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Electric Light Flour
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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

VOL. 25, No. 38. RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1893. WHOLE No. 1285.

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Ho! Good people of Portage Co. Do you want Reliable Insurance? Then go to E. M. WALLER, who has just bought the M. A. King Fire Insurance Agency—the largest in the Co.—and is now giving his entire time to the Insurance business.
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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.
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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
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HEAD
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ACHE
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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.
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SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE

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The result is plainly manifested by the steadily increasing demand for our Clothing.
Immense Loads
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The weather will soon convince you that you must be supplied. Remember, then, that we can supply your wants at less cost than any one else in Portage County.

$10
Men's Black and Blue Single Breasted Sack and Cutaway Frock Suits - $10
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Men's All Wool Scotch Fancy Check Suits, All Styles, - - $10
Men's Fine All Wool Blue Suits, - $10

Our selection of the finest and ever shown Boys' Suits is without doubt largest in this section.

Good Boys Suits	90c
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The best quality of goods, excellent style, handsomely made Boys' Suits in Fancy Cheviots, Worsted, Unfinished Worsted, &c., $5.00, $5,50, $6.00, $6 50 and $7 00.
The Latest Novelties in Boys' Three Piece Suits, at prices to suit all buyers.
☞ We would especially call the attention of Mothers to our neat assortment of FAUNTLEROY WAISTS in White, Black, and neat patterns in Percale—they are DAISIES.—See the
Greatest Bargains Ever Offered in Pants
We closed out the entire production of Slater, Morais & Co., Boston. 563 Pairs, which we sell at 98c. per pair, worth from $1.50 to $2.00. The patterns are neat and stylish. No old chestnuts.
Our LINE OF Straw Hats
Comprises everything imaginable in the way of Straw Goods. For every day wear, we have them from a 5c Hat to as good as you want.

A Neat Straw Hat, Banded and Sweat Band	25c
Good Neat Straw Hats	35c
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The very finest in all other Braids—all desirable styles—at prices to suit all
☞ Remember the place—Poe Block, opposite Court House, Main St., Ravenna
B. Heskins The Rochester Clothing Mfg. Co., Manager.
☞ One-half R. R. Fare paid on purchases amounting to $5.00 and upwards.

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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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The Leading Drug Store
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE
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YOUR DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, FINE TOILET SOAPS, BRUSHES COMBS, ETC. FANCY ARTICLES; PERFUMERY IN GREAT VARIETY OF ODORS; MIXED PAINTS AND PAINTERS' BRUSHES.
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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.
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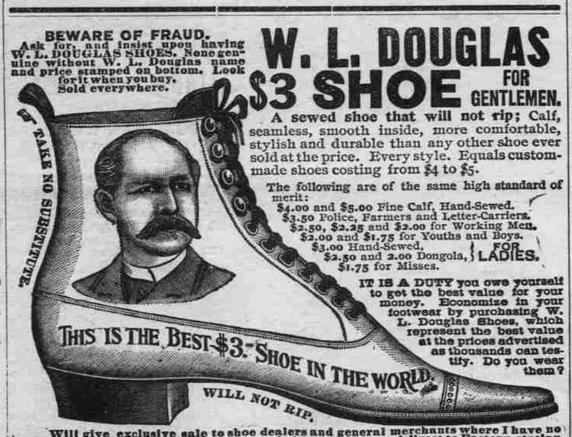
IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value at the prices advertised as thousands can testify. Do you wear them?



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Love's Service.

Love called to a young man winningly,
"Come, join the ranks of my company,
And take the field in my Service."

But the young man said: "There are other things
Than blushes and kisses and flowers and rings,
Of far more worth than your Service.

"There's business and sport and pleasure and art;
Your war is mere folly, your weapon a dart;
I've no time to spare for your Service."

Love turned lightly way when he heard the rebuff.
Of young volunteers there were more than enough
To fill up the ranks of his Service.

But time, passing by, made clear to the man
That they are the wisest who join when they can
The worshipful ranks of Love's Service.

So he offered to Love his jewels and coin;
Forgetting his age, he thought he would join
The throng who pressed to Love's Service.

But Love answered lightly, "The day has gone by.
A sere Autumn leaf is too old and too dry
For a garland worn in my Service

"You can buy if you like, a friendly regard,
And perhaps it may seem, if you try very hard,
As if you were in my Service.

"But the raw recruits for my household guard
I take from the young; the old are debarred
From taking the oath of my Service."

—Charles F. Johnson, in Temple Bar.

HIS FAIR PATIENT.

The gray dawn had begun to filter through the closed blinds at the foot of his bed and Dr. Banks had just settled himself for a final snooze when his night-bell rung furiously. The good doctor sprung up and put his head out of the window.

"What is wanted?" he called.

"Is that Dr. Banks?"

The voice was a clear treble, and he could distinguish a female form in the street below.

"Yes," he answered; "what do you want?"

"Oh, doctor," said the voice, tremulously, "please come with me at once. My sister is dying, I fear."

"I'll be right down," called the doctor, and, hurriedly dressing himself, he descended and opened the door.

"Come in," he said; "I will be with you immediately."

As his visitor stepped into the full blaze of the hall light the doctor saw that she was very beautiful. Her features, although pinched and pale, were clear cut and classic. Her voice was low and well modulated, and, in spite of her apparent poverty, she had an air of a woman of refinement.

The doctor was soon ready and together they left the house. She led him by many turns, through narrow streets, until she opened a door into a long, dark passage between two dwellings and passed in. The doctor followed her without hesitation. From the passage they emerged into a court on three sides of which faced a series of dismal and dirty tenements. Into one of these his conductress led him and up some rickety stairs. On the fourth landing she opened a door and entered an apartment. In a moment they stood beside a pallet on which lay a woman. The invalid stirred and, turning her wan face to them, asked feebly:

"Have you brought the doctor, Alice?"

"Yes, dearest," and turning to him: "Dr. Banks, this is my sister, Miss Carnold."

The change his name made on the sick woman was electric. From utter listlessness she was aroused to the intensest excitement. A deep flush overspread her face and her eyes sparkled like coals as she raised herself upon her elbow and gazed into his face.

"It is not he," she muttered; "yet—yes—there is a likeness!"

She paused and abruptly addressing the doctor said: "Had you ever a brother, Dr. Banks?"

Her voice was clear and resonant, in marked contrast to her previous mutterings. The doctor answered slowly and deliberately:

"Yes, madam."

"And his name was Henry."

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

A dark shade passed over his face.

"I do not know," he said; I have not heard from him for three years. The last word I had from him was a letter he wrote me from California, telling of his engagement to a San Francisco girl—a paragon of beauty and goodness."

"That paragon is before you—or rather the wreck your faithless brother has left of her."

The doctor caught his breath. "Miss Carnold," he said, "this is a terrible surprise to me! But, come now, your sister shall tell me all. Meanwhile you must not excite yourself, but must obey my directions strictly if you wish to get well."

The doctor found that hers was no organic trouble, but rather a general exhaustion of nature's powers arising from worry and insufficient food. He gave her a quieting potion and she fell into a gentle slumber. He then asked Miss Alice to give him an account of how the trouble with his brother had happened.

In answer she related that her sister had met Henry Banks at a reception. He was young and handsome and had won her heart. Her father gave his consent to their marriage and the day was set. Then followed Mr. Carnold's death and the fall from wealth to poverty. He left nothing but his debts. But the climax of their trouble came when Henry Banks disappeared, leaving a letter for his fiancee stating that he had decided to start anew elsewhere and she would never see him again. The two women had worked their way to New York, hoping to meet friends of their father, who once lived there, but only to find them dead. They had then rented their present apartments and eked out a scanty living by taking in sewing. Under the severe strain Mary's health gave way and she was prostrated. The younger sister, on her way for a physician, had been attracted by Dr. Bank's sign and had sought his aid. When she had finished her recital the doctor was silent for a time.

"Miss Carnold," he said at last, "these surroundings are not congenial to you. Now I have a proposition to make, which I beg you will accept in the same spirit that it is offered. The second floor of my house is vacant and I want you to occupy it. When your sister is well enough to remove we will take her there and you shall be more comfortable."

Alice's only answer was to burst into tears. The tender-hearted doctor sat down beside her and took her hand.

"Won't you consider me your friend, Miss Carnold," he said earnestly, "and accept this offer?"

She raised her lovely, tear-stained face and their eyes met.

"Dr. Banks," she exclaimed, "your kindness quite overpowers me. Perhaps I ought to doubt you and spurn your proposal, but I am going to accept, for it seems to me that Providence has sent you to me."

"I trust that I shall prove a true emissary of Providence," he answered.

Two weeks passed. The invalid, thanks to her improved circumstances and the doctor's care, was so much improved as to be able to sit up. The doctor spent his evenings with the ladies when not professionally engaged, and charming companions he found them. One evening while they were engaged in an animated conversation the doctor's door bell rang and, excusing himself, he went below. As he opened the door a tall, fine-looking man stepped in the hall. He stood there a moment and then said in a low voice:

"James!"

"Harry!" exclaimed the other, springing forward and dragging him into the light. "Is it you, my dear boy! Where have you been these three years? Come in and get warmed up."

When they were seated before the cheerful grate fire James said:

"Hal, tell me, why did you desert your fiancee in her hour of need?"

"Good heavens, man! Who told you that? I did not desert her. My story is a strange one and but for the most substantial proofs I could never convince you of its veracity. But how did you hear of this?"

"From your fiancee. The Misses Carnold are living up-stairs in the utmost poverty."

The other sprung to his feet. "Oh, let me go to her!" he cried. "Do not detain me!"

"No; you must wait," said his brother, quietly. "It would kill her to see you suddenly in her weak state. I will prepare her for the meeting. But first tell me about your disappearance. You wrote to Miss Carnold saying that you had decided to start anew and that she would never see you again. That sounds like desertion, doesn't it?"

Hal uttered an exclamation of surprise. "It was a forgery!" he cried, indignantly. "I never wrote such a letter. As I intimated to you, mine is a strange story and this, I suppose, is but another chapter.

"Mr. Carnold, Mary's father, the day before he died, intrusted to my care a mortgage which he held on a gold-mine claim in southern California and which he had intended to foreclose in three weeks. He wished me to take possession of the claim and run it for his daughters' benefit, as this was their sole support. I consented and as soon as I left him placed the precious document in a safe-deposit vault.

"Mr. Carnold died the next day and in the confusion and sorrow I forgot to mention the mortgage to the girls. That evening sitting in my room, I fell asleep. I woke to find myself securely bound and gagged. To make a long story short, I was carried to a cab, conveyed a long way from the city to a lonely spot and there kept prisoner, being guarded day and night by two of my four armed attendants.

"After two years of this sort of life, I succeeded in making my escape while my guards were in a drunken stupor after a day of debauch. I reached San Francisco in safety, foreclosed the mortgage and caused the arrest of all concerned in my detention. Their cases come up in the November term. The mine was now the property of the girls, but no trace of them could I find; they had disappeared. I then came on and sought you. Like a fairy story, isn't it?"

"It certainly is, my dear Hal," answered James when his brother had finished the recital of his adventures. "I will run up now and break the news to Mary and Alice."

"A tiresome patient," he said, as he entered the room. "But I have learned through him that my brother Henry is well, and, what will be good news to you, that he has been totally blameless in the matter of his supposed desertion."

He then related his brother's story, being careful to conceal the fact that the mortgage interested them in any way.

"And so your brother is a rich miner now?" said Mary. "I hope Dr. Banks, you will do all in your power to keep us apart."

"I will do nothing of the sort, Miss Carnold. He is anxious to see you, I understand."

"But do you not see that we are miserably poor and he is a wealthy man?" she said, sadly.

"Suppose I tell you," he answered, "that you are both rich. Suppose I tell you that the mortgage was left by your father in my brother's care for your maintenance and that the gold mine is yours."

The two women sprang up with exclamations of surprise, but the imperturbable doctor said to Mary, as he gently forced her back into her seat:

"Come, now, Miss Carnold, I see I must exercise my authority. You must not excite yourself; you are still very weak. Besides—well, there's another patient," he added, interrupting himself, as the bell rung vigorously. As he left the room he said, mysteriously:

"If the patient proves to be a friend of yours I will bring him up."

In a short time there were footsteps on the stairs—a knock—a cry—and the long-separated lovers were clasped in each other's arms.

"What a joyous reunion!" said Dr. Banks as he and Alice Carnold sat apart watching the happy pair. "But do you realize that it means a separation to us, unless—unless you wish to avoid it."

The beautiful head drooped to hide her blushes, but she did not answer.

"Alice, darling," he continued passionately, "when first I saw those lovely, imploring eyes of yours I loved you. Now you are a rich woman and I only a poor doctor——"

"Hush! dear," said she interrupting him; "I am rich indeed, with such a love as yours. Take me, unworthy as I am, for you are my life."—*Robert H. Lockwood.*

Tact.

The value of a little tact is illustrated in a story which dates back many years ago. One of the last important measures of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, before Maine was made a state, was to negotiate with the Penobscot Indians for the purchase of their rights in a large tract of land, and some very eminent gentlemen were selected to carry out the bargain.

After the signing of the deed with all due formality by the assembl Sagamores at Bangor it was necessary for them to "acknowledge it," as the legal phrase is. One of the stately commissioners held up the paper and asked "if they acknowledged it to be their free act and deed."

The result was the red men gathered their blankets around them and relapsed into a state of stoical indifference, giving no sign of a reply. Gen. Blake, who was present, had had much to do with the Indians and saw at once that they did not understand what he formality required of them meant.

"Let me try," he said, taking the paper. Turning to the head chief he said: You willing—and all the rest of the Indians?"

"Oui! Oui!" they all cried in answer, showing as much willingness as they had hitherto of reserve. — *Waverly Magazine.*

HAVE TIME ON THEIR SIDE.

Why We Americans Have No Right to Criticise English Pronunciation.

"You people over here," said an Englishman at one of the down-town hotels, "are always talking about the absurdity of our method of pronouncing proper names. You want all names of places and men pronounced phonetically, and at the same time you depart further from the actual spelling in the pronunciation of proper names than any people in the world. You are too fond of throwing stones and forgetting you live in glass houses.

"Who under heaven—to take one instance out of scores that I know of—would think of saying 'Connetticlt' for Connecticut? Your papers are full of paragraphs about the ridiculous Englishmen who don't know anything about orthography or orthepy, and consequently call Norwich 'Norrich,' or Cholmondeley 'Chumley.' That is all right and quite true. We have been told a hundred times that Beauchamp ought not to be pronounced 'Beecham,' or Beloir 'Beaver.' But how do you account for such a mispronunciation as 'Loozyanna' for Louisiana? Who on earth would suspect that Utah is to be termed 'Utaw,' or Omaha 'Omahaw?'

"You people have been accustomed to talking that way all your lives and it comes natural to you, but you forget that we have similarly heard of 'Norrich' and 'Grinnich' before we learned to talk.

"In England you will find as a rule that people pronounce Massachusetts 'Ma-*satch-azettes*.' Absurd? Of course it is, but how are you going to tell? The rule by which it is pronounced 'Massachoosetts' is purely arbitrary. Similarly we generally call Alleghany 'A-*leg*-any,' with the accent on the 'leg.' To anyone who has never heard the word pronounced it comes as natural to say one as the other.

"The most curious of all your mispronunciations are perhaps the adapted French names. How in the name of the eternal fitness of things do you get 'Soo Saint Mary' out of Sault Ste. Marie? How do you get 'De Moynes' out of Des Moines, especially when you pronounce 'Des Plaines' as you do? It sets one's teeth on edge to hear an American pronounce either of the names anyway, and 'Terry Hut' for Terre Haute is just a little worse. It is unaccountable, too, how you came to call Prairie du Chien 'Prairie doo Sheen.'

"It is easy to multiply instances. 'Arkansaw,' 'Wawbash,' 'Tollifer' for Talliaferro, 'Bute, Montanna,' for Butte, Montana—there are any quantity. Of course you have a right to arrange your own pronunciation, but give us the same liberty. We at least have the excuse that our names are ten or fifteen centuries old and have had opportunity to grow naturally corrupted in the lapse of time."

BEGINNINGS OF AN INVENTOR.

In His Boyhood He Conquered a Gander and Never Forgot It.

A Berlin correspondent sends to the N. Y. *Tribune* a letter about Werner von Siemens, the famous inventor, who died recently in that city. The whole city, and indeed the whole of Germany, was in mourning for him. Among those who felt his death most keenly were the poor of Berlin, thousands of whom he had helped by his generosity. In his "Memoirs," which he completed only a short time before his last illness, he dwells upon an incident of his boyhood, trifling in itself, that had a great influence upon his subsequent career. It was nothing more than a victory over a gander.

His younger sister, he says, was sent by her mother to get some trifle in the barn. She returned a minute later crying, because a terrible gander had tried to attack her as she passed the barnyard gate.

A second attempt on her part was equally unsuccessful. Then an appeal was made to Werner.

"My father," he writes, "gave me a stick and told me to use it when attacked by the gander, and all would go well. With my sister I opened the gate, and the bird, hissing and with bended neck, started toward us. My sister, crying, clung close to me.

"I wished to flee, but remembering my father's words, I marched toward the gander with my eyes shut and brandishing my stick to the right and left. True enough, the bird turned and ran away and we accomplished our errand."

To the boy it was a great victory and he never forgot it. In after life, whenever he was near becoming discouraged before some almost insuperable difficulty, he remembered the gander, and shutting his eyes, as he used to say, he pushed on to a new triumph.

His first patent was applied for from a prison cell. After graduation from the artillery school in Berlin he was attached to a regiment in Wittenberg. Here he acted as second in a duel and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. In his cell, however, he was allowed to fit up a laboratory and continue the scientific experiments on which he had been engaged.

Within a month after his incarceration he perfected his method of galvanic gilding and applied for a patent. It was granted and a pardon with it. Probably a pardon was never received with less glee.

Siemens had other experiments under way in his workshop and begged to be allowed to remain till they were finished, but the keeper told him that such a course would be an insult to the king, and sent him forth.

Madam Had Her Way.

In the parlor car sat a richly dressed young woman tenderly holding a very small poodle. "Madam," said the conductor as he punched her ticket, "I am very sorry, but you can't have your dog in this car."

"I shall hold him in my lap all the way," she replied, "and he will disturb no one."

"That makes no difference," said the conductor, "I couldn't allow my own dog here. Dogs must ride in the baggage car. I'll fasten him all right for you——"

"Don't you touch my dog, sir," said the young woman excitedly. "I will trust him to no one." And, with indignant tread, she marched to the baggage car, tied her dog, and returned. About fifty miles farther on, when the conductor came along again, she asked him, "Will you tell me if my dog is all right?" "I am very sorry," said the conductor politely, "but you tied him to a trunk and he was thrown off with it at the last station."—*Pittsburg Times.*

The Rubber.

"I made an angel cake that was elegant and one that was awful," said Maud. "This is the third, and it will decide as to whether or not I can be considered an expert." "I could tell this was the rubber," said Harry as he tried the cake; it tastes like it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The oldest tree on earth is said to be the Boo tree in the sacred city of Amarapoora, Burmah. It was planted in the year 288 B. C.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

TOLD EXCEEDINGLY TOUGH YARNS.

How a Nebraska Youth Sought to While Away Time on a Train.

"I was traveling from Chicago to Denver several weeks ago," remarked a young Nebraskan to a N. Y. *Herald* man, "when there came into the car and sat beside me a sanctimonious individual whom I thought looked particularly gullible. He was dressed in gray and was evidently—so, at least, I thought—some itinerant clergyman.

"Well, I was feeling pretty good, and to while away the time I started in by telling him some of my western yarns. He was very courteous, and listened to my 'hairbreadth escapes' and Indian stories with evident interest. That he believed every word I uttered I didn't for one moment entertain a doubt. He finally asked me where I lived, and I, selecting a town in Idaho at random, replied that my home was at Arrowville; that I was born there, in fact.

"I had but just returned, I told him, from a German university, where I had taken a course in mining engineering. He appeared very much interested and I went on to tell him more about myself.

"My father, I continued, had settled in Arrowville early in the '50's, had stolen a young Indian squaw after killing her buck, had married her and I was the result of the union.

"'You hardly appear to have had an Indian mother,' he remarked, glancing at my blond head and light complexion. I thought he was growing more interested, so I continued to pile it on.

"'My father,' said I, 'is the owner of the Red Dog mine, and is, I suppose, worth as much money as any man in the territory. He really built the town, you know, or rather you would know if you should ever happen to stay in that town over night.'

"My companion looked me over scrutinizingly, and I continued: 'Why, there's the town of Shasta, right near Arrowville. It was raided by the Indians four years ago. They had an awful fight over there, I assure you. My father alone killed a half dozen of the painted devils with his trusty rifle. A great town is Shasta. Bound to be a metropolis some day. There's an English syndicate going to invest several millions of dollars in land in that vicinity.'

"Here," continued the speaker, "my friend in gray looked out of the window and an amused smile stole over his features. Finally turning toward me and looking me squarely in the eyes, he remarked:

"'It is very strange, young man, that I have never heard of any of these things before. I have lived in Arrowville, Idaho, for the last fifteen years. I am the mayor of the town.'

"Gentlemen," observed the disciple of Munchausen, "I was the worst broke up man you ever saw. Take my advice; never judge a man by his appearance—at least not on a railroad train."

TWO SARCASTIC GIRLS.

They Get Into an Argument Over Their Lovers, but Come Out About Even.

I was amused at the conversation between two young girls at Ilion the other evening. It ran something like this, and shows that femininity is the same the world over:

"My, Carrie, what a lovely hat you have."

"Do you think so?" (with a pleased smile). "Why, I think it is just horrid. I've told mamma every time that I put it on that I would never wear it again."

"Why, I think it is the most becoming thing you ever wore."

"Do you? Now I think that veil you have got is the most bewitching thing I ever saw. If I had your style——"

"Now, how mean you are," blushingly: "I know you are making fun of me."

"Indeed I am not," indignantly. "Oh, where did you get that lovely pin? I think it is the prettiest thing I have ever seen."

"Well, I will tell you. Charlie gave it to me—but you must never, never tell. I told mamma that Ella B—— gave it to me, for she doesn't believe in my having a fellow, you know."

"How mean! I think your Charlie is the sweetest fellow I ever saw, with the exception of my Fred. You know that Charlie squints, and ——

"Squints! Who squints?"

"Why Charlie does, and ——"

"Well, if he does squint he hasn't got red hair. If my fellow had hair as red as your Fred has, I ——"

"Well," indignantly, "if he has got red hair he don't have to carry a telescope or a compass or a field glass or a sextant to find out where he is at. Charlie went down by the electric light works at Little Falls the other night. He heard the engine in the works puffing away. Being nearsighted he couldn't see where he was. He was found there standing patiently in the morning, and a Central switchman noticed him and went up to him and asked him what he was doing there. 'Waiting for the train to go by,' he said, pointing to the electric light works."

"Oh, you mean thing! You just made that up out of whole cloth. Anyway, your Fred is accused of setting fire to the buildings destroyed in Little Falls. I heard that he laid down in the hay at the Rockton barn and his hair set fire ——"

As there was a strong prospect of a fight right at this point the observer got away from the scene as quickly as possible.—*Little Falls Budget.*

A Proud Welsh Boy.

A proud Welsh boy at school hearing that an English duke employed six men cooks during the period that he kept open house or rather open castle in the north sneered at the alleged magnificence.

"My father does better than that," said Griffithap Jones. "At our very last party before I left Cmydrdlmnyndryd we had twenty-four men cooks, all employed in dressing the supper."

This would have gone down easily and Griffithap Jones would have established his paternal magnificence forever had not a companion of an inquiring turn of mind discovered the real state of the case and announced to his school fellows that, although the Welshman had spoken truly, the company at the supper to which he alluded consisted of twenty-four of his near relatives and that every man toasted his own cheese.—*Waverley Magazine.*

All Was Prepared.

Her very air pronounced her a bride of the times. Yesterday was the wedding morn. A calm, nineteenth century kiss did she imprint upon the cheek of the man who was to lead her to the altar. She was glad to see him she said. "And now," she proceeded, consulting a slip of paper which she drew from the folds of her gown, "is everything in readiness?" "It is," rejoined the groom, bowing affectionately. "Let me see!" The expression of earnest meditation was evidently becoming to her. She was unquestionably pretty as she stood there. "Have you the license?" He produced the document. "Good. Railroad tickets?" "Yes." "Carriage for minister?" "Certainly." Still she was not satisfied. "Dearest," she rested her hand upon his arm and gazed eagerly into his face, "have you found a man to buy the duplicate presents?" For reply he clasped her to his heart. "Then," she exclaimed, radiant with joy, "let the ceremony proceed." A moment later the bridal procession moved into the church.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

Injury Beyond Repair.

The lissome form of the beautiful woman was shaken by the convulsions of her grief, and the fixed look of dumb, hopeless misery in her dark eyes was pitiful beyond words.

"Marian, Marian, for your own sake, be calm," entreated her friend as she knelt by her side and tenderly removed the hands that covered the hot, tear-stained face. "Tell me what it all means, dear."

"I cannot, I cannot," was the dull, listless reply. "No—ne, I never can tell anyone."

"You must, you shall," insisted the other firmly, "I cannot see all the brightness crushed out of your life without sharing the burden with you, sweet. Perhaps it will make you feel better."

"Nothing can do that now; but I will tell you. It is best you should know all, perhaps; you—you remember that horrid creature from Cadillac whom I engaged as cook this week? Oh, I thought she was such a paragon. So young and modest and dainty in her ways. I—I had every confidence in her. And this morning I happened to step into the dining room just as there was a great crash in the kitchen. I opened the door quickly and saw my new soup tureen lying in fragments on the floor and my husband kissing the cook."

"The monster!" hissed her friend.

"Yes," sobbed the stricken woman. "It was the loveliest piece of china in the house."—*Grand Rapids Democrat.*

How He Won Butler's Consent.

Apropos of the Gen. Butler stories that are going the rounds, here is a true one: "I had an important law case on," said a Wakefield gentleman the other day. "I knew no one could win that case for me but Gen. Butler. He was in Washington at the time. I went to Washington, and, after hard scrabbling for two days got an audience with him. He said he wouldn't take my case for $1,000 a day. He had more work on his hands now, he said, than he could attend to; and he went about his work right then.

"'General,' I said. 'I was born in the same town with you.'

"He grunted, but wasn't otherwise affected that I could see.

"'Do you remember little Miss——? And you remember the boy who used to send notes to her, and the boy who used to take them? I am the boy who took the notes.'

"'And I am the boy who sent them,' said the General. He held out his hand. 'I guess I'll take your case after all,' he said, and he did, and won it."—*Boston Globe.*

The Grocer And The Pretty Girl.

She is pretty and pert, and as she enters the grocery store the eyes of the proprietor follow her round in silent admiration. She asks for celery, and while she is trying to make up her mind as to whether she will take a ten cent bunch or a thirteen cent bunch she eats nuts out of a basket and throws the shells on the floor.

The eyes of the proprietor still follow her, but there is a different look in their depth. After having nibbled at some dates, whose stones follow the shells, she tries some crackers, sample some cheese, and finally decides on the ten cent bunch of celery, which she requests the groceryman to "send round as soon as possible."

With a final grab at a handful of nuts she makes her way out, leaving a trail of shells, stones and cracker crumbs.

The grocer orders the boy to "sweep up," and spends the rest of the evening in trying to calculate how much he lost on that bunch of celery.

Princess Kaiulani as a Schoolgirl.

The Princess Kaiulani was educated quite democratically in an English boarding-school. Harrowden Hall was the name of the institution, and Mrs. Sharp was the name of the mistress of the establishment. Mrs. Sharp permitted the neighboring town of Willingborough to see very little of her royal charge. Kaiulani was very little trouble and remarkably like any other schoolgirl. She went through the school curriculum of accomplishments in the ordinary way, showing much aptitude, but no very lively enthusiasm. Full of fun, natural, gracious, affectionate, and very much addicted to catching up slang phrases, the Princess made herself extremely popular with her schoolmates, who called her Kaiulani with all the numerous endearments beloved of schoolgirlhood. It has been stated that she is beautiful, and she is certainly very good looking, with a pair of glorious dark eyes, clear olive skin, and a great quantity of wavy hair. A photograph of her is in the possession of a great many of the Harrowden Hall girls, given by herself, nearly always with affectionate words on the back, together with her signature.

Wasps are paper manufacturers.

There are forty-one log schoolhouses in the state of New York.

Elongated ear lobes are considered a mark of beauty in Borneo.

The moon gives out heat enough to affect the thermometer and make a difference of 2 or 3 degrees.

A new Missouri statute makes it a penitentiary offense for a husband to desert his wife until they have lived together for at least ten years.