

Electric Light Flour
Makes the Best Bread

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

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF RAVENNA, OHIO.

N. D. CLARK, President.
CHAS. MERITS, Vice Pres't.
R. B. CARNAHAN, Cashier.

DIRECTORS,
N. D. Clark, E. R. Crowell,
Chas. Merits, H. L. Hine,
Ortin Stevens.

YOUR BUSINESS IS SOLICITED.

SECOND NATIONAL BANK
OF RAVENNA, OHIO.

CAPITAL PAID UP, \$150,000
In U. S. 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, President.
W. HOLCOMB, Vice Pres't.

WM. H. BEEBE, Cashier.

Business Cards.

J. H. WEBB, JOSEPH PORTER, GARRETTVILLE, O. Blackstone Block, Ravenna, O.

WEBB & PORTER, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. 615 BLACKSTONE BLOCK, RAVENNA, O.

TO LOAN—Money to loan on Farm Property. WEBB & PORTER, 106-112

C. H. GRIFFIN, DENTIST—Office over First National Bank. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

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

J. H. DUSSEL, D. E. ROGERS, DUSSEL & ROGERS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW and Notaries Public. Office in Phenix Block over Second National Bank, Ravenna, Ohio.

A. TOWNSEY AT LAW and Notary Public. Office in Phenix Block over Second National Bank, Ravenna, Ohio.

S. F. HANSELMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Blackstone Block, Ravenna, O.

L. V. SIDDALL, G. W. F. DOUTCHITT, SIDDALL & DOUTCHITT, Attorneys at Law, RAVENNA, O. Office in Phenix Block.

J. W. HOLCOMB, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Telephone No. 53. Room 12, Riddle Block, Ravenna, Ohio. 1113-17

HARRY L. BEATTY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC. Office, Room 18, Riddle Block, 1113-17 Ravenna, Ohio.

E. Y. LACEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC and SOLICITOR OF PETITIONS. Office with Democratic Press, Ravenna, O.

ERIE RAILWAY

Adopted Nov. 1, 1890.

Central time, 38 minutes slower than Columbus time.

Trains depart from Ravenna as follows:

EASTWARD. Depart.

No. 8, Vestibule train, 8:33 a. m.
No. 8, Mixed Accommodation, 9:15 a. m.
No. 24, Fast Freight, 12:30 p. m.
No. 12, New York Express (daily), 3:57 p. m.
No. 4, N. Y. Ex., 10:15 p. m.

WESTWARD. Depart.

No. 1, Vestibule train, 4:15 a. m.
No. 8, Vestibule train, 8:34 a. m.
No. 27, Way (except Sunday), 9:01 p. m.
No. 2, Ch. St. Louis & Chicago, 12:30 p. m.
No. 15, Mixed Accommodation, 10:00 p. m.
Nos. 9, 12, 4, 1, 1 and 3 run daily, and run via Youngstown.

Nos. 25, 26, 4, 1, 15 and 27 stop at Windham, G. P. A., New York.

D. I. ROBERTS, W. E. ALKON, J. P. A., Chicago, Div. P. A., Youngstown
JNO. E. SHARP, Ag't, Ravenna

Cleveland & Pittsburgh R. R.

Trains Depart from Ravenna Station as follows: Central Standard Time.

SCHEDULE TAKING EFFECT NOV. 23, 1890

GOING EAST.

No. 118, Local Freight, 12:30 p. m.
No. 36, Eastern Express, 9:15 a. m.
No. 6, Alliance Accommodation, 1:04 p. m.
No. 40, Fast Line, 10:00 p. m.

GOING WEST.

No. 41, Night Express, 8:32 a. m.
No. 5, Alliance Accommodation, 1:20 a. m.
No. 17, Day Ex., 11:05 a. m.
No. 117, Local Freight, 12:30 p. m.
No. 37, Fast Line, 10:00 p. m.
No. 42, Fast Line, 10:00 p. m.

For Time Cards, rates of Fare, Through tickets, baggage checks, and any further information regarding the running of trains, apply to W. D. ARMSTRONG, Ag't, Ravenna, O.

All trains connect at Yellow Creek for Wheeling and Baltimore.

The PITTSBURGH & WESTERN RY. CO.

Central Standard Time.

TIME TABLE.
Taking Effect Nov. 24, 1890.

MAIN LINE.

WESTWARD.

No. 2, 12:30 p. m.
No. 5, 7:01 p. m.

EASTWARD.

No. 9, 6:15 a. m.
No. 17, 2:09 p. m.

Through Sleeping Car between Allegheny and Chicago on Nov. 8 and 9, daily.

Teachers' Examinations.

EXAMINATIONS will be held commencing at 9 o'clock a. m. and closing at 4 p. m. on the FIRST SATURDAY of each month; also, the THIRD SATURDAY in October, November, February and April.

The examination on the THIRD SATURDAY in February will be held at Garrettsville; that on the THIRD SATURDAY in April, at Kent. All others will be held at the High School Building, Ravenna.

No certificate will be ante-dated.

Any applicant desiring to cheat, will be reported for six months.

By order of the Board,
O. F. HAYMAKER, Clerk,
Garrettsville, O.

THE DAILY COURIER

Vol. 23, No. 35. RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1891. WHOLE No. 1181.

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 the 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, Phenix 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 more 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 UNSURPASSED STOCK OF

SPRING -- WOOLENS!

Consisting of Foreign and Domestic Suitings in CHEVOTS, THIBETS, CLAYS AND SERGES.

Also, fine line of PANTALONINGS.

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

W. W. MONSEY
THE WELL KNOWN TAILOR, No. 2, RIDDLE 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.

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In Perplexity.

Not long since to look on her face was a pleasure,
So pleasant to me had every feature grown,
And I thought that the man would enjoy a
Who'd have the good fortune to call her his own.

Her voice when she spoke had rare melody in it,
He smile was a sunbeam to comfort and bliss;
I wonder her affection, whoever could win it,
Would be the best fortune a man could possess.

But though I have neither been cold nor averse,
Yet in her demeanor a change I can see;
To others, perhaps, she had said as regards
As ever she was, but she isn't to me.

The light that illumined her eyes has departed;
She's silent, constrained, and her manner is cold,
And I wonder how ever I thought her kind hearted,
For never a smile on her face I behold.

Perhaps she is different to others who love her,
But women are puzzles, as all men agree,
And the paradox strange in this man I discover,
She's always most distant when nearest to me.

—Cale Cook Item.

Spring Sounds.

In first panes of the wild March storm,
I hear the calling of the noisy birds,
With whirring whir of rapid wings and slow,
And soft, uncertain chirping uttered low,
The wren birds seeking their last summer's home.

It heeds the coverts' rest of last year's brood,
While young spring whispereth in dreamy tones,
What wealth of fragrance on the winds she'll throw,
From wreaths of May-buds trailing through the air.

I know by some sweet taint in my blood,
The fragrance of the spring, the warm
The hum of the air, the moist, warm
The glow of the sun, the warm, warm
The hum of the air, the moist, warm
The glow of the sun, the warm, warm

—Juliet Corson.

DUTY VS. GRATITUDE.

Jerry and Pete were two industrious mechanics. They lived in a Fourth Street tenement, and had a couple of children to support, besides their wives, who, albeit, were not acquainted with a noble art frequently practiced by charwomen.

Jerry and Pete were hard workers; they worked far into the night, and occasionally the thin mist of dawn had begun to break on the narrow city pavements before their labors would cease. Nobody would say that they were not a hard-earned fellow. Some-times they did not get to bed until it depended largely upon the police.

It was a chilly night in November that this horny-handed pair planned the burglary of a certain safe in the establishment of a furniture store on the West-side. On the evening in question the bookkeeper had had a wrangle with his accounts.

"Jerry, did you read or tail of this," he said to the senior member of the firm, "but I know everything is all right. An error of several hundred dollars has been corrected on our daily footing, but where the error begins or ends I haven't found out."

The fact was the monthly sales had been extraordinarily large, and a page of the balance had been mislaid. The head bookkeeper spent an hour in again casting up both the entries of himself and his partner, and the establishment closed its doors for the day.

Then he went home for supper, determined to locate the letter if he didn't get a wink of sleep that night.

Bookkeepers, it must be remembered, have singularly sensitive organisms, susceptible to the slightest error of anything which reflects upon their probity or skill.

At half-past 8 he returned and commenced anew his critical calculations. He worked precisely two hours, at the end of which time he suddenly slipped his forehead and exclaimed:

"Great Scott! Why haven't I looked through the safe for a missing sheet? Ten or two weeks forgot to number them!"

He turned over the pages of the balance in his hand and, sure enough, the missing sheet of documents was in the upper left-hand corner was wanting. In all likelihood one page, or perhaps two, had slipped into some remote corner of the safe.

The safe was a large one, partially recessed into the wall, and containing all the papers, documents, and several days' receipts in cash and drafts of the firm.

The bookkeeper in his efforts to unearth the lost page of the cash balance, was obliged to intrude his feet into the safe. Fearful lest the candle be held should attract attention from the street, showing out as it did in the narrow alleyway, he drew the door of the safe before entering he drew the door slightly ajar.

As he stepped in the tail of his coat protruded on an angle of one of the huge riveted hinges of the lock. The massive gate swung to as if it had weighed no more than a single pound and the bookkeeper was imprisoned.

He heard a resonant click that was all, and his candle went out.

There is nothing especially remarkable about the incident, tragic as it certainly must have been to the unfortunate wretch inside. Many men have been imprisoned in safes before. But this reflection would hardly soothe the agony of that horrible moment.

The bookkeeper at the outset lost his presence of mind. He fought like a caged demon, at first cutting along the super-burned street facing the four sides of the iron tomb. Then his body gave out, and without for an instant losing contact with the hinges, he sat in a partially upright posture unable to stir hand or foot.

At that instant, when hours seemed to have elapsed, the door of his cell, now abnormally sensitive, was almost split into fragments. A frightful monotonous clangor rent the interior of the safe.

The bookkeeper used to say afterward that a second's deviation of characteristic thought and he would have gone mad.

Stronger minds in a parallel situation would have collapsed. But a weaker personality clings more strongly to hope. Only weak individuals while in the act of drowning catch at straws. As the bookkeeper felt himself gradually growing faint from want of air, his revived hope led him to deliberately crash his fist into the woodwork with which the interior of the safe was fitted, in secretarial fashion, one drawer being built above another.

As may have been conjectured, the noise which smote the bookkeeper's ear was that of a drill. Although keenly distinguished from the inside, the sound was practically smothered on the outside of the vault.

At one end of the drill was a cavity rapidly growing larger in one of the steel panels. At this other end was a heavy, warty fist, part of the anatomy of Pete, the industrious mechanic.

Pete held the drill while his friend Jerry pounded it in.

Pretty soon the two burglars became aware that a terrible commotion was going on within the safe. It nearly drove them into fits. They were certainly very much startled.

Jerry was for throwing up the job, but his companion rejected the proposal with scorn asavoring of the superstitious. Pete had a large family to support, he argued. He spoke frankly to his friend, and colorless. The burden of his remarks were in these words:

"You make me tired with yer ghost and things, and I don't want any more darndum-bum or nothin' of the kind. Most 'trough anyway."

Pete and Jerry went back to work. At the first crack of the drill Jerry said:

"Pete there's a man or something in that safe."

"Both men grew as pale as ghosts at the mere suggestion. But Jerry, who had his ear first to the lock and then to the drillhole.

"He's in there!" he shouted, not so loud, however, as to be heard out on the sidewalk. There came the faint responsive, very faint indeed:

"For God's sake, give me air! I am locked in here. Try and burst open the door, please."

The two burglars did not stop to talk, but went at once to work as if their lives depended on the result of their labors. Instead of the unfortunate bookkeeper's. In less than three minutes they had a hole somewhat larger than the business end of a collar-button knocked into the wall.

Then they stopped to rest, and the man inside, who had come so near to death, unscathed, and tenderly became aware of their predicament. In all probability this was a member of the firm or an employe. This fact Jerry knocked out before he ventured to venture sky-high, unless, when they let the man out they gagged and bound him into a sack, and then they would still be murderers and responsible for his taking off.

These were highly comforting reflections, but there was still one more powerful. What it was remains to be seen.

"He's in there!" cried Pete, "what's the combination of your safe?"

"1-15-78," came back in an almost sepulchral tone.

It was evidently hard work to draw breath through that hole. In exactly fifteen seconds the lock of the safe gave forth the same resonant click it had given a half hour previously. Thanks began to break on the narrow city pavements before their labors would cease. Nobody would say that they were not a hard-earned fellow. Some-times they did not get to bed until it depended largely upon the police.

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HER BABY'S GRAVE.

She Knew It After an Absence of Nineteen Years.

The keeper of a cemetery in one of the eastern states was at work in the cemetery not long ago, says the *Journal's Companion*, when a poorly dressed, fashion-looking gray-haired woman entered the gate and said that she wanted to make arrangements for setting up a small tombstone.

"Where is the grave?" asked the sexton.

"I can't tell you just where it is," answered the woman, "but I can go to it."

She led the way to a remote corner, where there were few graves, and there, close to a pine tree and almost hidden under its low-growing branches, was a little sunken, neglected grave.

"This is it, sir; this is it," said the woman, dropping upon her knees upon the grave, with streaming eyes.

"It's the grave of my son, sir; the only child I ever had. I buried him here nineteen years ago. He was only 4 months and 5 days old, but he was a dear little fellow, and it almost killed me to give him up."

Wiping her eyes on a corner of her shawl she added:

"I've never been here since the day we buried him, but I knew I could come right to the spot. I've seen it in my mind every day for nineteen years. We lived close to the graveyard more in the evening of the day he was buried. I slipped over here and set out this little pine at the head of the grave, for I did not want to buy a stone."

"We moved west soon afterward and we've been kept poor all the time, but I've had, little, all these years, and now I want to have his grave fixed up and a little stone put up—the dear little fellow!"

She laid her wet cheeks down in the rank and tangled grass, and tenderly stroked the sunken clay, and the sexton quietly withdrew, leaving her alone with her dead.

A REMARKABLE SNAKE.

One is Landed in Tennessee that Produces Gallons of Purified Oil.

The balmy breezes that fan the bosom of Redfoot lake, twenty miles north of Milan, Tenn., bring many fishermen to its waters about this season of the year. Colonel J. B. Jones was fishing on the banks of the lake last week, says a *Globe-Democrat* correspondent, having left his boat to escape the hot sun, and had hardly thrown his line out into the blue water when he saw a dark object rapidly approaching the surface. At first the general colonel thought it an alligator of unusual size, but on closer observation he discovered it to be an enormous creeping serpent. When this huge monster was within a few yards of the boat, Colonel Jones gathered some stones about the size of goose eggs and struck it seven times in succession, and, strange to say, the blows did not appear to worry his snakishness to any great degree as it never once left the surface of the water, but continued unconcernedly at a slow pace upstream.

Colonel Jones immediately seized his rod and line and scampered hastily in his boat. It was only a question of a few minutes before he was in mid-water and in hot pursuit of the object, which was soon overtaken. When within close proximity he noticed the huge reptile seemed to be blind and apparently harmless. Fearing an attack, however, Colonel Jones seized his rifle and, taking aim at its head, fired. The bullet lodged in the collarbone and broke its neck. There was a slight movement of the tail, a little splash of water and all was over, the monster floating down stream.

Curious to learn the species of this peculiar reptile, Colonel Jones made a lasso from a stout rope which he had in the boat and threw it around his neck, and he was enabled to bring it ashore. A critical examination developed the fact that he had captured a monster snake never before seen in this part of the country. It had a head resembling a long, funnel-shaped horn, the body being similar to small kegs joined together. What made the snake more queer, each kegg seemed to have a bung-hole or outlet (some of the queer knots being on the sides and some on top). Handling the tail on the bank, which was by no means an easy task, he opened one of the knots with a jackknife and found it to be full of clear, purified oil.

At the junction Major Sam Hall, an old sportsman who has hunted all over the world, came up and frantically gesticulating, exclaimed: "Good God, I should have known it was that!" Further he said that it was a porpoise snake, and a rare specimen to be found this far north. The oil in the kegs has since been found to be pure undiluted porpoise oil. Twelve forty-gallon barrels were filled. The oil has been shipped to Pittsburg and will realize a handsome fund for Colonel Jones.

By way of explanation, it should be said to the incredulous that this is a species of the snake family which obtains the oil by plunging its sharp head into the side of a porpoise and drains every drop of oil from its body. The snake was forty-two feet long and Colonel Jones has the kegs and bungs in his possession.

The largest olive oil factory in the world will soon be built at Los Galitos, in Sonoma county, Cal. The plant will cost \$250,000. The company has sixty acres of six-year-old trees and is planting 700 more.

There are about 12,000 nickel-in-the-same machines in use in this country and they comprise fifty varieties.

DOGMASTERS TO THE END.

There is one crop of early autumn that grows on trees which doesn't vary much, and that is the katydid. Climatic influences are favorable to the growth of this fruit, and it is a singular thing that on the same trees where forty years ago, as little elms, these chanting insects lived, they now stay. They are never known to change from one tree to another. There may be several elms of equal size on one street, but the katydid, most likely held at the thing done from the first chosen greenery they never bud.

The same way one yard will have its number of elms as a yard; the next person's grounds, although just as cool and shaded, will have none. Those in the same trees or yards have their own katydid, and they are never other, but listening intently for their return to express their belief as to whether Katy did or didn't. The outside world, after listening for years to debate, is divided as to opinion. Just the same as on more important subjects, it judges in accordance with the sentiments of its own consciousness.

These little green chanters never change their opinion. They belong to the dids or didn'ts, and by no mistake alter their saying. One may tramp around the trees where they live, may sit beneath them, talk, laugh, or indulge in any noise, and Katy chants on as before. But lay a hand on the dead, ever so lightly, against the bark of a tree, one says who has tried it, and their notes are instantly hushed, remaining quiet until the hand is removed. In darkness, when one creeps safely up to an elm tree where, above in the branches, is taking place a joyful little conversation, the katydid, the palms of the hand against the bark, the silence is painfully sound.

There was once a man visiting Rhode Island whose ambition was to possess some elm trees, and in them their katydid. He had the elms for the katydid, but no katydid for the elms. So he came from his distant home and got possession of one, which he carried back and put well up in the greenery of the elm. Then he waited. The katy was as dumb as a senile fruit jar, and wouldn't say a word. He wrote back to inquire why the thing wouldn't open its mouth and sing. He was informed in a strange way that didn't speak the sentence with any mouth, but with its legs; second, that although the divorce laws of Rhode Island were often brittle enough to sever knots tied by ministers, still he need not expect any gurgling hilarity from one katydid separated from its mate and alone in a strange land. The other was put in the tree, and in true marital style one said Katy did and got contradicted in about a second. They've kept it up ever since.

HER BABY'S GRAVE.

She Knew It After an Absence of Nineteen Years.

The keeper of a cemetery in one of the eastern states was at work in the cemetery not long ago, says the *Journal's Companion*, when a poorly dressed, fashion-looking gray-haired woman entered the gate and said that she wanted to make arrangements for setting up a small tombstone.

"Where is the grave?" asked the sexton.

"I can't tell you just where it is," answered the woman, "but I can go to it."

She led the way to a remote corner, where there were few graves, and there, close to a pine tree and almost hidden under its low-growing branches, was a little sunken, neglected grave.

"This is it, sir; this is it," said the woman, dropping upon her knees upon the grave, with streaming eyes.

"It's the grave of my son, sir; the only child I ever had. I buried him here nineteen years ago. He was only 4 months and 5 days old, but he was a dear little fellow, and it almost killed me to give him up."

Wiping her eyes on a corner of her shawl she added:

"I've never been here since the day we buried him, but I knew I could come right to the spot. I've seen it in my mind every day for nineteen years. We lived close to the graveyard more in the evening of the day he was buried. I slipped over here and set out this little pine at the head of the grave, for I did not want to buy a stone."

"We moved west soon afterward and we've been kept poor all the time, but I've had, little, all these years, and now I want to have his grave fixed up and a little stone put up—the dear little fellow!"

She laid her wet cheeks down in the rank and tangled grass, and tenderly stroked the sunken clay, and the sexton quietly withdrew, leaving her alone with her dead.

ANNUAL STATEMENT

EQUITABLE
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1890.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages..... \$24,407,388.13
Real Estate, including the Equitable Buildings and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages..... 17,151,152.24
United States Stocks, State Stocks, City Stocks, and other investments..... 51,729,253.60
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (Market Value, \$4,752,230.00)..... 3,738,378.75
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure..... 10,007,885.09
Cash in Bank and in transit (since received and invested)..... 8,694,854.78
Interest and Rents due and accrued, Deferred Premiums and other Securities..... 3,514,831.88
TOTAL ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1890..... \$119,243,744.47

LIABILITIES.

Total Liabilities, including the Reserve on all existing Policies (4 per cent. Standard)..... \$95,503,297.13
Total Undivided Surplus, over 4 per cent. Reserve..... \$23,740,447.34

We certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus. From this surplus the usual dividends will be made.
GEO. W. PHILLIPS, J. G. VAN CISE, Actuaries.

INCOME.

Premiums, Rents, etc..... \$29,352,507.97
Interest, Rents, etc..... 5,684,175.27
\$35,036,683.24

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by Death and Matured Endowments..... \$ 8,817,940.27
Dividends, Surrender Values, Annuities and Discounted Endowments..... 4,438,731.44
TOTAL PAID POLICY HOLDERS..... \$13,256,671.71

Commissions, Advertising, Postage and Exchange..... 3,958,059.95
General Expenses, State, County and City Taxes..... 3,379,330.42
\$20,594,062.08

NEW ASSURANCE WRITTEN IN 1890..... \$203,826,107.00
TOTAL OUTSTANDING ASSURANCE..... 720,662,473.00

HENRY B. HYDE, President.
JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Vice-President.

RAVENNA AGENCY.

Number of Policies issued from this Office..... 2,100
Amount paid Policy Holders on Matured Policies in 8 years, over..... \$100,000.00
Rate of Interest on Premiums Paid, and Policies continued,..... 6 to 8 per cent.
20 Year Endowment Bonds guarantee 5 per cent. Compound Interest for Life.
All Equitable Policies Incontestible after two years.

T. G. PHILLIPS, General Agent.

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HART, The Druggist, Opera Block, Ravenna.