

Electric
Light
Flour
Makes the Best Bread

THE DEMOCRATIC

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RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1891.

WHOLE No. 1180.

RAVENNA ROLLER MILLS
WOOD & NOONEY, Proprietors.
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
Best Brands of Roller Flour
ALL KINDS OF FEED.
Delivered to any part of the City
Try our "DAIST" Brand of Flour.

CAPITAL, \$100,000.
SURPLUS, \$20,000.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
OF RAVENNA, OHIO.

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CHAS. MERTS, Vice Pres't.
R. B. CARNAHAN, Cashier.

DIRECTORS,
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YOUR BUSINESS IS SOLICITED.

SECOND NATIONAL BANK,
RAVENNA, OHIO.

CAPITAL PAID UP, \$150,000
In U. S. Bonds.

U. S. BONDS of all kinds bought
and sold, and exchanged at cur-
rent market rates.

U. S. COUPON FOUR PER CENT
BONDS on hand for immediate
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E. S. WEBB, JOHN PORTER,
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J. H. NICHOLS,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Office
in Phoenix Block, over Second National Bank,
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L. T. SIDALL, GEO. F. DOUTHITT,
SIDALL & DOUTHITT,
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Office in Phoenix Block,
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J. W. HOLCOMB,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Telephone No. 86, Room 12, Middle Block
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112-17

HARRY L. BEATTY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office, Room 19, Middle Block,
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Granulated Sugar
5 Cents A Pound

**WE CONTINUE OUR
PRESENTS OF SILVERWARE**

RISDON & TAYLOR,
MAIN STREET.

SPRING, 1891

NEW GOODS! -- NEW GOODS!!

I have the pleasure of presenting for the inspection of the public,
one of the most complete, elegant and well selected stocks of

Men's, Youth's, Boys' CLOTHING and Children's

Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods!

In latest style and great variety, together with the best makes in

WORKING MEN'S GARMENTS, &c.

That has ever been shown in Ravenna, and are confident that
the prices cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

To my stock of **WOOLENS** --

I have added the best market affords, in both Foreign and
Domestic Fabrics and will make to order any garments in any
style, guaranteeing Fit and Workmanship, and Trimmings, at
prices never offered before.

PETER FLATH,
Clothing and Merchant Tailor,
No. 3, Phoenix Block,
RAVENNA, O.

Fitting Remarks.
As she gazed on that pretty display,
She was heard most distinctly to say,
"It is perfectly true,
That's the prettiest Shoe
I've looked on many a day."

And that settles it hereafter,
I buy all my Shoes at the
Bargain Shoe House!



Spring Goods are now Coming
And at prices that will make them
move lively.

On Winter Goods we are making a
very low price, without regard to cost.

W. F. TOWNS,
At W. D. Durham's Old Stand,
RAVENNA, O.

W. W. MONSEY
Merchant Tailor

HAS JUST RECEIVED A COMPLETE AND
UNRIVALLED STOCK OF

SPRING WOOLENS!

Consisting of Foreign and Domestic Suitings in
CHEVIOTS, TRIBETS, CLAYS AND SERGES.

Also, fine line of PANTALOONINGS.

GENTLEMEN -- YOU MAKE NO MISTAKE
IN BUYING OF YOUR SPRING SUITS

W. W. MONSEY
THE WELL KNOWN TAILOR, No. 2, RIDGE BLOCK.

What Are Etchings?

We have not space to describe these
beautiful Pictures, so popular at
this time, but if you will call at our
store, we will show you the largest and
finest line of Etchings ever brought to
Ravenna. This class of pictures has
been rather expensive, but we lately
bought a fine line of them at LESS
THAN HALF PRICE. You may have
the benefit of our bargain. It will cost
you nothing to see them, and you may
own one or more of them for a trifle.
Everybody can afford to buy them.

We shall take pleasure in showing
them to all who are interested.

J. H. OAKLEY
NO. 4 OPERA BLOCK, RAVENNA, OHIO.

**CARPETS,
CURTAINS,
FURNISHINGS.**

March, 1891, finds us better than ever
before prepared for the early Spring trade.
Our two capacious floors are filled with the
latest and best products of the loom, and we
are prepared to give our customers all the ad-
vantages, in selection and purchase, to be had
in the more pretentious city house, with ex-
pensive advantages largely in our favor in ruling
prices on like qualities of goods.

We need hardly again allude to the ad-
vantages, as an exclusive Carpet House, we
are enabled to offer, in meeting divers tastes,
and specific requirements entering into the
purchase of a Carpet, relative to the essen-
tials of beauty and utility, in which your
choice is not confined to the meager offerings
of the "side show" attractions afforded by the
average dabbler.

Long familiarity with the products of
reliable houses, enables us to place our orders
only with such, preferring to give our patrons
goods of intrinsic value, rather than indulge
in the deceptive blazonry of "glittering gen-
eralities" born of Shoddy, as a means of "at-
tracting" customers.

It is our purpose to make all friendships
formed through business intercourse, lasting
ones, and having once secured your patronage,
to retain it, believing that success and square
toed integrity are not necessarily strangers in
the successful prosecution of business—a fact
of pleasing significance, in contemplative re-
spect of the friendships commemorative of
pleasant and confidential relations with our
patrons.

In alluding to the foregoing, we claim
not necessarily an exceptional standing, but
only a determination to exercise the plain and
homely methods of honorable dealing, char-
acteristic in the makeup of the man desirous
of "a good name rather than great riches."

Our recent purchases embrace the latest
in artistic achievement of designs and color-
ings. We are confident of your recognition
of the advantages we offer, on an inspection
of our stock—for which purpose the latch-
string of welcome is always out—which em-
braces Moquettes, Velvets, Body and Tapestry
Brussels, and Ingrain Carpets; Art Squares;
Wilton Daghestan, Smyrna and Tapestry Rugs;
Hassocks; China Mattings, Japanese Embroid-
ered Mattings, Japanese Embroidered Rugs
—you should see them, they are beauties.
Large and elegant line of Lace Curtains, in
Irish Points, Swiss Tambours, Brussels, Not-
tinghams and Muslins. Chenile Portiers,
Madras and China Silks for Sash Curtains,
Curtain Loops, Chains and Shade Pulls. Cur-
tain Poles, Shade and Shade Fixtures. Curtain
Pole Sockets. Sash Rods and Brackets.

Tapestry, Ramie, Jute Goods and Plushes
for Upholstering, Rug and Upholstery Fringes,
Gimps and Gimp Tacks for Upholstery, Carpet
Bindings, Oil Cloth Bindings, Felt and Sewed
Linings for Carpets, &c., &c.

In conclusion, we promise you our best efforts in
making your visits alike pleasant and profitable, and shall
always have our house in order for callers, whether for
inspection or purchase.

A. T. SMITH.

Her Beautiful Eyes.

Oh, her beautiful eyes! they are blue as the
dew
On the violet's bloom when the morning is
And the light of their love is the gleam of the
sun
Over the meadows of spring where the quick
shadows run,
As the moon shifts the mists and the clouds
So I stand in the glow of her beautiful eyes.
And her beautiful eyes are as mid-day to me,
When the lily-bell bends with the weight of
the heat,
And the thrush in the thicket is a pulse in the
heat,
And the senses are drugged with the subtle
and sweet,
So I swoon in the noon of her beautiful eyes.
Oh, her beautiful eyes! they have smitten
me down
As a story gleamed down from the glare of the
throne,
And I feel I falter and fall, as afar
Fell the shepherds that looked on the mythical
And yet dazed in the tidings that gave them
artistic
So I grope through the night of her beautiful
eyes.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

SAVED BY A SCRATCH.

For twenty years Hamilton Duke
was my client. In fact, it was to him
that I owed not only a competent firm-
ness, but my position in society.

But for this I should never have un-
dertaken his defence in this last case, my
best feelings were so against him—
not that I was an ingrate, but because
I believed that he had murdered his wife.

Many things compelled my drawing
such a conclusion.

He was well-bred, refined and cultur-
ed, with a taste of some common sense,
the personification of ignorance and
low-breeding. For ten years he was
all of chivalry and tenderness to her
that lofty nature could be, while you
was always sullen, morose, dissatisfied.

It was claimed by their closest
friends that he loved her first. Few
years of their united life, though I never
believed this—it was such a manifest
impossibility.

Any way, he hated her cordially when
her case came to my office, pallid and
trembling, to tell me of some new
vulgar violence of hers which had
driven him nearly to the last extremity
of his life.

And so one morning when Mrs. Duke
was found dead with an ugly stab
through her heart, her husband stand-
ing by her side with a revolting knife in
hand, I naturally believed that he had
killed her.

Later on, when I saw him, my suspi-
cions seemed confirmed.

He was in a state of wild excitement
when I entered the sheriff's office in
answer to his summons.

Until that moment no one had suc-
ceeded in getting a word out of him
about the murder.

"What does it all mean?" I asked,
when we were alone.

"I don't know," he gasped. "I don't
know whether it was I who killed her or
not. But I don't want to die. I must
defend me—you must save me."

Though I pitied him, I believed him
guilty, and though I defended him I
felt that he merited death.

But my client was a vain one. The
evidence against him was too conclu-
sive.

An unusual noise in Mrs. Duke's
room had attracted the butler's atten-
tion the morning of the murder. On
entering he saw Mr. Duke rising up,
knife in hand, from the prostrate body
of his wife, as if he had just stabbed
her.

That and the fact that the Duke had
indulged in many bitter quarrels of
late was enough to win a disastrous
verdict from any jury.

Mr. Duke was found guilty and
sentenced to death. He was to be
hanged at noon.

Reopening a case at that time was
not the easy thing it is now, and I
found it impossible to get him a new
trial.

On and on those grace days swept,
seemingly with lightning swiftness, un-
til the time set for the execution was
but fifty hours off.

I was desperate; Duke was frantic.
"You must intercede with the governor,"
he cried at length. "You must get a
pardon for me."

"Impossible," I answered. "There
isn't enough time."

"Yes, there is. This is Wednesday
morning, and I am not to hang until
Friday noon. The train goes in an
hour. If you will come here at once, you
can make the trip and get back here in
time."

"But on what pretext? Simply see-
ing the governor will do no good. I
must have a plea."

"You must think of a pretext on the
way. Don't stay here and talk. You
are wasting my time, and my life must be
saved. Do go at once."

He was in such a wrought-up state
that there was no use arguing with
him, and so I went away, walking about
the streets in sheer bewilderment.

By blind chance I went to the rail-
way station, arriving just as the train
rolled in. Dejected and reckless, scroo-
ling and howling, I was about to climb
board at the last moment and went
whirling away toward the govern-
or's, bent on a wild mad purpose,
which I well knew could only prove
entirely fruitless.

When the station next to my destina-
tion was reached, a woman came on
board, who instantly pounced on me
and kissed me.

"What under the sun is the matter
with you?" she demanded, nearly stupe-
fied with amazement.

"Leave it all to me," she said, "and
I will save your friend. No—I'm not
crazy. Listen: Last night the governor
promised to me. Of course I love you
dearly, but I didn't want to be too
cheaply won, and so I refused to give
him an answer. He dines with us to-
night. After that dinner, when his stomach
is full and his heart easy to get at, I'll
promise to marry him on the condition
that he pardon poor old Duke."

"That is the best chance on a public train
though we were, I both hugged and
kissed her."

She was as good as her word, and six
hours later I was on board another
train, homeward bound, and in my
pocket was a reprieve for Duke—the
case against him being so strong that
the governor deemed a full pardon im-
politic then.

The reprieve granted him another
three months, though, and by that
time popular sentiment was likely to
cool down sufficiently to make a pardon
feasible.

On the way home I was fairly happy
and tried to picture to myself Duke's
face when he knew he was safe.

This made me so comfortable that I
fell asleep.

Nothing disturbed my slumbers un-
til the trainmen called out the name of
the junction where I had to change
cars for the branch road which ran
through my town.

And there, to my consternation, I
found myself unable to move. Mental-
ly I was awake. Physically, I was
asleep. I was fully conscious of the
strife and bustle made by those who were
getting on and off the train; but I could
not move a muscle.

With all my might I endeavored to
throw off the trance-like spell which
held me, but to no purpose. The train
moved on and took me with it.

Cold perspiration oozed out through
every pore, and I think I would have
gone mad, had not utter
unconsciousness mercifully come to
my rescue.

It was more than an hour before I
regained possession of my senses.

By that time it was impossible to get
back to the junction in time to catch
the homeward bound train on the branch
line.

Springing up, the moment I was
conscious, I explained things to the
conductor, offering him any price he
chose to demand if he would run his
train back to the junction and take me
home.

That was out of the question. He
could only do such a thing on the order
of the general superintendent, and that
personage could not be reached, be-
cause a storm the day before had blown
so many wires down that all tele-
graphic communication was cut off.

All I could do, then, was to remain
on board the train seven hours more,
each wrangling twelve or fifteen
miles over a crazy, roadless moun-
tain, I could probably get home by
noon.

Though the "probably" discouraged
me, I thanked the conductor for his
advice, shut my teeth hard on my
misery and tried to make the best of it.
That was the longest night of my life.
It seemed to me that it would never
end.

Day was just breaking when we
reached the station where I was to
leave the train and begin my foot
journey over the mountain.

Hard as was the ascent of that track-
less, precipitous mountain side, it was
a vast improvement on the road I was
in motion myself now, doing something
whether it would avail me anything or
not.

Soon the sun was up. Altogether too
soon it had accomplished half its jour-
ney from horizon to zenith.

It was then that I reached the moun-
tain top with a good seven miles of
rough walking still before me.

Duke was to be hanged at noon, un-
less I was on time.

At 10 o'clock I was but two miles
away from him, and with all the hor-
rors of my journey presently behind me,
I smiled self-gratulatingly at the
thought of how near the goal would be,
and of how I would disappoint those
who were even then gathering to see
my client hanged.

A vine caught my foot and threw me.
Falling, I sprained my ankle, and the
pain was so intense that I had to exert
every atom of my will to keep from
going into a dead faint.

Breaking a forked stick from a sap-
ling presently I extemporized it into a
crutch and hobbled on as best I could,
but half a mile, and I was exhausted,
that I knew another fifteen minutes
would bring my locomotive powers to
a full stop.

Poor Duke must die, after all.
There was no help for it, and with an
outcry of utter despair I settled on the
ground in a heap.

The mental anguish I suffered in the
half hour which followed was enough
to unseat a man's reason.

Watch in hand I counted the fleeting
seconds.

In twenty-five minutes more my
client would hang, for want of the re-
prieve in my pocket.

A moment later a joyful sound, I heard
approaching feet.

A moment later a negro appeared.
He was old, dirty and stupid—entirely
unable to understand me, until I men-
tioned money. When I said "I will
give you a hundred dollars if you get
this paper in the hands of the sheriff
before 12 o'clock," with a yell like a
fiend he snatched the reprieve out of
my hand and darted away.

Again I sought my watch.

My messenger had twenty-two min-
utes in which to cover a mile and a
half, a portion of his route being
through thick underbrush. It was
doubtful if he would make it.

The hour which passed before he re-
turned with help seemed a hundred
years to me.

"I done got dar," he gasped, nearly
out of breath, "an' de gemmen am all
safe."

Probably it was unmanly, but I wept
for joy.

That I tried to make a hero of me for
that exploit, but I am too commonplace
and stolid for that. I had simply done
my duty. I had saved my client. That
was all.

However, I was rewarded more
gloriously yet.

Before Duke's reprieve expired his
butler was taken seriously ill. Just
before he died he made a startling con-
fession.

It was he who killed Mrs. Duke.

She caught him in the act of stealing
her jewels and he killed her to escape
punishment. Returning a moment
later to make sure that his victim was
dead, he saw Duke beside the dead
woman with the bloody knife, and so
he capital out of him in the circumstances
by swearing away his employer's life
to save his own.—Chicago Herald.

A Black Female Samson.

Freedman's Town, a suburb of Hous-
ton, Tex., boasts a female Samson, who
has repeatedly proved herself a match
for any three men that have pitted
their united strength against hers, and
who a few nights ago successfully
routed Officer John Baxter and three
of his assistants, all men of fine phy-
sique.

The woman is a negroess as black as
night, and of a stature slightly above
the average, but magnificently built
and extraordinarily active. Her grip
is such that she was able to break two
of the bones of the hand of a woman
with whom she had a fracas recently,
and it was on the police attempting to
arrest her that she not only was able
to prevent them from putting the handcuffs
on her, but taking the officer and three
of his assistants, all men of fine phy-
sique, she carried them off to her room.

Baxter, in particular, is accounted a
man of unusual strength, and is of
large build; but he says his muscles
were a child's when he was compared
with those of the black amazon. The
woman, whose name is Caroline Jen-
kins, is about 30 years old, and is the
mother of seven children.

She has been seen to pick up a barrel
of flour and carry it a distance of some
yards without appearing to be over-
exerting herself, and when tested was
found to be able to break with ease a
new grass rope an inch in diameter.
Since her exploit with the police it is
said that a party of gentlemen propose
travelling with her if she will go and
give exhibitions of her strength, which
is to be ascribed to no electrical or
magnetic process, but to muscular de-
velopment alone.

CHASED BY AN ANACONDA.

Thrilling Adventure of a Lion Hunter in
the Wilds of Africa.

A popular business man of Birming-
ham, Ala., is a Frenchman who spent
several years in South Africa before
he came to America. While a resi-
dent of Africa he went lion hunting
several times, and, while he killed no
lions, he met with a number of very
exciting adventures.

In the gentleman's own estimation
the most exciting of his African hunt-
ing adventures was a race with an im-
mense anaconda, the largest snake
found in that country. The story is
best told in his own words:

"My first lion hunt was in 1875, and
was with a party of three Englishmen
and five natives. We were all mounted
on small Arab ponies, and carried large
rifles suspended from our shoulders by
a leather strap. We rode out fifteen
miles from camp and I was placed on
a stand at the edge of the jungle, while
the natives went into the jungle to
drive out the game. I had been on my
stand half an hour when my pony sud-
denly began to snort loudly and
back away from the jungle. At first
I could see nothing, and slung my rifle
around on my back in order to leave
both hands free to manage the pony,
who had never acted so strangely be-
fore.

"In a few moments, however, I heard
a roaring noise which sounded exactly
like the approach of a small whirlwind.
By this time my pony was turning
around like a top, and at each turn he
was getting farther away from the
jungle. In a moment more I saw an
immense anaconda coming out of the
jungle and start directly toward us.
The reptile seemed to me to be about
fifty feet long and as big around as
my body. I forgot I had a gun; in
fact, it was all I could do just then to
keep my seat on the pony. As soon as
the little animal saw the snake coming
toward us he began to gallop for his
fifteen miles away, and no racehorse
would have done so well. The snake
that little Arab pony made getting
back to camp.

"The snake was right behind us for
ten miles and then gave up the race,
but the pony did not know it, and
never slackened speed until he was safe
in camp. For the first few miles the
huge reptile was only a few feet be-
hind us, and I seemed to feel his hot
breath on my neck. As he came on he
made when he first came out of the
jungle continued as long as he kept
after us. The pony could hear the
noise, and the way he humped his
back would make the modern race horse
ashamed. Once I rode the anaconda
about a mile. He made an extra
spurt of speed and ran alongside the
pony for fifty yards, but he was not
so fast the friction made by the snake's
body passing over the ground so
rapidly left a trail of smoke behind.
Of course the reptile could not roll or
strike while going at that speed, and
that saved us. When he slackened
speed to coil around us the pony put
on a little more speed and gained
nearly half a mile. That won the race
and saved us. To give you an idea of
that pony's speed, my gun with the
strap around my neck was swinging
out behind me at an angle of forty-
five degrees, and never once touched
my back during the fifteen-mile race."
—Globe-Democrat.

What Not To Do.

Don't eat candy; you never would if
you could see the inside of your stom-
ach after doing so. When you are
faint from lack of food, or from nervous
wear and tear, don't get into the
habit of patching yourself up with tea;
it is no better for you than brandy is
for your brother, it borrows from Peter
to pay Paul and ends by robbing both.
Eat bread and milk chiefly morning
and noon; at dinner eat what you like,
only don't eat too much. You are not
hungry on account of not eating bread.
To eat a few nourishing things is bet-
ter than to eat a lot of things poor in
nutriment. In summer eat less meat.
Pastry will do you no good, and
much of it will do you harm. Why
not give yourself all the chances you
can to be well? It is controllable to
lower your tone of health just because
some unwholesome thing tastes good.
Yet you are not to be an ascetic in
diet by any means; but remember that
the best time to eat unwholesome
things is not when your appetite is too
squamous to eat anything else, but
when it is strong enough to eat any-
thing; then there is a chance of your
digesting the stuff, and that is the
main thing.

And now as to exercise, take all you
can get, but do not carry it to the point
of fatigue, and take all you can in the
open air, or in pure air at any rate.
Gentle extension movements of arms,
legs and body are of great benefit,
weights, no violent exertions; but go
through a regular series every day, if
only for fifteen minutes. There is an
immense difference between fifteen
minutes and nothing at all. Be am-
bitious, but be prudent, and by and by
you and your daughters after you may
revel in the perfect type of womanhood.
—Julia Hawthorne, in the Leader.

The Japs as Imitators.

"When I was in Tokio," said a Chi-
cagoan who recently returned from a
trip to Japan, "I was much impressed
by the imitations of our countrymen,
throughout the country. I accidentally
discovered I was walking through one
of the streets and noticed in a shop win-
dow several cans of American canned
beef. There was nothing very
strange in that, but on making inquiries
I learned that that particular beef
had been put up in Japan. The artizans
where the imitation came in. Some
years ago Armour's product found its
way out there, and after using it
while the Japs thought they could
do it better. And so they did. Armour's
beef pack has been imitated down
even to the label, to such a degree
that it is difficult to detect the
differences. I heard of another in-
stance. Several years ago a certain
glass product made in Germany was
sold extensively in Japan. Through
government officials an innocent re-
quest was made to the German man-
ufacturers to allow three or four Jap-
anese workmen in their factory. The
request was granted. The artizans
spent a year or two in Germany, and
to-day Japan is selling the very same
article to the Germans at much less
cost than they can produce it. Those
obliging Germans have had their busi-
ness ruined, and their factories have
long since stopped running."

Girls' Eyes.

The average New York girl can do
more tricks with her eyes than half a
dozen Boston girls. Her school of
practice is the horse car, and inas-
much as she is usually set face to face
with the man she wants to look at,
you may see how extremely difficult it
is for her to use her eyes and yet pre-
tend not to see him.

"My darling," said a careful up-
town mother to her eighteen-year-old
daughter, "don't, I beg of you, roll
your eyes about that way in a horse-
car."

"I must do it, mamma," was the
reply, "there's a man on the other side
of the car that has been trying to catch
them all the way up town."