WHAT NOT TO LOSE.

Don't lose courage; spirit brave Carry with you to the grave.

Don't lose time in vain distre s; Work, not worry, brings success,

Don't lose hope; who lets her stray Goes forlornly all the way.

Don't lose patience, come what will, Patience ofttimes outruns skill. Don't lose gladness; every hour Blooms for you some happy flower.

Though be foiled your dearest plan Don't lose faith in God and man.



BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

The great ballroom was like the sea. The waves of people whirled and eddied in the storm of music. They tossed to and fro-backward and forward-the jewels and brighter eyes of the fair women suggesting the spray that is thrown upward by the waves and lit by the sun. The human tide ebbed and flowed-a turbulent whirlpool surrounded by a wall of stony dowagers and ancient beaux. Then there came a sudden lullthe wind died out-the dancers ceased, and all was order. The flitting couples were the gulls darting here and there after the storm was over.

A girl came out into the hall, leaning on the arm of a much-bedecked cavalier, who was jerky in his walk and voluble in speech. The man was a type of the his partner attracted the eyes of all. She was probably nineteen, rather tall, years that she had known him. and very graceful. Her features were classic in their mould, but full of the fire of life and sympathy that the strongest chisel fails to carve. As they passed down the broad hall, the man chattering like a simian, and the girl indifferently regarding the blase youths that blocked the way, a young fellow came forward looking infinitely more bored than his other miserable fellow-creatures. He delighting in the homage she received. stood carelessly to one side to let the But she took all the admiration of the two pass, apparently regardless of them. but as they approached, the girl ran forward with a cry.

"Why," ejaculated the young man, aroused from his state of apparent somnolence, "it's Lit-it's Nancy!"

"You never told me you were here," answered the girl, blushing ever so slightly. The de trop cavalier looked on this meeting with an expression of feebleness, and stood to one side.

"How could I tell you?" laughed the young man, "when I imagined that you were still in Virginia? I was going down to-morrow.'

Washington to make my debut, and-

feint at a slight nod of recognition.

"Come into the conservatory, Nan

were eternally squabbling, a time-was completely wiped out. He be- to deliver, Tom not being visible at the through them. came a slave with the grace of a con- time. He plainly saw the drift of sense in the young man to make him reopened, and that for her the world had solve to keep his opinions to himself.

That night he settled upon his plan of campaign. He would make himself useful; by-and-by he would become necessary. His cousin-three degrees removed, by-the-way-also saw in him an interposition of Providence. She could do as she pleased regarding him, and make him useful. Not that she didn't act her own sweet pleasure in everything; but queens may not be so absolute as cousins, and there was a sense of possession and comradeship as well. She had known him forever as measured by her own life, and he was a brother more than anything else, and a few years' absence did nothing toward altering the sisterly regard. So Miss Nancy Hardy, the belle of the season, adopted Tom Wentworth as a deus ex machina; and, when she so desired, the wires were manipulated, and the convenient cousin lowered into the center of society's stage a "little, little girl. "Um !" commented Tom at the conand made to act his little part. The

angered him.

talk was that of war.

martyr to principles.

down to the valley of the Shenandoah.

only one who objected was Mrs. Whorter, the girl's chaperon, who thought that there was something deeper than made a very handsome couple, which cousinly regard in the young man's mind; but when she feebly objected (on general many types of Washington society, but principles alone), the younger lady gave a scornful sniff, and commented upon the

So the senson of 1845-6 passed on, the young man continually on his guard, and playing his part so well that he occasionally introduced a gentle quarrel to prove that the state of things was as it always had been. But he grew to know the girl better than he had ever done before, and learned her sweet simwearing an air of general disgust, and plicity. She was a butterfly and a child -aimless in life, careless of the future, men so naturally, betraving no partiality. having no knowledge or thought of the truth of love as it should be, that her self-constituted mentor dared not to venture upon a warning, as he would have done if his suspicions, always alert, suggested anything serious. Life to her was full of youth, music, and pleasure; love was an abstract quality

that she did not realize. Wentworth understood it all-and waited. He had outg own his uncertainty; he had become a man. So the sea of society pitched and rolled. burying many beneath its deep waters,

"Didn't you know I had come up to while Mistress Nancy rode on the topmost wave and ruled. But there came an Oh, I beg your pardon, Lieutenant Frax-ton, my cousin, Mr. Wentworth." awakening one day; a tiny cloud passed over Arcady. Wentworth, who had The Lieutenant shuffled uneasily and been lulled into a feeling of security, bowed stiffly, while Wentworth made a was suddenly awakened. He had called

at the house, and with the assurance of familiarity entered at once into the drawing-room; and as he entered, a pictress Nancy, who acted her own sweet ture was revealed that stirred his pulses pleasure, turned to the officer with a and made his heart throb wildly with smile and bow, and accepted her cousin's jealousy. A young man stood before arm. The Lieutenant blinked at them the fire, silent and abashed. His cousin sat to one side, her head bent in thought "Well, Little One?" said Wentworth, also sileut. They both turned at his with a questioning smile, as they en- entrance, and then the young man, with a low bow to the girl, went out, not noticing the intruder. As the door closed Wentworth went forward and the girl. rose and took his hand. Her oyes were full of gentle, womanly tears.

cousin, so the early part of '46 was way, and then, with the ingratitule of -Tom winked slyly at an oleander, and gloom. Tom's life was an atmosphere of man, he felt sorry that he must give up changed his mental personal designation urbane majors, who loved him for his the touch of that gentle guiding hand. to something more flattering. He did cousin's sake. Second-hand affection of But he could do nothing yet, and must be not consider his instability; he did not this kind did not appeal to him, but lit- petted and amused as a child, and never recall his harangues regarding single the attentions and dinners could not ad- was there sweeter or more unselfish blessedness as opposed to the mis- mit of his being otherwise than gracious, nurse in all the world. So the summer ery of woman's thrall. His memory of and he went to these dinners solely be- days passed on-days that afterwards those college poems full of cynical bitter- causo Nancy had asked him to once, for held the memory of warmth and birds ness toward the fair sex-so good at that the Major had given the invitation to her and flowers, together with a low voice all

It was a bright September day that the queror; but there was enough latent good things ; he knew that Nancy's eyes were two sat on a hill-side beneath a shady tree. The valley of the Shenandoah resolved itself into the Major, with Tom stretched before them, with the dim as the attendant satellite. The Major mountains atar off. The Potomac was a possessed the faculty of being first in silver thread, occasionally lost in a patch anything and everything, and the disaof trees, and then running on through a greeable machine god was lugged along meadow. Tom knew the view by heart. He could not see it all, but it was plainly to keen Mrs. Whorter happy and amused. The minor deity submitted for the sake of before him as he lay on his back smokcousinship-confound kin! he thoughting. As he had told Nancy one day, he felt it all the time. She sat beside him and the only thing that cheered was the with a book, reading the poetry sung by reflection that it cost the Major a lot of money. It was the Major who got them some minstrel in the olden time. Now front seats to see some official ceremony, and then she would stop to laugh at some quaint expression or way of spelling, and where for three hours Tom sat by her side while the other was absent on daty; but then, stopping, would explain why she laughed, spelling out the words as to a child. Meanwhile Tom lay with his eyes it was the Major, resplendent in full dress uniform, that walked home with Miss Nancy, while Tom escorted Mrs. closed, blowing the smoke straight up, Whorter, and gave small heed to that up, until it seemed to form the little lady's reminiscence of the time when the clouds that scudied across the blue sky. silk-stocking regime of Madison gave As the afternoon waned, a little colored place to the bag-at-the-knee rule of Monboy came running out with a letter " fo roe, all of which happened when she was Miss Nancy. She took it and read, then bent her

head a moment and held the paper out to clusion of this history, and, looking Tom ahead, decided that the Major and Nancy "What is it?" he asked. "I can't

read. She started suddenly. "I forgot." she

There were rumors of war afloat, a answered. "Major Barton has been Lone Star State in view, and the fact killed at Vera Cruz."

brought comfort to the young man's soul. Tom dropped his pipe and rose to his for the place for soldiers was at the feet. Then he bent over and took her front. The rumors grew in strength all hands in his. "Poor, poor Little One !" the time, and one day a magnanimous he said, in a voice so full of sympathy thought came into the young man's mind that she burst into tears. He took a -why should he not go to the war too, seat on the grass beside her, and tenderly and give his rival an equal chance? He stroked her hair as she sobbed. " My consulted with the Major, that official Little One," he whispered, "I am awfulsaw the War Secretary and the Presily sorry for you.'

dent, and one day came back with a com-Only the silence of the summer aftermission as Lieutenant. By that time all noon. Life everywhere and love. Then he drew her toward him, and laid her head One fair April day Tom took Nancy upon his shoulder.

"Little One." he whispered.

gave her into the keeping of her mother. "Oh, it's so awful!" she sobbed. "He he loved me so, and was so good, and and bade good-by to his affectionate relative. As he mounted his horse to ride went away so happy. I didn't know that down to the station-he had taken advan-I cared for him or not, and I-I-don't tage of the occasion to kiss all aroundknow now. I .-- was so foolish, and I he waved his hand and shouted, "I'll come back a Major!" Then he cursed thought at first I loved him, but that was before I knew all that love meant. I himself for a prig as he role onward, for didn't know-really-and I feel so guilty the dear girl would surely misunderstand now at having deceived him. I didn't him; and he remembered the faint blush mean to-I didn't know. Oh, Tom, will he called up for a long time. There was you hate me for this deceit? I feel so one thing which truly pleased him, and guilty. I have been so happy this sumthat was the thought that he would be on mer!

even terms with the Major in Mexico as "Little One," was the answer, softly far as love went. So he returned to given, "all things are right as God or-Washington feeling unpleasantly like a ders them. It is all well now." fool, and trying to make himself out a

And the eyes that were dimmed to the present saw far into the future-happy, loving years to be .--- [Harper's Weekly.

An Amiable College President.

the beautiful trees in State-st. very

have the handsome trees in front of his

AN EX-SLAVE'S GRATITUDE.

Frederick Douglass Assists His Old Master's Daughter.

Many a strange tale lies buried in the musty records of the Government departments at Washington. Many a white-haired lady clerk or palsied Government employe have locked in their breasts the material of a touching romance could their lips be induced to speak. Now and then, by accident, the facts come out, and are eagerly sezied by greedy correspondents from which to weave a glowing sketch of touching pathos. But a thousand other life stories are never revealed, and those who alone could have related them are buried with their secrets.

In what is known as the seed room of the agricultural department a slender woman, with a scattering of gray in her hair, is working for the munificent salary of \$9 a week. Traces of refinement and culture distinguish her bearing. Her delicate face is marked by lines of care. Trouble has sealed her lips and focussed the ambition of what remains to her of life upon her employment. Working side by side with women who are earning their pittance to feed hungry children at home, she performs the service required of her seemingly oblivious of what is going on around her.

She was appointed early in December, and her appointment came to her as a great boon, and under singular circumstances.

One afternoon just before Thanksgiving Day Frederick Douglass and his white wife drove in a carriage to the door of Secretary Rusk's house. Mr. Rusk received them in the parlor, and after shaking hands, Douglass asked the bluff old secretary of agriculture if he might prefer a modest Thanksgiving request with a hope of having it granted.

The Secretary assured him that if the power of granting it rested with him he might rely upon favorable consisderation. Douglass preferred his request. TheSecretary listened, but was very busy just then, and requested the white-haired exslave to remind him of the case later. In the course of a few days the Secretary of agriculture found among his letters the following;

Cedar Hill, Anacostia, D. C., Nov. 26, 1891 .- Hon. J. M. Rusk, Secretary of Agriculture; Sir-I have the honor to remind you, as requested, of the case of Miss-, a member of the family in which I was formerly a slave. Circumstances have reduced the fortune of that branch of family to which Miss---- beongs, and hence she seeks, through my intercession, some employment by which she assist herself and family in this, their hour of need. It is a strange reversal of human relations that brings myself a slave, and this lady, brought up in lap of luxury and ease, now to seek the humble employment I ask- for her. Miss ----- will, 1 am sure, if given the place she seeks, prove herself a useful member of the agricultural service, and grateful for the appointment. Hoping that no obstacle will be found to her getting the place she seeks, I am, sir, very

Victim of the Oyster Habit,

Did you ever hear of a man who was a victim of the oyster habit? The writer was in an up-town cafe the other evening, when a gray-haired, full-chested, big-framed man came in and ordered Blue Point oysters. He ate a dozen, ordered another dozen, hesitated, as if in doubt, paid his check and went out. Three dozen right down made one's eyes open, but the waiter said: "Oh, that's nothing. He comes in here every night for raw. oysters. Sometimes he cats three! dozen, sometimes four dozen. He's what I call an oyster eater. I don't believe he cats anything else."-

La Grippe.

On December 19th, I was confined to my room with the Grippe. The Treasurer of the "Commercial Advertiser" recommended that I should try a boitie of "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral," as it had cured him of the some complaint. I sent for a bottle, and in two days I was able to resume my business, and am now entirely cured.

As I took no other remedy, I can but give' all the credit to the "Cherry Pectoral," which I gratefully recommend as a speedy specific for this disease.

Yours very truly.

F. T. HARSTSON. 29 Park Row, New York, N. T.

The human heart, in a ll'etime of eighty yea.s, beats 300,000,000 times.

flow's This?

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for may case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Curs. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transac-tions, and financially able to carry out any ob-ligations made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, act-ing directly upon the blood and mucous sur-faces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

There are over 9000 brass bands in the Salvation Army.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's nse. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Paila., Pa-

The Braganza diamond, the largest in the world, weighs 1880 carats.



Mr. W. F. Eltzroth, an esteemed school teacher in the town of Morrow, Obio, states his case so clearly that no. comment is necessary, further than to say to those run down and out of health,

Co and Do Likewise

"I feel that I must add my name to the list of hose who feel grateful for benefit derived from using Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has been worth \$100 a bottle to me in the following manner, viz .: I have

he whispered, offering his arm; and Misas they went off.

tered the dim, fragrant room.

Miss Nancy stamped her foot. "Why do you persist, Tom, in calling me so?" she objected. "It won't do for society?" "Well, I reckon not," answered Tom.

"That's my own especial name, and so-ciety has nothing to do with it."

absently. She was thinking of some years before, and Tom's stubbornness regarding that very subject; she let it pass now as she had then.

"Tell me, how are you?" remarked her cousin, leading way to a cloistered missed you?

"It would have been your own fault," replied the girl. "You are so mighty independent that your own mother does not keep track of your movements, much less your humb'e cousin."

"I didn't think she cared," Tom answered, and waited a moment for her to path of truth. respond, "She don't"-which reply was forth-coming in due season.

"Don't let's fight," Tom continued, and I'll order them around." "How do you like society?"

"Oh," laughed the girl, "it's pleasant, because society seems to like me. Mrs. longed. Isn't it good of her?"

man. myself."

Why, I thought you were going

how, fer she was uncertain how to an- to business and engaged in chaperonage. season who responded,

"Well, perhaps not."

Then an intruder came upon the scene, feline expression.

Miss Hardy," he ventured.

the next dance, Tom."

in-Boots glaced at the individual who re-ceived such sovereign courtesy with such apparent calmess. Left to himself, Tom gave vent to a whistle. Then he improved the occasion by growling and mentally dubbing him-self a hydra-headed specimen of asininity. It had been three years since they had last met. He was then fresh from col-lege, with an unlimited good opinion of himself, and she just in the chrysalis state. They had been grew friends who

"Oh, Tom!" she said, choking back a sob, "why do such things happen? Why "Of course not," responded the girl, do men love me, and then feel badly b. cause-because-"

Tom's heart gave a great bound; he was wholly satisfied. "I don't know, Little One," he answered, tenderly and

gently, patting the little hand that lay in this. But he did know; and he seat. "Suppose I had gone home and also knew that if he told, he would give up hope and banish love. The time had not yet come; he must continue in his fool's paradise standing unarmed at the gate to guard. Then he suggested a relief, and it showed the curb that the young man possessed over himself, proving also his ready deviation from the

> "What do you say to a canter?" he asked. "The horses are now waiting.

The suggestion was a happy one. But upon reflection Tom afterwards doubted because society seems to like me. Mrs. the wisdom of the step. As they gal-Whorter, an old friend of papa's, thought loped through the city half an hour later it too bad that I should miss the madness another horseman hove in sight, and with of a Washington season, and invited me the permission of Mistress Nancy, joined. up. Mamma is staying at your house, the party. And this rider-a grave, and do you know, Tom, we are going to middle-aged officer of the army-seemed spend this summer there. Anntie says to interest the young lady exceedingly, that the visit is to be indefinitely pro- until Tom said something (to himself) that touched severely upon the fickleness "Perfectly right," agreed the young of woman, as exemplified by a hereto-

"I'm to spend the summer there ay. I thought you were going Hardy testified to the pleasure her cousin

abroad?" cried the girl. "So I heard." had given her, that peculiar young man "No, that is, if my home-coming was not greatly impressed; for he had doesn't scare you all away," was the re- not even been called upon to exercise his ply of the fickle youth, who ten minutes machine duties, and Major Barton had before would have called upon the nine gods to bear witness to his intended Having had his suspicions aroused. Mr. hegira. It was the first capitulation and Thomas Wentworth did not spend his the girl must have understood it some- time in building castles; he settled down swer. After all, it was the belle of the He would have welcomed any change of feeling in his cousin, but toward him she remained the same as over. Major Barton was entirely too prominent those a gentleman with fierce whiskers, which days, and Mrs. Whorter once questioned essayed the leonine, but lent rather a him as to whether he thought "the major. "This-er-is my dance, 1 believe, was in earnest." The good lady had be-come convinced of his disinterestedness.

and was surprised and shocked to hear the And Miss Hardy, responding with an Major called an "old fool." The young indifferent "Is it?" took his arm. Then man had no bed of roses those days, and she turned to her cousin. "I'll save you | each hour seemed to be fitted with a par-

The young man smiled and nodded in the most matter of fact way, while Puss-in-Boots glared at the individual who re-ceived such sovereign courtesy with such

Major in Washington, only four hours from his ideal. This was not what he is was not what he had counted upon, and Tom realized then The late Rev. Dr. Hill, the honored that he had been a sure-enough fool. ex-president of Harvard, was once on a He did not intend to make any such sac- crowded train with a number of emigrants, rifice at first ; all did not seem fair in and spent his time in making paper dolls war. He reached for the cross, tired children of a poor love and the camp by the 1st of May, and there emigrant woman, who was overcome found that he had to learn so much that with poverty, trouble and the perplexhe gave up the past in order to perfect ities of travel. "The Fairfield (Me.) himself in the present work; that is, he Journal tells another story, illustrative gave up as much as he could. He had of his amiability. Soon after he came been on duty for a week, when the Major to Portland canker worms began to annoy turned up, smiling and hearty.

When Tom reached the capitol he got

orders to report to General Taylor on the

Rio Grande, and off he want, leaving the

"Hello, Lieutenant," was his greeting. much and it was feared that they would "How are you?" He grasped the young be destroyed. Dr. Hill was equal to the man's hand and held it. "I may call you emergency, and with all his knowledge Tom, may I not? am engaged to your of bugs and worms did not propose to fair cousin."

Tom's idea of what happened just then residence destroyed by insignificant canwas never very clear. He knew that the ker worms. Accordingly he made a prep-Major and he were drinking to the health aration fargely composed of printer's of Mistress Nancy in the Major's tent ten link and girdled his trees. While thus minutes later, and that he hopel to be employed in raiment suitable for the surrounded by blood-thirsty Mexicans in work a lady sailed down the street and the night, and utterly wiped out. The asked him about the remedy. She exnext day there was a skirmish, and in the plained that the trees about her residence excitement a gun was fired so close to were injured by the worms and asked Tom's face that he was burned by the him if she could not engage him to treat flames about the eyes, and fell back them. He said he would if he could get blind. After that the troops pressed for- time. She asked him his name and he ward, and Tom was left groaning be- said "Hill," and after exacting from him a promise to come up and examine the bind.

The army moved on, and was victori- trees, she went home and proudly told ous. In a week Tom realized that the her husband what she had done. He reworld still possessed light, though it was cognized the divine by her description but a faint glimmer, and then he was and was appalled-but Dr. "Hill" kept rumbling across the plain in a rude his promise, in spite of the mortified wagon. Houseward bound! There was lady's protestation; and the trees are little joy in the thought, it seemed so alive and thrifty to-day .- [New York ignominious. What a home-coming it Tribune. was-so pitiful to the strong young man! His sight improved a little, and he could distinguish forms in the twilight about. but his eyes were kept bandaged most of the time, and in that condition he left the train at Pleasant Valley. Who had come to meet him?

A gentle pressure on his arm, a thrill of the battle of Antietam, is thus described: joy, and a soft voice whispered, "Tom!" 'Yes, Little One," he answered, passively. " No good."

The doctor wrote yesterday from in a few months," she rejoined; for he had stopped in the city to be examined and treated.

He wore a slouch hat pulled down over his face, he was unshaven, his uniform Upon the charger sits the stern soldier, was soiled. He had been told all this, but had said that he didn't care, which was true-he didn't. The girl saw nothing of this. She saw the tall man helpless in his misery, and she was glad he | left shoulder, and the calm, firm features could not see her weep.

"Come, Tom, dcar; your mother is impression of latent power and magne-waiting in the carriage," and she led him tism, which won for him the devetion of to her.

He said very little going homeward, ganizer of the shattered armies of the seated beside his mother, but in the Union. The top of the granite pedestal, front seat Nancy sat weeping gently, and from which the steed arises, is 11 feet she held his hand all the way, grieved at above the ground. Its base is 14 feet ticularly sharp thern made on purpose the sight, and the first thing that he did long and 8 feet wide, the lower half of when he got home was to tear off the massive granite, the upper carved with bandage, and endeavor to recognize the wreaths and martial devices. The front dear dim form before him.

truly, your obedient servant. "FREDERICK DOUGLASS."

The Secretary of agriculture is not the man to shut his heart to the remarkable pathos of the case, and gave Miss ----- the desired employment .--- Globe-Democrat.

A Mastiff Kills a Fawn.

Elias Shaw of Racket Creek caught a. doe fawn on North Mountain early in the summer. He took her home, made a pet of her, and named her Fannie. Mr. Shaw's mastiff, Teaser, took a great fancy to the fawn from the start. He soon became very much attached to her. and she to him. By the middle of the summer Tenser and Fannie were inseparable companions. The dog looked after the fawn with great care, protected her from other dogs, and appeared to be jealous whenever any one fondled her. They roamed over the farm together. and the dog wouldn't allow Fannie to get ont of his sight. By her actions the fawn showed that she was pleased with the dog's attentions, and she frequently licked him on the head and capered with him in the yard.

Along in the fall the fawn got in the notion of wandering away to the woods. The dog coaxed her back a number of times, seeming to fear that something might happen to her if she went far from the farm buildings. After a while Fan-nie got so that she dida't like to be restrained of her freedom by the dog. She was determined to go to the woods, and when Teaser found that he couldn't coax her any more, he headed her off and drove her back to the house every time she started for the forest.

One afternoon last week Mr. Shaw missed the fawn and the dog for several hours. He was about to send the boys in search of them when Teaser returned to the house without Fannie. His face was covered with blood, and he whined and made a great fuss.

"Teaser, where's Fannie?" Mr. Shaw asked him. The dog uttered several mournful howls and started an a run toward the nearest woodland, looking back as he ran. Mr. Shaw followed him for nearly two miles into the woods, the dog giving vent all the way to howls of distress. In a little dark ravine the dog led Mr. Shaw to the dead body of the fawn, where he sat up and cried as though he had lost his best friend. Mr. Shaw raised the fawn's head, and the dog lay down, licked her nose and whined pitifully. The fawn's throat had been torn and she had bled to death. Teaser had slain Fannie rather than let her desert him and become wild .-- New York Sun.

Windows Kept Clean of Frost.

The best and only way to keep the store windows clear of frost is to cut a space through the window frame at the bottom and another at the top of the windows that front on the street. Then close up the back of the window from the store proper. In this way you keep a current of cold air circulating inside of the show window, making the interior of your display window the same tempe-rature as the street all the time. The cold air constantly passes in and out, keeping the glass just as cold inside as it is on the outside.—Detroit Free Press.

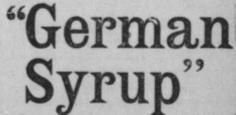
been teaching school for 3 years. Last fall I be worn out, and had no appetite, couldn't sleep at uight, and became so debilitated that it was ime to perform my duty as a teacher. I

Wrote My Resignation

to take effect in two weeks, but I was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Within a week I was so much better that I continued my school and am still teaching. I have used two bottles and feel like a new man and have over \$305 clear from \$2 spent or Hood's Sarsaparilla." W. F. ELTZROTH.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, the best strength builder, the best nerve helper. Give it a trial.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic.



Just a bad cold, and a hacking cough. We all suffer that way sometimes. How to get rid of them is the study. Listen-"I am a Ranchman and Stock Raiser. My life is rough and exposed. I meet all weathers in the Colorado mountains. I sometimes take colds. Often they are severe. I have used German Syrup five years for these. A few doses will cure them at any stage. The last one I had was stopped in 24 hours. It is infallible." James James A. Lee, Jefferson, Col. 0



BREAKFAST. By a thorough knowledge of the natural law hick govern the operations of direction and nutr on, and by a careful application of the fine prope tes of well-selected Coccos, Mr. Kyps has provide our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoursed b erage which may have use many heavy doctors? In the by the judicious use of such articles of that a constitution may be gradually built up the amough to reside very tendency to do amough to reside very tendency to do amough to reside wery tendency to do the amough to reside are floating arou we there is a weak JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeso London, Evolution

PISO'S CURE FOR Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asth-na, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has entred housands. It has not injur-d one. It is not had to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere, 25c. CONSUMPTION

WE CAN MAKE MONEY for you by peron State of Washington, Worte a. GANWELL & WAENER, Investment Jankers, Fairbaven, Wash. Parte in A O A a set all SUARA ERS particul. 21 te for incream. 2 years en particular for Laws. A.W. MCORNICE BONS, WASHINGTON, D. C. & CINCISMATI, O

PATENTS Etc. quick y obtains Book and advice as to patentactility COLLARER & CO., 615 F M., Washington, D. C.

Merphine Habit Cured in 16 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR.J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio PATENTS W. T. Filter 40-page bo \$65 A MONTH for 3 Bright Young Men on Ladies in each county. Address P. W.

tience of his steed, the dingy little army cap drawn down over his eyes, the immobile profile turned slightly over the buried in that deep thoughtfulness, that all officers, and made him the great or-

heroic, resembling closely that of General Thomas. The steed, modelled after the spirited animal ridden by 'Little Washington that you would be all right in a few months," she rejoined; for he crest of a gentle hillock. With head and cars crect, eyes and nostrils dilated, it stands trembling, and strains every muscle as if sniffing the battle from afar.

the height of contrast to the fiery impa-

A Statue to "Little Mac."

The statue in bronze of General George Brinton McClellan, which is to

be unveiled in Philadelphia on Septem-

ber 17 next, the thirtieth anniversary of

"In conception the statue is striking and