

in here" she said to Clell, "No one will get into this room." As soon as he was inside, Effie locked the door, and put the key in her pocket and hastened to unbolt the outer door; for in those days when everyone was looked upon as an enemy until he proved himself a friend, doors and windows were kept securely locked. As she passed the table she noticed Clell's great coat lying on a chair. This she hastily thrust into the kettle of dye, and then unlocked the door. Half a dozen British soldiers pushed in, and one, the first to enter, said,

"Really, Effie, I suppose this seems almost like an insult to you, but I have my orders from headquarters and must obey them."

"I understand, cousin. Truly I would be disloyal to wish to keep you from your duty. Search the house, and if there is any thieving rebel hidden here, have him out of this." Thus spoke our loyal Royalist, and the search began. But hunt as they would, from garret to cellar, no fugitive could be found. Once a soldier noticed the door behind which Clell was hiding and asked to have it opened; but Effie quieted his dangerous curiosity by telling him that it led to her mother's private room, and that Mrs. Van Allen had the key.

At last they were satisfied that nothing could be gained by a longer search, and after apologizing for the inconvenience they had caused, rode away. Then Effie opened the door and Clell came out, thankful indeed that one danger at least was safely over.

"So it seems that I have been sheltering a much-wanted rebel," said Effie, attempting to look sternly at him, but not succeeding very well.

"Truly, and a very thankful one. Now I know at least one Royalist upon whom I can look as a friend."

"But look here; I am going to make a British soldier out of you for a time at least. I put it here to hide it from pry-