

### THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

My mother and I were spending the summer with my uncle, David Gregory, at his home. The kind old gentleman had written to me to bring one of my schoolmates with me. "Some one (he wrote) who loves the country." I invited Elsie Ventnor. She was not a scholar like myself, but lived with Mme. Du Pois, teaching the children who were day scholars.

One afternoon uncle came in where we were all sitting over our fancy work, and said, with a smile:

"Madge, put this in the Bible for me. See, it's a four-leaved clover. I found it just now. Some good fortune must surely be coming to me."

When I had done as he asked he sat down and unfolded a new plan for our amusement.

We were to get up tableaux and invite all we chose to help us, and conclude with a dance.

"Oh, uncle, how nice! When shall it be?"

"As soon as you wish. I will have everything done for you that is necessary, and you may use anything in the house you like for the purpose. I want you to enjoy yourselves as much as you can. It will be a dull house after you are gone, and I shall only have the gay memories to cherish it."

When he left us I exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, isn't it a pity that uncle never had any children? He is so fond of seeing young folks enjoy themselves."

"Hush, Madge!" she hastily replied; "for mercy's sake! never say anything like that before your uncle."

"Why not, mamma?"

"Because, my child, there are reasons why you should not."

I wondered a good deal in my mind over that scrap of conversation, but I did not ask any more questions. It was no had matter to get a merry party to join us, and such fun as we had, rummaging in the attics, with Deb's assistance, for old-fashioned things to turn into use.

One afternoon mamma called Elsie and myself into her room, to look through an old trunk she had found stowed away in the back of an unused closet.

"Here, girls, examine. I shouldn't wonder, from the peep I have taken, if we had found a treasure trove."

We were both delighted. When we had taken out its contents—old fashioned dresses, feathers, laces, etc.—in a tray, all by itself, was a dress which would have driven Queen Mab to envy, and which was evidently more modern in its fashion than the other articles skinned around us. It was a long trained skirt of the palest lilac silk, with an overdress of lilac tulle, covered with embroidered clover blossoms, as if some careless hand had flung them in profusion all over the delicate material. The rosettes on the tiny slipper were decorated in the same way, and a wreath of white clover sprinkled with mimic dewdrops, lay with them.

"I think, Madge," said mamma, "it must have belonged to your uncle's sister, Hilda; I have heard she was a great belle in her day."

"Oh, mamma, we'll have a tableaux called the 'Spirit of Good Fortune,' and Elsie shall wear the dress. Come, dear, and try it on."

Even the famous belle herself could not have looked fairer than did my friend, when we had arrayed her in the beautiful costume. Instead of the name I had chosen, mamma thought it would be just as appropriate, and much prettier, to call the tableaux "The Four-Leaved Clover."

The evening came, and all the tableaux were successfully gone through with, amid great applause, except the last.

When I was helping Elsie to dress, she opened a case, and taking out a massive chain clasped it around her neck, saying: "I will wear this to-night, Madge."

"Why, Elsie! what an exquisite thing!"

"Yes, it is all I have left of my mother's; I never wear it, as it would hardly be suitable for my plain dress. See?"

And opening the diamond studded lock which hung from the chain she showed me the picture within.

There, smiling at me, was a face something like Elsie's, only more rosy, more radiant. It was the only time Elsie had ever spoken to me of her mother, and I wished she would say more. But the bell rang for the last tableau, and we hastened to our places—I among the audience, and she to appear as "The Four-Leaved Clover."

The curtain rose, and Elsie stood in a graceful attitude, holding the symbol of good fortune to a youth, who, on bended knee, waited to receive it. The diamond studded lock on her white neck caught the light in a hundred sparkles, and the dew spangled clover flashed back again. It was a brilliant picture; but we hardly had time to admire it sufficiently for with a low groan my uncle fell heavily forward from his chair to the floor.

Then all was confusion. The young people did not stay for the promised dance, and to a darkened room they carried the old gentleman, while a physician was hastily sent for. "No one could account for the strange attack until uncle, after a long time, awoke to consciousness.

Then Deb, the old housekeeper, with

### WHAT BECOMES OF OLD GREENBACKS?

About two years ago it was customary to destroy the immense amount of mutilated and dirty paper currency, which was redeemed in new bills by the Treasury Department in Washington, by burning it. This plan is now superseded by a much more effective and economical operation. A new subdepartment has been added to the Treasury called the Macerating Department, and here the literally filthy lucre is made into pulp ready to be transformed into clean fresh paper. The following interesting description of the operation we clip from the *Washington Chronicle*.

In the first place the fractional currency is subjected to a most rigid scrutiny, and counted for the purpose of detecting counterfeiters, and then it is turned over to men who, with a machine, cancel each note so effectually that by no possibility could it ever be used again; another count is then gone through with for the purpose of checking the operators of the machine, and preventing them from appropriating any of the condemned money. After the canceling the money is next cut in half, and once more the separate halves are counted, and when ascertained to be all right are placed in boxes for the purpose of removing them to the macerating building before alluded to. These boxes are securely locked while in transit from the Treasury to the macerating establishment, where they are opened in the presence of three representatives of the Treasury, one acting in behalf of the Secretary, another for the Treasurer, and the last for the Register, and each batch is usually accompanied by a quantity of bonds. From the boxes the bonds, which are cut and canceled thoroughly, and the fractional currency are emptied into the macerating cylinder, which is also locked with three separate locks, the keys of which are held respectively by the officers named above. The process of macerating is very simple. The macerating cylinder is revolved by a sixty horse power engine, and at the same time jets of steam are injected into it, which speedily softens the mass of paper. The moistened paper by its own gravity keeps dropping, and is reduced to a pulp by the sharp ridges which form the inside of the cylinder. After being subjected to this treatment for about thirty-six hours the cylinder is unlocked by the three officials and the pulp is then allowed to fall on an elevator, which conveys it to a large tub, where it is thoroughly cleansed, and all fatty matter removed by the agency of quicklime and soda.

The washing of the pulp completes the process, and it is finally dumped in a heap to lie until purchased. Recently about \$4,500,000 worth of fractional currency was placed in the macerater. This was an unusually large batch, the average "burnings," as the macerations are called, being much less. There is now an immense quantity of the pulp on hand, probably several hundred tons. This will be sold to paper manufacturers. The rate usually paid for the pulp is in the vicinity of \$5 per ton, and the principal purchaser manufactures from it a very nice article of paper. An approximate estimate of the quantity of pulp annually made out of the fractional currency or bonds at this establishment is 650 tons. The proceeds resulting from the sale of this may be counted as a net gain over the old method, as the burning of the money or bonds required the expenditure of as much labor as does the present macerating system, and consumed a great deal more coal.

The National Bank notes are converted into pulp by the centrifugal process inside the Treasury building, the method adopted being almost in every respect similar to that pursued with the fractional currency and bonds, as described above. The improvement on the burning plan is too obvious to need extended mention. Extraordinary precautions were required to keep the destroyed money from flying out of the furnace chimney, and the odor of the burned money was an intolerable nuisance, and was very injurious to the health of those residing in the neighborhood of the place where it was carried on. This last reason would have been a sufficient one for changing the method, if the additional one of making an absolute saving to the Government did not suggest itself.—*Scientific Amer.*

### SECOND BRIDGE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

The projectors of this proposed bridge over the East River, between New York and Brooklyn at 77th street, by way of Blackwell's Island, have, in response to the invitation sent out, received ten separate designs and estimates from as many engineers. Ground will be broken as soon as a plan shall be decided upon. The preliminary specifications call for an approach on the New York side of 4,580 feet, 1,000 feet of which is to be in form of a tunnel extending from Fourth to Lexington avenues. From the end of the tunnel, an iron superstructure, curving to the center of the blocks between 76th and 77th streets, and thence direct, leads to the river. From the pier on the brink of the river, Blackwell's Island will be reached by a single span of 734 feet. An iron structure 700 feet long will then lead over Blackwell's Island, and the channel between the island and the Long Island shore will be spanned by a single arch of 618 feet. The shore approach on the Long Island side will be 3,900 feet in length. This will give in all a total length of 10,582 feet, or nearly two miles. A single track tramway will run across the bridge. There will be, in addition to the main approaches, two auxiliary ones, one from Avenue A on the New York side and the other from Vernon avenue, Long Island city. The spans are to be 135 feet above mean tide water. Double passenger elevators are to be placed at the piers on each side.

William Henry Wright, Col. William McCre, and Col. Alexander Swift, all three of whom received the highest honor in their respective classes at West Point, were natives of Wilmington. It is certainly worthy of mention that out of some five or six North Carolinians who stood number one at West Point, three should have been born in this place. Let it be borne in mind that but one person can stand number one or highest in a class. In the literary institutions any number may be graduated with the highest honors, but not so at our national military school. To be number one there means something. We have known a scholarly young man to bear off easily the first honor in his class, at a leading college, having no competitor who could give him a close run, and yet he only secured number six in his class at West Point, with the advantages of a fine literary education.—*Wil. Star.*

Learn to live frugally in your youth that you may afford to live independently in your old age. It is easier to work when you are young than to beg when you are old. The hardest thing at any time of life is to live on the charity of those who wish you were dead and out of the way.

### A GOOD STORY FROM NEWBURY.—IT WAS AT A SCHOOL NOT A THOUSAND MILES FROM NEWBURY.

The teacher had been giving out words which the scholars were to incorporate into sentences. He gave to one young miss the word "obligatory." He explained that obligatory meant binding. The young lady laid her head upon her hand and seemed puzzled. But in a moment or two her eyes rested upon her well-worn spelling-book, and her features brightened as a happy thought seemed to strike her. The next instant the astonished teacher read the sentence: "The obligatory of my spelling-book is worn out." He fainted.—*Newbury Journal.*

### WHITEWASH YOUR SHOPS.

An exchange offers a very sensible suggestion that a little water applied to factory windows, and some of the same liquid mixed with lime and applied to walls and ceilings, will not cost much: while at the same time, during these murky winter days, it will render work-shops lighter, conduce to the health and comfort of operatives, and perhaps save some gass bills.

### [From the Constitutionalist.]

### SOUTH CAROLINA TO THE STATES OF THE NORTH.

(Especially the Original Thirteen.)

### DEDICATED TO HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WADE HAMPTON.

I These hands I lift, by iron fetters banded; Beneath the scorching sunlight, and cold stars, I rear my one imperial forehead branded By alien Shame's immediate scars; Like some pale captive, shunned by all the nations, I crouch, unspiced, quivering, and apart; Laden with countless woes and desolations, The life-blood freezing round a broken heart!

### II.

About my feet splashed red with blood of slaughters, My children gathering in wild, mournful throngs, Despairing sons, frail infants, stricken daughters, Release the awful burden of their wrongs; Vain is their cry, and worse than vain their pleading!

### III.

I wooed her once in rude, tempestuous places, The purple vintage of my soul outpoured, To win, and keep her unrestrained embraces, What time the olive-crown o'ertopped the sword; O, Northmen! with your gallant heroes blending, Mine in old years for this sweet Goddess' sake, But now, (ah! shame all other shame transcending) Your pitiless hands have torn her from my side!

### IV.

What! 'tis a tyrant Party's treacherous action, Your hand is clean, your conscience clear, ye sigh; Aye! let me now your sires had throttled Faction, Or pealed o'er half the world their battle cry; Its voice cutting from solemn mountain passes, Swept by wild storm winds of the Atlantic To where the swart Sierra's sullen grasses Droop in low languors of the Sunset Land!

### V.

Never, since earthly States began their story, Hath any suffered, bled, borne like me; At last recalling all my ancient glory, I wowed my fettered Commonwealth to free; Even at the thought, beside the prostrate column Of chartered Rights, which blasted lay, and dim, Uprose my noblest son with purpose solemn, While host on host his brethren followed him!

### VI.

Wrong, grasped by Truth, arraigned by Law (whose sober, Majestic mandates rule o'er change and time), Smit by the Ballot, like some flushed October, Reeled in the Autumn rankness of his crime; Struck, tortured, pierced, but not a blow returning, The steadfast phalanx of my honored braves Planted their bloodless flag where sunrise burns; Flashed a new splendor o'er our Martyr's graves!

### VII.

What then? Oh, Sister States! what welcome Omen Of love and concord crossed our brightening Blue? The foes we vanquished, are they not your foes, Yet scarce had Victory crowned our grand endeavor, And peace crept out from shadowy glooms remote, Than—*as if haled to blast all hope forever, Your Tyrant's sword shone glittering at my throat!*

### VIII.

Once more my burning chimes were reunited. Once more barbarian plaudits wildly rung O'er the last promise of deliverance blighted. The prostrate purpose, and the palsied tongue; Ah! false Sisters! neath my swift undoing Peers the black presage of your wrath to come; Above your heads are signal clouds of ruin, Whose lightning's flash, whose thunders are not dumb!

### IX.

There towers a Judgment Seat beyond your seeing; There lives a Judge whom none can bribe or blind; Before whose dread decree your spirit feeling Shall reap the whirlwind, having sown the wind; I, in that day of justice, fierce and torrid, When blood, YOUR blood, outpours like poisoned wine, Pointing to these chained criminals, this blasted forehead, May mock your ruin, as ye mocked at mine!

### X.

Rev. E. F. Rockwell, writing to the *Statesville American*, says: At the house of Mr. John Faris, in the North part of this county not far from Williamsburg P. O., a road from Salisbury to Wilkesboro, by Coun y Line, is what is called a mad-stone; to cure the bite of mad-dog, snake, or insect. It is of a whitish color, smooth, and weighs 216 grains. Resembles a quartz pebble out of a creek; but is not hard. Found by the father of Mrs. P. in Wythe county, Virginia in the stomach of a deer. Is used by putting it into warm milk and water and then applying it to the wound; also it will stick and draw out the poison. When it is full, it falls off and is put into the water, and it can be applied again etc. It ought to be tested and if found to be of value, made better known.—*Hickory Press.*

### THE MEGATHERIUM.

In the interesting collection of specimens contributed by Prof. Ward from his museum, which was displayed in the Agricultural Department of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, there was a plaster model of a skeleton which attracted a marked degree of attention. The original is preserved in an English museum, and is the fossil remains of a huge beast which once roamed the wild prairies of South America. Thousands gazed in mute astonishment at the massive frame-work of this relic of a by-gone age. Its proportions were immense. The pelvis measured nearly five feet from hip to hip, being much larger than that of the elephant. The thigh bone was three times as thick as that of the largest elephant. The hind foot was a full yard long, the heel bone constituting nearly one-half the entire length. The forefoot had four digits, each armed with an immense nail well formed for cutting and digging. The hind foot had but three toes.

The tail of this enormous beast was formed upon the same massive plan as the rest of his body. Some of the segments nearest the body measured nearly a foot and a half in transverse diameter. Its great strength enabled it to serve as a means of support, and perhaps also of defense.

The total length of the beast from the end of its nose to the extremity of its tail was about eighteen feet. It was much larger than the rhinoceros, and scarcely inferior to the elephant in size. Its general form places it in the same class of animals with the sloth, which is still a native of South America.

The discipline of evolution could scarce restrain the impulse to do homage to this ponderous form, recognizing in it the hypothetical progenitor of the human species. Though not indorsing this reestablished theory, one is struck with the many points of similarity to the human skeleton. Like man, it had a collar bone—nearly all quadrupeds—and the corresponding bones of the anterior and posterior extremities, or arms and legs, of man. Like man, also, it walked upon its palms, instead of upon the ends of its fingers and toes, as do the horse, cow, and numerous other quadrupeds. Its massive tail might be considered as a full development of the rudimentary caudal appendage represented in man by the coccyx. Like man, also, its natural food was furnished exclusively by the vegetable kingdom.

Notwithstanding all these points of similarity, dissimilar characters were quite as numerous; and a still closer analogy might be readily established between man and other members of the brute creation.

Where did the megatherium live? It is one of the many interesting questions which scientists propound respecting this animal. History is silent on the subject. No ancient naturalist ever described its structure or its habits. Geologists are fond of assigning to the megatherium an antiquity too remotely anterior to the advent of man upon this terrestrial globe for calculation. Whether the facts which have been clearly established are sufficient to warrant this conclusion, it must be left to every investigator to decide for himself. It would certainly have been a grand sight to have seen one of these prodigious creatures at work in its native forests, cutting and tearing the roots of mammoth trees to loosen their foundations, and then bearing them to the earth with the weight of its massive body to secure the succulent fruits which constituted its favorite food. *Health Reformer.*

### THE SOCIAL QUICKSAND.

Victor Hugo gives the following graphic description of "earth drowning," which is a most forcible illustration of the way in which thousands of young men are swallowed up by that deadly social "quicksand," intemperance:

"It sometimes happens, on certain coasts of Brittany or Scotland, that a man, traveler or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles sticks to it; it is sand no longer—it is glue.

"The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so; the joyous little cloud of sand-flies continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland. He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels somehow as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

"He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings. All at once he looks at his feet. His feet have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws his feet out of the sand; he will retrace his steps; he turns back; he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out and throws himself to

### JEFFERSON'S POLITICAL MAXIMS.

1. Legal equality of human beings.
2. The people the only source of legitimate power.
3. Absolute and lasting severances of Church and State.
4. Freedom, sovereignty, and independence of the respective States.
5. The Union a compact, neither a consolidation nor a centralization.
6. The Constitution of the Union a special written grant of power, limited and definite.
7. No hereditary office, nor order, nor title.
8. No taxation beyond the public wants.
9. No national debt if possible.
10. No costly splendor of administration.
11. No proscription of opinion nor of public discussion.
12. No unnecessary interference with individual property or speech.
13. The civil paramount to the military authority.
14. The representative to obey the instruction of his constituents.
15. No favored class, monopolies.
16. Elections free, and suffrage universal.
17. No public moneys expended, except by warrant of specific appropriation.
18. No mysteries in government inaccessible to the public eye.
19. Public compensation for public services, moderate salaries, and pervading economy and accountability.

### THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE LAMP IN THE LIGHT-HOUSES OF OUR CONSTITUTION.

Thomas Charlton looked his chin over the prisoner's bar at the Fifty-seventh street Police Court and regarded His Honor with a bland smile.

"Thomas, you are charged with being drunk," said the court.

"I can't deny it," said Thomas, grinning from ear to ear.

"You don't seem to be very sorry."

"I'm happy, Yer Honor," said the prisoner, giggling.

"What excuse have you for getting drunk?"

"I've got seven of 'em Judge."

"Seven excuses?"

"Yes, Yer Honor, seven. Now I don't mind tellin' ye all 'bout it. Ye see I've got six boys in my family, an' last night it's a girl, Judge."

Thomas got off.

A negro was found dead in Georgia, having fallen and broken his neck while stealing chickens from a high roost. He was a class leader in a church, and his pastor, in preaching the funeral sermon, was bothered by the question where the soul of the dead brooding had gone. "His well-known piety," said the minister, "indicates that he died a christian; yet there are circumstances connected with his death that are perplexing. If, after he fell and before he struck the ground, he repented of his sins, there can be no question that he is now in glory; but there was mighty little time for him to think about it."

The brightness of the lamp in the light-houses of our constitution frequently produces great destruction among the birds. As they fly along the beach in the gloom of the evening, or seek the shelter of the land when the ocean breeze blows too strong for their comfort or pleasure, they are dazzled by the brilliancy of the lights in the towers, and frequently fly blindly against the glass of the building, crushing and breaking their bones, and often killing them instantly.

His last words to her in the morning were: "Wrap up warmly, darling, if you go out shopping to day; it is very cold." She said she would, and before she went out she had all her bustles weighed, and put on the heaviest one. What will not a woman do for the man she loves?

A Raleigh girl, while crossing Chesapeake Bay on her way to the Centennial last summer, lost one of her shoes overboard; and now captains of vessels arriving at Baltimore are telling stories of a mysterious sea-monster they sighted on their trips.

"Ma," said a little fellow yesterday, while looking at a picture of Cupid in a valentine. "I should think that little angel would rather have some clothes than those wings and a bow and arrow."

A Georgia couple, who recently traveled five hundred miles to get married, had just separated because the wife insisted on putting her feet to the same hot brick which the husband ordered her to bring to bed for his use.

A young woman arrested in Baltimore, for shoplifting, proved to be the daughter of a wealthy man. She had spent the money obtained from thievery in the support of her child, of whose existence none of her friends knew.

Women who shiver at the sight of a door ajar, or at an open window, will endure the impact of a frosty moustache as serenely as if a sunbeam had slid over them.

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