

WHAT NOT TO LOSE.

- Don't lose courage; spirit brave. Carry with you to the grave. Don't lose time in vain diets; Work, not worry, brings success. Don't lose hope; who lets her stray. Goes forlornly on the way. Don't lose patience; come what will, Patience oft times outruns skill. Don't lose gladness; every hour Blossoms for you some happy flower. Though be foiled your dearest plan Don't lose faith in God and man.

"LITTLE ONE."

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 lull—the 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-bearded cavalier, who was jerky in his walk and voluble in speech. The man was a type of the many types of Washington society, but his partner attracted the eyes of all. She was probably nineteen, rather tall, 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 blasé youths that blocked the way, a young fellow came forward wearing an air of general disgust, and looking infinitely more bored than his other miserable fellow-creatures. He stood carelessly to one side to let 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—'t's Nancy!" "You never told me you were here," answered the girl, blushing ever so slightly. The droop 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."

were eternally squabbling. —Tom winked slyly at an olander, and changed his mental personal designation to something more flattering. He did not consider his instability; he did not recall his harangues regarding single blessedness as opposed to the misery of woman's thrall. His memory of those college poems full of cynical bitterness toward the fair sex—so good at that time—was completely wiped out. He became a slave with the grace of a conqueror; but there was enough latent good sense in the young man to make him resolve 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 intimation 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 consins, 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 and made to act his little part. The only one who objected was Mrs. Whorter, the girl's chaperon, who thought that there was something deeper than cousinly regard in the young man's mind; but when she feebly objected (on general principles alone), the younger lady gave a scornful sniff, and commented upon the years that she had known him. So the season 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 simplicity. She was a butterfly and a child—aimless in life, careless of the future, delighting in the homage she received. But she took all the admiration of the men so naturally, betraying no partiality, having no knowledge or thought of the truth of love as it should be, that her self-constituted mentor dared not 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 outgrown his uncertainty; he had become a man. So the sea of society pitched and rolled, burying many beneath its deep waters, while Mistress Nancy rode on the topmost wave and ruled. But there came an awakening day; a tiny cloud passed over Arcady. Wentworth, who had been lulled into a feeling of security, 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 picture was revealed that stirred his pulses and made his heart throb wildly with jealousy. A young man stood before the fire, silent and abashed. His cousin sat to one side, her head bent in thought also silent. They both turned at his 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 raised her eyes to his. Her eyes were full of gentle, womanly tears. "Oh, Tom!" she said, choking back a sob, "why do such things happen? Why do men love me, and then feel badly because—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 his. But he did know; and he 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 carb that the young man possessed over himself, proving also his ready deviation from the path of truth. "What do you say to a canoe?" he asked. "The horses are now waiting, and I'll order them around."

The suggestion was a happy one. But upon reflection Tom afterwards doubted the wisdom of the step. As they galloped through the city half an hour later another horseman rode in sight, and with the permission of Mistress Nancy, joined the party. And this rider—a grave, middle-aged officer of the army—seemed to interest the young lady exceedingly, until Tom said something to himself that touched severely upon the fecklessness of woman, as exemplified by a heretofore perfect being. When the ride was over, and with glowing cheeks, Miss Hardy testified to the pleasure her cousin had given her, that peculiar young man was not greatly impressed; for he had not even been called upon to exercise his machine duties, and Major Barton had done all the talking when she was silent. Having had his suspicions aroused, Mr. Thomas Wentworth did not spend his time in building castles; he settled down to business and engaged in chaperonage. He would have welcomed any change of feeling in his cousin, but toward him she remained the same as ever. Major Barton was entirely too prominent those days, and Mrs. Whorter once questioned him as to whether he thought "Tom" was in earnest. The good lady had been convinced of his disinterestedness, and was surprised and shocked to hear the Major called an "old fool." The young man had no bed of roses those days, and each hour seemed to be fitted with a particularly sharp thorn made on purpose to disturb him. The Major was very attentive, and Miss Nancy sublimely unconscious to all appearances, but a large size devil of doubt had entered the youth's mind, and again opened that sealed chamber of cynicism and distrust. If he could only find some pretext to outdo the Major he would have been happy, but that gentleman was so uniformly polite that Virginia chivalry was not to be cast in the shade. As the winter of '45 had been all sunshine to the young lover in the cloak of a

way, and then, with the ingratitude of man, he felt sorry that he must give up the touch of that gentle guiding hand. But he could do nothing yet, and must be petted and amused as a child, and never was there sweeter or more unselfish nurse in all the world. So the summer days passed on—days that afterwards held the memory of warmth and birds and flowers, together with a low voice all through them. It was a bright September day that the two sat on a hill-side beneath a shady tree. The valley of the Shenandoah stretched before them, with the dim mountains afar off. The Potomac was a silver thread, occasionally lost in a patch of trees, and then running on through a meadow. Tom knew the view by heart. He could not see it all, but it was plainly before him as he lay on his back, smoking. As he had told Nancy one day, he felt it all the time. She sat beside him with a book, reading the poetry sung by some minstrel in the olden time. Now and then she would stop to laugh at some quaint expression or way of spelling, and then, stopping, would explain why she laughed, spelling out the words as to a child. Meanwhile Tom lay with his eyes closed, blowing the smoke straight up, until it seemed to form the little clouds that scudded across the blue sky. As the afternoon waned, a little colored boy came running out with a letter "fo' Miss Nancy." She took it and read, then bent her head a moment and held the paper out to Tom. "What is it?" he asked. "I can't read." She started suddenly. "I forgot," she answered. "Major Barton has been killed at Vera Cruz." Tom dropped his pipe and rose to his feet. Then he bent over and took her hands in his. "Poor, poor Little One!" he said, in a voice so full of sympathy that she burst into tears. He took a seat on the grass beside her, and tenderly stroked her hair as she sobbed. "My Little One," he whispered, "I am awfully sorry for you." Only the silence of the summer afternoon. Life everywhere and love. Then he drew her toward him, and laid her head upon his shoulder. "Little One," he whispered. "Oh, it's so awful!" she sobbed. "He loved me so, and was so good, and went away so happy. I didn't know that I cared for him or not, and I—I—don't know now. I was so foolish, and I thought at first I loved him, but that was before I knew all that love meant. I didn't know—really—and I feel so guilty now at having deceived him. I didn't mean to—I didn't know. Oh, Tom, will you hate me for this deceit? I feel so guilty. I have been so happy this summer!" "Little One," was the answer, softly given, "all things are right as God orders them. It is all well now." And the eyes that were dimmed to the present saw far into the future—happy, loving years to be.—[Harper's Weekly.

AN EX-SLAVE'S GRATITUDE. Frederick Douglass Assists His Old Master's Daughter. Many a strange tale lies buried in the dusty 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 seized 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 \$3 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 focused 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 consideration. Douglass preferred his request. The Secretary listened, but was very busy just then, and requested the white-haired ex-slave 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— belongs, 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, I 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 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.

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 eats three dozen, sometimes four dozen. He's what I call an oyster eater. I don't believe he eats 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 bottle of "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral," as it had cured him of the same 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. HARRISON, 22 Park Row, New York, N. Y. How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. We, J. C. HENRY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known E. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WALKER, KIRWAN & MARYIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKER, KIRWAN & MARYIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces 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 use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$1 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 261 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. The Brazilian diamond, the largest in the world, weighs 188 carats. A Big Profit \$200 Realized on an Investment of \$2 Mr. W. F. Eltzroth, an esteemed school teacher in the town of Morrow, Ohio, 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 those 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 been teaching school for 17 years. Last fall I became worn out, and had no appetite, couldn't sleep at night, and became so debilitated that it was impossible 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 \$300 clear from \$2 spent for 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. "German Syrup" 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 A. Lee, Jefferson, Col. GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a deliciously flavoured beverage which will save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood, and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pint tins by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, LONDON, ENGLAND. PISOS CURE FOR Consumption and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Pisos Cure for Consumption. It has cured hundreds of thousands. It has not injured anyone. It is the best cough cure. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. B.B. CONSUMPTION. WE CAN MAKE MONEY FOR YOU by safe investments in the prosperous State of Washington. Write us. GARRETT & WARREN, Investment Bankers, FAYETTE, W. VA. PATENTS Etc. quickly obtained. No Attorney's fee unless allowed. Book and advice sent to patentability free. COLLIER & Co., 415 F St., Washington, D. C. OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio. PATENTS W. T. Fitzgerald, Book and advice sent to patentability free. 40-page book free. \$65 A MONTH for 3 Months. Young Men or Ladies in each county. Address P. W. FUGLE & CO., Falls, Pa. 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 temperature 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.