

FORGET-ME-NOT.

She gave them to me in the long ago,
Only a little bunch of flow'rs blue;
On my heart I kept them—I loved them so!

I loved them then, and I love them yet;
Because she gave them to me with her heart,
And told me that with tears they had been wet,

And begged that from them I should never part.
But jealous, cruel time, with burning breath,
Drank from their stems the essence of her tears.

And left them furt'ring in the throes of death,
A phantom memory of those love-lit years.
I have them now, a bunch of time-dried straw,

Tied with a ribbon faded as can be;
But I shall always keep and love them more
Because she gave them, wet with tears, to me.

PEARL WYLEY.

BY GUSSIE E. WOOD.

A pretty little thrilling warble, like the twitter of a timid bird; but as the chords tremble and vibrate under the touch of the nimble white fingers, Pearl Wyley, the young governess, forgets her little charges standing motionless by her side, and sitting with her dreamy blue eyes fixed on the glimmer and glisten of the waves on the beach below, she plays as one entranced with the wild, witching symphonies of her own creation, that seem to rise and fall sympathetically with the wild throbbings out on the yellow sands of Aylmer's Rest.

As she sits there in the blaze of the sunset, her face is all aglow with beautiful thoughts born of the music, and blended with the grand colorings on sea and sky. A shaft from the sunset strikes through the lace curtains, and circles the queenly head with a coronal of gold.

"Listen, Alice; who ever heard anything so beautiful, and yet so weird? Who in this place can play like that?"

"Have you been here two days and have not seen her yet? It is Eva and Edie's governess; and just think, Paul, she is only eighteen, a whole year younger than I am, and has to teach for a living! And yet I almost envy her, for she has the loveliest face in Aylmer's Rest."

"Come in and introduce; you have aroused a great curiosity to see this paragon of loveliness."

"Oh, Paul, I dare not!" and there is genuine dismay in her tones. "Mamma would indeed be very angry."

He only laughs, and slipping her arm through his, fairly draws her into the room.

"Miss Wyley, my brother, Paul Everson."

Pearl looks up from her suddenly aroused day dreams to encounter a pair of the blackest eyes she has ever seen; but her confusion is only momentary, and rising with a half-haughty grace, she bows over so slightly, entirely ignoring the outstretched hand.

Only a few commonplace remarks pass between them, when Pearl finds some trivial excuse for taking herself and her young charges from the room. Paul's eyes followed her with a strange light in their dark depths.

"The poor child! So young, so lovely and so lonely!"

The tone is exquisitely tender, and strikes Alice as something more than pitiful.

"Oh, Paul, don't flirt with her!" she says half pleadingly. "Mamma would dismiss her instantly from the house."

"Flirt?" There is an angry flash in the eyes now. "Who talks of flirting with her?"

Some hours later Pearl Wyley goes to her room, her heart still beating strangely, and on her way she passes the library. The door is ajar, and reveals a full-length portrait of Paul Everson.

How often she has stood before that gilded frame, gazing at the dark handsome face and the flashing eyes, that seemed restless even on canvas, till every line and feature was as familiar as the face of her dead mother.

And now her ideal has come in flesh and blood, infinitely handsomer than the picture; what wonder that her poor young heart beats fast, and paints its blossoming roses on her pure white cheeks?

"Oh, I thought I never should find you! And to think you have come to me!"

"But I didn't know—" falters Alice. "The name?" interrupts Pearl. "Oh, that was changed by the wealthy aunt who adopted me, and made me her heiress. And now I am going home with you; I do so want to see my two little girls!"

"How kind of Alice!"

Three of the smallest find a nestling place in the waves of her golden hair, and after donning a dress of some soft gray material, she places another cluster in the lace at her throat.

The delicate pink tinge is still in her cheeks, and the sparkle in her eyes, as she enters the parlor by a side door and takes her seat at the piano, which faces the conservatory, and is half hidden from the dancers by tall vases filled with ferns.

Paul rushes from the conservatory, but others are there before him. "It is only a faint," said Mrs. Everson; "the room is warm, and she has played too long. Alice, call John and let him carry her to her room."

"Call John?" echoes Paul, sarcastically. "Are there no men here, that you must call a hireling?" And disregarding his mother's frown, he gathers the slender form in his arms and strides off like an angry giant.

As the days pass on he meets her often, but only by stratagem, for Pearl is shy as a fawn, and flits away from him like a will o' the wisp. His "shy little darling," he calls her to himself, and the light shines still brighter in his handsome eyes.

One day he comes across her seated on a rock looking seaward, her young charges playing at her feet. What a beautiful picture she makes! The wind tosses her golden hair back and forth, now hiding, now revealing the shapely, swan-like neck; then it blows her filmy white dress against the rock like beating wings. There is a sadness upon her face that he has never seen there before, and a suspicious sparkle upon her long, drooping lashes.

"Pearl, darling!"

A startled crimson face is turned toward him for an instant, and then this time Pearl does not escape him. As well strive to loose the shell-pink hands from a grasp of iron. Then follows a passionate avowal of love, ringing strong and clear above the roar of the incoming tide.

Pearl is so taken aback by his vehemence that she forgets he is waiting for an answer.

"Pearl, darling, will you be my wife?"

Again her face is turned toward him, but the sudden light that so transformed it changes to a look of intense pain, and the tones are almost harsh.

"Sir, you are forgetting yourself; release my hands instantly."

"Oh, there comes mamma!" chime in Eva and Edie.

"Surely you are not afraid of her, Pearl? Let me claim you before her and the world. She is proud, I know, but—"

"Yes, she is proud," repeats Mrs. Everson, "too proud to countenance such a terrible messalliance as this. Paul, your father shall hear of your conduct; and as for you—"

She gets no further, for Pearl, as cool and as haughty as she, rises and confronts the angry woman.

"You may spare your words, madam, as they are entirely unnecessary; I have not accepted your son's love, neither do I intend to. Of course this is all very unpleasant, and to prevent its recurrence, I shall leave Aylmer's Rest to-morrow." And before Paul can frame a word of remonstrance, she has fairly flown toward the house.

How she has managed it Paul never knows, but Pearl Wyley is gone before breakfast the next morning, and no word of farewell has passed between them.

"Alice, if you could only get Miss Atherton's work to do it would pay so much better, and Paul needs so many things now the fever has left him so weak." And Mrs. Everson's pale, worn face looks up from the coarse sewing upon which she has been toiling since early daylight.

"I will try," is the weary answer. "There is no use in trying to hide our poverty any longer, I suppose."

It is an elegant brown stone front before which Alice Everson stands shivering on that cold, wintry morning. She is ushered by a pompous footman up the velvet carpeted stairs into an elegant little boudoir, and there, in an exquisite morning robe of white cashmere and satin, stands—Pearl Wyley.

Alice falls back a step in dismay; but Pearl, with a cry of joy, fairly flies across the room and clasps her around the neck.

"Oh, I thought I never should find you! And to think you have come to me!"

"But I didn't know—" falters Alice. "The name?" interrupts Pearl. "Oh, that was changed by the wealthy aunt who adopted me, and made me her heiress. And now I am going home with you; I do so want to see my two little girls!"

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Paul soon wears of the dance. There is only one face he cares to see, and it has been before his vision all the evening, though the tall vases away from the dancers and enters the conservatory, and standing behind a branching azalea tree, watches the face that shows above the grand piano. The flush and sparkle is gone, and Pearl's face is as white as the rosebuds at her throat.

"How tired she must be!" he murmurs with yearning tenderness; and he stretches out his strong arms, as though the impulse is strong to clasp her in them for all time.

Is his gaze magnetic? Just then the weary player looks up and catches sight of the dark face framed in the branches of the azalea tree, and catches, too, all the eyes express. There is a crash upon the piano keys, and Pearl slips down upon the floor, upsetting a rare vase in her fall.

by Pearl, and once more he shuts his eyes, this time with a solemn content. Is it only after she goes away that he learns of the great gulf between them. Then he turns his face to the wall with a kind of dumb despair, and the knowledge retards his recovery for weeks.

The choicest flowers, the most tempting fruits, in the daintiest of baskets, find their way to his room, and more than once the donor relieves Alice and her mother from their long continued watch.

In his feverish murmurings Pearl learns what is passing in his mind, and the knowledge gives her both joy and pain.

She is sitting by him, late one afternoon, and as the wintry twilight falls upon his face a great, yearning throbs stirs her gentle little heart, and bending over him, she softly touches her lips to the broad white brow.

"Oh, Paul, my darling, my king!" The tender words are scarcely breathed; but his eyes open suddenly, and there is only infinite pain in their depths.

"Yes, it might have been, but now—"

"There is no gulf that love cannot bridge over," says Pearl, softly. "Oh, Paul, live for my sake, for I love you, oh, I love you!"

And no lovelier mistress ever reigned at Aylmer's Rest than Pearl Everson, who has bought back the family estate and presented it to her husband. There they now live, and Pearl watches over the remaining days of the white-haired woman who once turned her from her doors.

FEMALE FANCIES.

There's a difference between the affability of a young girl and the tactfulness of the experienced flirt.

The young Italian girl who left her barber bridegroom to go back to her parents gave him a clean cut.

"Board wanted"—as the young lady said when she came to a mud puddle in the sidewalk.

When an elderly maiden lady adorns herself with false hair, false teeth, paint, powder, etc., she is "making up" for lost time.

The worst thing that can happen to a girl is to have all the curl taken out of the feathers of her new hat the first time she wears it.

A swell young husband thinks it a shame that his wife should kiss her two pug dogs dozens of times a day, and then thinks it a great bore if he asks her to kiss him twice.

It is said that ladies whose feet, like the hand of Providence, cover everything, are bitterly opposed to the short walking dresses, which they declare to be growing shorter and shorter.

"O, dear! you've driven that hair-pin way into my head," screamed a lady customer to the milliner, who was fastening a bonnet on her head. "Sorry mum," replied the woman, "accidents will hairpin."

"I have a very dear lover, seventeen years old. What shall I send him for a birthday present?" Lucy—Send him a mustache cup, dear. Consult the advertising columns of some college paper, if you can not afford a new one.

A man up-town, who occasionally takes his better half to the theatre, is always pointing out women who are better dressed than she, and yet he growls if she asks him for fifty cents a month to buy a new lace ruching for her best silk dress.

A Kentucky girl wears spurred boots when out walking.

Mrs. Scoville, sister of Guiteau, wishes to have her name changed to Howe.

A girl in Brooklyn spends four hours a day sketching the bridge from her roof.

Philadelphia has two colored female baseball clubs, and may be said to be considerably ahead.

A beautiful Boston girl has crossed to Europe in the steerage of a Cunard Liner, just to see how it was.

A Kentucky widow eloped the week after her husband died, and now she thinks it's outrageous the way the neighbor's talk.

Nine girls living in Vermont have organized a base-ball club and play on the village green every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon.

The widowed Baroness Rothschild is credited with the intention of establishing in Versailles a home for aged and destitute authors and journalists.

A Utica widow thinks it is wrong that she could not take back her maiden name when her husband died. "It is so much more catching you know," she explained.

A sensible Wisconsin girl has broken her engagement because her jealous lover tried to drown her as they were strolling by a mill-pond one lovely moonlight night.

A Tennessee landlord has just been forced to pay \$700 for kissing an Indiana woman who was a guest at his hotel. As it is only ten cents to kiss the prettiest girl at a church fair, this man will never cease to kick himself for his financial folly.

A STORY OF 1850.

A Very Young Preacher's Experience on the Mississippi River—How a Quiet Man Got Away with Capt. Aicle.

"Nearly every man who ever traveled on the Mississippi river in the old days can relate an interesting experience," said the Rev. M. Jackson, a minister whose reputation as an impassioned public orator has gone beyond the boundaries of Arkansas.

"There was something about a Mississippi river experience that tended to aid in vivid reproduction. The grand floating drawing-rooms, the wealth displayed at every turn, and the studied politeness and conventional ceremony of a supposed good breeding which you everywhere meet, all come up at once in a re-creation of a character which, thus surrounded, you have contemplated. But all of this politeness and exhibition of good breeding, I must say, was but the white foam on muddy water. It was the courtesy that could grasp the hand of a new acquaintance or shoot an old friend."

"In the Spring of 1850 I boarded a grand steamer at New Orleans bound for up the river. I was a very young preacher at that time, and was under orders to repair a small community and assist in conducting a revival. There was something of a war being waged between two churches, and it stood our church in hand to concentrate forces or lose ascendancy in the neighborhood. These were the days of political and religious vigor, and avowed opposition in religious contests was regarded as being no more out of place or in ill keeping with the faith than the fierce struggles engaged in by the Whigs and Democrats. I was told at the headquarters that another young preacher would be sent to assist me, and that if I needed more help to make my demands known at once. When I boarded the boat I looked around for my companion-in-arms, whose name I even had not learned. The closest search failed to discover my assistant, and concluding that he had either preceded or would come after me, I dismissed the matter and settled down to the quiet enjoyment of the occasion.

"There were quite a number of gamblers—polished gentlemen—on board, and although I was opposed to gamblers, I could not refrain from looking on and contemplating with what serenity of countenance the players alternately parted with thousands of dollars.

"Won't you take a hand?" asked one of the players one evening, addressing a young, pleasant-looking gentleman who stood near.

"I never play," he remarked.

"Won't do any harm."

"I know it won't, for I don't intend to play."

"The gentleman is a rare joker," replied a tall man, who handled cards with an ease and lost with a good will that almost challenged respect.

"Yes," replied the young gentleman, "a rare joker because it is rare that I joke."

"Ah, and a punster," said the tall man, relinquishing \$1,000 with a smile.

"It makes little difference to you what I am, I came here to quietly look on, not intending to engage in the game or the conversation, and, especially, not to be the butt of any jokes that might arise from ill luck or success at the table. Regardless of the business you follow, I hope that you are well enough acquainted with the manners of gentlemen to treat an unobtrusive looker-on with civility, if not with courtesy."

"You speak well," exclaimed the tall man. "I hope that I am a gentleman of good birth and education, and I hope that I have not insulted you. If I have, I sincerely beg your pardon. Grant it willingly, and all will be well; reluctantly, and, as a gentleman, which you undoubtedly profess to be, you know your recourse."

"But for your last remark, I would have heartily forgiven you of any intention to insult me. As it is, I do not grant pardon, realizing that a gentleman is not expected to have dealings with such a man as you. And, furthermore, let me say that I regard you as a cowardly villain."

"The tall man sprang to his feet and drew a bowie-knife. The quiet man did not even look at him.

"Take that back, or I'll rub your heart over you face!"

"Everyone arose, but no one felt disposed to prevent bloodshed.

"I said I regarded you as a cowardly villain. Keep cool and I'll tell you why. While we were engaged in insinuating conversation, I saw you steal a roll of bills from that man, pointing to one of the players. 'Until then, and but for the remark you made trying to compel a cheerful grating of pardon, I was disposed to pay little attention to anything you might say. Now, sir, I have made my statement. I have been led into this, and I may regret the consequences—don't hold him—but I shall make no concessions."

"The tall man's eye's actually glared. 'I have killed five men, and all for less than this,' he exclaimed. 'Get out of the way! I'll cut him in two!'"

"Get out of the way!" said the quiet man. "It would greatly please me if he were to sit down and conduct himself less dangerously, but if he is determined upon a wicked action, let him be under no restraint."

"You are foolish!" exclaimed one of the gamblers, turning to the quiet man. "You are not armed, and even if you were Capt. Aicle would kill you. I am the man from whom you

say he purloined the bills. I saw the action, but did not dare to interpose."

"So this is Capt. Aicle?" said the young gentleman. "I have heard of him. He has a very unsavory reputation in New Orleans. If well-constructed reports be true he is not only a thief, but a murderer."

"Get out of my way!" howled the Captain, and, struggling he threw his companion aside and sprang forward. Like a sudden revolution of a wheel—like an action whose quickness cannot be contemplated—the young man drew a derringer and sent a ball through the Captain's brain, killing him instantly.

"Gentlemen," said the quiet man, beginning to talk ere the smoke lifted, "I had more than one reason for committing this deed; I was insulted, as you saw, and was in danger, as you know; but, worse of all, that man murdered my father. I did not contemplate killing him, but, as I said, I would have granted pardon for his insulting taunts. From the first, though, I contemplated his arrest, which I should have accomplished had he not attempted to take my life. I am sorry that I have caused such confusion, and I hope that you will all, as I know God will, forgive me."

He walked away, gracefully bowing to some one who hurried to the scene of the tragedy. The boat was soon landed. The Captain's acquaintance took charge of the body and went ashore. We were soon on our way again, and but for certain little influences that hung around no one would have known that a tragedy had been enacted. Our band of music, a common steamboat feature in those days, struck up a lively air, and the only suggestive remembrance of the Captain's death was the wet carpet where a boy had mopped away the blood.

"It was late at night when I reached my landing. Alone I made my way to the nearest house, where after my business was known, I was kindly received. Next day I attended church and was at once escorted to the pulpit, behind which some half dozen preachers were seated. A well-known minister arose and said that two preachers from New Orleans had arrived, Brothers Jackson (myself) and Mableson, and that Brother Mableson would first address the congregation. The gentleman arose, and imagine my surprise when I recognized in the preacher the quiet young gentleman who had killed the Captain. He delivered an eloquent, powerful sermon, and after services approached me and, extending his hand, said:

"You must excuse me for not making myself known to you. I kept my identity under a cloak of caution. When I boarded the boat I recognized my father's murderer, and I thought that if I revealed my identity my plans might be frustrated. As I said, I only intended to follow and arrest him at the next town, but you see how it resulted."

"Years have passed since then, years of intimate acquaintance between the quiet young man and me. Some time ago, after a successful life, I closed his eyes in death. He smiled with sublime willingness, and went without a groan. I never knew a truer or kinder-hearted man."

Victor Hugo has always prided himself on his aristocratic ancestors, but a French writer, who has been looking the matter up, finds that his grandfather was a joiner, and that before him the Hugos, so far as can be ascertained, were ordinary farmers. If such is the case the great poet has much to be proud of.

McLean, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, is to buy the New York Mail and Express, so it is said; also a party of St. Louis men are after the New York World, which is on its last legs.

A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

A New and Most Important Theory on One of the Most Vital Questions of the Day.

If any one had informed Queen Elizabeth in her palmist days that she could have been seated in her palace in London and conversed with Sir Walter Raleigh in his North Carolina home, receiving a reply from him within an hour's time, she would have declared it to be a miracle. And yet, had they lived in the present day, this apparent miracle would most readily have been witnessed and not seem at all strange or unnatural. The truth is, new principles are coming into existence, and the operation of many laws unknown in the past is being fully understood in the present. In no way does this fact come more forcibly to the mind than in the care and treatment of the human body. Millions of people have died in past ages from some insignificant or easily controlled cause which is thoroughly understood now and readily handled. Consumption during the entire past has been considered an incurable disease. And yet it is demonstrated that it has been and can be cured, even after it has had a long run. Dr. Felix Oswald has just contributed a notable article on this subject to the Popular Science Monthly. He regards consumption as pulmonary scrofula. The impurities of the blood produce a constant irritation in the lungs, thus destroying their delicate tissues, and causing death. His theory shows conclusively that consumption is a blood disease. It has its origin primarily in a deranged condition of the kidneys or liver, the only two organs of the body, aside from the lungs, that purify the blood. When the kidneys or liver are diseased they are in a sore or lacerated state, which communicates poison to every ounce of blood that passes through them. This poisonous blood circulates through the system and comes to the lungs,

where the poison is deposited, causing decomposition in the finely porous cells of the lungs. Any diseased part of the body has contaminating power and yet the blood, which is the life of the system, is brought into direct contact with these poisoned organs, thus carrying contagion to all parts of the body. Bishop Jesse T. Peck, D. D., L. L. D., whose death has been so recently regretted, is reported to have died of pneumonia, which medical authorities affirm indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. It is well known, moreover, that for several years he has been the victim of severe kidney trouble, and the pneumonia which finally terminated his life was only the last result of the previous blood poisoning. The deadly matter which is left in the lungs by the impure blood clogs up and finally chokes the patient. When this is accomplished rapidly it is called pneumonia or quick consumption; when slowly, consumption, but in any event it is the result of impure blood, caused by diseased kidneys and liver.

These are facts of science, and vouched for by all the leading physicians of the day. They show the desirability, nay, the necessity, of keeping these most important organs in perfect condition, not only to insure health, but also to escape death. It has been fully shown, to the satisfaction of nearly every unprejudiced mind, that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is the only known remedy that can cure and keep in health the great blood-purifying organs of the body. It acts directly upon these members, healing all ulcers which may have formed in them, and placing them in a condition to purify and not poison the blood. This is no idle statement nor false theory. Mr. W. C. Beach, foreman of the Buffalo, N. Y., Rubber Type Foundry, was given up to die by both physicians and friends. For four years he had a terrible cough, accompanied by night sweats, chills, and all the well-known symptoms. He spent a season South and found no relief. He says: "I finally concluded to try Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and in three months I gained twenty pounds, recovered my lost energy, and my health was fully restored." The list could be prolonged indefinitely, but enough has been said to prove to every sufferer from pulmonary troubles that there is no reason to be discouraged in the least, and that health can be restored.

Insurance hath charm to move the salvage hoard.

GET THE ORIGINAL.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headaches, sour stomach and bilious attacks. By druggists.

Loose not thy own for want of asking for it; it will get thee no thanks.

No lady of refinement likes to resort to superficial devices to supply a becoming semblance of her former beauty. It is health alone that kindles the fire that lights the countenance and brings back the fresh tints of the apple blossoms to the faded cheek. If anything on earth will do this it is Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which has already brought health to multitudes with whom all other means had failed.

Pimples, pustules, and all skin disorders are cured by using Serravallo's Nervine.

Might not the Kealey motor be termed a stationary engine.

THE AGE OF MIRACLES.

Is past, and Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not raise the dead, will not cure you if your lungs are almost wasted by consumption. It is, however, unsurpassed both as a restorative and alterative, and cures obstinate and severe diseases of the throat and lungs, coughs and bronchial affections. By virtue of its wonderful alterative properties it cleanses and enriches the blood, cures pimples, blotches and eruptions, and causes even great eating ulcers to heal.

Breaches of promise—Those your tailor didn't bring home.

Dr. J. P. Newnam, Toccoa City, Ga., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters are very popular and their use always results satisfactorily."

REMEMBER THIS.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails. If you are constipated, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters are a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney Disease, stop tampering. Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malaria, epidemic, bilious, and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have a rough, pimply or scabby skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath, health and comfort.

In short they cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother or daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

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