

What Do You Eat?

Electric Light Flour

Has Long Been a Favorite.

The mill has just been remodeled, and the flour is better than ever.

IF YOU LIKE GOOD BREAD

GIVE IT A TRIAL. Electric Light Flour is made by J. N. WORK & CO. only, but SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

THE DEMOCRAT

VOL. 25, No. 8

RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1892.

WHOLE No. 1255

RAVENNA ROLLER MILLS

P. O. WOOD, Proprietor.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Best Brands of Roller Flour

ALL KINDS OF FEED.

Delivered to any part of the City

Try our "DAISY" Brand of Flour.

When your Cash Purchases aggregate \$40, you will be presented with your choice of our beautiful

Pastel Pictures Free

WHY WE DO IT.

We are giving away beautiful Pastel Pictures for two reasons: FIRST—We wish to express to our old customers our appreciation of their patronage.

SECOND—We hope to induce a large number of new customers to trade with us at least long enough to test the quality of our goods.

We believe in enterprise and advertising, and that every one in business ought to use all honorable means to make his trade as large and his customers as numerous as possible.

Risdon & Taylor.

CLOSING SALE

SUMMER GOODS!

PETER FLATH'S

The Old Reliable Clothier, TO MAKE ROOM FOR FALL STOCK!

Those in need of these goods cannot afford to lose this opportunity, as regards

Quality and Price!



You Can

Kick High AND Fly High

While Wearing Our Shoes.

ALL PARENTS KNOW how hard it is to keep the children in shoes. It seems sometimes as though they were determined to wear them out in a day.

FINE DONGLAS FOR LADIES, \$2.00 \$1.50

MEN'S CONGRESS OR LACE, \$1.25 \$1.10

SCHOOL SHOES AT ALL PRICES.

Phenix Block. Smith & Davis.

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.

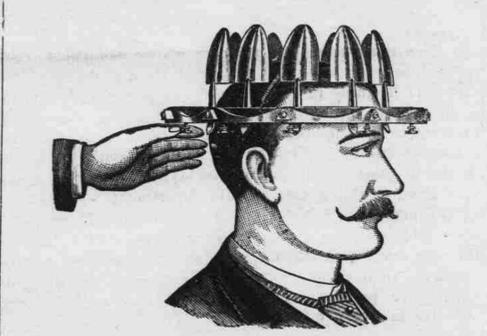
Which is a Guarantee that it will be well done.

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

SELLE'S COMBINATION OR HALF-PLATFORM GEAR

Has a Trussed reach and rear King-bolt. Turns short, rides easy, has the things for a farmer's family or market-wagon.

Show this to your wagon maker or address: The Selle Gear Co., Akron, Ohio.



Our Hat Conformer insures a PERFECT FIT.

Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these! Why? Because he did not buy his Clothing at the ROCHESTER CLOTHING HOUSE.

FALL * UNDERWEAR

Now is the time to buy Medium and Heavy Weight Underwear, and

The Rochester * Clothing House

Is the place to get it, if your interest is to be consulted.

Quantity, Quality and Economy!

Is the trinity that works to the buyers' advantage here. You see, unlike other dealers, we don't buy our goods in dozen lots, but in case lots, direct from the manufacturer.—Now

Read the Following Bargain Roster!

Men's Natural Wool Underwear. 45c. for good Merino Undershirt, Ribbed, French Neck, Satin Front; Regular Price, 75c.

75c. for Fine Natural Wool Underwear, quality and finish equal to the regular \$1.00 goods.

\$1.00 for Pure Sanitary Natural Wool Underwear, made by the well-known Rochester Mills; Regular Price, \$1.25.

\$1.25 for Pure Australian Natural Lamb's Wool Underwear, soft and pleasant to the skin; Regular Price, \$1.75.

\$1.50 for Full Regular Made English Natural Cashmere Underwear; Regular Price, \$2.00.

Men's Camel's Hair Underwear. 75c. for Pure Camel's Hair Underwear, with Silk Finished Neck and Bosom and Ribbed Shirt; worth \$1.25.

\$1.00 for the New England Knitting Mills celebrated Camel's Hair Underwear; sold elsewhere for \$1.50.

\$1.25 for a superbly fine quality Camel's Hair Underwear, finished like the \$3.00 full fashioned goods.

Men's Fancy Col red Underwear. Prices from 25c. up. The following are better goods: 75c. for Superior Quality Brown Mixed Underwear, Pure Wool; Regular Price, \$1.00.

\$1.00 for choice from a complete line of Fancy Stripes, including Swiss Cords, Morris Mills, etc.

\$1.25 for the celebrated Fleece Lined Pure Camel's Hair Underwear; Regular Price, \$1.75.

Medicated Scarlet Underwear, 50c. 75c. \$1.00, and \$1.25. —Equally great Bargains in Ladies', Children's, and Infants' Underwear, at the

One Price Rochester Clothing House

Opposite the Court House, - - - Ravenna, Ohio. B. HESKINS, Manager.

This Magnet

Tells a tale. It says our methods and prices attract attention. The methods are honest, the prices beyond competition; and that means patronage.

"PROGRESS" is our watchword; quality the main consideration. Those who patronize us are always more than pleased and glad to come again. Shall we not make you happy, too?

No. 4, Opera Block. J. H. OAKLEY.

CASH BUYERS

Will you kindly remember that we are still cutting prices

Below all Competition!

Think of it! Read it again! You see we are strictly in it on lowest prices. Don't buy cheap shoddy goods. They look well, but are dear at any price. Examine them critically, then come and compare with ours. Also,

See Our New Spring Goods!

And extremely low prices on them. Never could you get so great value for so little money. And remember, too, that our goods are guaranteed as represented.

BARGAIN SHOE HOUSE!

W. F. TOWNS, - - - RAVENNA, O.

The Leading Drug Store

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE

Is the Place to Buy

YOUR DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, FINE TOILET SOAPS, BRUSHES COMBS, ETC. FANCY ARTICLES; PERFUMERY IN GREAT VARIETY OF ODORS; MIXED PAINTS AND PAINTER'S BRUSHES.

W. T. MCCONNEY

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

Tired. I am tired tonight, and something—The wind, maybe, or the rain—Or the cry of the bird in the open—Has brought back the rest and its pain.

I am tired tonight, and I miss you—And long for you, love, through the years—And seem to be newly torn for years—Who am so much alone.

I am tired, and that old sorrow—Sweeps down the river of my soul—As a turbulent river might suddenly break—It wreath a wreck on its beam.

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Down on the bluff, at the foot of Nelson court, a number of boys congregate every evening to play one-old-cat, scrub, and other limited variations of base ball, and among the players none is more earnest, skillful, and enthusiastic than a Scotch terrier dog that belongs somewhere in the neighborhood of the Quincey Herald.

He is none of your aimless and playful puppies, running hither and thither after the ball, but a dog that knows what's what, and attends to a special line of business.

His favorite position is behind the bat, and there he will crouch with eyes wide open, nerves as tight as steel, and a tension and jaw set, looking for all the world like Mike Kelley, if he had another pair of legs.

He has his eyes on no one but the pitcher, and when the ball leaves his hand he is not to be seen. When it catches it he lays it on the plate for some one to throw it back to the pitcher.

The other evening while quite a crowd were watching he ran away off to the side and caught a foul on the fly that sailed away up in the air. It was a play that he had never before given credit to Anson himself. The crowd on the bluff above applauded vigorously, and the dog wagged his tail in recognition.

He will never bother with a ball until it is back of the plate—in fact, does exactly what a \$8,000 catcher does in some of the crack clubs. Almost every evening he goes down and waits for the boys, and when they choose to play he is there to catch it, he will, if told to do so, stand immediately behind the catcher and make a new dent in the dirt.

When he drops into position he looks for all the world like an umpire, and is more intelligent than most of them, according to common report. He's a dog catcher, but not a dog-catcher. If base ball in Quincey goes to the dogs, here is one recruited already.

One Juggler's Trick. The wonderful feats of West Indian jugglers have formed the theme of many a letter from travelers in the Orient, says the San Francisco Call, but one is more surprising than that for which an old sea dog, now lying at the water front, vouches.

While he was an officer on the P. and O. Steamer, two natives came aboard at Madras, he says. They were a juggler and his assistant. After they had performed a number of minor feats, they got up a position around them, they called for a sack and a piece of sail cloth.

These having been provided, the chief juggler made a small tent-like structure with the canvas and some stools. He then placed his assistant in the sack and allowed a sailor to tie the two which bound him as a prisoner. This done, the chief juggler stepped into an open sack, warning the people to stand back some distance, and then carried on an animated conversation with his assistant, whose replies could be distinctly heard coming from the sack. Suddenly the chief juggler stepped out, and the assistant and dumped it overboard, where to the horror of the passengers and crew, it sank out of sight.

Immediately the captain rushed forward and seized the man, under the full belief that he had murdered his companion, but the juggler only smiled, pointing to the canvas sack, and asked that it be raised. This was done and the supposed drowned man was discovered squatting on the deck. So realistic was the juggler's throwing overboard however, that it was some time before the surprised passengers could realize that a murder had not been committed.

His Name Was All Right. A young fellow six feet tall and weighing 230 pounds, not long ago applied to a Detroit merchant for a position in his store, says the Detroit Free Press.

"What's your name?" inquired the merchant.

"Little Dickey Robinson," replied the young man, promptly.

"What?" exclaimed the merchant in astonishment, as he surveyed his proportions.

"Little Dickey Robinson," was the reply, this time several tones louder.

"What in thunder does a great big fellow like you mean by giving such a name as that?" he asked, indignantly.

"Haven't you ever heard of your mother's apron strings yet?"

The young fellow's temper was admirable and he was after a job besides.

"I give such a name as that, sir," he said, "because that is my name, and if you've got a man in this house that has a name like mine or dare to make fun of that name trot him out."

The merchant began to smother him down and asked for an explanation.

"It's his way," he said, quite good-naturedly, "my mother's maiden name was Little, my father's name was Robinson and my mother's maiden name was Dickey. They wanted me to have the family names, and so I'm Little Dickey Robinson."

The explanation was eminently satisfactory, so was the young man, and he's going to work soon.

The Intense Coldness of Space. We rarely realize, I think, how easily the world parts with its heat, and how cold space is through which the earth sweeps in its orbit. Nor do we commonly appreciate how relentlessly space sucks away the heat which the earth has garnered from the sunbeams into its illimitable depths.

Way out in space is a cold so intense that we fairly fall to grasp its meaning. Perhaps 320 or 400 degrees below the freezing-point of water, some philosophers think, are the dark recesses beyond our atmosphere, and night space is robbing us of our heat and fighting with demoniac power to reduce our globe to its winter chill.

How do they gauge the sun and winter temperatures are only maintained by the residue of the sun's heat which we have been able to store up in spite of the pitiless demands of space. Our margin, sometimes, gets so reduced on nights in winter that we can readily believe the astronomer and physicians when they tell us that a reduction of the sun's heat by seven per cent and a slight increase in the number of winter days would suffice to bring again to our atmosphere a new Age of Ice, with its inevitable desolation. The balance is really a nice one between the heat we gather from the sun and the share of it which we lose in space.—T. Mitchell Prudden, in Harper's Magazine.

The total acreage of Scotland is 18,946,684. Of this comparatively small landed area one nobleman owns 1,326,000 acres and his wife 149,873 acres more.

A fly is best off when he lights on a sticky paper.—Glens Falls Republican.

HE'S A BASE-BALL DOG. He Really Understands the Points of the Game.

Down on the bluff, at the foot of Nelson court, a number of boys congregate every evening to play one-old-cat, scrub, and other limited variations of base ball, and among the players none is more earnest, skillful, and enthusiastic than a Scotch terrier dog that belongs somewhere in the neighborhood of the Quincey Herald.

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TWAS A SYMPATHETIC "DRUNK."

How Ducky Sam Turned the Tables on Ma's George.

A few weeks ago a prominent dentist of this city who sometimes "looks upon the wine when it is red," gave an interesting lecture to a party of dental students on the nervous system, says the Times Herald. His valet, an old negro who had been with him a number of years, sat at one end of the lecture-room and listened attentively to the words of wisdom that fell from his master's mouth.

The dentist explained the workings of the sensitive tooth-nerves, and told of the sympathetic toothache. The old ducky opened his eyes in astonishment when he heard that a sound tooth might ache because its nerve was in sympathy with that of the unsound one. He asked the dentist for a further explanation on the way home and was told that many of the pains of the body were caused by the nerves being in sympathy with diseased parts. He was also told that his right ear might ache because his left ear was inflamed.

The following evening the dentist was out with some convivial fellows. His valet was in waiting on his arrival home, and assisted him to undress and go to bed.

Waking in the morning with a racking headache, the dentist rang the bell for his valet, but received no response. He rang again vigorously for about ten minutes, and then he heard heavy footsteps in the hall. A minute later a black head was poked into the room, but it did not look to be that of the dapper-looking ducky of the night before, but that of a beary-eyed creature with a badly swollen face. The ducky's clothing, too, was in bad order, torn almost to shreds.

The dentist gazed in bewilderment at the old ducky, who stood before him with head bowed and hands clasped.

"Why Sam, what has happened to you? Have you been drinking?" asked the dentist.

The cunning old ducky remained silent for a few moments and then with a gle