

WHITTIER'S CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand, The centuries fall the grains of sand, We meet to-day, united, free, And loyal to our land and Thee!

when the voices of men fell upon her listening ears. She started, dropped her prize, and with her heart in her throat crept to the window that overlooked the porch in front of the house.

She could see nothing, for the night was too dark; but the voices of men, mingling with the champing of bits, continued to salute her ears.

"This is old Beauchampe's house," said one. "It has been deserted for several days. The daughter frightened by the manner in which we treated the father, has fled somewhere for protection."

These words drove every vestige of color from the listener's face; yet told her who the men below were, though she could not see even the outlines of their persons.

Then a calm thought of her situation drove fear from her heart, and Alice Beauchampe prepared to perform one of the most daring deeds of the Revolutionary War.

Ferguson's Avengers.

A STORY OF PARTISAN DAYS.

"This for the gallant Ferguson!"

The foregoing five words had instituted a reign of terror in one of the levelled districts of the Palmetto State—a district watered by the Catawba and Pacolet rivers, and their gente tributaries.

In the month of September, 1870, Cornwallis detached the notorious Col. Ferguson to the frontiers of North Carolina, for the ostensible purpose of encouraging the Tories of that region to take up arms for the king.

Ferguson's force consisted in part of the most profigate and abandoned characters of the partisan days, and his march was marked by atrocities of the most shocking description.

The noise in the house increased, and oaths and rude jests preceded and followed the lighting of a fire on the hearth.

Alice, who had longed for a sight of the dreaded six, crept to a spot near the bureau where there was a crack in the floor. Then applying her eye to the peep-hole, she saw six wild-looking men directly beneath her.

They were, beyond doubt, the Avengers of Ferguson's death, for several masks lay on the table along with three or four bottles of wine which they had taken from some patriot's cellar.

Tall, rough, devil-may-care-looking fellows they were, armed with pistols, carbines, and sabres, the kind of men who never court the smiles of mercy or listen to the pleading of innocence.

Just such fellows as they were, Alice had supposed them to be, for she had seen many of the prisoners taken at King's Mountain, and she longed for the presence of a band of patriots.

There were true men in South Carolina at that time who would have given their right arms for a chance to exterminate the Avengers, and Alice knew where a little party of patriots lay, but alas! they were not very near.

"We'll rest here and finish that wine!" said one of the leaders of the band, whose face told that already he had imbibed freely. "Bring in the poultry, and on old Beauchampe's hearth, we'll prepare a feast."

At his command, one of them left the house, but soon returned bearing with him a duck and several chickens, from whose freshly wrung necks the warm blood was dripping.

"How's the horses," asked one of the Avengers, as the man flung the poultry on the table.

"Standing like rocks," was the reply. "Such horses as they are don't need watching, and, besides, there isn't a rebel within ten miles of this accursed place."

"Why there's the Widow Hartzell," "I didn't think of her," was the reply. "How bitterly old Hartzell hated us, but we caught him at last."

"And presented him with a breast-plate! Ha! Ha!"

And the laugh went round the room. Alice Beauchampe did not wait until the laugh was ended; while yet it filled the house with its devilish echoes, she glided across the room to a window that looked out upon the dark palmetto grove, behind the building.

There was no sash in the window, and the cool winds of the night kissed the pallid cheek of the partisan's daughter. For a moment she tried to pierce the darkness below the window; but, falling in her endeavors, she crept over the sill, resolved to trust to fortune for success.

The distance to the ground was not great, and the daring girl alighted without injury.

Now she was free to make her escape to the friends she had lately left; but immediate flight in that direction was not her intention.

"Heaven aid me!" she murmured, as she glided around the old house and approached the horses which the Tories had left tethered to the small trees a few yards from the door.

The noise in the house increased, and oaths and rude jests preceded and followed the lighting of a fire on the hearth.

Alice, who had longed for a sight of the dreaded six, crept to a spot near the bureau where there was a crack in the floor. Then applying her eye to the peep-hole, she saw six wild-looking men directly beneath her.

They were, beyond doubt, the Avengers of Ferguson's death, for several masks lay on the table along with three or four bottles of wine which they had taken from some patriot's cellar.

Tall, rough, devil-may-care-looking fellows they were, armed with pistols, carbines, and sabres, the kind of men who never court the smiles of mercy or listen to the pleading of innocence.

Just such fellows as they were, Alice had supposed them to be, for she had seen many of the prisoners taken at King's Mountain, and she longed for the presence of a band of patriots.

There were true men in South Carolina at that time who would have given their right arms for a chance to exterminate the Avengers, and Alice knew where a little party of patriots lay, but alas! they were not very near.

"We'll rest here and finish that wine!" said one of the leaders of the band, whose face told that already he had imbibed freely. "Bring in the poultry, and on old Beauchampe's hearth, we'll prepare a feast."

At his command, one of them left the house, but soon returned bearing with him a duck and several chickens, from whose freshly wrung necks the warm blood was dripping.

"How's the horses," asked one of the Avengers, as the man flung the poultry on the table.

"Standing like rocks," was the reply. "Such horses as they are don't need watching, and, besides, there isn't a rebel within ten miles of this accursed place."

"Why there's the Widow Hartzell," "I didn't think of her," was the reply. "How bitterly old Hartzell hated us, but we caught him at last."

"And presented him with a breast-plate! Ha! Ha!"

And the laugh went round the room. Alice Beauchampe did not wait until the laugh was ended; while yet it filled the house with its devilish echoes, she glided across the room to a window that looked out upon the dark palmetto grove, behind the building.

There was no sash in the window, and the cool winds of the night kissed the pallid cheek of the partisan's daughter. For a moment she tried to pierce the darkness below the window; but, falling in her endeavors, she crept over the sill, resolved to trust to fortune for success.

The distance to the ground was not great, and the daring girl alighted without injury.

Now she was free to make her escape to the friends she had lately left; but immediate flight in that direction was not her intention.

"Heaven aid me!" she murmured, as she glided around the old house and approached the horses which the Tories had left tethered to the small trees a few yards from the door.

A glance into the room revealed the forms of the Avengers discussing the wine with oaths and jest, or watching the roasting of the fowls. They did not fear danger, for their horrible deeds had completely terrorized the country, and under the sway of their lawlessness it was fast becoming a desert.

Alice counted them before she touched a single rein; and then in a brief period of time she loosed the horses and quietly led them into a small copse not far away. The steeds did not refuse to obey her guidance, and when she had reached the copse she struck them with a whip which she had found beneath a saddle. It was a smart blow that she administered, and the horses started forward and disappeared in an instant.

Thus in a few moments Ferguson's Avengers had been deprived of their horses.

Flushed with triumph, Alice Beauchampe returned to the house, and again looked in upon its hilarious tenants.

burned, placed on the table, and watched the greedy crowd around for their shares. Their tongues and movements told her that stolen liquor was doing its work on all save the giant, who had superintended the cooking of the late feast. This man appeared perfectly sober, and the glances which he often cast at his comrades told that he did not sanction their bacchanalian conduct.

"Come! enough of this!" he suddenly cried, rising from the table, which had been dragged to the centre of the room. "Get up, boys, and let's be going. I told you at Wiley's that you had wine enough, but you must bring some here and drink yourselves stupid."

These words drove every vestige of color from the listener's face; yet told her who the men below were, though she could not see even the outlines of their persons.

Then a calm thought of her situation drove fear from her heart, and Alice Beauchampe prepared to perform one of the most daring deeds of the Revolutionary War.

The noise in the house increased, and oaths and rude jests preceded and followed the lighting of a fire on the hearth.

Alice, who had longed for a sight of the dreaded six, crept to a spot near the bureau where there was a crack in the floor. Then applying her eye to the peep-hole, she saw six wild-looking men directly beneath her.

They were, beyond doubt, the Avengers of Ferguson's death, for several masks lay on the table along with three or four bottles of wine which they had taken from some patriot's cellar.

Tall, rough, devil-may-care-looking fellows they were, armed with pistols, carbines, and sabres, the kind of men who never court the smiles of mercy or listen to the pleading of innocence.

Just such fellows as they were, Alice had supposed them to be, for she had seen many of the prisoners taken at King's Mountain, and she longed for the presence of a band of patriots.

There were true men in South Carolina at that time who would have given their right arms for a chance to exterminate the Avengers, and Alice knew where a little party of patriots lay, but alas! they were not very near.

"We'll rest here and finish that wine!" said one of the leaders of the band, whose face told that already he had imbibed freely. "Bring in the poultry, and on old Beauchampe's hearth, we'll prepare a feast."

At his command, one of them left the house, but soon returned bearing with him a duck and several chickens, from whose freshly wrung necks the warm blood was dripping.

"How's the horses," asked one of the Avengers, as the man flung the poultry on the table.

"Standing like rocks," was the reply. "Such horses as they are don't need watching, and, besides, there isn't a rebel within ten miles of this accursed place."

"Why there's the Widow Hartzell," "I didn't think of her," was the reply. "How bitterly old Hartzell hated us, but we caught him at last."

"And presented him with a breast-plate! Ha! Ha!"

And the laugh went round the room. Alice Beauchampe did not wait until the laugh was ended; while yet it filled the house with its devilish echoes, she glided across the room to a window that looked out upon the dark palmetto grove, behind the building.

There was no sash in the window, and the cool winds of the night kissed the pallid cheek of the partisan's daughter. For a moment she tried to pierce the darkness below the window; but, falling in her endeavors, she crept over the sill, resolved to trust to fortune for success.

The distance to the ground was not great, and the daring girl alighted without injury.

Now she was free to make her escape to the friends she had lately left; but immediate flight in that direction was not her intention.

"Heaven aid me!" she murmured, as she glided around the old house and approached the horses which the Tories had left tethered to the small trees a few yards from the door.

A glance into the room revealed the forms of the Avengers discussing the wine with oaths and jest, or watching the roasting of the fowls. They did not fear danger, for their horrible deeds had completely terrorized the country, and under the sway of their lawlessness it was fast becoming a desert.

Alice counted them before she touched a single rein; and then in a brief period of time she loosed the horses and quietly led them into a small copse not far away. The steeds did not refuse to obey her guidance, and when she had reached the copse she struck them with a whip which she had found beneath a saddle. It was a smart blow that she administered, and the horses started forward and disappeared in an instant.

Thus in a few moments Ferguson's Avengers had been deprived of their horses.

Flushed with triumph, Alice Beauchampe returned to the house, and again looked in upon its hilarious tenants.

She held a pistol in her hand—a weapon which a hostler had granted her, and she crept to the edge of the porch before she halted. There was the flash of vengeance in the dark eyes of the partisan girl while she gazed upon the forms of the Avengers discussing the wine with oaths and jest, or watching the roasting of the fowls. They did not fear danger, for their horrible deeds had completely terrorized the country, and under the sway of their lawlessness it was fast becoming a desert.

Hilda.

In a distant country, on a small patch of mountain pasture, stood a dwelling built after the style of a Swiss peasant cottage, and over its roof projected in deep eaves that in summer gave coolness, and in winter defended the inmates from wind and snow. A small stable was attached to the house, having room for a cow and two or three sheep and a mountain goat, and in the left over the stable perches for domestic fowls to roost. An old woman lived here alone with her grand-daughter, tending the cow and lambs and fowls. Their way of living was so extremely simple that those accustomed to more affluent fashions would have thought it poverty; but they were used to the simple expedients of the poor that they thought themselves well off. The holidays of the year were those times when the young girl went down the mountain path into the village below to exchange butter, eggs, or honey for a few things they needed from the shops. One evening, as young Hilda returned up the mountain, she was met by one of those excursions she found a dove lying wounded where it had fallen on the road. A hawk had pounced upon it, but, frightened or wounded by some huntsman's shot, had dropped its prey and left the dove to die of its wound or hunger, for its wing was broken. Hilda saw the pitiful pleading in the eye of the dumb creature, and taking a handkerchief from her neck she stooped to pick it up, and wrapped it softly in the handkerchief. She was then in the state of the village; and the introduction of railroads and canals has not changed this unfortunate state of things. But, as regards what I have described, the genial Egyptian climate must always be remembered. Sunshine and warmth for three parts of the year make a house of little importance, and, though earnings are very small, a constant success of crops creates the demand for labor at every season. The Dorsetshire laborer, with his slack times, and winter rains, and climate demanding much food and clothing, is an object of more legitimate pity than the Egyptian fellah. But the Egyptian fellah ought not to be an object of pity at all. Egypt is virtually a neutralized country, and war cannot devastate it. The natural wealth of its soil is such that with a wooden plow, which, as compared to the horse-drawn plow, is but a spade, the laborer returns the produce of any land in England. The Nile does for Egypt what art has to do elsewhere. Yet in this country, so favored by nature, the mass of the population is in a state of misery. From sunrise to sunset, men, women and children are at work in the fields to gain the bare necessities of life. The philosopher who deems him happiest who has the fewest wants ought to have been an Egyptian fellah. He is sometimes even born in the fields. The women work up to the day of their confinement. They lie up one day and are out again the next, and the baby is laid near them in the fields on a bit of sack. Ignorance and poverty lead to other sad consequences. Premature old age comes on at 40, and the population is a falling one. A terrible infant mortality. Out of the 140,000 annual deaths, 80,000 are of infant children. It has been calculated that three out of every five that are born die before the age of two. For those that survive, an old Egyptian custom that is still practiced is most symbolical of their future. The child is put into a sieve and rolled about to the beating of drums. "It is in order to harden them," say the people.

"Come! enough of this!" he suddenly cried, rising from the table, which had been dragged to the centre of the room. "Get up, boys, and let's be going. I told you at Wiley's that you had wine enough, but you must bring some here and drink yourselves stupid."

These words drove every vestige of color from the listener's face; yet told her who the men below were, though she could not see even the outlines of their persons.

Then a calm thought of her situation drove fear from her heart, and Alice Beauchampe prepared to perform one of the most daring deeds of the Revolutionary War.

Alice, who had longed for a sight of the dreaded six, crept to a spot near the bureau where there was a crack in the floor. Then applying her eye to the peep-hole, she saw six wild-looking men directly beneath her.

They were, beyond doubt, the Avengers of Ferguson's death, for several masks lay on the table along with three or four bottles of wine which they had taken from some patriot's cellar.

Tall, rough, devil-may-care-looking fellows they were, armed with pistols, carbines, and sabres, the kind of men who never court the smiles of mercy or listen to the pleading of innocence.

Just such fellows as they were, Alice had supposed them to be, for she had seen many of the prisoners taken at King's Mountain, and she longed for the presence of a band of patriots.

There were true men in South Carolina at that time who would have given their right arms for a chance to exterminate the Avengers, and Alice knew where a little party of patriots lay, but alas! they were not very near.

"We'll rest here and finish that wine!" said one of the leaders of the band, whose face told that already he had imbibed freely. "Bring in the poultry, and on old Beauchampe's hearth, we'll prepare a feast."

At his command, one of them left the house, but soon returned bearing with him a duck and several chickens, from whose freshly wrung necks the warm blood was dripping.

"How's the horses," asked one of the Avengers, as the man flung the poultry on the table.

"Standing like rocks," was the reply. "Such horses as they are don't need watching, and, besides, there isn't a rebel within ten miles of this accursed place."

"Why there's the Widow Hartzell," "I didn't think of her," was the reply. "How bitterly old Hartzell hated us, but we caught him at last."

"And presented him with a breast-plate! Ha! Ha!"

And the laugh went round the room. Alice Beauchampe did not wait until the laugh was ended; while yet it filled the house with its devilish echoes, she glided across the room to a window that looked out upon the dark palmetto grove, behind the building.

There was no sash in the window, and the cool winds of the night kissed the pallid cheek of the partisan's daughter. For a moment she tried to pierce the darkness below the window; but, falling in her endeavors, she crept over the sill, resolved to trust to fortune for success.

The distance to the ground was not great, and the daring girl alighted without injury.

Now she was free to make her escape to the friends she had lately left; but immediate flight in that direction was not her intention.

"Heaven aid me!" she murmured, as she glided around the old house and approached the horses which the Tories had left tethered to the small trees a few yards from the door.

A glance into the room revealed the forms of the Avengers discussing the wine with oaths and jest, or watching the roasting of the fowls. They did not fear danger, for their horrible deeds had completely terrorized the country, and under the sway of their lawlessness it was fast becoming a desert.

Alice counted them before she touched a single rein; and then in a brief period of time she loosed the horses and quietly led them into a small copse not far away. The steeds did not refuse to obey her guidance, and when she had reached the copse she struck them with a whip which she had found beneath a saddle. It was a smart blow that she administered, and the horses started forward and disappeared in an instant.

Thus in a few moments Ferguson's Avengers had been deprived of their horses.

Flushed with triumph, Alice Beauchampe returned to the house, and again looked in upon its hilarious tenants.

She held a pistol in her hand—a weapon which a hostler had granted her, and she crept to the edge of the porch before she halted. There was the flash of vengeance in the dark eyes of the partisan girl while she gazed upon the forms of the Avengers discussing the wine with oaths and jest, or watching the roasting of the fowls. They did not fear danger, for their horrible deeds had completely terrorized the country, and under the sway of their lawlessness it was fast becoming a desert.

falling raindrop seemed to be gilded and to fall through sunshine, a broad beam of light stole in through an open window and traversing the room rested on the cage of wickerwork, and at the same instance a dove, caught out in the rain, showed silver wings across the blackness of the stormy cloud.

"The dove has returned," said the Lady Hilda, and explored. Her descendants preserved her story in a device of coat of arms—a golden rain falling out of a black cloud, a sun shining, and a dove flying home through the storm.

The Common People of Egypt.

A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Mansourah, in the Delta of the Nile, gives the following picture of the small Egyptian villages and their inhabitants: Each village I saw was almost deserted. Only a few old women remained in charge of the tiny children not yet fit to join in the struggle for existence; all the rest—men, women, boys and girls—were out in the fields, working from sunrise to sunset to keep life together. Other villagers told the same story, every village in Egypt confirms it, and I am not going to draw any more harrowing pictures. Quite enough has been said to show that the agricultural population—nine-tenths of the whole people of Egypt—have benefitted very little by the superficial progress, the material civilization for which the country is so remarkable. The historian of Mehenet All said, "The traveler sees with astonishment the richness of the harvest created with the wretched state of the villages; and the introduction of railroads and canals has not changed this unfortunate state of things. But, as regards what I have described, the genial Egyptian climate must always be remembered. Sunshine and warmth for three parts of the year make a house of little importance, and, though earnings are very small, a constant success of crops creates the demand for labor at every season. The Dorsetshire laborer, with his slack times, and winter rains, and climate demanding much food and clothing, is an object of more legitimate pity than the Egyptian fellah. But the Egyptian fellah ought not to be an object of pity at all. Egypt is virtually a neutralized country, and war cannot devastate it. The natural wealth of its soil is such that with a wooden plow, which, as compared to the horse-drawn plow, is but a spade, the laborer returns the produce of any land in England. The Nile does for Egypt what art has to do elsewhere. Yet in this country, so favored by nature, the mass of the population is in a state of misery. From sunrise to sunset, men, women and children are at work in the fields to gain the bare necessities of life. The philosopher who deems him happiest who has the fewest wants ought to have been an Egyptian fellah. He is sometimes even born in the fields. The women work up to the day of their confinement. They lie up one day and are out again the next, and the baby is laid near them in the fields on a bit of sack. Ignorance and poverty lead to other sad consequences. Premature old age comes on at 40, and the population is a falling one. A terrible infant mortality. Out of the 140,000 annual deaths, 80,000 are of infant children. It has been calculated that three out of every five that are born die before the age of two. For those that survive, an old Egyptian custom that is still practiced is most symbolical of their future. The child is put into a sieve and rolled about to the beating of drums. "It is in order to harden them," say the people.

Then a calm thought of her situation drove fear from her heart, and Alice Beauchampe prepared to perform one of the most daring deeds of the Revolutionary War.

Alice, who had longed for a sight of the dreaded six, crept to a spot near the bureau where there was a crack in the floor. Then applying her eye to the peep-hole, she saw six wild-looking men directly beneath her.

They were, beyond doubt, the Avengers of Ferguson's death, for several masks lay on the table along with three or four bottles of wine which they had taken from some patriot's cellar.

Tall, rough, devil-may-care-looking fellows they were, armed with pistols, carbines, and sabres, the kind of men who never court the smiles of mercy or listen to the pleading of innocence.

Just such fellows as they were, Alice had supposed them to be, for she had seen many of the prisoners taken at King's Mountain, and she longed for the presence of a band of patriots.

There were true men in South Carolina at that time who would have given their right arms for a chance to exterminate the Avengers, and Alice knew where a little party of patriots lay, but alas! they were not very near.

"We'll rest here and finish that wine!" said one of the leaders of the band, whose face told that already he had imbibed freely. "Bring in the poultry, and on old Beauchampe's hearth, we'll prepare a feast."

At his command, one of them left the house, but soon returned bearing with him a duck and several chickens, from whose freshly wrung necks the warm blood was dripping.

"How's the horses," asked one of the Avengers, as the man flung the poultry on the table.

"Standing like rocks," was the reply. "Such horses as they are don't need watching, and, besides, there isn't a rebel within ten miles of this accursed place."

"Why there's the Widow Hartzell," "I didn't think of her," was the reply. "How bitterly old Hartzell hated us, but we caught him at last."

"And presented him with a breast-plate! Ha! Ha!"

And the laugh went round the room. Alice Beauchampe did not wait until the laugh was ended; while yet it filled the house with its devilish echoes, she glided across the room to a window that looked out upon the dark palmetto grove, behind the building.

There was no sash in the window, and the cool winds of the night kissed the pallid cheek of the partisan's daughter. For a moment she tried to pierce the darkness below the window; but, falling in her endeavors, she crept over the sill, resolved to trust to fortune for success.

The distance to the ground was not great, and the daring girl alighted without injury.

Now she was free to make her escape to the friends she had lately left; but immediate flight in that direction was not her intention.

"Heaven aid me!" she murmured, as she glided around the old house and approached the horses which the Tories had left tethered to the small trees a few yards from the door.

A glance into the room revealed the forms of the Avengers discussing the wine with oaths and jest, or watching the roasting of the fowls. They did not fear danger, for their horrible deeds had completely terrorized the country, and under the sway of their lawlessness it was fast becoming a desert.

Alice counted them before she touched a single rein; and then in a brief period of time she loosed the horses and quietly led them into a small copse not far away. The steeds did not refuse to obey her guidance, and when she had reached the copse she struck them with a whip which she had found beneath a saddle. It was a smart blow that she administered, and the horses started forward and disappeared in an instant.

Thus in a few moments Ferguson's Avengers had been deprived of their horses.

Flushed with triumph, Alice Beauchampe returned to the house, and again looked in upon its hilarious tenants.

She held a pistol in her hand—a weapon which a hostler had granted her, and she crept to the edge of the porch before she halted. There was the flash of vengeance in the dark eyes of the partisan girl while she gazed upon the forms of the Avengers discussing the wine with oaths and jest, or watching the roasting of the fowls. They did not fear danger, for their horrible deeds had completely terrorized the country, and under the sway of their lawlessness it was fast becoming a desert.

The Queen's Tobacco Pipe.

When we are told that the unburned ends of cigars are picked up for the purpose of making cigarettes, we are mightily struck with the destruction, not to say waste, that goes on day and night in the London docks, in the very centre of which, we are informed, is an enormous kiln, which has a long chimney, known popularly as the Queen's tobacco pipe, for the reason that all forfeited tobacco and cigars and other articles said to be too bad for sale are consigned to it. We are told that cart-loads of the odoriferous weed are carried to the kiln every day to be consumed. While we convert cigar ends into cigarettes, this certainly is nothing less than disgraceful, for the good food would be so destroyed, while poor people in the neighborhood should be starving; but this of course we may expect from the cruel mercies of a Government department, which was never known to have bowels of compassion for any one. "On one occasion," says Mr. Simmonds, "900 Australian hams were suffered to remain, anticipating the removal of the duty; when it did come off, the customs would not allow them to be removed, and they were allowed to remain until they were so damaged as to be unusable." Nevertheless the attendants upon the oven made merry over the hams, which were cooked ready for their breakfast. Tea, we are told, is not now burned, because on one occasion a load set the chimney-stack on fire. One would have thought that a chimney sweeper would have removed this difficulty; but the ways of officials are inscrutable. But what shall we say to the fact that on one occasion the Queen's pipe smoked away thirteen thousand pairs of damaged French gloves? On another occasion a large number of foreign watches, said to be gold, were condemned as spurious, broken up and burned. Surely for the purpose of keeping time, a watch in a sham gold case would be useful, and may have been sold for the benefit of the public revenue; but this was not permitted, but what little gold there was upon them was sold in the ashes, which was disposed of for manure. In France the tobacco refuse is used for manure and making sheep-wash, and in the other docks in London condemned goods are buried until they are partly rotten, when they are dug up and sold for manure. Possibly some one will find out for the Custom-house authorities some more moderate use than this for the wonderful assortment that Her Majesty consumes in her pipe.—Good Worlds.

"Come! enough of this!" he suddenly cried, rising from the table, which had been dragged to the centre of the room. "Get up, boys, and let's be going. I told you at Wiley's that you had wine enough, but you must bring some here and drink yourselves stupid."

These words drove every vestige of color from the listener's face; yet told her who the men below were, though she could not see even the outlines of their persons.

Then a calm thought of her situation drove fear from her heart, and Alice Beauchampe prepared to perform one of the most daring deeds of the Revolutionary War.

Alice, who had longed for a sight of the dreaded six, crept to a spot near the bureau where there was a crack in the floor. Then applying her eye to the peep-hole, she saw six wild-looking men directly beneath her.

They were, beyond doubt, the Avengers of Ferguson's death, for several masks lay on the table along with three or four bottles of wine which they had taken from some patriot's cellar.

Tall, rough, devil-may-care-looking fellows they were, armed with pistols, carbines, and sabres, the kind of men who never court the smiles of mercy or listen to the pleading of innocence.

Just such fellows as they were, Alice had supposed them to be, for she had seen many of the prisoners taken at King's Mountain, and she longed for the presence of a band of patriots.

There were true men in South Carolina at that time who would have given their right arms for a chance to exterminate the Avengers, and Alice knew where a little party of patriots lay, but alas! they were not very near.

"We'll rest here and finish that wine!" said one of the leaders of the band, whose face told that already he had imbibed freely. "Bring in the poultry, and on old Beauchampe's hearth, we'll prepare a