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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

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1884.

GEO. E. FAIRCHILD & BRO.

—DEALERS IN—

Furniture, Crockery, Glass Ware, Lamps, Standard Silver Plated Ware,

—AND—

Gift Novelties.

Best Goods and Lowest Prices.

We Solicit Your Patronage.

NO. 3, PHENIX BLOCK.

RAVENNA, O.

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 East Main Street, house formerly occupied by Dr. Leonard.

DON'T FORGET!

—TO CALL ON—

FRANK J. SMITH

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.

Room in Opera Block, over J. C. C. Beatty's Store.

FRANK J. SMITH.

Ravenna, O., August 2nd, 1883.

Business Cards.

J. H. NICHOLS.
Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Office in Phenix Block, over Second National Bank, Ravenna, Ohio.

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

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

I. H. PHELPS
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office over Peter King's Grocery, West Main St., Ravenna, Ohio.

A. N. FARR,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Mantua, O. Conveyancing, Collections and Pension Business promptly attended to on the most reasonable terms. 612-tf.

F. E. HUTCHINS. W. B. THOMAS.
HUTCHINS & THOMAS,
Attorneys at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Empire Building, Mr. Hutchins will attend at all terms of the Common Pleas and District Courts in Portage County. 41-1y.

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

C. D. INGELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Notary Public. Office in over Mrs. Smith's Millinery Store Mantua Station, Ohio. 542-tf.

E. W. MAXSON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law possesses superior facilities for making collections in all parts of the United States. Office over First National Bank, Garrettsville, Ohio.

J. WAGGONER, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon, Office East end of Phenix Block, Residence, corner of Main and Prospect Streets, Ravenna, Ohio. Office hours: 8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 9 p.m.

C. L. BELDEN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—Office at Residence. King Street, first door south of Main.

M. G. McBRIDE, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon, OFFICE in Poe's Block, over Grocery of E. A. VanNess, RESIDENCE on Cleveland Avenue, 5th residence North of Bowery Street. 817

G. M. PROCTOR, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
SHALERSVILLE, OHIO.
Will attend to all calls in the line of his profession, both day and night.
Office, one door East of Shalersville Exchange Hotel. 418-1y

C. H. GRIFFIN,
DENTIST. Office over First National Bank Office hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

W. W. WHITE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon. OFFICE, East end of Phenix Block, up stairs, Ravenna, O. Residence, on Pratt Street, west side, first house south of Main 910 8m*

PETER FLATH.
Clothier and Merchant Tailor, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods. Phenix Block, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio.
Oct. 15, 1883. 1y.

A. W. BEMAN,
Attorney at Law. OFFICE, No. 2608 Broadway (18th Ward), Cleveland, Ohio. 772

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.

BURR ROBBINS' NEW CONSOLIDATED RAILROAD SHOWS!

The Most Popular of All American Exhibitions!

BURR ROBBINS'

New Consolidated Railroad Shows!

RAVENNA, MONDAY, JUNE 16!

Enlarged, reorganized and renovated in all its departments for its grand tour of 1884. A show distinguished by the absence of all nonsensical humbuggery in its advertisements. An exhibition that furnishes all that it advertises to show; an entertainment devoid of objectionable features, replete with interesting and instructive objects.

THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR SHOW!

AN UNEQUALLED MONSTER MENAGERIE!

Wild Beast Show and Trained Animal Exposition!

Embracing in its colossal collection, specimens of every rare animal known to naturalists. The zoological collection of the world ransacked. Earth, sea and air tributary.

HUGE HIPPOPOTAMUS!

SUMATRAN RHINOCEROS

A Herd of Elephants!

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP!

An Ornithological collection of unsurpassed merit and value. Lions, Tigers, Leopards, Bears, Ostriches, Camels, Dromedaries, savage Sea Lions.

THE BEHEMOTH OF THE BIBLE!

Marvelous Museum of Living Wonders! Strangely Formed Phenomena from Foreign Lands! The Equine Giant,

"MOLOCH" Largest of all Horses on Earth. Twenty-one Hands High! Weight, 2,500 Pounds! "MOLOCH"

The Peerless Plural Circus

Displaying more and greater arenic novelties than ever attempted by any other show. Every artist a star. Every act a master-piece. Equestrians and Equestriennes, Acrobats and Gymnasts, Wire Walkers, Tumblers, Leapers, Mid-Air Marvels, and Wonder Workers!

CHARLES W. FISH!

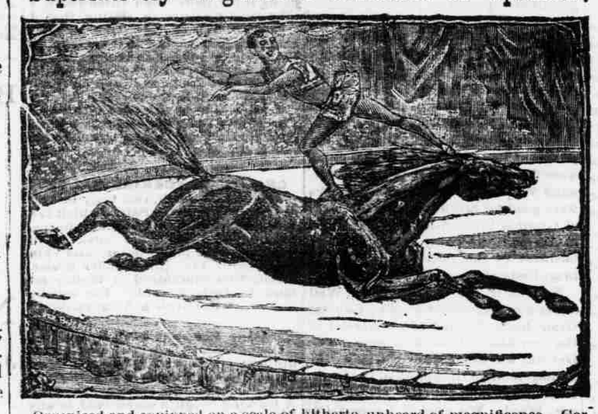
Champion of all Champions! America's Greatest Bareback Rider!

Something for the Little Ones,

PERFORMING PONIES, EDUCATED HORSES, Elephant Artists, Racing Camels!

More and Better Features, in Each and Every Department, Than Ever Seen Before on Tented Field!

Superlatively Magnificent Sunburst of Splendor!



Organized and equipped on a scale of hitherto unheard of magnificence. Gorgeous Golden Chariots, wide open dens of savage beasts, an unequalled line of cavaliers and ladies, richly apparaled, and mounted on gaily caparisoned steeds. Hundreds of handsome Horses, richly decorated lairs, vans, dens, cages and chariots.

3—THREE SPLENDIDLY EQUIPPED BANDS!—3

A Scene of Unexampled Splendor!—Rome's Triumphal Pageants Revived! Miles of Glittering Splendor Free to All Observers!

TAKING PLACE DAILY AT 10 A. M.

Fail not to view its glory! Be in time! Come early!

Two Exhibitions Daily. Doors Open at 1 and 7 P. M. Performance Commences at 2 and 8 P. M., thus allowing ample time to View the Wonders of the Menagerie

Admission, 50 cts. Children Under Nine, 25c.

SPECIAL NOTICE!—We neither allow nor countenance gambling or games of chance on or about the show grounds. Beware of sharpers on show day. Special detectives employed to protect our patrons.

RAVENNA, MONDAY, JUNE 16.

The Original "Dixie."

The New Orleans Times-Democrat gives the following as the correct original of the famous "Dixie:"

"I wish I was in de land of cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten;
In Dixie land whar I was bawn in,
Arly on a frosty mawnin'.

"Ole missus marry Will de weaber;
Will he was a gay deceaber;
When he puts his arm around her
He looked as fierce as a forty-pounder.

"His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat didn't seem a bit to greab 'er;
Will run away, missus took a decline,
Her face was de color ob de bacon rine.

"While missus libbed she libbed in clober,
When she died she died all ober;
How could she act de foolish part
An' marry a man to broke her heart?

"Buckwheat cakes an' cawn-meal batter
Makes you fat, or little fatter;
Here's a health to de next' ole missus,
An' all de gals as wants to kiss us.

"Now if you want to dribe away sorrow
Come an' hear dis song to-morrow;
Den hoe it down an' scratch de grabbel,
To Dixie land I'm bound to trabbel."

CHORUS.

"I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray!
In Dixie's land
We'll take our stand.
To live an' die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie;
Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie!"

A ROMANCE OF BROADWAY.

"I have earned three shillings, York, this blessed afternoon!" I exclaimed, with ill-suppressed exultation, as I threw down my pen, which I had been diligently using for four hours (I was penning "an article" for a certain "monthly," dear reader), pushed my closely-written manuscripts from me, and took a yellow cigar from my hat, which I have made my chief pocket since my fifth year, the time, I believe, when my discriminating parents exchanged my infant cap for the manly castor. Three York shillings have I made this blessed day, heaven be thanked, and now I can conscientiously take a little "ease in mine inn!" Whereupon I ignited my cigar with a self-enkindling apparatus, a gift from my considerate landlady—pray heaven she charges it not in her bill—to save her candles, and ascending the three steps to my window, I seated myself in my accustomed chair, and forthwith proceeded to speculate on things external. It was that calm, lovely time, which is wont to usher in the twilight of a summer evening. The roll of wheels in Broadway beneath me was ceaseless. Bright forms flashed by in gay carriages! The happy, the gallant, the beautiful, were all forth to take the air on the fashionable evening drive! Why was I not with the cavalcade? Where was my Rosinante? Where was my "establishment?" Echo answered "where?" I puffed away silently and vigorously for a few seconds, as these mental queries assailed me; and, blessed soother of the troubled, oh, incomparable cigar! my philosophy returned.

Diagonally opposite to my window stands one of the proudest structures on Broadway. It is costly with stone and marble, lofty porticos and colonnades. The edifice first attracted my attention by its architectural beauty, and eventually fixed it by a mystery, that seemed, to my curious eye, to be surrounding one of its inmates!

A lady of dazzling beauty was an inmate of that mansion, and, for aught I know to the contrary, its only inmate. Every afternoon, arrayed in simple white, with a flower or two in her hair, she was seated at the drawing room window, gazing out upon the gay spectacle Broadway presents of a pleasant afternoon. I saw her the first moment I took possession of my dormant nook, and was struck with her surprising loveliness. Every evening I paid distant homage to her beauty. Dare a poor scribbler, a mere penny-a-liner, aspire to a nearer approach to such a divinity, enshrined in dollars and cents? No! I worshiped like a publican, afar off. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." But she was not destined to be worshiped by all. One afternoon she was at the window, with a gilt-leaved volume in her hand, when a gentleman of the most graceful bearing rode past my window. He was well mounted and sat upon his horse like an Arabian! He was what the boarding school misses would call an elegant fellow! a well-bred man of the world, a remarkably handsome man! Tall, with a fine oval face, a black, penetrating eye, and a mustache upon his lip, together with a fine figure and the most perfect address, he was, what I should term, a captivating man. His air, and a certain indescribable comme il faut, bespoke him a gentleman. As he came opposite her window his eye, as he turned it thither, became fascinated by her beauty! How much lovelier a really lovely creature appears when seen through 'plate glass!' Involuntarily he drew in his spirited horse, and raised his hat! The action, the manner, and the grace, were inimitable. At this unguarded moment the 'hind wheel of a rumbling omnibus struck his horse in the chest. The animal reared high, and would have fallen backward upon his rider, had he not with wonderful presence of mind stepped quietly and gracefully out of the stirrups to the pavement, as the horse, losing his balance, fell violently on his side. The lady, who had witnessed with surprise the involuntary homage of the stranger, for such, from her manner of receiving it, he evidently was to her, started from her seat and screamed convulsively. The next moment he had secured and remounted his horse, which was only slightly injured by the fall, acknowledged the interest taken in his mischance by the fair being who had been its innocent cause (unless beauty were a crime) by another bow, and rode slowly and composedly onward, as if nothing unusual had occurred. The next evening the carriage was at the door of the mansion. The liveried footman was standing with the steps down, and the handle of the door in his hand. The coachman was on the box. I was, as usual, at my window. The street door opened, and with a light step the graceful form of my heroine came forth and descended to the carriage. At that moment (some men are surely born under the auspices of more indulgent stars than others) the stranger rode up and bowed with ineffable grace, and (blessed encounter that, with the omnibus wheel) his bow was acknowledged by an inclination of the superb head, and a smile that would make a man of any soul seek accidents "in the cannon's mouth." He rode slowly forward and in a few seconds the carriage took the same direction. There are no inferences to be drawn from this; reader. All the other carriages passed the same route. It was the customary one! At the melting of twilight into night, the throng of drivers and riders repassed. The "lady's" carriage (it was a landau and the top was thrown back) came last of all! The cavalier was riding beside it! He dismounted as it drew up before the door, assisted her to the pave, and took his leave. For several afternoons successively, the gentleman's appearance was simultaneous with that of the lady at her carriage.

One evening they were quite late in returning. Finally, the landau drew up before the door. It was too dark to see faces, but I could have sworn that the equestrian was not the stranger! No! He dismounted, opened the door of the carriage, and the gentleman and lady descended! The footman had rode his horse, while he, happy man, occupied a seat by the side of the fair one! I watched the progress of this amour for several days, and still the stranger had never entered the house. One day, however, about 3 o'clock, I saw him lounging past, with that ease and self possession which characterized him. He passed and repassed the house two or three times, and then rather hastily ascending the steps, pulled the bell. The next moment he was admitted, and disappeared from my sight. But only for a moment, reader! An attic hath its advantages! The blinds of the drawing room were drawn, and impervious to any glance from the street; but the leaves were turned so as to admit the light of heaven and my own gaze! I could see through the spaces directly down into the room as distinctly as if there was no obstruction. This I give as a hint to all concerned who have revolving leaves to their Venetian blinds. Attic gentlemen are much edified thereby! The next moment he was in the room, his hand on his heart—another, and I saw him at her feet! Sir—would that I had language to paint you the scene! Lady—I then learned the "art of love!" I shall have confidence, I have had so good a pattern, when I go to make my declaration! The declaration, the confession, the acceptance; all passed beneath me most edifyingly. Then came the labial seal that made his bliss secure. By his animated gestures, I could see that he was urging her to some sudden step. She at first appeared to be reluctant, but gradually becoming more placable, yielded. The landau was at the door in ten minutes. They came out arm in arm and entered it! I could hear the order to the coachman: "Drive to St. John's Church!" "An elopement," thought I. "Having been at the breaking cover, I will be in at the death!" and taking my hat and gloves, I descended, as if I carried a policy of life insurance in my pocket, the long flights of stairs to the street, bolted out of the front door, and followed the landau, which I discerned just turning the corner of Canal street. I followed full fast on foot. I eschew omnibuses. They are vulgar! When I arrived at church the carriage was before it, and the "happy pair," already joined together, were just crossing the trottoir to re-enter it! The grinning footman who had legally witnessed the ceremony, followed them.

The next day, about noon, a capacious family carriage rolled up to the door of the mansion, followed by a barouche with servants and baggage. First descended an elderly gentleman, who cast his eyes over the building, to see if it stood where it did when he left for the Springs. Then came, one after another, two beautiful girls, then a handsome young man. "How glad I am to get home again," exclaimed one of the young ladies, running up the steps to the door. "I wonder where Jane is that she does not meet us?"

The sylph rang the bell as she spoke. I could see down through the blinds into the drawing room. There was a scene!

The gentleman was for going to the door, and the lady, his bride, was trying to prevent him. "You shan't!" "I will!" "I say you shan't!" "I say I will!" were interchanged as certainly between the parties as if I could hear the words. The gentleman, or rather husband prevailed. I saw him leave the room, and the next moment open the street door. The young ladies started back in the presence of the new footman. The old gentleman, who was now at the door, inquired as he saw him, loud enough for me to hear, "Who in the devil's name are you, sir?"

"I have the honor to be your son-in-law."

"The devil you have! and who may you have the honor to be?"

"The Count L——y," with a bow of ineffable condescension.

"You are an impostor, sir!"

"Here is your eldest daughter, my wife," replied the newly made husband, taking by the hand his lovely bride who had come imploringly forward when the disturbance reached her ears. "Here is my wife, your daughter."

"You are mistaken, sir, she is my housekeeper!"

A scene followed that cannot be described. The nobleman had married the gentleman's housekeeper. She had spread the snare, and like many a wiser fool he had fallen into it.

Half an hour afterwards a hack drove to the servant's side door, and my heroine came forth, closely veiled, with bag and baggage, and drove away. The Count, for such he was, I saw no more! I saw his name gazetted a day or two after as a passenger on a packet ship that sailed for Havre. How he escaped from the mansion remaineth yet a mystery.—*Every Other Saturday.*

The Singers and the Critics.

Singers love newspaper critics very dearly, and make it a rule to repeat in their presence what they say behind their backs. Two famous "artists" were standing on Broadway the other morning tearing out their hair over a criticism which had appeared in one of the daily papers in which they had been likened to a pair of "braying jackasses."

"Mio caro!" shouted the tenor, the hairs of whose mustache stood up like so many pikestaffs; "do you efer read somesing like a zat?"

"Dot loafer vas so trunk lest nide," growled the baritone, carving the air in his fury, "zat he don' vas apl' to saw ze stage. He don't know no more aboud ze moosic of ze gr-rand mastaire zan ze horse-car!"

"Eef I efer zee zat fel'," exclaimed the baritone, "I vill smesh ze nose in his face!"

Just then the critic came along, and the worthy melody murderers hastened toward him with outstretched arms.

"Mio nio!" exclaimed the tenor; "how vell you looking' zis mornin', mestair. Ve vas yoost talking abound ze mos' peautiful—a noteece in the papnir. You vas so kind. Grazia, grazia, mio caro!"

"Eef I could write a likr-a zat I vould no more sing-a," said the baritone.

Then they hurried away and pledged each other in Apollinaris water.—*New York Journal.*

British Fertility.

Thirty millions of people within the area of our larger States, and who shall say that high-water is yet reached? Everything betokens a race still in its youth, still on the road to empire. The full-bloodedness, the large feet and hands, the prominent canine teeth, the stomachic and muscular robustness, the health of the women, the savage jealousy of personal rights, the swarms upon swarms of children and young people, the delight in the open air and in athletic sports, the love of danger and adventure, a certain morning freshness and youthfulness in their look, as if their food and sleep nourished them well, as well as a certain animality and stupidity,—all indicate a people who have not yet slackened speed or taken in sail. Neither the land nor the race shows any exhaustion. In both there is yet the freshness and fruitfulness of a new country. You would think the people had just come into possession of a virgin soil. There is a pioneer hardiness and fertility about them. Families increase as in our early frontier settlements.—*John Burroughs in the May Century.*

Elevated to the Peerage.

Caleb Andrews, a well-known citizen of Arkansaw tells rather an amusing story concerning family pride.

"I was devotedly attached to Priscilla Ridman," said Mr. Andrews, "and after being fully assured that my love was returned, I approached old man Ridman; who had ever been a friend of our family and asked his consent to our union."

"'Certainly, Caleb,' said he. 'Certainly, for to tell you the truth I have had my eye on you for some time, because I know that you will make a good husband. Besides that, it is well that our families should be united.'

"'When can the marriage take place?' I asked.

"'Oh, anytime, or rather as soon as arrangements can be made.'

"I was delighted with the old man's frankness. His face seemed a model of noble expression. My father agreed with me concerning the old man Ridman, but my mother, woman like, would not agree that he deserved any credit, and dropped a mild hint that the Ridman family was no better than hers, that her mother was old Major Harvey's daughter, and that none of the Harvey stock need feel elated even if the governor of the state should grant the hand of his daughter. This was all very well, and quite natural, my mother necessarily being a woman, but with me, it robbed old man Ridman of none of the nobility with which I had surrounded him. Extensive preparations for the wedding were made, and I doubt that there was ever a happier clod-hopper than I. The marriage was to take place at noon Thursday. War had been declared between the states, and, after the ceremony, I, as captain of a company, was to march away, regretful at such an early separation from my young wife, but happy in the thought that I would be envied by all the young men in the neighborhood. Tuesday evening I went over to Ridman's house. He did not welcome me in his usual outburst of 'Why, my dear boy, how are you?' and I thought that he might be ill.

"'Mr. Andrews,' said he, 'let me see you a moment.'

"There was a chilliness in his voice and an expression in his eye which I could not quite understand."

"He led the way down to the pen where the hogs were eating. Placing his right arm over the fence, he turned to me with an air of importance and said:

"'I believe there has been some little talk in regard to a marriage between you and my daughter?'

"I looked at him in astonishment, and replied affirmatively.

"'Such a union is now impossible.'

"'Why?' I gasped.

"'Why!' he exclaimed. 'Why, indeed. You certainly cannot have heard of the governor's action concerning me. He has appointed me justice of the peace. A judge, sir, under the confederate government. This war, young man, is intended to define social lines. It is to confirm an aristocracy which for years has been growing. You are quite a respectable young man, with fair education, but you cannot hope to marry into the nobility. Before I was elevated to the peerage, I gave my consent to your union with my daughter, but now, sir, in duty bound to myself and family, I am forced to rescind my former action.'

"My blood arose,' 'Sir!' I exclaimed, 'you forget that I am a captain in the confederate army.'

"'I seek not to rob you of any laurels that you may have won. A captain can make his position honorable, but he is by no means a 'squire. If you attain the rank of general, then I shall be pleased to reconsider this decision, but until then or some similar elevation, I must discountenance your association with my daughter.'

"'Does your daughter share your opinion?'

"'My daughter may not share, but she accepts my opinion. She could not do otherwise.'

"I went home. 'The old fool!' exclaimed my father when I told him. 'I'll go over and whale him till he can't stand up,' and it was as much as I could do to dissuade him from his violent purpose.

"I went into the war without seeing the girl again. Just before Lee's surrender, I was promoted to the rank of brigadier general. After peace was declared I returned home. Miss Ridman had not married, and I was told that she had never ceased to grieve for me.

"One evening I strolled over to see her. The sitting-room door was open, and seeing no one within, I entered and sat down. Shuffling footsteps told of some one's approach. Old man Ridman entered. He looked at me a moment and said:

"'Have you come back to taunt me?'

"'No, old man, having attained the rank of general, I have come back to marry your daughter.'

"'How do you know, sir, that I will consent?'

"'You said that all barriers should be removed should I attain the rank of general.'

"'Yes, but you are only a brigadier-general. Well, as I did not specify what rank of general, I suppose it would be better to yield. Remember, sir, that I am soon to be a candidate under the United States government for justice of the peace.'

"We have been married for years. The old man lives with us, and is constantly engaged in copying opinions delivered under authority of the confederate government."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Draperies.

Curtains are arranged every sort of a disarranged way, that is, irregularly, and in the extreme of informality.

A lace and plush, or colored curtain of any other kind, may now be draped on the same window, one at each side.

One fancy is to have one side of a pair of curtains fall loose to the floor, while the other is draped with a chain of cut brass, or other fastening.

In some instances one window curtain is draped high, the other low, and an irregular scarf draping in place of a lambrequin, whether this style is adopted with the curtains or not, is in favor with many.

Madras hangings retain their popularity, and justly. These fabrics are brought out in the India and chintz designs so much enjoyed at present, wherever they can be used.

Hand-work is largely used in drapery decoration, and elaborate bands of "darned-work" are being placed on white scrim and grenadine curtains.

A set in cheese cloth, intended for the bed-room of a Newport cottage, is lined with shell-pink silesia, the darned work being set between insertion an inch wide, on olive maceeme.

Double disk, or two rings, linked one within the other, form a favorite device for hand decorated and other draperies.

"Is this beautiful little girl your grandchild, Mrs. Yerger?" asked that demented creature, Gilhooly. Exasperated, and stung to the quick at not being taken for the child's mother, Mrs. Yerger unthinkingly retorted: "Is that child large enough already to be taken for a grandchild?"