THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

BY ELIZABETH V. HYATT.

1862.

Deep in the grass a maiden knelt,
Turning the green blades over,
With fluttering heart and anxious eye
Hunting a four-leaved clover.

No treasure rare of jewel or gem
Seemed half so fair to her vision
As that slender wand of palest green,
Prophetic of lands elysian.

With a joyful cry she held the prize,
"Oh! darling four-leaved clover
Won't bring my lover back to me,
When 'this cruel war is over?'

"Wilt thou give him a sword, and shoulder straps
Honor, and fame, oh, clover,
Give riches, and health, and bring him back
When 'this cruel war is over.'"

* * * * *

1886.

A faded woman with streaks of gray
Her scanty brown locks threading,
In sorrow and loneliness took the way
Which many feet were treading.

To honor the brave and noble dead
With chaplet and wreath and emblem,
With roses, and daisies, and violets fair,
And lily-bells nodding and trembling.

In a narrow grave, a flag at his head
'Neath a simple stone she found him,
No honors, no fame, no riches were there,
No tokens of rank around him.

No, none of the gifts she had asked that morn
Of the treacherous four-leaved clover
Had come to the man who lay at her feet,
Her youthful and beautiful lover.

* * * * * * *

No cross, no crown, no wreath of bay,
Did she place on the grave of her lover,
But tied with a ribbon of blue and gray
A bunch of four-leaved clover.

LEOLINE.

"Oh, mother, I wish we were rich! I think it is a shame that we are obliged to live in this little hut, while my haughty cousin lives in a mansion and wears the diamonds that should have been mine."

"My dear, how can you call this pretty cottage a hut, and how can you complain when you are doing so well? Let May wear her diamonds, and please, dear, for my sake, if for nothing else, do try to be contented."

Florence Arleigh made no reply, but pressed a kiss on her mother's forehead and left the room.

As the door closed, Mrs. Arleigh leaned back in her chair and watched the last rays of the setting sun, while her thoughts flew far away to the home of her childhood. Her cheek was fanned by the soft South wind and no sound disturbed her musings of by-gone days. She gazed into the blue sky, where the clouds floated and floated away in the distance, but she saw not the clouds, for her mind pictured the old home, where her infant footsteps had been guided by the tender hand of a mother. Then she saw herself, a happy maiden, in the shady, old forest, twining a wreath of flowers and crowning herself Queen of the May. She smiled as she thought how surprised she had been to learn that an artist had been sketching her while she addressed the trees as her subjects. How her young heart had leaped with delight as she saw the admiration expressed in the eyes of the stranger. Then she thought how she had been wooed and won by the artist and how he had taken her to the residence of his father. Then tear after tear fell from her eyes as she thought how she and her husband had been turned away from the home of her father-in-law, and how her husband's proud sister had said: "When I marry, I shall not disgrace my family by marrying the child of a poor farmer." Oh! the days that followed, the happy days, in which she tried to make their cottage a pleasant home for Leon, who worked early and late to paint the pictures which brought enough money to support them. Bitterly she wept as she thought of the brilliant June day when death entered her home and her brave, handsome Leon was laid in the little parlor and her two children walked on tip-toe saying, over and over, "Papa is dead, and mamma is sick." Her reverie was interrupted by sounds of mirth, which came from the chamber of the little cottage which Mr. Arleigh had been pleased to will to his son's widow.

Upstairs is a cozy room in which Florence and Leoline Arleigh do the copying by which they earn their bread. They have been copying, but are not doing so now, for Leoline is laughing heartily while Florence stands before the mirror saying, in tragic tones, "How have the mighty fallen! And Arleigh must earn her bread by the sweat of her brow. Where is the poet who will immortalize the fair face reflected in yon mirror? Where are the brave men who will gaze with admiration upon these golden tresses, these azure eyes? Where are they? Alas! they are here, but they are not the ones in whose pockets the gold dollars jingle merrily, for the men whose money would make them acceptable in my sight pass my 'beauty unadorned' and bow at the shrine of my cousin."

Leoline leaned back in her chair and laughed until the tears started from her eyes. "Oh, Florence," she said, "are you crazy or are you rehearsing for private theatricals?"

"Neither, but, seriously, Leo., I was not intended for this kind of existence. I was not born to spend my life daubing my fingers with ink. I was born to walk like this through rooms which art had done its most to beautify," and Florence raised herself to her full height and walked majestically across the room.

"Well," said Leoline, "if you have finished, we will continue our work."

"Oh, dear! Work! work! Nothing but work! I think our grandfather was too mean for anything or he would not have given all his property to Aunt Emma and left us without a cent."

"Florence," said Leoline gravely, "our grandfather is dead and whatever his faults may have been, we are not to judge him. He gave us this pretty cottage and we are doing nicely."

"There, you little saint; I take it all back. Let us have peace," said Florence, kissing Leoline and hurrying to a small table on which were scattered pens, ink, paper, etc.

Not long after this Florence and Leoline had been out for a walk and were returning home when they were met by one of Mrs. Leslie's servants.

"Oh, Miss Leoline," said the servant, "your cousin, Miss May, is very sick, and Mrs. Leslie sent me to inquire if you would assist in nursing her."

Leoline thought a moment and then said, "Tell Mrs. Leslie I will go if mother is willing."

"Oh!" exclaimed Florence, "you are a little idiot to think of going, and I hope mother will not permit you to go. The disease may be contagious, and you will come home sick and we'll have no end of trouble. Yes, and who is to do all the copying while you are gone? Let Aunt Emma hire some one. I am sure she has enough money."

"You need not copy any more than usual. You know I have a little money which I saved for a rainy day, and we will manage some way. So don't look so cross, for I feel it my duty to go."

"Duty! Fiddlesticks! Aunt Emma did not think of duty when poor father died."

By this time they had reached home and Florence rushed in exclaiming, "Mother, May Leslie is sick and Aunt Emma wishes Leo. to help take care of her, and Leo. says she is going and I know she'll catch the small-pox or something dreadful," and Florence sat down, out of breath, while Leoline knelt by her mother's chair and said, "May is very ill. May I go?"

Mrs. Arleigh kissed the little upturned face and, for a moment, she thought how cruelly she had been treated by this sister-in-law, who now asked that Leoline, sweet Leoline, whom everyone loved, should nurse the descendant of the Leslies. She smiled, scornfully, as she thought, "She shall not go;" but soon her better nature conquered and she said quickly. "You may go, darling, and may God bless you."

In the days that followed, May Leslie received the best of care and the doctor's directions were carefully followed by Leoline who, hour after hour, sat by the side of the sufferer and never complained of weariness.

At last the crisis was passed and May was quiet and rational and she no longer raved as she had done when the fever was at its height. She was surprised to learn that Leoline was the one whose hand had cooled her fevered brow, and whose soft voice had lulled her to rest, and she begged her to stay awhile.

One day Leoline and May were sitting in the latter's beautiful sitting-room, May lying on a couch and Leoline sitting in an easy chair, reading aloud an interesting story in a late magazine. Suddenly there was a rap at the door, followed by the entrance of Mr. Deane, who said, cheerily, "Well, how is our patient to-day?"

While he talked to May, Leoline walked out quietly and, going to her room, threw herself upon her bed and wept bitterly. Anyone seeing her would be surprised, for quiet Leoline seldom shed tears. If it were Florence, one would not think it strange, for Florence often became so angry that big tears coursed down her cheeks, but, a moment after, she would break out in a peal of laughter at something which excited the risibility in her nature. Florence was all clouds and sunshine and as changeful as the wind, but when Leoline wept it was not from anger, it was because something serious disturbed the serenity of her soul. The cause of her present grief was this: Unasked, she had given her heart to the handsome young doctor, whose skill had saved the life of her cousin.

"Ah," she mused, "what chance have I to win him? I, who has neither beauty nor fortune, can inspire no love in his breast; and even if I were as beautiful as Helen of Troy, and possessed of the virtues of Penelope, I could not hope to win him, for I am certain that he loves my fair cousin. She, I know, returns his love, for when he calls, her black eyes sparkle with pleasure, and yesterday she told me that her heart had passed from her keeping and that she hoped to become the bride of one who is all that is good and true. I must carefully conceal my love for him, for mother and Florence must not know that I have lost my heart while under the roof of the Leslies. Gentle mother would be more sad than ever, and impulsive Florence would say she knew something would happen to me, and she would hate cousin May, who is the innocent cause of my sorrow."

The next day Leoline determined to go home, and in spite of May's entreaties, declared she must go that evening; for, said she, "You will soon be well, and mother and Florence need me."

"Well," said Mrs. Leslie, "if you must go, I suppose we cannot keep you; but here is a small sum as a return for your kindness in coming to help us;" and she passed a check to Leoline, who laid it on a table, saying she could not accept money as payment for her services. Mrs. Leslie liked Leoline, and she said, mentally, 'I will give her a handsome present."

That evening Leoline returned home, and, as she left her aunt's house, she noticed how beautiful May looked in her white cashmere wrapper, and she murmured: "No wonder Dr. Deane loves her."

When she reached home her mother was out; but she was warmly greeted by Florence, who waltzed around in great glee. After awhile she seated herself by the side of Leoline, exclaiming, "Oh, Leo, I'm the happiest girl alive! Rich Mr. Way has returned from Europe, and he says he fell in love with me last year, and he has proposed, and I'm going to marry him, and I'll buy you and mother a lot of nice things, and, oh, I'm too happy to live!" When Florence was excited she paid no attention to the repetition of conjunctions.

Leoline replied: "I am very glad to hear of your good luck; but are you sure that you love him?"

"Love him! Of course I love him. Wouldn't I love anyone who asked me to share a fortune of a million of dollars? Mother is coming!" and she ran down the path that led to the street and met her mother ere she entered the yard.

"When Leoline retired to her room, she gazed in her mirror, but could see no beauty in the small, pale face, large, earnest gray eyes and brown hair brushed plainly back from her forehead.

"Beautiful May," she said; "Heaven help me that I may not envy her happiness."

For two days Leoline was busy and did not go out at all, but on the third, which was her birthday, she and Florence went for a stroll. Florence was in the best of humor and talked incessantly of her approaching marriage, telling about the dresses she would have, the diamonds she would wear, etc. At first Leoline listened and tried to be interested, but, try as she would, she could not forget Dr. Deane. His face seemed ever before her and the more she tried to crush her love, the stronger that love became and wider grew the gulf between them. Florence chattered on, wholly unconscious that her sister was not listening. "It is a mystery to me how Mr. Way ever fell in love with me. I always knew I was not born to work, but I did not expect to get out of it so soon. How the girls will envy me when I become Mrs. Theodore Way, and how May Leslie will stare. Say, Sis, you are twenty years old to-day, and I must look after you or you will be an old maid. Wait till I'm married and see if I don't find a rich husband for you."

The two girls were returning home when Florence thought of a letter she had forgotten to mail, and Leoline, not wishing to return to Main street, walked slowly on, while Florence returned to the postoffice. Leoline had not gone far when she heard some one say, "Good morning, Miss Arleigh," and looking up, her eyes rested upon the handsome face of Dr. Deane. They walked on until they reached an arbor which was provided with rustic chairs. Dr. Deane suggested that they enter, but no sooner were they seated than Leoline's hands were clasped and she heard the Doctor saying "Oh, Leoline, can you not see how dear you are to me? Sweet Leoline, raise those truthful gray eyes and tell me, you will love me just a little. Tell me, Leo, is there no hope for me?" Leoline did not reply, but she offered no resistance when he took her slight form in his arms and showered passionate kisses upon her face, which had lost its wonted paleness and assumed the hue of the bright red rose. At first she was too much confused to speak, but at last she looked into the deep blue eyes so close to her own and said, "I thought you loved cousin May."

"Thought I loved cousin May! Why, how could I be charmed by May's black eyes when I was in love with her little nurse?" Here Leoline receives so many kisses that she begs for mercy and declares she will be smothered.

One day Mrs. Arleigh was greatly surprised to see, in the village paper, a notice to the effect that, through a dishonest agent, Mrs. Leslie had lost the greater part of her fortune. A few weeks later the same paper announced the marriage of Miss May Leslie and Mr. Richard Lee, the coal merchant, and stated that the happy couple had gone to Chicago, where they would reside. Leoline burst into tears when she heard of her cousin's marriage, for she still thought that May loved Dr. Deane. Florence remarked, "Serves her right. She liked you, but she always hated me, and now she has lost her fortune and has had to marry a bald-headed, cross-eyed, ill-natured old-codger, whom she must already hate."

The days passed swiftly away. The paths were strewn with the leaves of Autumn, and the cold blasts of Winter were followed by the soft breath of Spring.

It is a bright June day. The interior of Mrs. Arleigh's cottage is picturesque in the extreme. Each room seems a bower, for beautiful June roses are here, there and everywhere. The inmates of the cottage are hastening to and fro as if preparing for some special event but upon the faces of all, there is a look of happiness, for there is to be a double wedding, and the brides will be Florence and Leoline.

There is a ring at the door, and a small package is handed to Leoline. She sees that it is addressed in her cousin's hand writing, and she hastily tears off the wrapper. All day she has been thinking of May and wondering if she has forgiven her for winning the heart of Mr. Deane. When she has torn off the wrapper from the package, she finds a little box, and, upon opening it, she feels a thrill of delight, for she sees a beautiful diamond ring, in which is inscribed the word, "Leoline."

M. Ella Ball, in Goodall's Sun.

Telegraphing Seven Thousand Miles.

An Englishman, after having been shown the operations of the pneumatic tube for carrying parcels in New York, said: "I have seen just one thing more wonderful than that. I have talked by cable from London to Calcutta, India, over 7,000 miles of wire. Two years ago I called upon Managing Director W. Andrews, of the Indo-European Telegraph company, at No. 13 Old Broad street, London. It was Sunday evening and the wires were not very busy. Mr. Andrews called up Emden, a German town. 'Give me Odessa,' he wired. In a few seconds we got the signal from the Russian seaport city, and asked for Teheren, the capital of Persia. 'Call Kurrachee,' said Andrews. In less than half a minute we were signaling that Indian town. The signals came at the rate of fifteen words a minute. After learning that the London office was testing the long wires, Kurrachee gave us Agra, and we chatted pleasantly for a few minutes with the operator on duty there. In a short time the operator switched us on the cable to the Indian capital, Calcutta. At first the operator there could not believe that he was talking to London, and he asked, in the Morse language: 'Is that really London, England?' It was a wonderful achievement, metallic communication without a break between the capital of the English nation and the seat of her government in India, 7,000 miles away as the bird flies."

—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Preferred the Kangaroo.

Small boy dialogue actually heard at the circus: "Say, Patsy, which would you rather, that the hippitypottermouse was a runnin' after you or the ryenowserhoss?" "By golly, Mike, I'd rather it was the kangaroo 'cause I could get inside and ride."—*Boston Record.*

Old Love Letters.

Old love letters are much like cold soup. A love letter that telegraphs a delightful tingle to the tip ends of the fingers and toes, makes the heart thump fast and even warms up the stomach when first written, if read after the flame which inspired it had died, possesses all the flatness, staleness and nauseating quality that are in a porky bean broth that has laid in the refrigerator since yesterday. Soup has this advantage—it can be warmed over, while love letters cannot.—[Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

OLD pill boxes are spread over the land by the thousands after having been emptied by suffering humanity. What a mass of sickening, disgusting medicine the poor stomach has to contend with. Too much strong medicine. Prickly Ash Bitters is rapidly and surely taking the place of all this class of drugs, and is curing all the ills arising from a disordered condition of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels.

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Better results are derived from Hall's Hair Renewer than from any similar preparation.

If you suffer with chills and fever, take Ayer's Augue Cure. It will cure you.

Drinking pure, fresh country milk helps a boy to grow.

MIND THE BABIES.—Colds in the Head and Snuffles develop into a Catarrh which ruins the health. Use Ely's Cream Balm, a pleasant and safe remedy which will surely prevent and cure. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is easily applied with the finger. All druggists have it. 50 cts. By mail 60 cts. Send for circular. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

HAS BEEN O. K. EVER SINCE.

MESSRS. ELY BROS., Gentlemen:—My boy (3 years old) was recently taken with cold which seemed finally to settle in his head. His nose was stopped up for days and nights so that it was difficult for him to breathe and sleep. I called a physician who prescribed, but did him no good. Finally I went to the drug store and got a bottle of your Cream Balm. It seemed to work like magic. The boy's nose was clear in two days, and he has been O. K. ever since. —E. J. Hazard, New York City, Jan. 27, 1884.

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

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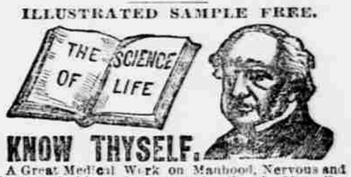

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