

horn settled to his last pipe and glass beside the fire; and Robert Bluett went upon his nocturnal duties. For, since his arrival, things were mightily changed at Daleham; keen eyes never closed on sea or land; most perfect cordons had been established and a sure system extended far to east and west. It was admitted that with such parole of cliffs and coombs, such searching scrutiny by night and day of every dark lane, lonely road and seaward-facing cavern, that not so much as a runlet of spirits could swim unrecorded into Daleham or ride out of it.

How Merry Jonathan under these distracting circumstances could continue to be merry, his friends and neighbours wondered. Indeed, twice within a week he had brought back from the sea pollock and conger — his legitimate objects of pursuit at this season. But that Jonathan Godbeer should sell fish was a significant sign of the times, and already folks said that Mr. Cramphorn was avenged.