame of
her snoring lord. When at last he
woke, it was only to utter a drowsy
and bewildered reproof for the ap-
proach he had suffered, and to fall
back to sleep into his former deep
consciousness. At early dawn,
however, he was abroad, breathing
the sharp, cold breeze of the clear
morning. Below his hut, seaward,
he could descry upon the beach,
some miles short of Point Look Out,
the small craft which, on the previ-
ous evening, he had noted standing
across the river. It was a suspicious
sight to see a boat at such a time
in such a place; and connecting it
with the circumstances his wife had
remarked in the night, Fluke found
reason enough to put himself on the
watch for the person who controlled
his motions. He accordingly went
into his hut, and sticking under his
girdle a horseman's pistol which he
kept for domestic defence, and tak-
ing a stout white-oak staff in his
hand, he trudged forth along the
margin of the river, resolved to
plant himself in some advantageous
position, whence he might intercept
any one who should approach the
boat by land. He had not left his
door above half an hour, before his
wife observed a traveller, in a sea-
man's dress, partially concealed by
a gray cloak, striding on foot along
the field contiguous to the beach, in
the same direction that her husband
had just taken. The mastiff of the
household was the first to challenge
the stranger, by springing almost
instantly at his heels,—a trespass that was in-
stantly resented by a sturdy blow
from a walking stick that sent the
dog yelping back to the hut.
"St. Inigo! I will kill the dog!"
exclaimed the wayfarer. "Woman,"
he added, as soon as he became
aware that the dame had her eye
upon him, "why do you not chain
up the beast? By my hand! I will
make short work with him if he in-

terrupt me again." And without
waiting to hear the dame's half-
chiding, half-encouraging address to
the dog—"Get thee in, for a saucy, old,
honest snarler!" or her defence of
him: "He will not hurt you, sir;
his growl is worse than his bite,"—
he strode so rapidly onward as soon
to be out of view.
In less than an hour after sunrise,
the little chaloupe was seen laying
her course gallantly before the wind,
with her tiny sail filled almost to
bursting, as she bore for the opposite
side of the Potomac. The dame busied
herself in preparing her morning
meal, to be in readiness for her
husband's return, and in checking
the impatient positions of her robin
brood, who hung round to beg for
a morsel of fish from the pan, or a
slice of omelette, to stay their
fresh appetites, until the coming of
the father should be a signal for a
more orderly assault. Ever and
anon, she went to the door to cast
an eye along the river bank, and to
watch the little craft, the subject of
so much curiosity, as it measured
its rapid transit towards the Vir-
ginia shore.
"Simon Fluke, I believe in the
heart of me," she said, after having
gone a dozen times to the door,
"thinks no more of his breakfast
than if it were wet seaweed just out
of the river; the fish, with one turn
more, will not be fit for a Christian
to eat,—and here are these children
ready to munch their own fingers
for food. I wish to the saints, his
meal when they are ready for him!
But I might as well talk to a flounder
as to Simon Fluke."
CHAPTER XXVII.
It crops, the swarthy funeral train,
The coffin in the lid.
LEONORA.

The distant bell of St. Inigo's was
heard summoning the priests of the
house to the chapel service of the
Vigil of All Souls,—the season had
now advanced as far as high noon
on the last day of October,—when
the quays in front of the Crow and
Archer was thriven by the gas-
sipping faces of a group of quid-
dancers who had assembled there in
the warm sunshine, to discuss a
most melancholy piece of intelligence
which had just come to town, and
which was debated with that char-
acteristic respect for truth and de-
cent spirit of condolence with which
horrible accidents and distressing
casualties are generally propaga-
ted.
"There's proclamation of hue and
cry out," said Willy of the Plate,
speaking as one who had obtained
possession of a state secret—"I
heard it myself, but now, at the
man'sion, from Master Llewellyn,
who was sent for, on purpose, by
his Lordship, to make proclamation
by hue and cry as fast as it can be
writ down."
"Good reason!" replied Mugs
Sexton; "I'll warrant you Tiquis-
no's men have slipped across the
bay, with Jaokanapes or Robin Hood
at their lead, to whet their knives
on Christian flesh, and if they are
to be caught, we must do it quick; I
can tell you, neighbors. Will the
body be brought to town?"
"That shall be as the Coroner
shall order," said Garret Wessel,
with the air of a man who felt him-
self entitled to instruct the company
in matters of law. "No one durst
touch the body till the coroner has
dealt with it. Giles Ferris must
have a fancy to summon me on his
jury! but I foiled him on privilege,
I've seen masters,—for the Sheriff
hath set me down on the panel for
the provincial court next week—so
no two juries for me, Master Cor-
oner, says I. Lord, Lord! I could
no more face Simon Fluke's family,—
to say nothing of the dead man himself.
—In the distress, than I could look
upon my own dame in her wind-
sheet."
"Troth! you shall never look at
me in that dress," exclaimed the
laughing landlady, who stood on the
skirt of the crowd, hitherto un-
seen by her husband. "I have pranked
out two as pretty men in woolen as
yourself, Garret Wessel, before I
had the good luck to clap eyes on
you; and, faith, I mean to put you
back with his above, and to my
self. What are the townfolk good
for, that they are not up and abroad
to find out the villains who murder-
ed the fisherman?"
"They talk of a following with hot
hand," said Derrick Brown, in re-
ply to the question of the hostess,
"as soon as the Coroner comes back.
The Indians are lurking somewhere
upon the border of the settlements;
take my word it will be proved so."
"If we were sure of that," said
Garret Wessel, "I should be for
boot and spur, harquebuss and han-
gour, up and away, lads,—but we
must move with caution in the mat-
ter till we get lawful ground for an
out-riding. Give us the hue and
cry before we start."
"Some do say," interposed Mas-
ter Clink, a member of kettles, who
had left his work so hastily that he
had not thrown aside his leather
apron, "that the murder was done
by Papists in the disguise of In-
dians."
"I'll warrant you as many lies
will be pinned upon the back of this
murder as it will hold," said a tall,
sallow, spare-built man, who was
known as the head constable of the
riding of St. George's. "It is the
fashion now, when a piece of mis-
chief has been practiced, for one
side or the other to turn it into a
chance matter. Every body knows
that Simon Fluke was as good a
Roman as there was in the riding.
Why do you prate about the Papists,
Tom Clink? Who told you that
monstrous lie?"
By the Continued.