

between the innkeeper and his wife which he now overheard though neither spoke in a very loud tone of voice. "Wife," said Basmorne, the traveler recognized his burly tones, "I've a good fat hog for you, if you're ready to sonse him and rid him of his bristles."

"Well, you've got him safe in the hogstye, have you?" was the answer, "I'll be ready for him when the time comes."

A laugh followed this, that hardly was human. It seemed to curdle the blood in his veins. "I don't think I care to see Mistress Basmorne," he said to himself. "I don't like the tones of her voice and I shudder at her laugh. I hope she will be too busy with household affairs to show up."

He now turned to the basin of water, and, after washing face and hands, went down stairs to try the landlord's fare.

Basmorne was waiting to carve and pour for him. There was no one else in the big dining-room, except when from time to time a negro had brought in hot waffles or hot rice cakes from the kitchen. All other provisions were already on the table. The guest ate like a hungry man, but he drank sparingly in spite of the fact that Basmorne pressed flagon and glass after glass upon him.

"This punch, your honor," said Basmorne in a wheedling voice quite unlike his usual tone, which might almost be described as bluff, "I have won a large repute for the brewing of. General Greene and Colonel Lee like it so well, they wuld have no other drink when they stopped here. Let me fill a bumper for you. You do not give my house a fair chance to keep well in your memory."

"No," said the stranger, "I am no heavy drinker. Believe me, worn as I am with toil of travel, I shall sleep soundly enough without any need of sleep-woeing beverages."

"When would your honor be waked?" Asked Basmorne, and for the first time the traveler fancied he caught just a trace of a sinister smile in the fellow's eyes.

"Call me at daydawn, if I am not already down stairs by that time," replied the traveler. "I must be in Charleston