

a living soul,—not the men that were with me that night.”

“That’s a wonderful story!” answered the Minister, “but it confirms the suspicion.” So saying, he turned round in the direction of Bay-Harbor, while he was silently thinking. Then turning to Ladford, with the look of thought still upon his face, he asked, “What night was that?”

“Monday night, sir. I tried to see you that night, and again yesterday morning, and to-day I sent a letter.”

“I’m glad no one knows it,” said Mr. Wellon; “we must work silently, and when we’re ready, finish suddenly.”

“My secrets are pretty safe with me,” said the poor smuggler, smiling sadly; “if I wanted to tell them, I couldn’t.”

“It will be time enough for this, when we must have evidence,” said the clergyman.

“How far do you think my story would go?” asked Ladford.

“I think it must be good in law. You can swear to it?”

“Ay, sir: but *my* story?” asked Ladford again, with a long emphasis on the possessive pronoun. “Where am I to swear? What court could I testify in? or what magistrate could I go before, to make my affidavit?”

“The question of your credibility—”

“No, sir; no question of my credibility. Let me come near a court of justice, or even let it be known that I could testify, and there’ll be some one to get a noose round my neck, that I can’t slip. I ought to be gone, now, Mr. Wellon; Gilpin would have to take me.”

“We must take care of that,” said Mr. Wellon. “I won’t bring you into danger.”