The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer

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L

blood," he said. "It's on all that race." "But that wouldn't affect the

"Not Aleck Blair. But the boy." "How so?"

"Didn't you know there was the same strain in young Wilfred Blair, as there was in old Captain Hogg?" "Hogg's oldest sister was the

grandmother of this young feller's mother, wasn't she?" put in Elder Dennett

"That's right. Wilfred Blair's great grandmother."

"And a bad 'un, too, I guess," continued the Elder relishingly.

"Don't you say it!" cried the old seaman. "The curse of the blood was on her. Strange she was, and beautiful, so my mother used to tell me; but not bad. She came in at Lonesome Cove, too."

"Drowned at sea?" asked Kent. "They never knew. One day she was gone; the next night her body came in. They said in the countryside that she had the gift of second sight, and foretold her own death."

"Hum-m," mused Kent, "And now the Blairs have changed the name of the place. No wonder.'

"There's one thing they haven't changed, the private buryin'plot.

"Family?"

"Hogg's there, all right, an' never a parson in the countryside dared to speak to God about his soul, when they laid him there. His nephew, too, that was as black-hearted as himself. But the rest of the graves has got no headstones."

"Slaves?"

"Them as he kept for his own service an' killed in his tantrums. Nobody knows how many. You can see the bend of the creek where they lie, from the road, and the old willows that lean over 'em.'

"Cheerful sort of person the late Mr. Hogg seems to have been. Any relics of his trade in the house?'

"Relics? You may say so! His old pistols, and compasses, guns, nautical instruments, and leaded whalebone whip that they used to say he slept with. They've got 'em hung on the walls now for ornyments. Ornyments! If they'd seen 'em as I've seen 'em, they'd sink the dummed things in a hundred fathom o' clean sea."

"Sailor Smith was cabin-boy on one of the old Hogg fleet one voyage," explained Elder Dennett.

"God forgive me for it!" said the old man. "There they hang; and with 'em the chains and-

"Isn't that lamp finished yet?" demanded Kent, turning sharply upon Elder Dennett.



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