

TWIN ROSES.

In a distant, verdant valley,
By a bay, hipped tide,
Grew two roses, side by side.

One was kept by a maiden fair,
The other she gave to her lover there,
As they plighted their troth one day.

One gleamed white on a sunset heath,
As a knight rode away in the morning light
To join his king in the fray.

The other drooped its snowy head
At the fair and grief its mistress knew.
She kissed its petals and murmured low,
"I fear, I fear—I love him no."

She saw fair summer with heated breath
Die in the flush of a hostile death.

She heard the wild geese rise and cry
Adown the glazing southern sky.

Yet never home her lover came—
Slowly died her hope's bright flame.

In a distant, verdant valley,
By a bay, hipped stream,
Blooms a rose above a grave,
One white rose, in the sunlight's gleam.

A PATRIOT'S WIFE.

One warm morning in the spring of 1780 Mrs. Slocumb was sitting on the broad piazza about her home on a large plantation in South Carolina. Her husband and many of his neighbors were with Sumter, fighting for the struggling colonies, but on this beautiful morning there were almost no signs of war to be seen. As yet his plantation had not been molested, and as Mrs. Slocumb glanced at her little child playing near her or spoke to her sister, who was her companion, or addressed a word to the servants there was no alarm manifest. But in a moment the entire scene was changed.

"There come some soldiers," said her sister, pointing toward an officer and 20 troopers who turned out of the highway and entered the yard.

Mrs. Slocumb made no reply, although her face became pale and there was a tightening of the lips as she watched the men. Her fears were not allayed when she became satisfied that the leader was none other than the hated Colonel Tarleton. That short, thick-set body, dressed in a gorgeous scarlet uniform, the florid face and cruel expression, proclaimed the approaching officer only too well. But the mistress gave no sign of fear as she arose to listen to the words of the leader, who soon drew his horse to a halt before her.

Raising his cap and bowing to his horse's neck, he said, "Have I the pleasure of addressing the mistress of this plantation?"

"It is my husband's,"

"And is he here?"

"He is not."

"He is no rebel, is he?"

"No, sir. He is a soldier in the army of his country and fighting her invaders."

"He must be a rebel and no friend of his country if he fights against his king."

"Only slaves have masters here," replied the undaunted woman.

Tarleton's face flashed, but he made no reply, and, turning to one of his companions, gave orders for a camp to be made in the orchard near by. Soon the 1,100 men in his command had pitched their tents, and the peaceful plantation took on the garb of war.

Returning to the piazza and again bowing low the British colonel said: "Necessity compels his majesty's troops to occupy your place for a time, and I will have to make my quarters in your house; that is, if it will not be too great an inconvenience to you."

"My family consists at present of only myself, my child and sister, besides the servants, and we must obey your orders."

In less than an hour the entire place was transformed. The white tents covered the lawn, horses were tied to the high rail fences, soldiers in bright uniforms were moving here and there. Before entering the house the British colonel called some of his officers and gave sharp orders for securing the country within the neighborhood of 10 or 15 miles.

This sharp command was not lost upon Mrs. Slocumb, nor was she slow to act upon it herself, as we soon shall see. But for the present, trying to still her fears, she determined to make the best of the situation and avert all the danger possible by providing for the comfort of Tarleton and his men, and accordingly she had a dinner soon ready fit for a king, and surely far too good for such a cruel and bloodthirsty man as Tarleton soon was known to be.

When the colonel and his staff were summoned to the dining room, they sat down to a table which fairly groaned beneath the good things heaped upon it. It was such a dinner as only the South Carolina matrons knew how to prepare, and the men soon became jovial under its influences. "We shall have few sober men by morning," said a certain, "if this is the way we are to be treated. I suppose when this little war is over all this country will be divided among the soldiers. Eh, colonel?"

"Undoubtedly the officers will occupy large portions of the country," replied Tarleton.

"Yes, I know just how much they will each occupy," said Mrs. Slocumb, unable to maintain silence longer.

"And how much will that be, madam?" inquired Tarleton, bowing low.

"Six feet two."

The colonel's face again flashed with anger as he replied, "Excuse me, but I shall endeavor to have this very plantation made over to me as a dual seat."

"I have a husband, whom you seem to forget, and I can assure you he is not the man to allow even the king himself to have a quiet seat on his ground."

But the conversation suddenly was interrupted by the sounds of firing.

"Some straggling scout running away," said one of the men, not quite willing to leave the table.

"No, sir. There are rifles there, and a

good many of them, too," said Tarleton, rising quickly and rushing to the piazza, an example which all, including Mrs. Slocumb, at once followed. She was trembling now, for she felt assured that she could explain the cause of the commotion.

"Alas I ask, madam," said Tarleton, turning to her as soon as he had given his orders for the action of the troops, "whether any of Washington's forces are in this neighborhood or not?"

"You must know that General Green and the patriots are in South Carolina, and I have no doubt you would be pleased to see Lee once more. He shook your hand very warmly the last time he met you, I am told."

An oath escaped the angry colonel's lips, and he glanced for a moment at the seat when the wound Lee had made had left on his hand, but he turned abruptly and ordered the troops to form on the right, and he dashed down the lawn.

A shout and the sound of firearms drew the attention of Mrs. Slocumb to the long avenue that led to the house. A cry escaped her at the sight, for there was her husband, followed by two of her neighbors, pursuing on horseback a band of five Tories whom Tarleton had sent to scour the country.

On and on they came, and it was evident that the pursuers were too busy to have noticed the army of Tarleton. Broadsword and various kinds of weapons were flashing in the air, and it was plain that the enraged Slocumb saw nothing but the Tories he was pursuing. Could nothing be done? Would they run into the very heart of the camp? Mrs. Slocumb tried to scream and warn her husband, but not a sound could she make. One of the Tories had just fallen, when she saw her husband's horse suddenly stop and swerve to one side. What was the cause?

Sambo, the slave whom Mrs. Slocumb had dispatched, as soon as Tarleton had come, to warn her husband, had started promptly on his errand, but the light coats of the British had so charmed him that he had lingered about the place, and when the sound of the guns was heard Sambo had gone only as far as the hedgerow that lined the avenue. Discretion became the better part of valor then, and the negro in his fear had crawled beneath it for shelter, but when his frightened face beheld his master approaching he had mustered courage enough to crawl forth from his hiding place and startle the horses as they passed.

"Hol on, massa! Hol on!" he shouted.

Recognizing the voice, Slocumb and his followers for the first time stopped and glanced about them. Off to their left were 1,000 men within pistol shot. As they wheeled their horses they saw a body of horsemen leaping the hedge and already in their rear. Quickly wheeling again they started directly for the house, near which the guard had been stationed. On they swept, and, leaping the fence of lath about the garden patch and a shower of bullets they started through the open lot. Another shower of bullets fell about them as their horses leaped the broad brook, or canal, as it was called, and then almost before the guard had cleared the fences they had gained the shelter of the woods beyond and were safe.

The chagrin of the British Tarleton was as great as the relief of Mrs. Slocumb, and when on the following day the troops moved on the cordial adieu of the hostess led the colonel to say: "The British are not robbers, madam. We shall pay you for all we have taken."

"I am so rejoiced at what you have not taken that I shall not complain if I do not hear from you again," she replied.

And she neither heard nor complained.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sacred Threads and Cords.

The sacred thread of the Brahmans is well known. It is a caste distinction assumed at an early age and never parted with. It must be made by a Brahman and should consist of three strands, each of a different color, 48 yards in length, doubled and twisted together twice, the ends tied in knots. It must be worn next the skin, over the left shoulder, hanging down to the thigh on the right side. The three castes of the Hindoos are distinguished by the material of these threads—cotton for the Brahmans, hemp for the warriors and wool for the artisans. The Parsees also wear the sacred thread, and boys of 7 or 9 are invested with it, the threads used being made always of fibers of the suru tree. Monier Williams describes the sacred girdle of the Parsees as made of 72 woolen threads, forming a flat band, which is twisted three times around the body and tied in two peculiar knots, the secret of which is known only to the Parsees.

The use of "medicine cords" is common among North American Indians. Mr. Bourke describes those worn by the Apaches. These consist of one, two, three and four strands, to which are attached shells, feathers, beads, rock crystal, sacred green stones and other articles, doubtless employed symbolically.—Chambers' Journal.

Where Prisoners Are Entertained.

The inhabitants of Iceland are commended as the most honest people out. Cases of theft are almost unknown to them, and a murder does not happen in a generation. There is only one policeman on the island, who spends six months of the year in the north and the rest of the time in Reykjavik, where the only jail is located. According to the islanders, this prison is a magnificent building, in that it is built of stone, and they think it is a direct invitation to wrongdoing, as an inmate of the prison lives in a nice room, enjoys the privilege of resting on a real bed and eating bread at meals, luxuries which an ordinary Icelandic scarcely ever has the opportunity of indulging in. In spite of all these temptations the Reykjavik prison is nearly always empty.—Prison Service Gazette.

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