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Remember, Hops Bitters is no "cheap" drug, but a most valuable and effective medicine, and is sold by all druggists and respectable Dealers generally.
Get some this day.

Poetry.

WRITE THEM A LETTER TO-NIGHT.

Don't go to the theatre, concert or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.
Don't selfishly scribble, 'Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely the time to write,
Lest this brooding thoughts go wandering back
To many a bygone night—
When they lost their needed sleep and rest
And every breath was a prayer—
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.
Don't let them feel that you've no more need
Of their love and counsel wise;
For the heart grows strongly sensitive
When age has dimmed the eye—
It might be well to let them believe
You never forgot them quite;
That you deem it a pleasure when far away,
Long letters home to write.
Don't think that the young and giddy friends
Who make your "pastime gay,"
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
That the old folks have to-day.
(The duty of writing do not put off.)
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they looked and longed
Be a day or an hour too late.
For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear from the absent one—
Write them a letter to-night.

NO NAME, OR THE HEART OF HAMPTON HOUSE.

BY G. W. G.

Aunt Sophy sat in her cosy arm chair before the cheerful fire-place, polishing her glasses with the corner of her silk apron, while her knitting lay neglected in her lap. The old bridle cat lay in his accustomed place on the hearth rug, purring from excess of comfort, and blinking lazily at a ball of yarn that had rolled upon the hearth, as if thinking what a grand frolic he would have if he were as young and active as he used to be.

It was evident that Aunt Sophy was sorely troubled about something to-night for several times as she gazed thoughtfully into the fire, a half-satisfied sigh struggled up from her overcharged bosom; once her eyes became so dim with tears that she was forced to call her apron into requisition.

"I suppose I must tell her," she said, softly to herself. "It would not be right to keep the truth from her now, since she is going to be married in the spring. Poor Daisy! I wish I knew—I wish I knew! Sometimes I think it would be better to say nothing—to leave her in happy ignorance of the little I could tell—to let her live and die under the delusion that she is really my niece. I should think there were girls enough in New York for this city chap to select a wife from, without being compelled to come down here and steal my Daisy. But there is no denying that George Maynard is a nice young man, if he has a good deal of impudence, and nobody can say that he didn't show good sense by selecting Daisy from all the girls in this neighborhood. Here she comes, this minute."

There was a lively jingling of sleigh-bells outside, mingled with shouts and merry peals of laughter, as the sleighing party dashed up to the door of Aunt Sophy's cottage. Then there was a confusion of masculine voices and feminine screams—a run of playful rillery in a much higher key than was necessary—a profuse exchange of good-byes and good-nights—and away went the party again, jingling and laughing as they had come. Then the door of the cottage flew open, and the young girl entered the cosy room, bringing with her a current of wintry air and a sprinkling of snow. Her blue eyes sparkled like diamonds, her cheeks were all aglow with the rosy hue of health, and her pretty mouth was wreathed with smiles, disclosing two even rows of pearly teeth.

"Oh, Aunt Sophy, we have had such a nice time!" cried the witching creature, as she began to divest herself of her wraps. "We went clear to Middletown, and came back by Duncan's Cross Roads and came very near getting lost. We stopped at Sally Baker's grandfather's for supper, and there was a young married couple there from New York, whom George was acquainted with, and, oh, Aunt Sophy, George isn't going home till Thursday, because Sally Baker's party comes off to-morrow night, you know, and he is going to stay and take me. Do you care?"

She had thrown off her hat and wraps and shaken out her loose, golden ringlets, and as she made this coaxing inquiry, out of breath, she threw her arms around the old lady's neck, and kissed

her. "Of course it is right that you should have an escort," returned the old lady; "and I suppose that young Maynard would not like to trust his sweetheart to the protection of any of his country rivals."

The little beauty, who had dropped into her favorite rocking chair, and put out her thin-booted feet toward the fire, flushed rosy at this remark.

"You like George, don't you, aunt?"

"Why, yes, he's a worthy young man, so far as I know."

"Because—you see—when George asked me to be—to be his—to be engaged to him, you know, I—I referred him to you, and he is coming to-morrow to ask your consent."

"Daisy, my child," said Aunt Sophy after a long pause, and Daisy looked up suddenly, for the old lady's voice was husky. "Daisy, my child, I have no objection to George Maynard. I believe him to be a true gentleman, and one who deserves such a wife as you will make him; but before I give my consent to this union, I feel it is my duty to tell you something concerning your past life which has hitherto been a secret of my own."

"Oh, do, Aunt Sophy! I have always thought there was some part of my life-history which you purposely concealed from me." And Daisy moved closer, and leaned on the arm of Aunt Sophy's chair, looking up into that kind old face with the eager longing of a child to hear an interesting story.

"What I'm going to tell you will grieve you, my dear," said Aunt Sophy, solemnly, as she laid her hand on her head. "It is no pleasant talk to reveal the secret to you; I had almost decided once to keep it from you even at this stage of events; but a sense of duty forbade me. Something might occur—the whole truth might, through some unforeseen accident be brought to light years hence—that you would probably blame me for not having told you all before the occurrence of certain events. Daisy, I am not your aunt—you are not my niece!"

Daisy's blue eyes opened to their widest extent and the color began to fade from her cheeks.

"Not my aunt—not your niece—" she faltered, scarcely able to believe that she had heard aright.

"We are related by no ties of blood," Daisy, said Aunt Sophy, firmly.

"Not related—what do you mean? You never hinted at such a thing before, aunt Sophy."

"No, child, I couldn't bear to. It is only because you are soon to enter upon the most important era of your life that I now tell you."

"But how came my home to be with you?"

"I adopted you because I had no children of my own."

"Then my name is not Willis, the same as yours?"

"No, dear, your name is not Willis."

"Who am I then? What is my real name?"

"There, Daisy, don't look so. You must try to be calm."

"You evade my question, Aunt Sophy. Please tell me what my true name is."

"My poor child, I cannot, for I do not know."

"Oh! don't say that? Don't tell me that I have no name!"

"No doubt you have a name, Daisy, but I never heard it."

"No name! Oh, this is cruel—cruel!"

The girl was deathly pale now. The last trace of the rich bloom had fled from cheeks and lips, leaving an ashy pallor that made her startled eyes look all the wilder. One of her little hands was raised to her head in a pitiful, bewildered way, as if she had been stunned by a blow, and she repeated softly to herself the words: "No name—no name!"

Aunt Sophy was deeply touched. Putting her arm around the slender, child-like figure, she drew it close, and imparted a motherly kiss on the white forehead.

"Daisy, my darling, I can't bear to see you look like that. I surely did not think it would hurt you so. If such is your wish, I will never utter another word on this subject."

"No, I want to hear all," returned Daisy quickly. "I am calm now. I won't alarm you again. Go on, Aunt Sophy; tell me all that you know about it—where you found me, and all."

Her voice was low and steady, and as she spoke she sank back into her chair, clasped her hands in her lap, and gazed steadfastly into the fire, waiting calmly to hear the whole bitter truth.

Aunt Sophy took off her spectacles, and resumed the polishing process.

"Well," she said, with a sigh, "I must inform you that, when you first came under my notice, you were in the Found-

ling's Home. As it was not the Lord's will that Jason and I should be blessed with children of our own, we both set our hearts on adopting one. It was for that purpose that we visited the Home one day, while in the city. Of all the inmates it was you who pleased us most, and you whom we at once decided to adopt. You were only a mere infant at that time, about seven months old and in delicate health; but there was something in your pale face and pleading blue eyes, that enlisted our sympathy and love from the first. The matron did not know your name, but she told us such of your story as had been related to her by the parties placing you in her care. And such as it is I will repeat to you."

"Your father was an English sailor—indeed, your parents were both English, and never resided in America. For some reason or other he was removing his small family to Australia at the time the terrible calamity occurred which left you an orphan. Perhaps he designed giving up his sea-faring life, and settling permanently in that new country. Be that as it may, he was not permitted to accomplish his designs, for the vessel was caught in a storm, driven a long distance out of its way, and wrecked off the coast of some island. The ship was literally dashed to pieces on the rocks, and by some strange freak of Providence, everybody on board was lost, so far as known, except your mother and you. Both of you had been lowered into a boat by your father. The boat was full of sailors and passengers, and you two were the last to enter it. Your father then seized the rope and swung himself over the stern of the vessel, intending to join you; but before he could do so, the sailors had grasped the oars and pushed the boat away from the deck. The poor woman was frantic. She even tried to leap out of the boat herself, but one of the seamen pulled her rudely back.

"The last she saw of her husband, he was still dangling on that rope above the boiling flood. The sight almost drove her wild. In a little while the mountainous waves capsize the boat, and its occupants were all consigned to the mercy of the angry sea. Your mother clinging to a floating plank with her babe hugged close to her bosom, was picked up by an American bound vessel. Not another human being belonging to the ill-fated ship was saved; and even your mother was so near death when help came, that she only lived a few hours after her rescue. She told her simple story, begged her preservers to take care of her child, and closed her eyes on this little orphan. She was buried at sea. Then it was remembered that the poor woman had not told her name. No hint as to what part of England she came from—no name—no clue. The babe lived, was brought to America, and placed in the charitable institution where I found you."

"That, Daisy, is all I know of your story. We took you into our hearts and home, and taught you to call us uncle and aunt. It was because of our great love for you that we deceived you. Jason used to say, before he died, that it would be time enough to tell the truth of the matter when you began to think of getting married, and leaving us. Are you crying, Daisy?"

Yes she was crying softly but bitterly. "I can't help it, she sobbed. I will have to release George from his engagement now."

"Sorely not my child," said Aunt Sophy, in a consoling tone. "George is not the man I believe him to be, if a knowledge of your true origin in the least affects his desire to possess your hand."

"No," replied Daisy, drying her tears and looking up with a momentary flash of pride, no, Aunt Sophy, George would be too generous to give me up on that account. She made a little gesture as though she would wring her hands, and then, suddenly rising to her feet, she stood calmly before the old lady. "But I would not do him a wrong for the world she added in a low monotone that covered so much agony. So long as I have no name—so long as my parentage is clouded in mystery—I will never marry George Maynard, or anyone else!"

"Daisy this is not right. There is no need of causing yourself so much unhappiness. Perhaps I am over sensitive and proud, but I am determined. Our engagement will be broken off tomorrow. Good night Aunt Sophy."

And before Aunt Sophy could utter another word, Daisy had kissed her and left the room.

And sure, enough on the following day when George and Daisy met, she sobbed out the whole story on his breast—the story that Aunt Sophy had told her—and in spite of the young man's earnest entreaties and expostulations, she firmly assured him that she never could be his wife. In vain he tried to convince her that her notion in regard to the matter was very foolish; that there was no reason in her resolution to make herself and him unhappy for life, simply because she happened to know so little of her origin. Daisy had her own opinion con-

cerning the question of right and wrong in this case, and although she could herself feel sick over it, no amount of opposition could alter her views.

So the brief engagement terminated and George Maynard went back to his book keepers desk in the city with a heavy load on his heart. And Daisy almost cried her eyes out, and kept growing paler and paler every day, till Aunt Sophy was nearly distracted. The whole neighborhood saw and wondered at the change that had come over Daisy, and sadly missed the merry pranks of the light-hearted girl.

But one day, a week had passed, there came a short letter from George Maynard. It was not addressed to Daisy but to Aunt Sophy herself; and that good lady, after duly adjusting her spectacles and breaking the seal, read the following:

Mrs. Willis—I will arrive in your neighborhood to-morrow evening by the 6:30 train, and will stop at your house on my way to the hotel. Hope you and Daisy will both be at home. I will be accompanied by my employer, Mr. Fansworth, whom I wish to introduce to you. I told him the particulars of my love affair—how it ended and all—and he seemed very much affected by Daisy's life history, as I related it to him. He wants to see her; he thinks he can tell her what she most desires to know—indeed, he is so confident of it that he leaves his business to take this trip with me.

Yours truly,
"GEORGE MAYNARD."

Aunt Sophy removed her spectacles and looked at Daisy. "This Mr. Fansworth has something of importance to tell, or he would not leave his business to come and see us. Perhaps he can tell you your parents were, Daisy."

"Oh, it is only could! and the little white hands were closed tightly, while the blue eyes lit up with a hungry longing. But the next moment Daisy shook her head sadly. "No Aunt Sophy that cannot be. I was the only one that survived that awful wreck; who but God could tell me aught of my parents? None who saw me when a helpless infant would recognize me now. I may have relations in the world, but I will never know them! and her chin quivered like that of a grieved child. "Nobody in the whole world knows who I am, and I—I cannot tell them!"

The plaintive words cut like a knife into Aunt Sophy's heart, but she made no reply. She felt assured that Mr. Fansworth's visit would be productive of happy results, yet she could not adduce a single good reason for entertaining such a belief.

The following evening Aunt Sophy was knitting as usual in her arm-chair, and the bridle cat was making himself very much at home on the rug when young Maynard and his employer arrived. Daisy had gone to her room to make some necessary change in her toilet and had not returned; therefore it was Aunt Sophy herself that answered the knock, and invited the visitors in. Maynard presented his companion to the old lady, and Mr. Fansworth acknowledged the introduction by a courtly bow. Mr. Fansworth was a tall fine looking gentleman, about forty-five years of age—a man with the true polish of christian courtesy, and one who would be singled out in a crowd as a person to be trusted. His black hair and beard were slightly sprinkled with gray, and his handsome features bore unmistakable signs of suffering.

His first act upon entering was to cast a quick expectant glance around the room; then he accepted the proffered chair by the old fashioned fireplace, and made a few commonplace remarks, about the weather. After a little he looked squarely at Aunt Sophy, and said:

"Mrs. Willis, I presume Mr. Maynard's letter explained the object of my visit. You have a niece—I should have an adopted niece—"

He stopped short at this juncture, for just then a door opened, and Daisy herself entered the room. As Mr. Fansworth looked at her he started visibly, and the color came and went in his face. He did not wait to be presented, but held out his hand toward Daisy, and said, in a trembling voice:

"Come here girl; I want to speak with you."

"Margaret's hair, Margaret's eyes, Margaret's expression! My dear girl you are the very image of your mother. I know now there can be no mistake. Look at me child, I am your father!"

Aunt Sophy's heart leaped into her throat, and Daisy turned ashy pale. But the girl drew back with a perfectly skeptical air.

"My father was drowned when I was an infant," she said coldly.

"You mistake, at least you must hear my story," and Mr. Fansworth retained possession of her hand while he proceeded; "I am a native of England; and when a young man I was a midshipman in her Majesty's service. I married Margaret Hampton, of Hampton House, a beautiful heiress, who was disinherited by her father because she insisted on accepting my hand in marriage. A friend of mine who had settled in Australia, and was making a fortune there, urged me to give up my sea-faring life and join him. I consented. So I commenced my last voyage on the staunch brig Yarmouth, accompanied by my wife and child. The latter was only three months old. A storm overtook us; the Yarmouth was driven toward some rock-bound islands and wrecked. I tried to save my wife and babe. I lowered them into a boat, and was descending by means of a rope when the frightened sailors pushed the craft from under me, and I was left dangling over the stern of the vessel. A moment later I saw the wild waves capture the boat, I saw my poor wife struggling in the stormy sea; and my senses forsook me. I awoke to find myself lying on the solid earth. The waves had

thrown me up on the island, and my life was spared. I supposed every body on the Yarmouth was lost. After living on the island, I had a passing ship and went to Australia. I went into business with my friend, and got rich. A few years ago I came to New York, and started a branch house. I never dreamed of a possible claim of my wife or child surviving the wreck, till my book keeper the other day related a story that filled me with hope. I know that you are my child. You are the exact counterpart of your mother!"

Daisy clasped her hands and looked pleadingly at Aunt Sophy. "Oh, can this be true?"

"There is one way to prove it," said Mr. Fansworth, standing up in his excitement. "If you are my child, there is a small crimson spot on your right shoulder, in the shape of a heart. Your mother had one like it. She told me that all the females of the Hampton stock were born with that mark on their shoulders. It was called 'the Heart of Hampton House,' and was said to signify that those who bore it would be early and happily married."

Aunt Sophy started up frantically.

"It's there, sir—it's there I've seen it a hundred times!"

Daisy's white shoulder was instantly laid bare and there sure enough, was the crimson birthmark alluded to—the Heart of Hampton House. No further proof was required. Daisy threw herself into the arms of her new-found father, and wept for joy. Then she went into Aunt Sophy's arms, and even in George Maynard's; and the whole group were as happy as happy could be.

Having learned her name and found a father, Daisy no longer objected to the name of Maynard, which she accordingly adopted in the spring. And Mr. Fansworth, giving his son-in-law a partnership in his business, caused the name of the firm to read:

"Fansworth & Maynard."

Gleanings.

There are only three things you can get for nothing in this world—air, water and advice.

One hundred and thirty employees are required at Vassar college to wait on the girls and attend to the estate.

Tennessee, Virginia and North Carolina furnish the peanuts for this country. The crop this year is a big one—335,000 bushels bigger than last year.

A Buffalo school teacher went fishing all one holiday week, and never had a bite. One of his scholars slipped out of school for two hours and caught thirty-six pounds of black bass.

"I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, sir," roared a lawyer to an exasperating witness. "I am paying as little attention as I can," was the calm reply.

Rev. Dr. Skinner, pastor of the First Baptist church in Raleigh, lately received from Mr. Pierre Lorillard, of New York, a present of a box containing 1,000 cigars, worth \$1 each and a \$1,000 bill. Mrs. Skinner is a cousin of Mr. Lorillard.

A French broker was saying the other day that he knew all his partners secrets, and therefore could risk a quarrel. "But he knows yours, too," remarked a friend, "Aye, cries the bourgeois, 'but he is a gentleman; he will not abuse my confidence.'"

Who wouldn't rather be President than to be right? Come, no shirking around. The salary of President is 50,000 per year; the salary of being right is all the way from \$15 per month down to splitting wood for a cold dinner. —Detroit Free Press.

A Denver girl, for diversion, not only engaged herself to marry two men, but appointed the same day, hour and place for a secret wedding with each. The suitors were somewhat disconcerted by each other's presence, as well as by the girl's absence, but they finally came to an amicable understanding to desist her.

Mr. Gladstone has eight children, seven of whom are living. His eldest son is a member of Parliament, his second son is rector of Hawarden, his third is engaged in mercantile pursuits. His eldest daughter is married to the Hon. Master of Wellington College. Mr. Gladstone was about thirty years old when he was married to the daughter of Sir Stephen Glynne.

An Irishman had joined one of the Father Mathew societies. A friend met him and said, "Pat, I've heard you signed the pledge."

"Faith and I have Dinny; and I am not ashamed of it."

"But Pat, didn't Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?"

"I know that; but this my name is not Timothy, and there's nothing the matter wid my stomach."

"You are all alone here?" asked a man of the clerk in a Cincinnati cigar store. Receiving an affirmative answer, he continued: "What would you do if a thief should grab this box and run away?" The clerk replied that he would let the rascal escape, rather than abandon the money drawer to a possible raid. "Then I'll be going," the man finally remarked, as he tucked the box under his coat and hastily departed.