

the King's name," he cried. "Them as have done this deed shall smart for theer night's work yet!"

"Us'll all help 'e heart an' soul, I'm sure," declared Merry Jonathan. "We'm a thought behind the rogues, I fear. But what's that with right 'pon our side?"

They scrambled and hastened along the rutted snow, and Cramphorn and Godbeer commented in cheerful chorus on the event as they trotted beside the furious officer.

"What I'm fearin' is that these scamps have been at theer games all the week," gasped the aged Johnny while he shuffled forward. "Theer's a dark plot against our good name, and while we've all been countin' to rub it in to-morrow night, they've run theer cargo and hid it in the ruin of the Manor this longful time — pulled it up the cliff an' been takin' it away reg'lar night after night, while honest men was on the watch — some place else."

"Makes me near burst wi' rage," said Jonathan, "an' all them fine fellows ready, an' the cutter sailin' about over the sea so butivul! An' perhaps the cargo was run that very night Cap'n Bluett comed amongst us at the 'Golden Anchor,' an' told us what a great man he was. All play-actin', an' even my own girl Jenifer to come home so frightened. To think a man's own girl would deceive him so wicked!"