

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

VOL. 22, No. 15.

RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1889.

WHOLE NO. 1109.

First National Bank

OF RAVENNA, OHIO.
N. D. CLARK, - - Pres't.
H. D. SEYMOUR, Vice Pres't.
Capital paid in, - \$100,000.
Surplus Fund, - 20,000.
Subscriptions received for the United States Four per cent. Coupon and Registered Bonds, on which the INTEREST IS PAYABLE QUARTERLY IN GOLD.
Coupon Bonds on hand for immediate delivery.
R. B. CARNAHAN, Cashier.
RAVENNA, March 26, 1878.

SECOND NATIONAL BANK,

OF RAVENNA, OHIO.
Capital Paid Up, \$150,000
In United States Bonds.
U. S. BONDS of all kinds bought and sold, and exchanged at current market rates.
U. S. COUPON FOUR PER CENT. BONDS on hand for immediate delivery.
D. C. COOLMAN, - - Pres't.
W. H. HOLCOMB, - - Vice Pres't.
RAVENNA, Ohio.

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 and Notary Public, Office in Phenix Block, over Second National Bank, Ravenna, Ohio.
A. T. HANSELMAN,
Attorney at Law, Office in Phenix Block, over Second National Bank, Ravenna, Ohio.
F. J. CAMPBELL,
Auctioneer.
FRED E. COLLINS,
PRACTICAL.

HOUSE PAINTER

LINGO AVENUE.
Near Cleveland Ave., RAVENNA, OHIO.
Prices Low. - \$250 Work Guaranteed.
We solicit your orders, or an opportunity to do work.

"OLD RELIABLE."

W. S. GIBBONS,
DEALER IN -
PURE DRUGS & MEDICINES.
-OUR STOCK OF-
DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,
Sarsaparilla, Hair and Toe Brushes,
Perfumery, Hair Oils,
Toilet Articles,
Fragrances,
Toilets, Hair and Toe Brushes,
Toilet Soap, and all the latest
and most desirable articles.
We are prepared to fill all orders
promptly and at the lowest possible price.
-OUR PERFORMANCES-
Are unrivaled by any in the market for
Delicacy and Intensity of Odor.
Pure Wines for Medicinal Uses,
(Physicians' Prescriptions)
Carefully Compounded.
Quality Guaranteed.

THE PLACE TO BUY

-YOUR-
HARNESS!
-AND-
Horse Furnishing Goods.
-IS AT-
G. P. HEIMES,
EMPIRE BUILDING, North Chestnut.

RISDON & TAYLOR

Grocers.
This is the Book we are GIVING AWAY
8 1/2 inches long, 4 1/2 inches wide, 3 inches thick.
Price 25c, but with ten times that amount
every year to every family that uses it. FREE
TO EACH PERSON WHO BUYS \$20 WORTH OF
GOODS FROM US IN 90 DAYS AND PAYS FOR
THEM. Call and examine the work.
FIVE REASONS why "Our Family Physician"
is the best medical work for home use ever
printed: 1st. It is different from all
other similar books ever published, and the
differences are such as to make it more valuable
in the family than any of them. 2d. It
teaches those who have little or no knowledge
of medicine, when a person gets sick. No
other book published does this. 3d. In all
cases of dangerous illness it advises to send for
a physician at once; but it enables those who
use it to tell when to send and when not to
send for a doctor, and so saves people money
and may save life. No other book published
does this. 4th. It gives the practice of all the
schools of medicine—Allopathic, Homeopathic
Eclectic—for all diseases treated in the book.
No other book published does this. 5th. Its
chapters on Diseases of Women and Children
are pronounced the purest, most wholesome
and practical ever written for the use of
wives and mothers. Free to each person who
buys \$20 worth of goods from us in 90 days,
and pays for them. Besides giving you this book
we give you more and better goods for the money
than you can get anywhere else in this part of
the State. Call and examine the book, and get a card.

RISDON & TAYLOR

RAVENNA, OHIO.
STANFORD & WRIGHT,
UNDERTAKERS,
AND DEALERS IN -
FINE, MEDIUM AND COMMON -
FURNITURE!

We have no old style goods to put off on those who are not posted on the latest styles. Our goods are all of the latest designs, and purchased for spot cash.
MR. STANFORD is a first-class mechanic, and consequently capable of judging of the quality of Furniture, and his many years of experience in the business enables us to recommend goods understandingly.
We have no high priced clerks to pay, and so can give very low prices.
"The proof of the pudding is in the eating."
GIVE US A CALL.
OUR UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT IS COMPLETE, and we guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

STANFORD & WRIGHT,
PITKIN BLOCK, - - - - - RAVENNA, O.

HART, the Druggist,

Has the best line of Druggists' Sundries
in the County.
Syringes, all kinds;
Atomizers;
Sponges,
Chamois Skins,
Breast Pumps,
Infants' Feeding Bottles,
Rubber Hot Water Bottles,
Thermometers,
Tooth Brushes,
Elegant Line Cosmetics,
Toilet Soaps,
Perfumes.



OPERA BLOCK, Ravenna.

WE ARE READY

To show one of the Largest and Most Attractive Lines of
FALL and WINTER CLOTHING!

Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's Suits!
OVERCOATS, HATS, CAPS,
AND FURNISHING GOODS!
-UNDERWEAR-
PLAIN AND FANCY SHIRTS!

The Celebrated Newburgh Pants and Overalls
Unequaled in Quality, and Warranted not to Rip;
Together with an Elegant New Stock of
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC WOOLENS!

For CUSTOM WORK; and will make to order Suits,
Overcoats, Pants, or Vests, according to Latest Style -
Guaranteeing Fit, Workmanship and Trimmings, at prices
never before quoted. Remember, we buy for Cash, and will
give you the benefit of our Bargains.

P. FLATH,
CLOTHIER AND MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 3 Phenix Block, RAVENNA, O.

All Kinds of Promises

Are made by gentlemen in trade. Oftentimes they mean well, but in many instances their talk is simply empty. It has been a successful plan with us to have
Our GOODS SPEAK for THEMSELVES

A Shoe built upon a foundation of intelligence and honesty does not need much talk to force ahead. Results are what people desire.
CALL AND EXAMINE OUR NEW LINE OF

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers

That has just arrived for the Fall and Winter Trade.
FRANK MOYER,
THREE DOORS EAST OF TOWN HALL.

A. T. SMITH.

FALL STOCK
OF
CARPETS!

An inspection of our stock will verify our claim of being the leading Carpet House in Portage County. We are better than ever prepared to meet the wants and tastes of our customers, whose appreciation for our efforts to furnish them with the best, in beautiful and serviceable weaves, is denoted in our increased and increasing sales.
Our showing is exceptionally attractive in
VELVETS,
BODY BRUSSELS,
TAPESTRIES,
INGRAINS,
STAIR CARPETS,
SMYRNA RUGS,
ART SQUARES, & C.
LINOLEUM AND OIL CLOTHS,
OIL CLOTH MATS, ALL SIZES;
OFFICE AND CHINA MATTING.

Complete Line Lace and Drapery Curtains

We find we have an accumulation of Remnants, mostly in Velvets and Body Brussels, ranging from 1 1/2 to 20 yards in length. A mere song will cover your Bedroom with a beautiful and serviceable Carpet, as we are offering them wholly regardless of value.

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We find we have an accumulation of Remnants, mostly in Velvets and Body Brussels, ranging from 1 1/2 to 20 yards in length. A mere song will cover your Bedroom with a beautiful and serviceable Carpet, as we are offering them wholly regardless of value.

A. T. SMITH.

DON'T WAIT!

If you want Photographs for the Holidays,
COME NOW!
The Discount will be withdrawn Dec. 1st.
Never mind the weather. We make good Pictures
any day.
See our immense stock of Pictures, Frames and Mouldings.
Nothing like it in the city. Prices are VERY LOW.

J. H. OAKLEY.

NO. 4 OPERA BLOCK, RAVENNA, OHIO.

Mashed by a Marchioness.

I've lately gone and lost my 'art, and where you'll never guess; I'm regularly mangled by a lovely Marchioness!
"Twice at a fancy fair we met, inside the Albert Hall."
So she smiled at me as I came near her stall!
At titles and distinctions once I'd ignorantly scoffed,
As if I could begeth the tradesman and the lord!
I hold with those who'd do away with difference in rank,
But that was all before I met the Marchioness of Manx!

A home was being started by some kind aristocrat.
For certain sitters, born of poor but well-connected caste.
And on the evening when she planned a fête this object of the Marchioness's Manx's name stood foremost on the list.
I never saw a smarter hand at serving in a shop.
For every likely customer she caught upon the spot.
And from the form her ladyship displayed at that bazaar,
You might have taken your oath she'd been brought up behind a bar!

In vain I tried to kill her that my purse had been forgot.
She spotted me in 'air a jill, and chaffed me precious hot.
A sov, for one regular she gauged me to be,
"You really can't refuse," she said, "I've been told of the end!"
"Do buy my creased work," she urged, "it goes for four!"
So I bought it in useful, as I see you 'tis!
So I landed over thirty bob, though not a covey I couldn't tell a Marchioness how nearly I was broke!

A pallo was the next concern I put my rhino in.
The pallo a talking parrot, which I didn't want to win.
Then the dealer, Lady Tabby, showed a painted milking stool.
And I bought it, though it's not a thing fat on as a rule.
The Marquis kept a dog and a frowning at his wife.
For she wanted to see as free as if she'd known me all my life!
I felt it was in the swim, so wasn't over-awed.
But when I went and spent my cash as having a good!

Next time I meet the Marchioness avoiding in the Row,
I'll keep my eye and raise my 'at, and up to her I'll go.
And her I'll say, "I'll keep the stump of that cigar."
She'll say, "The 'appy day we 'ad at her bazaar!" - Punch.

"Girl, what is this my son tells me? Have you aspired to be mistress here?"
Avice Darrel's sweet, shy eyes lifted to the cold face of the woman who stood over her, and the love-light that had filled them gave place to a shrinking gloom, almost of terror.
She had seen that face every day since her earliest childhood, and it had always been proud and cold to the orphan whom, for some reason, but surely not from love, she had sheltered in her lonely home; but never had the haughty, azure eyes of Mrs. Conrad so closely resembled steel as now, when their glittering coldness met that quick, startled glance of Avice.
"Answer me! Is it true?" cried the hard, proud voice.
"Is what true, madam?"
Trembling, waiting, Avice rose to her feet—a slight, graceful, youthful figure—and faced Mrs. Conrad; not bravely, but with the suddenness that already had come the end of her love dream—that the woman before her was there to part her from the lover who, an hour before, had whispered that she was his life's sunlight and asked her to be his wife—the dear, brave lover, who was Mrs. Conrad's only son!

"Is it true that Raymond has asked you to be his wife?"
"Yes, madam."
"And you have accepted him? You, the beggar brought to my door fifteen years ago by one who had no claim upon me, but to whose child I gave a home—through charity? You, who for fifteen years have been sheltered and cared for in this house and allowed to forget that the bread you ate, the clothes you wore, were gifts from my hand! You to dare lead on my son until he offers you his name and hand—you, to think of taking my place here!"
The scornful, haughty voice died into silence; the scornful, azure eyes stared with freezing glance that young, shivering figure that white, lovely face.
"The beggar brought to my door!"
"How those cruel words wounded the warm, throbbing heart of the girl so recently grieved with its love and hope!"
How they rang in her ears till the world seemed filled with their echo!
She never knew, never dreamed, she was there without a right—was a pauper. Faint memories were with her of a rich and elegant home, servants, her mother's soft hands and rich garments.
She knew she had come from luxury as great as that which she had found with Mrs. Conrad; that she, a child of God, had traveled far, with a nurse to serve her, and a pale, love-worshiped man, who seemed to love her.
And on the man's hand had flashed a jewel like a star, while about her own lacy throat sparkled and glowed stones which she knew must have been diamonds.
A beggar! No, it had never dawned on her that she was that!

"I—I did not know!" she faltered, putting one hand to her throat, where something was rising and choking her.
"I knew I was an orphan, but thought—thought money had been given you for me. Madam, what do you wish of me?"
What was that look, brief as a breath, in the blue eyes of the woman?
It might be terror; it might be anger only; it was gone before Avice read it.
"I wish you to renounce my son—to go away until he has forgotten you," said Mrs. Conrad, coldly.
"I forget—that I have no fear. Go where he cannot find you. Leave him no explanation, unless you could make him believe your flight was with another whom you preferred to him.
That would—"
"Madam, he shall know the truth. I will go, but he shall know why," spoke the girl, with sudden dignity. Her face was still white, but her lips were set in lines they never knew before.
"He has said he loves me, and he loves me well enough my poverty shall not part us, since he is more than all the world to me."
"You would marry my son against my wishes? You would thrust yourself upon me as a daughter-in-law? That would be your return for all my years of charity toward you?"
"Madam, I will marry the man who loves me, the man I love, if he wishes it."
"I will prevent your doing so, insolent beggar!" cried Mrs. Conrad, losing her self-control at last, and flashing a look of wrath at the girl before her.
"You shall not remain in this house an hour! Raymond has gone to Alstova. He shall not find you here on his return."
A portly figure stepped into view from where a heavy curtain had hidden it, and the stout housekeeper, who had been for twenty years in Mrs. Conrad's employ, stood before that lady with an expression of mingled rage and shrinking of her lord's face.
"Mrs. Conrad, do you forget a dying man's words? A dying man's trust to you, fifteen years ago? she asked in a shaken voice.

Mrs. Conrad's face turned white as death.
"Leave the room, Dale!" she said sharply.
"No, Mrs. Conrad, I will not—yet," spoke the housekeeper boldly. "I have served you faithfully for many years, and kept your secret when it almost broke my heart to see your life, and the way you treated Miss Avice, I will keep the secret no longer. I will not let you turn her from the house that is, and has been for so long, more hers than yours."
Avice caught her breath sharply. Mrs. Conrad's lip bled under her strong teeth.
"I was here when Jack Darrel brought his little daughter to you," went on Mrs. Dale, hurriedly. "He was dying then, and there was no one to whose care he could leave his child and her fortune but you; and he left her to you because he loved you all his life, although you had married another, and so had he. I was in the room, as you know, Mrs. Conrad, when he opened a great silver-cased box, and showed you jewels that flashed until they made our eyes ache; then from under the jewels fell a leather case, that was filled with gold and notes and bonds."
"You are mad. He had nothing, nothing. He left the girl to my charity," cried Mrs. Conrad.
"But Avice, with a sudden red dash of color in her face, knew that Mrs. Dale was telling the truth, and bade her continue.
"To your charity?" repeated the housekeeper sneeringly. "When have you ever shown charity for any creature on earth? You have cared for no living being ever, save your son, and now you would part him from one he loves. Well, you shall not do so. The jewels in your jewel-case belong to Miss Avice. With the money left to you for her you paid off all the mortgages which you had on your property when Jack Darrel came here after his winter day. With her money—"
"You are raving!" Mrs. Conrad broke in, with a sudden leap. "Where is your proof of all you say?"
"I am not without it," answered Mrs. Dale quietly. "Would it be hard to prove that Mr. Darrel—Laurie Darrel, as they called him—left California with wealth in gold and gems? I know two men who will swear he did. Would it be hard to prove that ten years ago your estate was mortgaged to its full value, and that you, one month after the death of Miss Avice's father and your adoption of her, paid off those claims with gold and notes and bonds?"
"Mrs. Conrad, Providence was working for you when your son loved Miss Avice. Has your son, in these years, been a young lady and received her as a daughter my lips never have denounced you; but, not content to rob her of her wealth, you were willing to send her out, homeless, friendless, broken-hearted, that your son might forget her and win a wealthier bride. Now that she is not your son's beggar and the recipient of your charity, and knows that she is not, will you not let your son wed her, as he would? I think—I feel that she will not want him to know—to loathe and scorn his mother."

Avice started as if from a dream. If it were true, as true as she loved him well enough to spare—to shield him from knowledge of his mother's sin.
How could she have been so wronged, his proud, princely heart, the girl who won it knew; and rather would she go to him as a dowryless bride, with tender, empty hands, than cost him a pang—that bring to his dear face the first flush of shame.
"No—oh, no!" she cried below her breath. "If it is as true let me never know save ourselves. I do not want the riches that may be mine. I will be rich enough in Raymond's love. Only—only, dear madam, let me keep that, and you shall keep whatever secret may be yours."
Mrs. Conrad looked at the slim, young creature with eyes suddenly dim with tears.
A moment before a chill like death was at her heart.
Raymond, her idol, for whose sake she had done it all, would loathe and scorn her! Now, a girl's warm heart throbed between her life and the punishment she merited. She was safe—Raymond would never know.
"It was for his sake," she faltered.
"Forgive me, if you can. I did it all for Raymond."
"Mother," came in a glad ringing voice from the open doorway. "Mother! Avice! may I come in? I did not go to Alstova, and I was crying!"
Mrs. Conrad hid her arms to her breast most tenderly one could but wonder that so fair-faced and so de-eyed a man could be the son of that proud, cold woman; but for the moment all pride and coldness had left face and voice, as she looked lovingly into his eyes.
"Take Avice, my beloved son," she said softly. "She is worthy of even you."
Then, with a kiss on his cheek, she left him, and he found that Avice and he were alone. Mrs. Dale also having disappeared.
"Sweetest one," he said, lifting her pale face to his. "What do I see? Tears in those dear eyes? Avice, what is it?"
"I am so happy—so very happy!" she whispered, and she kissed him like sunlight across her face.
And Raymond Conrad, living out his honest, many life, never was told a story that would have lessened the dust with shame—the story of his other's sin.—Saturday Night.

Worry Kills, Not Work.
It is not that which kills, but worry. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but friction. Work is good for the soul, good for the body, and good for the mind. If you want a good appetite don't worry. If you want to stand well with yourself and want to stand well with things to go right in your home and your business, do not worry. If you want to size up 100 cents on the dollar, do not worry.—Albany Journal.

Two Big Walnut Trees.
The Calaveras (Cal.) Prospect tells of an old tree in Chile, Calaveras county, that state, which is described as follows: "This walnut tree was planted twenty-four years ago, and thought to be about two years old at the time of planting. The tree measures 8 feet and 6 inches in circumference 9 feet from the ground, and about 10 feet from the roots. It is about 75 feet high, and has a spread of branches which covers a circle of 50 feet in diameter."
The Tuolumne Independent comes forward with a bigger one, of which the following description is given: "Our tree was planted from the seed of a walnut tree in the town of Columbia, on the well-known Jarvis ranch, now the property of Mr. G. F. McPherson. It is 14 feet in circumference 4 feet from the ground, and about 78 feet high, with a spread of nearly 100 feet. One branch measures 6 feet in circumference one foot from the trunk, and another 4 feet from the trunk. On the same ranch there is a mighty oak with a circumference of 30 feet 6 inches from the ground."

A SAMOAN DELICACY.

The Palolo, a Queer Little Worm That Visits the Islands once a Year.
The palolo is probably the most curious table delicacy in the world. It is a worm about as thick as a strand of yarn and from five to eight inches long. It is caught once a year near the Samoan islands and is eaten by the native Samoans. Very early in the morning of the first day of the last quarter of the November moon hundreds of small boats full of Samoans put out from the shore near Apia to the coral reefs. Every boat is provided with fine nets stretched between boat and boat and attached to a short handle. At the reefs a little skirmishing for the best places, many collisions, a good bit of Samoan cursing and an occasional shout and shouting proceeds the fishing. Then an occasional school of "Palolo palolo" is heard as some scoops in a netful of worms. Satisfied that the water begins to crawl, it seems to be boiling with tiny water snakes. The natives throw down their paddles and grasp their nets. Those who have no nets use baskets, sieves, anything that will hold worms and not water, and begin to scoop in the palolos. They work with tremendous energy, for they realize that the minute the sun rises the palolos will be out again for another year. Buckets, baskets, bowls and platters are filled with the crawling worms, yet the natives work on with a will which white people have rarely given them the credit for possessing. The sun rises, and the palolos are gone. The palolos are not, one knows where, and the Samoans out back to shore with their catch.

In sea water the palolos can be kept alive for hours. Without water they die in a few minutes. Roasted palolos are of a dark brown color. Boiled palolos and raw palolos are blue, brown, light yellow or green. Many natives eat them raw; others roast or boil them. The time of year at which the worms appear near Samoa and are caught is probably their spawning season, as microscopic examination shows most of them to be full of eggs. Eggs and worms together taste something like strong sea fish. Fondness of them as a table delicacy is usually an acquired taste. This is not particularly strange, as several features of their appearance are apt to suggest very disagreeable ideas to the civilized imagination. In the first place, the worms' body is fashioned pretty much after the plan of the tapeworm. It consists of an indefinite number of sections. Each section has a small, circular, "grawler's" feet on top and a black dot. On the head are two little horns, and three feet on the sides. The worms are not unlike tiny worms in appearance. The upper part is comparatively rough and hard. Like the tapeworm the palolo is not killed by being taken apart. The removal of several sections of palolo is done by a shrinking together of the rest of the body till the worm looks like a thin thread. When the worms are taken in two, as often happens, by its quick, snake-like movements through the water, the same result follows. This phenomenon has given color to the decision that the palolo is a kind of self-dissolving creature, and that the almost instantaneous disappearance of them from the Samoan waters at sunrise on the day of the annual catch is the result of the general self-dissolution of the worms. In fact, only those sections removed from the worms are taken to the head of the palolo die. After a short time other sections grow out of the section next to the head, and the palolo is so called as new. The female palolo does not differ from the male palolo in appearance, and breaks herself up in the same way and with the same results. The mystery of the palolo's sudden appearance near Samoa for a few hours annually and its magical disappearance at sunrise are unexplained. The palolos come to be caught by the dusky Samoans only at the beginning of the last quarter of the November moon, where they come from where they go to—how they breed and where they live—all this is something that nobody knows.—N. Y. Sun.

Mrs. Mackay's Wonderful Parrot.
London is marvellously empty, but entertainments are still given at Mrs. Mackay's. It is true that the hostess herself is not yet at home, but a grand evening party has sat at the open window since last Sunday, looking out to Buckingham Gate, and attracting hundreds by its humorous conduct. I have seen and heard many parrots, but never one like this. I was returning from hearing Burns and Tippet in the Park on Sunday when I first saw it. The pavement in front of the house was so crowded with spectators, that it was impossible to get near. At last it said, with intense emphasis, "Well, I declare," and then burst into convulsions of laughter again in a manner really too ludicrous to describe. "Half-past seven," which was, in fact, correct. Incredible as it may seem, the bird, on Monday afternoon, was asked the same question, and replied, "Half-past seven, to five." So great has been the attraction of this gay green bird that the police have had to keep moving the people on to prevent obstruction. "Half-past seven," cries the bird.—St. Stephen's Gazette.

A French Invention.
It is not a Yankee invention, for it originated in the brain of a Frenchman. Coats and trousers are hereafter to be made with large water-proof pockets, which will keep water out, and will let in just enough water to create a gas, which will float the man for a number of hours.

A Remarkable Timepiece.
On the desk of Edson B. Brace, in the navy department, is a little rosewood case writes a Washington correspondent. It is in the form of a cube, and contains a chronometer such as is used on all naval vessels. This little instrument has quite a tragic history and is held of considerable value. It was the ship's chronometer of the unfortunate Polar expedition in Chile and Arctic expedition in 1871. When the Polar was nipped in the ice Captain Hall saved this instrument and some other things from the vessel. The little chronometer with him. When he perished it was buried in the Arctic snows and abandoned. This was some time in 1872. For four winters it lay buried in the snow and ice.

In 1876 Captain Nares, of the British navy, now Sir George Nares, discovered this chronometer at Newman's Bay. He dug it out of the snow and took it to England with him on his return. It has then been buried by the snow for four years in a region where the mercury sinks to 104 degrees below freezing point. It was found to be in perfect order, and was wound and ran all right as soon as taken from its case. On returning to England Captain Nares turned the instrument over to the British admiralty office. From whence it was sent to this government. With all this experience it uses only a single second in twenty-four hours.