



A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

He was only a sprig of clover,
But he raised his head with pride
As he looked his comrades over,

"I'm only a four-leaved clover
Down in the meadow green;
They hunt for me all over,

And people passed before him,
But so quiet and still lay he
That they never dreamed they were o'er

Why! the rascal seemed to be lazy,
Compared with the rustling wheat.
But there came his day of duty,

"I'm only a four-leaved clover
Down in the meadow green;
They hunt for me all over,

Then she picked the little treasure,
And carried him safe away,
With a gentle thrill of pleasure,

No longer so green and so mellow,
But a brown, straight, stiff, little elf.
Is all of his usefulness over,

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They hunt for me all over,

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quickly. "I should be afraid that—that"

She hesitated a moment, stirring the moss with one dainty foot.

"That you might not return," she added, smiling as she looked at me.

"Then—then perhaps it will do as well if I climb a tree."

"No, no; I wish to talk with you."

"Ma'm'selle, you honor me," I said.

"And dishonor myself, I presume, with so much boldness," she went on.

"It is only that I have something to say; and you know when a woman has something to—say—"

"It is a fool that does not listen if she be as fair as you," I put in.

"You are—well, I shall not say what I think of you, for fear—"

"Do you like the life of a soldier?"

"Very much, and especially when I am wounded, with such excellent care and company."

"But your side—it was horribly torn. I did feel very sorry—indeed I did. You will go again to the war?"

"Unless—unless— Ah, yes, ma'm'selle, I shall go again to the war," I stammered, going to the brink of confession, only to back away from it, as the blood came hot to my cheeks.

She broke a tiny bough and began stripping its leaves.

"Tell me, do you love the baroness?" she inquired as she whipped a swaying bush of brier.

The question amazed me. I laughed nervously.

"I respect, I admire the good woman—she would make an excellent mother," was my answer.

"Well spoken!" she said, clapping her hands. "I thought you were a fool. I did not know whether you were to blame or—the Creator."

"Or the baroness," I added laughing.

"Well," said she, with a pretty sly grin, "is there not a man for every woman? The baroness thinks she is irresistible. She has money. She would like to buy you for a plaything—to marry you. But I say beware. She is more terrible than the keeper of the Bastille. And you—you are too young!"

"My dear girl," said I, in a voice of pleading, "it is terrible. Save me! Save me, I pray you!"

"Pooh! I do not care!"—with a gesture of indifference. "I am trying to save myself, that is all."

"From what?"

"Another relative. Parbleu! I have enough." She stamped her foot impatiently as she spoke. "I should be

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"They will never sting," she would say, "if one does not declare war. To strike, to make any quick motion, it gives them anger. Then, mon cher ami! it is terrible. They cause you to burn, to ache, to make a great noise, and even to lie down upon the ground. If people come to see me, if I get a new servant, I say: 'Make to them no attention, and they will not harm you.'"

In the house I have seen her catch one by the wings on a window and, holding it carefully ask me to watch her captive—sometimes a great dare-devil hornet, lion-maned—as he lay stabbing with his poison-dagger.

"Now," said she, "he is angry; he will remember. If I release him he will sting me when I come near him again. So I do not permit him to live—I kill him."

Then she would impale him and invite me to look at him with the microscope.

One day the baroness went away to town with the young ladies. I was quite alone with the servants. Father Joulin of the chateau came over and sat awhile with me, and told me how he had escaped the Parisian mob, a night in the Reign of Terror. Late in the afternoon I walked awhile in the grove with him. When he left I went slowly down the trail over which I had ridden. My strength was coming fast. I felt like an idle man, shirking the saddle, when I should be serving my country. I must to my horse and make an end to dallying. With thoughts like these for company, I went farther than I intended. Returning over the bushy trail I suddenly came upon—Louison! She was neatly gowned in pink and white.

"Le diable!" said she. "You surprise me. I thought you went another way."

"Or you would have not have taken this one," I said.

"Of course not," said she. "One does not wish to find men if she is hunting for—"

"Because it would not be proper," said she, smiling as she looked up at me.

"Not proper! I should like to know why."

"It would make me break another engagement," she went on laughing. "I am to go with the baroness to meet the count if he comes—she has commanded. The day after, in the morning, at 10 o'clock, by the cascade—will that do? Good! I must leave you now. I must not return with you. Remember!" she commanded, pointing at me with her tapered forefinger. "Remember—10 o'clock in the morning."

Then she took a bypath and went out of sight. I returned to the mansion as deep in love as a man could be. I went to dinner with the rest that evening. Louison came in after we were all seated.

"You were late, my dear," said the baroness.

"Yes; I went away walking and lost something, and was not able to find it again."

CHAPTER IX.

Next morning the baroness went away in her glittering caleche with Louison. Each shining spoke and golden turret flashed the sunlight back at me as I looked after them at the edge of the wood. The baroness had asked me to go with her, but I thought the journey too long. Louison came out and sat by me awhile as I lay in the

hammock. She was all in white. A trifle taller and a bit more slender than her sister, I have sometimes thought her beauty was stately, also, and more statuesque. The sight of her seemed to kindle in me the spirit of old chivalry. I would have fought and died for her with my best lance and plume. In all my life I had not seen a woman of sweeter graces of speech and manner, and, in truth, I have met some of the best born of her sex.

She had callers presently—the Sieur Michel and his daughter. I went away, then, for a walk, and, after a time, strolled into the north trail. Crossing a mossy glade, in a circle of fragrant cedar, I sat down to rest. The sound of falling water came to my ear through thickets of hazel and shadberry. Suddenly I heard a sweet voice singing a love-song of Provence—the same voice, the same song, I had heard the day I came half fainting on my horse. Somebody was coming near. In a moment I saw Louise before me.

"What, ma'm'selle!" I said; "alone in the woods?"

"Not so," said she. "I knew you were here—somewhere, and—and—well, I thought you might be lonely."

"You are a good angel," I said, "always trying to make others happy."

"Eh bien," said she, sitting beside me, "I was lonely myself. I cannot read or study. I have neglected my lessons; I have insulted the tutor—threw my book at him, and walked away, for he sputtered at me. I do not know what is the matter. I know I am very wicked. Perhaps—ah me! perhaps it is the devil."

"Ma'm'selle, it is appalling!" I said.

"You may have injured the poor man. You must be very bad. Let me see your palm."

I held her dainty fingers in mine, that were still hard and brown, peering into the pink hollow of her hand. She looked up curiously.

"A quick temper and a heart of gold," I said. "If the devil has it, he is lucky, and—well, I should like to be in his confidence."

"Ah, m'sieur," said she, seriously, a little tremor on her lips, "I have much trouble—you do not know. I have to fight with myself."

"You have, then, a formidable enemy," I answered.

"But I am not quarrelsome," said she, thoughtfully. "I am only weary of the life here. I should like to go away and be of some use in the world. I suppose it is wicked, for my papa wishes me to stay. And bah! it is a prison—a Hospital de Salpêtrière!"

"Ma'm'selle," I exclaimed, "if you talk like that I shall take you on my horse and fly with you. I shall come as your knight, as your deliverer, some day."

"Alas!" said she, with a sigh, "you would find me very heavy. One has nothing to do here but grow lazy and—ciel!—fat."

If my meeting with her sister had not made it impossible and absurd, I should have offered my heart to this fair young lady then and there. Now I could not make it seem the part of honor and decency. I could not help adoring her simplicity, her frankness, her beautiful form and face.

"It is no prison for me," I said. "I do not long for deliverance. I cannot tell you how happy I have been to stay—how unhappy I shall be to leave."

"Captain," she said quickly, "you are not strong; you are no soldier yet."

"Yes; I must be off to the wars."

"And that suggests an idea," said she, thoughtfully, her chin upon her hand.

"Which is?"

"That wealth is my ill fortune," she went on, with a sigh. "Men and women are fighting and toiling and bleeding to make the world better, and I—I am just a lady, fussing, primping, peering into a looking glass! I should like to do something, but they think I am too good—too holy."

"But it is a hard business—the labors and quarrels of the great world," I suggested.

"Well—it is God's business," she continued. "And am I not one of his children, and 'wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?' It was not too good for the man who said that."

"But what would you do?"

"I do not know. I suppose I can do nothing because—alas! because my father has bought my obedience with a million francs. Do you not see that I am in bondage?"

"Be patient; the life of a rich demoiselle is not barren of opportunity."

"To be gay—oh! one might as well be a peacock; to say pretty things, one might better be a well trained parrot; to grace the court or the salon, I had as soon be a statue in the corner—it has more comfort, more security; to be admired, to hear fine compliments—well, you know that is the part of a pet poodle. I say, captain, to be happy one must be free to do."

I looked into her big eyes, that were full of their new discovery.

"I should like to be among the wounded soldiers," said she, her face brightening. "It did make me very happy to sit by your bedside and do for you."

There was a very tender look in her eyes then.

She started to rise. A brier, stirring in the breeze, had fallen across her hair. She let me loose the thorns, and, doing so, I kissed her forehead—I could not help it.

"M'sieur!" she exclaimed in a whisper. Then she turned quickly away and stood tearing a leaf in her fingers.

"Forgive me!" I pleaded, for I saw that she was crying. "It was the impulse of a moment. Pray forgive me!"

She stood motionless and made no answer. I never felt such a stir in me, for I had a fear, a terrible fear, that I had lost what I might never have again.

"It was honorable admiration," I

continued, rising to my full height beside her. "Tell me, ma'm'selle, have I hurt you?"

"No," said she in a voice that trembled. "I am thinking—I am thinking of somebody else."

The words, spoken so slowly, so sweetly, seemed, nevertheless, to fly at me. "Of somebody else!" Whom could she mean? Had her sister told her? Did she know of my meeting with Louison? I was about to confess how deeply, how tenderly, I loved her. I had spoken the first word when this thought flashed upon me, and I halted. I could not go on.

"Ma'm'selle," I said. "I—I—if it is I of whom you are thinking, give me only your pity, and I can be content. Sometime, perhaps, I may deserve more. If I can be of any service to you, send for me—command me. You shall see that I am not ungrateful. Ah, ma'm'selle," I continued, as I stood to my full height, and felt a mighty uplift in my heart that seemed to toss the words out of me, "I have a strong arm and a good sword, and the love of honor and fair women."

She wiped her eyes, and turned and looked up at me. I was no longer a sick soldier.

"It is like a beautiful story," she said thoughtfully; "and you—you are like a knight of old. We must go home. It is long past luncheon hour. We must hurry."

She gave me her arm up the hill, and we walked without speaking.

"I am very well to-day," I remarked as we came to the road. "If you will wait here until I get to the big birch, I shall go around to see if I can beat you to the door."

"It is not necessary," said she, smiling, "and—and, m'sieur, I am not ashamed of you or of what I have done."

The baroness and Louison had not yet returned. M. Pidgeon was at luncheon with us in the big dining room, and had much to say of the mighty Napoleon and the coalition he was then fighting.

The great monsieur stayed through the afternoon, as the baroness had planned a big houseparty for the night, in celebration of the count's return. My best clothes had come by messenger from the Harbor, and I could put myself in good fettle. The baroness and the count and Louison came early, and we sat long together under the trees.

The dinner was at seven. There were more than a dozen guests, among whom were a number I had seen at the chateau—Mr. David Parish of Ogdensburg, who arrived late in a big, two-wheel cart drawn by four horses that came galloping to the door, and Gen. Wilkinson, our new commander in the north, a stout, smooth-faced man, who came with Mr. Parish in citizen's dress.

[To Be Continued.]

Why One Brother Remained Outside.

William E. Mason, who recently returned from an eastern trip, is telling a story about two country merchants he met during his travels. The men were brothers, well along in years, and among the most prosperous citizens of their county. One of the brothers was moved not long ago to believe that he should join the church. Neither had ever paid attention to religious affairs, but a stirring evangelist had finally aroused the elder man to feel that the church was where he belonged. He endeavored to persuade his brother to join the church with him, but whenever the subject was mentioned the brother always waived the subject and would not discuss the matter. Finally, the elder brother said one day: "John, why don't you join the church if I do?" "Well, Bill, I might as well tell you. You go ahead and join the church; but if I join it, too, who's going to weigh the wool?"—Chicago Chronicle.

"Canned White Man."

Burton Holmes, the lecturer, says that the Indians of Alaska regard white men and canned goods as so closely associated that they are nearly synonymous. Wherever the white man is seen canned meats, fruits and vegetables are found. When Mr. Holmes visited Alaska recently he carried with him a phonograph and it was exhibited to an old chief who never had seen a talking machine before. When the machine was started and the sound of human voice came from the trumpet the Indian was very much interested. He listened gravely for a time, then approached and peered into the trumpet. When the machine finished its cylinder and stopped the Indian pointed at it and remarked: "Huh! Him canned white man."—N. Y. Sunday Telegraph.

Powerful.

"That'll be a powerful machine," said a native of the north of Scotland to a motorist the other day.

"Yes, it's a splendid car," replied the owner, proudly.

"I suppose a car like that will be nearly 100 horse-power?" suggested the countryman.

"Oh, no," said the motorist, modestly; "it is only ten horse. A hundred horse-power car would be much larger."

"I wasn't going by size," the Highlander dryly explained. "I was going by the smell of it."—London Chronicle.

Hadn't Forgotten It.

"For years I have suffered in silence," remarked Peckham at the dinner table the other evening, "but you should remember the old saying that even the worm will turn."

"Huh!" sneered Mrs. Peckham, "I hope you don't call yourself a worm, do you?"

"Possibly not," replied the theoretical head of the combine, "yet on the day of our marriage I have a distinct recollection of hearing some one refer to you as the early bird."—Cincinnati Enquirer.



I WENT AWAY THEN FOR A WALK AND STROLLED INTO THE NORTH TRAIL.

very terrible to you. I should say the meanest things. I should call you grandpapa and give you a new cane every Christmas."

"And if you gave me also a smile, I should be content."

More than once I was near declaring myself that day, but I had a mighty fear she was playing with me and I held my tongue. There was an odd light in her eyes. I knew not, then, what it meant.

"You are easily satisfied," was her answer.

"I am to leave soon," I said. "May I not see you here to-morrow?"

"Alas! I do not think you can," was her answer.

"And why not?"

"Because it would not be proper," said she, smiling as she looked up at me.

"Not proper! I should like to know why."

"It would make me break another engagement," she went on laughing. "I am to go with the baroness to meet the count if he comes—she has commanded. The day after, in the morning, at 10 o'clock, by the cascade—will that do? Good! I must leave you now. I must not return with you. Remember!" she commanded, pointing at me with her tapered forefinger. "Remember—10 o'clock in the morning."

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