

"I have some skill in such things," answered the hireling.

"This work must be done with as little noise as possible," rejoined the Justice. "Fire arms must not be used."

"I have a dagger of good tempered steel," said Wilson.

"I have another, and that will do for Whitten," said Bolingbrooke. "But what plan of action would you propose, Wilson?"

"Well, your worship, dark deeds ought to be done in the dark."

"Proceed!" said the Justice of the peace.

"Your worship knows that I am a carman, and so does Johnson. I drive at all hours and seasons—am liable to accidents, and Johnson would not be surprised, should I call on him for help."

"Continue, Wilson."

"Your worship knows the situation of Mr. Wilcox's kitchen yard."

"I do."

"A dozen men might be murdered in the night, at the gate leading into that yard, and them in the house wouldn't be the wiser of it."

"Very true."

"Well—I would leave Whitten at this gate—entice Johnson to it, under pretence that I had met with an accident—then strike my blow, and Whitten would