BUTTERCUP, POPPY, FORGET ME

Buttercup, poppy, forget me not-These three blooming in a garden spot, And once, all merry with song and play, A little one heard three voices say : "Shine or shadow, summer or spring-O thou child with the tangled hair And laughing eye-we three shall bring Each an offspring, passing fair!" The little one did not understand,

Buttercup gamboled all day long, Sharing the little one's mirth and song; Then, stealing along on misty gleams, Poppy came, bringing the sweetest dreams, Playing and dreaming-that was all Till once the sleeper would not awake;

But they bent and kissed the dimpled hand.

Kissing the little face under the pall, We thought of the words the third flower spake. And we found, betimes, in a hallowed spot The solace and peace of forget me not.

Buttercup shareth the joy of day, Glinting with gold the hours of play; Bringeth the poppy sweet repose, When the hands would fold and the eyes would close. And after it all-the play and the sleep Of a little life-what cometh then? To the hearts that ache and the eyes that weep A wee flower bringeth God's peace again.

Each one serveth its tender lot-Buttercup, poppy, forget me not. -Eugene Field in Chicago News.

#### THE DOWNWARD STEP.

Some for miles from the center of the busy manufacturing town of B--- there is a row of small cottages, very simple in construction, and having little attraction, excepting the low rent demanded for them.

They are far from town, and there is no public conveyance to shorten the distance, so that only those who are compelled by poverty to choose a cheap residence reside

But each house has a little garden attached to it, with hedges between, and some of these wee domains were bright with flowers. One day, two children sat under one of the hedges, busy in building a house of chips. Close enough to touch them, but separated by the hedge, a man crouched, listening to the baby-prattle as eagerly as it it held important

"If we touch any of old Bates's posies he'll eat us. Hannah says so!" said the younger of the children, a bright boy, three years old.

cause its stealing!

"We've got some!" said the little girl; "but mamma's so busy, she can't have

between the few poor plants in Mrs.
Grey's garden and those that met the eye in the port and those that met the eye in the next one. The old man who lived there alone, ragged and forlorn, seemed to have but one pleasure, and that was working in the tiny garden, making every foot of it beautiful with choicest flowers. That he always listened intently to every voice from his neighbor's cottage, Arawing as close as the hedge permitted to the open windows, none knew but him-

He had been three months in the poor house, and listened eagerly to any scrap of gossip about Mrs. Grey, He heard the servants pitying her "come down" when her husband's failure in business was followed by his death. He had heard Hannah, the one servant telling another from across the street of the luxury her mistress had enjoyed only one year before, and bewailing the poverty that made her walk to town, day after day, to give music lessons to support her children. Ever shrinking from notice, Mr. Bates was as watchful of his neighbor as a detective. He was a tall man, bent over, as if crippled by age or pain, and his face, deeply lined and very stern, was shaded by gray hair, soft and abundant. Green spectacles concealed a pair of large, dark eyes that softened strangely as he listened to the children.

Many times he had seemed about to speak to them, starting forward, but always drawing back with a muttered "better not!

But on this day he went from bush to bush of his rarest flowers, until he had his hands filled, when he tossed the whole fragrant mass over the hedge into the laps of the astonished children. When they looked up, a face over the hedge amazed them still more, for the old man was smiling.

This was the beginning of their friendship, and every day saw it grow stronger. Evening found Mrs. Grey at home, and at bedtime there was always some new story of laby prattle, telling how Mr. Bates had let the children wander about in his house and garden, in perfect freedom. But he avoided her, giving her no opportunity to thank him. She would have been glad, out of her own scanty means, to offer some neighborly help to his greater poverty, but there was something repellent in his face and voice that held her back. She wondered even that the children were not

It was in September that for the first time she, too, crossed the boundary of his garden, timidly, for she was a shy, gentle little woman. Only twenty-five years old, she looked, in spite of her heavy mourning and pale, sorrowful face, even younger. Widowed and an orphan, her life was centered in her children, and she could not be my punishment began at once, and never ungrateful for kindness shown to them. So when they told her their eccentric friend had "hurted his foot drefful bad," she conquered her shy timidity, and went to offer

"It was nothing," he told her, gruffly, as she entered the bare, mean sitting-room, where he lay upon a sofa, but he let her name a reproach." bring him some dinner and wait upon him, owning that the pain of a bad sprain had

sharply.

Lady Godiva must have had exceptionally long hair since it completely concealed her lovely person. silken texture .- Advt.

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"Cyril. Oh, you have only heard his pet name, 'Birdie.' Birdie, come here and tell Mr. Bates your name."

"Cyril Preston Grey," said the child.
"Cyril Preston!" said Mr. Bates harshly.

'I knew a man of that name once." Every shadow of color left the widow's face, and she looked for a moment as if she would faint. Then, conquering this weakness by a violent effort, she said: "You knew him?"

stole money. The blood rushed back to the widow's

face, and her voice trembled with anger,

five years ago." "You knew him, too?"

"He was my dear brother." "Dear? You surely do not hold

brother dear who disgraced you!"
"Cyril," the mother said, "what do you pray for every night?"

The child repeated a baby prayer, and added: "God bless dear mamma and Nannie, and bless dear Uncle Cyril, and bring him home to mamma!

There was a moment of silence, and then Mrs. Grey sent the children away. When she was alone with her neighbor, she

"You say you knew my brother. Can you tell me anything of him? Oh, if you could know how I long to hear!"

"Is it not better to know nothing of a man who was only a curse to those who

"You are a harsh judge. If he sinned, he atoned. He has repaid everything."

"Killed his parents?" "Not so. If they sorrowed for his sin, they rejoiced in his repentance. His name was never harshly mentioned in his home, and earnest prayers were daily offered for him. Where is he? Tell me all you know

And then, with a sudden movement, Mrs. Grey bent her head and broke into a passion of tears, sobbing:

"My brother! My brother!" She had wept violently, but when her sobs grew more quiet, a gentle hand was put upon her bowed head, and a low, tender voice said:

She looked up. A gray wig lay on the floor, and on that a pair of green spectacles, but the face bending over her was that of a man of thirty-five or six, with brown hair and soft, dark eyes. It was ten long years since she had seen that face, and sorrow had made it far older than the years would have done, but she knew that once.

"Cyril! Cyril!" she cried, kneeling beside him, with her arms around his neck, "Oh, my dear, dear brother!"

"You are glad!" he said, in a low voice of amazement. "Glad to see me!"
"Glad, for I love you! Who was always the kindest brother to his little sister? Cyril, could you ever think I did not love

"A thief! A forger!" he said, bitterly. "I have no excuse for my sin, Anna, save that mean one only too often pleaded, that I meant to replace the money. It was lost in gambling! My feet were on the highway to ruin, when I saw that discovery of my theft was inevitable, and I fled. But was remorse more gnawing, penitence more

"You were never out of our prayers,

"Darling, that was as the bitterness of

"But you did all you could to atone." owning that the pain of a bad sprain had prevented his cooking for himself. The children trotted to and fro, delighted to wait upon him, but he was not very gracious, and said little, until Mrs. Grey said:

"Cyril, dear, get mamma another slice of bread."

"What did you call the boy?" he asked, sharply.

"You can never know, dear, through what privation and toil I earned the money to pay the bank. I went hungry, half clothed and half frozen, working early and late, saving every dollar. But when the debt was paid, fortune smiled on me. My employers were kind men, and they gave me an opening in their factory. Do you sharply.

"What did you call the boy?" he asked, sharply.

"You can never know, dear, through these demands and at the same time make Dyspepticure quickly known in places where, under ordinary circumstances, it might not reach for some considerable time, the large (\$1.00) size will be sent by mail without any extra expense to the user. The Post Office is everywhere, so none who wish the debt was paid, fortune smiled on me. My employers were kind men, and they gave me an opening in their factory. Do you remember. Anna, how I was laughed at me an opening in their factory. Do you remember, Anna, how I was laughed at

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because I thought I could invent? I think, and any temptation is doubled to escape from drudgery. My love of machinery was laughed out of me at home, but it became my friend when I needed one. In the short intervals of leisure I had at the factory I perfected a patent that my employers adopted and helped me to introduce into other factories. It has made me a rich man, factories. It has made me a rich man, Anna. But I craved a sight of my home, and the dear faces there, and so I came to B—. My parents were dead, and you a widow and poor. Dear, do you guess how I have longed to help you since I came to be your neighbor, and yet feared you would curse me if I spoke?"

"Hush!" she said, softly. "I am almost sorry you are rich, Cyril. I was thinking of the joy it would be to me to work for you."

"How much is the cross worth?" asked the soldier.

"Three thalers."

"Very well, than, highness; I'll take the cross and ninety-seven thalers."

Bismarck was so surprised and pleased by the ready shrewdness of the reply that he gave the man both the cross and the money.—London Tid Bits.

A Man of Nerve.

Lionel—I say, Algy, wobbers bwoke in-

"You will go with me, Anna, to my own home. I cannot stay here. Every face in B- would seem to reproach me. But I have a home where you and your children can be happy, and where you can fold your hands in idleness, it that will please you. It is a lonely, desolate home now, Anna, but you will brighten it —aw for me?"

"Gladly." He held her in a close embrace for a few minutes; then he said, whispering:

"Anna, tell me where Lena is?" She shivered a moment, and her voice was full of sorrow, as she said: "Lena is in Boston."

"Married?" "Yes."

"She did not forgive me?" "No; she was very bitter."

"I deserved it. I had no right to risk her happiness as well as my own name. How could I ask her to marry me after I became a shame to all who loved me? Yet I loved her, Anna.'

"I know, dear; but Lena was proud." "She was right to forget me. I sinned and was justly punished. But, oh! if I could make all young men, all boys realize the importance of that first step in dishonesty, I would gladly give my life. Only a five-dollar bill, Anna, at first, but the temptation was repeated, the strength to resist grew weaker, until the end. Can you-dare you trust me, dear, with those young lives so dear to you?"

"Yes; more willingly than I would to one who did not know the bitterness of sin

and penitence.' three years old.

The other one, a grave-looking little maiden of five, answered, seriously:

"Men don't eat boys and girls. Mamma says we must say 'Mr. Bates,' not 'old Bates.' And she says perhaps he's not cross but sick or sorry. He looks cross!"

"Mamma says not to touch his posies, 'Mamma says not to touch his posies, 'Mamma says not to touch his posies, 'Ease of the steel money."

"You knew him?"

"I knew no good of him," was the quick reply. "He was a thief!"

She tried to speak, but her white lips made no sound.

"The man I mean," continued Mr. Bates, 'was a defaulter from the B—
Bank. He had been cashier there, and he iter shame came to crush it. He is a prosperous, envied man, but ever in his heart is the sorrow and shame that will fol-So two cottages were vacated, and in her heart is the sorrow and shame that will follow sin, no matter how deep the repentance. And ever his prayer is that Cyril, his nephew, may learn from him to avoid that first downward step that leads to sin.

> The Two Bells. A wag writes to us as follows :- "Having seen quite recently a church bell with the very odd stanza."-

I toll the funeral knell; I hail the festal day; The fleeting hour I tell:

I summon all to pray. "I came to the conclusion, that every parish in Canada would be benefitted if a bell were put up with this inscription referring to Diamond Dyes, in which the people around us take a great interest:"

I toll, but toll to dye; I dye, but dye to live;
When tolling this my cry,
"I'll ease and pleasure give."
We are pleased to hear from our corres-

pondent and note with pleasure the interest he takes in Diamond Dyes, but can assure him, that Diamond Dyes, do not require the aid so kindly suggested as the Canadian people from North to South, and from East to West, know sufficiently about them already .- Advt.

Mrs. Dobbins (reading)—Countess Maria von Kensky of Bohemia has bagged 138 hares in a day.

Dobbins-Her husband will soon be bald-headed at that rate. - Epoch.



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Blood and Iron Somewhat Surprised.

even now, if father had let me have my dearest wish and study machinery. I might never have fallen. But I hated the bank, and any temptation is doubled to escape of the First Class discomfited the Chan-

cellor's attempt to chaff him.
"I am authorized," said Bismarck to him, with that liking of playing jokes which has been so strong throughout his career—"I am authorized to offer you a hundred thalers instead of the cross.

"How much is the cross worth?" asked

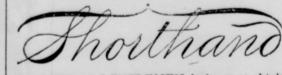
Lionel-I say, Algy, wobbers bwoke into Arcy Fitzwilkin's house last night, but owing to Arcy's pwesence of mind, don't you know, they didn't molest a thing in the Algy-Aw-how did he get wid of them?

Lionel-He gave them an order on the Safety Company for the plate and jewelwy -aw-wasn't it splendid?-Epoch.

Col. Bangs .- "Been up in the north woods for two weeks with a hunting party. Lots of sports, I tell you.'

Maj. Bungs-"See any big game. Col. Bangs (confidentially) — "Ten dollars limit, last Saturday." — Detroit Free Press.

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