

pistol shots ring out clear and keen through the foggy night air. Her heart stopped short for a while, to presently leap into her throat with almost suffocating throbs. With that swift and vivid readiness common to young and imaginative minds, her fancy pictured her lover lying

dead with upturned face in the moonlight. A cold chill crept over her and her limbs shook as with an ague. Loud and clear the cocks in the back court crowed out the hour of dawn. She sprang up, threw on her clothes and passed out into the street. As if by some unerring intuition she went directly to the spot where Prescott and Maynard had fought. There were deep marks of the struggle in the sand, and some streaks and dashes of blood were visible in the gray chill morning glimmer. She looked about, her eyes scanning as best they could the surrounding space; then came a great relief—a sense of escape from a burden of horrible dread. A drum rolled out the morning call at the little American camp. With but a moment's hesitation she went swiftly on in the direction of the sound, and was soon face to face with the sentinel in front of the officers' quarters.

"I wish to see Gen. Howe," she said abruptly.

The sentinel called the officer of the guard, a corporal, who came forward in a moment.

"Well, madam," he demanded, doffing his well worn cap, "what is it you wish?"

"I must see Gen. Howe."

"Sorry I am that he's not here, madam, but he is not. He is at the Tatnall mansion."

"Then could I see the next officer in charge?"

"Col. Huger is here, madam."

"Tell him I have something important to say to him."

Leaving her with the sentinel the corporal turned about and walked away. In a few minutes he came back, and bidding her follow led the way to a small house surrounded by tents. Col. Huger, who had just risen and hastily dressed himself, received her in a small, plainly furnished room which was well saturated with the fumes of tobacco. He was very polite and kind in his manner, but at first did not recognize her.

"It is because I could not help it that I have come here," she hurriedly began. "There is a plot to betray the city into the enemy's hands. A fleet is already on the way here from Sandy Hook, and there is now in Savannah an emissary of the British going about among the Tories."

The colonel recognized her while she was speaking, and the slightest shade of perplexity gathered on his eyes. She was beautiful, and her embarrassment heightened the effect of her face.

"You are Miss Fenwicke, I believe," he said, with grave courtesy.

She nodded and the color slipped out

of her cheeks.

"How have you learned what you tell me?" he inquired, fixing his eyes steadily upon hers.

She shrank and looked down, but presently her native courage asserted itself. She returned his gaze steadily with clear, innocent eyes, while the rosy flush came slowly up into her face again.

"You must not insist upon that question," she answered; "for I cannot tell you. You may be sure that I have it from the directest channel of information. The British will land to-morrow or the next day."

She arose to go.

"And the emissary, who is he and where is he?" demanded the colonel.

"I cannot tell you."

"You must!"

"I will not."

The colonel's face relaxed almost to a smile.

"Very well," he said. "Sergeant, take a carriage and drive this lady to her home."

A young red headed officer came out of an adjoining room and bowed.

"Get a carriage," repeated the colonel, and when the man was gone he turned to Rose and said:

"It is scarcely possible that your information is reliable, but I will honor it, coming from you. I am surprised that you bring it to us, but I am all the more proud of your patriotism."

She knew that he was thinking of her father and connecting him with the conspiracy.

"How strong is the force of the British reported to be?" he inquired after a few seconds of silence, "and who commanded?"

"It is a strong force under Lieut.-Col. Archibald Campbell and Commodore Parker."

"When did it sail from Sandy Hook?"

"On the 27th of November."

"Did you hear what troops they have?"

"The Seventy-first regiment of foot, four battalions of Provincials, two of Hessians and a detachment of artillery."

He looked at her in surprise. Her memory seemed absolutely clear and ready. Somehow the sincerity and dignity of her bearing and the extreme beauty of her face gave singular force to her statements. He knew that her father was a bitter Tory; at least that was the well grounded belief of everybody, and it seemed strange, indeed, that this, his only child, should come as the bearer of such information.

Of course the colonel's first thought was the suspicion that Mr. Fenwicke must be deeply concerned in the conspiracy.

The sergeant had returned at this moment and was standing uncovered in the doorway, his red hair shining and his tattered face beaming with good nature.

"The carriage is ready, Col. Huger,"

he said, saluting.

Rose, after bidding the colonel good morning, turned and followed the sergeant, who gallantly handed her into the carriage and bade the negro driver follow her directions.

Before reaching the Fenwicke mansion Rose ordered the driver to stop the vehicle, and she got out to finish the distance on foot, not wishing any of the household to see her in Col. Huger's carriage, which would be sure to provoke awkward inquiries.

Fortunately neither her going out nor her coming in was observed, and she made her way to her room, where she flung herself down exhausted, soon falling asleep.

No sooner was Rose gone from his presence than Col. Huger ordered his horse and galloped to the Tatnall residence to see Gen. Howe and advise him of what she had told. The general dis-

missed the matter with a few words, saying curtly that he placed no reliance in a story which on its face was simply preposterous.

"How could an emissary outstrip a fleet?" he inquired. "If the British sailed from Sandy Hook last month how could this supposed spy know it? Don't you see how utterly ridiculous the whole thing is?"

Col. Huger had come flushed a trifle with the effect produced by Rose's noble bearing and bewitching face. He went back but half convinced that the general was right in giving no heed to her warning.

One, two, three days, a week, two weeks went by without any apparition of a British fleet. The general had not frequently laughed at Col. Huger about his belief in the story of the old Tory's daughter, and the colonel in turn had come to look back to the singular little affair as something inexplicable.

Lieut. Prescott, after lying some days at the house of a friend who had chanced to find him and take him in, recovered from the stunning bruises received from the brutal kicks of the giant Maynard, and returned to camp before the expiration of his release from duty.

To be continued.

The Case Fully Explained.

"Why don't you go home for your noon lunch?" inquired the city man.

"Because," answered the suburbanite, "I don't reach my office soon enough to be able to return home sufficiently early to get back again in time to start home for my dinner."—Chicago Tribune.

The Small Boy's Fun.

Jimmy—Why don't yer come over here an skate? The ice is a heap slicker.

Tommy—They's more fun here, if I was to break through here I'd likely drown, an over there th' water ain't a foot deep.—Indianapolis Journal.