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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

VOL. 25, No. 37. RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1893. WHOLE No. 1284.

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

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HOUSE and about 1 acre of land, on Jones St., Ravenna, with all kinds of improvements.
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SEVERAL FARMS in Portage and Summit Counties, for sale or exchange
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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is 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 make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE

RISDON & TAYLOR,

GROCERIES, ✻ TABLE DELICACIES ON THE SIDE.

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Everything within bounds, and everything trim. Clean Goods. Neatness. Promptness.

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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.

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 good value for so little money. And remember, too, that our goods are guaranteed as represented.

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Always carries a full line of standard makes of Timekeepers, Solid Silver and Plated Ware, Jewelry, &c.

Special attention given to Repairing Fine Watches.

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W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

A sewed shoe that will not rip; Calf, seamless, smooth inside, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Every style. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

The following are of the same high standard of merit:
$4.00 and $5.00 Fine Calf, Hand-Sewed.
$3.50 Police, Farmers and Letter-Carriers.
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IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value at the prices advertised as thousands can testify. Do you wear them?

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE

THIS IS THE BEST $3. SHOE IN THE WORLD.

WILL NOT RIP.

Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general merchants where I have no agents. Write for catalogue. If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage Free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

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Some Good Advice.

Parties Holding Orders for PHOTOGRAPHS

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In the Meantime

Don't lose sight of the fact that we are headquarters for *PICTURES, FRAMES, EASELS, Etc.*

No. 4, OPERA BLOCK. J. H. OAKLEY.

The Sunshiny Door.

Oh! lie not at morning encurtained in doubt
And cry: "I see nothing—the light is shut out."
Pull the drapery back! Put the shutters away!
And drink the first draught from the well-spring of day.
The goblins of danger will haste to depart
If you open the sunshiny door of your heart.

Oh! sit not at evening in darkness and dread
And watch for the shadows. Still lift up your head,
Till the stars twinkle out. Their reflection will be
A light all sufficient until you can see
The sun smile above you. Doubt's demons will start
If you open the sunshiny door of your heart.

Oh! sit not at midnight when troubles arise
With the fingers of wretchedness close to your eyes,
Though friendship prove faithless, though loved ones are dead,
Though the burden of sorrow is bowing your head,
Light the candle of hope, and its brightness shall dart
Through the windows of faith to the gloom of your heart.

Cheer up, though the shadows be black everywhere
On the far-off horizon. The sunshine is there.
It is coming—is coming; the darker the night
The brighter and nearer the beautiful light.
Through the crimson of day all your fears will depart
If you open the sunshiny door of your heart.

—Julia H. May in Boston Journal.

AMARANTH'S INVESTMENT.

"Hey? What? Going to buy the old Brooke homestead?" asked Uncle Peletian Stubblefield. "Why, the girl's reg'lar silly. That air land is all wore out. Won't grow nothin' 'cept sassafras sprouts or wild chamomile," remarked Aunt Rubina, sententiously.

"Says she loves the ole place and is bound to keep it from going to strangers," observed Cousin Melissa Brooke.

The rural population of Pineyville township were mostly all either Stubblefields or Brookes or connected with them by marriage.

"An' she's a-goin' to bring Reub's widder an' children from the city to live with her."

Uncle Peletiah looked amused.

"Fine livin' it'll be in that old ramshackle of a house," he chuckled.

"Amaranth allus was hard-headed," groaned Aunt Rubina, who was a stout woman with a large, flabby face and blue eyes with white eyelashes. "But I wash my hands of 'em. If she wants to saddle herself with Reub's family, she needn't look to me for help."

"It's my 'pinion Sylvester Smalley will hev somethin' to say about it," smirked Cousin Melissa, with a crafty look.

And so the gossiping tongues wagged on and all because Amaranth Brooke chose to invest the few hundred dollars bequeathed to her by a distant relative in buying back the old homestead, where she had frolicked away her childhood days in care-free happiness.

But Amaranth gave little heed to their meddlesome gossip. She had fought her own battles since the death of Grandfather Brooke left her alone and unprotected, with little or no assistance from the relatives who were now so free with their advice and unfriendly criticisms and she was determined to manage her affairs in her own way.

But in regard to Sylvester Smalley the case was different. He was her betrothed lover and would of course expect to be consulted in her affairs. And Sylvester did have something to say, as Cousin Melissa had predicted.

Amaranth had been looking over her prospective purchase and was on her way home when he overtook her and at once broached the subject.

"No use to throw your money away on that old, rubbishy place," he told her. "You can't raise a crop there an' I wouldn't take it as a gift. An' your money, with what I've got, would build us a nice, snug house on that forty acres father gave me an' help to stock the farm beside. Then we could be married and go right to housekeeping. Will you, Amaranth?"

He looked at her tenderly and for a moment Amaranth felt almost tempted to give up her plans and ambitions and accept his offer.

They were loitering slowly homeward and had paused at the old stile, where a scarlet-flowered trumpet-vine showered its gorgeous trophies at their feet.

"Say yes!" urged Sylvester.

Amaranth felt her determination weakening.

"But—but there's brother Reuben's wife and the children!" she faltered. "They are quite destitute and have no one to look to but me."

Sylvester frowned.

"Let Reub's wife look out for herself," he returned gruffly. "I dare say there's orphan 'sylums in the city where the young uns would be took care of."

Amaranth's eyes flashed scornfully as she drew herself up with offended dignity.

"Brother Reuben's children shall never go to the asylum while I live!" she declared, indignantly.

After a few more words their troth was broken. Sylvester stalked moodily on his way, while Amaranth, with a pang of sore disappointment at her heart, turned toward the gray-stone farmhouse where she earned a small stipend over her board by doing the housework for a family of six.

The broken engagement offered fresh food for gossip among the Brooke and Stubblefield kith and kin, but Amaranth was not to be turned from her course by their outspoken censures and criticisms.

The old homestead was bought and paid for. To be sure, the soil was rocky and sterile and the dwelling in need of repairs.

The orchard trees—what was left of them—were gnarled and bent and the fences and outbuildings in a sad state of dilapidation.

It was really scarcely worth the small sum asked for it, but Amaranth had determined to buy it, and buy it she did.

An ancient cow and a half-decrepit pony were included in the sale.

And after the house had been treated to a few repairs and a thorough cleaning brother Reuben's family were released from their uncongenial quarters in the city and comfortably installed therein.

Mrs. Reuben—a meek little woman, with no more idea of supporting herself than a canary bird might have—was yet a good housekeeper and willingly undertook the management of domestic affairs, while Amaranth gave her attention to the raising of poultry and garden vegetables. And the children grew as round as butterballs, romping under the gnarly old apple trees or playing hide-and-seek among the tall sunflowers and hollyhocks that nodded in the dooryard.

Later on Amaranth earned a few dollars each week by the sale of her produce at the little village of Pineywood Center, which was scarcely a stone's throw from her back pasture bars. But with all her industry and economy she found it a hard matter to provide for herself and the helpless ones depending on her, and there were times when she really feared the wolf was already at her door.

The family connections held themselves aloof from her and still continued their direful predictions.

Sylvester Smalley took particular pleasure in driving past the house, with Nancy Maria Stubblefield, to whom he had transferred his attentions, seated beside him in his spring buggy.

But no one offered a helping hand and Amaranth was beginning to feel a tremor of despair, when something happened which no one—certainly not Amaranth—had ever dreamed would come to pass.

It was nothing more nor less than the building of a branch railway from the Ozark lead and zinc mines to a point on the Mississippi river some twelve miles beyond Pineyville Center.

The nearest route, according to survey, lay directly across one side of Amaranth's estate and she readily accepted the offer of $200 from this mining company for this small portion of her "worn-out" farm land.

But the tide of prosperity did not stop here.

Roger Alden, the young surveyor who had laid out the new railroad, suggested Pineyville Center as the most convenient point for the smelting works to be erected by the mining company.

And so the sleepy little village waked up one fine morning to find itself in the midst of a most unexpected "boom."

Carloads of lumber and other building material soon arrived, and ere long the sound of the hammer and saw was heard in the land.

Tents were put up for the temporary use of the workmen, but were soon supplanted by neat cottages. Mercantile buildings and supply stores followed. Streets were laid out, churches and schoolhouses were erected and the farmers who flocked in for miles around, tempted by this new market for their "truck," looked with wonder at the flourishing town which had sprung up like Aladdin's palace, from the very wilderness.

Adjacent farms, which the owners would have gladly sold for $10 an acre but a short time ago, now brought ten times that amount.

Amaranth, though offered a high price, refused to part with her property on any terms. By the advice of the young surveyor, however, she was induced to lay out a portion of her farm, fronting the railroad, in town lots, which were eagerly purchased at a satisfactory valuation, and the "Brooke addition" soon ranked as the most desirable residence portion of Pineyville Center.

And Amaranth found herself if not wealthy at least comfortably situated.

A stout hired hand attended to the farm work now. The worn-out meadows and cornfields were redeemed from their impoverished condition. The antiquated cow was supplanted by a small herd of Jerseys. The decrepit horse was "pensioned off" on the fattest of pastures, while a span of "matched bays" drew the new carryall when Amaranth or Mrs. Reuben and her children took an airing.

The discomfited relatives, who had all but boycotted Amaranth in the dark days, now discovered that "blood was thicker than water" and hastened to make friendly overtures.

And Sylvester Smalley, who had not yet succeeded in building on the paternal forty acres, abruptly ceased his attentions to Nancy Maria and cast longing eyes toward the thrifty cornfields and well-filled barns of the old homestead.

Long since had he repented of his short-sightedness, and after some skillful maneuvering he one day succeeded in meeting Amaranth face to face at the old stile.

"She'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh! she looked sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat,"

and Sylvester felt that he must win her at all hazards.

He advanced smiling and with outstretched hands.

"Did you really think I meant to give you up, Amaranth?" he asked reproachfully.

But she drew coldly back.

"Give me up? Certainly! You gave me up long ago," she returned.

"But I didn't mean it! I—I own I was a fool, Amaranth," he stammered, desperately; "but I allus intended to come back an' marry you. An' 'tain't too late yet. Only name the day an' I'm yours."

But Amaranth smiled as she glanced beyond him to a tall figure which was rapidly approaching them.

"Very much obliged, I'm sure," she replied, demurely, "but I have promised to be Roger Alden's wife and the day is already named. Here comes Roger, now. Will you stay and be introduced?"

But with a disappointed scowl Sylvester slunk away.—*Waverley Magazine.*

Growing a New Skull.

Daniel McKeil, a young colored man of Helena, Ark., is puzzling the physicians. About a year ago, while having an epileptic fit, he fell into an open fireplace and when found he was lying in the fire in an unconscious condition. His scalp, the muscles of head and the bones of the side, as well as the tissues covering the left shoulder, were parched. He was in an unconscious condition for two days and recollected no incidents happening prior to his regaining consciousness. The bone and flesh were burned from his head to such an extent that the pulsation of the brain could be felt. Very little medical attention was given him, only household remedies being applied. The burn removed one-half of the skull. Now, after a year, the bony substance of the skull is being reconstructed and bids fair to completely heal, making almost new bony covering for the brain. The man has fewer fits than he had before the accident. His mind is clear and he now does the work of an ordinary farm hand.—*Globe-Democrat.*

The Cowboy in a New Role.

A big fellow with a Mexican sombrero and a coat most fearfully and wonderfully emblazoned with silver buttons and gold braid climbed out of the caboose, says a letter from Oklahoma, and "cussed" the cow-punchers, who were endeavoring to mitigate the situation, in language most awful to behold. I immediately conceived the idea that he was a particularly dangerous and reckless man and withdrew my former mental motion to leave the train and stroll about. But presently a cowboy in our car sighted this formidable person, waved his hand out the window, and shouted: "Hey, Bill!" In a few seconds they were in familiar converse, and then a baby, whom a small woman in a black sunbonnet and a gingham dress had been vainly trying to lull into speechlessness since we left Guthrie, began to cry in a most particularly nerve-racking key.

Instantly the fierce-looking pirate from Texas sighted the puling infant and incompetent mother. With a few long strides he entered the car, said never a word to the woman, but lifted the baby from her arms, chucked his silver-laced hat into a vacant seat, and before his train pulled out he had the little one fast asleep and most of the other male occupants of the car thoroughly ashamed of themselves. And he did not wear a heavy holster with a big pistol in it either. Columbus did not discover America, and William Tell never was, and by the same token the American cowboy is an everlasting reproach to his traducers.

NUMISMATICS IN CELESTIALDOM.

Some Collections of Coins in the East Go Back 4,200 Years.

China is the paradise of the numismatist. The collections of cash, according to Consul Edward Bedloe's report to the state department, quoted by the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, are something marvelous. They are small coins of bronze, brass, copper or silver, ranging in intrinsic value from one-twentieth of a cent to 25 cents. The oldest of these coins on record appeared about 2300 B. C. Over 150,000 different kinds of cash are preserved in collections. Some are wonderful examples of coinage, but most of them are clumsy and coarse. The numismatist can work all his life, spend very little money, and leave to posterity thousands of coins. All he needs to do is to confine his work to the collection of cash, the small coins in brass and bronze, whose value ranges from one-tenth to one-fourteenth of a cent. Their workmanship varies, but is usually very good. Their shape today is like that of the European coins, with the exception that through the center is a square whole, through which the coins are strung together like beads.

In the past, however, other forms were employed, including the square, triangle, heart, eclipse, shield, key, sword, and spear. The number of kinds is simply immense. They are referred to in the literature as far back as 250 B. C. "The earliest that I have heard of," says Consul Bedloe, "dates from the Ts'in dynasty, which ruled from 205 to 207 B. C. From that time until today these useful little coins have been used by every Monarch, no matter whether he was an emperor of the entire country or king of one of the petty principalities into which, from time to time, the Chinese empire was broken. There have been over 1,200 occupants of the various thrones, royal and imperial. In addition to these regular issues, if so they may be called, there have been special issues from time to time, and also special local issues. A wealthy mandarin in Canton is said to have the finest collection extant, containing 25,000 specimens of different kinds."

The cost increases as you go backward in time. The cash of this century can be secured at their nominal face value. Those of the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries bring from 1 cent to ten cents each. Those of the Han dynasties, from 200 to 100 A. D., bring $100 each when in a fine state of preservation. These true antiques are found in ancient tombs and ruins. Several hundred were discovered in Amboy this year in digging a grave, when the laborers broke into an old tomb, several feet below the surface of the soil. The coins lay in a pretty earthenware jar, and were encrusted with a thin layer of malachite that here and there had been changed by moisture into azurite. The coins were sold by the lucky coolies in the next twenty-four hours and are said to have brought $1 a piece, an immense sum to men working for 12 cents a day. To succeed in collecting cash a person must be a fine Chinese scholar. The labor thereby involved is so severe as to preclude most collectors from indulging in the pleasure to any great extent.

CHURCHES AND BUSINESS.

Strange Uses to Which Houses of Worship Have Been Devoted.

Our ancestors transacted a good deal of business of one kind and another in and about their churches, says the London *Standard*. To begin with, the churches of old England in turbulent times were regarded as places of safe custody for public and private property. In the border land of England and Scotland the idea was carried out still more completely, and churches, or at least their towers, became regular fortresses, and not infrequently were objects of offense and defense. We may note in rural England that in the cases of ancient churches the towers are often not merely disproportionate in size to the rest of the church, but are carefully and strongly built, evidently with an object.

Even in peaceful Surrey and Sussex the belfries are veritable strong rooms with barred windows and massive doors, and often contain an ancient treasure chest. Hither, at the first alarm, money and valuables were hurried, for, beyond the security of thick walls and bars and bolts, there was an ægis of sanctity which in a superstitious age protected the building from the most ruthless of foes. The fortress-like construction of many of the border land churches is an interesting study to antiquaries. In more than the well-known case the holy edifice consists merely of a barn attached to but walled off from a regular Pele tower. Even in southern England a semi-military character is given sometimes to a church tower by the cresset, wherefrom, in cases of general danger, such for instance as the Spanish armada or the French incursions of a later period, the beacon fire spread the news from town to town and from village to village.

In lone districts, such as the marshland of Kent and the Fen country of Lincolnshire, the tall church towers which are such prominent features in the landscape served a very important purpose, inasmuch as they were landmarks for travelers, and even today the pedestrian has reason to be thankful for the guiding presence of Boston "stump" or Lydd tower at the close of a hard day's walking. In a later age than that of civil war the vaults of coast churches played a very important part in what was an important branch of business. When a new rector was appointed to a church in the wealds of Kent or Sussex it was usual for him to receive a contribution to his wine cellar, accompanied by a concise intimation that out of regard for his future peace and happiness, and perhaps safety, he would do well not to inquire too closely into the uses to which the vaults beneath his church were put.

He Named One.

No one knew whence came the sepulchral voice, but common suspicion rested upon a weary looking man who sat with bowed head beside a lady with a red nose and gold glasses.

As is often the case with those who discuss the problems of marriage the hair of the woman who addressed them that night had grown gray in a state of singleness.

She had announced that marital differences were never irremediable.

"Name to me," she eloquently urged, "a difficulty that cannot be met by mutual forbearance."

There was a moment's silence.

"Name just one," persisted the speaker, confidently.

Then the sepulchral voice broke the stillness.

"Cold feet," it moaned.

There was an appreciable shock.—*Detroit Tribune.*

An Animal Oil.

Geologists consider kerosene to be an animal oil. Hence, what we burn in lamps is the remains of long extinct monsters of the earth.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES.

Quaint Uses to Which the Giant Force Is Applied.

Electricians in England have lately made some very interesting experiments looking to the reproduction of portraits or forms of any sort, in exact resemblance, on the clouds. They not only did this with luminous distinctness on the clouds, but after a series of experiments they succeeded, in forming artificial clouds as a background for their figures, says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

In England the nickel-in-the-slot principle is to be applied to the production of electrical energy. But, instead of feeding the slot with money, the public will receive money. To the person who turns the crank 100 times the machine will "cough up" 2 cents. The crank is connected with a dynamo, and turning the crank manufactures electrical energy, which is to be stored up and eventually retailed to users of electricity for purposes of illumination and power. The scheme would appear to work well, especially in large towns where there are multitudes of unemployed, but its popularity would depend on the time and degree of force it would take to do the hundred turns. It is presumed, however, that fair wages could be made at the rate fixed.

Electric handlamps are now in the market. They give a good light for a period of four hours with one charge and are so light and compact as to go comfortable into the coat pocket. The light can be turned on in a moment. A small storage battery is used, the active material of which is lithanade. These handlamps are used by travelers for reading in railway cars and for many other purposes where a portable light is necessary.

Silk hats are now renovated by electricity. Attached to the machine they are made to rotate some 1,800 times a minute. The operator, simply by applying brushes of varying degrees of stiffness, has in a very few minutes the surface far smoother and more lustrous than any amount of ironing could effect.

An English idea is to use electricity as a boot warmer. The Britons have found candle lamp in the boots, while dressing, is a luxury. Boots, being tolerably adiathermic, the temperature soon rises, and on the right side of the soles. It takes only about five minutes to get the boots comfortably warm. But on this side the water electric foot-warmers have been known for several years.

Electric train lighting apparatus is employed on some of the railroads in France. The storage system is used, each car carrying its own independent battery of sixteen cells. Six, eight, and ten candle power lamps are used, according to the class of the compartment. The batteries will furnish light for thirty-five hours.

"As an enhancement to beauty, electricity removes the hair of the bearded woman, and in its most romantic role it manufactures those most desired ornaments of the female face—dimples.

A foreign chemical journal describes experiments in the testing or analysis of milk by electrical currents, based upon the change of resistance of liquids by the addition of oil or grease.

Perhaps the most novel use to which electricity was ever applied was that of throwing light on horse racing, which was done successfully last summer in St. Louis in nocturnal trials of speed at the South side track.

A Quaker's Complexion Powder.

One day two ladies were walking down Chestnut street, says the Philadelphia *Times*, and as one of them turned to look after a receding glimpse of shirred bonnet, plain shawl, and full skirt she said: "Have you ever noticed what lovely complexions the Quakers always have? I must be at least twenty years younger than that sweet-faced Friend, but while her skin is as soft and fine as a baby's mine is losing quality. When I dust my face with powder it doesn't have the proper effect. It makes me look made up. I believe the secret is in the powder."

This set us thinking, and one day we sought out a dear old Quaker friend of ours. "Now, Sarah," we said, "thee can't deny that thee has a very beautiful complexion for a woman of thy years, and we know from its refined tint that thee uses powder, but we can't imagine a Friend in a cosmetic shop or even buying powder at a druggist's, so thee must tell us what thee uses."

Sarah is always easily amused, and she had a hearty laugh before she replied in her kindly way. "Well, well, child, I've no objection to giving thee my toilet secrets, though thee has a strange way of putting it, but I doubt not the apothecary would be much amazed at a request for complexion powder issuing from a plain bonnet. My powder preparation is very simple. After the laundress starches the collars and cuffs preparatory to ironing I direct her to pour off the water. I allude to the old-fashioned cold, clear starching, thee understands, and set the starch away to dry. Then I powder it and keep it in that little flat box."

We opened the "little flat box" Sarah pointed out and found it full of soft powder, collected from week to week, and when we dipped our handkerchief in and dusted the end of our nose and chin we found it more efficacious than the best that the dealers supply.

Renting Flowers and Plants.

A florist who has one of the largest greenhouses in the city derives no inconsiderable profit from the renting of flowers and plants for private concerts, public dinners, receptions, balls, weddings, church services, and even funerals, the things most in demand being palms and rubber trees. The charges for the use of these plants for a single evening seem pretty steep to the uninitiated. He explains why: "You think $50 too much for dressing Mrs. ——'s parlor last Tuesday? Come into the greenhouse. There, you see that palm? That was worth $30 Monday. I will sell it to anybody today for $10. The leaves are split, and two of the stalks are broken. And that is only one instance. We are suffering damages like that, and we have to charge a price that will insure us against too great a loss. Fifty dollars wouldn't cover the damage that is done to our property at some of the swell receptions."—*N. Y. Sun.*

There are about 300 women undertakers in the United States.

THE LATE SQUIRE ABINGDON.

His Prodigality Toward Mrs. Langtry—An Act of Charity.

That Abingdon Baird spent money lavishly goes without saying, but how lavishly is not realized, says a writer in the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. While Mrs. Langtry was playing in the "Queen of Monoa" last fall—and this it must be remembered was long after he had given her about $200,000 for knocking her down—she declared she was hard up, and one morning wrote Baird a note in which she asked for a good-sized loan without mentioning any amount. Baird did not get the note until just as he was going to catch a train, and he wrote the answer in a cab on a rough slip of paper. It was addressed to his man of affairs, who on reading it exclaimed to several of us who were sitting together in the Criterion cafe: "Blamed if the squire an't an easy mark. Hear what he says: 'Just got a note from Mrs. L. Let her have what she wants up to twenty thousand.'"

Just after Baird won the Derby with Merry Monarch in the jubilee year he was accosted on the street one night by a pallid wretch who asked for alms. Baird looked fixedly at the gaunt fellow, whose eyes were dim and horrible to look into, and asked the man who and what he was. He said he had been an engraver, but owing to partial loss of eyesight he had gone down hill until he was about at the bottom. "Where do you live?" said Baird. The man named a street down Whitechapel way and Baird, hailing a four-wheeler, pushed the beggar and a man who had been with the squire into the vehicle and told the cabman to drive to the place.

This was early in the evening. About midnight Baird turned up, looking grave, and perfectly sober. He stalked up to a party of racing men, some of whom had witnessed his departure, and was greeted with a number of jests and questions. Baird in his heavy way gave back retort for jest and swallowed a big glass of brandy. Then he called his secretary to one side and said: "Look here. I've seen something awful—a man, his wife, and eight children living or dying in one dirty hole of a room and nothing to eat—and damme if they an't honest yet. Tomorrow I want you to go somewhere down the river into the country and rent a cottage for twenty years in the name of this fellow's wife and fix up an annuity that'll give 'em a bit to buy bread and coal with. I can't get that woman's face out of my head, nor the children either, poor devils, and I'm blest if they shan't have a breath of fresh air and a chance to stay honest. You arrange it, mind you, tomorrow, and fetch me the papers to sign if I forget it." I don't admire men like Baird any more than my neighbors do, but I cannot refrain from telling this little story of what came under my own notice.

Isidor Wormser's Shave.

Isidor Wormser is worth five or six million dollars and is the head of one of the greatest banking houses in Wall street. His place of business is in the Mills building, opposite the stock exchange. He showed a gaping crowd in the street the other day how to wield a razor. About 2 o'clock he brought a high basket, used to receive the tape from the stock ticker, and deposited it in front of a window and set a mirror on top of it in order to get a good light. Then he took off his coat and vest and shirt, leaving his torso incased in an undershirt cut low in the neck and with short sleeves. Having thus prepared himself for operations he lathered his jowls and stropped his shining blade with much energy. Pedestrians in the street halted and people came to the windows in the offices opposite to behold the spectacle. Mr. Wormser nonchalantly proceeded. He drew the razor across his expansive left cheek, taking due care not to mow into his imperial or his mustache, which he cultivates in keeping with his Napoleonic appearance, in which he takes a pardonable pride. Just as he had got the first side of his face scraped to his satisfaction he was seen to make a hasty grab for a towel and his bottle of bay rum. He soused the towel with the rum and applied it to his face, after which he put on a black office coat, buttoned it up to his chin and disappeared. It turned out that he had a call from Henry Villard, of the Northern Pacific. After bowing Mr. Villard out, Mr. Wormser returned to the front windows, stripped off his coat and shaved the remaining side of his face.

A Fire Hunt.

At that time fire hunting used to be practiced to a considerable extent, and many deer were killed in that way, to say nothing of the live stock and cattle. I am very glad to say that this practice is now prohibited by law. I recall an amusing incident that happened to two of a planter's sons one night. The boys were hunting, the elder carrying the gun and the younger the pan of fire. Presently they beheld the eyes of a deer about twenty yards away, gazing in fascination at the light. "There he is," said the younger; "shoot him, Tom!" Tom immediately sighted between the staring eyes and shot. The boys heard a fall and a scuffling among the leaves and then the animal lay still. "We've killed him!" cried the small one gleefully. "We nothing," said the elder. "I killed him, Frank." Upon investigation it was found to be a favorite thoroughbred colt of their father's. "Whew!" said Tom; "we've killed Meteor." Frank. "We! the deuce!" said Frank. "You killed him, Tom."—*Charleston (S. C.) News.*

The Manderaggio, which is one of the quarters of Valetta, the capital of the island of Malta, is one of the most crowded spots on earth. In Valetta itself the proportion is 75,000 to the square mile, but in the Manderaggio 2,544 people dwell on a surface two acres and a half in extent, and this gives no less than 636,000 to the square mile, or 1,017.6 to the acre. In the most crowded town in Britain, Liverpool, the proportion is only 116.4 to the acre.

Lassoing a Runaway Horse.

Zach Prentice, keeper of a San Francisco bar-room and at one time a cowboy, recently saved a number of persons from harm by lassoing a runaway horse that was about to dash into the midst of them.