

**Saint Mary's Beacon**  
 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY  
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 Each subsequent insertion..... .50  
 Eight lines or less constitute a square

A liberal deduction made for year  
 ly advertisements. Correspondence  
 solicited.

VOL. 70.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1909.

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**Saint Mary's Beacon**  
 Job Printing, such as  
 Handbills, Circulars  
 Blanks, Bill Heads, executed with  
 neatness and despatch.

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 care in representing a grade to be just what it is and in SHIPPING  
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 our new stocks are well selected and that you can get the best value  
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 sired.

A farm on road leading from Saint  
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 condition. Fine tobacco soil.

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 for sale the following very desirable  
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 Railroad, which can be bought at a re-  
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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 200 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 house 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  
 in each other, near Charlotte Hall, and  
 in close proximity to Railroad.

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 Leonardtown, Md.

**E. VOIGT**  
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 or father, sister or brother. It  
 may be a wife, or it may be a  
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 Each piece has been carefully  
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Any article that you may  
 select will be laid aside and  
 delivered when wanted. Ex-  
 perience clerks. Polite atten-  
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 to deal with is E. VOIGT.

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 pleased.  
 Nov. 12-1y.

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 is also given to the cultivation of lady-  
 like manners, amiable deportment and  
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Various games tend to render the  
 students healthful and afford ample op-  
 portunity for enjoyable outdoor exer-  
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Parents desiring to enter their child-  
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For further information and catalog-  
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**ROB OF THE BOWL.**  
 A LEGEND OF ST. INIGO'S.  
 BY JOHN P. KENNEDY.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,  
 Publishers, Washington Square,  
 Philadelphia, Sept. 23, 1909.

FRANCIS V. KING, Esq.,  
 Leonardtown, Md.

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.

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

JOHN PENNINGTON KENNEDY, LL. D. author  
 of "Rob of the Bowl," was born in St. Inigo,  
 Md., Oct. 25, 1810. He graduated at the University  
 of Maryland in 1831; was admitted to the bar  
 in 1832; served in the Legislature in 1833-34;  
 member of Congress, 1844. He was again  
 elected to the Maryland Legislature and was  
 Speaker of the House in 1856. Was appointed  
 Secretary of the Navy in 1862, 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 of a Life of William Wirt.

(Reprint from the Lippincott edition of 1861).  
 CHAPTER XXXII.

Encouraged by the support of her  
 companion, Blanche feebly tottered  
 towards the bow of the boat, and  
 thence landed on the beach. Whilst  
 she leaned upon Mistress Coldcote's  
 arm and advanced towards the fire,  
 Cooklescraft came forward to meet  
 her; and as he was about to address  
 her in that tone of light salutation  
 in which he had heretofore spoken,  
 he was arrested in his first words,  
 by the maiden flinging herself upon  
 her knees, immediately at his feet,  
 and looking up in his face with her  
 eyes bedimmed with tears, as he cried  
 out for mercy—

"Spare me!" she exclaimed—"Oh,  
 spare a wretched girl, who has never  
 imagined thought, nor spoken  
 word of harm against you. Save me  
 from a broken heart and bewil-  
 dered brain—from misery, ruin, and  
 disgrace! If I, or any friends of  
 mine, have ever given you offense,  
 on my knees and in the dust I entreat  
 forgiveness—pardon—pardon  
 a fault whereof I have ever been  
 unconscious. If one touch of pity  
 dwell in your bosom, oh think of the  
 miserable being at your feet and send  
 her back to her home. Land me  
 but on yonder shore, and I will,  
 morning and evening, remember you  
 in prayers and invoke blessings on  
 your head!"

"This posture doeth not become  
 our queen," said Cooklescraft, stop-  
 ping to raise the maiden to her feet,  
 who shrinking from his touch,  
 crouched still lower to the earth.  
 "This is but a foolish sorrow. Do  
 I not love you Blanche? Ay, by the  
 Virgin! and mean to do well by you.  
 I have stuffs of price on board the  
 Escalador, which shall bring you  
 out as gloriously as a queen indeed:  
 —our dame here shall ply her skill  
 at the needle to set you forth quick-  
 ly. And then that pretty robe of  
 crimson and minever which unthink-  
 ingly you did refuse, you shall wear  
 it yet, girl. I have chains of gold  
 and jewels rare, to make you gay as  
 the gaudiest flower of the field. I will  
 bear you to an enchanted island,  
 where slaves shall bend before you  
 to do your bidding, and where you  
 shall have store of wealth to scatter  
 with such profusion as in dreams  
 you have never even fancied. We will  
 abide in a sea-girt tower upon a  
 sunny cliff, and through your win-  
 dows shall the breeze from the beau-  
 tiful, blue Atlantic fan you to even-  
 ing slumbers. My gay bark shall  
 be your servant, and ride, at com-  
 mand, upon the wave; whilst our  
 merry men shall take tribute from  
 all the world, that you may go  
 bravely and more daintily. Cheer up,  
 weeping mistress; your mishap is  
 not so absolute as first you feared.  
 Your hand, lass!"

Blanche sprang to her feet with  
 a sudden energy, and refreting a  
 pace from her persecutor, cast upon  
 him a look of resolute and indignant  
 pride:

"Base wretch," she said, "I dare  
 to spurn your suit. Defenceless as  
 I stand here, a weak and captive  
 girl,—if it be the last word I have  
 to utter,—I abhor you and your  
 loathsome offer." Then relapsing  
 into that tone of grief from which  
 this momentary impulse had drawn  
 her, she added, "Did you think—  
 did you think, Master Cooklescraft,  
 when you stole me from my father's  
 house, that fair speech from you, or  
 promise of gold, could win me to be  
 your wife? Oh, sir, if, in that error,  
 you have heaped the sin of this deed  
 upon your soul, quickly learn that  
 not all the gold of all the mines,  
 nor longest wooing, nor promise of king-  
 dom, if that were yours to give,  
 might persuade me,—though the  
 speaking of the word should lift me  
 from abject misery or the pangs of  
 death,—to give a favorable word to  
 your suit. With holy faith and sad-  
 dest reverance, I call my guardian,  
 the ever-blessed virgin Therese, to  
 bear my vow—I never will be  
 thine."

"A boat, a boat!" cried out the  
 voice of the man at the lower part  
 of the island,—and instantly this  
 painful interview was at an end.  
 The seamen had since their landing  
 been busy in depositing the body of  
 the mate in a shallow grave, and  
 had just set up a wooden cross, of  
 fallen timber, chance-found in a  
 forest of the island, to mark the spot,  
 when the alarm from the look-out  
 reached them. Cooklescraft repaired  
 with all haste to the beach, and  
 was soon aware, not only of the boat  
 to which the seaman alluded, but  
 also of a second of the same descrip-  
 tion, dimly seen in the haze, at no  
 great distance behind the first.  
 They were both holding their course  
 towards the mouth of St. Mary's  
 river, close on the eastern margin,  
 as if their purpose were to proceed  
 down the Potomac. St. George's  
 Island lay abreast the opposite or  
 western shore, and it was therefore  
 necessary for these boats, if they  
 were destined for the island, to take  
 a course nearly across the entire  
 breadth of the river, at its mouth.  
 As, at the moment when first de-  
 scribed, they gave no indication  
 of such a purpose, Cooklescraft (who  
 did not doubt that these were par-  
 ties in pursuit of him) began to as-  
 sure himself that his retreat to the  
 island was not discovered, and that  
 his pursuers were most probably  
 bound to St. Jerome's. Again he  
 cast a troubled eye over the waters,  
 in the hope to perceive the brig-  
 antine, for which, at this moment, he  
 looked with increased solicitude,  
 as he had reason to apprehend that,  
 on her voyage up the Potomac, she  
 must pass the boats that were ap-  
 parently on their voyage downward.  
 For some time, he gazed keenly  
 abroad in silence, or mutter only  
 inaudible curses on the delay of Rob  
 with the Escalador, and on his own  
 folly in committing the vessel to the  
 Cripple's guidance. It was not long  
 before the boats had reached the Poto-  
 mac. Here, instead of shaping their  
 further voyage, as the skipper had  
 been led to expect, towards the  
 Chesapeake, they took the opposite  
 course and stood directly for the  
 island. They were near enough to  
 make it apparent to Cooklescraft  
 that each was filled with armed  
 men, and if any doubts of their hos-  
 tile purpose had existed before, it  
 now became altogether unquestion-  
 able. Hastening towards the spot  
 where the yawl was drawn up on  
 the strand, the buccaneer ordered  
 his crew immediately to their posts.  
 Blanche and Mistress Bridges were  
 forced to take their former seats,  
 and the boat being shoved off, was  
 directed towards the point of land  
 opposite the western extremity of the  
 upper island,—then only known as  
 a nameless sandy flat, thinly cover-  
 ed with pines, but of late rendered  
 somewhat more familiar to public  
 repute, by the comfortable accom-  
 modation with which it has been  
 provided as a place of refuge against  
 the heats of summer, and for the  
 luxury of its bathing.

"By St. Iago, we are hotly follow-  
 ed!" said the retreating and anx-  
 ious rover as he now measured the  
 size of the barges with his eye,  
 whilst they shot out from behind  
 the cover of the extreme eastern  
 point of the islands and disclosed  
 themselves in full pursuit; and  
 with swift craft, well manned, the  
 devil hath sent us a dead calm,—  
 otherwise, with this rag of canvass,  
 I would show these lurchers the  
 trick of a sea-fight; as it is, we must  
 show them our heels. Oh, that my  
 good brigantine were here! I would  
 defy twenty barges, and sweep  
 through them all. Lustily, good  
 fellows! slacken not—halter and  
 harquebuss are on our track; we  
 die by hemp or leaden bullet if we  
 are overtaken—so pull amain. You  
 have been in as great straits before  
 and found a lucky ending. We shall  
 see Rob anon, when this mist shall  
 lift its curtain; and, once in  
 sight of our good bark, we shall  
 fight our way to berside. Courage,  
 friends!"

In this strain of exhortation,  
 Cooklescraft spoke at intervals to  
 his men, whilst anxiously looking  
 to the rear he watched the progress  
 of his pursuers and seemed to count  
 every wave that broke against their  
 bows. Not even his experienced  
 eye could tell which of the strug-  
 gling rivals in this race had the  
 swiftest keel. So intense became  
 the competition that soon all other  
 cares were absorbed in the engross-  
 ing thought of the escape. The  
 boat's crew, in silent haste, and  
 when the necessary orders were de-  
 livered they were spoken, in the low  
 tone of familiar conversation, as if  
 the speakers were afraid they might  
 be overheard by the enemy in their  
 wake. If the concern of the leader  
 and his crew in their present con-  
 dition was eager, still more did it  
 awaken the feelings of Blanche War-  
 den and Mistress Bridges. The  
 maiden seemed to have forgotten  
 her fears; occupied with a more ab-  
 sorbing emotion than her grief, she  
 found herself renovated in strength,  
 and by degrees assuming an upright  
 posture in the boat, whence, with  
 an ardent and unflinching gaze,  
 she kept her eye fixed upon the bar-  
 ges that swept along, as messengers  
 of hope to her deliverance.

Some three or four miles yet lay be-  
 tween the parties in the chase.  
 Cooklescraft steered towards the  
 upper headland of Piney Point—to  
 use its modern designation—and  
 reaching this, found a long sweep  
 of the river ahead of him, bounded  
 by a smooth strand unmarked by  
 creek or inlet. At one moment he  
 thought of running for the Virginia  
 shore, and there, by the peninsula  
 towards Pt. Points, whilst the  
 crews of the barges, in the hope of  
 meeting the Escalador, but he could  
 not count sufficiently on the speed

of his boat to risk so dangerous a  
 hazard.—

"If I can but keep my way till  
 night, I shall baffle these hounds  
 upon my track," he said, in pon-  
 dering over the emergency. "A  
 weary day it is before me, and a  
 long run still night. Perchance, I  
 may meet some stouter craft upon  
 the water, some up river trader,  
 whom I may easily master,—and  
 once on a broader deck I will fight  
 these landmen with all their odds  
 against me. Or, at the worst, I  
 shall run ashore, if I am pressed,  
 and take to the bushes, where at  
 least, till day done, I may lie un-  
 coiled, and then find my way to the  
 Chapel!"

In this perplexity of doubts he still  
 pursued his voyage. The point  
 which he had passed momentarily  
 screened him from the view of his  
 pursuers; but in due time the barges  
 were again seen across the white  
 sandy flat, looming to twice their  
 natural size, and seemingly sus-  
 pended in the air, by that refraction  
 of the atmosphere, is often observed  
 upon a low shore.

"They come, they come—Heaven  
 be praised, they gain upon us!" in-  
 voluntarily ejaculated Blanche, as  
 she rose from her seat, and gazed  
 across the extremity of the point.

"Not so fast, my merry queen,"  
 said Cooklescraft, for the moment  
 attracted by the lively utterance of  
 the maiden; "they do not gain upon  
 us, mistress; you will learn pre-  
 sently that they must weather the  
 point by that same circuit which  
 you may see traced by our wake.  
 Thou wilt be a better sailor anon.  
 Steadily, good lass! do not overwork  
 yourself; we shall make a long  
 run of it."

Now, for some miles, the chase  
 continued with little diminution of  
 the space between the parties. At  
 length it began to be perceptible that  
 the barges drew nearer to the object  
 of their pursuit; the shortened stroke  
 of the oars denoted the flagging  
 strength of the laboring buccaneers,  
 whilst the unabated vigor of the  
 pursuers showed that the chase was  
 urged by men untried to the toil of  
 rowing. Still, there was the energy  
 of desperate men in the force with  
 which the flying band held on their  
 way, and Cooklescraft did not yet  
 abandon the hope of wearying  
 down the strength of those from whom  
 he fled. Another hour, and the  
 barges still crept nearer to their  
 chase. A desultory hail of musket  
 balls on board the latter, broken  
 only by the monotonous dipping of  
 the oars and the dull jar upon the  
 boat as the seaman, with unvary-  
 ing line, turned it in the row-lock  
 and repeated his stroke. Still nearer  
 came the barges and nearer, with  
 fearful certainty.

"They come within musket shot!"  
 exclaimed Cooklescraft. "To the  
 land, boys! we must even fight them  
 on the land."

"Back your oars!" cried out  
 Dautrees, from the leading barge:  
 "back, and lay to!" At the same  
 moment he discharged a musket,  
 which the bullet was seen touching  
 the water, in short leaps, immedi-  
 ately across the bow of the pursued  
 boat.

A scream from Bridget Coldcote  
 was, for a moment, the only answer  
 that reached the ears of the Captain.

"To your feet, mistress!" said  
 Cooklescraft, as seizing Blanche by  
 the arm he placed her erect in the  
 boat. "Fire at your peril!" was the  
 reply he now gave to the accents of  
 his enemy; "my crew sail under  
 the protection of the Rose of St.  
 Mary's. Have your weapons at  
 hand!" he added, addressing his  
 men; "we must even leave our  
 boat, and this precious freight to  
 these land-rats, and take to the  
 wood. You cannot call me cruel,  
 pretty maiden,—for I give you up  
 in pure courtesy, to your friends.  
 You will remember the Master of  
 the Escalador as a gallant who  
 would have made you mistress of as  
 pretty a dowry as ever won maid-  
 en's good will. We have had a  
 merry morning of it, girl,—I would  
 it had been longer—but these churls  
 behind forbid it; so, without more  
 ceremony is the leave-taking—for  
 I must needs be in haste—fare thee  
 well, girl! Even without asking  
 this favor, I kiss your cheek. To  
 the shore, lads!"

As he spoke, and made good his  
 word by stooping over the maiden  
 and enforcing her submission to  
 this token of his gallantry, the boat  
 struck the sand, and, in an instant,  
 leader and crew had sprung into the  
 shallow water, and bounded to the  
 shore, leaving but their wounded  
 comrades and the maiden with her  
 faithful companion on board of the  
 boat. A volley was discharged  
 from the nearest barge at the fugi-  
 tives, but as the buccaneer, appre-  
 hending this, had given such a di-  
 rection to his retreat as to keep the  
 women in a line between him and  
 his enemy, the balls were thrown  
 wide of their mark, and the escap-  
 ing crew were soon out of sight in  
 the forest that covered the shore.

Upon the land side, as enterprise  
 was afoot of almost equal excitement  
 to that upon the water. The party  
 of horsemen that had crossed with  
 Colonel Talbot to the opposite shore  
 of St. Mary's river, submitting to  
 the guidance of Arnold de la Grange  
 and his old Indian comrade, were  
 conducted along a path which  
 threaded the thickets lying around  
 the head of an inlet, that now bears  
 the name of St. George's, and hence  
 took a course down the peninsula  
 towards Pt. Points. Whilst the  
 troops were thus proceeding, a  
 flotilla upon the further margin of  
 the inlet by which the eastern side  
 of the peninsula was formed, and  
 yet two miles from the point, they

perceived the yawl of Cooklescraft  
 stretching across from the islands  
 towards the main. A halt was im-  
 mediately called by the commander  
 of the party, and they were ordered  
 to screen themselves and their horses  
 from observation amongst the  
 wild shrubbery of the spot.

"It is even as The Cripple of St.  
 Jerome's told us," said Talbot.  
 "This is the boat of the Olive Branch  
 with her thieving knaves. You  
 may know the skipper, Master Ver-  
 heyden, by his flat bonnet and scar-  
 let jacket. See, he looks sternward  
 and waves his hand to his rowers  
 as if he would hasten their speed."

"And I see the forms of covering  
 females at his feet," added Albert.  
 "The boat makes for the point. A  
 blessing on the day!—these maraud-  
 ers design to land. Oh, happy  
 chance that we are here! Let us not  
 delay to set upon them."

"Hold, Master Secretary! be not  
 too eager," replied the leader.  
 "Think you they will land, if they  
 see us lying at lurch to attack them?  
 No, not our honest friend of the  
 Bowl hath stolen away their brig-  
 antine, and the cheated felons, all  
 agaze at their mischance, are now  
 seeking a hiding place where they  
 may abide till night, and then, perchance,  
 repair their misfortune by some  
 other villainy. We should mar our  
 best hope if they but catch a glimpse  
 of us. So, quiet, gentlemen; your  
 impatience shall find action soon  
 enough 'ere we get home again.  
 Ah, good luck, friendly sea! how  
 bravely sets the wind of our fortunes;  
 yonder come old Jasper Dautrees,  
 like a trusty comrade, hot in chase,  
 with his barge trimmed to the nicety  
 of an arrow's feathering. He  
 follows close in the wake of the free-  
 booter—and at his heels, by my  
 faith, there opens now, from behind  
 the point of the islands, his second  
 party. Push for it, old friend!  
 The good powers cheer thee in thy  
 race!"

"Master Cooklescraft," said Ar-  
 nold, "will not be so fool-hardy as  
 to land on that deep sand with two  
 helpless women to take care of,  
 whilst he has a soldier like Captain  
 Dautrees to track his march."

"You are right, Arnold," return-  
 ed Talbot, after watching the lead-  
 ing boat for a space; the skipper  
 steers wide of the beach, and means  
 to make a run of it up the river; he  
 is already passing by the point.  
 Gentlemen, to horse again! we will  
 get back towards the highland and  
 there keep even speed with the  
 chase, and, like well trained hawks,  
 stoop upon our quarry in the nick  
 of time. Beware the open ground,  
 that the skipper may see us on the  
 heights.

In obedience to this command, the  
 party set out quickly by a retro-  
 grade movement, towards the up-  
 land, which, although somewhat re-  
 mote from the river, gave them, at  
 frequent intervals, where the clear-  
 ed forest allowed, an extensive  
 range of river view. Having gain-  
 ed this height, they traversed it in  
 a line parallel to the course of the  
 shore, ever directing their anxious  
 eyes to the fierce contention between  
 the boats for mastery in the race.  
 Occasionally, in this progress, ravines  
 were to be passed, a piece of  
 marshy land to be avoided, or an  
 open field, which might expose the  
 party to the view of the boatmen,  
 to be shunned. In all such passages  
 of the journey, the services of Pan-  
 sack and of Arnold de la Grange  
 contributed greatly to the speed with  
 which this scouting company were  
 enabled to keep pace with the rapid  
 flight of the boats. With deep and  
 intense speculation did the horse-  
 men watch the progress of the chase,  
 and measure the distance between  
 the fugitive and their pursuers.  
 Albert Verheyden, almost counting  
 the strokes of the skipper's oars as  
 their wet blades flashed the sun-  
 beams upon his sight, rode for some  
 time in despairing silence.

"He loses not an inch!" he brea-  
 thed to himself, as his thought ran  
 upon the freebooter's chance of evad-  
 ing his pursuers; "he has men at  
 the oar used to the sleight, and he  
 will tire down his pursuers." Again  
 he gazed, and with no better hope.  
 But when, after losing sight of the  
 river for some mile or two whilst  
 the party galloped over a piece of  
 wooded low ground, he came again  
 in view of the boats, joy beamed  
 from every feature of his face as he  
 exclaimed to his companions, "We  
 advance upon his flight and shorten  
 the space between!" The skipper  
 grows weary of his labor; thanks to  
 the Captain and his noble comrades,  
 the day begins to brighten on our  
 enterprise."

"We will halt here," said Talbot,  
 reining up his steed upon a summit  
 which commanded a near view of  
 that region, recognized as the pre-  
 sent day as Medley's Neck; "the  
 game is nearly run down—and pre-  
 sently will come our time to speak  
 a word of comfort to this renegade  
 spoiler. He strains for yonder  
 point, as if there he meant to land.  
 He has made. We have him, if he  
 folly be so bold as to touch that strand  
 —we have him in a trap. He comes  
 —he comes, driving headlong into  
 our hands. Follow!"

Without waiting to marshal his  
 troop, and even without looking be-  
 hind, Talbot spurred his horse to a  
 gallop, and plunged into the forest  
 which covered the lowland even  
 down to the river brink.

To Be Continued.

Among the products of this year's  
 godfishing in Norway are 47,000 bars  
 of cod liver oil.