

an he could pay for it. These were troublous times, and there were many rogues about—as when were rogues scant and the times not troublous? No offence, but there were over-many loose-bred sailors from foreign parts flung on the country, to live as they best might out of honest folks. A dozen, roaring drunk, had passed Hastings way not an hour gone, and God grant some poor innocent suffered not before morning. Gold pieces? That's another story, master. Good pay makes sure welcome. No offence, but a man must look after his own. Changes in Rye town? Ay, ay, changes enough. Ship - building? Nay, that had drifted west, and was like to drift faster since the sea was silting up the old harbour-way. What name was that? Barriscote? Barriscote? Barriscote? Mistress, a sailor-man's seeking Barriscotes. I'm none so long here myself, y' see, but she'll know. Born and bred, and lived every inch of her life in Rye town. Oh, ay, I have them now. There was but one left, a lass, and things went crooked with her, not one year, but five or six. Things drift, y' see, with none but a woman to see to them. She was sore put to it, poor soul, to keep soul and body in health. Ay, ay, so 'twas. She married Phil Hargraves there,