

cautiously. Then a sudden wave of suspicion crossed his mind.

"If you're lying to me, you'll repent it," he said.

"Judge by what I lose," retorted the old man, almost tearfully. "To put this harvest into your hands is to rob my own pocket. Baccy an' winter drinkin' — I give up all for the hate I bear against that man. But take my word or leave it."

Old Cramphorn's bitterness of expression and the lean fist raised and shaken at Merry Jonathan's empty boat hard by, went far to convince Mr. Bluett. That day he hired a horse and rode over to Dartmouth and in the evening met his secret accomplice again among the usual crowd at the bar of the "Golden Anchor." Jonathan Godbeer was not present, but the rest of the company now knew the officer by name and treated him with outward civility and respect.

The conversation ran on Lady Emma's death-coach. Even Parson Yates had been awakened from his abstracted existence by the reports of this singular apparition, for many had seen it of late and not a few fearfully approached their pastor upon the subject. That evening, indeed, the folk awaited news of some definite decision from Daleham's spiritual leader, because, as Jenifer Pearn told the Exciseman, though certain ancient celebrities had objected to interference with a vision so historical,