

"Gauger Bluett! Gauger Bluett! This here be your job, not parson's. Quick, man, quick! Ghostes or no ghostes, the snow's took their shoe marks if I see right. Boots an' hoofs an' wheels — no bogies them. Ha-ha! the spirits that passed along here was inside the hearse, not outside!"

The Exciseman and others rushed forward to find Merry Jonathan's words were true, for the new-fallen snow had been trampled with feet of men and horses, and seamed with tracks of heavy wheels.

"Theer now! I've often thought they rascals might have 'e that way, Cap'n," said Godbeer, with deep concern. "To think of the wickedness o' the world! Just come in the trees behind the ruin. 'Tweern't my business, of course, but more'n wance walkin' 'pon the beach below, takin' the air at low tide, I've looked up at the face of the cliff by night and fancied I seed ropes pulling things up the precipice. Then I thought, 'No — surely not. Can't be no hookem-snivey doings under darkness wi' such a man as Cap'n Bluett amongst us.'"

Jonathan grinned and the moon came out and touched his white teeth. Cramphorn held up a lantern, and Bluett himself uttered words not seemly for the ear of Parson Yates.

Then he turned to follow the direction of the smugglers' funeral.

"I bid every honest man come along with me in