

FERGUSON'S AVENGERS

A STORY OF PARTISAN DAYS.

'This for the gallant Ferguson! The foregoing five words had constituted a reign of terror in one of the loyalist districts of the Palmetto State—a district watered by the Catawba and Pacolet rivers and their gentle tributaries. In the month of September, 1780, 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...

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 eyes 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...

hats 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 foot 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 tree, 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 her hands: Down on your miserable knees, Godfrey Lang, and beg for the mercy you have never granted others. Down, I say! 'Perhaps the shadow 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...

THE EMPTY CRADLE. Sad is the heart of the mother Who sits by the lonely hearth, Where never again the children Shall wake their songs of mirth. And still through the painful silence, She listens for voice and tread, Outside of the heart—there only, She knows that they are not dead! Here is the desolate cradle, The pillow so lately pressed, But far away has the birdling Flown from its little nest. Crooning the lullabies over That once were her babe's delight, All through the misty spaces She follows its upward flight. Little she thought of a moment So gloomy and sad as this, When close to her heart she gathered Her child for its good-night kiss. She should be tenderly cherished, Never a grief should she know, Wealth, and the pride of a princess, These would a mother bestow. And this is the darling's portion In Heaven—where she has fled; By angels securely guarded, By angels securely led. Brooding in sorrowful silence Over the empty nest, Can you not see through the shrouds, Why it is all for the best? Better the heavenly kingdom Than riches of earthly crown; Better the early morning light, Than one when the sun is down; Better an empty cradle, Than jewels bejeweled with sin; Safer than these without the fold, Are those that have entered in. [The Scotsman.] COTTON GROWING AND FOOD. It is now a settled thing that war is to break out between Russia and Turkey in the course of a few days. Should the struggle be confined to these two powers, we need not apprehend very serious results to the cotton producing industry, although the effect will be depressing. Russia consumes in her manufactures at least four hundred thousand bales of cotton and Turkey is a pretty large consumer of cotton goods. Both these countries will be crippled in these particulars by the war. But it is a very general idea abroad that other powers will probably be drawn into the struggle in spite of themselves, and that there is real and serious danger that a general explosion may follow in which all Europe will become involved, and the political map of the continent be a good deal changed before quiet is restored again. It is unhappy the case that this is coming, (if it comes) at a time when all the nations are in debt, and cannot carry any more. Russia and Turkey are already bankrupt, Austria and Italy are in not much better condition, and Germany, France and Great Britain, cannot safely increase their liabilities. There is no telling what disastrous financial results would therefore, follow a general war. And it is certain that the common people, in poorer food, in scantier clothing, in higher taxes, in lighter supplies of all the comforts of life, the production of which makes trade active and brings labor, and raw products in demand. Any such catastrophe would probably put the cotton product back in magnitude and demand half a generation. Now, the possibility of such a result is worthy of serious contemplation by the cotton producing people of the South. They may well remember that the cotton crop they are now planting will most probably be a large one—not far from five millions of bales, as we believe; and that it may very possibly have to seek its principle market in a continent racked by the convulsions of war, and dependent to a far greater extent than usual on the surplus food product of America for subsistence. Such a state of things will make cotton worthless to producers, and if the latter are compelled to rely upon it to procure their food supplies, it will not be easy to escape inconvenience and suffering. It is a conjunction of facts and possibilities which no prudent man should lose sight of, and which should stimulate every farmer to active efforts to render himself independent of other sources for his food supplies.—Macdonald Telegraph. UNREELING A PULL-BACK.—A most amusing scene was witnessed on K street the other day. A lady with a vigorous pull-back and an elaborate polonaise was walking up K from Fourth street. In that unaccountable outside pocket which the fashion prescribes she had fastened to the rear and hung as low down as possible upon the last named garment, she had a new, full spool of thread—just purchased evidently. An end of this escaping from the open pocket, caught the eye of a K street gamina—a six or seven year old specimen. He deftly caught the end, and holding to it, found that it reeled off without the promenade being aware of it. He at once squared himself, sailor fashion, in the middle of the walk, and as she paid off he 'hailed in' hand over hand, to the infinite amusement of half a hundred men who witnessed the operation. In a brief time the line reached clear up to Fifth street, from near Fourth, and as the lady stepped out on the sagging to cross the street, the end ran off, and she went on with the empty spool, blissfully unconscious of the merriment behind her back at her expense. The cruel man—and by this time a hundred had seen the process—then began to speculate upon the look of blank astonishment which must have overpowered her countenance, when on reaching home, she found the spool empty, which she could assert was full when she purchased it. The conversation turned upon the fastidiousness of the times. 'Why,' says a member, 'they'll soon say marriage is improper.' 'No, no,' replies Douglas Jerrold, 'they'll always consider marriage good breeding.'

AN EPIDEMIC OF MURDERS AND SUICIDES. PARIS, March 20.—Paris to-day has a sufficient number of horrors to satisfy the most morbid of natures. Simple murders are the most common-place of occurrences, and so we are to be congratulated on the extraordinary number of extraordinary crimes, which are constantly occurring. If we seek partridge, there is the case of Georget, who murdered his mother the other day in the Rue de la Providence. He was a lazy ne'er-do-weel, who, after taking all his mother's money away from her and spending it in a night's debauch, cut her throat because she had no more to give him. Louis Pigue has just killed his brother for calling him a 'gamin.' The disposition which murderers make of the bodies of their victims—such as cutting them into minute pieces, burning or distributing them over a great area—is also notable, but even what, with apparent lightness, is called 'l'affaire Billoir,' or 'l'affaire Moyaux'—although the French do not connect with the word 'affaire' the levity which attaches to the English 'affair'—is far outshone by the epidemic of suicide which has of late set in and assumed most remarkable proportions. Le Gaulois newspaper considers itself justified in saying that before long, if things continue as they are at present going, the journals will have to issue supplements which shall be devoted simply to chronicling the number of self-murders that are committed from day to day. Here is a notable case: Day before yesterday a respectable dressed, white haired gentleman, apparently about sixty years old, presented himself at the tower entrance of Notre Dame, and asked the concierge if a good view of Paris was to be obtained from the tower on a clear day. Of course he was answered in the affirmative, and so, giving the keeper fifty centimes, he mounted to the gallery and at once threw himself headlong into the parvis, horribly crushed and mangled by the fall. Formerly suicide was mainly confined to the great cities, and especially to Paris, but now it has extended its works into the rural districts and is noticed in all the telegraphic dispatches to the newspapers. The suicides leave behind them such notices as 'I kill myself because life bores me,' and they desert the ranks of life for the most trivial and inconsequent of reasons, except the 'spleen' which came to us from England with jockeys and water-proofs. A rich young fool falls in love with an actress, and spends money on her. Presently he learns that she is unfaithful to him, so he purchases a nicely-mounted revolver, goes to her home, makes a speech as near as possible like one taken from a novel by Dumas fils, bursts into the room, and blows his brains out. A young girl gets into a tiff with her family, and anon is found hanging from a beam in her father's barn. Another falls in love with a man who in his youth has been condemned by some magistrate as a thief. She pardons his youthful indiscretion, and the two are happy as doves. Then the father discovers the truth about his proposed son-in-law, and naturally enough objects to having in his family a fornicator. The lovers do not hesitate; they kill themselves. Such are the true stories of the day, and I doubt very much that this recklessness of life is due to books like 'Joseph Noirel's Revenge,' and to the sensational plays, so much as it is to the levity with which nearly all the journals deal with the most serious matters. An atrocious murder is the cause of puns and jokes, and every crime is treated in the same way. It is to be hoped that before long some means will be found to stop the epidemic of crime, and especially of suicide, even if the measures of the Middle Ages should be called in.—N. Y. World. AN EDITOR WHO LOVES BABIES.—We love babies, and also anybody else who loves babies. No man has music in his soul who doesn't love babies. Babies were made to be loved, especially girl babies—when they grow up. A man isn't worth a 'shuck' who doesn't love a baby, and the same rule applies to a woman. A baby is a spring day in winter, a hot-house in summer, a ray of sunshine in frigid winter; and, if it's a healthy, good-natured baby, and if you are sure it's yours, it's a bushel of sunshine, no matter how cold the weather. A man can not be a hopeless case so long as he loves babies—one at a time. We love babies all over, no matter how dirty they are. Babies were born to be dirty. Our love for babies is only bounded by the number of babies in the world. We also have sorrowful feelings for mothers who have no babies. Women always look down-hearted who have no babies; and men who have none always grumble and drink and stay out nights, trying to get music in their souls; but they can't come it. Babies are babies, and nothing can take their place.—Acheson Patriot. SAVE THE SOAPBOBS.—However deplorable washing day may be to the household (and the careful house mistress or tidy maid has it in her power to greatly modify its discomforts) to the garden it is a very bountiful day. Ours hungry and thirsty grapevines and flowers are glad of every drop of wash water, and will repay every bit of fatigue it may cost us to give them this fertilizer. If the sun is shining hot when we go out to dispense our favor, it is best for us to dig a slight trench not far from the root of the plant, and pour the water into it, and cover again with the top soil. This does not tempt the rootlets to the surface of the ground. No better liquid can be prepared than the soapbobs from the 'woolen tubs' as they are sure to nourish the roses—if any of the liquid rests upon the foliage of the plants, wash it off by syringing smartly—plants always pay for this extra care. A grained dog cannot run so fast as a boy in a collar who hears his mother say she must go down and wash. It is after the preserve.—D. & C. East Union.

SELECTIONS RECIPES. TOMATO CATSUP.—Take a half bushel ripe tomatoes; cut up and boil till done; rub through a sieve; to this add half cup of salt, one pint vinegar, one of sugar, and cloves, cinnamon, pepper and allspice, each one tablespoonful; boil one hour; bottle and seal. TOMATO CHOWDER.—Soak one peck green tomatoes in salt water over night; chop fine and add a few onions, one cup mustard seed, with pepper, cloves and cinnamon; boil sufficient vinegar to cover up the mouths of the jars, and you have an excellent pickle. TOMATO PRESERVES.—Scald and peel smooth, round, ripe tomatoes; to seven pounds add five pounds sugar; let stand all night; drain off the juice, boil and skim; add the tomatoes; boil gently twenty minutes; skim them out into jars; boil the syrup till just enough to cover them; as it cools pour it over the tomatoes, and you have one of the nicest preserves. PICKLED PEACHES.—Rub the peaches smooth and steam until done; stick a clove and a bit of cinnamon in each, and put in a jar; boil vinegar to cover, adding one pint sugar to each quart. These pickles will be good in one week, and are very nice. ICING THAT WILL NOT BREAK.—The whites of three eggs beaten very stiff; add one pound white sugar, with one tablespoonful corn starch; flour the top of the cake as soon as taken from the oven; put on the icing with a steel knife wet in warm water. DELICIOUS BROWN PUDDING.—One cup Graham, one of meal, one of sugar, one of cream, one of raisins, one-half of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoonful soda; stir all together and bake one hour; with sauce this is a delicious pudding. LIFE IN TEXAS.—A new comer in a Texas town always enjoys himself. After spending a short time looking around the place, he grows weary and finally asks the clerk of the hotel if there is any chance of having fun that day. And the clerk, scratching his head a moment says: 'Well, I dunno; reckon we can get up something for you before night. Haven't been shot at yet, have you? No! Oh, well, you will be soon. Just loaf around the streets a little while, and even if you ain't shot at yourself, you can dodge the bullets intended for some other person. Maybe you might object to its coming in that way, sort o' second hand, you know; and if you do, why wait a little while and I'll go out with you, and I guess we can get up something real live.' Two minutes afterward that man is studying the time table for the leaving time of the next train, and not even the clerk's promise to let him carry the revolver that he shot a man with last week can keep the guest in town over night. Scene at a hotel.—'Good morning, stranger, it looks like rain?' Stranger—'I think not.' A shot is heard, and the stranger is rolled out of the back door. Moral—Texas is a fine grazing country. HOW TO RAISE TOMATOES.—The French mode of raising tomatoes is as follows: As soon as a cluster of flowers is visible, they top the stem down to the cluster, which soon pushes strongly and produces another cluster of flowers each. When these are visible, the branch to which they belong is also topped down to their level; and this is done five times successively. By this means the plants become stout dwarf bushes, not above eighteen inches high. In order to prevent the plants from sticking or straining, they are stretched horizontally along the rows; so as to keep the plants erect. In addition to this, all laterals that have no flowers, and after the fifth topping, all laterals whatever, are nipped off. In this way; the ripe snap is directed into the fruit, which acquire a beauty, size and excellence unattainable by other means. Mrs. Ann Eliza Young, the rebel of the harem, in her 'Wife No. 19,' tells of a cousin who married a Gentle. The girl's parents were devout saints, and grieved over their daughter as one dead. The disconsolate father consulted the oracle of the Lord, who gave him the following godly advice: 'Put Hatten out of the way, it is a sin and a shame to have so good a woman dragged around the world by a Gentle.' Of course the voice of the Lord spoke in his chosen servant, and in a few days came the startling news that this audacious outsider had been killed by Indians. Dancers will be interested to know that several new contortion figures have been introduced at private assemblies in Paris. One of them is called 'La Poste.' The gentlemen wear armlets, with bells attached, and on these the name of a post town is written, as 'Poste de Montigny,' 'Poste de St. Cloud,' &c. Fancy cards, bearing corresponding names, are distributed among the ladies, each of whom calls out the name on her card, and thus obtains a partner. It is a noteworthy fact that whenever one of our farmer correspondents expresses himself as comfortable and happy, with no creditors pressing him, he explains the fact by saying: 'plenty of corn and meat of my own raising.' That's the secret of it. Show us a man that raises plenty of corn and meat for his own use, and we will show you a splendid, jolly fellow, beloved by his neighbors and popular wherever known.—Prentiss Pleader. 'Man wants but little here below nor wants that little long,' is a libel. Man wants everything he can see, or hear of, and never is willing to let go his grab. Whenever you find a man who is thoroughly satisfied with what he has got, you will find either an idiot, or won who has tried hard to get some more and couldn't do it. The older a man grows the more watchful he becomes; as his hold on life slackens his pinch on a preserve.—Josh Billings.