

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
WOLFE & CO.
 only, but SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

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."
 REMARKS: 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.
 Steamers will leave either city every evening,
 Sunday included, arriving at destination the
 following morning in time for business and all
 other connections.
QUICK TIME
UNEXCELLED SERVICE
LOW RATES
 For further particulars, see later issues of this
 paper, or address
 T. F. NEWMAN, H. R. ROGERS,
 Gen'l Managers, Gen'l Passenger Act.,
 CLEVELAND, O.

Business Cards.
JOHN PORTER,
 Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
 BLACKSTONE BLOCK, RAVENNA, O.
TO LOAN—Money to loan on Farm Property
 on easy terms. J. H. GRIFPIN, RAVENNA, O.
C. H. GRIFPIN,
 DENTIST—Office over First National
 Bank. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
H. H. SPIERS,
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office
 in Blackstone Block.
 Office opens 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 Fish'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, RAVENNA, O.
I. T. SIDDALL,
 Attorney at Law.
 Office in Phenix Block, RAVENNA, O.

J. W. HOLCOMB,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Telephone No. 25, Room 12, Middle Block
 RAVENNA, OHIO, 1112-13.
HARRY L. BEATTY,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY PUBLIC.
 Office, Room 28, Middle Block,
 1115-17 RAVENNA, OHIO.
I. H. PHELPS,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 (127) Office in Swift Block, RAVENNA, O.

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.
CURE
SICK
HEAD
ACHE
 Rick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident
 to a bilious condition of the system, such as
 Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after
 eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While the most
 remarkable success has been shown in curing a
 Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are
 equally valuable in Constipation, curing and pre-
 venting the same, and in all cases in which they
 correct all disorders of the bowels, Attendants of
 the Liver and regulate the bowels. Buy of your
 druggist, or send for a box of 25 pills.
 (As they would be almost worthless to those who
 suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortu-
 nately they are so common, and so cheap, and those
 who know they will find these little pills valua-
 ble in many ways that they will not be willing
 to do without them. But after all sick head-
 aches.)
 In the base of so many lives that here in where
 we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while
 others do not.
 Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and
 very easy to take. One or two pills makes no
 difference. They are strictly reliable and do not grip or
 cause pain. In violation of the law, they are sold
 by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

THE DAILY GLOBE.

VOL. 25, No. 26.

RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1893.

WHOLE No. 1273.

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
 —Try our "DAIST" Brand of Flour.



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."

Ridson & Taylor.



DON'T MISS

THE

GREAT

REMOVAL

SALE!

AT THE

Rochester Clothing Co.
 MAIN STREET, OHIO

B. HESKINS, Manager.

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
 PAINTERS' BRUSHES.

W. T. MCCONNEY
 PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

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 reason-
 able prices.
No. 4, Opera Block. J. H. OAKLEY.

The Inoculated.

First they pumped him full of virus from
 some medicine cow.
 Least the small-pox might assault, and leave
 marks on his brow.
 Then one day a bulldog bit him—he was gun-
 ning down at Quagga—
 And he filled his veins in Paris with an ex-
 tract of mad dog.
 Then he caught tuberculosis, so they took him
 to Berlin
 And injected half a gallon of bacilli into
 him.
 Well, his friends were all delighted at the
 quickness of the cure;
 Till he caught the typhoid fever, and speedy
 death was sure.
 Then the doctors with some sewage did inocu-
 late a lion,
 And injected half its gastric juice into his
 abdomen.
 But as soon as he recovered, as, of course, he
 did,
 There came along a rattlesnake and bit his
 thumb in two.
 Once again his veins were opened to receive
 about a gill
 Of some serpentine solution with the venom
 in full.
 To prepare him for a voyage in an Asiatic
 steamer,
 New blood was pumped into him from a lep-
 rous old Chinese.
 Soon his appetite had vanished and he could
 not eat at all.
 So the virus of dyspepsia was injected in the
 fall.
 But his blood was so diluted by the remedies
 he'd taken
 That one day he laid him down and died, and
 never did awake.
 With the Brown-Sequard elixir they tried
 resuscitation.
 He never showed a symptom of reviving ani-
 mation.
 Yet his doctor still could save him (he persist-
 ently maintains).
 If he only could inject a little life into his
 veins.
 —Independent.

POLLY PASCHALL'S GHOST.

Pretty Polly Paschall sat bolt upright, her red-brown curls falling in
 rich confusion about her white throat,
 her brown eyes as wide as if she had
 not been in bed and asleep for hours.
 The lamp was turned low, as she had
 left it, and shone with a dim, soft
 radiance over all the richly-furnished
 room.
 Polly stared about her. The chairs,
 the tables, the little quaintly carved
 stand by the window, and which held
 her precious pilgrim bottle, were all
 just as she had left them, but a
 cold shiver ran down her spine, and
 could she have heard, or suddenly
 her eyes fell upon the little square
 door in the wall high above the book-
 case.
 "My ghost at last!" cried Polly, clasping
 her pretty little palms together. She
 waited a moment in breathless
 expectancy, but the silence was un-
 broken, and she could not hear the
 noise which had awakened her, she
 sprang out of bed, put on her
 slippers and dressing gown, threw some
 bits of wood upon the glowing embers,
 and turning out the lamp, sat down
 before the fire to await the ghost
 whose coming she had been expecting
 for so long a time.
 The Paschalls, father, mother, and
 daughter, had moved into their
 present abode to await the erection of
 their own house, and it was the first
 day of their coming Polly had
 spied the little "secret door," as she
 called it, and selected this for her
 room to be in attendance.
 "Just think of the possibilities for a
 romance," she said to her father, and
 he had gotten upon the house-cleaner's
 stepladder and found the door fastened
 hard and fast.
 "It is all safe," he said.
 "Oh, I want it to be safe from mortal
 hands," Polly said, "but my ghost
 can't get in, and my ghost stands
 not back for bolts and bars."
 "If it is a ghost you want," said her
 father, "you may get it. This house
 belonged to her old grandfather, and
 one time the wealthiest families in the
 state. It has stood here for years and
 has known many changes, and I pre-
 sume it could tell many stories and
 perhaps give up a good many ghosts.
 I read it from a sweet-faced, good-
 looking old lady, who lives somehow
 and changes in the new world, and
 she told me that she had seen the
 next door to us. I think she is
 the only surviving member of the
 noble family whose glory and wealth
 have departed. No, I believe she told
 me there was a boy, her grandson,
 who is working at—I don't know what
 he does but I don't remember."
 "How interesting!" said Polly.
 "I am sure I shall find a ghost."
 But so many uneventful months had
 passed since she encoined herself in
 the room that she had almost forgot-
 ten to expect a ghost until to-night,
 when a noise as of slippers feet walk-
 ing over a hard, bare floor had
 awakened her.
 She sat for a long time, her eyes
 fixed upon the little door, expecting
 every moment that a ghostly hand
 would undo the hidden lock, and a
 ghostly form would emerge from the
 darkness beyond. But—her maid
 found her still sitting and fast asleep
 the next morning when she came in to
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"Well, I suppose I must make the
 sacrifice and marry you, Richard dear,"
 the young lady answered demurely.
 "If for nothing else in the world but to
 preserve you from manufacturing such
 heroines as your first one was before I
 reddened your cheeks."
 Richard smiled.
 "You are not very complimentary,
 Miss Paschall," he said, "but I am glad
 to get you upon any terms."—*Waverley*
Magazine.

Something of a Confidence Game.
 "See here!" yelled the wrathful man,
 as he took off his hat and showed a
 head which campaign life
 "Yes, I see," said the druggist. "Did
 you ever try my unparalleled capillary
 renovator?"
 "That's just what I did," answered the
 bald-headed man, in tones of wrath,
 "and here's the result."
 "It works that way sometimes," he
 said. "The hair grows so fast, you see,
 that it pulls itself out by the roots.
 Now, if you will only strengthen your
 scalp by using a few bottles of my
 ameliorative scalp balm—"
 "At this point they clinched.—*Indi-*
anapolis Journal.

A BALLOONIST'S ADVENTURE.
 What Happened When He Came Down
 on a Bear.
 "I killed a grizzly bear once, my-
 self," said the balloonist, calmly, as
 the Californian finished a particularly
 beautiful landing in midair, across
 the Rockies.
 "I approached a high plateau, and
 the air became so rare that it would
 no longer sustain my balloon, and I
 landed without difficulty at the brink
 of an immense canon.
 "A little whirlwind struck the bal-
 loon; it reared, twisted, and collapsed,
 leaving me helpless and alone in the
 middle of a vast plain.
 "I looked down the chasm. The
 middle sun threw his rays clear to
 the bottom, and I could see every
 thing that lay beneath. It looked
 like a vein of silver.
 "A large stone lay near. I toppled it
 off and timed its fall—one, two, three,
 four, five seconds, and the water splash-
 ed, but the sound never reached me.
 "Some noise caused me to turn
 about. A big grizzly was shuffling
 toward me. His awkward and clumsy
 appearance made me laugh; and the
 sound of laughter caused him to stop.
 He stood up on his hind legs and
 looked at me in amazement.
 "Drawing my small revolver I be-
 gan to shoot at him. Then he got
 mad and made a grand spring out
 into the chasm, and I could see his
 head and shoulders in the little can-
 yon where I had stood.
 "In his blind rage he went over the
 precipice. One moment he seemed to
 pause, casting a look of reproach and
 silent malediction toward me. Then
 he shot down out of sight.
 "I followed him slowly and found
 him lying half submerged on the brink
 of the silver stream.
 "With some difficulty I got him out
 into the deeper current, for I found
 that what seemed but a throb of wa-
 ter was in reality a considerable
 stream.
 "I climbed on his huge body, and
 using my parachute for a sail, we sped
 merrily down the canon.
 "Just as nightfall we emerged into
 a more open country, and I moved
 my craft long enough to cut from his
 juicy loin a steak, which I broiled on
 the spot.
 "All night I journeyed through
 misty forest and gloomy gorges.
 "At day break I came to a small
 town, where the railroad touches the
 Grand River. I jumped into the
 stream and swam ashore.
 "My meat preserver spun around in
 the water. I looked at him sadly.
 The memory of last night's supper
 came to my mind; I felt that I loved
 him. A transitory glow of grateful
 affection for the moment in his
 filmy eyes; then the waters closed over
 him, and he sank from sight forever
 into the bosom of the deep.

Reward for Insurrection.
 The American appreciation of inde-
 pendence and pluck is illustrated by
 the following story, says the N. Y.
 Herald.
 In his office of the superintendent of
 motive power of one of the big trunk
 lines. The official was tired and out of
 sorts. The weather outside was a
 chat with him, when the office boy
 brought word that one of the engineers
 of the road wished to see his superior.
 The superintendent was somewhat irri-
 tated and he snappily told the boy
 to show the caller in. The engineer
 was a good-looking man of middle
 age, neatly dressed in his Sunday
 clothes.
 "Mr. —" he said abruptly, "you
 told me that if I would take the repair
 train out for one trip you would give
 me back on my regular run. I've made
 three trips now, and I'm tired of it. I
 never get a chance to see my family.
 I should think you could put some un-
 married man, who has been with the
 road as long as I have on the train
 and give me back my regular job."
 The superintendent was exasperated
 and he said sharply: "You'll keep on
 running that repair train until I get
 ready to take you off."
 The workman drew himself up and
 said firmly but respectfully: "I don't
 make another trip on that train. I am
 going home. When you want me to
 go on my regular train send for me."
 And with this he walked out of the
 room.
 The superintendent's companion
 heard the mutinous words with sur-
 prise and said: "I suppose you'll dis-
 charge him?"
 "No, we haven't a better man on
 the road than he. If he had sub-
 mitted to my tyranny then I might
 have discharged him. He will go on
 his regular train to-morrow."

An advertisement appears in a west-
 ern paper which reads thus: "If
 George William Brown, who deserted
 his poor wife and babe twenty-five
 years ago, will return the aforesaid
 babe will knock the stuffing out of
 him."
How to Get Even.
 Little Dick—"I never saw any one
 so stuck up as Gracie Globetrotter is
 now."
 Little Dick—"She's just back from
 Europe."
 Little Dot—"Yes, and she had
 a party last night and didn't invite
 me."
 Little Dick—"Um! If it was I'd
 have an anti-cholera tea and not invite
 her."—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

Rice Made Him Strong.
 "While they dwarf their trees and
 shrubbery," says a writer in the Phil-
 adelphia Times, "the Japanese have
 made a race of giant men—a race of
 wrestlers. These wrestlers often weigh
 200, 300 and 400 pounds. At the Im-
 perial hotel in Tokio they brought their
 champion wrestler to my room. He
 was prodigious in size and low fat and
 fair as a baby. He was a Hercules in
 strength, but looked like an overgrown
 cherub of Correggio.
 "What do you eat?" I asked.
 "Rice—nothing but rice."
 "Why not eat meat?"
 "Meat is weakening. Beef is 70 per
 cent water, when it is 80 per cent food.
 I ate lean beefsteak once, and my
 strength left me. The other man ate
 rice and threw me down.
 "I was told that this wrestler is the
 Sullivan of Japan. No one can
 throw him."
Brought It on Himself.
 "Teacher says that the ground
 freezes six hundred feet deep in Si-
 beria," said Mr. Haicend's son, in a
 superior air. "You didn't know that,
 did you?"
 "No, I didn't, son," replied the old
 man, "an I mightly glad you told me.
 You've just reminded me that I want
 you to stay home 'an dig that tater-
 mackerel scrubble 'ere when you're at
 it you kin be thankful you ain't in Si-
 beria."—*Indianapolis Journal.*
 The Greek pike was twenty-four feet
 long.

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

Wheat Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE BOSTON WOMAN.
 Her Characteristics Set Forth in Detail
 by a Critic of Her Own Sex.

The Boston woman is a distinct type
 of feminine character. She differs
 from her American sisters almost as
 much as if she belonged to another
 race or lived in a different planet, says
 a writer in the Boston Globe.
 She possesses more than ordinary
 business capacity. To turn money
 seems to be a want in her nature and
 this desire of gain never subsides.
 In other countries when women get
 married they usually retire from busi-
 ness life and give the struggling ones
 who are single a chance, but the Bos-
 ton woman does no such thing. It is
 surprising to see the number of wom-
 en in stores with wedding rings on
 their fingers.
 She is the most easy-going, matter-
 of-fact business person I ever saw.
 She never hurries or disturbs her-
 self to suit anyone else, but she be-
 lieves that everyone should hurry to
 suit her.
 She never takes a step of importance
 without due consideration, and if an
 undertaking fails the failure cannot
 be attributed to lack of forethought.
 An injury she rarely forgets. If you
 have had the misfortune to offend her,
 displeasure, go and drown yourself,
 because if she can help it you will
 never taste another happy moment.
 She is sometimes prone to condemn
 a person for a mere trifle, and at other
 times she overlooks very serious
 faults.
 She takes all the flattery you care
 to give her.
 In nothing does she pride herself
 more than her so-called influence—es-
 pecially about the exact shade of mine;
 and I never saw a woman who would
 access to her heart, be sure to tell her
 of your unbounded confidence in her
 influence.
 Her courage in asking for anything
 she wants, no matter how absurd the
 request may be, never fails.
 No one has a clearer insight into her
 own interests than our Boston woman.
 Her talent for finding means of using
 people is truly extraordinary. Why, I
 actually believe that while you are be-
 lieving that she is saying "I wonder
 what use I can put you to."
 I will not say that this habit is gen-
 eral, but it is confined exclusively
 to Boston women, because that would
 be unjust.
 With all her foibles there is some-
 thing noble about her. I admire her
 for her candor, her sincerity to her
 friends.
 If a Boston woman does not like you,
 she is not slow in making you aware
 of the fact. Her attitude toward her
 friends is admirable. Her belief in
 their integrity, nothing happier.
 The courage and perseverance of
 Boston women is extremely common. If
 she has an end to attain she will go
 through "fire and water" to attain it.
 And as for trying to make her change
 her opinion, why, it would be easier to
 move a mountain. Boston women are
 not exactly pretty, but they are pleas-
 ing in appearance. They show good
 taste in dress.
 A Boston woman reveals herself, no
 matter where she goes, by the manner
 in which she raises her dress crossing
 the street, or in catching the wind, or
 folds a little below the waist and gen-
 tly raising them, she grasps the whole
 affair and pulls it to the right.
 This process is extremely ungraceful,
 but it is such an ordinary sight
 here that few notice it.

That Borrowed Money.
 It was on a State street car and they
 were talking so that everybody could
 hear. "I never would have believed it,"
 said No. 1.
 "No, nor I," echoed No. 2. "If it had
 happened to anyone else, it would be
 a disgrace to our society, and her hus-
 band, being the head of such a large
 concern I had no hesitation whatever
 about loaning her the money."
 "I think she passed me twice and
 never said a word about it. I think she
 is actually dishonest and—dear me,
 she is giving me this very car."
 "And both ladies got very red as a
 quiet, refined-looking woman made
 her way to where they were sitting.
 "Ah, my dear Mrs. —, I am just the person
 I am looking for. I do want to thank
 you for that generous loan and to tell
 her how glad I was that I met my
 husband that very evening and could
 so speedily return it. I received a
 pretty scolding when I arrived home
 for going out with it, but I do not
 regret your helping me out didn't incon-
 venience you."
 "Not in the least," glibly answered
 Mrs. B., who had so recently been on
 tenterhooks regarding the self-same
 loan. "You need not have been in
 such a hurry to return it. It was a
 matter of little consequence to me,
 and I should have been glad to have
 here the first two alighted and the
 passengers were left to wonder what
 would happen to that forgetful hus-
 band."—*Chicago Dispatch.*

Man a Strong Creature.
 He is a strong creature.
 He can wear a stiff linen shirt and
 button the buttons with his fingers
 without breaking it, and a woman
 has to call a glove buttoner into ser-
 vice.
 He can tie a four-in-hand scarf so
 that it shows it has been tied, is not
 ready-made, and yet it is perfectly
 even, writes Bab in the St. Louis Re-
 public.
 He can put the links in his cuffs
 without licking the backs of the but-
 tonholes.
 He can keep his cuffs clean for a day
 without holding his hands as if they
 were afraid something were going to
 touch them.
 He can find more fault and upset a
 household and make more women cry
 than any other male.
 He is gifted with greater knowledge
 about everything than an average male,
 and is more willing to disseminate it
 than a book agent.
 He believes in himself implicitly, and
 that's the reason why he gets the better
 of everything feminine.
 He is a man and he thinks that's an
 excuse for every folly he commits.
 And really, believe me, I don't know but
 it is. I haven't real
 spirit. I am what the suffering people
 call a "down-trodden wretch"—but then
 it was built that way, and you can't
 change your spots, can you?
 The imperial cholera commission in
 Germany announces its discovery that
 wine—claret or hock—will kill the bac-
 illa of cholera in a few minutes. Tea
 will kill them in an hour.

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 from her American sisters almost as
 much as if she belonged to another
 race or lived in a different planet, says
 a writer in the Boston Globe.
 She possesses more than ordinary
 business capacity. To turn money
 seems to be a want in her nature and
 this desire of gain never subsides.
 In other countries when women get
 married they usually retire from busi-
 ness life and give the struggling ones
 who are single a chance, but the Bos-
 ton woman does no such thing. It is
 surprising to see the number of wom-
 en in stores with wedding rings on
 their fingers.
 She is the most easy-going, matter-
 of-fact business person I ever saw.
 She never hurries or disturbs her-
 self to suit anyone else, but she be-
 lieves that everyone should hurry to
 suit her.
 She never takes a step of importance
 without due consideration, and if an
 undertaking fails the failure cannot
 be attributed to lack of forethought.
 An injury she rarely forgets. If you
 have had the misfortune to offend her,
 displeasure, go and drown yourself,
 because if she can help it you will
 never taste another happy moment.
 She is sometimes prone to condemn
 a person for a mere trifle, and at other
 times she overlooks very serious
 faults.
 She takes all the flattery you care
 to give her.
 In nothing does she pride herself
 more than her so-called influence—es-
 pecially about the exact shade of mine;
 and I never saw a woman who would
 access to her heart, be sure to tell her
 of your unbounded confidence in her
 influence.
 Her courage in asking for anything
 she wants, no matter how absurd the
 request may be, never fails.
 No one has a clearer insight into her
 own interests than our Boston woman.
 Her talent for finding means of using
 people is truly extraordinary. Why, I
 actually believe that while you are be-
 lieving that she is saying "I wonder
 what use I can put you to."
 I will not say that this habit is gen-
 eral, but it is confined exclusively
 to Boston women, because that would
 be unjust.
 With all her foibles there is some-
 thing noble about her. I admire her
 for her candor, her sincerity to her
 friends.
 If a Boston woman does not like you,
 she is not slow in making you aware
 of the fact. Her attitude toward her
 friends is admirable. Her belief in