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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS

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Unity Lodge, No. 12, F. and A. M: Meets the second and fourth Mondays of each month.

Tyrian Chapter, No: 91, R. A. M. Meets the third Monday of each month, in Masonic Hall, Phenix Block. M. H. CARTER, M. E. H. P.

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I. O. O. F.—Ravenna Lodge, No. 65. Meets every Wednesday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Ravenna Encampment, No. 129, Meets every 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month.

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CONGREGATIONAL—REV. A. M. HILLS, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 10.30 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:15 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday Evening at 7:30

METHODIST—REV. R. M. FRESHWATER, M A. Pastor. Services on Sunday at 10:30 A. M., and 7:00 P. M. Sunday School at 12:15 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday Evening at 7:30.

DISCIPLE—REV. M. L. STREATOR, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 10.30 A. M., and 7:30 P M. Sunday School at 12:15 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday Evening at 7:30.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—CATHOLIC—Rev. Jos. D. BOWLES Pastor. Services at 8 and 10:30 each alternate Sunday. Sunday School at 1:30 P. M. High Mass, Sunday, July 4, and each alternate Sunday thereafter. Mass every week day morning at 7:30.

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OAKWOOD CHAPEL—Oakwood street. Rev. D. W. Burdick Pastor. Services Sunday evening at 7:30. Union Sunday School at 3 o'clock p. m. each Sunday.

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J. H. DUSSELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Counsel in English and German. Office over Flath's Clothing Store, Phenix Block, Ravenna, O.

P. B. CONANT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ravenna, O. Office in Blackstone Block, North Chestnut Street, Ravenna, Ohio.

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I. T. SIDDALL, Attorney at Law. Office in Phenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio. 479

ROCKWELL & NORRIS, Attorneys at Law and Notary Public. Dewel Block, Kent, Ohio Dec. 10, 1868. 1y.

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MISS L. C. JACKSON, MILLINERY GOODS of all kinds, Opera Block, Ravenna, O.

PETER FLATH. Clothier and Merchant Tailor, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods. Phenix Block, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio. Oct. 15, 1868, 1y.

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Bargains —IN— DECORATED { TEA, DINNER, and TOILET } SETS

56 Piece Decorated Tea Sets at $5 00
120 " " Dinner Sets at 15 00
10 " " Toilet (Water) Sets at 4 50
10 " Band Toilet (Water) Sets at ... 3 50
56 " Gilt Band Tea Sets at 8 00
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A Good Lamp, complete, at 25
Bradley & Hubbard's Extension Lamp, complete, with 14 inch Porcelain Shade, 3 85
Fine Vase and Stand Lamps at from 50c to 10 00

Largest Variety of Fine and Medium **Silver Plated Ware!** of Standard Quality, at Fair Prices. Goods Warranted as sold.

Our variety of NOVELTIES for Useful and Ornamental Purposes, is much larger than can be found elsewhere in this County.
We invite inspection and comparison.
No trouble to show Goods.
Remember, the place to secure Bargains is at
FAIRCHILD'S,
Dealer in Furniture, Crockery and Silver Ware Phenix Block.

All Necessaries for the Burial of the Dead Furnished on short Notice and on the most Reasonable Terms, Considerate Attention Guaranteed.
A. B. FAIRCHILD, Undertaker,
Residence on Pratt street, third house South on West side.

FOR
Baby Carriages,
Hammocks,
Chromos,
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Window Shades and Fixtures
Sheet Music,
Books and Stationery,
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GO TO
C. A. MYERS,
EXCHANGE BUILDING,
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Machine AND Repair WORKS!
Prospect Street, Ravenna, O.
JOHN F. BYERS
Will pay special attention to the Repairing of
STEAM ENGINES,
and all kinds of machinery.
Has on hand seven
NEW STEAM ENGINES,
From two to six-horse power, of his own manufacture, suitable for Cheese Factories, and other light work, which will be put in for parties desiring, on reasonable terms.
All work promptly attended to at reasonable prices.
JOHN F. BYERS
Ravenna, March 1, 1883. 758

AUGUSTUS S COLE, ABSTRACTOR.
Office with W. B. Thomas, in Empire Building, Ravenna, Ohio. 756-1y

Desirable Outlying Lots FOR SALE!
I HAVE laid out into one acre lots the territory known as the Old Fair Ground in Ravenna, and offer them for sale.
This affords parties who desire to secure a location for building or other purposes, an opportunity to purchase one or more acres of land in the pleasantest and most healthy part of town, at about the cost of ordinary village lots, and upon reasonable terms.
J. D. KING.
Ravenna, February 8, 1883. 754-3m

GOODSELL'S PATENT
Axle Cutting Machine!
May be found at the shop of
B. F. ROOSINGER & SON,
on alley east of Court House.
Ravenna, January 22, 1881. 648

NEW SILVER GOODS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, CLOCKS, NOTIONS,
LAMPS, CHAINS, BRACELETS, RINGS, LOCKETS. **NEW**
WAIT BROTHERS.

PATENT OFFICE
BRADFORD HOWLAND,
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Office over the 2nd National Bank, Ravenna, O. 685-1y

STOP AND SEE
THE PILES OF NEW
SPRING GOODS!
Arriving at the reliable old
CLOTHING HOUSE
—OF—
P. FLATH!
No. 3 PHENIX BLOCK!
His stock comprises all the new and desirable styles of
Gents' Suitings,
Furnishing Goods,
Hats and Caps.
Which will be sold as low as any other establishment in Northern Ohio can sell the same class of Goods.
Custom Work!
The Custom Department will continue under the charge of the proprietor, whose long experience in the business enables him to guarantee perfect satisfaction to customers.
P. FLATH.
Ravenna, February 20, 1883.

CHOICE VARIETIES
—OF—
STRAWBERRIES,
RASPBERRIES,
BLACKBERRIES,
—AT—
REASONABLE PRICES.
A. E. STEPHENSON,
CHARLESTOWN, O.,
Offers to the people of Portage County the following unexcelled varieties, which have invariably received the biggest commendations wherever exhibited, taking the First Premiums in every competitive test as to Hardiness, Size, Flavor, and Prolific Bearing.

WHITE ANN ARBOR GRAPE—Hardy, prolific, large and delicious. Ripens ten days or two weeks before the Concord. Never mildews nor rots. Second size, one year old. small, 50 cents each.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of Washtenaw Co., Michigan, to act as Judges in the Pomological Department at their Fair in October, 1882, had under consideration 29 varieties of Grapes, and it was their decided opinion that the "White Ann Arbor" seedling was far the most desirable of the lot.
For *size, flavor* and *beauty,* it took the lead of all our standard varieties, and we believe it will yet become one of the most popular Grapes in this country.
MARTIN CLARK,
J. D. WILLIAMS,
Committee.
ANN ARBOR, MICH., Dec 23, 1882.

RUSSIAN MULBERRY—HARDY.—A beautiful, quick growing tree for the lawn while the fruit is valuable for table use. By mail, 12 to 18 inch size, 15 cents each, $1,50 per dozen

THE WAGER PEACH.—This is, without exception, the best and richest Peach we are acquainted with, for table use and canning purposes. It is of good size, yellow skin, and flesh as yellow as gold; thick meated, small pit, very hardy, and one of the most abundant bearers of any sort known. It reproduces itself every time from the pit. One year old trees, by express, 2 to 3 feet, 25 cents each; $2.50 per dozen.

WATERLOO PEACH.—2 to 3 ft. 25 cts. each. The largest and best very early peach grown. Ripens about middle of July.

"BIG BOB"—THE COMING STRAWBERRY.—The biggest and most uniform in size, the best flavored and most productive, and the vines the hardiest. Price by mail, $1 00 per doz. or $6 per 100. A. E. STEPHENSON.
Ravenna, March 30, 1883 762-3m

New Stock!
Spring and Summer BOOTS AND SHOES!
AT THE
NEW Shoe Store!
Better Bargains Than Ever!
It will Pay You to See Them Before Buying!
SMALLEST PROFITS, AND STRICTLY CASH.
☞ Best Repairing at Lowest Prices.
W. F. TOWNS,
Frazer Building,
RAVENNA, O.

NEW California Meat Market!
WE have opened in the room in Mechanics Block, recently occupied by E. H. Wait as a grocery store, a new meat market, where may at all times be found
FRESH MEATS,
HAMS,
SAUSAGES, &c.
☞ None but the best will be kept, and prices as low as the market will afford.
POTTS, PHELPS & CO.
Ravenna, February 27, 1883. 757

Valuable Farm for Sale!
For particulars, call on or address
I. T. SIDDALL, Ravenna, O.

To the Dude.

When'er I take my walks abroad
How many Dudes I see,
And when I turn and look at them
They cannot look at me.

Their collars tight curtail their sight,
Their heads they cannot turn;
Why walk they thus with solemn air?
Their mission I would learn.

The days of penance saints are not yet passed;
St. Simeon Stylites was not the last
Of those good souls who felt they fulfilled best
Their mission and their master's last behest.

By self-inflicted tortures and a life
Made gloomy by a stern, unyielding strife
'Gainst merriment and outward signs of joy,
Lest aught but their own mission should their thoughts employ.

E'en so the Dude is now our modern saint,
With saddened eyes yet without complaint,
He daily walks our street with looks intent,
His soul and being on his mission bent.

That mission which is ever fresh and green
While social life retains its lustre and its sheen,
To show how in a land where arts do grow
That absolutely nothing man can know.

Oh, luckless Dude, we pity and we mourn
Your hopeless state, your misery forlorn;
Go, hie you to some tailor's shop and try
To, as a clothes-horse, view the passers-by.

A CHARITY SCHOLAR.

"I'm going to school," said little Bessie Gale, "to-morrow morning."

Bessie stood on the doorstep, her yellow curls blowing about, her freckled face all red with excitement, and her mouth stretched in the broadest of smiles. "Are you?" said Theodora Barclay. Theodora was dressed very prettily in a white embroidered frock with a dark-blue sash and dark-blue stockings. Her boots were new and shining, her hat was of the very finest Leghorn, and altogether she felt herself to be very stylish indeed.

"To Miss Milton," added Bessie. "Mother is to wash for Miss Milton, and that will pay for my schooling. Won't it be nice?"

At this, Theodora turned up her little nose.

"Upon my word," said she, "washer-women's children are looking up in the world!"

Bessie did not understand this, so she only smiled the more gleefully, and repeated, a second time, "Won't it be nice? The public school is so far away, and Cora says that the children there are so rough, so that mother didn't like the idea of me going there, and——"

"Is my Swiss muslin dress ironed?" rudely interrupted Theodora.

"Yes," said Bessie, "it's all ready, in a basket, and I'm going to take it home this evening."

"But I want it now," said Theodora. "I am going to wear it to tea at Mrs. Adams."

"Very well," said Bessie. "Then I will carry it over at once!"

And she ran cheerfully for the basket. Bessie Gale's mother was a hard-working little woman who had seen better days, and who was anxious to educate her children so that life should not be such a drudgery to them as it had always been to her.

And Mrs. Barclay, Theodora's mother, who was a delicate woman and could only go out occasionally in a carriage, used to sit by her window and watch the washerwoman's little children swarming across the road, and Mrs. Gale herself, with quick steps, cherry cheeks, and skirts pinned well up around her, hanging clothes on the line, and would say to herself, with a sigh, "Mrs. Gale is a lucky woman!"

Miss Milton's little flock of scholars was assembled in the school-room the next morning at nine o'clock.

There had been a heavy thunder-shower in the night, and the grass and bushes were too wet for the little girls to play, as usual, around the door, while every time the wind blew a miniature shower descended from the boughs of the old elm, where the wooden seats were placed.

Bessie Gale had arrived bright and early, with her curls tied back with blue ribbon, her face shining with plenty of soap and water, and a stiffly-starched calico dress rustling at every movement that she made.

She had come smiling into the school-room, prepared for a cordial reception from the other scholars, most of whom she knew previously; but, to her dismay and surprise, they all turned coldly from her, answered her remarks with brief, blunt replies, and assembled in little knots by themselves in various parts of the room, leaving her all alone.

"Girls," said Bessie, after a few minutes of trouble and bewildered silence, "what is the matter?"

The girls laughed and whispered a little among themselves, but made no answer.

"Is there anything wrong with my dress?" persisted Bessie, looking down at the poor little stiff calico dress of which she had been so proud. "I know it isn't quite new; but it is very clean, and neatly mended."

Just then Miss Milton came in, so that further discussion was checked. But little Alice Hodges stole up to Bessie as they were taking their seats, and whispered, as she laid her cheek against Bessie's shoulder:

"I know why the girls won't play with you. It's because Theo Barclay told 'em you were a charity scholar! What is a charity scholar, Bessie? Is it wrong to be charity? And what makes you do it?"

"Alice, go to your seat!" Miss Milton's clear distinct voice here interposed, and Bessie sat there, quite still, with the big tears gathering in her eyes and an uncomfortable feeling all over her. And so downcast and dejected was she that Miss Milton herself observed it, and called her to the desk at recess time.

"Bessie," said she, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing, ma'am," the child answered.

"Why are you not playing with the other little girls?" questioned the teacher.

"They don't want me, ma'am, I think," said Bessie, still in the same suppressed voice. "Theodora Barclay has told them that I was a—a charity scholar!"

"That is all absurd!" said Miss Milton sharply. "Your tuition is paid for as much as that of any of the other children. If Theo Barclay has said so, she is talking nonsense."

And Miss Milton resolved that if the children did not alter their line of conduct she would have a serious talk with them.

Theo Barclay went home to her mother that evening full of the story of Bessie Gale.

"A charity child, mamma," said she, leaning on the arm of her mother's chair. "Her mother pays for her schooling with washing! How can she expect the rest of us girls to play with her, I wonder?"

Mrs. Barclay looked sadly down at the child's excited face.

"If that is what you call being a charity child," said she, "and mind I don't say that your logic is correct—I know of another one in Miss Milton's school!"

"Who is it, mamma!" cried Theo eagerly. "And why didn't you tell me of it before? Is it Augusta Moor? I'm almost sure that it is Augusta. Or else it is Pheb Gregory!"

"It's a little girl," quietly went on Mrs. Barclay, "whose father has been unfortunate in business, and was going to take her out of school because he felt that he could not afford the expense of her tuition. But Miss Milton was very kind, as she always is, and so she has offered to keep her on for nothing until the child's father gets into business again, and they are able to pay. So you see that this little girl is even more of a 'charity scholar,' as you call it, than Bessie, whose schooling is paid for, every week, by her mother's honest toil."

"Mamma," cried Theodora, "who is it? Do tell me who it is?"

"I had not intended to divulge the secret, my child," said Mrs. Barclay, "but——"

"I'll never, never tell," interrupted Theo. "I'll promise not to tell, if you'll only whisper to me what the little girl's name is."

"It is Theodora Barclay," said her mother with a sad smile. "And remember, my dear, that I should never have told you this, had it not been for the foolish contempt which you have shown towards little Bessie Gale."

Theo had hidden her face on her mother's shoulder, and was silent for a minute or two.

"Oh, mamma," she said at last, in a choked voice, "how foolish I have been! Oh, how I wish I hadn't said a word. Oh, mamma, what shall I do now?"

"What do you think it would be most right and honorable to do?" Mrs. Barclay asked her with a sad smile.

"I know," said Theodora, after a momentary struggle with herself. "I will go and tell all the girls that I am a charity scholar too."

Her mother gave her a tender kiss.

"My little girl is right," said she.

The very next day Theodora went bravely to school and told the little girls all that she had learned from her mother.

She went up to Bessie and kissed her, and asked her forgiveness, while the other children all cried out with one voice:

"We don't know anything, or care anything about charity children, but we all think that you are the nicest girl in the school, and Bessie Gale is the next nicest."

So the little storm blew over that had threatened to darken the school horizon, and the girls were all happy together once more in Miss Milton's small world.

Ladies' Riding Habits.

Ladies' riding habits retain the English style, with the narrow scant skirt, that is so safe for horsewomen, the closely fitting trousers, and the neat postilion waist. Broadcloth is chosen for the bask and skirt, but a more elastic cloth, similar to Jersey cloth, is preferred for the trousers. The colors are black, dark blue, dark green, brown and olive. The simple little postilion bask is lined with silk, interlined, and well padded to give a full bust. It is single-breasted, with high standing collar, and the crocheted bullet buttons that fasten it and fasten the tight sleeves are its only trimmings. It has two short darts, and its front edges curve outward on the bust; it is only two or three inches below the waist line in front, and is still shorter on the hips, until it curves down to the shorn square basque, which has now no pleats, but is lined and interlined to stiffen it, is left open up the middle seam, and lapped an inch across from left to right at the waist line; there is a short side form on each side, and these are slightly lapped toward the open middle seam; two buttons define the waist line; a cord edge of braid is the finish which is preferred to stitching or galloon. The habit skirt is two and a quarter yards wide at the lower edge, and is sloped perfectly plain at the top to dispense with gathers; for this season elastic cloths are used that may be shaped to the figure smoothly, and thus avoid all clumsy fullness in the saddle. The tailor's rule for the length of the habit skirt is to let the front just reach the floor when the wearer stands, and add to this ten inches for the greater lengths. This skirt is peculiarly gored to fit smoothly when the rider is seated in the saddle; it is opened on the left side, and there is a pocket in the placket-seam; the top is faced instead of having a belt, and there is a row of hooks around it to fasten it to loops inside the postilion basque. The edge has a stitched hem two inches wide, and instead of being weighted to keep it down when the horse is in motion, there is now a tape-strap or loop on each side, and when a foot is passed through each of these loops the skirt is well held in place. The trousers may be short Knickerbockers if the wearer likes high boots, but are most usually long; the ribbed cloth of which they are made is like stockinet on the wrong side, and is smoother on the right, but without luster; they are made to button in front, a cord is in the waistband to adjust them properly, and they are strapped under the feet. Such habits cost from $90 to $100.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Tenant Houses on Farms.

The question of hiring help on larger farms is a very important one, and deserves more attention by the agricultural press. There are two ways of looking at the subject, the right and the wrong. The farmer who looks upon a hired man in much the same light that he does upon his horses or oxen, as animals out of which he is to get the largest possible amount of labor at the least possible outlay, is not taking as high a view of human labor as he should, and will find it difficult to solve the problem of economical help upon his farm. The person who hires should hope to get a man as well as a machine, when he secures the services of any human help.

The best method of securing such help is the important question that is presented to many farmers in all parts of the world. Anything that will tend to make the hired man more interested in his work should be fostered. To this end let us consider the subject of tenant houses.

By tenant houses is understood dwellings upon the farm in which the hired men, and their families, find comfortable quarters and a pleasant home. In the first place such houses secure married men, and this is an advantage. It is necessary to discourse upon the unsettled condition of the unmarried agricultural labors as contrasted with those that have families depending upon their wages. A single man is, in a certain sense, independent, and too frequently feels that he can do about as he pleases so long as the last payment for his labor holds out. Such men are transitory, and pass from farm to farm, not staying long enough in any one place to get interested in the work. Aside from the roving disposition of the unmarried farm laborer, he has other characteristics that unfit him for filling the important position on large farms. I do not mean this is the case with all, but frequently so.—*Praire Farmer.*

An Actor's Vicissitudes.

The other day Max Freeman told me a story about Charles Wyndham which I think will bear repeating. "I saw Wyndham," he said, "for the first time in Berlin in 1874. He was playing in a Germanized version of Brighton translated by Paul Lindau, called 'The First and Only Love,' the first act of which was laid in the Hotel Bellevue, Dresden. I didn't see Wyndham again until a short time since in Philadelphia, when I reminded Wyndham of his Berlin performance. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I remember it. I was called out nine times after the second act, and got hissed off the stage after the third.'"—*Freund's Daily.*

"Did that lady take umbrage?" said the proprietor of a Harlem store to his clerk, who had just had a wordy dispute with a customer. "Oh, no. She took ten yards of turkey red calico, and wanted buttons to match."

A MILE A MINUTE.

Railroad Trains Which Have Become Marvels of Speed.

By far the most important element in the comfort of the traveler is the rate of continuous speed attained by a railroad train. The high rate of the accommodation train does not offset the worry and fret of the frequent stops, and a long run without getting over much ground is an annoyance almost as grievous as being side-tracked in the broiling sun on a hot summer's day to wait for a belaid freight train or an aggravating excursion which blocks the way. England, as a recent essay by Mr. A. L. Roch shows, surpasses us both in the number and speed of its fast trains, but Germany, though only a little behind, can hardly claim any superiority over this country in the matter of fast trains. The fastest train in the world for some years, and it probably is so still, though its time has been somewhat reduced, is "The Flying Dutchman," which used to cover the distance between London and Bristol, 118½ miles, in two hours. Germany follows with a train from Berlin to Hanover, which runs 152½ miles in three hours and forty-eight minutes, which is at the rate of 51.7 miles an hour.

The palm for speed in this country is closely contested by the two companies performing the service between Philadelphia and New York. During the Centennial two hours and a half was the shortest time known between New York and Philadelphia. Since then two-hour trains have become frequent upon the time-table, and the competition as to which road should make that time the oftener has been very sharp. According to the schedule, the train leaving Jersey City by the Pennsylvania at 4:08 P. M. runs at the rate of 47.8 miles an hour, while that on the Bound Brook route runs at the rate of 47.7, but has a mile less distance to run and less populous towns to traverse. It is difficult to say which best deserves the palm for fast time. For long distance the New York and Chicago limited is without a rival in the world, making, as it does, 913 miles in twenty-five hours. The fastest long-distance train, and the fastest train for any distance of more than fifty miles, is the express on the Orleans line between Paris and Bordedux, which runs 359 miles in nine hours and ten minutes, or thirty-nine miles an hour.

The elements entering into the shortening of time between two distances are many and they increase rapidly, even out of proportion to the gain in the speed. Exceptional runs have been made on nearly every railway in the country, and there are few first-class roads over which a passenger coach has not been hauled at the rate of a mile a minute. Mr. Vanderbilt has often traveled one hundred miles in one hundred minutes, and an engine has drawn a single coach between Philadelphia and New York in ninety-five minutes. The 4:08 train previously spoken of always runs some parts of the distance at a rate of more than a mile a minute, and its easiest run is from New Brunswick to Trenton—twenty-five miles in twenty-six minutes and a half. The speed is only possible, however, with a heavy engine, heavy steel rails, a solid road-bed, a comparatively light train, slight grades, and easy curves. All of these elements have their force, and how great force will be better understood when it is known that the improvements now making on the Pennsylvania will enable the company to shorten the time between New York and Philadelphia ten to fifteen minutes, without any faster running than is done on many long stretches now. The straightening of the track and the moving of the bridge across the Passaic and the finishing of the last cut through Bergen hill will save four minutes in the eight miles between Newark and New York, and the reducing of the grade and sinking of tracks through the northern part of Philadelphia will help almost as much more. When the work is completed "to New York in one hundred minutes" will be a reality rather than a possibility.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Many Things into Which Paper is Made.

A tall man, with sharp features and a thoughtful air, sat in a small study and gazed gravely at a brown object that lay at his feet.

The reporter raised it with some difficulty. It was of very close fiber, and so highly polished that it resembles rosewood. Its inventor tapped it with his nail, and said:

"It doesn't look much like paper, does it?"

"It seems more like iron. Is it possible it is made of paper?"

"Oh, yes; almost anything can now be made of paper. A paper ball can be rendered so solid that nothing will indent it but a diamond tool. Car-wheels are now made of paper. Its strength is astonishing. You can suspend 339 lbs. from a Bank of England note and it will not part. Bath-tubs, pots, plates, knives, forks, cooking stoves, printing presses, steam engines and chimneys are made of paper nowadays, and there is absolutely no limit to the uses to which it may be put."

"Have paper cross-ties ever been used?"

"Not yet. The cross-tie is my invention."

"How did you happen to think of it?"

"Well, I didn't happen to think of it, exactly. I started out deliberately to invent a substitute for the wooden cross-tie or sleeper, and I kept steadily at it until I was successful. I thought of paper. There are scores of mills in the country where paper, straw, prairie-grass, and other fibrous substances are converted into straw boards. The process is simple. The straw is reduced to a pulp and run out into boards. These straw boards are sold all over the country as substitutes for wood. My invention utilizes straw board. The cross-tie is constructed of sheets or layers of paper or straw board, laid one upon another, cemented and compressed into molds. It makes a perfect cross tie. It is practically water and fire proof, as it is manufactured under 500 degrees of heat. Atmospheric changes have no effect on it. It can be made as cheap as wood at the present time, and will last at least twenty-five years."—*New York Sun.*

How a Woman Uses a Hammer.

The Boston *Herald* is responsible for the following description of the way a woman wields a hammer:

She wants to hang a picture on the wall. She gets a nail, a hammer, and a tall chair to stand upon, and calmly surveys the situation.

Then she measures distance and scratches a spot, always an inch too high or too low, and paepares for action.

She takes the nail in the left hand and the hammer in the right, and gently taps, like the drum accompaniment of a musical box.

Then she lays herself out for a big blow, raises her arm and strikes, and yells like a captured Comanche maiden on the boundless prairie.

She goes about the rest of the morning with her thumb done up in a bread-poultice. Yet she never learns from experience.

The next time she wants to drive a nail in anything she will hit it exactly in the same place.

A BIG KITCHEN.

Plans and Prices of a New Enterprise.

A new catering company is being formed in the city. It is to be a stock corporation, limited (the stockholder's liability being limited to the amount of his investment), with a capital of $100,000, and 4,000 shares of $25 each. The object, as the title indicates, is to furnish single persons, families, parties, weddings, etc., with nicely-prepared meals and refreshments of the best kind, whenever and wherever they may be ordered. The company has engaged a noted *chef,* with a corps of trained assistants. Buying large quantities for cash, it will be able to save a considerable percentage on the general prices of retailers, and a handsome amount likewise by cooking for a large number in one place and by a complete system.

The corporation proposes to lease, for twenty-one years, one or two lots in a central quarter, near Broadway and Thirty-fourth street, and to build a model kitchen, store-room, offices, etc. Meals and refreshments will be delivered by a newly-invented wagon, with special apparatus. Each meal for each family will be put up at the general kitchen in a tight coffee box, on special silver-plated dishes and platters, made to fit the box, and kept warm by steam generated by a small heater under the wagon. This method has been thoroughly tested, meals having been delivered at long distance in good condition. Each family is to have also a willow basket in which the bread, sugar, cold pastry and other food will be kept. A small refrigerator will be attached to each wagon for transporting in warm weather butter, salads, creams, etc. When the wagon has delivered the breakfast, the basket and hot box, to be exclusively used by one and the same family, will be left, the empty basket and box of the previous meal being carried off, and in this way no time will be lost.

Although the prices to be charged have not been fully determined, a careful estimate has been made, and they will be, for breakfast and dinner, for service of such food as the caterers may select and send, or for service from a printed bill of fare, about as follows:

One person per week	$12 or 14
Two persons per week	18 or 22
Three persons per week	23 or 28
Four persons per week	28 or 34
Five persons per week	33 or 40
Six persons per week	38 or 46

The higher figures are for the bill-of-fare meals, which will give change of breakfast and dinner daily, and be issued to patrons three days in advance, affording large variety and including fruits and luxuries in season. The lower figures also embrace a good variety, almost the sole difference between them being the difference of what is known as *table d'hote* and *a la carte.* The amount of food served will be sufficient for at least one or two more persons in each case, owing to the number of courses at each meal. Luncheon will be served to those desiring it at rates to be agreed on. Where there are children in the family, special arrangements and prices will be made according to age and circumstances.

The prices are not cheap, certainly, on the face; but it is claimed the company will furnish the best material, cooked in the best style. Its meals are not intended for persons of small means. Many of the restaurants of the strictly family hotels, and those connected with large and high-grade apartment-houses in the city, are $15 a week per person, irrespective of numbers.—*New York Tribune.*

A Lawyer's Great Fees.

A London correspondent pushed his way through Pump court to the office of Judah P. Benjamin in the middle temple, London, and subjected the confederacy's ex-secretary of state to an interview. "You see," said the self-expatriated southerner, "I am now turned 72, and, from the time I was 10 years old, my life has been one of unbroken toil. At college I was studious, in the law I was diligent, and, in politics ambitious. When the end came in America I found myself penniless and in London. It was then I resolved to make for myself a fortune such as would enable me to spend the last year of my life in carrying out some aspirations I have entertained in the way of writing a law book—aspirations formed, I may say, since my very boyhood, and in achieving that competency I have succeeded beyond my wildest hopes."

"Did you find it a hard struggle?"

"No, I can not say that I did. I seemed to drift easily enough into practice. Mine, however, was a different experience than falls to the lot of the young English barrister. I was almost 50 years of age, brought to my efforts here the ripe experience of thirty years of active life. The cause with which I had been indentified in the States was, in a certain circle at least, popular here, and the result for me was very hopeful."

"Do I understand by that, Mr. Benjamin, that you entered upon a lucrative practice immediately?"

"My best answer to that question is to show you the summary of my fee-book, made up year by year since 1867."

So saying, he opened a large canvas-covered book which lay on his desk, and indicated with his fingers a table of figures. The glance that I took of it showed me: "1867 fees, £405; 1882 fees, £12,780."

"I suppose," said I, "that this is your private memoranda, and you might not be pleased to have it go abroad."

"Oh, I don't know why that should be," he replied. "I took them from the people for services rendered. I have no objection. You can copy them."

It is needless to say that I at once availed myself of this opportunity, and secured a copy, which I reproduce below:

Fees Received.

1867	£ 405	12	3	1876	£13,812	9	4
1868	703	0	0	1877	14,741	3	7
1869	1,074	7	2	1878	15,742	6	6
1870	1,480	3	0	1879	14,632	5	2
1871	2,100	17	0	1880	15,971	4	10
1872	5,623	7	4	1881	14,632	3	12
1873	8,934	3	1	1882	12,780	13	5
1874	9,841	1	11				
1875	11,316	0	6	Total	£143,810	18	3

In dollars, $696,044.78.

When I had finished taking the copy he said: "I fancy few, if any, members of the English bar could show such a record."

Ignorance of Mexicans as to Common Matters.

There are some peculiar qualities of the Mexican mind which will, for a while, stand in the way of quick progress. Thus, very few of them will buy their railroad ticket until the train is in full view of the station, and, until a short time ago, preferred paying their cash to the conductor. They have an incomprehensible itching to defer any enterprise, or even trivial work, until the morrow. Where these defects of their disposition and training are understood, and patience and management are exercised, a fair service can be got out of them. As exemplifying how little Mexicans know of the rights of common carriers, the other day, when Gen. Diaz stopped here, the company, as a courtesy, tendered the municipality the use of their cars for the General's party. Thereupon the city authorities undertook to let everybody have a free ride, and, until the matter was legally explained to them, threatened trouble to the railway people. These mistakes of the Mexicans in their dealing with our people spring not so much from a desire to annoy as from ignorance.—*Monterey (Mex.) Correspondence.*

A WONDERFUL DREAM.

An Incident in Real Life Discounts Fiction.

"One of the most remarkable occurrences I ever heard of was related to me this morning," remarked a State street broker yesterday. "I have heard of a good many wonderful dreams, but this has some features about it which border on the marvelous."

"What is the story?" queried another broker, whose business was apparently dull enough to allow plenty of time to study the miraculous, since he had almost forgotten how to buy and sell.

"Well," replied the first speaker, "I was told to-day by a leading City Hall official, whose trustworthiness is undoubted, that a daughter of the late Harvey Jewell (who was so well and favorably known in Boston in legal and business circles, and was a brother of the late Marshall Jewell) had recently a very queer and unusual experience, and one calculated to make a deep impression upon the strongest mind. Some weeks ago she had a dream in which she distinctly saw an undertaker drive up to her residence with a hearse. He was a peculiar looking man. His queerly shaped nose, which looked as if it had been broken and was twisted to one side, gave his countenance an expression which would have made identification easy and certain. He came directly towards her, and, as he said: 'Are you all ready?' she suddenly awoke.

"The dream seemed a peculiar one, but did not attract very much attention in the household until, a few days or a week later, it was repeated with exactly the same characteristics, down to the 'Are you all ready?' and the awakening.

"And now comes the strangest part of the story. Some little time afterwards the young lady was visiting in Cincinnati, and went to an apartment hotel to call upon a friend. She stepped into an elevator with others, and was startled to hear: 'Are you all ready?' from the man in charge. She was still more startled on looking around and beholding the exact picture of the man of the dream, even to the misshapen nose. It made such an impression upon her mind that she requested to be let out of the elevator at the first landing. She stepped out, and the other occupants went out at the next landing, and the man remained. The elevator machinery gave out; suddenly the car went up, and then down, and the man was instantly killed.

"You have all heard of the warnings of dreams. All I can say is this is the first well-authenticated case I have ever known, and if it does not border on the supernatural I do not know what does. It was a good way to restore one's peace of mind, but a most remarkable sequel."

"Send it to the *Globe,*" said a listener; "it may bring out many somewhat similar cases from among the thousands who read that popular paper."—*Boston Globe.*

BILL GRANT'S STORY.

Why Aunt Malinda Decided to Stand Up at Dinner.

William Grant came into our office early yesterday morning, and without the usual exciting ceremonies he simply remarked:

"Talk about red stockings and hail-storms, but swing me up for a mud-turtle, if I didn't feel sorry for Aunt Malinda last Sunday."

"What seemed to be the matter with your Aunt Malinda, Bill?"

"You see she was going to give a big dinner to the young folks in the neighborhood of the Fork, more on my account than her own. I had been jilted a time or so in the settlement, and in order to get even I had made some very rash promises to a few of the young ladies and widows that the sudden rise in house rent and provisions made it impossible for me to fulfill. This fact came to the knowledge of Aunt Malinda, and knowing that I was making arrangements to move over to Walton county, and in order for we young folks to understand each other a leetle better, she made up her mind to hold a reunion at our house. There were twenty-five or thirty of the best people in that part of the country present, and all of us were laughing and talking on the back porch when the hail-storm came up. Aunt Malinda had been sitting near her bee-gum stand, and she made a break to cover up the nest before the hen was hurt or the eggs broken by the hail. In her hurry she upset the hive and the bees rolled out at the top of the gum and began to settle about the old lady's head. With a shout she lit out for the porch with her face and neck well protected by the skirts of her dress, while the bees followed her into the crowd. All the women people became excited and a regular panic ensued. The ladies put out for the barn at a fox-trot right through the blinding hail, and as sure as you are sitting on that ink keg, the last one of them had on red stockings. Ever since then the words 'red stockings' and 'hail-storms' have been ringing through my brain."

"We can see nothing, as yet, in your aunt's conduct to arouse your sympathy," we replied.

"W-e-l-l, n-o! not yet, but when everything got quiet at the barn and the sun began to shine out, the ladies sheepishly returned, two and three at a time, and it was hard to get up a conversation on anything but bees. Well, when dinner was announced and the large crowd was comfortably seated around the long and well-filled table, it was then that my heart bled for that good woman who stood up at the head of the table, and with Christian fortitude served the plates of her young friends with the good things of this life."

"Oh, yes," said we, "you felt ashamed, not sorry, on account of the impoliteness of your aunt in standing instead of sitting down to serve her guests."

"Why, man, Aunt Malinda was obleeged to sta—"

We managed to have Bill out of the window before he had time to finish the sentence.—*Covington (Ga.) Enterprise.*

Carlyle and Emerson as Letter Writers.

The fine touch in Emerson's letters, as in his other writings, is always the spiritual touch. For the rest, felicitous as they are, for the most part they suffer a little by comparison with Carlyle's; they are less natural, more composed, have too studied a quaintness. It was his practice, apparently, to make two drafts of these communications. The violent color, the large, avalanche-movement of Carlyle's style—as if a mass of earth and rock and vegetation had detached itself and came bouncing and bumping forward—make the efforts of his correspondent appear a little pale and stiff. There is always something high and pure in Emerson's speech however, and it has often a perfect propriety—seeming, in answer to Carlyle's extravagances, the note of reason and justice. "Faith and love are apt to be spasmodic in the best minds. Men live on the brink of mysteries and harmonies into which they never enter, and with their hand on the door-latch they die outside."—*June Century.*

A tornado and a Jersey mosquito are two things which cannot be guarded against, unless a person is under ground.