Auditors Office

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

WORK & CO.

only, but SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

VOL. 25, No. 25. RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1893. WHOLE No. 1272.

RAVENNA ROLLER MILLS

P. O. WOOD, Proprietor,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Best Brands of Roller Flour

—AND—

ALL KINDS OF FEED.

Delivered to any part of the City

—tot—

Try our "DAISY" Brand of Flour.

CAPITAL, $100,000.

SURPLUS, $20,000.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF RAVENNA, OHIO.

CHAS. MERTS, President.

H. L. HINE, Vice Pres't.

R. B. CARNAHAN, Cashier.

DIRECTORS,

Chas. Merts, H. L. Hine,
H. W. Riddle, C. S. Leonard,
Orrin 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.

G. F. ROBINSON, President.

C. A. REED, Vice Pres't.

WM. H. BEEBE, Cashier.

F. H. CARNAHAN, Teller.

Brown's Bakery.

Corner of Main and Prospect Streets, makes a specialty of

FINE CAKES.

—ALSO—

FRESH BREAD, BUNS, ROLLS and CAKES, every day.

We use the best material, and take pains to have all our goods first class. CALL AND SEE US.

C. S. BROWN,
Corner Main and Prospect Sts (116

Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Co.

"C. & B. LINE."

REMEMBER, that commencing with opening of navigation (May 1, 1893,) this Company will place in commission exclusive between

CLEVELAND AND BUFFALO

A Daily Line of the most magnificent Side Wheel Steamers on the Great Lakes.

Steamer will leave either city every evening, Sunday included, arriving at destination the following morning in time for business and all train connections.

QUICK TIME

UNEXCELLED SERVICE

LOW RATES

For further particulars, see later issues of this paper, or address

T. F. NEWMAN, Gen'l Manager. H. R. ROGERS, Gen'l Passenger Agt.,

CLEVELAND, O.

Business Cards.

JOHN PORTER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
BLACKSTONE BLOCK, RAVENNA, O.

TO LOAN.—Money to loan on Farm Property. JOHN PORTER,
1271-1y* Ravenna, O.

C. H. GRIFFIN,
DENTIST.—Office over First National Bank. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

H. H. SPIERS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Blackstone Block. Office open at all hours.

J. H. DUSSEL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY PUBLIC. Counsel in English and German. Pension business and foreign correspondence solicited. Agency for reliable Steamship lines. Office over Flath's Clothing Store, Ravenna. O

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

S. F. HANSELMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY,
Office in the Court House.
(1068) Ravenna, O.

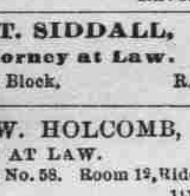
I. T. SIDDALL,
Attorney at Law.
Office in Phenix Block, RAVENNA, O

J. W. HOLCOMB,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Telephone No. 58. Room 12, Riddle Block
Ravenna, Ohio. 1112-1y

HARRY L. BEATTY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office, Room 18, Riddle Block,
1112-1y Ravenna, Ohio.

I. H. PHELPS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
(1271) Office in Swift Block, Ravenna, O.

STONE STORE.



Drugs,
Druggist's sundries,
Perfumes,
Toilet Powders,
Toilet and Medicated soaps,
Fine Hair and Tooth Brushes,
Artists' Paints and Brushes,
Sponges,
Chamois Skins.

TRUSSES.

Celluloid and Hard Rubber a Specialty

H. WATERMAN

DON'T MISS

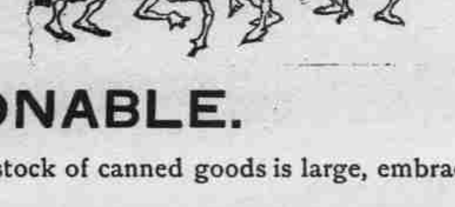
THE

GREAT REMOVAL SALE!

AT THE

Rochester Clothing Mfg. Co.
MAIN ST.
RAVENNA, OHIO.

B. HESKINS, Manager.



SEASONABLE.

Our stock of canned goods is large, embracing

Blackberries,	Pine Apple,
Raspberries,	Cherries,
Huckleberries,	Apricots,
Peaches,	Tomatoes,
Pears,	Peas,
Plums,	Succotash,
Beans,	Kornlette,

And Celebrated "City of Rome Corn."

Risdon & Taylor.

Thermometers!

A Complete Stock of the Best and Most Accurate Makes.

A. J. PACKER, OPERA HOUSE DRUG STORE
DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST,
RAVENNA, O.

Lovers of the Beautiful

Will find many things to admire in our splendid assortment of

Pictures, Frames, Easels,
Mouldings, Toilet Cases,
Fire Screens, Etc., Etc.

Our stock of these goods is the largest in the city, and we shall be pleased to supply your wants at reasonable prices.

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

How an Angel Looks.

Robin, holding his mother's hand,
Says "Good night" to the big folks all,
Throws some kisses from rosy lips,
Laughs with glee through the lighted hall,
Then in his own crib, warm and deep,
Rob is tucked for a long night's sleep.

Gentle mother with fond caress
Slips her hand through his soft, brown hair,
Thinks of his fortune all unknown,
Speaks aloud in an earnest prayer:
"Holy angels, keep watch and ward,
God's good angels, my baby guard!"

"Mamma, what is an angel like?"
Asked the boy in a wondering tone;
"How will they look if they come here,
Watching me while I'm all alone?"
Half with shrinking and fear spoke he;
Answered the mother tenderly:

"Prettiest faces ever were known,
Kindest voices and sweetest eyes!"
Robin, waiting for nothing more,
Cried with a look of pleased surprise,
Love and trust in his eyes of blue,
"I know, mamma—they're just like you!"
—Household.

At Fifty-one.

Jesting is over with me forever—
Life is too sober at fifty-one;
No longer I worship the witty and clever;
Things that amuse me I loathe and shun.
I have come to the summit and now begun
To sink to the vale on the other side;
There's a damp in the air—there's a gloom on the sun
Whose waning the vapors of Orcus hide.

And my fellow travelers, left and right,
Fall away from the track as we downward hie
To their several homes; they are not in sight—
But I hear the bells as they bid good-by!
How lonely I feel as I get more nigh
To my destined inn—a dismal place!
Shut from all glimpse of the goodly sky
And the sunshine of every friendly face.

Yet, what is to dread? There's a Master there
Full of pity, to welcome the weary guest;
Who will bind the footsore and have good care
Of every poor soul who seeks His rest.
I tremble to go to Him, unconfessed—
I bear Him no letters from priest or pope—
But I carry a passport within my breast
Of His own sure word—and a deathless hope.
—Thomas William Parsons in Boston Journal.

A WINTER DAY'S JOURNEY.

A bitter February day. Not a pleasant day to travel in by any means, but then Lettice Mainwaring was one of the sort that makes the best of everything.

"It's a long journey over the hills, miss," said the wife of the landlord of the little one-story tavern that was perched on the crest of the highway, "and the snow's powerful deep."

"I think a winter landscape is the prettiest thing in the world," said Lettice, cheerily, as she wound her fur boa round and round her neck.

"And old Stokes' stage is awfully uncomfortable," added the landlady.

"I like stage-riding," asserted Letty.

"You'll not get there till dark."

"Oh, that is sooner than I expected."

And Letty climbed up into the stage coach, which stood creaking and groaning at the door, having just rumbled up from the next village, a mile or so down the hill.

One solitary passenger occupied the opposite corner—a tall, dark man with a Spanish sort of complexion and clear, dark eyes, who wore an odd sort of olive-green cloak or mantle, heavily trimmed with sable fur. He nodded briefly in return to Letty's smiling recognition. Our little heroine would have talked with a polar bear had a polar bear chanced to be her traveling companion.

Lettice arranged her furs and her basket and her bonnet strings, and wondered secretly how far the tall man was going.

"Can I be of any assistance to you?" courteously queried the gentleman, as Letty searched in the straw at her feet for a dropped glove.

"Thanks—no," said Letty, coming up again with very red cheeks and curls a little disheveled. "Are you going all the way through?"

"As far as the stage goes—yes."

"Oh," said Miss Mainwaring, "so am I."

The gentleman nodded interrogatively, and went back to his paper.

"Cross thing!" thought Letty, involuntarily, pouting her pretty lips. "Why can't he talk and make himself agreeable? And he knows that we are to be shut up here together for eight long hours."

"I wonder if it is haunted?" she said aloud.

The stranger smiled and laid down his paper.

"Do you believe in such things," he asked.

Lettice Mainwaring laughed and colored.

"Of course not; and yet—— Are you much acquainted in this region of the country?"

"I have lived hereabouts a good deal."

"Oh! Then perhaps you know Easterham hall?"

His face brightened.

"Oh, yes. You are going there?"

"Yes. I am going to be governess to the little children," said Letty, making haste to enlighten him as to her true position, in order that he should fully comprehend that she was no elegant young lady coming to the hall to make a visit, but a humble little working-bee, who was obliged to toil steadfastly for the daily bread she ate.

"Indeed!" he said.

And Letty was vexed at herself for noticing the polite indifference into which his tone subsided.

"I suppose it is a very fine old place," she went on.

"Very—for those who fancy 'fine old places.' To my taste they are apt to be overrun with rats, full of draughts and picturesquely inconvenient."

"And haunted, pehaps?" mischievously put in Lettice, the roguish sparkles coming back to her eye.

"So far as I know, Easterham hall is free from any supernatural occupants."

"I am sorry for that," said Letty.

He arched his brows.

"You would like to share your room with a ghost or two?"

"No, but I do like a little tinge of romance about the place—something to set it a little above and beyond the level of the commonplace."

He did not answer, and talkative Lettice once more set the conversation ball rolling.

"The Easterhams are very rich, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"I never heard of them until last week," she said, musingly, "and now—how strangely things are ordered in this world—I am going to cast my lot among them."

"How does that happen?" said the gentleman. He could not very well say less in ordinary politeness, and yet Letty felt triumphantly that she had 'drawn him out.'"

"They wrote to Mme. Moligny, my old teacher, to select a governess qualified to teach two little boys, and madame knew that I wished for a situation, and so here I am. I wonder how they will like me?"

"I hope you will like them," said the gentleman.

"That isn't the question," Letty corrected, imperatively. "Mr. Easterham is a dreadful bear."

"You are acquainted with him?"

"Oh, no; only what I have heard," answered Letty.

"And what may that be?

"You are a neighbor?" said Letty, doubtfully. "Perhaps I've said too much already."

He laughed with more animation than she had yet seen in his manner.

"Depend upon it, I shall not betray you to Mr. Easterham. So he is a bear? Well, I have thought so sometimes myself."

"But he won't bite me if I am a good girl and do my duty; and they tell me they are very nice boys," persisted Lettice.

"They are much like their father, I believe."

"Oh," said Lettice, laughing, "I can tame young bears; it is only the full-grown specimen, with sharp teeth and long claws, I am afraid of. Only think," and a demure, apprehensive expression came over Letty's round, blooming countenance, "he goes all around the house all day long and never says a word to any one."

"He must be a savage indeed," observed the gentleman.

"And Miss Electa Easterham, the old maid aunt who keeps house for him, has quarreled successively with every governess they have had," went on Letty, patting her little foot on the rustling straw on the stage floor, "but she shall not quarrel with me. I won't let her. I am too good-natured and too accustomed to humoring people, especially old ones. Mme. Moligny wrote me word that she disliked young and pretty governesses particularly. Now, I'm not young—not very young, you see."

"No?"

"I was twenty last week," said Letty, solemnly, "and I am not pretty enough to disturb her mind. I am only tolerably decent-looking. Now, if madame had selected Olive Dayton, who used to be in the same class with me—she was a regular beauty, with great shady eyes and a complexion all pearls and roses—there would have been danger then."

The stranger began to look interested.

"Tell me more about your school," said he. "I have a sister whom I think of placing in some desirable institution, and I should like to judge whether your Mme. Moligny's would be a good home for her."

Letty's eyes brightened, her cheeks reddened and her little tongue was unloosed at once. Her traveling companion was social and chatty and the time fleeted swiftly away.

"You are going," she cried, as at a lonely inn, overshadowed with silver-stemmed birches and funereal spruce woods, a light sleigh drawn by two milk-white horses, was waiting.

"I have reached the end of my journey," he said, courteously touching his fur cap, "I had intended to keep on to the end of the route, but I see they have sent to meet me here. I wish you every success and happiness in your bear-taming."

And as the sleigh-bells jingled away Letty found herself flushing deeply.

"I'm afraid I've been talking too much," thought Letty, "but what is a body to do, shut up all day in a stage coach with a conversable gentleman?"

And the rest of Miss Mainwaring's journey was just a little tedious.

It was dusk when they arrived at Easterham hall—a snowy, chill dusk which made the glow of lights through scarlet moreen curtains and the coral shine of a great wood fire in a stone-paved hall, as seen through the half-open door, most delightful and welcome.

Aunt Electa, a tall, prim old lady in snowy cap-ribbons and a brown-satin dress, stood ready to welcome her, and just behind her Letty saw a tall gentleman with two little boys clinging about him.

"This is my nephew Philip," the old lady said, and Letty felt as if the blood in her veins were turning to fire as she recognized her traveling companion of the day.

"Do I look very much like a bear, Miss Mainwaring?" he asked, laughing as she stood trembling and tongue-tied before him. "No, don't color. I promise you to allow myself to become very tameable. And you must not cry, either," as the tears came into Letty's eyes. "There's nothing for you to cry for."

"Why didn't you tell me who you were?" she asked piteously.

"Because you didn't ask me."

Letty resolved that she would leave Easterham hall the very next day. But she didn't keep the resolution.

At the next year's end she had neither quarreled with Aunt Electa nor Mr. Easterham, and the little boys thought "Miss Letty" was perfection. So did their father.

"Letty," said he, "the year for which I engaged you is over."

"Yes," she responded, softly.

"Will you stay another year? Will you stay with me always, Letty?"

And so, within the yellow shine of a wedding ring, Letty found herself a prisoner forever at Easterham hall.

Business a Secondary Matter.

"I will detain you, ma'am," said the peddler, opening his pack, "only a——"

"But I don't want to buy anything," she interrupted.

"Moment or two," he went on, taking out a cake of reddish transparent soap. "My object in calling——"

"I told you I didn't want anything!"

"Is to introduce to your notice a superior brand of——"

"I've got no time to listen to you, sir!"

"Sassafras soap. I guarantee this soap, madam, to remove grease spots from a rag carpet or a lace curtain without a particle of injury to either. As a——"

"How many more times have I got to tell you," said the woman, raising her voice, "that I don't want anything!"

"Shaving soap," persisted the peddler, raising his voice also, "I can recommend it as the best in use. It makes a beautiful——"

"Of all the bold, impudent creatures I ever saw you are the boldest!"

"Creamy lather, that does not dry on the face. Used according to directions it will cure chaps, remove freckles, obliterate tan and sunburn, and——"

"Take it somewhere else! I don't want it!" she vociferated, shutting the door in his face.

"Wash stains out of marble and furniture," yelled the peddler, "without leaving a mark of any kind on their polished surface. To introduce the soap into this neighborhood I am selling it at 10 cents a cake, and I don't care a pinch of salt whether you buy it or not, ma'am! Do you hear that? I'm paid by the day to go round and get off this speech, and when I strike a house," he continued, in a voice that jarred the windows, "I'm going to get it off if I have to howl it down the chimney! That's all I've got to say this time, ma'am, and I'll be around here again in exactly thirty days!"

He turned on his heel, wiped the perspiration from his face, took a chew of tobacco, and moved on toward the next house.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Even There.

The soul of a former reporter, having been ferried over the waters of the Acheron by the boatman Charon, attempted to pass through the gates of Paradise. "Hold! hold!" cried the good St. Peter. "Where are your credentials?" "Oh, that is all right," responded the newspaper man, pleasantly, revealing a "fire-police" badge; "I am a reporter, you know."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

The United States manufactures 9,000,000 yards of carpet every year.

WHY JACK WEPT.

The Girls Had Changed His Den Into a Boudoir.

But the girls wanted to surprise brother Jack. So they invaded the sanctum while he was off on his holidays and transformed it. They threw out the collection of old pipes on the mantel and turned Pauline Hall's picture to the wall, says the N. Y. *Herald.* They gave Jack's old slippers to the janitor and tied pale-blue cushions on his leather chair. They painted forget-me-nots on his boxing gloves and put a drapery of flower chintz over the collection of photographs which adorned his cabinet. They tied bows on everything, from the coal scuttle to the picture nails, and hung spiky ornaments on the gas jet with baby blue ribbon. They burned up a collection of newspaper clippings which Jack had taken five years to accumulate and they decorated the face of his shaving glass with a spray of convolvulus.

They embroidered tender little sentiments and stuck them all over regardlessly—"A friend in need" on the soap dish, "Think of me" on the liquor stand and "Sweets to the sweet" on the shoe-bag.

Then they stood off and admired it. It was too lovely for anything!

Then Jack came home and they watched him to see how he would take it.

He looked about him in a dazed sort of way first and put his hand to his forehead.

"What's this for?" he said in a hoarse voice, touching a small fluffy pincushion which stood on the floor. "Why, that's a footstool, Jack. When you're reading you can put your feet on it and be just as comfortable!"

"What's that wedding cake doing over there on the fender?"

"That's not a wedding cake; it's your old cuspidor. We decorated it with Valenciennes lace and white ribbon. Don't you think it's cute?"

"Where have you taken the bed?"

"You're sitting on it, you great goose; we've rigged it up as an oriental divan. You'll have to take down the Japanese umbrella and the lantern every night before you go to bed. It's too sweet; isn't it?"

"But I can't do without a wash-stand."

"Why, my dear boy, you just loop this curtain one side, remove the vase and be careful of this swinging ornament and there you are."

"Is that a music-box over the desk?"

"Well, the idea! That's only the bootjack. We stuck the shoehorn to it and gilded them, and now you can keep matches in it."

"Say, got any brandy in the house?"

"Why, yes. Are you ill?"

"Well, I do feel a little rocky; but say, before you go, what's this wriggling collection of blue snakes over the bed?"

"That's an illuminated motto. Can't you read it?"

"No, blessed if I can. What is it?"

"Why, it's just as plain as day—'God bless this flat.' It will hang right over your head every night!"

Then the strong man buried his head in an old-rose cushion with Nile-green bows and wept like a boy.

DID NOT CARE FOR EXPENSE.

The Old Gentleman's Lavish Extravagance Troubled His Wife Greatly.

A round-faced, apple-cheeked and pleasant looking little old man sat by the side of his rather acrid-looking and elderly wife on the way home from an excursion trip, or as the old man called it, "a little excursion on foot." He was full of delightful memories of all he had seen and heard, but his wife looked sad and unsmiling. Presently the old man pulled out a little old buckskin bag and shook a silver dime and a nickle out of it.

"There, Arimenty," he said to his wife as he held out the money on the palm of his hand, "there's all that is left out of that $2 bill I tuk for spendin' money."

"I know it, Nathan, and I think it's turrible," replied his wife.

"Shucks, I don't. I believe in havin' a good time when you set out to."

"We could of had a good time 'thout wastin' all that money."

"Wastin' it? Shucks! Hain't it right for a feller to hev a little enj'yment out of this life?"

"One kin hev enj'ment without committin' all sorts of sinful extravagance. It jist makes me sick to think o' how you've flung money 'round to-day."

"What'd I git that was so dretful extravagant?"

"Well, you went beyond reason in ev'ry thing. What airthly reason was there of ye buyin' soda water twice?"

"'Cause I wanted it twice."

"Oh, yes; you allus was one to pamper the flesh. An' what airthly need had we o' that ten cents' worth of bologny sossige? Five cents' worth would o' been a-plenty."

"We et it all, jist the same."

"Et it? Of course we et it; you reckon I was goin' to add waste to extravagance by throwin' any of it away? An' what need had we o' them sweet crackers when we'd tuk along more good bread an' butter an' pie than we could eat?"

"I think sweet crackers go mighty good once in a while."

"Well, we ain't made o' money to spend on high livin', no matter what's good. An' look at them peanuts you went and bought. Half of 'em was bad. Peanuts air onhealthy things, anyhow."

"Then you'd ort to be glad that half of 'em was too bad for us to eat."

"They cost five cents, all the same. An' here I been chilly an' mizzable all day on 'count that ice cream I did my best to keep you from orderin'. I knowed it wouldn't agree with my stummick."

"You oughtn't to have et it then."

"I had to eat it after you'd went and wasted good money for it. It jest seemed as though you was bound and determined to fling money away today. You acted like you was a millionaire, I declare if you didn't, Nathan Spies."

Much Better as It Was.

On one occasion a congressman of a past generation, not noted for his habits of personal tidiness, was visiting on the New England coast, and one day while out in a sloop with a sailing party he was swept overboard, but was happily rescued. When the excitement was over a young fellow rushed down into the cabin.

"By jove!" he exclaimed, "we've been having an exciting time on deck."

"What is it?" asked everybody.

"Mr. Blank was washed overboard."

"I'm glad of it," snapped a fastidious New England matron.

Everybody was horrified.

"Well, I am," she explained. Just think of that man being washed on board."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Novel Scheme.

An enterprising English firm desires to put boardings along the banks of the Suez canal and lease these accommodations for advertising purposes. They have an idea that a considerable revenue can be derived from this novel source. The Egyptian government is now considering the proposition.—*Argonaut.*

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A GALLANT THIEF.

But He Did Not Return the Breastpin to the Maid.

A New York 5th avenue belle went to the theater. On returning home after the performance she discovered that her breastpin, which was quite valuable, had been stolen. She was very sorry, for the breastpin was a present. A few days afterward the young lady received the following letter:

The writer of these lines has the honor to inform you that he knows where your breastpin is, and will return it cheerfully under certain conditions.

I do not expect to receive a reward in money, since I regard it as exceedingly vulgar to accept money from a lady whom I idolize as much as I do you. On the other hand, it would be very stupid of me to return you your breastpin without getting some equivalent. Taking into consideration my consuming love for you, I'll return the missing ornament for a single kiss from your rosy lips.

To-morrow morning I will be at the corner of Madison avenue and 56th street with the missing jewelry. If you are willing to pay my price, I will, after pressing a kiss on the aforesaid lips, press the breastpin in your hand. No questions asked.

ONE OF YOUR ADMIRERS.

The young lady did not know what to do. She wanted to get her breastpin back, but she did not care to pay the price. She hit upon the idea of sending her servant girl in her place.

The servant girl put in an appearance at the appointed hour and place. She was heavily veiled. A well-dressed gentleman approached and asked:

"Do you accept the terms?"

"I do."

The stranger familiarly embraced her on the European plan and simultaneously imprinted a large three-by-seven kiss on her mouth that caused the policeman on the corner to start.

"Here is what I promised you," he remarked, after the formality had been complied with. "But," he added, "you will find it like the kiss, not quite what it was represented to be, as you are only the servant, not the mistress," handing her something wrapped up in paper. After he retired, which he did immediately, the servant examined the paper and found that it only contained a small piece of wood.—*Texas Siftings.*

Quips and Saws.

The reason so many horse-races are crooked is because the human race isn't straight.

The man who puts his heart in his work often has very little of it left to bring home to his family.

People who cling to the anchor of hope often have to go down into the mud with it.

Man is 90 per cent water, and, like water, he finds it easier to go down hill than to climb.

A stoic is a man who has so keen an appreciation of the intensity of sensations that he is ashamed to acknowledge his own real feelings.

Genius is only another form of insanity. The genius is the only man who will put in hours of earnest labor when he doesn't know whether his wages are to be $1 or $100.

Dear friends, be not unhappy. If you can't get what you want in this world be assured that there is a plentiful supply of things that you don't want waiting for you. There is always enough in the world, but most of it is a misfit.

All men are born equal; but equality is the first thing they grow out of.

The street gamin is never contented with any other place than the head of the procession; but in manhood he usually drops behind it.

Man has to begin at the foot of the ladder; and if he doesn't look out he often takes a tumble into the subbasement, where there is neither sweetness nor light.—*Puck.*

MAYBE HE WAS A GOOD JUDGE.

But He Made Several Vain Efforts to Remember the Baby's Prayer.

Judge I. W. Boulware, of Fulton, is one of the best known criminal lawyers in Missouri, says the Omaha *Bee*, but, like most lawyers, he is a man of the world and has forgotten many of the good things he learned at Sunday school. His granddaughter, 4 years old, came to pay him a visit the other day. She arrived tired and sleepy from an all-day's journey. Her grandfather awkwardly but successfully prepared her for her couch and, with an attendant, sent her to bed, while he settled himself to study. Presently he heard sobs from the child's bedroom and entering asked what was the matter.

"Grandpa, I've forgot my prayer."

"Well, never mind the prayer tonight; go to bed and go to sleep."

"But," persisted the little miss, "mamma and papa will not let me go to bed without saying my prayers, and I've forgot it," and she sobbed again.

"Well, daughter, never mind tonight; to-morrow night you may say it twice," replied the kind-hearted grandfather.

Still the sobbing lips replied: "No, no; I must say it. You start it, grandpa, and I'll remember it."

A great silence fell upon the household; great beads of cold sweat stood out on the perplexed brow of the head of the house. He couldn't think; his mind was chaos. Finally with a heroic effort he began:

"Mary had a little lamb——"

"No, no, grandpa; that isn't it," protested the troubled little appealer.

Then frantically the judge began again: "Rock-a-by baby in the tree top——"

"N-o-o," came from the child, and the next moment she was fast asleep on her knees.

Paid in His Own Coin.

Judge B——n, of the law department of one of our railroad corporations, believes that a faulty hand is an attribute of genius, and those who have business with him have been put to a great deal of annoyance in the reading of his writings. One day expecting a call from a client at his chambers in San Francisco and being unexpectedly called away, he hastily wrote a note and left it on his desk for him. The client called, picked up the note and after many efforts gave up all attempts at reading it. So under the judge's hasty scrawl he wrote four or five unintelligible lines and then in a clear hand, "This is an answer to yours of the 15th." It is needless to say that the judge was much wrought up, but was well paid in his own coin. —*San Francisco Argonaut.*

A woman is in custody at Great Stanmore, Eng., on the charge of murdering her 10-months-old daughter by forcing a cork down the child's throat.

HE WANTED A WARRANT FOR MIKE

When a Fellow Loses His Gum, and His Tobacco, It's Time to Seek Redress.

"Lem me t'roo de railin'. I wanter talk wid de Judge."

A small-sized boy of 11 years, with a scant outfit of clothes and a liberal allowance of freckles, stood impatiently pulling at the gates that separates the public seats from the business part of Jefferson Market Court yesterday afternoon. The most noticeable thing about him was a large bald spot on the top of his head, which appeared particularly white in contrast with the brilliant autumnal coloring of the bushy hair surrounding it. Officer Connolly opened the gate and the boy walked up to Justice White.

"Yer Honor," said he, "I wanter git a warrant fer One-legged Mike."

"What has One-legged Mike done to you?" asked Justice White, smiling.

"He swiped me chaw."

"Did what?" inquired the Justice, with a surprised look.

"Swiped me chaw. Lifted me feed. Are you on?"

"Oh, you mean that he stole your lunch, I suppose."

"Not on your life, Judge. 'Twuzn't no grub. 'Twuz me chawin' mixtcher, see? Me an' Mike wuz pals, but we ain't pals no more. Any kid wot snatches me baldheaded when I'm sleepin' ain't no pal o' mine. Dat's a sure winner, too.

"Yer see, Judge, yesterday I found a big plug o' good chawin'. It wuz kinder strong alone, so I buyed two sticks o' gum an' chawed her all up tergether. Say, Judge, did yer ever mix terbacker'n gum? Well, she beats seven of a kind, an' that's a straight tip. I wuz sittin' down by de dock at Clarkson street, where me an' Mike does most of our breathin', chawin' away ter beat de band. Mike he comes up hustlin' along on his one crutchy, an' sez he:

"'Wotcher chawin'?'

"'Dat's my biz,' sez I.

"'Gimme a chanst to find out,' sez he.

"'I ain't got no knife to cut it,' sez I, an' I spit out an' plugged a spider crawlin' along de groun'.

"'Corny,' sez Mike. 'I kin beat dat shot.'

"'Not wid no ammynishun off'n dis chaw yer can't,' sez I.

"'I'll git dat chaw yet,' sez he, shakin' his crutchy, an' he went off mad an' set down ter watch some of dese here plumber fellers, wot wuz mendin' somethin' down by de Cunard line pier.

"I got sleepy an' I crawled under a pile o' boards an' closed me peeps. But first I chucked me chawin' mixtcher in me back hair fer safe keepin'. Nex' t'ing I knowed, one of dem plumber fellers had me by der neck, shakin' me till I cud feel me finger nails comin' loose.

"'I'll learn yer ter swipe my tin shears,' sez he, an' he gim me a biff in de jaw dat knocked me face one-sided. W'en I got up I felt kinder cold on me head. I put me hand up dere, an' say, Judge, I hope ter die in a soor pipe if de top o' my nut wasn't bald as de inside o' yer hand. I come purty near fallin' down, I was so parylized. Sez I to meself, 'Dat plumber feller muster shuk you like hellenblazes,' sez I, 'ter take de hair offen yer head like dat, Corny McGinn.'

"Den I looked out on de dock, an' I see One-legged Mike sittin' dere workin' his mug like de walkin' beam on a ferryboat an' spittin' out red hair at evey chaw. Say, Judge, d'yer catch on ter what dat mug done. He swiped dem plumber fellers' shears, and cut dat chaw off'n my nut. Dere he sat, chawin' up my gum and my terbacker and my back hair. 'N' den I got licked fer swipin' de shears. Don't dat beat hell, Judge?

"As quick as I got dat idee inter me t'inkin' box, I wuz mad fer keeps. I wuz, sure. I made a jump for Mike, but he just dropped offen de dock an' swum off. Dey ain't no use, Judge, tryin' to catch a one-legged feller in de water, and dat's a safe bet. Dey is twicet as strong in one leg as anoder feller is in two, an' dey kin swim like a tommy-cod. W'en it comes ter swimmin', Mike wuz a sure winner, and I knowed it. So I stayed on de dock, an' I sez: 'Come out here an' I'll spoil yer compleckshun,' sez I.

"Mike lifted his crutchy outer de water an' he sez:

"'Go t'ell, yer baldheaded bedbug.' T'ink of his givin' me dat, Judge, after him cuttin' me hair hisself. Wuzn't dat a frost?

"Say, but dat made me tired. I went up ter de Charles street station ter see de Sargeant, an' sez, Sarge, I want yer ter send a copper ter pull in One-legged Mike fer swipen me chaw.'

"Wot d'yer t'ink de Sargeant sez Judge? He sez, 'Say, young feller, yer talkin' too fast. Now run away an' play.' Dat's de steer he giv me, Judge. Dat's straight, too—sure. I couldn't take no such guff as dat, so I come here to git de warrant."

"Let me see," said Justice White when Corny had finished his statement. "I think I remember seeing you here before. You said your name was McGinn, didn't you?"

"Oh, no, yer Honor, dat wuz my brudder wat woz here before. I ain't never——"

"Yet that boy that was up before me for stealing apples from a stand on West street a few weeks ago looked very much like you. Just wait until I have the records looked into."

But Corny, who had been uneasily moving toward the side door, at this point made a dash through it, leaving One-legged Mike's warrant to be procured at some other time.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Real Red Tape.

Every regiment quartered at Paris has a library of its own the use of which is much restricted by all sorts of red-tape regulations by officers in command. The other day an officer in the barracks of Chateau-d'Eau sent his orderly for the ninth volume of the encyclopedia Larousse. The orderly brought him the first volume. "Take it back," said the officer, "I want the ninth volume." "So I told the librarian," said the orderly, "but he answered he had orders not to issue a later volume until the first volumes had been read in succession. So you must read the first eight volumes, he said, before he can let you take out the ninth."

Hitherto perished rubber has represented a waste material for which no use could be found, but by a process recently invented the perished rubber can be made, it is said, once more serviceable.