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Washington. Washington.

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I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia, and for several weeks could eat nothing and was growing weaker every day. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, and an happy to say I now have a good appetite, and am getting stronger.

Dr. J. M. Cawley.

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TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They increase the Appetite, and cause the body to feel as fresh, as if the system were untroubled, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regularize the Bowels. Price 25 cents. 25 Murray St., N. Y.

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Select Poetry.

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

BY ALICE FORESTER.

Height! how tracing the air and light
On the mountain!
The wind here rolls in mad delight,
On the mountain!
The foot trips lightly, the eye it laughs,
The heart new life and enjoyment quaffs
On the mountain!

Come up, come up from the narrow vale
By the mountain!
Here blows a cool and refreshing gale,
On the mountain!
The slope is covered with shining flowers,
The sunshine bathes them in golden showers
On the mountain!

The vale is sultry and close below
Climb the mountain!
No one here, save it were death know,
On the mountain!

The eye roves fast over the giddy height,
As though to heaven it would take its flight
From the mountain!

And when the sun its repose would take
Yond the mountain,
The shadows hasten their couch to make
By the mountain!

Then quivers all in its dazzling beams,
The heart then wraps itself up in dreams,
On the mountain!

O, though dear had of mine, come to me
On the mountain!
I wait so longingly here for thee,
On the mountain!

Come, dear, with me till the daylight break,
And fear and worry and trouble forsake,
On the mountain!

Select Story.

The Dutiful Daughter.

OR,
HOW NETTIE WON THE PRIZE.

BY MRS. M. C. WILSON.

It was a distinctive title, which was almost as much her name as the Antoinette inscribed upon the baptismal register. People talked of the beautiful Miss Hammond, the talented Miss Hammond, and the other ones, or varied this by the brunette, the blonde, and the other one; and I am sure all the large circle of acquaintance who thus distinguished them will recollect the idea of making a heroine out of "the other one."

Looking at her, upon the dreary December night which opens my story, you will think there is but little likelihood to mark her as fitted for the part. The slender little figure, so neatly draped in pretty blue merino; the glossy braids of brown hair, with no flower or jewel to decorate their profusion; the delicate complexion, soft brown eyes, and sweet lips, all these are each graceful and winning; but glancing from her to her older sisters, who stand very near her, you will be forced to admit their great advantage. Leonie, the tall, superb brunette, in her black lace dress, gleaming here and there with rich crimson knots of ribbon, her hair drooping low and crowned with crimson flowers, is Juno-like and bewildering in her regal beauty; while Lucy, the blonde, tall, too, but exquisitely cerebral in her floating robes of white, with starry jasmine twisted in her short curls, is only second to Leonie in loveliness.

Mamma, tall and dark, with worldly lines written upon every feature of her handsome face, is in gala dress too, for to-night one of the crowning festivities of the season is waiting the arrival of the Misses Hammond, and Mrs. Hammond always accompanies her daughters. Nettie, of course, was invited, but Nettie don't care much for parties, and has chosen to wait at home, for papa, being a physician in full sorts of eccentric hours, and Nettie has noticed that he seems to relish his coffee or dinner more when she lingers about him to pay personal attention to the sugar or salt question; to ask questions of the day's duties; to pepper his dinner with rattling anecdotes of home; or sympathize with him over some newly discovered case of distress. Leonie and Lucy have declared it a horrid scheme that she won't go; her mother has added that Nettie has queer notions, and she had her own way in the matter.

As soon as the carriage rolls away with the party-goers Nettie tides the pretty sitting-room and takes out her knitting, a pair of wonderful crimson and brown comforts for papa's wrists. She has not long to knit; for by nine o'clock she hears the gig draw up, and tosses aside needle and wool, to fly down stairs and greet her father.

"Come in the sitting-room, papa," she cries, drawing him forward; it's so nice and warm there, and I have told Martha to bring up your supper, so you won't have to go down again."

"Rest all out?" asked the doctor.

"Yes; gone to Mrs. Mosely's, the large party; you know, that we had cards for last week?"

"Why didn't you go?"

"Oh, I didn't care for it. Three of us are enough, and, where Leo and Lou are, they won't miss me. Oh, father, Leo was superb to-night; she had her hair dressed in the new fashion, with crimson flowers all woven in among the braids, and drooping on the neck. She wore grandma's diamonds, too, and her dress was very becoming."

"You should have gone; Martha can wait upon me."

Yet while he said it the doctor knew that Martha's fingers could never arrange a tray so temptingly, never wait upon him so thoughtfully and noiselessly, nor Martha's voice make such music in his heart, or give him such a sense of rest after the day's fatigue and anxiety.

"And now, papa, while you eat your supper, I want to read you a story

How Nettie Won the Prize.

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"And now, papa, while you eat your supper, I want to read you a story

Lou wrote to-day. One of her gems, with the prettiest song verses introduced. You are not too tired?"

"The proud father was never too tired to admire Lucy's graceful sketches; so the story was read and admired to Nettie's full satisfaction.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said, as she folded the papers. "I am so proud of Lucy. It is so nice when I hear strangers wondering who L. H. is, to think that she is my sister, and to have such a delicious little mystery to unfold."

"And now tell me what you have been doing all day?"

"All sorts of things. I helped Lou a little by copying her articles for her, and I made the knots of Lou's dress, and trimmed mamma's gloves, and connected that chicken pie you are eating, and did a lot of odds and ends, nothing much."

"Are you too tired to read me this article in the *London*? My eyes are snowed, and I should like to hear what the fellow has to say—'Diseases of the Eye.'"

"I am sure he recommends green spectacles for doctors who drive about on sunlit snow. By the way, papa, do you suppose any doctor ever practices what he preaches?"

"I don't know, dear, I'm sure I should probably preach very loudly to any of my patients who drank such being tired, to comfort so many poor sick folk, as you do."

"And to have such a nice little girl to make one lazy," said her father.

"You are right, Nettie; the power to soothe a sufferer, to comfort a mourner, to aid nature to restore or smooth the way to the grave, is a gift God sent, for which I give him humble and grateful thanks; and I was sent for to-day to attend to a gentleman, a stranger here, who fell upon the ice, and has got an ugly compound fracture to keep him a prisoner for a long time. He is all alone, his family being in California, and I really think was more grateful for an hour's chat than for all my bandages and splints."

"I should say that was decidedly the most agreeable. Poor fellow! Who is he?"

"You'll find his card in my coat pocket. Not that—not that—that's it!"

"Leonard Williams? Why, papa, that's Leonard Williams?"

"Well, dear?"

"But, papa, you remember Hattie Simpson, too, as if he was a member of nothing but to say. He's a good fellow, he won't captivate a heroine just yet, Nettie, for his arm is in a bad way. Now, the *London*!"

The long, able article was read and criticized, and quite a perceptible impression made upon the knitting before the doctor and Nettie concluded to see their respective apartments, and it their had been one lingering regret on Nettie's mind for the brilliant party she had lost, her father's warm kiss and "God bless you, darling," quite drove it away.

The next morning Leonard Williams was fully discussed at the breakfast table. Leonie and Lucy were still dreaming of the conquests of the previous evening, but Mr. Hammond decided that the invalid must be their guest. The doctor was only too glad to offer his hospitality to the stranger, and Mrs. Hammond fully appreciated the "chance" thrown in her way.

Leonie and Lucy were much too fascinating for a resident in the house to leave it heart whole, and visions of the stranger's immense wealth danced in fascinating profusion through mamma's brain as she dressed for the ride to the Hotel to offer her motherly care to Leonard Williams.

He was up and dressed when the doctor entered the room, but there was a contraction of lip and brow, a deadly pallor and woe-worn expression that told of acute pain, borne quietly. To say that he accepted the doctor's invitation gratefully, gives but a feeble idea of the glow in his cheek; the light in his eyes that expressed his pleasure. A home!

When we can all feel independent enough when we are not, he said, smiling; "but there is nothing like a twinge of pain to recall mother's love or a good fit of sickness to bring out home memories. But I am afraid to

tax your kindness. A stranger—"

"Not at all the woman folks have discovered an old friend. You may have heard Hattie Coles speak of the Hammonds."

"Speak of them! Haven't I bowed in spirit before Miss Leonie's picture and admired even to Hattie's content the exquisite stories of Miss Lucy. And you are really Dr. Hammond?"

"Really, and Mrs. Hammond is waiting in the parlor to add her invitation to mine, and to see that you have the proper number of pillows in the carriage."

The reception and first impressions of our hero, are best put in his own words. In a pile of letters tied with a ribbon, and tucked away in Mrs. Coles's work table drawer, there was one which read thus:

P—, Dec. 18—.

DEAR HATTIE—You were very anxious to have me write as soon as I had seen your dear friend, Leonie Hammond, and tell you how she impressed me, so here goes for a long letter. First and foremost, you must go to mother for the details of a lucky fall I had, and the subsequent invitation to make Dr. Hammond's house my home; then fancy me fairly domesticated, in a charming room, with that dear old gentleman to pay me daily visits, his stately wife to see that I have every comfort, and the young ladies flying in or out as the whim takes me. I have never been so sick to go down stairs, but appear daily in a charming crimson wrapper that suits my spanish complexion to a nicety, and slippers that would make anybody lazy.

But all this time you are waiting to hear of your friend, Hattie, she is bewildering, even your vignette portrait is a miserable libel. Such eyes—now full of fire now beaming with mirth, now melting with pathos—such a queenly figure, such beautiful rich tresses, such a sunny complexion—well, words do her no justice. She is the most wonderfully beautiful woman I ever saw.

Of Lucy, I say but little; she is abstracted and contained, spends whole days shut up in the doctor's library, and seems to pass her whole time in dreaming out her new stories of poems, which are certainly worth the trouble.

But, Hattie, why did you never tell me of the other one, Nettie, the household fairy, the wee, winking, graceful Cinderella to the wretched sisters? No, not Cinderella, for the heroine was abused and neglected, and Nettie just wraps round her warm heart the love of the whole family. While Leonie is riding, driving, skating or sleeping and Lucy is shut up in the library bewailing the sorrows of Araminta or creating a situation for Clementina, Nettie is the home fairy. She appears in the sitting room daily with delicious compounds which she informs me she has manufactured for my especial delight, though I notice there is always a duplicate dish for the doctor's dinner or supper. She comes in demurely to sit down to great piles of white stuff which she very gravely states to be the "sweet mending," and shoots a tiny glittering needle in and out, reducing long ends of thread to miserable inches in less time than it takes to tell it, her tongue all the while keeping up a merry rattle, or tracing out deeper thought as the whim takes her. The others are very gay and dazzle me night after night by coming into twist round before the pier glass as they start for a party, sometimes dragging Nettie off, too, spite of her reluctance, to bring her home full of pleasure at the admiration lavished upon her sisters.

But the most charming time of all is the evening. Dr. Hammond is generally at home, or when he is out, one of the sisters remains. On the latter occasions, we have music and small talk; but when the doctor presides, then Nettie lets all her inner self out, and a charming self it is, so womanly, so true, pure and good. No deeper thought to startle, but the quiet, reliable intelligence of a child, frank and questioning, yet full of beauty—She reads beautifully, and we have all Lucy's stories, as she writes them, varied by articles in the *London*, the news of the day, poetry, fiction, history, anything that one of the trio will suggest. She seldom plays when her sisters are present; but for the doctor and myself to simple ballads, which she sings with taste, in a clear, sweet but not very powerful voice, often giving me the use of her fingers to carry out the tenor you are so fond of. It is very beautiful to see how they all love her, and rely upon her. She can always produce the doctor's lost spectacles or instrument case; knows exactly where her mother laid her fan last evening; is always ready to trim Leonie's dresses, and lend her finery, or braid her magnificent hair; has time to copy Lucy's articles, hunt up her quotations, pet her headache, or find out the complimentary notices in the papers, and feel amply rewarded by being kissed, petted, and imposed upon by every member of the loving family.

Ah! Leonie is superb. Lucy has wonderful talent, but Hattie for a home-bird, for a companion, friend and wife, give me the "other one."

It created something of an excitement in the family when the millionaire, the gentlemanly invalid who had won the affections of all, made his sentiments public, but when he announced his intention of taking an adjoining house and setting up his office in the city, the doctor gave a glad consent to take him for a son-in-law, while Leo and Lou declare he would make the most delightful brother-in-law imaginable.

"To think," said Leo, laughing, as

she stood contemplating a pile of silk and lace, heaped up in the sitting-room, "that the first wedding in the family should carry off—"

"Not the authoress," said her mother.

"But," in a chorus, "the other one."

Select Miscellany.

The Difference in Girls.

An old man got into a street car with his umbrella as wet as it is possible for an umbrella to be. The seats were all full, and he closed his umbrella and put the point down on the floor, as he supposed, but in fact he put it right into the low shoe of one of those sweet, modest girls, right on to her stocking, and the dirty water, more than poured into her shoe. At first she looked as though she would move her foot and call his attention to what he was doing, but she seemed to relent, and, with a resigned expression as though she hoped he was not going to ride many blocks, or perhaps somebody would get out and give him a seat, she looked out the window. Once more she moved her head as though she would look down at her shoe to see how near full of water it was. After a few minutes she began to shiver, which was conclusive evidence to some that the water was coming up around her instep, and gradually overflying the banks. Finally she became nervous, and when the girl began to get nervous something has got to be done. She blushed and touched him on the hand that held the umbrella handle with her little fluttering finger and said: "May I ask you, sir, without seeming to be impolite, to do me a favor? 'Why, certainly, miss, said old man, as he looked down at her. 'What is it?' 'Will you please take your umbrella out of my shoe for a moment and let me take the shoe off and empty it?' 'For heaven's sake, miss, was my umbrella in your shoe? I beg pardon,' and he took it out. 'It's of no consequence at all,' said the little lady, as she turned up her shoe on the side and let the black cambric water out. 'There, you can put it right back, or if you would prefer a dry shoe for your umbrella you can put it in this one.' But the old man blushed and moved off to the other end of the car, and stepped on another girl's foot. The other girl was not that kind of a reserving child of nature, and she looked up at the old blunderbuss with fire in every red hair on her head meaning business, and said: 'Can't you keep off of other people's feet? You'd better ride in a sprinkling cart when you go anywhere. Why don't you look where you are walking?' I don't see what the city bought a stone crusher for, when you could walk on a stone quarry and furnish cobblestones for pavement.' The old man pulled the bell rope, and putting his umbrella under his arm he walked the whole length of the car, knocking off several hats with his umbrella, but he didn't mash any feet, for all the passengers put their feet under the seat. It beats all what a difference there is in girls.

Told in His Own Way.

A colored man named Bob Tompkins was on trial last week before an Austin justice for assault. Old Uncle Mose was one of the leading witnesses for the State. The main point was whether or not Tompkins had given any provocation to bring on the row.

"Now, tell this jury all you know about the affair," said the justice.

"Kin I tell de jury all I know in my own way?" asked old Mose.

"Yes, tell the jury what you know in your own way."

Old Mose turned solemnly to the expectant jurymen.

"Gent'mens ob de jury, you am de meanest lookin' crowd ebber I seed."

"Stop!" bawled the attorney for the State.

"Your Honor will incarcerate the witness for contempt of court!" howled the attorney for the prisoner.

The foreman of the jury got up and asked the court to protect the jury from insult.

"Witness, if you insult the jury again I shall certainly resort to extreme measures."

"I'm not gwine ter consult nobody if you don't interfere wid me," said old Mose, sullenly.

"Proceed."

"Gent'mens ob de jury, you am de meanest lookin' crowd ebber I seed outside ob a jail—"

The prosecuting attorney jumped up and down. "The foreman of the jury once more howled 'Your Honor!' The constable laid his heavy hand on the collar of old Mose, when the latter calmly repeated to the jury: 'You am de meanest lookin' crowd ebber I seed outside ob a jail. Dem was de berry words de prisoner dar used when he first come in ter de barroom, and which led to de row.'"

The foreman sat down quick. The attorneys doubled up like jackknives with suppressed laughter. His honor smiled. The spectators roared; while old Mose, with a surprised look of childish innocence, once more said emphatically to the cowed jurymen: "You am de meanest lookin' crowd ebber I seed outside ob de jail."—*Teasels Siftings.*

Young swell: Franlein Mathilde m'g I while Leo and Lou declare it would make the most delightful brother-in-law imaginable.

"To think," said Leo, laughing, as

His Mother's Touch.

Dr. Franklin denied the existence of such a sense as parental or filial instinct. He based his conclusion of his own experience—once he visited his mother after years of absence, and the old lady did not recognize him, though at the intercession of her gentlemen lodgers with whom he spent the evening, the 'stranger' stayed all night. Belief in such an instinct is, however, a pleasant one, and the evidence at least probable. Frank Moore relates this affecting instance of a dying son's recognition of his mother:

In one of the fierce engagements near Mechanicsville, a young Lieutenant of a Rhode Island battery had his right foot so shattered, by a fragment of shell, that on reaching Washington, after one of those horrible ambulance rides and a journey of a week's duration, he was obliged to undergo amputation of the leg. He telegraphed home, hundreds of miles away, that all was going well, and with a soldier's fortitude, composed himself to bear his sufferings alone.

Unknown to him, however, his mother, who has read the report of his wound, was hastening to see him. She reached Washington about midnight, and the nurses would have kept her from seeing her son until morning.

One sat by his side fanning him, as he slept, her hand on the feeble, fluctuating pulse. But what woman's heart could resist the pleadings of a mother then? In the darkness she was finally allowed to glide in and take the place at his side.

She touched his pulse as the nurse had done. Not a word had been spoken; but the sleeping boy opened his eyes and said:

"That feels like my mother's hand; who is this beside me? It is my mother. Turn up the gas and let me see mother."

The two dear faces met in one long, joyous, sobbing embrace.

The gallant fellow, just twenty-one, had his leg amputated on the last day of his three years' service, underwent operation after operation, and at last when death drew nigh, resigned himself in peace, saying, "I have faced death too often to fear it now."

A Choice of Terms.

"I see the Armstrongs have gone to light housekeeping," said Mr. Jones, laying down the paper he was reading, "it will be quite a change for them."

"I wonder if they will use gas or kerosene?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Perhaps they will have the electric light," said Mr. J.

"Just that thing for that purpose."

"Why, you can't keep by the electric light," retorted Mrs. J.

"I don't see what cooking has to do with it," growled Mr. Jones in a disgusted tone. "They can cook as other people do I suppose."

"But you said that they had gone to light housekeeping."

"Yes, I know I did," answered Mr. J., sarcastically; "but I should have explained it more fully and said explicitly that Mr. Armstrong was light-house keeper on Ad Island, and that the American Government had sent him and his family there. Understand Maria?"

But Maria was sulking, and wouldn't answer.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

How to be Happy.

I will give you two or three good rules which may help you to become happier than you would be without knowing them; but as to being happy, that you can never be till you get to heaven.

The first is, 'Try your best to make others happy.' 'I never was happy,' said a certain king, 'till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people, but ever since then, in the darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart.'

My second rule is, 'Be content with little.' There are many good reasons for this rule. We deserve but little, and 'better is little with the fear of God, than great treasures and trouble therewith.' Two men were determined to die rich, but they set about in different ways for the purpose, while the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was the one who coveted much was always repining, while he who desired but little was always contented.

My third is, 'Look on the sunny side of things!'

"Look with hopeful eyes,
Though all things seem gloomy;
The sun that sets to-night will rise
Again to-morrow morn."

The skipping lambs, the singing lark, and the leaping fish tells us that happiness is not confined to one place: God in his goodness has spread it abroad on the earth, in the air, and in the waters.

A Dutch judge, on conviction of a culprit for having four wives, decided: "He has banishment plenty; I lift him out."

"What is the worst thing about wises?" asked the Sunday school superintendent. And the new boy said, "Not having any."

"Smith discovered, after marriage, that his wife wrote poetry; but he couldn't do anything about it then. He had taken her for better or for verse."

Every girl who expects to keep up with the times should wear cloaks on her stockings.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser. And then mark 'em 'heads off."

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, "what kind of a stone do you think they will give me when I'm gone?" She answered, coolly: "It might be brim-stone John."

