

Ravenshaw, bluntly, nodding toward the stained places.

"Ay, but a short while since," said the old man, unconcernedly. "I trow they are to have sea burial. He came and had them carried aboard a ship. He and they are e'en now bound seaward."

"That is strange. Where is the woman, Mistress Meg?"

"He hath ta'en her along on the ship. Troth, she swore she would not stay another night under this roof. There was much talk atwixt 'em. She is to be a queen on an island where 'tis always summer."

Wondering if the old man had lost his wits, the captain asked, "And you are alone here?"

"Ay, and well enough, too. I have no mind to go a-voyaging. I shall have all the milk, now, and all the eggs; and no foolish woman prating ever of ghosts and witches. I'll have some peace and quiet now."

"The beggars have gone, then?"

"Ay; when they came sober, and saw slain men upon the floor, they fled as if the hangman were after 'em. Ha! I knew enough to hide the chickens over night." The old man chuckled triumphantly.

From what further information he could draw, the captain made out that Jerningham's own men had embarked with him, and that Cutting Tom's