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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

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1884.

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Crockery,
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—AND—

Gift Novelties.

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RAVENNA, O.

All Necessaries for the Burial of the Dead Furnished on short Notice and on the most Reasonable Terms. Considerate Attention Guaranteed.

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THE
TAILOR

Who has just received the LARGEST and FINEST line of

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC WOOLENS

(in Samples to select from)

Ever shown in any Merchant Tailoring Establishment in the County.

STYLE AND PRICE CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

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Ravenna, O., August 2nd, 1883.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Counsel in English and German. Office over Fix B's Clothing Store, Phenix Block, Ravenna.

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

I. H. PHELPS
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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. Deuel Block, Kent, Ohio Dec. 10, 1883. 1y.

O. P. SPERRA,
Attorney at Law. Office in Wheeler's Building, Main St., Ravenna. 550

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Will attend to all calls in the line of his profession, both day and night.
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Clothier and Merchant Tailor, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods. Phenix Block, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio. Oct. 15, 1868. 1y.

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For Sale

A FINE RESIDENCE—Two story Brick House on East Side of North Chestnut Street, near the business part of the town. Terms very reasonable. Enquire of

J. H. DUSSEL, Atty.
674 Office in Phenix Block.

Tea! Tea! Tea! Tea!

The best 50c, 60c, 80c Tea in Portage County, We have Young Hyson, Gunpowder, Oolong and Japan Teas—Basket Fired and Sun Dried.

Call and Get a Sample!

Sugar! Sugar! Sugar!

Now is the time to buy Sugar. "The bottom is out." Call and see for yourselves. Granulated Sugar 8c. A good C Sugar at 6c.

We have also a full line of

Staple Groceries.

Which we are selling very cheap. A few bushels of the celebrated White Star Potatoes, for seed. Call and see them. They are beauties.

We never allow ourselves to be undersold by any responsible house. Remember the place.

Risdon & Taylor,

No. 3 MARVIN'S BLOCK, MAIN ST.,
RAVENNA, OHIO.

Live Poultry Wanted!

AT COST

FOR THIRTY DAYS WE WILL OFFER OUR STOCK OF

Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., at Cost!

We must clear our shelves to make room for our recent purchases of NEW AND DESIRABLE GOODS from the Largest and most Celebrated Manufacturers of the East, who are making us a SPECIAL LINE TO OUR ORDER. Believing Artistic Designers, who make a Specialty of this Line, can please our customers better and for less money than we could by manufacturing on a small scale, we have concluded to not continue that branch of the business, but to confine our efforts to FINE AND DIFFICULT REPAIRING OF WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY. In addition to which, we will carry a FULL LINE OF ALL GOODS USUALLY FOUND IN A FIRST CLASS STORE.

DEWEY & WETZEL,

The Ravenna Jewelers.

N. B.—Our Prices shall be as LOW as the LOWEST, Quality considered.

JOHN W. TAYLOR. MARSHALL WOODFORD

WESTERN RESERVE
REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

MEDIUM FOR THE SALE AND EXCHANGE OF

All Kinds Real Estate.

Having recently established a Branch Office of the largest Real Estate Agency in Ohio at Ravenna, the County Seat of Portage County, by the appointment of LORD BROTHERS, of that place, as our Local Agents, we are now prepared to handle all kinds of Real Estate throughout the County. We are operating a large number of Offices in Ohio, and among the rest own and operate our own printing office, which enables us to advertise more thoroughly and effectually than any other like institution in the country. We edit, print and distribute every month, from ten to fifty thousand copies of the Western Reserve Real Estate Journal, a large twelve page paper devoted to our business.

Send your address to us, and receive it free.

If you wish to buy or sell, call at our office, or drop us a line, and we will call on you. *We guarantee satisfaction in every instance.*

Office in Residence of E. Lord, Ravenna.

TAYLOR & WOODFORD.
LORD BROTHERS, LOCAL AGENTS.

ONCE AGAIN

We have to announce to the public that we have just received the largest and finest assortment of

HARDWARE!

for Winter trade in the County

LOOK, LOOK!

at our stock of Saws, Axes, X Cuts, One Man and Wood Saws, Do not fail to examine our CELEBRATED

ALL STEEL AXES!

Meat Cutters and Sausage Stuffers, Skates and Sleigh Bells; in fact, everything to make up a most complete assortment. We have knocked the BOTTOM OUT OF PRICES, and are SELLING LOWER THAN THE LOWEST, at the Old Stand, No. 3 Etna Block, Ravenna, O.

BALDWIN & WALLER.

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 plea antest and most healthy part of town, at about the cost of ordinary village lots, and upon reasonable terms.

J. D KING.

Ravenna, February 3, 1883. 754-3m

NOTICE—The undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as Administrator de bonis non, with the will annexed, of the estate of Henry Warner, deceased, late of Suffield, Township, Portage County, Ohio.

WM. PAULUS.

Suffield, April 3rd, 1884. 815

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Pianos, Organs & Melodeon

TUNED AND REPAIRED.

Organs and Melodeons to Rent.

G. F. GREEN,

No. 131 South Prospect Street, RAVENNA, O.

Mirage.

Hot lies the sand beneath the weary feet;
The skies are dazzling downward through the heat;
No breath of wind to stir the heavy air,
No flecks of cloud to break the cruel glare
Of the fierce sunshine, as the reeling brain,
Strives to force on the failing strength, in vain.

Nay, far across the desert-stretch it lies,
Gleaming and cool beneath the mocking skies—
The sparkling lake: almost the feverish gaze
Can see its ripples through the silvery haze;
Almost the straining ear can hear the plash
As its light wavelets on the pebbles dash.

One desperate effort more, and then to lave
Parched lips and burning foreheads in the wave;
One desperate effort more, and at the brink
In agony of thankfulness to sink,
Where the great palm-trees by the waters stand,
And their cool shadows rest upon the sand.

Poor wretch! the treacherous vision lures him on,
Till, faith, and hope, and strength, and courage gone,
He falls and perishes, and leaves to life
This lesson: Arm ye for the present strife;
On no sweet future builds futile faith;
Do for each hour thy best. So armed for death.

—All the Year Round.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

BY MYSELF.

It was a simple lover's quarrel; but between these two particular persons a lover's quarrel, or in fact a quarrel of any kind meant more than such disturbances usually do with the general run of lovers. Nora Welford was proud as she was stately; and Richard Vernes equally so. Every feature of his honest face betrayed the fine sensibilities that indicate the very perfection of strong, manly passion, masculine tenderness and unyielding pride.

They quarreled over a trifle. About what else do lovers quarrel?

"Perhaps, Nora, I had best see you when you are in a better humor," he was saying.

"As you please."

"You ask me to go, then?" he demanded, hotly.

"No," she replied quietly, with lips that trembled with their pride.

"But you want me to go?" the foolish man persisted.

The speech was certainly provocative of a taunt and tauntingly was it answered.

"You say I do," said Nora.

In an instant he was away from her side, and with quick, angry strides reached the door. She arose and surveyed him with a stolid, haughty gaze. She seemed about to say something, but the bitter words were left unuttered, dying on her lips. For he had turned, in a momentary pause, and was looking at her with flashing eyes. There was in that look all the hauteur, pride and defiance, contending with longing anguish and imploring love, that Richard Vernes' burning soul was capable of. It was a look that she must remember to her dying day. Yet she stood there silent, in her cool, freezing way. Would she never speak? Yes. Her mouth trembled into utterance, and her lips quivered over the words. He waited eagerly to hear.

At this juncture a light step was heard to approach the drawing-room and Mrs. Welford tapped gently on the door. It was opened by Vernes, who had regained his composure on the instant.

"You are not going so soon, Richard?" she asked quietly in her pleasant, homelike tones.

Now if Nora Welford, with all her stateliness and pride, could have looked out and beyond that little room, and if her tender soul could have penetrated the future, of how many heartaches could she have robbed the prodigal devil who stood holding them over her destiny; how many bitter moments had been taken out of her life to come; how much happiness would have been hers. But, alas! she was human, not divine; and not knowing that the horoscope of her life lay in her own power, she held to her pride with that feminine tenacity of purpose that is often as commendably as it may be reprehensibly fatal.

"You are not going so soon, Richard?" Mrs. Welford was saying.

Vernes looked to Nora. Nora looked to her mother. An embarrassing pause, and then she murmured, coward that she was:

"Mr. Vernes has a business engagement to-night, I believe."

"He will return again soon, I trust," said her mother.

The lie had scarcely left her lips when Nora saw her mistake. But the words were said and it was too late to recall them.

Another look, shorter and more searching than the other, a low bow, and Vernes was gone.

"He will return to-morrow," she said to herself bravely.

"I thought I loved a woman," he muttered bitterly, when he reached his rooms. "I find I loved a block of ice. Ice doesn't have hearts like we flesh and blood," he continued, with a forced laugh at his melancholy wit. "Richard Vernes, you have wasted a good year of your precious life on a fair face, a lovely mind, a pure woman; but you never had her heart. Humph! *Corpus sine pectore.* Perhaps she has neither heart nor soul."

"Here, John," he called. "Pack my valise. I am thinking of making a necessary business trip to New York to-night."

Next day he telegraphed for his outfit and trunks. In a week he was on his way to Europe.

You see this man Richard Vernes was somewhat of a philosopher. He reasoned that a woman who loved must sacrifice all minor considerations to her love; not to him, but to the sentiment which if she possessed it, rightly demanded supreme control over her likes and dislikes; and thus by corollary he concluded the estimable Nora, possessing more pride than love, was not for him. And with this calm, deliberate reasoning of the man, all vestiges of his once fervent love were swept away, leaving in his heart nothing but a dull, empty feeling of sadness and sorrow. Reason is ever fatal to love; because, doubtless, there is no reason in love.

He did not pause to think that he had been proud, too. And thus two souls, reveling in blissful trust, happiness and love, drifted apart, because of a little pride, not knowing that the most tender lovers are the proudest, most suspicious and cautious.

Nora began to wish she could see him again. Three days had passed and no word, no sign, as yet. At a neighbor's reception shortly afterwards a pert, saucy minx walked up to her and said boldly:

"My dear Nora, why have you sent our adorable Captain Vernes off to Europe?"

"Europe?" she echoed absently, passing off the insolent accusation with a knowing laugh. This was the first time she had heard.

"Well, I am glad that I sent him off, rather than that he should break with me," she murmured. Pride still swayed outwardly the body in whose breast love lay submerged in tears; pride still kept the tears at her will, and Nora knew that she would never cry out or make a sign.

Years, with their fleet winging, flew by, but she remained the same good, true woman. Her pride was shattered long ago, and her mind was now fixed on the determination of a martyr-like resolve. She registered a vow never to marry. Like Juliet her wedded love was dead, ready for the tomb.

* * * * *

There is a stir in the little town where Nora Welford lives, an orphan now. Captain Vernes has arrived from Europe to revisit the home of his birth. His English bride is intelligent and beautiful—combination most rare!

The captain cannot resist a strange inclination to see once more the woman he loved. He sees her pass. On her thin, worn face there is an inexpressible sadness. If Richard Vernes loved her once, his young wife, did she know all, need not fear; for the eyes that once looked with love look only with pity now, and Richard unperceived gazes upon Nora for the last time on earth.

Unhappy woman, whose foolish pride blighted thine own life and almost ruined another's! Who cares for thy pride now? Will it bring the roses to thy cheeks, the soft light to thine eyes, the sunshine to thy heart? Nevermore. Do the people who look on that wrecked woman, who gaze on that sad face, and know that sadder heart, who pity the blighted life, care for the pride that caused it all, and that was buried long ago? No. The recollection of the pride that ruined her is only a torturing reminder of the dead past, the might-have-been, to

NORA WELFORD.

Did Not Want to be Insulted.

It is almost incredible that so green a person should exist as a man—evidently from Maine—who entered a cheap eating house in this city a few days ago in quest of dinner. He seated himself at a table and suspiciously reviewed the appearance of every man present, after which, evidently convinced that there were no bunko men or other sharpers about, he tilted his hat on the back of his head and awaited developments. The waiters were hurrying about, slamming down dishes and yelling out orders to the kitchen, and presently one of them came up to the stranger. "Roas', beef, roas pork, boil' dinner, ham an' eggs, an' pork an' beans," said the waiter with the speed of lightning and the expression of a phonograph. The Maine man looked at him and grinned. "Oh, go way," he said; "what do you take me for?" The waiter stared and went away accordingly. Presently another one came and went through the same formula. "Git acout!" roared the guest, "an lemme alone, won't yer!" and this serving man also retired. A third and a fourth tried conclusions with him with equal success, and when the last one went away baffled the Maine man was seen to be mad clean through. He arose and marched up to the counter and said to the proprietor at the desk: "Looker here! I come in here to get some dinner, an' I can pay for it too, an' don't you forgit it. But I don't mean to be insulted. If you've got any grub here why don't your waiters trot it out, an' what do they mean by yellin' off a lot of heathen gibberish in a man's ear? Do they think I'm a blamed fool? You may go to thunder with your old hash house; there's places in Boston where a man can come in an' be treated like a gentleman, I guess!" and he strode out and slammed the door after him. And to this time the restaurant keeper and his waiters have not found out what the row was all about.—*Boston Journal.*

The Decay of Manners.

With the departure of the stately graces and formal politeness of the old school from society, went several social arts which have hardly been replaced by any modern accomplishments. To turn a compliment neatly, to hand a lady to her carriage, or assist her mount her horse gracefully, to tell a good story, or to read well a poem to a room-full of cultivated listeners, are among the arts not lost, perhaps, but certainly mislaid in these piping, active times of ours.

It was considered essential in our grandfathers' days that the young men should be taught these graceful nothings and arts of a polite education, the education of a gentleman; and those of us who have had the good fortune to know a survivor of that well-bred generation have been charmed, perhaps, with that ease of manner, and courteous consideration for the feelings of others, which are as rare now as a rich family heirloom or real antiques. To rise a step higher, the art of conversation, how uncommon it is! How few men, even of abundant leisure, care to cultivate the talents required to make a good talker; to refine the voice and the manner of using it; to read discriminately; to polish the stock in trade of language, and add to it with taste and care. Verily the telegraph and telephone are making of us mere automata, which jerk out certain syllables ad infinitum, the secret of their motion consisting simply in winding them up periodically.—*Boston Courier.*

A Painting.

A little girl went away with her mother, for a week's visit in the country. When they returned she looked up and down the streets, and at all the houses, and said:

"Why, the town ain't red, is it?"

"Of course not, Fannie. Why do you ask that question?"

"Because, mamma, just before we started away, I heard papa tell Mr. Tompkins that he was going to paint the town red while you were in the country. I guess he must have been busy and didn't have time to do it. Don't you suppose so, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, I do."

Then there was a long silence.—*Merchant Traveller.*

Literary Fellows in Washington.

Messrs. Blaine and Cox are only two of a host who are now engaged in literary work in Washington. Proctor Knott and Ainsworth L. Spofford, the Librarian of congress, are getting along very slowly on their history of American humor, Mr. Knott's duties as governor of Kentucky taking up the most of his time. Congressman Kasson is writing a diplomatic history of the war. Dr. Loring, the commissioner of agriculture, is publishing a work on sugar culture in the United States. E. L. Stevens, now chief clerk of the Indian bureau, and, in the days of Joshua Giddings, one of the chief abolitionists of Washington, is writing a history of the underground railroad, which promises to be full of interesting story and unknown fact. Col. Charles Lee Jones, who was one of the seconds in two of the most noted congressional duels before the war, is negotiating as to writing a book on the "code of honor and dueling in the United States." George Bancroft is just completing his last edition and his final one of his great history, and it will now go forth revised for posterity.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The London *Times* calls hanging a particularly clumsy and cumbrous method of dislocating the vertebræ, and says: "Science now offers various methods for terminating a man's existence without the slightest suffering, and without any of the ghastly concomitants of hanging.

No, the Indian does not wear a feather head-dress in order to keep his wigwam.

Sensational Literature.

"The demand for papers of a sensational character," said the manager of a big news company, "has been on the increase for several years. There are now a half-dozen boys' papers published weekly in this city that have a circulation of over 500,000. They are sold throughout the United States and Canada. Then we have the half-dime libraries. Several publishers make these a specialty and work on nothing else. A new number appears either weekly or semi-weekly. Their circulation depends altogether on the stories which they contain. One week something very thrilling appears, and perhaps 60,000 or 70,000 copies are sold; the next week a novel of every-day life appears, no blood is shed, no assassinations take place; and the circulation drops down to 10,000 or 15,000 copies. But the greatest circulations are not attained by papers that are intended for boys' perusal. Another class of sensational literature caters to the taste of the working girls of America. Millions of copies of sheets of this description are sold weekly. The boys' papers are trashy and sensational enough, I will admit, but they are eclipsed by the journals for young women. The plots of the stories are sometimes extremely offensive, the dialogue is sentimental to an idiotic degree, and the description of the personal appearance of the hero and heroine often occupy half the serial. There is not a working girl in New York city who does not purchase two or three of these papers every week. Of late years the illustrated police weeklies have begun to be read by boys of tender age. Of all evils, this is the greatest. A good many news-dealers, however, refuse to sell a copy to minors."

A well-known publisher was found in his office when the reporter called. "Yes," said he, "the field of sensational literature is spreading. There is great profit in the business. We have two or three writers who are each paid about $5,000 per year. They furnish us with a stated amount of copy per week."—*N. Y. Mail-Express.*

Cetewayo.

"We are both alike," said the late lamented Cetewayo of Queen Victoria. Credit, Cetewayo could not understand, and he carried his aversion to accounts to such an extent that he refused even to allow two items of his purchases to be included in the same bill. Every article that he bought he insisted upon paying for separately; partially, of course, this was due to his ignorance of arithmetic. In the establishment of the London Cheap store that which most interested the king were the mechanical toys, and there was no limit to his admiration of the talking dolls, the walking foxes, the crowing cocks, and the little hen which occasionally stopped to lay an egg. But that which touched Cetewayo's sense of humor more than anything else was a life-size figure of a frog seated on a stool and feeding a juvenile frog upon its knee with a ladle out of a large bowl that stood near by. Among the articles of wearing apparel which impressed him most were fur mantles and the long gauntleted gloves worn by ladies. As a customer, Cetawayo bought French prints for each of his twenty-five wives, and a large quantity of beads, chiefly those of gold, yellow, or scarlet color. They were for the use of his household in making beadwork. Unlike the pitman's wife, who liked none of your gaudy colors, but expressed a preference for plain red and yellow, Cetawayo's taste in the matter of colors was very subdued. He was most delighted with a pattern which showed a little rose on a black ground, or a pink flower on a chocolate ground. His untutored mind succumbed, however, to the garish charms of satin brocatelle, which has a crimson ground, with a gold border. Among the other articles which he bought was a high silk hat. His only headgear when he arrived in England was a military forage cap, but he refused to go and see the queen at Osborne in anything but a high silk hat, so speedily were the uses of civilization grafted upon the savage mind. The difficulty of making a hat for Cetewayo was very great, owing to the fact that he always carried a wedding ring upon his head. A Zulu wedding ring is a cord covered with gum, thickened with ashes. This is fixed round the head at marriage, and worn until death. Nothing, however, being impossible, a silk hat of the most abnormal proportions ever witnessed in England was turned out half an hour before the train left for Osborne. In diet Cetewayo was very particular. No other kind of meat than beef was ever eaten by him, and he was obliged to decline the gift of venison sent him by Lady Florence Dixie. His beef was grilled in lumps; black outside and raw inside. He always dined in the following order: First he ate his beef, then his bread, afterward his potatoes, and last of all he finished up with champagne or whisky. Cetewayo's habits were very regular. He usually rose at 6 and went to bed at 10; and one part of his time every day was devoted to gloating over his presents which he received, and they were both numerous and valuable.

Curious Work of a Stream.

The vagaries of a river—the Recca, of Hungary—are described in a recent publication as follows: A chalk formation nearly 400 feet high crosses the river bed. The water has overcome this wall and eaten a way through. It passes a chimney-shaped shaft in this mountain which extends to the top of the mountain and has an opening 30 feet in diameter. After another hundred yards the stream crosses the floor of a doline (or sinkhole) 400 feet broad and then, after crossing a narrow ledge enters the great doline of St. Canzian. Here the steep, frequently impending, rocks on three sides form a gigantic kettle, the western wall of which falls perpendicularly more than 500 feet. On the southern side a turf-covered slope descends toward the bed of the river, to end abruptly in a precipice of nearly 250 feet. Having twice bored the hills for relatively short distances, the Recca continues its course till it meets the rock-wall a third time and excavates a third subterranean channel, this time of thirty-five kilometres, or twenty-two miles. This is the Recca Cave proper, and from it the stream emerges near San Giovanni di Duino into the important river, through a short one, the Timavo, the mystery of the origin of which has been solved by this tracing of the course of its main affluent.

The number of deaths from anæsthetics in England in 1883 was but 13. Of these, 11 died from chloroform, and 1 each from chloroform and ether mixed and nitrous oxide. Dr. Jacob remarks that the deaths from nitrous oxide are now so rare that physicians have almost begun to look on it as without danger. In the case of death from it above mentioned, the patient died from syncope, as is usual in deaths from chloroform.

Gatling, the inventor of the Gatling gun, one of the greatest slaughtering machines of modern times, is described as a "benevolent looking old gentleman."

Vanderbilt's Barber Shop.

Most of the socialists in this city are Germans. The socialists believe in the assassination of monarchs. Our American monarchs are millionaires. William H. Vanderbilt is despotic by two hundred millions. Still, he lets a German draw a keen blade over his throat every day. There is a quaint and jolly old German, with a huge red nose, a perfectly bald head, and an immense mustache waxed at the ends, who may be seen any morning of the year going down Fifth avenue with the march of a dissipated Prussian grenadier and the smile of a happy infant. He is gentleness itself. Everybody who knows him calls him Jakey, but he owns the full name of Jacob Aber. Every morning about 9 o'clock he stops at the magnificent residence of William H. Vanderbilt, greets the servant who opens the door blandly, and goes at once to Mr. Vanderbilt's barber-shop.

So much has been written about his house that it seems hardly as though anything new could be told, but many changes take place, and in the south wing, adjoining Mr. Vanderbilt's dressing room, there has been fitted up a barber shop. It is small, and in the middle of it a barber's chair, made of dark mahogany and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The base-boards of the room, the cornices, and the door and window frames are of the same shade of mahogany, and the mother-of-pearl decoration are identical with those on the chair. The chair is of the regulation barber-shop pattern. Old Jakey shaves the two-hundred millionaire, and then drifts down the avenue, nodding gracefully to the stage drivers, and giving the occasional policeman whom he meets the 5th regiment salute. He shaves several other wealthy men on his way down, and finally ends with Commodore Garrison, on Park avenue. Then he goes back to his humble home in the lower Bowery and smokes a strong German pipe and plays penuckle with his wife until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Then he wanders up town again and visits one or two old gentlemen who prefer to be shaved before dinner rather than in the morning. He returns again to the Bowery, goes to a favorite lager-beer saloon in Roosevelt street, and sits in one particular chair and at one particular table every night until 11 o'clock. Then he stalks off to bed. He is close to 60 years of age, and is said to be the best barber in New York. He gets his own price for his work, and probably has older customers than any other barber in the world. He shaved Fernando Wood thirty years.—*N. Y. Cor. Atlanta Constitution.*

New York Parks.

An unexpected opposition has arisen to the plan adopted by the legislative commission proposing a chain of new parks for the metropolis, extending from the Hudson river to Long Island sound, and situated partly within the "annexed district" north of Harlem river and partly in Westchester county. Three of the proposed parks cover a comparatively large area, the easternmost one embracing 1,700 acres on Pelham bay, the westernmost 1,069 acres of the Van Courtlandt estate, and the central park, lying along the Bronx river. Three others are mere breathing places for the future metropolis, in what promises to be the most crowded part of the city yet to be built. It was thought that capital, which opposed the Central park project fiercely in its infancy, but afterward discovered that it not only materially assisted the advance of real estate but added to the the revenues of the city and thus repaid its cost, would not oppose the new park project; but it seems to have forgotten the lessons learned twenty-five years ago, and to be frightened at an expenditure of $8,000,000 or $10,000,000 now for land that will have to be purchased for the same purpose hereafter at ten times the amount. It will not be very long before the land which can now be bought for $2,000 or $3,000 an acre will cost $25,000 or $30,000.

In 1809, De Witt Clinton, father of the Erie canal and founder of New York's great industries,—the most far-sighted man of his day,—laid out a park area which would, if the same liberal policy were now carried out, give us 7,500 acres for the use and enjoyment of fifteen times the number of inhabitants the city had then. London has added 7,000 acres to her parks in two years; Berlin has eight acres of pleasure grounds to our one, and there is scarcely a city of any size in the United States which is not more than our equal in this respect. It cost nearly $20,000,000 to transform the stone heaps, sand hills, and gullies which once were the chief features of the locality known as Central park into a place of recreation for the people. The tract was known on old maps of the city as "The Wilderness," and a desolate spot it was, indeed. But in the land laid out by the legislative commission, and which can be purchased for $2,000 per acre, no such outlay is necessary, for these tracts are parks already, with lakes, woods, and meadows, possessing all the varied features which art alone cannot supply, but which nature has provided with a lavish hand. In picturesque beauty these tracts are surpassed by the tracts of no other city in the world. The Almighty has been His own landscape gardener here. After having flung away $7,000,000 as its share of the expense of building the Brooklyn bridge for the benefit of Brooklyn, it is queer to find New York's rich men higgling over the investment of $8,000,000 or $10,000,000 in public parks whose real estate will always have a permanent value.—*New York Cor. Philadelphia Record.*

El Mehdi, the False Prophet.

Dr. Irvin B. Tenny, a widely traveled and highly cultured gentleman of Baltimore, Md., who has been visiting for some weeks with friends in Kansas City, is perhaps the only American who ever saw El Mehdi. Said Dr. Tenny yesterday: "I saw him in 1878, before he was heard of outside his own province, and I shall never forget the profound impression he made upon me. It was one evening, while I was near Sennaar, traveling with Rufoh, my interpreter. El Mehdi was then a man of, I should judge, 33 or 34, and although he stood some six feet high he was so spare I doubt if he would have weighed over 130 pounds. His complexion was dark olive, his beard coal black and his eyes deep set and piercing. His bearing was severe, and there was undeniably that intangible something called magnetism about the man. He was clothed in simply a white tunic that left the arms partly exposed, and fell from a belt at the waist straight to the feet. Around his head was a many-folded tunic."

The inscription under Longfellow's bust in Westminster Abbey, says a recent London letter, displays the usual serene British ignorance of American geography, describing the poet as born "at Portland, United States of America," and dying "at Cambridge, United States of America." Which one of the dozen or more Portlands there are in this country, or which one of the half-dozen towns named Cambridge, will, perhaps, puzzle some of the foreign observers of the inscription.—*Boston Traveler.*

"Stop Dat Yerlin'."

Old Davy Dowe is an ancient colored citizen who has probably already scored his 100 years. He is yet sprightly for his age. His business is to wait upon the store of Maj. Wilkins, by whom he is fed, clothed and cared for. By some means old Dave came into possession of a small yearling, which he determined to break to single harness. After much labor Dave constructed a truck wagon with extended shelves. The next thing was the harness, which was a curious amalgamation of strings, old pieces of bagging and a shuck collar ample enough for an elephant. It was altogether a work of labor as well as ingenuity; but patience and perseverance always conquer, and at last Dave was ready. Slipping away out of sight, Dave harnessed up his yearling, a proud smile of triumph all the time wreathing upon the old man's dusky features. He led out his calf, which seemed so gentle that old Dave was tempted to get into the wagon; and right here Dave made a mistake. Firmly seated, Dave shook up his lines and gave the word to "galang." The calf turned his head for a moment and viewed his attachments with a contemptuous leer, and then with a kick and a bleat he started for the square. Old Dave was upset and rolled upon the ground, and the calf darted onward. Dave started to his feet and shouted for somebody to "stop dat yerlin." It was no use. The wagon had come in contact with some obstruction and was an irreparable wreck, while calfy turned and looked at the ruin he had wrought with the complacency of a successful candidate in a country election.—*Waynesboro (Ga.) Citizen.*

The Bottom Sliding Down.

The Mississippi is said to be subject to a new danger. Its bottom is said to be moving toward the Gulf of Mexico. Of course not the bottom of the entire length, but the ooze and mud for many hundreds of miles, is sliding down, as it were, and making the river shallower at its outlets. Should this continue, and man be unable to control it, the river would in time be confined, as banks would be formed at its mouth. This would make a great lake out of portions of Louisiana and Texas. Of course new outlets would be formed, but in the meantime vast changes would occur in the Mississippi Valley. Great cities would be submerged. Lakes larger than Superior or Ontario would cover regions now occupied by farms and towns. Still this need not concern the present generation. It would take many hundreds, if not thousands of years to affect these alterations, and then, perhaps, mechanical science and human resources may be so developed as to enable man to overcome, or at least modify, the slow operations of nature.—*Demorests.*

Why Bachelors are Abundant.

The announcement that another immense apartment house is to be planned exclusively for the convenience of bachelors must provoke a great deal of wonder and indignation among women that men should find celibacy so satisfactory as to be willing to make themselves permanently comfortable in it. A bachelor's "flat" is little, if any cheaper than one for a small family, and a bachelor's meals, taken at hotels and restaurants, cost more money than would supply a family table for two or three; so why, some reasoning girls ask, should these fellows who seem so fond of the society of ladies defer marriage?

If bachelors were to answer they would probably explain that marriage means something different from what it did a very few years ago, when with as much money as a bachelor now spends for necessities a family could live comfortably, dress well, and be in society. It should be needless to remind women that marriage is no cheap luxury now-a-days. To hire a house in a good neighborhood now costs what used to be a comfortable living salary; dress, if the family is in select society, costs as much more, and so do the several entertainments that any family of proper spirit expects to give in the course of a year. Besides these expenses must be considered the cost of church-pew, opera-seats, summer jaunt, and perhaps a carriage; then there are the commonplace necessities known as food and servants.

Every marrying man should, according to affectionate mammas, be able to meet all these expenses; every bachelor with conjugal tendencies would like to, but not one in fifty is in condition to try. Some few are so reckless as to wed girls rash enough to marry for love, but they must live either on the bride's presents or in retirement. So the bachelor lives in solitude, works hard, and by the time he is rather old to marry finds himself rich enough to take a wife. The bachelor who wants to marry young must either inherit money, find a rich bride, or wed a country girl and avoid coming to the city. Hence the abundance of bachelors.—*N. Y. Letter.*

A Bad Tendency in Journalism.

Wendell Phillips said: "We live under a government of men and newspapers." To all who recognize the power of the press and love their country the article of Mr. E. V. Smalley, the veteran journalist, in the *Manhattan* for April, must have profound interest. It is entitled, "Recent Tendencies in American Journalism," and in it Mr. Smalley laments that "of late in many papers there has been a return to sensationalism, not in the old form, but in a new and worse one; not in headlines, but in the deterioration of the old standard of the kind of news proper for publication, and the relative degree of importance to be given to different classes of news." The metropolitan press combated "headline sensationalism" a dozen years ago, and Mr. Smalley admits that many prominent daily papers are standing up resolutely against the present "sensationalism of crime." Already there is a reaction, and from all the reputable homes of New York there comes a demand for a cleaner press, the publication of newspapers which can safely be admitted to the family and read aloud at the fireside. It took a long time for the makers of newspapers to learn that to a vast multitude of people the rehearsal of crimes is not the most valuable feature of a public journal, but, as in fiction and the drama, the element of smut and murder as a factor of success is yet greatly overestimated in the production of the average newspaper. A journal need not be impure to interest, nor dull in order to instruct.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

For His Mother's Sake.

Edward King tells one of the most delightful anecdotes of Carlyle yet put forth. That portentous pseudo-philosopher, Mallock, called on the old Scotchman and let himself loose, talking Carlyle almost to death. Carlyle listened imperturbably, invited him to tea and had him to smoke in the library afterward. When at last the youthful sage thought proper to take his leave Carlyle accompanied him to the door and said: "Well, good-bye; I've received ye kindly because I knew your mother, but I never want to set eyes on ye again!"