CARLISLE MERCURY.

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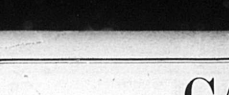

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FEBRUARY 22.

The planning of a abortive winter ball at Lexington was the subject of talk. Rachel was making her children sing for the night, when Charles Hay very rode up and,prized in before the little rack poultry shed.

"Rachel," he said, "I missed he appointed the girl, and would have left heaved her had she not drawn back and, with flashing eyes, cried:

"How dare you take such a liberty with me, Charles Hay?"

The young man's face flushed deeply, and his voice shook with passion as he said:

"Is it possible I have made a mistake in the girl I have loved so long? I implored to think you favored me!"

"If you believed my feelings for you were those you have avowed many times, you have indeed made a mistake," she answered.

"There is some one else whom you have fav?"

"There was one, but she is dead," and the girl's head fell down upon the table and she sobbed as if her heart would break.

Hay's father fought and died a patriot. I could never let his child suffer for the sins of the father.

Wringing himself in mantle and satchel, Rachel Ewing kissed her mother, and, opening the door, stepped out into the night.

The horse was one of the best in the stable, and she knew if she escaped for a fact start she could defy all pursuers, for the animal was known for his fleetness and endurance.

Robert Wayland, an officer in the Confederate army, had been sent home on furlough some days, gentle, manly and handsome, he had captured the heart of Rachel Ewing's parents, had died when he was very young and he had been left to the care of his uncle, Judge Wayland, who lived some six miles distant from Lexington.

Robert Wayland had been a favorite with the Ewing family, and when he returned from the field tidings of his wife's death, and the young officer

DIED AND BURIED ON HORSE AND THE STORM.

Rachel Ewing had left exactly at 8 o'clock, and when she reached the old road of that winter night was very dark, and the storm was increasing in violence. Her mother had assured her that there would be no ball, and she had started on the road with the hope of overtaking her lover before he reached the city.

A moon swept by and Rachel Ewing's heart beat wildly as she urged her horse to more rapid speed.

She knew she must have already passed Hay's house, and, determining to overtake her lover before he reached the city, she urged her horse on.

Suddenly the animal gave a violent start, and, looking around, Rachel saw a horseman at a window of a deserted house by the roadside.

Her thoughts were of Robert Wayland, and she believed that the horseman was her lover.

Rachel Ewing drew rein and called out:

"Robert Wayland, is it you?"

The horseman answered:

"Who says that?"

Another moment the cold truth flashed upon the girl, and, with a cry, she fell fainting to a rapid account of her self.

Her mare came rolling on to Grandville, and, when the girl came to herself, she found herself in a farmer's house, and Mrs. Ewing was sitting by her side.

The British troopers arrested the horseman who had been found in the house between the women in these words:

"Robert Wayland, you are under arrest as a spy!"

"I am not a spy," answered the young officer, "but a soldier in the service of my country."

"You have been found in the house with Rachel Ewing, and you are a spy!" repeated the officer.

"I am not a spy!" answered Wayland, proudly.

"Then you will be treated as a prisoner of war," said the officer.

"Where is Rachel Ewing?" asked Wayland.

"She is in the house," answered the officer.

"Will you not marry me, Rachel?"

Wayland bowed his head and fled a prayer. I could never let his child suffer for the sins of the father.

Wringing himself in mantle and satchel, Rachel Ewing kissed her mother, and, opening the door, stepped out into the night.

The darkness was intense, and the storm was increasing in violence.

Rachel Ewing mounted her mare, and, urging the animal forward, started on the road to Lexington.

"Robert Wayland, is it you?"

"Who says that?"

"I am a rebel's daughter, mother, and it is to save a noble patriot that I am here!"

"Then you are not Rachel Ewing?"

"I am not!"

"Then you are