below. The horse, too, pricks up his ears, and comes to a standstill. The call is followed by another, and then another, each one a little nearer, until,—hark! what is that new sound? It is the sound of a running horse. Nearer, and nearer it comes. "Gad! he's coming like the wind," mutters the solitary horseman, and he wheels his horse about to face the new-comer. The hoof-beats grow louder and louder, until, with a thundering sound, horse and rider flash in sight around the bend. On they come, a great black horse straining every nerve, while his rider lies forward almost on his neck. At the same time there comes a noise of many horses coming rapidly up the ravine. With a shout, the rider of the big black pulls him up, so suddenly that he almost falls back on to his haunches.

"Fly, for your life! quick, or it will be too late!" cries the new-comer. "For God's sake, man! Don't you hear 'em comin'?"

"But you," cried the other, "what will you do?"

"Never mind me; I'm safe enough. But they'll kill you. They're the moonshiners. Come on now, for your life!" and suiting the action to the word the horseman turned the black, and sticking the spurs deep into his sides, he gave the other horse a fearful cut with his whip. With a bound the horse started and went down the road like the wind, and the big black was close behind him. A hundred yards in the rear came a galloping crowd of horsemen.

Suddenly the big black stumbled, and over his head went his rider.

With a yell, the pursuers quickened their speed, and closed in on the prostrate form on the road.

Suddenly the figure sprang to his feet, and ran to the black horse who had stopped a few yards beyond; with a spring he was in the saddle, and turning, he raised the revolver in his hand and fired point-blank into the advancing crowd. Instantly there was an answering volley, and with an awful scream of pain the big black went down, carrying his rider with him; the next instant the pursuers were upon them. But the quiet figure lying half under the big black horse made no sign of life. Eagerly they gathered around him, and some one lit a match and held it to his face. Then a howl of baffled rage went up from many throats, "Boys, it ain't him at all! We've killed the wrong man!"

"Who is it?" some one asked.

And the reply came in a softened voice, "Boys, it's too bad; it's Twidsey Beeber!"

CARL ERNST.

Noticeable Articles.

The English National Review contains one more of the innumerable successful attacks on Lord Macaulay's crumbling and decaying reputation for accuracy and veracity. Historical students have long known that no historical statement of his can be taken without a good indorser; and as a literary critic no one any longer takes him very seriously. It must be a very youthful reader who now admires the style of his once famous essay on Milton; what a real and genuine critic thinks of it may be seen in Matthew Arnold's paper, entitled, "A French Critic of Milton," where he pays his respects to Macaulay while he deals with M. Seherer. One by one his various essays have been dissected, and the misrepresentations which abound in his History shown up. No one will trust the brilliant essay on Warren Hastings since the publication of Sir James Stephen's damaging book, "Nuncomar, and the Impeachment of Sir Elijah Impey." His shallow estimate of Johnson, and his absurd theory that Boswell succeeded in writing the best biography in the English language simply by virtue of his being a great fool, were long ago answered in Carlyle's fine paper on the old Doctor. If any one wants to read a scathing and most amusing piece of criticism, let him turn to "Evenings with a Reviewer," by the learned biographer and editor of Lord Bacon, Mr. Spedding, and see what the man who knew most about the great philosopher thought about one of the writers who knew least. If any one still puts implicit confidence in his History, let him read in Mr. Paget's "New Examen" the account of Macaulay's treatment of William Penn, and the other historical misrepresenta-