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THE LOST CHORD.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away in silence
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

—*Adelaide Anne Proctor.*

ALICE BEAUCHAMPE.

"*This* for the gallant Ferguson!"

The foregoing five words had instituted a reign of terror in one of the loveliest districts of the Palmetto State—a district watered by the Catawba and Pacolet rivers and their gentle 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 profligate and abandoned characters of the partisan days, and his march was marked by atrocities of the most shocking description. The hardy men of the Carolinas, Kentucky, and Virginia, rose against the marauders, and, led by Boone and other backwoods worthies, gave them a decisive defeat at King's Mountain. Ferguson was slain in the battle, and his fellow foragers, numbering about one hundred, were nearly all captured or killed.

This conflict revived the hopes of the Southern patriots, and forced Cornwallis to return to Charleston discomfitted and cast down.

"We shall have rest now," the patriots said, after the battle. "Ferguson, the dreaded, is dead, and the few tories who escaped with their wretched lives are not strong enough to do us harm."

Everywhere in the vicinity of the battle-field the Americans breathed freer, and the loyalist in whose interest Ferguson had marched to his death, curbed their loyalty, and in secresy swore revenge.

But the settlements were soon to learn that the victory of King's Mountain had nerved the arm of a foe more terrible than any which they had hitherto known.

The existence of the new terror was discovered by a boy one morning about a fortnight after the battle. He found the family of Archibald Mettson murdered in their own house, and to the corpses had been pinned a paper bearing these words:—

"This for the gallant Ferguson!"

This terrible atrocity aroused the country, and the excitement was quickly heightened by the finding of the body of another murdered patriot. On the cold breast, which had been pierced by pistol balls, was the pallid paper and its words of terrible import, and the country knew that a fearful vengeance would be taken for Kings Mountain.

During the week that followed the discoveries I have mentioned, the work of the Avengers was terrible. They fell upon patriot houses at the dead of night, and left on the bosom of their victims the five words which had already terrorized the country. It was in vain that the patriots summoned their cunning and energy for the capture of the band of demons, which, as it had been discovered, numbered six men, masked, and mounted on black horses. They came and went like ghosts, but always left behind the terrible sentence which had made their existence execrable. At times they fell upon their hunters, and left them by the roadside marked with the sign of vengeance.

Fear began to paralyze the Carolinians; many abandoned their homes for the sake of their families; and it is probable that the entire district would have been depopulated in a short time, had it not been for the courage of one woman.

Her name was Alice Beauchampe.

It was a dark night in the last week of November, when the heroine of my story left the house of a friend. Her own house, which had been deserted for several days, was not far away, and she had determined to return to it for the purpose of securing an article of apparel left behind in her recent flight.

Before she set on her journey she was warned of the danger that environed it; but she smiled, and declared that she did not fear them. She could enter the old house through the kitchen, in the rear, find the garment without a light, and return safely to her friends.

The path she had often traversed was barely discernable; but she made good headway, and reached her home without incident. The silence of the grave hung about the forsaken place, and the lifting of the latch sent a chill of terror to the young girl's heart. Through the kitchen, across the deserted parlor, and up the stairs, she crept to the room where she had left the object of her nocturnal quest. The drawer of the old bureau yielded without noise, and Alice was drawing forth the garment when the voices of men fell upon her 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, mingled with the champing of bits, continued to salute her ears.

"That 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."

The words drove every vestige of color from the listener's face; they told her who the men below were, though she could not see even the outlines of their persons. One week prior to her visit, her father, one of King's Mountain heroes, was found dead in a palmetto grove, and the words of Ferguson's Avengers lay on his breast. Then she had deserted her home, knowing that the hand that had struck the father would not spare the daughter.

Well might the girl tremble when she found herself so near the dreaded scourges of the country, and she did not move until she heard the front door opened by a kick, and heavily booted feet in the room below.

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 peek-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 the 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 the men 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 breastpin? 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 beneath the window; but, failing 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 oath 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 loosened the horses and quietly led them into a small copse not far away. The steeds did not refuse to obey her guidanceship, 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 now held a pistol in her hand—a weapon which a holster had granted her, and she crept to the edge of the porch before she halted. There was a flash of vengeance in the dark eyes of the partisan girl while she gazed upon the party beyond the threshold. Once or twice she raised the weapon, but lowered it again, as if playing with the life of the leader of the six, whose burly form was revealed by the light of the fire.

She saw the fowls, smoking and well burned, placed on the table, and watched the greedy men crowd around for their shares. Their tongues and movements told her that stolen liquor was doing its accustomed work on all save the giant, who had superintended the cooking of the late repast. This man appeared perfectly sober, and the angry 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. Tom Scott, and you Blakeson, I am ashamed of you! What would we do if a gang of rebels should catch us in this condition? You know the mercy we would get, and yet you sit there as careless as statutes—drunk as old Bacchus himself."

Then an expression of contempt passed over the man's face, and, stooping, he cried:—

"Up! up! the rebels are coming!"

But his cry of alarm did not infuse much life into the men at the table. One or two heads were raised, but the drunken leer that made the faces hideous was enough to provoke a smile, even from the mad tory.

"Men!" he sneered, contemptuously. "Dogs! every one of you. I've a mind to ride down to the Pacolet swamp and tell the rebels hiding there that the men they hate are in their power. I have thought that I commanded *men*, not drunkards!" and he struck the table with the butt of his pistol, but could not rouse his stupid followers.

The next moment, with an oath on his lips, he strode to the door, which he jerked open, and stepped upon the porch.

"Curse such dogs as I lead!" he hissed. "I suppose I must lead the horses up and tie each fool in the saddle."

He was stepping from the porch for the purpose of attending to the horses which he supposed were still tethered at the trees, when a form rose before him and he started back with a gasp of terror.

"Who in the mischief—"

"Alice Beauchampe!" was the interruption of the apparition. "The daughter of the old man basely murdered by your hands! Down on your miserable knees, Godfrey Lang, and beg for the mercy you have never granted others! Down, I say!"

Perhaps the shadows of the window sash did not permit him to see the pistol that was clutched in the hand of the fearless girl, else his rashness might have been curbed.

"Kneel to you! Never!" he cried.

The weapon which he raised dropped before the flash that followed his last words, and with a groan of pain he staggered back to drop dead among his drunken comrades.

Alice Beauchampe, amazed at her own courage, stood silent amidst the smoke of her own pistol. She saw the bacchantes try to shake off their toper at sight of their stricken leader, and one rose to his feet to fall as soon as he needed support.

"Now for the swamp!" she cried with triumph, and the next minute rushed from the disgusting sight.

An hour passed away, and the drunken tories began to recover; their chief, who had dropped to the floor, seemed to sober them with his cold face and staring eyes, and when they had almost recovered their scattered wits, the foe they dreaded was upon them.

Alice Beauchampe's voice had fired the hearts of a patriot band for vengeance. On her way to the swamp she had encountered the partizans who had captured one of the flying horses, and were following the trail.

The conflict between patriot and tory was brief and almost bloodless.

The five avengers were made prisoners, and sued like cowards for the mercy they had never granted to a living being.

I need not describe the scene that followed. Suffice it to say that the trees in front of Alice Beauchampe's home bore the strangest fruit that ever hung from living limb.

The vengeance of the patriots was as complete as terrible, and when the glorious sun rose again the dreaded men of the lovely district had ceased to frighten people with their name.

Alice Beauchampe, whose courage had led to the extermination of the avenging band, became the heroine of the day, and after the termination wedded a lieutenant of Marion's men. Her heroism is venerated, and her gallant exploit narrated daily by hundreds of her descendents in the Palmetto State.

Pinned Right Down.

A grocer doing business on Michigan Grand Avenue was yesterday asked to trust a colored man one day for a quart of strawberries.

"Can't do it—you'd never pay," he replied.

"I'll pay de money afore 8 o'clock in de mawning," earnestly continued the colored man.

"Perhaps you might, but I don't believe it. If you have no money now, how will you have it then?

"Don't ax me, boss; I'll have de cash sumh. Jes just perspiring to death for de want of strawberries."

"Does anyone owe you?" asked the grocer.

"No, sah."

"Then how do you expect to get any money?"

"Oh, de pay will be all right."

"I guess not. You'll have to try some one else."

"Boss, you her pinned me right down to cold facts," said the customer. "I wants strawberries, an' dey hez got to come, an' derefore, let me say dat I wasn't going out to-night to steal chickens an' sell 'em to git money."

"Ah! you wasn't?"

"No, sah, 'cause I dun pulled 'em last night, an' dey'll be sold to a butchor dis evening. Dat's de cold fact, mister, an' now wrap up dem strawberries, an' doan' abuse my confidence." — *Detroit Free Press.*

What a Newspaper is.

A newspaper is a curious species of property. It is difficult to establish and almost as difficult to injure by rivalry. An old newspaper is like an old bank or a long established business house. The community patronize it from the force of habit, and cannot be induced, save under exceptional circumstances, to forego their patronage. Sometimes they get down on it, and once in a long while it passes through a spell of unpopularity on account of its position on some local or political question, but its old patrons continue to read it, and to advertise in it, and it goes on its way through the storm and into the sunshine again. That the newspaper is the very best medium through which to reach the public, needs no argument. John Wanamaker, who is the largest advertiser in the world, and who has built up by that means a colossal business, once told a writer that while he had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in all sorts of devices for pushing his business, he found the newspaper to be not only the cheapest, but far the most effective and satisfactory.

Gems of Thought.

There is no such thing as an easy chair for a discontented man.

You are better employed in drying the tears of others than in shedding your own.

Of all earthly music, that which reaches the furthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

He who is a slave of his own passions is worse governed than Athens was by her thirty tyrants.

You had better learn to conquer your own will than strive to obtain the mastery of that of others.

The best capital for young men to start with in life is industry, good sense, courage and the fear of God. It is better than all the credit or cash that was ever raised.

A true friend unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously, and continues a friend unchangeably.

If you would be exempt from uneasiness, do nothing which you know or suspect is wrong, and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, always do everything in your power which is right.

"The better the day, the better the deed," is a bad proverb as it runs; but read it backwards, as wizzards undo charms, and it is capital saying—the better the deed the better the day.

You can never do an injury to another without feeling that injury rebound and strike yourself. You are fated evermore to drink the bitterness of the cup you have mingled for a brother.

There is not a single dispensation of Providence which, if properly viewed, will not afford an excellent lesson. Never repine at the good fortune of others; for many are they who wish to be raised to your attention!

Idleness is the Dead Sea that swallows up all virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man. The idle man is the devil's urchin, whose livery is rags, and whose diet and wages are famine and disease.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy, unenvied, to be healthy without physics, secured without a guard, and to obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of art.

A man of genius seeks applause; while the little-minded of those who have but a small portion of intellect, try, but their vanity and conceited boastings, to build upon the mental resources of others their own fame and reputation. However, it is for the best, for they soon fall to their proper level—once they reach it, they never rise.

A man may be supposed to save money and lay it by for sickness or other purposes, but he cannot do this unless his wife lets him or helps him. A prudent, frugal, thrifty woman is a crown of glory to her husband. She helps him in all his good resolutions; she may, by quiet and gentle encouragement, bring out his better qualities; and by her example she may implant in him noble principles, which are the seeds of the highest practical virtues.

A thoughtless person is of necessity a coarse and selfish person. When people do wrong to their neighbors, and give them pain unnecessarily, to say, "I did not think" puts forward no plea for toleration, but is rather a reason for condemnation, and an additional peg on which to hang a sermon of rebuke. They should have thought; there is no reason why they did not think; and if they did not, then they did wrong, and wrong is always wrong and reprehensible.

The Himsdale butcher drove past last Monday. Moody ran out. "Beef-steak?" "Yes." "When killed?" said the evangelist, approaching the cart. "Yesterday." "I don't want any meat killed on Sunday." Butcher drives on soliloquizing *sotto voce*. Returns Thursday, passing the Moody residence, full drive. Moody hails him again. "Beefsteak?" "Yes." "Bring in ten pounds." "We don't take money earned on Sundays!" and butcher drives on. Appears Monday morning again. Moody on the watch. "Beefsteak?" "Yes." Lays in a large stock; no questions asked.

—A Scotsman who had gone back to his country after a long absence declared, after going to the kirk, that the whole kingdom was on the road to perdition. "The people," he said, "used to be reserved and solemn on the Sabbath, now they look as happy on that day as on any other."

Beat at Her Own Game.

They sat on a bench in the park, with his manly arm around her yielded waist. Suddenly she twisted around and spoke: "It's awful warm."

"Yes."

Silence for three minutes. The young man ponders on the awful peril that encircles a man who comes from home with only fifteen cents and a sleeve button in his pocket.

"Ye—es, 'tis warm."

"My throat is dreadfully parched."

"That's too bad. Would you like some water?"

"Oh, no; the water is so terribly warm and brakish."

Young man grows desperate: "Shall I tie a damp handkerchief around your throat?"

"No; I think I need something refreshing. Dear me, it seems as though I would faint for want of something cooling."

Young man chokes with despair, then braces up. "Darling, let me feel your pulse. One hundred and ten in the shade! Oh, darling, it has come as I feared! I never can forgive myself. Your mother warned me about keeping you out in the night air, on account of the typhus prevalent, and now I have kept you here and these terrible symptoms tell of the approach of the destroyer. Let me help you home, my darling, and should you die, the waters of Lake Erie will close over my helpless form forever. Come, sweet one, let me take you home." Ten minutes later that young man stood over a schooner of lager in a corner Saloon, and wiped the perspiration from his brow as he laid down his last fifteen cents, and congratulated himself on having beaten a woman on the ice cream business, while a young woman sat on the doorstep waiting to be let in, and so mad she couldn't speak. — *Cleveland Herald.*

A Queer Man.

Amos Fish, one of the queerest men in Albany, N. Y., died a few days ago, leaving an estate of $50,000 to charitable institutions, and cutting off his wife with a dollar a day. In describing his manner of life to a friend he once said: I buy a shank of beef from the butcher, which costs me ten cents. My wife makes enough soup from this to do us one meal, then the meat cut from it afterwards makes two more meals, or one day's food for ten cents. I split the bone and get the marrow for cooking purposes, and my wife finds sufficient fuel in the bone itself to do considerable cooking. Then, in an iron box, I save the ashes, which I use for manuring a few plants that realize for me six cents each." Yet, when extra taxes were put upon his property, he rarely demanded more rent from tenants than what they had been paying. He married a woman who had two children and a little money. He offered to borrow the money and allow her seven per cent. His wife accepted the proposition, and he was in charge of the property for a long time. One day he forced a settlement with her, bringing in a bill for her own and her children's board, and leaving the in debt to him.

The following story is current of two Scotchmen, brothers, in the neighborhood of Stewartville, on the Upper Ottawa, whom we will call Malcolm and Sandy:—"It appears that the two above named were going home from Renfrew, and in crossing a field, Malcolm said: "Gosh, Saundy, I hear some noise like that of an infant crying in that hollow log," pointing to a log that a bear had occupied as a den, and had lately left in quest of prey for her hungry cubs that now attracted the attention of one of our heroes. "Saundy," resumed Malcolm, "If I go in, will you watch the hole?" Sandy having nodded assent, our gallant hero crawled in, but scarcely had he got in when the old mother returned, tired, and without prey, and now seeing a good chance to recompense her for her last trip, she makes a bound for the hole. Sandy, on seeing the ferocious animal approach, forgot his promises to Malcolm, and stepped quietly to one side, and allowed the bear to pass in. Sandy, on seeing a chance to save his brother as the bear was crawling in, seized hold of its tail. The struggle was heavy. Sandy strained every nerve to keep his hold, till, fearing that his brother was about to depart this life, shouted to Malcolm, "How is yer sole, Mauleum!" Malcolm, not knowing the bear's presence, could not understand why Sandy should ask at that time after the state of his soul, and innocently shouted back, "Saundy, Saundy, what's dark'in a hole?" "Gosh, Maulcum," said Sandy, "If a tail breaks, ye'll soon ken what's dark'in a hole." The tail did not break.