WHAT NOT TO LOSE.

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

Don't lose time in vain distress; 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 ms 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 dowed-a turbulent whirlpool surrounded by a wall of stony downgers and ancient the wind died out-the dancers ceased, and all was order. The flitting couples were the guils darting here and there after the storm was over. A grid came out into the hall, leaning on the arm of a much-bedecked cavalier, how was perky 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, whe was probably ninceen, rather tall, and very graceful. Her features were

his partiner 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 blase youths that blocked the way, a young fellow came forward wearing an air of general disgust, and looking infinitely more bord than his other miscrable fellow-creatures. He stood carelessly to one side to let the 'wo pass, apparently regardless of them, l wo pass, apparently regardless of them but as they approached, the girl ran for-

So the sea of society pitched and rolled,

cry. ejaculated the young man,

ward with a cry. "Why," ejaculated the young man, aroused from his state of apparent som-nolence, "it's Litt--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 feeble-ness, and stood to one side. "How could I tell you?" laughed the young man, "when I imagined that you were still m Virginia? I was going down to-morrow."

to-morrow." "Didn't you know I had come up to Washington to make my debut, and— Oh, I beg your pardon, Lieutenant Fras-ton, my cousin, Mr. Wentworth." They instance and all the states of the states

Oh. I beg your pardon, Lieutenant Frax-ton, my cousin, Mr. Wentworth." The Lieutenant shuffled uncasily and bowed stilly, while Wentworth made a feint at a slight nod of recognition. "Come into the conservatory, Nancy," he whispered, offering his arm; and Mis-tress Nancy, who acted her own sweet pleasure, turned to the officer with a smile and bow, and accepted her cousin's arm. The Lieutenant blinked at them as they went off. "Well, Little One?" said Wentworth, with a questioning smile, as they en-

"Well, Little One?" said Wentworth, with a questioning smile, as they en-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," answerd Tom. "That's my own especial name, and so-ciety has nothing to do with it." "Of course not," responded the girl, besonly. 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 the way to a cloistered missed you?" "It would have been your own fault," replied the girl. "You are so mighty

"It would nave been your own hard," replied the girl. "You are so mighty independent that your own mother does not keep track of your movements, much less your humble cousin."

less your humb's cousin." "I didn't think she cared," Tom answered, and waited a moment for her to respond, "She don't"-which reply was forth-coming in due season. "Don't let's fight," Tom continued. "How do you like society?" "Oh," laughed the girl, "it's pleasant, because society seems to like me. Mrs. Whorter, an old friend of papa's, thought it too bad that I should miss the madness of a Washington season, and invited more season.

sary, His consin-three degrees removed, by-the-way-also saw in him an in-terposition of Providence. She could de as she pleased regarding him, and make him one sweet pleasure in every-thing; but queens may not be so absolute as cousins, and there was a sense of possession and conradeship as well. She had known him forever as measured by her own life, and he was a bother 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 deas ex machina; and, when she so desired, the wires were manipulated, and the convenient cousin lowered into the centre of society's stage and made to act his little part. The only one who objected was Mrs. Whorter, the girls chaperon, who thought that there was something deeper than cousin's chapteron, who though that there was something deeper than principles alone), the younge hady gave a somful snift, 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 oor casionally introduced a gentle quarter to prove that the state of things was as it always had been. But he grow to done before, and learned he sweet sim-plicity. She was a butterfy and a child amiles in life, careless of the future, dispiting in the honge she received. But she took all the admiration of the men so naturally, betraying no partility. Arving no knowledge or thought of the truth of low as it is should be, that her self-constituted mentor dared not to venture upon a warning, as he would have done if his suspicions. Life to her was full of youth, music, and playes this uncertainty, be had become a ma. So the sea of society pitched and rolled, but his uncertainty, the had become "Um!" commented Tom at the c clusion of this history, and, looki ahead, decided that the Major and Nar

The late Rev. Dr. Hill, the honored ex-president of Harvard, was once on a crowded train with a number of emigrants, and spent his time in making paper dolls for the cross, tired children of a poor emigrant woman, who was overcome with poverty, trouble and the perplex-ities of travel. "The Fairfield (Me.) Journal tells another story, illustrative of his aminbility. Soon after he came to Portland canker worms began to annoy the beautiful trees in State-st. very much and it was foared that they would be destroyed. Dr. Hill was equal to the emergency, and with all his knowledge of bugs and worms did not propose to have the handsome trees in front of his residence destroyed by insignificant can-ker worms. Accordingly he made a prep-aration largely composed of printers ink and girdled his trees. While thus work a lady sailed down the street and asked him about the remedy. She ex-plained that the trees about her residence were injured by the worms and asked him if she could not engago him to treat them. He said he would if he could get time. She asked him his name and he resid "Hill," and after exacting from him a promise to come up and examine the trees, she went home and proudly told her husband what she had done. He re-cognized the divine by her description and was appalled—but Dr. "Hill" kept

"Um 1" commented Tom at the con-clusion of this history, and, looking ahead, docided that the Major and Nancy made a very handsome couple, which angered him. There were rumors of war afloat, a Come Star State in view, and the fact brought comfort to the young man's soul. of the place for soldiers was at the front. The rumors grew in strongth all the time, and one day a magnanimous thought came into the young man's mind - why should he not go to the war too, and give his rival an equal chance? He consulted with the Major, that official saw the War Scretary and the Presi-dent, and one day came back with a com-mission as Licentenant. By that time all tal was that of war. One fair April day Tom took Nancy down to the valley of the Sheamaloah, gave her into the keeping of her mother, and bace good-by to his affectionner rela-tive. As he mounted his horse to ride down to the station - he had taken advan-tage of the occasion to kiss all around--he waved his hand and shouted. "111 come back a Majot". Then he cursed himself for a prig as he rode onward, for the dear grif would surely misunderstand him, and her remembered the faint blush he called up for a long time. There was one thing which truly pleased him, and that was the tought that he would be on even terms with the Major in Mexico as far as love went. So he returned to Washington feeling unpleasantly like a ford, and trying to make himself out a marry to rojneiples. When Tom reached the capitol he got reduct of the above as usc-enough fool. He did not intend to make a suce-mough fool. He did not intend to make any such sac-fifice at first; all did not seem fair in love and war. He reached the eamp by the list of May, and there found that he had to learn so much that he gave up the past in order to perfect himself in the present work; that is, he gave up the past in order to perfect himself in the present work; that is, he gave up the past in order to perfect himself in the present work; that is, he gave up as much as he could. He had been on duty for a we

ner nusband what she had done. Ho re-cognized the divine by her description and was appalled—but Dr. "Hill" kept his promise, in spite of the mortified lady's protestation; and the trees are alive and thrifty to-day.—[New York Tribune. Tom's idea of what happened just then as never very clear. He knew that the

Tom's idea of what happened just then was never very clear. He knew that the Major and he were drinking to the health of Mistress Nancy in the Major's tent ten minutes later, and that he hoped to be surrounded by blood-thirsty Mexicans in the night, and utterly wiped out. The next day there was a skirmish, and in the excitement a gun was burned by the Tom's face that he was burned by the famous about the eves. and fell back The statue in bronze of Genera George Brinton McClellan, which is t be unveiled in Philadelphia on Septem ber 17 next, the thirtieth anniversary o the battle of Antietam, is thus described the control of the state fames about the eyes, and fell back blind. After that the troops pressed for ward, and Tom was left groaning be-

 So the sea of society pitched and rolled, riburying many beneath its deep waters, and while Mistress Nancy rode on the topmost is wave and ruled. But there came an for awakening one day; a tiny cloud passed over Arcady. We tworth, 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 se entered, a picture was revealed that stirred his palses, and made his heart throb wildly with to jealousy. A young man stood before at the first selent and bashed. His cousin as a 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 notifie the intrader. As the door closed Weentworth went forward and the girl or see and took his hand. Her cyces were full of gentle, wonanly tears.
 "Oh. Tomi." she said, choking back a sob, "why do such things happen? Why do men love me, and then feel badly a because—because—"
 Tom's heart gave a great bound; he " was wholly satisfied. "I don't know, Little One," he answered, tenderly and the start be disk know; and he slas knew that if he told, he would give a up hope and banish love. The time had not yet come; he must continue in his fool's paradise, standing unarmed at the start her y young man possessed over himself, proving also his ready deviation from the in the gate to guard. Then he suggested a relief, and it showed the curb that the young here suce and have factore, joined it here young lady exceedingly, in the party. And this rider—a grave, i mother horseman hove in sight, and with a grave here the mator.
 The suggestion was a happy one. But is proven fact the party. And this rider—a grave, i mad full order them around."
 The suggestion was a happy one. But is proven fact, that peeling on the relation for the saw was onter all work was not to beritted with a party. And this rider—a grave, i mather horseman the battle of Antietam, is thus described; 'In conception the statue is striking and heroic, resembling closely that of Gan-eral Thomas. The steed, modelled after the spirited animal ridden by 'Little Mac' at Antietam, is pausing upon the crest of a gentle hillock. With head and ears erect, eyes and nostrils dilated, it stands trembling, and strains every muscle as if suffing the battle from afar. ward, and Tom was left groaning be-hind. The army moved on, and was victori-ous. In a week Tom realized that the world still possessed light, though it was but a faint glimmer, and then he was rumbling across the plain in a rude wagon. Homeward bound! There was little joy in the thought, it seemed so ignominious. What a home-coming it was—so pitful to the strong young man! His sight improved a little, and he could distinguish forms in the twilight about, but his eyes were kopt bandaged most of the time, and in that condition he left the train at Pleasant Valley. Who had come to meet him?

to meet him? A gentle pressure on his arm, a thrill of joy, and a soft voice whispered, "Tom!" "Yes, Little (ne," he answered, pas-sirely. "No good." " "The dector wrote yesterday, from Wachington the dector wrote yesterday.

"The decire wrote yesterday from Washington that you would be all right in a few months," she rejoined; for he had stopped in the city to be examined and treated.

and scopped in the city to be examined and treated shouch hat pulled down over his face, he was unsharven, his uniform was solled. He had been told all this, but had said that he dida't care, which was true—he didn't. The girl saw noth-ing of this. She saw the tall man help-less in his filisery, and she was glad he could not see her weep. "Come, Tom, dear; your mother is waiting in the carriage," and she led him to her.

to he He said very little going homeward, eated beside his mother, but in the

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he drew her toward him, and laid her head THE JOKER'S BUDGET. "Ch, it's so awful!" she sobbed. "(M. it's so awful!" she sobbed. "He he loved me so, and was so good, and ent away so happy. I didn't know that cared for him or not, and I-I-don't aow now. I-was so fooliah, and iought at first I loved him, but that was effore I knew all that love meant. I dn't know-really-and I feel so guilty ow at having deceived him. I didn't eant to-I didn't know. Oh, Tom, will ou hate me for this deceit? I feel so ulity. I have been so happy this sum-ter!"

An Amiable College President.

A Statue to "Little Mac."

He said without her photograps He really couldn't live, And asked for it; she with a laugh Gave him her negative. "He JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Able Doctor-The Terrible Bo Mr. Gettup (of the firm of Gettup & Howell)—Where in thunder is that worth-ess office boy? Have you sent him any-where. -She Felt Relieved - To Be Sneezed At-Always Extended, Etc., Etc. where? Mr. Howell—Yes, confound him! I've just sont him out to hunt another job.— [Chicago Tribune.

AN ABLE DOCTOR.

Mr. Neer-What ought we to do, doc-tor, as a community, in order to -er-to meet the "grip?" Dr. Blunt-Don't meet it, my dear sir. Avoid it.

ner!" "Little One," was the answer, softly given, "all things are right as God or-lers them. It is all well now." And the eyes that were dimmed to the resent saw far into the future—happy, oving years to be.—[Harper's Weekly.

THE TERRIBLE BOY.

Customer—Mr. Spicer, your black tea is just full of dead flies. Grocer—My! my! and I told that boy to put 'em in the spice box.—[Rochester Post-Express. The late Rev. Dr. Hill, the honored SHE FELT RELIEVED. Policeman's Boy (breathlessly)-Mother, here's been a big row down town and everal officers are hurt. Policeman's Wife (excitedly)-Where

and a plumber?" "The poet pipes the lay, but the plumber lays the pipe."-[Life. was it? P. B.—On father's beat. P. W. (with a sigh of relief)—Oh, I'm so glad! Of course, your father wasn't there when it happened? P. B.—No'm.—[New York Press.

TO BE SNEEZED AT.

Where are you going, my pretty maid?" 'I am going to sneeze, kind sir," she said.

said. 'Whom are you sneezing at, my pretty maid?'' 'I'm going to sneeze—a'chew!—'' she said. THE JOCOSITY OF A MISSOURI JUDG "A man can accomplish a great deal,' said the Missouri judge, "if he only has time—therefore, I give you four years." —[Columbus Post.

ALWAYS' EXTENDED

"I'm afraid," sighed the mother, "that our Charles is getting to be nothing but a fashion plate." "You don't know him," her husband growled. "He strikes me more like a contribution plate."---New York Herald.

MODESTY.

"Yees." "Dear me, it was only the other day I heard him say he would never speak to you again as long as he lived." "Yees, I know he said that, but when I met him and told him I had a bad cold he at once stopped and gave me a sure cure for it, and the past was forgotten." MODESTY. Scribbler—We don't seem to have a good national song in this country. Rimer—No; a good national song is one of the hardest things to write. None but a true poet can write a good national song. It requires a union of grandeur and simplicity which only the heaven inspired bard can achieve. I'm thinking of writing one myself one of these days. She-Was it a mercenary marriage? He-Yes. They were both too poor to tay engaged any longer.--[Life.

A CASE FOR ARBITRATION.

"What makes you look so down in the nouth these days, Glumm?" "Well, to tell the truth, I make no progress with Miss Icely at all." Hungry Higgins-Do I look like I'd fell dead lately?

progress with Miss Icely at all." "She doesn't warm any toward you?" "No; she's as cold as an iceberg." "I see. You've got a sort of chilly un ifiair on your hands." —[New York Press.

AN IMPROBABLE EXPLANATION. AN IMPROVABULE EXCLANATION. Mr. Oldboy-Don't you go around and cell everybody that I look as old as Methaselah?" Charlie Knickerboker—Yes, but I mean that you look like Methuselah when he was a young buck. —[Texas Siftings.

A MISTAKEN ESTIMATE. Clarissa --He kissed you, did he?

"I don't believe in these business booms," said the Cautious Merchant. "In my line I prefer to depend on a healthy growth." "What is your line?" asked the In. quisitive Man. "I deal in children's clothing." Clarissa—Ho Enseu 955, and Ethol—Yes. C.—Then you were mistaken in your stimate of him, after all. E.—How so? C.—Why, you said the other night that to was a man of excellent taste. —[New York Press.

ONEROUS.

it stands trembling, and strains every muscle as if snifting the battle from afar. Upon the charger sits the stern soldier, the height of contrast to the fiery impa-tience of his steed, the dingy little army cap drawn down over his eyes, the im-mobile profile turned slightly over the left shoulder, and the calm, firm features buried in that deep thoughtfulnces, that impression of latent power and magne-tism, which won for him the devotion of all officers, and made him the great or-ganizer of the shattered armies of the Union. The top of the granite pedestal, from which the steed arises, is 11 feet bayes the greand. Its base is 14 feet long and 8 feet wide, the lower half of massive granite, the upper carved with wreaths and martial devices. The front will be inscribed simply, 'General George B. Mc Clellan,' in large letters. Below will be a heavy shield of bronze, resting upon two sheaves of wheat. About the four corners will hang in mourning effect large cords of bronze flowers. A wreath of laurel in bronze gupon the reades the step and the sign of an ancient triumphal arch, surmounted by these avent field ureats. "My correspondence is weally getting to great," said Reggie, "that I shall have to get a pwivate secwetawy. I weally had to write two postal cards last week." PRESS THE SUIT. Chappie-Do you wish me to under and that it is useless to press thi by three embattled turrets. Elaborate bronze bas-reliefs, 6x2‡ feet, will adorn either side."

this uit ? suit? Jennie-Oh, no. With a little work on the knees it might do for several proposals yet.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

HER PHOTOGRAPH.

THE WORM TURNED AT LAST.

AN APPROPRIATE QUERY

Lone Benedict-I am completely lost since my wife went on a visit to her mother. Friend-Then it is quite in order to ask you how you find yourself these days.

GOOD REASON FOR IT.

"He is a very little man, isn't he?" "There is good reason for it." "How?" "His wife cuts him short every time a attempts to say anything."

NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE. "What is the difference between a poet

HELP FROM THE CLOUDS. Bell Boy (excitedly to hotel clerk)-Lightning has struck through in to 499,

sır. Clerk—Is 499 hurt? Bell Boy—No. sir. He's all right. Clerk (to bookkeeper)—Charge 499 \$2 for extra heat.—[Life.

AN IRRESISTIBLE TEMPTATION.

BOTH MARRIED FOR MONEY.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE LACKING.

Excited Stranger-Say! I lost a wenty-dollar gold piece along here omewhere. You haven't seen it, have

MEETING AN EMERGENCY. Featherstone — I wonder where those rousers are that I ordered? Ringway—Why, I thought you said hat you couldn't afford any more lothes!

clothes! Featherstone—I couldn't. But I got a new tailor.—[Clothier and Furnisher. A NATURAL PREFERENCE.

BOYISH PLEASURE.

James K. Polk.

"So you're friends again?"

ALL but nine States out of the forty-nine in the United States now make scien-tific temperance ducation compulsory in their common schools. There are between 12,000,000 and 13,000,000 children in America to whom it is required that this instruction be given.

Instruction be given. The Duke of Marlborough, who married an American lady and therefore ought to know, says; "The American woman has a natural quickness for ap-preciating the characters of the men-tround her. She takes infinitely more-trouble and in some respects manifests greater interest all round than English-women display. The bright, cheery girl remains a gay and carefully dressed married woman, who is always trying to show hereself off quietly, but to the best. Advantage (and she understands the art perfectly) among all classes of people. The tendency to magging and gossip. mongering of an ill-natured character, is ararer in that country than in England."

rarer in that country than in England." A WELL-KNOWS ichthyophagist, O. A.' (Grimm, G Moscow, proposed some time ago in an article of food for the famished pensants the hamza, a nutritious sort of anchovy which abounds in the Black Sea. At present the hamza is utilized. only by one firm of Thils, which trans-ports it to Constantinople at a great profit. The Society of the Red Cross-has appointed a commission finds that: the preparation of the fish for shipment and healthy food can be had at a low cost, measures will forthwith be taken to follow the suggestion of M. Grimm. Some interesting and rather surprising:

cost, measures will forthwith be taken to follow the suggestion of M. Grimm. Some interesting and rather surprising statistics on the use of the telephone in European countries have been collected. In London, the gratest commercial city of the world, only 1.5 persons in 1,000 use the telephone. The telephone is used most in countries where the ser-vice is owned or controlled by the State. In Germany, Switzerland, Norway and Sweden from 100 to 400 persons in 100, 000 of the population are subscribers. In Great Britain only 58 persons in 100, 000 use the telephone. In Berlin 11, and in Paris 4.2 out of every 1,000 in-habitants use the telephome. The purchase of Alaska has alrendy proved to be a pretty good speculation, goods being exported from that country net. Capt. De Hass, who has just re-turned to Tacoma from a two years' min-ing tour in Alaska, asys that a very prof-table business in canning wild geese and ducks could be established and car-ried on at the mouth of the Yukon River. These brids, he says, gather there in immense numbers in the spring. Oxs of Bismarck's amusements is pis-tol practice, of which he is fond, and at

Discontrast, no says, gainer there in immense numbers in the spring.
Ose of Bismarck's amusements is pistol practice, of which he is fond, and at which in his youth he was expert. The range at Friedrichsruh is across a small lake, perhaps a hundred yards in diameter, and the Iron Chancellor's hand is still steady enough for him to bark a squirrel occasionally. A recent visitor to Friedrichsruh says that the fallen Minister, contrary to popular bolief, is a man of great personal magnetism. He fascinates his guests, and when they depart, it is as if they were under the spell of a magician. The Prince's homelifo is delightfol, and when his son. Countes Rantzan, are present, the family gathering is most genial.

The Emperor of Japan, to whose sa-gacity the rapid progress made by the Land of the Rising Sun is largely due, is thirty-nine years of age. Born in 1852, Mutsu Hito susceeded his father in 1967 "Why do you not eat your orange, "Why to you are Tommy?" "I'm waiting till Johnny Briggs comes along. Oranges taste much better when there's some other little boy to watch you eat 'em."—[Tid-Bits.

1852, Mutsu Hito susceeded his father in 1867, and was crowned in 1868; a year later he married the Princess Harn-ko. The Emperor is the 121st of his race who has ruled the country. He is a great believer in Western civilization, and in 1889, he freely granted a consti-tution the people, whose representatives met for the first time in the auiumn of last year. Both the Mikado and his con-sort are popular, and Euronean travelars sort are popular, and European travelers to Japan invariably speak in the highest terms of them.

to Japani invariably speak in the highest terms of them. A MINE manager in Novada claims to have invented a gun of remarkably rapid firing capacity, the implement having a Winchester barrel and stock, with a 15-repeating magazine in the stock. It is a trifte heavier than the ordinary Winches-ter, but its great feature, as claimed, is that the whole fifteen shots may be fired in one second, a statement which has been fully realized in practice. The shells are thrown out, and at the end of the firing log un is as clean as though only a single cartridge had been explo-ded. It is stated that an instantaneous photograph was taken of the gun in ac-tion, and, while the exposure was made, five shells were in the air tossed out by the inconceivably rapid working of the gun. As described, the weapon is one of extrome simplicity. All that the man who does the shooting has to do is to fill the chambers with cartridges, cock the gun and pull the trigger as many times as the means to shoot. The gun is accu-rate at short or long range.

rate at short or long range. STATISTICS of fruit shipments the past year show that California has produced a more valuable crop of fruits and vege-tables than in any previous year. Of oranges, no less than 30,000,000 pounds were shipped, while the total shipments of other green fruits amounted to 78,000,-000 pounds. Dried fruit shipments reached the enormous figures of 72,000,-000 pounds. Ratisns furnished 47,000,-000 pounds. Ratisns furnished 47,000,-000 pounds against 37,000,000 last year.

000 pounds against 37,000,000 last year, Of canned goods, this year's shipments were 78,000,000 pounds, against, 49,-000,000 last year. In everything except wine and salmon there has been great in-crease in shipments, showing that the year is one of the most successful ever known for farmer and fruit-grower. Stock is being rapidly taken in the Cape Horn Steamship Line, started by mer-canats in order to secure lower freight rates from the East. It is expected that the first steamer will be ready by next September. Most of the vessels will be built in New York. Experts have esti-mated that the traffic between San Fran-cisco and South American ports will pay all expenses, thus enabling the company to give low through rates between New York and this eity.

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.