

A tinge of gray amongst the glossy black,
 Faint signs of wrinkles on the parent brow,
 Both speak of time which never can turn back,
 Or mayhap of some grief, forgotten now,
 To be recalled when life is dark and drear.

R. T. S.

“TO THE VICTOR —.”

As the morning sun came peeping over the hills to the eastward like a timid child peering from the folds of its mother's skirts, its first rays fell athwart and cast into long shadows the forms of three horsemen moving rapidly along the dusty highway in the direction of Concord. All three were dressed in the uniforms of British soldiery, but such a sight had become so common in those early days of the colonies as to excite little or no comment.

“I see smoke rising from yonder cottage, lieutenant,” spoke up one of the men. “Let's make a try for breakfast.”

The senior officer smiled a little doubtfully at first, but a long march and a vigorous appetite put to rout all objections and he galloped quickly forward. As they approached, the sounds of their horses' hoofs brought to the door a pretty, pink-cheeked maiden in starched cap and kerchief. At sight of her the lieutenant dismounted nimbly, and bowing low inquired,—

“May I ask who lives here?”

“Thou mayest ask, sir, but I shall not hold myself to answer,” replied the maiden pertly, with a proud arch of her pretty neck.

“So, ho,” thought the young lieutenant, “here's a little minx that needs taming.” Then aloud and smiling,—

“Pardon me, I prithee. I meant not to be unduly inquisitive. But a long fast may have somewhat dulled my courtesy. Have you wherewith to satisfy our hunger?”

“Yea, indeed, that I have. But ye shall have none of it.”

“Boldly spoken, my pretty lass. But if you will not give it to us then perforce we must take it,” and the three moved toward the door. As they did so there was a quick flash of red petticoats, a glimpse of a pair of graceful ankles, and then the door closed with a sudden bang, accompanied by the scream of a rusty bolt. A moment later a taunting voice from the inside caroled,—

“Why such unseemly haste, sirs? Had ye been more gallant ye would have fared better. Go on your way now, for ye have naught to gain by standing there.”