

cording to the grand jury report—says he plainly heard the mob in the court house yard, while sitting in his room at the local hotel, and saw a policeman directing traffic at one of the corners of the square while the lawn fete was in progress. But no, says the grand jury, nobody was in the court house square that night, which eliminates the traffic cop on the corner too, and suggests that the visiting Baltimore Countian was seeing and hearing things only through his imagination.

If it would serve any purpose or gain any advantage, the grand jury might be recalled to find that Salisbury itself was not there that night; that it effaced itself from the map of the Eastern Shore and left nothing but a big vacant lot for the nocturnal interval in question. To complete the picture of utter blank, the grand jury might go farther and find that the night itself failed to register and that only nothingness, in both time and space, appeared in its place on the calendar.

Well, anyway, Salisbury and Wicomico county have been washed white as snow again. But nobody expected anything else. If one indictment had been found it would have registered a shock that would have wrecked every seismograph in the western hemisphere.