

body. Yes, it most certainly was, for there was affixed to the church door a new notice. Jerry approached and read the large glaring letters:

A hundred guineas will be paid to any person, or persons, who shall directly cause the arrest of a mulatto, a seaman. White hair; yellow face; no ears; six feet high; when last seen wearing royal navy cook's uniform. Necklace of sharks' teeth around neck. Tattoo marks of a gibbet on right forearm; a cockatoo on left wrist; and a brig in full sail executed in two dyes of tattoo work upon his chest.

This man wanted by the crown for the murder of Sennacherib Pepper, Doctor of Physics and of Romney Marsh.

[Signed]ANTHONY COBTREE, Leveller of the Marsh Scotts, Court House, Dymchurch, and HOWARD COLLYER, Captain of his Majesty's Navy, and Coast Agent and Commissioner, Court House, Dymchurch

The writing on this notice was executed in most scholarly style, and Jerk knew the familiar lettering to be the handiwork of the murderous schoolmaster himself. This colossal audacity was quite terrifying to him. It looked as if it had been written in the blood of the victim; for the black ink was still wet.

As he gazed the church door opened and Doctor Syn came out. He looked pale and worried, as well he might, for indeed this shocking affair had already caused a most shaking sensation in the village.

"This is a bad business, boy," he said to Jerk, who was still gazing at the notice.

"You may well say that, sir," replied the boy.

"Poor old Sennacherib," sighed the cleric. "To think that you went from my friend's house to meet your death. Well," he added hotly, shaking his fist across at the Marsh, "let's hope they catch the rascal, for we will give him short shrift for you,