

Electric Light Flour Makes the Best Bread

THE DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY.

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RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1891.

WHOLE No. 1185.

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

Granulated Sugar 5 Cents A Pound

AT STANFORD & WRIGHT'S! And the consequence is we are too busy to more than mention a few prices on some of our Staple Goods. For instance: Bedroom Suits, Full Size, \$14.00 and Upwards. Chairs 38 Cents Each, or \$2.25 per Set, And so on up the scale, to fine Polished Leather Seat Dining Chairs, Extension Tables from 45 cents per foot up. Fancy Tables 90 cents and upwards. LOUNGES AND COUCHES, from the cheapest to the best made. PARLOR FURNITURE, all grades. CANE SEAT ROCKERS from 35 cents up. BABY CARRIAGES of all prices and styles. Decorated English Dinner Sets, 112 Pieces, \$7.75, up. WHITE SEWING MACHINE! Any one in want of a Machine will do well to call at our Store, as we send out no Agents, and consequently have no commissions or traveling expenses to pay. NEEDLES constantly on hand. STANFORD & WRIGHT, Funeral Directors and Scientific Embalmers. PITKIN BLOCK, RAVENNA, O.

We Expect to Make Music for Everybody. THURSDAY The Dandy suit, all sizes, \$3.00. FRIDAY Genuine Black Cheviot suits, all sizes, \$7.00. SATURDAY 300 elegant made, all wool, tailor cut, eye openers—all new this week—\$12.50. Straw Hats worth \$1.00, Saturday 50c. Fancy Shirts worth \$2.25, two collars, 75c. Spring Overcoats One-half Price TO CLOSE. J. C. BEATTY & SON, CLOTHIERS, HATTERS, FURNISHERS, ONE PRICE.

WE ARE STILL PAYING In goods one hundred cents on the dollar, for every dollar you leave at our store. Don't forget this. You can't afford to.—Our stock was never more complete than now in the way of Pure Drugs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet and Fancy Goods, Brushes of all kinds, Paints and Oils, Cigars—in fact, anything and everything in our line of business.—Anything not in stock we will gladly get on short notice.—We make a specialty of Trusses, Supporters and Shoulder Braces, and will guarantee satisfaction. HART, The Druggist, Opera Block, Ravenna.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN! WITH A BETTER LINE OF "HORSE MILLINERY," Then ever. We will show something unique in CLOTH and MOMIE DUSTERS and SUMMER GOODS. We sell the Best 25c Whip in the World And challenge competition in the better grades. If you need anything in the HARNESS LINE this season, get our figures and examine our stock. Yours, for wear and Workmanship, G. W. GOCKEL, 1120 Three doors West of Merts & Riddle's Repository.

DON'T LET IT SLIP Here is an opportunity that may never occur again. You cannot afford to lose it. During this Month we will make One Dozen Cabinet Photographs for \$3.00. No excuse for buying poor pictures, when you can get the VERY BEST at this price. Call early and avoid the rush. OUR STOCK OF PICTURES, FRAMES AND MOULDINGS is the largest in the city, and our prices are very low. If you want your pictures framed RIGHT, bring them to us. J. H. OAKLEY, NO. 4 OPERA BLOCK, RAVENNA, OHIO.

The Woodchuck Hole. How some one thought of boyhood's pulsing. Amid the weary fight for place and pelf. Comes in sharp contrast to the selfish strife, "Mid scenes inconspicuous, asserts itself! Who is there in the country, I wonder? Though delving in his calling like a mole. Who, at times, sees summer brightness shed. On everything—and sees the woodchuck hole. It matters not what life the toiler leads. What record in the hard world he has made. Or daily struggles in the marts of trade. It matters not what pleasure and what pain. Have come to him, what has been fortune's smile. The dream of youth is clear, and once again He sees the meadow and the woodchuck hole. He notes where most the clover-blossoms bend. Where the narrow trails are here and there revealed. He notes how all the little highways trend In one, to reach the border of the field: And on the hillside, where the tussocks grow, He sees the ground-hog's home, the young one's entrance dark, the out-thrown clay below. A yellow passage to the woodchuck hole. He catches summer perfumes, as of yore, His pulse beats faster with a youthful joy. He feels the instinct of the chase once made. He sees the eager dog and eager boy. He feels the thrill success to more may yield. Nor feels the honor to the faded soul. Bring keen delights such as the clover-bird Held for the boy who sought the woodchuck hole! —Stanley Waterloo.

HIS VISITOR. Richard Whitstone had done a day's work. He had made one or two goodly bargains; had read a little boy with a pinched pitiful face, who had besought the price of a loaf of bread for his sick mother at home, a lecture on the sinfulness of begging, that evidently touched the little wretch's conscience, for he turned aside and wept bitterly. "You're a good citizen, Dick," he said as he sat down to dinner, "and deserve to be rewarded."

THE SOLDIER'S LEGACY. Not only was General Sherman devoted to his friends, but he was particularly devoted to his family and his family to him. He bought the house on West Seventy-first street so that his wife, who was an invalid up to the day of her death, might be able to drive to the park without being rattled over the cobblestones, and though it was inconvenient for him personally to live so far up town, he insisted that he preferred that to any other part of the city. This little house in Seventy-first street, which he made historic, is like most of the other houses in the neighborhood. It faces the south, and consequently gets plenty of the sun that the old General loved. His office or study, we find, was a room on the basement. There he had his desk and that of his secretary, who had charge of his enormous correspondence. It was not so very many weeks ago that General Sherman took me down into this room, and into a little vault opening off from it, where he kept his important papers and journals. The vault is almost a room, as rooms in New York houses go, being about 7x10 feet, and is lined from top to bottom with shelves filled with journals, letters, maps, and every scrap of paper connected with the part that General Sherman played in the late civil war. He has preserved these in the most exact and systematic manner, being carefully indexed, so that he could turn to any letter or any paper or any entry in his diaries at a moment's notice. He took down some of the volumes and brought them over to the front while he turned the pages and explained to me the system upon which the books were kept. He even had telegrams preserved in this way. It would be difficult to over-estimate the historical value of this collection. When I asked General Sherman what he intended to do with it, he said it was his legacy to his children; that not a line should be published during his lifetime; and then he spoke about his death, and said that he had everything arranged, so that he would be able to die at any time, so far as his affairs were concerned. I told him that he was good for another twenty years, and he must not talk about dying, at which he smiled grimly and said, what difference did it make, we had all got to die, and that we might as well be ready for death when it comes.—N. Y. Ledger.

TITLES OF NOVELS. The Right of Authors to Quarry for New Names in Poetry. The average novel, the outsider gathers, is a better-paying concern than the average poem, says the St. Louis Dispatch. At that, no doubt, why there is so much more fuss about proprietary rights in the titles of novels. If you feel so inclined you may go on singing and sonnetizing "To Delia" and "To Chloe" to your heart's content, but if you desire to romance about some not impossible thing, you will be well advised to avoid putting "She" upon your title-page. Yet there is decorum in these matters. And personally one is inclined to think that Edward Jay was unwise to write "The Worst of It" over his lines in Lippincott's Magazine. The phrase was all the world's once. Now you can find it in the most different contexts without a wave of reminiscence of the passionate self-abandonment of the guilty husband of the guilty wife in Browning's poem. And the worst of it is that Mr. Jay's subject seems to be the same. The right of novelists, on the other hand, to quarry for new names in poetry is well established by custom. Any novelist may take "Froud Malsie's" name in vain or denote "Airy Fairy Lilian" into some "Easy Breezy Caroline" in three volumes of prose travesty. Mr. Jay is well entitled—by custom—to write a thingy-shilling book and call it "Memorism," or a novel of Bostonian introspection and call it "Le Byron de Nos Jours," or an erotic study after Mr. Sals and call it "A Light Woman." Poets have been known to protest, but they are a little old-fashioned upon Patnamus. When, in her habitation, the loyal Primrose Dame is asked if she has read "Eudymion" she naturally answers: "Yes." But it is Keats' poem that the title denotes in the republic of letters still. Mr. Stevenson stole the title of his volumes of verse from Ben Jonson's "Underwood" and a very pretty title it is. Mr. Stevenson acknowledged the theft in the handsomest manner: "Of all my verse, like not a single line; but I have stolen the title from Ben Jonson. He, however, better than I stole;—because, of course, there is no copyright in Ben Jonson. It is to be feared that but few of Mr. Stevenson's readers were much bothered by reminiscences of Rare Ben.

Bagley—"Don't you think the killing of Ananias and Sapphira for lying was pretty severe?" Bruce—"Why so?" Bagley—"It was about a real estate deal, you know."—Munsey's Weekly. There are \$2,820,000,000 of coined silver and \$3,727,000,000 of coined gold in the world.

man; they were paid by the public. It's another lie that he died poor. He had \$20,000—with him, which you stole." "I deny it!" Richard fairly screamed; "and defy you to prove it!" "Prove it! What affront! Why, I saw you do it!" "It's false. There was nobody present." "Be careful, Dick, or you'll commit yourself. I saw you do it." Richard shivered in a chair, but said nothing. "John Walter would have survived his illness, but you put poison in his medicine!" A sudden fury took possession of Richard Whitstone when he saw the secret of life in another's keeping. The carving-knife lay within his reach. He seized it and springing on the stranger with a desperate plunge, sought to bury the blade in his heart, but it glanced as from plate armor, and in an instant the little man was on his feet. "Oh, ho, that's your game, is it?" And with a trip that sent his heels spinning in the air, Richard was thrown headlong with a force that shook the house to its foundation. The carving-knife was planted on his stomach—and what a horrible ugly foot it was! It was the left foot of an ox and seemed to weigh a ton. "Then you are the—" "Pray keep a civil tongue in your head, and come along," said the little man. Richard fainted.

Richard fainted. When he came to himself day was breaking. The old housekeeper, who had found him groaning and sprawling on the floor, had, with much difficulty, shaken him into consciousness. She assisted him to his bed; but Richard never was himself again. The suit of a pig had brought on a fever, of which he died in eight days. His last rational act was the execution of a will by which he left the bulk of his fortune to John Walter's widow and child; which, after all, was a simple act of justice. The old man's night-mare had told the truth.—N. Y. World.

How Many Puffs Does an Engine Give? The number of puffs given by a locomotive depends upon the circumference of its driving wheels and their speed. No matter what the rate of speed may be, for every one round of the wheels, the engine will give four puffs—two out of each cylinder, the cylinders being double. The sizes of driving wheels vary, some being 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

Books in Chains. In Europe, long before the days of printing, books were fastened to shelves or desks in libraries and churches, to guard against their being stolen, and also to prevent one student gaining an unfair advantage over another by securing the loan of a book from a too amiable librarian. The libraries of the English universities were chained until the latter part of the eighteenth century, when, on account of the inconvenience of having books so fastened, they were removed. It is recorded that at King's college a man was paid £1 7s. in 1777, for nine days' labor in taking the letters off the covers of books, and the letters from the covers. There are, however, a few chained libraries still remaining in England. The largest of these is at the cathedral church of Hereford, and is the one genuine survival of an old monastic library. It consists of about 2,000 volumes of which 1,000 are chained. There are five bookcases, and the remains of two others. The catalogue, which is also chained, classifies the books, many of which are so manuscript in might divisions. Each chain is from three to four feet long, according to its position, so that every volume can be taken from the reading desk. In the center of these chains are swivels, which are useful in preventing their entanglement. Hereford possesses the latest, as well as the oldest collection of chained books in the kingdom, the library of 285 volumes, which was bequeathed to All Saints' church.

Some smokers have an idea that "to-bacco heartburn" can be cured by swallowing the whole of a pipe from the end of a cigar. Chemists say that it is merely faith cure.