

Electric Light Flour Makes the Best Bread

CAPITAL, \$100,000. SURPLUS, \$20,000. FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF RAVENNA, OHIO. N. D. CLARK, President. CHAS. MERTS, Vice Pres't. R. B. CARNAHAN, Cashier. DIRECTORS, N. D. Clark, E. R. Crowell, Chas. Merts, H. L. Hinc, Orrin Stevens. 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 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.

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The Place to Buy PAINTS, OILS, PATENT MEDICINES, PAINT BRUSHES, CLOTHES, HAIR AND TOOTH BRUSHES, PERFUMES, HAIR OIL, TOILET ARTICLES, CANDIES, CIGARS, COLOGNE EXTRACTS, FINE SOAPS, SPONGES, DIAMOND DYES, IS AT No. 2 Riddle Block FIRST CLASS GOODS. LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE GUARANTEED. A cordial invitation is extended to old and new patrons to call and see me in my new quarters.

E. C. BELDING, A. JENSEN, Plumber, Steam Gas Fitter RAVENNA, OHIO. Dealer in all kinds of Plumbing and Gas Fitting Goods, Sewer Traps, Boilers, Bath Tubs, Sinks, Hydrants, Street Washers, Hose, Brass Goods, &c. AT THE LOWEST MARKET PRICE. SHOP, Chestnut St., lat foot north of W. S. Krake's, 1145 1/2

Teachers' Examinations. EXAMINATIONS will be held commencing in February will be held at Greenville, that on the THIRD SATURDAY in April, at Kent. All others will be held at the High School Building, Ravenna. No certificate will be awarded. Any applicant known to cheat, will be rejected for six months. By order of the Board, O. F. HAYMAKER, Clerk, Earlyville, O.

THE DEMOCRATIC

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RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1891.

WHOLE No. 1198.

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.

FLOOR COVERINGS

Window and Interior Hangings

To meet the demands of our increasing trade, we have been compelled to devote our first floor to the finer grades of Carpets, and Curtains, and we now have facilities for handling and displaying our stock which will be alike pleasing and satisfactory to ourselves and patrons—the rear being carpeted and fitted up for the display of Curtains and Tapestries.

With our increased facilities for handling these goods, our stock has been correspondingly enlarged, and we now pride ourselves on having one of the finest Carpet Rooms in Northern Ohio. We feel that we are warranted in assuring our friends that we can offer them advantages, as an exclusive Carpet and Upholstery House, not to be had elsewhere in this County or vicinity.

China and Japanese Mattings

Nothing so nice and cool, for hot weather, as these Mattings. We have beautiful patterns in Checks, Stripes, Plaids, and Solid Colors. There is no stock in this vicinity that will compare with ours.

Opaque Shades!

The largest stock of Shades and Fixtures we have ever had.

Our recent purchases embrace the latest in artistic achievement of designs and colorings. We are confident of your recognition of the advantages we offer, on an inspection of our stock—for which purpose the latching of welcome is always out—which embraces Moquettes, Velvets, Body and Tapestry Brussels, and Ingrain Carpets; Art Squares; Wilton Daghestan, Smyrna and Tapestry Rugs; Hassocks; China Mattings, Japanese Embroidered Mattings, Japanese Embroidered Rugs—you should see them, they are beauties. Large and elegant line of Lace Curtains, in Irish Points, Swiss Tambours, Brussels, Nottingham and Muslins. Chenile Portiers. Madras and China Silks for Sash Curtains. Curtain Loops, Shade and Shade Pulls. 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.

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 generalities" born of Shaddy, as a means of "attracting" customers.

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.

RISDON & TAYLOR

THE GROCERS.

OUR TEAS. Are the finest, and you will find no tree leaves or other adulteration in them. No Ravenna grocer sells such.

OUR COFFEES. Contain no chieory or burnt peas. They are Pure, and selected especially for our trade.

OUR SUGARS. Are the best refined, and we sell as many pounds for a dollar as anybody. Our Brown Sugars are of extra quality, and contain no sand. Sanding Sugar is a "fake." No real grocer does it.

EVERYTHING. We handle a first class. Our trade will have nothing else, and it is our aim to fill their wants satisfactorily, and yours, if you are not a patron.

FRUITS IN SEASON. At present we have a very fine lot of PEACHES that will do you good to look at. Berries, Watermelons, etc., are now in hand, and are select.

LEAVE YOUR ORDER. And it will be carefully put up and promptly delivered.

RISDON & TAYLOR, MAIN STREET.

Before You Buy Your Clothing, Our Stock Spring and Summer. CALL AND EXAMINE. It is both large and elegant, and the style and variety as good as the market affords. Our advantages of buying are the best, and our prices will fit your Pocketbook the best.

HATS in All Styles of the Season. Neckwear, Underwear, Hosiery, etc. SHIRTS, in All Grades. From Cheapest to Finest—especially the good stock of NEGLIGEE SHIRTS, the best in the market.

WOLENENS. Remember, Our stock of Custom Work is the largest, and we'll make to order any garment in latest style—first class Trimmings and work—at lowest prices.

PETER FLATH, Clothier and Merchant Tailor, No. 3, Phenix Block, RAVENNA, O.

WE ARE STILL PAYING. In goods one hundred cents on the dollar, for every dollar on 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.

GRAND DISPLAY. It Will Pay You to Visit Our Store AND SEE THE LARGEST LINE OF FURNITURE, CROCKERY

Lamps, Glassware, NOVELTIES and FANCY PIECES! PLATED WARE, &c.

To be found in one house in the State. Our Prices are Below Competition! Our New Upholstered Rockers are Dandies, FROM \$2.50 UP.

In CROCKERY Finest Line ever shown AND LOWEST PRICES. Our Bargains in Lamps you should not let pass.

Our UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT. IS IN CHARGE OF A. B. FAIRCHILD. Which is a Guarantee that it will be well done.

W. A. JENKINS & CO., No. 8, Phenix Block.

Betty and the Baby. My home seems deserted, I'm lonely and sad. I miss all the pleasures of home I once had. Since Betty left home with the baby.

It sits in the room, and I read and I write. I whistle and sing, but the only delight that is mine is to look at the baby every night of Betty, who's gone with the baby.

It seems that a mother's sweet face I can see I'd double the baby in joy on my knee. But no man was ever more loveliness than me since Betty's been gone with the baby.

The house is a picture of silence and gloom. As I walk through the halls that are as still as a tomb. Like every man, silently searching each room. She has "gone to see ma," and it's many a mile; every day that she stays seems a terrible while.

And I never be happy or able to smile. Until Betty comes home with the baby. 'Twill be joy in my heart when the message that the hen and her chicken no longer will roam. Gee! 'twill be this old rooster crow loudly at home. When Betty gets back with the baby?—Will S. Hays.

THE TRICKSTER TRICKED. On the banks of the beautiful Potomac river, near Baltimore, across the majestic walls of Professor Melville Plunkerville Academy, "for young gentlemen" as the advertisement read.

The aforesaid professor was a genial, whole-souled man whose chief desire was to do good to the young of the land, and to carry this out he had spared no pains or money to make it an institution to be proud of, and now, three years after the school was founded, it not only was known as a first-class academy, but had the finest corps of tutors in the country.

The rich aristocrat sent his son there; the struggling merchant also sent his son there; and, in fact, representatives of all classes mingled together on terms of equality.

On a beautiful morning in May, as the birds were sending out stream after stream of beautiful melody, causing the balmy atmosphere to resound again and again with its sweetness, a ripple of excitement ran throughout the recitation room. All the pupils were seated, waiting in breathless anticipation something of importance the professor had to say.

After the room had remained so silent that a pin could have been heard to drop, the Professor slowly arose, wiped his spectacles and carefully placed them on the bridge of his nose, he began:

"Boys, I wish to speak to you for some moments, in regard to some things occurring in this school. For several months past, a number of pupils have had articles of various kinds taken from their rooms.

"We have watched and watched for the thief, and so far we have been unsuccessful in our efforts to find him. Now, as I do not want this academy to gain a bad reputation, I will offer the following reward:

"To any person, whether in or out of school, who shall bring to our knowledge the person who has been guilty of these thefts, we will give one year's tuition, and \$500 additional. This is all I have to say on the subject. You will now please give attention to your lessons."

As the Professor finished his remarks a momentary bubble of excitement went through the lecture-room, but it was instantly quenched by the tutor.

The tutors might as well have tried to teach an elephant to climb a tree as to get the pupils' attention after that.

In vain they expostulated; in vain they gave pages, and hundreds of words to commit to memory. Try as hard as they would to make them pay attention to their books, it was useless. Hardly had their eyes been fixed upon their book, before they would be dreamily gazing out at the window; no doubt thinking of the great reward. After an hour of this kind of attention, the tutors were forced to dismiss school as they saw the excitement had driven all thoughts of their lessons out of their pupils' minds.

One by one the boys left the room, and at last only one boy remained—a boy of 17 who, though poor, was at the head of his class. This was Joshua Semple, who lived with his widowed mother and sister in a little cottage, close by the school.

After all the rest of the scholars had gone, Joshua went up to his tutor's desk and said: "Professor Brown, I think I will have to leave the school."

"Why so," Joshua, said Professor Brown? "Well," said Joshua, "my mother finds she can no longer let me attend school, because the money which our Uncle John left us is all gone, and at present there is not enough money in the house to last a month. I have decided, therefore, to leave school and try to get employment."

"I am very sorry to hear of it," said the tutor, "but you must go. You couldn't come to school just one month more? I think that you can manage to graduate then."

"Although I would like to come to school that long, yet I don't think I will be able to do so. I will come until I get a situation, however," answered Joshua.

The appetizing odor of roast beef and home-made bread came pouring out through the open door. Within was a middle-aged lady engaged in dissecting a part of the anatomy of a cow, and then rolling these dissected parts in crushed crackers. She put them into the spider, and soon they were sizzling and sputtering at a great rate.

At the sink stood as pretty a specimen of a young American girl as could be found. She was washing the dishes. Every little while she would look up to the clock, wondering why it was so slow getting round to 4 o'clock.

Just as she had finished the last dish, the clock began to strike, and simultaneously the door was dashed open and in came Joshua, with a whoop and yell: "Regular as a clock," cried Joshua's mother—of course you understand that the clock and girl engaged in the housework are Joshua's mother and sister.

"What news, Josh," said his mother; "anything extra ordinary turned up?" "Well, nothing very extra, only Professor Plunkerville has offered a year's tuition and \$500 for any one that catches the thief who is stealing articles in the housework are Joshua's mother and sister.

"I think of it, a year's tuition and \$500! If we only had \$500 now, we could buy old Silas Adam's general store. He is going to Baltimore to start a big store and it'll not us have his place. Just as he'll let for one-half what it cost him. If we only had the store we could easily make enough to live on!" cried Josh, quite carried away with the enthusiasm of the moment.

As Joshua was going to the academy next morning, his thoughts were only on the reward, and he failed to observe where he was until he found himself lying flat upon his back, having stumbled over some obstacle in the path. He looked down and discovered that the obstacle was a rope stretched between two trees. He took out his knife and was just going to cut the rope, when he heard a laugh, and looking in the direction from which it came,

he saw three boys nearly doubled up with merriment.

"Ho! ho!" laughed Bob Ellis, "that's one on you," and then Bob let out another laugh, and followed immediately by his two colleagues—Tom White and Al Aston.

Josh by this time had got into such a flutter that he could not even restrain himself from rushing upon the young rogues.

"What do you mean by playing such a mean meanly trick on me?" cried Joshua. "Do you know that you could have caused me to hurt myself severely?"

"Scrives you right, for you ought to look where you're going," answered Bob between his smirks, and then, unable to contain his mirth, he nearly doubled himself. Cop again and lay on the ground "Haw-hawing" for all he was worth!

"Well, anyhow, I'll see that you don't fool any other person by it. I am going to cut the rope in two," cried Josh, so angry that he could hardly speak.

"Here, let that rope alone," yelled Bob, as Josh took out his knife, "that rope belongs to me, and its none of your business what I do with it!"

"I don't care whose it is, anyhow, you won't fool anybody else with it, and here goes." Snap went the rope. "I'll have you arrested for this," yelled Bob. "Come on, boys, let's lick him for cutting our rope!"

"Come on," answered Josh, "I'm ready for you."

Bob and his pals advanced toward Josh with tightly clenched hands. It looked as if Josh was in for it, sure, this time.

Josh stood coolly surveying the three ruffians, and Bob, after looking at him for a moment, whispered something to his pals, which seemed to meet their approval. Bob then, in a sudden flash, stepped forward and aimed a sudden blow at Josh's head. But Josh was prepared for this, and so soon as Bob aimed the blow than it was neatly parried, and the next moment Bob was lying howling on his back, with a perceptible swelling on upper lip. Something rolled out of Bob's pocket and Josh saw it. Bob's pals closed in on Josh, but some of the students of the college, attracted by the noise, came upon the scene and held Josh's assailants back. Just then who should appear but Professor Plunkerville. He took in the scene immediately. "What is the meaning of this conduct, young gentlemen?" he said sharply. "How is it that I find you, Joshua, participating in this disgraceful scene? Explain your conduct, sir!" and the professor fairly shook with rage.

"Please, sir," whined Bob, "Josh assaulted me and my friends with a board."

"He's lying! he's lying!" shouted the students who had witnessed the encounter.

"Silence!" commanded the Professor, and a pin-drop silence instantly prevailed.

"Now, then, Joshua," continued the Professor, "how did this happen?"

"These ruffians, sir, placed a rope across the path, and when I came along fell over it. As I was about to begin to laugh, I took out my knife and was going to cut the rope when they objected. I cut the rope for I didn't want any one else to become a victim of their tricks. They then jumped on me and that brings the case up to the present moment," answered Josh.

"Go home all of you, and attend to this to-morrow," said the Professor. Bob slowly got up on his feet and proceeded to air his version of the affair to the students.

Josh by some impulse went where he had seen something fall out of Bob's pocket.

Moving the grass aside he searched closely and there he saw something shining. He picked it up—it was a pair of gold spectacles. Instantly he decided that Bob was the thief.

"Professor! Professor!" running after the Professor.

"What is it, Joshua?" answered the Professor when Josh had reached him breathless.

"Are these your spectacles?" said Josh.

The Professor looked at them a moment and then he said, "Yes, Josh, these are mine. They were stolen from me some nights ago. Where did you get them?"

"They fell out of Bob's pocket," said Josh. A village constable passed just then and the Professor instructed him to arrest the thief.

Bob resisted, but the strong arm of the law had a grip on him, and he resisted. After a stubborn silence he broke down and confessed that he had been guilty of all the thefts, assisted by his pals.

The Professor promptly paid the \$500 to Joshua.

Ten years after, a wild excitement ran through the country. A Semple was to be chosen, and after a hot fight Mr. Joshua Semple, owner of the largest mills in the country, was elected by a vote of 100 to 50.

Congress with none but grateful recollections. There were men accounted able on our side of the House—such as Collamer, of Vermont; Fairley, of Mann, of Massachusetts, and perhaps Schenck and Root, of Ohio—yet I judge that no other was more generally liked and esteemed than he. And yet had each of us been required to name the man among us who would first attain the presidency, I doubt whether five of us would have designated Abraham Lincoln."

The Emancipation Proclamation. A correspondent thus tells of the way in which Lincoln and Hamilton went over the Emancipation Proclamation at the President's summer residence:

They quietly partook of a light supper, and then the President invited his guest into the library. After having carefully closed the door, he turned to his trusted adviser and said:

"Mr. Hamilton, you have been repeatedly urging me to proclaim emancipation of the slaves. I have concluded to yield to your advice in the matter and that of other friends, at the same time, as I may say, following my own judgment. Now listen to me while I read this paper. We will correct it together as I go on. Saying which the President unfolded and read the famous proclamation which gave liberty and manhood to 4,000,000 human chattels.

"HE NO SQUAW." An Indian Trader Convinces Hostile Redskins of His Courage.

At the beginning of this century the fur trade was a lucrative business, says the Youth's Companion, but the traders led a life of privation and of danger and hardship. Many of them were rude of manner, with a reckless courage which served to keep the Indians respectful, but occasionally a gentleman chose the position, either with the hope of bettering his fortune, or with a Quixotic notion of benefiting the Indians. With honesty and fairness as his last mentioned, John De Vine moved his family to an isolated station in northern Minnesota in 1851, and opened a store to trade with the Indians.

Mr. De Vine was small of stature and quiet in his ways, and treated his red customers with honesty and fairness. The previous trader had been a man of different stamp, and the Indians naturally failed at first to understand the new-comer.

Mr. De Vine had been at the station but a few months when the Indians began to be very impudent and disagreeable, and with honesty and fairness their due. Thus does a man often suffer from the mistakes of others.

The Indians were well aware that the old trader had cheated them whenever he could, and they supposed that Mr. De Vine would do the same if he dared. They deemed him a coward and acted accordingly. "He squaw," they said.

As the weeks passed the Indians became more troublesome. One young brave in particular created many times audaciously helped himself to something that he wanted, and laughed when the trader objected.

One day he went to the counter and took a plug of tobacco. Mr. De Vine ordered him to pay for it and leave the store. Instead of obeying, the young redskin coolly up and took a second plug of tobacco.

Mr. De Vine lost his temper at this, and seizing a knife which lay near, he brought it down forcibly upon the Indian's fingers. As a result the tips of two fingers were left on the counter. The redskin put the bleeding stumps in his mouth, and walked out of the store without a word. The trader had and regretted his rash act. A brave was a chief's son, and De Vine expected that trouble would result. He felt vaguely uneasy during the rest of the day.

The next forenoon, as Mr. De Vine stood before the store, a half score of Indians filed into the store. One of them bolted the door. They were in wait, fully armed, and evidently had come for mischief.

"We come kill you!" spoke out the foremost Indian.

Quick to thought the trader seized a burning brand and leaped to the side of a barrel of gunpowder.

"Come one step nearer," he said resolutely, "and I drop my brand into the powder and we'll all blow up together! I'm not afraid," he held the brand almost over the open powder.

"No blow up powder!" the Indian leader exclaimed, "no blow up powder!" and then, turning to his followers, he said: "He no squaw, he brave man!"

"Put down your guns," commanded Mr. De Vine.

The Indians hesitated a moment and the trader advanced the burning brand an inch nearer the powder. At that every Indian laid down his gun. It was evident that the trader was in earnest.

"Now, leave the store," commanded Mr. De Vine, "and don't one of you dare to show your face here over a month. I won't stand any more nonsense."

The door was unbolted and the redskins solemnly filed out. The trader master of the situation. That was the end of the trouble for that year. Mr. De Vine had proved his courage.

Bachelor Life in Singapore. Many of the white men in Singapore keep bachelor quarters, and one description of a bachelor's life is given in the following paragraphs.

Enter in and sit; leave your pith helmet at the door, and one of the bachelors says: "Now, wouldn't you take a glass of beer with me?" And before the visitor can answer he calls out "Boy," when from some unforeseen screen or crack a China boy appears and gets the order.

In a few minutes he returns with a long glass filled with "gin fizz" and powdered ice, and then the host goes on and asks the guest to take champagne and port, and sherry and cognac and a julep, and I can't go on; there were more, but I really forget the names.

This is hospitality in the Orient. There are sixteen servants for these two white boys, and such attendance and obsequiousness spoiling the whole the question of giving the people stomachs by so many liquor concoctions.—Toronto Globe.

The Human Face. A German biologist says that the two sides of the face are never alike. In two persons out of five the eyes are out of line; one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten, and the right ear is generally larger than the left.

Third Set of Teeth. Charles Warner of Lebanon, Conn., now in his 73d year, has recently experienced much pain in his jaw. He consulted a dentist, and has found that a new set of teeth are cutting. This will make his third set.