

well be imagined. strange and grotesque decorations did the outside of the earliest meeting houses bear, grinning wolves heads nailed under the windows and by the side of the door, while splashes of blood, which had dripped from the severed neck, reddened the logs beneath. the wolf, for his destructiveness, was much more dreaded by the settlers than the bear, which did not so frequently attack the flocks. bears were plentiful enough. the history of roxbury states that in, in one week in september, twenty bears were killed within two miles of boston. this bear story requires unlimited faith in puritan probity, and confidence in puritan records to credit it, but believe it, ye who can, as i do in salem and in ipswich, in, any man who brought a living wolf to the meeting house was paid fifteen shillings by the town; if the wolf were dead, ten shillings. in, if the wolf killer wished to obtain the reward, he was ordered to bring the wolfs head and nayle it to the meeting house and give notis thereof. in hampton, the inhabitants were ordered to nayle the same to a little red oak tree at northeast end of the meeting house. one man in newbury, in, killed seven wolves, and was paid the reward for so doing. this was a great number, for the wary wolf was not easily destroyed either by musket or wolf hook. in wolves were so abundant in ipswich that parents would not suffer their children to go to and from church and school without the attendance of some grown person. as late as wolves made sad havoc in woodbury, connecticut; and a reward of five dollars for each wolfs head was offered by law in that township in in the last public reward was paid in salem for a wolfs head, but so late as the year the howls of wolves were heard every night in newbury, though trophies of shrivelled wolves heads no longer graced the salvation. in this task no teacher of the congregation should assist her. she, and she alone, should win to the redeemer the soul of this fair creature that had walked so resolutely in the ways of the heathen; this was required of her as the condition of the covenant that she felt she had made with him, it was with the price of this labor that she hoped to purchase her own childs eternal happiness. day after day she had arsinoe into her own room, that was decked with flowers and with christian symbols, and devoted several hours to her instruction. but her disciple proved less impressionable and less attentive every day; while paulina was speaking arsinoe was thinking of pollux, of the children, of the festival prepared for the emperor or of the beautiful dress she was to have worn as roxana. she wondered what young girl would fill her place, and how she could ever hope to see her lover again. and it was the same during paulinas prayers as during her instruction, prayers that often lasted more than hour, and which she had to attend, on her knees on wednesday and friday, and with hands uplifted on all the other days of the week. when her adoptive mother had discovered how often she looked out into the street she thought she had found out the reason of her pupils distracted attention and only waited the return of her brother, the architect, in order to have the window blocked up. as pontius entered the lofty hall of his sisters house, arsinoe came to meet him. her cheeks were flushed, she had hurried to fly down as fast as possible from her window to the ground floor, in order to speak to the architect before he went into the inner rooms or had talked with his sister, and she looked lovelier than ever. putting him to so much trouble, but there was another picture in the gallery at fording, with which it might be interesting to compare the one recently discovered. he would send a carriage to meet any train; mr westray would no doubt find it more convenient to spend the night at fording. there was no expression of surprise, curiosity, indignation or alarm; nothing, in fact, except the utmost courtesy, a little more distant perhaps than usual, but not markedly so. westray had been unable to conjecture what would be the nature of lord blandamers answer. he had thought of many possibilities, of the impostors flight, of lavish offers of hush money, of passionate appeals for mercy, of scornful and indignant denial. but in all his imaginings he had never imagined this. ever since he had sent his own letter, he had been doubtful of its wisdom, and yet he had not been able to think of any other course that he would have preferred. he knew that the step he had taken in warning the criminal was quixotic, and yet it seemed to him that lord blandamer had a certain right to see his own family portrait and papers, before they were used against him. he could not feel sorry that he had given the opportunity,