

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

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 des-
criptive handbills neatly executed
and at city prices

VOL. 70.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1909.

4472

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 are
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 wheat-producing
States.
Everything is done to make SENATOR FLOUR what the best
housekeepers pronounce it—"THE BEST."

CHAS. KING & SON, Wholesale Senators
Flour, Alex. Va.

LOOKOUT
Prices of Lumber Much Lower.
LUMBER THE CARPENTER LIKES
As 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 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 1,000.
Mail inquiries invited. Answered same day. Bids given at once.
Shipments quick and reliable. We invite your presence at 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, 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. Dudley
Company,
PUBLISHER,
BOOKSELLERS,
STATIONERS
AND
PRINTERS.
Agents for Milton Bradley's Kinder-
garten Supplies.
Send for Catalogues.

335 N. Charles Street,
BALTIMORE, MD
Feb 16-7.
HIRAN G. DUDLEY, JAMES J. GREENWELL,
FRANK S. DUDLEY.

Dudley & Carpenter
135 LIGHT STREET, BALTIMORE.
Commission Merchants,
Sell Tobacco, Grain and Country Produce
Particularly attention given to the careful sam-
pling of Tobacco.

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 road, containing 228 acres,
level and well timbered. Small dwelling
and stable, barn and corn house in good
condition. Fine tobacco soil.
A farm near Laurel Grove containing
100 acres, more or less. Dwelling and
out houses in good condition. Fine
Tobacco soil.
Also one farm containing 100 acres,
near Jarboeville, 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 on liberal terms.
A farm in the 5th District, containing
253 acres, can be divided into two
farms. On one side is a barn of 60x10,
with large peach orchard; on other side,
two small dwellings, directly on railroad;
both sides well timbered.
Another farm containing 209 acres
building, large dwelling of 10 rooms
three barns and tenant house. Well
timbered.
Another farm of 198 acres; fine, roomy
dwelling; new barn, 40x14; well tim-
bered and tenant houses for labor.
Another farm of 196 acres; large well-
ing of 7 rooms and 2 barns; heavily
timbered with chestnut and white oak.
Tenant house for labor.
Another farm of 163 acres; 6 room
dwelling; 2 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.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.
LEONARDTOWN, MD.,
Conducted by the
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OF NARARETH, 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 courses pursued, particular atten-
tion 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.
Various games tend to render the
students healthful and afford ample op-
portunity for enjoyable outdoor exer-
cise.
Parents desiring to enter their child-
ren will please make application at
once.
For further information and catalog-
ues, address
SISTERS OF CHARITY,
121 9
LEONARDTOWN, Md

ROB OF THE BOWL.
A LEGEND OF ST. INIGO'S.
BY JOHN P. KENNEDY.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
Publishers, 733 Market Street,
Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 22, 1908.
FRANCIS V. KING, 1909,
Leonardtown, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Replying to yours of the 17th
instant, we would state that all interest in
the author's estate, but we have had no
correspondence on the subject for some years
and we are unable to say whether or not
the work is now under copyright, and
there is no reason why you might not re-
print it without permission.
Yours very truly,
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
H. G. K.

JOHN PENDELTON KENNEDY, LL. D. auth-
or, was born in Baltimore, Aug. 18, 1786; died
Oct. 20, 1870. He graduated at the University
of Maryland in 1812; was admitted to the
bar in 1815; was appointed Secretary of the
Legislature in 1820-21; was a member of
Congress in 1822-23; was a presidential
elector on the Harrison ticket in 1840, and
was Chairman of the Board of Commissioners
on Commerce in Congress, 1841-2. He was again
elected to the Maryland Legislature and was
Speaker of the House in 1842. He was appointed
Secretary of the Navy in 1846, and aided in
fitting out Commodore Perry's Japan expedi-
tion 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, Balti-
more and trustee of the Peabody Education-
al Fund. Was the author of several novels
and a Life of William Wirt.

Another interval of silent labor at
the oar, and the dim light in the
windows of the Chapel attached to the
House of St. Inigo's, yet far off,
upon the narrow strip of land which
jagged entirely across the direct line
of the boat's course, as she bugged
the shore, showed the marines that
some one of the officials of the house
was at the service of early matins
on the vigil of the Feast of All
Souls; and their familiarity with
the watches of the night apprized
them that the hour approached four
of the morning.

And now the creek of St. Inigo's
is opened upon their view; and on
the further bank, the house of the
Rose Croft, with its embowering
trees, is distinctly traced against
the clear starlit sky. A solitary
tower glimmering through an upper
window, despite a lady's bowers,
where, under the protection of the
friendly ray, Blanche Warden, pre-
cance, reposes in innocent slumber,
—her fancy sporting in dreams of
him who day and night lives in her
thoughts.

This reflection flashed across the
brain of Cocklescraft as he directed
the head of the boat into the creek.
"Pull, with a long sweep and a
quick," he said in a low but stern
voice. "These watch-dogs of the
fort may catch a glimpse of us."
Then having advanced far enough
to interpose the bluff bank of the
Rose Croft between him and the fort,
he commanded the men to cease row-
ing, whilst they muffled their oars.
"Not a word above your breath,"
he now added in giving the orders
which were to guide his followers
through the enterprise for which
they have been brought hither.
"Listen to me: we land under yon-
der bank—creep in silence to the
dwelling you see above, and pluck
from her bed the fairest damsel of
this Western world. Mark me,
comrades,—you have sacked towns
and spoiled many a humble roof;
you have torn children from the
breasts of their mothers, and wives
from the arms of their husbands; you
have dragged maidens from the most
chambers of their dwelling and
laughed at their prayers for safety,
—and you have rioted over all, with
the free license of the Bloody Brothers,
—but take it to your souls this
night, that if, in the assault of yon-
der house, one unnecessary blow be
struck, a war-cry be raised or deed
of violence done, the man who offends
dies by my hand. And further,
when the maiden is brought into
your presence let no rude speech
assail her ear. I go to seek a bride,
not to plunder; and I command you
all, on the duty you owe your lead-
er, as Brethren of the Coast, that
you do her all honor as mistress of
the Escalador. My sweetest re-
venge,—he muttered without intend-
ing to be heard by the crew—"is to
marry the worshipful Collector's
daughter without his leave—or her
own, by St. Inigo! The rose shall
consort with the sea-nettle, Anthony
Warden!—though it be not to your
liking. Do ye heed me, messmates!
Roche del Carmine, to you I took to
see this order enforced!"

"If it be but the taking of a single
damsel," murmured Roche, "it was
hardly worth leaving the warm fire
and the bottle of the Chapel. Ha!
it will be a story to tell in the Keys
that our last frolic in St. Mary's
was at the Captain's wedding!"
"Dost thou prate, sirrah?" de-
manded Cocklescraft. "By my
sword, I am in earnest in what I
say—I will shoot down the man that
disobeys my order."
"I will answer for the crew,"
said Roche de Carmine; "the lady
shall be handed as gently as a child
in the arms of its nurse."
"Ay," responded several of the
sailors; "the Captain shall not com-
plain of us."
The oars were muffled, and the
boat was once more in full progress

towards her destination. A few
minutes sufficed to bring the voy-
agers to the small wharf beneath
the cliff of the Rose Croft. and in a
moment all were ashore, except a
single mariner who was left to guard
the boat.
"Peace!" whispered Cocklescraft;
"peace with that rattling of pikes.
Form under the bank and remain
quite until I ascend and examine the
place."
The leader now crept, with noise-
less footsteps, up the pathway which
terminated upon the plain in front
of the dwelling. He walked across
the lawn, by the very spot where,
in the morning of the 17th, he had
had his hostile interview with Al-
bert Verheyden. The little rustic
temple of St. Therese yet stood, with
its faded foliage, upon the grass-
plot: the flower-stands were still
there, although the plants were re-
moved to their shelter from the frost:
nothing met the eye of the foul-
purposed rover but the images of con-
tinent and innocence which marked
the abode of a happy family; even
the house dog, who at first growled
as with show of battle, changed his
threat into greeting as the Skipper
proffered his hand and claimed ac-
quaintance. The tokens of confi-
dence were all around him, and as
he recalled the last time he
had visited this place, and remember-
ed the incidents of the festival of St.
Therese—the maiden's coldness, her
father's disdains, and the Secretary's
favor, he laughed with the thought
of the mastery he now held over the
fate of the household. He could
scarcely withdraw himself from the
luxury of his present ruminations,
but wandered to and fro in front of
the dwelling,—then made a circuit a-
round it, and, returning again to the
front, stood beneath the window
through which the feeble taper shone
with that steady but subdued ray
which itself was a symbol of the
deep repose of the tenant of the
chamber.

"I could wake thee, lady gay,"
he said, "with as blithe a serenade
as ever tuned thy dream to pleasant
measures—but that I lack the instru-
ment. And though I be not the
cavalier of thy fancy, Blanche War-
den, pretty rose of St. Mary's, yet
by my soul, I love thee well enough
to pay myself to some pains to teach
thee how thou shalt love me. We
dance together on the green waves
to-morrow, lass!—little as you dream
of such merriment now. And as I
would not have thy blushes seen,
I must e'en lead thee forth before
day."
With this sally, he returned to
his comrades, and commanded them
to ascend the bank. Three men
were detached around the house to
keep a look-out, and the other eight,
following Cocklescraft himself, ap-
proaching the hall door.
"What, ho! Fire, thieves, rob-
bers!" shouted Cocklescraft, aided,
in rising a clamor, by his men, at
the same time striking loudly with
the butt of a pike against the door.
"House ye, ye, ye, or you will
have a house about you ears! Fire,
Master Warden, thieves, rovers,
and savages!"
A scream was first heard in the
chamber from the window of which
the light had been seen—and Cock-
lescraft, putting his hand to his ear,
laughed as he recognized the voice
of the maiden.
"By our lady," he said—"our
gentle mistress sings well!"
In the next instant a window was
thrown open on the opposite side of
the house, and the figure of Anthony
Warden, in his night gown, with a
candle in his hand, was partially
thrust out, whilst he exclaimed—
"What is this pother? Who comes
at this hour to alarm the family?
Who are ye, I say, that seek to dis-
turb the rest of my household with
your villainous shoutings?"
"Answer him, Roche," whis-
pered Cocklescraft; "I dare not."
"Open yours doors, Collector,"
said Roche; "we have business
with you."
"Get you hence, drunken knaves!"
returned Mr. Warden. "I will call
my servants and drive you off the
ground."
"By my hand, if you do not open
your doors, Master Warden," said
Cocklescraft, finding that he could
not trust the conduct of the assault
to his mate, "we will break them
open and quickly—"
"Who are you that speak so sau-
cily?" demanded the Collector.
"Richard Cocklescraft, an old
friend, Master Anthony, who being
about to put to sea, would make his
last visit to the officer of the port.
Throw wide your doors and let us
in, old man, or it may be the worse
for thy gray hairs."
"Ho, Michael Mossbank, Nicho-
las, Tomkin!" shouted Mr. Warden,
as he withdrew his head from the
window; "up, get up—bring my
blunderbuss—we are beset—stir
yourselves, my trusty fellows!"
The house was now lighted in
various parts, and every one was on
foot. Blanche, at the first summons,
sprang from her bed, and ran to her
sister Alice, screaming in a paro-
xiasm of alarm; but whilst the in-
vaders parleyed with her father,
she had sufficiently resumed her
self-possession to make a hasty to-
ilet, and then to repair to the protec-
tion of Mr. Warden's presence.
The old man, not coolly—for he was
wrought into excessive rage—but
with all necessary discretion and
forecast, made his arrangements for
the coming struggle. Two or three
servants had gathered around him,
as he descended the staircase to
meet the assailants who were still
battering at the door; and it was
with difficulty that he could shake
off the females, who clung around

his step with piteous entreaties
that he would not venture into col-
lision with the band, who, it was
now evident, must, in a few moments,
make good their entrance into the
house.
"Leave me, daughters—get back
to your chamber," he cried, as he
forced his way through their feeble
impediment, with a blunderbuss in
his hand, and, followed by the ser-
vants, took a station midway in the
hall, whence he was able to direct
his defence to either the front or
the rear.
The precautions to which the in-
habitants of the province were ac-
customed to resort for the purpose
of warding their dwellings against
the attacks of the Indians, had ren-
dered, in fact, every house almost a
castle, and it was no easy matter,
without the proper tools, to force an
admission against the will of the
owner. The stubborn character of
the defences of Mr. Warden's dwell-
ing detained the assailants longer
than they expected, and gave time
to the small garrison within to take
all measures for guarding them-
selves, that the condition of the house
afforded.
The door at length yielded to the
vigor of the attack, and as it flew
wide open, the veteran master of
the mansion stood with dauntless
front, in full view of the eager sea-
men,—in the same instant his piece
was discharged with such effect that
the two foremost men reeled and fell
across the threshold.
"Give me thy gun, Michael," he
exclaimed, as he turned to the gar-
den and seized the long Spanish
fowling piece with which he com-
monly carried, and with some acquain-
tance; "I will teach these ruffians
good manners! Back, knaves!—un-
hand me, villains!—Michael, Nicho-
las!"
"Stay that blow, coward!" roared
Cocklescraft at the height of his
voice, in the exertion of his full com-
mand over the crew, who, he had,
immediately on receiving the Col-
lector's fire, rushed forward and
overcome the old man by the press
of numbers,—the servants having
fled at this onset. "Strike him, and
you shall fall by my own sword!"
he continued, as with his cutlass he
turned aside the pike of a seaman
who had aimed it at the Collector's
breast. "Is it for men to war
against gray hairs?"
"Save my father—oh God, spare
his life!" screamed Blanche, as she
now sprang, wild with terror, half
way down the stair. "Men of blood,
have mercy on his age!—he is old
—too old to do you harm. Oh, save
him!"
"By the Blessed Virgin, gentle
mistress, I swear not one hair upon
his head shall suffer harm,—for thy
sake, dainty lady, if for no other."
exclaimed Cocklescraft, as with one
bound he placed himself beside the
maiden; and raising her aloft on
his arm, he leaped back to the hall
and thence out upon the lawn.
"Follow me, comrades!" he shouted,
as he bore the screaming maiden
stoutly on his shoulder down the
bank, and laid her senseless upon
the seat of the boat. Here he threw
his cloak over her person, and sum-
moned his men immediately to their
posts,—having taken care to bring
away the two wounded seamen.
The boat was about to be shoved off
from the wharf, when the figure of
a female was described coming at a
rapid flight, from the direction of
the dwelling, and uttering a shrill
note of lamentation, as she begged
them to stop.
"For the love of God, leave her
behind! Oh, have pity, good men,
and do not tear away the Collector's
daughter, our young mistress!
Christian men, spare her to us!
She will die of cold—she will per-
ish on the water—her blood will be
on your heads!"
"Thou'rt a good nurse, Mistress
Coldeale," said the Skipper with a
sportive tone which mocked the dis-
tress of the sufferers; "and as our
queen will wait an attempt, thou
shalt even go with us. But the old
woman aboard, comrades!" he headed,
speaking to some of the men, who,
almost before the housekeeper could
utter the shriek which now rose
from her lips, was lifted over half a
dozen heads, and deposited besides
her young lady.
"Cheerily, now to your oars!"
shouted Cocklescraft, exulting in the
success of his inroad. "Lay your
sweets to it, lads, until we get clear
of the creek, and then up with your
sails!—we have a fair wind and a
merry voyage before us. Speed
thee! I scent the coming dawn."
Almost in as brief space as we
have taken to relate it, the boat had
shot forth into the middle of the
creek, and now glided over the wa-
ters like an imp of darkness flying
homeward to his ocean cave freighted
with the spoils of some evil er-
rand.

CHAPTER XXI.
And hurry, scurry, forth they go,
Unheeding wet or dry,
And horse and rider stout and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.
LEONARDTOWN.

Albert Verheyden, at the appoint-
ed signal from The Cripple, had
sprung into the surf, at the moment
when it broke with its greatest vio-
lence against the bow of the boat,
and, almost without an effort, was
swung in upon the hard beach. His
first motion, on gaining his feet, was
to hasten to the hut, seize the
clothes that had been stripped from
him, as well as his weapons, and to
speed, at the full measure of his
strength—now stimulated by his
mysterious and almost miraculous
deliverance, northwardly along the
margin of the bay; keeping suffi-
ciently remote from it, however, to

screen himself by the thickets,
which grew a short distance from
the water's edge, from detection by
those who might, perchance, be on
watch to observe his course. His
limbs were chilled, but by degrees,
exercised through a glow over his frame,
and he soon found himself recov-
ering his suppleness and power to en-
dure the toilsome walk by which he
labored to reach the friendly shelter
indicated by Rob's hurried instruc-
tion in the hut. After what seemed
a progress of at least twice the
space in which he was told he should
find the dwelling of Jarvis, he was,
at length, greeted with the cheerful
sight of a humble homestead, seat-
ed upon the plain, within a hundred
paces of the tidemark. He walked
at once to the door and rapped loud-
ly, as a distressed man is apt to feel
it his right to do in a Christian
land.

"I pray you, good people, open
your door to me," he said; "rise,
Master Jarvis, and admit a friend:
in the name of charity, I entreat the
shelter of your roof."
In a moment the door was ajar,
and a sleepy voice heard from with-
in challenging the caller—
"Who are you that knocks so late
and loud at this door?"
"A friend, good master Jarvis."
"Is it shipwreck?" inquired the
master of the house, as he opened
the door and admitted the wanderer.
"Stand a moment, until I get a light.
Are you alone?"
Before an answer could be given to
these queries, the questioner had
departed, and in a few moments re-
turned with a candle, whose ray dis-
closed to the Secretary a comfortable
family room, furnished according to
the primitive fashion of a substantial
tiller of the soil of that era. It
took but little time for Albert to re-
hearse the eventful story of the
night, and his narrative was an-
swered with a kindness and com-
pliment assurance of being now under
the protection of a friend. The
good man of the house detained him
no longer than was requisite to en-
able his dame to prepare a couch,
to which the Secretary, upon the
housewife's summons eagerly re-
paired, and soon turned his suffer-
ings to happy account, as, in self-
satisfaction at his escape, and in re-
ndering thanks to God for the mercy
that had raised him up a friend in
his extreme need, he sank into sweet
oblivion of his troubles.

"At the dawn of day, he rose re-
freshed and invigorated, and being
provided with a horse by the hospi-
table farmer, staid off to express
his gratitude to his host for the fa-
vor he had received, and then with
as much expedition as possible com-
mand, pricked onward to the town.
The rising sun gilded the chim-
ney-tops of the dwelling of the Rose
Croft, as the Secretary descended
from the distant hill which gave him
a glimpse of, what he deemed, that
happy homestead through the em-
bowering trees. The atmosphere
was instinct with a keen and bracing
healthfulness which imparted a
cheerful tone to his spirit, and a re-
freshing to his mind, and as he stood
in his stirrups, and looked around him, it
was with a gladness he had never known
before in his life, that he contem-
plated his near approach to his
home. Thither he resolved to go
only to rest his disordered dress,
and then to his with quickest speed
to the mistress of his heart, to
whom, with an impassioned delight
natural to the romance of his mind,
he hoped to tell his perilous and
startling adventure.
The roofs and bowers of the Rose
Croft sank from his view, as he has-
tened onward; and he, at length,
found himself on the skirts of the
little city. There were ominous
gatherings of burghers in the street;
and the speakers shook their heads,
and seemed to the Secretary to con-
verse with a mysterious gravity.
"They have heard," he said to
himself "of my mischance in losing
my way, and are fancying that I
have encountered the Indians. No
—they see me riding here, yet no
one comes to greet me—there are
other tidings in the wind."
And with this conclusion, anx-
ious to know what had occasioned
this early commotion in the little
mart of news, he pressed forward
to the Proprietary mansion.

An hour before the arrival of the
Secretary, Rob of the Bowl, mounted
on a sober-paced horse, his thighs
grasping the saddle with more
security than one might ex-
pect from his diminished quantity
of limb, his tunic hanging by a
strap like a huge shield at his back,
entered the town. He had run the
Escalador, just inside the Patuxent,
where he left her under the guns
of the fort which the Proprietary
maintained at this post, and going
immediately on shore, he communi-
cated to the commander of the gar-
rison the circumstances which in-
duced his visit, requesting that the
brigantine should be detained at
his present mooring until his
Lordship's pleasure might be known.
Then, having procured a horse, he
set forth, long before daylight threw
his fluke upon the eastern sky, upon
his journey to St. Mary's, not doub-
ting to hear, upon his arrival there,
a story of outrage (though against
whom, or how perpetrated, he
could not guess) done by the band
of the Wizard's Chapel. Without
stopping to notice the wandering
gaze of the townfolk at the strange
and unfamiliar spectacle he exhib-
ited to them, he made his way direct-
ly to the dwelling of Father Pierre.
To Be Continued.