

plause for their pleasing contribution to the programme.

The essay "Heinrich Heine," written and read by Miss Emma Reymann, dealt with the life of the great poet, and was a remarkably well prepared composition and excellently delivered.

The entire class next appeared in a semi-chorus, "La Chaise aux Papillons."

The valedictory poem was composed and read by Miss Julia Montague, of this city, a member of the graduating class.

The Right Rev. Bishop Donahue made a short address that was typical of this most pleasing speaker—eloquent, witty, patriotic. He congratulated the graduates not alone upon their graduation from such an excellent institution as Mont de Chantal—but that they were graduates in the greatest country in the world.

The concluding feature of the afternoon programme was the retiring march, which was a spectacle of beauty.

"Poets and Poetry." The essay, "Poets and Poetry," by Miss Marion Collins, of the graduating class, which was so well received by the audience, is printed in full below:

There is in our hearts an ecstatic rapture, when, in the languid heat of summer, we leave the turmoil of the crowded city, and stand alone at the base of a rugged, jutting mountain range, contemplating in the calm, sweet stillness which surrounds us, the strength, beauty and love of Him who created the universe.

The heavy foliage of the mountain oak, the hemlock and other forest trees casts a deep impenetrable shade about us; the cool waters fall from the heights, throwing sparkling spray high in air; like a silvery ribbon, the river winds in and out among the foothills, becoming narrower and narrower, until at last hidden by projecting boulders, the perfume of the fragrant, dainty mountain flowers, wafted down the valley by the cool breeze, which sighs around, and on one side looms up a wall of living green that seems to meet the blue dome of heaven.

This beauty inspires us with a joy—a rapture—which we cannot convey to others; but the true poet, in "expressions common to many minds, but uncommon in exquisite utterance," interprets our emotions for us and reproduces in verse the cause of our joy. Byron echoes the sentiment of every heart when he says:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods, There is a rapture on the lonely shore, There is society where none intrude, By the deep sea under no man's roof; I love not man the less, but nature more, From these interviews, in which I steal From all I may be, or have been before, To mingle with the universe, and feel, What it can utter, yet cannot call conceal."

To reveal the beautiful is an instinct of the poet and his poetry like the sparkling waters of the fountain, emerges clear and bright from its deep source, giving expressions to thoughts which lie too deep for ordinary utterance. To use the words of Shakespeare:

"As imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing A local habitation and a name."

Not only does the poet portray the beautiful, but he preserves that which is transient. The beauty of the flower fades; the glory of the sunset succumbs to night; the friends of our youth pass away; but the poet chains the fleeting, preserves the freshness of the flower, the glory of the sunset and reproduces the emotions of the past. He embodies in his verse the truth that in the transitory, familiar and humble things of life there is something permanent, beautiful and elevated. In all things, even the most common and trivial, he sees the ideal element and his soul is raised to God in the contemplation of the least of His works.

With a power not found in the pictorial artist, the poet draws his picture of nature, perfect in detail, full of beauty and naturalness. In that which has neither color nor dimension, he portrays the visible and tangible.

But beautiful as nature is, descriptions of it are of value to the poet, only when used to illustrate some truth, or when connected with the joys, the fears, the hopes of mankind. It is only when permeated with human interest that descriptive poetry "addresses itself to the highest and more elevated portion of man's nature, his whole moral being, his feeling, his sympathies, his affections, his love of all that is high and pure and good." Longfellow has become our favorite household poet, not because he is an "artist of the beautiful," but because of his love and sympathy for suffering humanity. He who himself knew grief, says:

"And only the sorrows of others Can I feel, and only the shadow of me."

And what, we may ask, has made Shakespeare, the poet of poets? Why do his works appeal alike to the hearts of all nations and ages? Because they are impregnated with human action and passion. With the mighty power of genius he portrays the conflict between good and evil that is ever raging in the heart, and within the embrace of his words is embodied a world of thought and beauty that addresses the imagination and calls out the emotions of man now, and will ages hence.

In the highest sense of the word, the poet is an historian who hands down "traditions and reminiscences of a glorious past." While the historian proper records the defeats, the victories, the rise and fall of nations, it is the province of the poet to immortalize deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice that are a nation's glory; to inspire others with the spirit of emulation, and keep alive the fire of patriotism. But the highest mission of the poet is to embody in his work, truth, beauty and goodness, and to do this, he must believe in God and Eternity.

The epic, the highest form of poetry, is the product of religious enthusiasm. The "Iliad" and the "Enchiridion" were written when the Greeks and Romans believed the gods, not when they had become nations of scoffers; Milton's "Paradise Lost" is a poem full of the light of Christianity, and the "Divina Comedia" was written in the age of faith, when religious inspired and informed every department of art. Carlyle says: "In Dante, ten silent centuries found a voice." He is a spokesman of the Middle Ages, and his ideas, sublime, terrible and beautiful, "are the fruit of Christian meditation." Within the "Divina Comedia" body of beauty is the element of truth; it not only mirrors the outer surface of life, but it reveals the struggle, the passions, the defeats and the triumphs of the soul.

"A Roverie," written by Miss Frances McQuaid, was read by Miss Emma Forbes, owing to a recent bereavement at Miss McQuaid's home.

This beautiful composition is reproduced in full in this morning's Intelligencer.

The dazzling splendor of the sun-god's radiance, The crown of the mountain's purple brow with a halo bright, And sends forth winged, golden beams like arrows from a bow.

How we'll long to wander back alone and To the green and shining tanglewood of our silent old ravine. Where under the wide and spreading trees we passed such pleasant hours, And where the crystal stream, a nestle on the crimson-tipped flowers;

There the rustling, leafy bowers the melody fall asleep on downy beds of emerald moss below.

There the rugged rocks are veiled by vines and silver sheen, And grey, twisted branches hid by a glistening ivy screen.

Flowers of purest elfin gold shine in the forest shade, And in their radiant silence fringe the echoing woodland glades.

Babbling o'er with musing music, The patter of brooklets flow, With a gleeful, gurgling prattle, As it comes and goes.

Thro' the waving ferns it sparkles With light, capricious dance, Chattering to the sylvan-like flowers, That nod with roguish glance.

Ah, happy brook, away you speed Beneath the azure sky, Thro' fields of clover blooms that wave As you pass merrily by.

Speeding o'er the shining pebbles, Hurrying to the sea, With butterflies gay as you dance along To bear you company.

How your laughter echoes down The woodland dell with glee, But never again as in "Auld Lang Syne" Shall our footsteps stray by thee.

Shadows grin like phantoms rise Of mystic, future years, But we with gleeful, laughing eyes Smile thro' our fears.

Our fancy rich in gems and gold Builds us a castle fair, In which we reign in wealth untold Queens of beauty rare.

Whether we float in a sapphire sea, Or bark in the golden light, Our future years all seem to be A poem of rare delight.

Through dimpled light and flowing shade In the sunset's rosy glow, Our dreams of beauty will never fade Into the dreams of "long ago."

For into the "afterworlds" it steals, Like music's glad refrain, The echoes thro' the heart and heals All pangs of grief and pain.

"Heinrich Heine." One of the most interesting features of the programme was the essay on "Heinrich Heine," by Miss Emma Reymann, the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anton Reymann, of this city, and who is a member of the graduating class. Her essay in full is as follows:

In the highways and hedges the critics of today search to find a poet and compel him to come in. There was a time when the poet came uncalled, but that is past. A single nation will probably never again boast of contemporary poetical and intellectual lights to be compared with Goethe, Schiller, Kleist, Winkelmann and Heine. There is in every German's heart an inborn love of the Fatherland, of music and of poetry. Even the most illiterate German has an inherent love of music, and Taubhauser and Loehring, Wallenstein and Faust, incomprehensible as they seem to most of us, are listened to in Germany by thousands upon thousands with bated breath and a hush of awe. In this century the German people are the most poetic in Europe, but for many years there were unappreciated yearnings throughout Germany, for the song that a loving, patriotic and religious heart needs in grief and as a sufficient expression of joy in the hour of its triumph. Heine must always hold his place as a poet. "His poems have become as deeply imbedded in the heart of the German nation as are the groves of coral in Indian seas."

At Berlin, which was the center of the keenest intellectual life of Germany Heine became intimate with several of the foremost intellectual geniuses of his country. Such surroundings were favorable for his mental development, and within two years he published his "Yearning Sorrows." To his great disappointment, however, it was received with indifference by the general public. With the publication of his "Reise Bilder" Heine was for the first time recognized by his countrymen, and his name was known from the Rhine to the Rhineland and mentioned with the highest praise. Heine's prose has the same strange, meekness and variability as his poetry. Every thing he wrote bears the stamp of his own wild genius. The "Reise Bilder" is prose and poetry combined, giving striking impressions of his travel and his reflections thereon—eloquent, charming, often pathetic, but a vein of satire and bitterness runs throughout the whole work, and "therefore with cynical laughter he laughs at itself and would find have sobbed were it not that sob would have opened the flood-gates of tears." Of all those "Reise Bilder" Hartz Reise and Nordenay are the finest. In Nordenay we see the author's longing for the sea, with its tossings, moanings and roarings. By the sea side, as he listens to the murmuring of the waves, he likens his soul to the endless waters, and says "A beautiful world lies therein. It rests in the obscurity of the deep, but occasionally a heavenly spark illumines the surface."

On the grand wave of general favor the poems again carried back to Berlin, anxious to know where he had seemed to fall. Here he published his famous "Buch der Lieder." These poems even exceeded his "Reise Bilder" in popularity, and they are the sweetest of all German songs. "His songs are all music and feeling," says George Eliot; "they are like birds that not only content us with their delicious notes but nestle against us with their soft breasts and make us feel the agitated beating of their hearts." In the Minnesinger Heine gives us his own poetical bias:

"Phantasie die schaeuemund wilde, Ist des Minnesingers Pford Und der Kunst dient ihm zum Schilde Und das Wort das ist sein Schwert."

The "Buch der Lieder" pleases all sorts of people, despite its radicalism, its scoffing and skeptical spirit. For simplicity and suggestiveness it is remarkable. These songs touch and thrill us like the carol of the lark or the perfume of the first violet. Behind an airy lightness the deepest inward is concealed, a delicate touch revealing the master hand. None can read his fascinating "Lyrical Interlude" without acknowledging that "no such singer had ever before so charmed the German ear." In fact, this collection might be called the wood of love, the dawn, the moon, the decline of love, the song of birds and the most joyous and then sad and ominous voices of the winds among the trees—all are here.

These gems are memorized and sung throughout Germany. Not only throughout Germany, but wherever we find lovers of harmony and exquisite beauty, for they have been translated into every language that man will never let them die. "On rosy wings of music, my darling, I fly with thee." This darling might have reference to the "Lyrical Interlude," for these charming ballads have truly been wanted to every clime on the "wings of music." Can any one imagine a love song more perfect in its simplicity than:

"I'm wunderschoenen Mond Mal Als alle Knospen sprangen Da ist in melman Tierzen Die Liebe aufgekungen, Unless it were, Oh, thou art like a flower, So fair and pure thro' art."

I look on thee and while I look There's sorrow at my heart. To move upon thy head, To lay my hands and pray, That God may keep thee kind and fair, And pure as thou'rt to-day."

How deplorable that the freshness and youthful spirit pervading these ballads should in later works be replaced by wild cynicism and deep melancholy.

The French revolution in 1830 caused Heine to write a fiercely sarcastic pamphlet on the nobility. What now remained for Heine was a flight to France. "Paris," he cried, "is the New Jerusalem and the Rhein is the Jordan which separates the sacred land of freedom from the Philistines." Heine's first years in Paris were perhaps the happiest of his life, and he was in the pride and fullness of health and strength. Here he began the task of interpreting French thought to Germany and German literature to France. These works excited at once intense admiration and curiosity. An eminent critic of that period writes: "Who is his strange spirit, pouring forth from one hand the finest flowers of German poetry and fancy and from the other the most brilliant jewels of Parisian art—the man who seems to possess a twofold nature and to be at once the grandson of Goethe and Voltaire." His genius calls into play every emotion and mood of the mind. His poems are of the sweetness, his songs full of melody. United with the strength and intellect of matured manhood, we find in them the refreshing simplicity of childhood. His writings are the faithful mirror of what passed through his brain. He laid bare his most secret thoughts—thoughts that most people would shrink from admitting to themselves and never reveal to others, yet "his songs will forever remain like stars in the heaven of poetry."

It seems the very irony of fate that this man, so vigorous and full of life, should for ten years be compelled to live a life in death. Heine's words, written after his first great disappointment, might aptly be applied to this period:

"At first I sank in wild despair, Beneath the grief I feel I now That grief at length I've learned to bear, But ah, in pity, ask not how."

All through his illness down to the day of his death his wit and humor never deserted him. Heine was at last laid to rest in the cemetery of Mont Marterre, Paris. Poor Heine—singing, suffering Heine! His is one of the saddest stories in the history of literature. Years before his death he wrote:

"Where will end my weary journey, What last resting place be mine Under tropic palm trees shadow Under Indians by the Rhein?"

What heed I, since God's fair heaven Will be o'er me there as here, And the stars like death lamps swaying Through the night will shine as clear."

The Valedictory. The valedictory poem written and read by Miss Julia Montague, of this city, showed the high talent of this young lady. Her tribute to her Alma Mater was indeed beautiful. The valedictory was as follows:

The sun's soft radiance faintly impinged, Ere 'twas veiled by twilight's mist; Its quivering shafts so richly tinted, Sweet June roars lightly kissed.

Conscious of their quietly beauty, They a deeper crimson blushed, Hid behind their leafy verdure, Bow'd their heads, and all was hushed.

Save now and then a low soft moaning, From the dove-coo'd o'er the sea, Heine's soft, sweet, soft stillness, Like an echo faint-to me.

In the dusky twilight yonder, Looming up, 'twas a faint light, Which for a moment, then a while, Valleys, forests, rocks and rills.

While here and there are towering oaks Round which ivy ever twines, And weeping-willows bending low, Beside the tall and stately pines.

The sunbeams thro' their branches chase The fleeting shadows on the walks, And 'neath their wide, protecting shade Long hours were we've held in genial talks.

anon thro' swaying tree-tops tall, Flits to and fro the eriole bright, Heine's soft, sweet, soft stillness, Like a flash of golden light.

The fragile dew-drops falling gently, Dream and sparkle thro' the night, And trembling on their velvet cradles, Shattered are, by dawn of light.

In childhood days we play at life And mimic are in sportive ease, We blow soap-bubbles—light as air, That gleam, then vanish instantly.

We peer beneath the whispering leaves For dainty violets hidden there, And paused in rapture as the thrush Pours forth his music on the air.

Our skillful fingers garlands weave, When sun-kissed flowers their leaves un- More precious far than those of gold.

With child-like zeal o'er hill and dale We chase the butterflies as they long From crimson buds to lilies pale, And life is then one joyous song.

Ah, yes! we ever search in childhood days (Yes! thro' glens and shady ways) For fairies gay, our hearts care-free and free, When, swooping low to seize a dancing sprite, We find, that what to us a fairy seems, Has gone—it lingers only with our dreams.

And when our childhood days have flown apace, Undimmed by our former fruitless chase, Untried still, we seek the same— A little thing that merits not a name; And tho' it vanishes within our grasp, Some men have died—enthralled within its clasp.

Why should we gaze with longing eyes, Back to the days the years have lent? In those days, in those days, long since spent; Behold! the future smiling lies, Before us, ours to mar or make.

And shall our aim not be to crown our lives Our hopes, our dreams with great and noble deeds? Then, let us ever walk the path that leads On high—for he who late and early strives With heart and soul the steep ascent to a high, However dark and drear the way may be, That in and out winds to eternity, Will, in the end attain those heights sublime.

When, all too soon the years have swiftly flown, And that of youth have blossomed to their fall, Awaiting then the Master's hand to cull alone, We'll wander back thro' memories sunlit ways, Adown its grassy slopes and verdant dells Till all bewildered by its endless maze, We'll pause, but when the sound of Ves- per bells, Steals softly on the calm, sweet evening air, We'll rest content, and breathe a silent prayer.

Why are the voices sweet of long ago Fading now? Not one familiar lay To greet our ears. "All things must pass away."

The breeze seem to whisper soft and low; On rustic bridge and by the limpid spring, While other children to our Lady bring Bright flowers of varied tints and forms of green and red.

Ah, yes! then we'll awake to find at last That our sweet dream of other days has passed.

This day of dawning Womanhood Laden with the hopes and fears, The sunshine and the shadows dim, Is fraught with memories of years, Within my heart a host of things, The joyous past from once so free, The future dim, the future dim, What has been once, again may be; Look up aloft, the poet sings; Who know'st, Among our little band, May be our dearest, the fairest, Unto Sienna's Catherine.

But the parting hour has come for us truly at last, And, hovering near, the Angel of the Past Reminds us that altho' our ways must part, A love that grows with time, should bind each heart. To those who throughout the fleeting years Have oftentimes by their smiles dispersed our fears, Shielded were we in this world of strife,

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From all the snares, the perils of this life; With Angel voices always by our side To teach us truths that ever will abide Within our souls; ah! how we'll miss their Their loving counsels and their earnest prayers.

Dear Alma Mater! when e'er we hear thy name A host of cherished memories fondly starts, Awakening with each pulsing of our hearts. Ambition to be worthy of thy fame, The noble type of perfect womanhood Nurtured within thy hallowed walls, Beneath the shadow of thy classic halls Inspire us to be like them—true and good. Thou favored child of Nature, passing fair, A brilliant setting art for gems so rare.

The Honors of the school, consisting of a blue ribbon, with a silver cross, are awarded for excellence in deportment and studies, in the senior third class, to Miss Loretta Hannon, of Marietta, Ohio; in the senior fourth class, to Miss Clara Paff, of Beaver Falls, Pa.; in the middle first class, to Miss Laura Dick, of Canton, Ohio; Miss Almee Quinn, of Sandusky, Ohio; Miss Nora Sarsfield, of Oakland, Md. First prize in the senior second class, to Miss Maybelle Ashmore, of Washington, Pa.

In the senior third class, to Miss Frances Montague, of Wheeling, W. Va.; Miss Marcella Welner, of New York City; Miss Narcissa Fox, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Miriam Ackehel, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miss Loretta Trushel, of Wheeling, W. Va.

In special studies, in the senior third class, a prize to Miss Rose O'Brien, of Pittsburgh, Pa. In the senior fourth class, to Miss Esther Bell, of Wheeling, W. Va.; Miss Stella Crockett, of Wheeling; Miss Marie Fox, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miss Edith Loughney, of Pittsburgh; Miss Evelyn Wolff, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miss Bessie Heffernan, of Oil City, Pa.

A prize to Miss Madge Boeber, of Fairmont, W. Va. In special studies of senior fourth class, a prize to Miss Myrtle McNamee, of Wellsville, Ohio; Miss Annie Horri-gan, of Wellsville, Ohio; Miss Clara Gibney, of Beaver Falls, Pa.

In the middle first class, to Miss Martha Pannek, of Gallitzin, Pa.; Miss Mary Gardner, of Sistersville, W. Va.; Miss Ella Fleming, of Wheeling, W. Va. In special studies of middle first class, a prize to Miss Teresa Hanifan, of Bowling Green, Ohio.

In the middle third class, to Miss Clara Schwinn, of Wheeling, W. Va.; Miss Louise Fitch, of Fairmont, W. Va. In the senior third class, second prize, to Miss Josephine Waterhouse, of Wheeling, W. Va.

In the senior fourth class, to Miss Bessie Welty, of Wheeling, W. Va.; Miss Dorothy Connor, of Dallas, Texas; Miss Annie Sullivan, of Lock Haven, Pa.; Miss Olive Kirkland, of Mannington, W. Va.; Miss Bessie Snyder, of Wheeling, W. Va.

A prize for application during the past few months, to Miss Blanche Garrison, of Wadestown, W. Va.; Miss Laura Beatty, of Mannington, W. Va. In the middle first class, to Miss Alta Nickle, of Fairmont, W. Va.; Miss Nellie Caldwell, of Parkersburg, W. Va.; Miss Agnes Campbell, of Belmont, W. Va.; Miss Margaret Thomson, of St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Bessie Sharkey, of Colerain, Ohio; Miss Elizabeth Steenrod, of Wheeling, W. Va.; Miss Mary Snyder, of Wheeling, W. Va.

A prize for improvement, to Miss Clara Gavin, of Wheeling, W. Va. In the middle third class, to Miss Angell Miller, of Alva, W. Va.; Miss Lizzie Gaffney, of Sistersville, W. Va.; Miss Gertrude Gardner, of Sistersville; Miss Irene Loughney, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miss Bertha Nolan, of Sistersville, W. Va.

A prize for improvement, to Miss Genevieve Campbell, of Wheeling, W. Va. A prize for improvement during the past few months, to Miss Lenora Oakford, of Baltimore, Md.; Miss Clara Edwards, of Newark, N. J.

A prize for improvement during the past two months, to Miss Bessie Gans, of Fairmont, W. Va.; Miss Maud Gans, of Fairmont, W. Va. In the junior class, to Miss Margaret Schwinn, of Wheeling, W. Va.; Miss Lottie Deveny, of Fairmont, W. Va.; Miss Caritas Kurner, of Wheeling, W. Va.

In the primary class, to Miss Bertha Flaccas, of Wheeling, W. Va.; Miss Helen South, of Bridgeport, W. Va. A prize to Miss Elizabeth O'Brien, of Pittsburgh, Pa. First prize in second class of piano, a prize for etouquette, a prize for stocking darning, Miss Loretta Hannon.

First prize in third class of piano and first prize in third class of violin, a prize for stocking darning, a prize for fidelity to charges, Miss Almee Quinn. First prize in piano, first prize in vocal music, Miss Blanche Hanse. First prize in elocution, a prize for etouquette, a prize for fidelity to charges, Miss Mary MacHenry.

First prize in third class of piano, a prize for fidelity to charges, Miss Frances Montague. First prize in third class of piano, second prize in elocution, a prize for fidelity to charges, a prize for stocking darning, Miss Clara Paff.

First prize in oil painting, first prize in drawing, Miss Dorothy Connor. First prize in elocution, second prize in vocal music, a prize for fidelity to charges, Miss Frances McQuaid. First prize in vocal music, second prize in china painting, Miss Rose O'Brien.

First prize in third class of piano, a prize for stocking darning, Miss Miriam Ackehel. First prize in fourth class of piano, first prize in vocal, a prize for fidelity to charges, Miss Teresa Hanifan. First prize in vocal music, second prize in fourth class of piano, a prize for fidelity to charges, Miss Laura Dick.

First prize in fourth class of piano, Miss Bessie Heffernan. First prize in fourth class of piano, a prize for fidelity to charges, a prize for stocking darning, Miss Marie Fox. First prize in fifth class of piano, a prize for fidelity to charges, Miss Annie Horri-gan.

First prize in fifth class of piano, second prize in vocal music, Miss Myrtle McNamee. First prize in fifth class of piano, Miss Stella Crockett and Miss Lizzie Gaffney. First prize in elocution, a prize for fidelity to charges, Miss Marcella Welner. Second prize in second class of piano, a prize for fidelity to charges, Miss Emma Forbes. Second prize in third class of piano, Miss Emma Reymann. Second prize in third class of piano, a prize for fidelity to charges, Miss Martha Hahn. Second prize in pen and ink drawing, Miss Clara Paff.

Continued on Third Page.

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