What Do You Eat?
Electric Light Flour
Has Long Been a Favorite.
The mill has just been remodeled, and the Flour is better than ever.
IF YOU LIKE GOOD BREAD
GIVE IT A TRIAL.
Electric Light Flour is made by
WORK & CO.
only, but SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

Vol. 25, No. 51. RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1893. Whole No. 1298.

Union Roller Mills.
P. O. WOOD, - - - Proprietor,
"SATISFACTION" FLOUR!
Every Sack Warranted.
—AND—
ALL KINDS of MILL FEED
AT LOWEST PRICES.

CAPITAL, $100,000.
SURPLUS, $20,000.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF RAVENNA, OHIO.
CHAS. MERTS, President.
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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.
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Business Cards.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I. H. PHELPS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
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Office, Room 18, Riddle Block,
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FOR SALE
—OR—
Exchange.
GOOD RESIDENCE PROPERTY in Ravenna for Sale, or will exchange for small Farm.
B. F. BOOSINGER.

The Quaker Mills!
Will continue to pay the highest market price for WHEAT AND OATS, and will have for sale a full line of Mill Feed. Also, Baled Hay and Straw. Goods delivered free of charge in Corporation. Telephone No. 3.
THE AMERICAN CEREAL CO.

COAL.
We are Headquarters for
Best Hard Coal!
See us before buying.
MORGAN & SON.

Let Us Show You

How to make your Dollars go the farthest. Our main object is to unload. If a reduced price will stimulate trade these two hot months, our prices will do it. When we say we will make GREAT REDUCTIONS, you can depend on it. WE'VE SAID SO, and we mean it, and it's going to be done, no difference how hot it is; and the hotter it gets, the greater reduction it will be necessary to make to do it, that is,

REDUCE OUR STOCK

To make room for Fall Goods.

It's good Goods, and desirable ones, worth coming after, we're calling your attention to.

25 Per Cent. Reduction

On All Summer Apparel

Includes everything in the way of Summer Goods.

Men's Hot Weather Negigee Shirt BARGAINS!

We have placed on sale in our Shirt Department 47 dozen Men's best patterns Madras and Cheviot Cloth Negligee Shirts at ..... 73c.

Worth from $1.00 to $1.25 each.

A GRAND SUCCESS!

Our last week's sale to be continued for the benefit of the public.

Suits Worth $10.00 and $12.00, now $8.00;
" 7.50 " 9.00, " 6.50;
" 6.00 " 7.00, " 5.00.

In looking over the papers, you come upon the preceding announcements. The dealers who make such offers (?) seek to convey the impression that they are giving something away. They are not, because the Suits thus offered you wouldn't care to wear.

HOW DIFFERENT, though, are those bought of the

Rochester * Clothing * House

They are Elegant, Stylish, Neat, Substantial, and of moderate cost

TOO MANY PANTS

Cassimere Pants, worth $3.00 and $3.50, now $2.25
All Wool Pants, " 3.75 " 4.00, " 3.25
Cassimere and Worsted Pants, worth $4.50 and $5.00, now .. 3.75

All Summer Hats
Reduced to 1-2 Former Prices

We will not say any more; but if you doubt our word, come and see for yourself.

Rochester Clothing Mfg. Co.
MAIN ST. RAVENNA, OHIO.
B. HESKINS MANAGER.

RISDON & TAYLOR,

GROCERIES, * TABLE DELICACIES ON THE SIDE.

PROVISIONS, *

FAMILY SUPPLIES

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

PRICES AT THE BOTTOM.

Ravenna, O

MONEY IS TIGHT!

You may not know the full meaning of a tight money market, but you know the results. Everybody wants money just when nobody seems to have any. We found this true with manufacturers of Buggies the past month. They had the work and desired an offer.

WHO HAS MONEY?

Was the cry. We made offers and now have our warerooms full of as fine work as can be found.

During August Will Make
Prices Unheard of in Northern Ohio.

We are not talking to "blow," but we, too, must turn the work for reasons assigned. Stock stored in our warerooms does no good. We desire to interest any one who can use anything in our line, such as

Surries, Folding or Stationary Seat.
Buggies,
Road Wagons,
Express Wagons,
Carts,
Farm Implements, Etc.
Will make extremely low prices on
Fly Nets and Summer Goods.

You may not know it, but we have converted the second floor of our store building into

A Young Harness Factory

and are employing more men than any shop in the county, making Fine Hand Work a Specialty, for both retail and wholesale trade.

Come in and see us and you will find the second chapter decidedly more interesting.

Yours for Business,
T. F. THOMPSON.

My House In the Air.

I notice the house that I built in the air,
With Architect Fancy to plan it,
With clapboards of clouds and with shingles of mist
And with paint of aerial amethyst,
Stands more firmly the shock of Time's rude wear and tear,
And is not so like to get out of repair
As my house with foundation of granite.

And though scoffers may jeer at my house in the air
With the gibes that are glib and sarcastic,
Those hard-headed fellows of dollars and cents,
Whose whole life consists in collection of rents,
Have never yet been in my parlor up there,
And sat in my easy and dream-haunted chair
In the waving cloud turrets fantastic.

No mortgage, ye thrifty collectors of rents,
Can clap on my cloud-bosomed mansion;
No real estate broker can enter its walls,
For the drawbridge comes up and the portcullis falls;
Hence, ye vulgar profane, with your pride and pretense,
No welcome for you; so arise and go hence,
From this home of the soul's expansion.

Then stay with your ledgers, and cipher and plan,
And jeer at the house of my vision;
I, snugly ensconced in its vapory walls,
Or walking entranced in its shadowy halls,
Can laugh in my turn at your cliphering clan,
That has made such a tragic distortion of man,
And hold your whole tribe in derision.

—S. W. Foss in the Yankee Blade.

LOYAL.

At the school-room window of a handsome house situated in the suburbs of Boston stood Marion Allyn; there was a pensive look upon her intelligent face, while her expressive eyes gazed long and anxiously out upon a fast-deepening April twilight.

With a sigh Marion turned as the rustle of a woman's dress reached her ear and her cousin Lillian swept into the room, her silken skirts trailing over the carpet.

"I declare, Marion, it's too bad!" she pettishly exclaimed. "You promised to finish draping my skirt as soon as the children were through their lessons and here it is almost dark and you are wasting your time staring out of the window!"

"Oh, Lillian, I am so sorry! I will go at once!"

"Yes, that is always the way; you are sorry when it is too late. Mamma said this afternoon that unless you changed for the better she should send you away to earn your own living."

"Very well, Lillian, I am ready to go at any moment; I have been thinking seriously of speaking to uncle about seeking employment elsewhere. For a year I have been an overworked servant in his house, without even the privilege of resting when I am tired. At the worst I can certainly earn enough to clothe myself and that will save me the humiliation of wearing your cast-off clothing."

As Marion left the room Lillian sunk into a chair, more astounded than she had ever been in her life.

"I am glad she is roused at last," she thought. "Mamma must get rid of her at once, for I do not feel safe while she is in the house. What if she and Arnold should meet after all my scheming for the last year to keep them apart? Oh, it would be too cruel! It was a brilliant idea to suppress that letter. He certainly must have been crazy to think of marrying a penniless girl—and with his position, too! Well, he is becoming very attentive and if I manage right I shall be Mrs. Arnold Gray in the near future."

The draping finished, Marion helped her beautiful cousin to dress. She put the finishing touches to the elegant toilet, her hands trembling with weariness.

"Can I be of any more assistance?" she asked. "If not I will go to my room. My head aches and I am very tired."

"Yes, you can bring my fan and gloves down-stairs. I may want you to fasten my cloak for me. While you are here you must make yourself useful."

In utter silence Marion followed her cousin down to the brilliantly lighted drawing-room where Mrs. Allyn awaited her daughter.

"My love, you look charming tonight," she said. "You will captivate hearts by the score." And mother and daughter swept from the room without one kind word for the patient girl who had served them so faithfully.

Lillian Allyn was the belle of the ball and she certainly looked lovely enough to satisfy any man's idea of womanly beauty, or so Arnold Gray thought as he watched the graceful girl dressed in pink, with clusters of creamy roses at her corsage and in her waving golden hair. None knew of the craft and malice hidden under that fair exterior.

Making his way through the crowd he sought her side.

"Miss Allyn," he asked, "may I dare hope you have reserved one dance for me?"

Lillian started as the musical, winning tones fell upon her ear. Of all the men she had ever met this was the only one who had touched the spoiled, selfish girl's heart. A flush stained her cheeks as she coquettishly answered:

"I am not sure that you deserve to be remembered after remaining away until this late hour."

"I admit it. I deserve any punishment you choose to inflict. Now that I have suitably humbled myself may I hope for forgiveness and favor?"

"Yes—but remember, you are not to offend in the same manner again."

The dainty white hand resting upon Arnold's arm trembled slightly, the long lashes drooped over the pansy-blue eyes as the young man gazed for one moment into the beautiful face raised so confidingly to his. But with a deep sigh he thought:

"Strange that Marion has never informed her cousin of her whereabouts! Her treatment of me is surprising from one of her gentle nature. She must have received my letter, for she was at her uncle's when I wrote it. I I have tried to forget her, but in vain; my heart still remains loyal to its first love. Poor child! Although she scorned me I cannot rest until I know she is prosperous and happy."

* * * * * *

It was a balmy day in May. The spring flowers were in bloom, throwing out their odors upon the still air; birds twittered in the trees close to the spot where, prone upon the ground, the sunshine gently kissing her dark hair, lay Marion Allyn, sobbing heart-brokenly.

Presently Lillian, with the latest novel in her hand, sauntered by. Giving one scornful glance at the prostrate form of her cousin, she said:

"Marion, you know you are going to-morrow morning and that I expect you to finish my traveling dress. Come into the house at once."

"Give me a few moments, Lillian. I want to think awhile."

"Very well; but take my advice and don't think about Arnold Gray. I saw you spying upon us last evening as we walked in the garden."

"Lillian, you are telling an untruth! I came into the grounds for air and I did not see you until you were almost upon me. I was not even aware that you and Mr. Gray were such good friends."

"And you are jealous, perhaps?"

"No; I have no right to interfere with Mr. Gray's movements."

"I should say not, indeed, after he so coolly threw you over when you lost your money. Oh, don't defend him, as I see you are about to do. It is hardly necessary for any one to vindicate Arnold to his promised wife." And with a laugh Lillian walked toward the house.

"His wife! And I loved him so!"

Marion buried her face deeper in the soft grass, feeling that the sun for her had ceased to shine. But a strong arm gently raised the drooping figure and she was folded in a loving embrace.

"Arnold!" she gasped.

"Yes, darling, it is I. I heard what that girl said, but it is false, Marion! I now feel sure that she kept the letter I sent you the day after you became an inmate of your uncle's home. I never asked but one woman to be my wife and I hold her to my heart. Darling, I know you love me and am satisfied. If a doubt of you ever crossed my mind it went no deeper, for my heart was always loyal to my love."

Next morning Marion left her uncle's house forever. Three weeks later the Allyns received cards for a reception to be held at Mrs. Gray's in honor of a very dear relative who was staying with them for a few days.

"Oh, mamma, I wonder who she is!" cried Lillian in swift alarm. "Arnold has not been her lately; suppose he has fallen in love with this person——"

"Never fear, my dear. Now that Marion is out of the way you are sure to win," said the self-satisfied mother. "And she is safe enough in Milldale with the lady to whom your father recommended her."

As the mother and daughter entered the elegant drawing-room Lillian whispered:

"I did not know it was going to be such a grand affair, mamma!"

"My dear, the Grays never do things by halves. Is not that Arnold with the lady in white?"

"Yes; who can she be? She looks strangely familiar."

Just then Mrs. Gray swept gracefully toward her guests and in her charming way said:

"Have you been presented to my son's wife?"

"His wife?"

"Yes. I believe she is a relative of yours. Marion, my dear, have you welcomed your aunt and cousin?"

A mist swam before Lillian's eyes; she did not see the outstretched hand of Arnold Gray's bride—a hand extended in true forgiveness, and love; she felt herself sinking, and her mother's voice sounded at a distance as she said with the self-possession of a worldly woman:

"Marion! My love, I am so pleased! Your cousin is quite overcome by your good fortune! We must give a reception in your honor at once."

"Thank you," said Arnold, while Marion smiled her acknowledgments. "I have no doubt that my wife feels grateful to you for your kindness, but as we start to-morrow for a tour abroad it will be some time before Mrs. Gray will have the pleasure of visiting her relatives."—*Waverley Magazine.*

NOTHING HIDDEN IN CHINA.

Everybody There Knows All About What Is Done by His Neighbor.

"In China a 'private house' is unknown. Any one can go anywhere, and if there is the least provocation he will do so." So said the Rev. A. H. Smith, after many years of missionary service in that country, to a writer for the *Youth's Companion.* To shut the door is a bad sign. "What is going on within that he dare not admit his fellow townsmen?" people are likely to say. There are no newspapers, no objects of general and human interest to attract attention, and as men and women must be interested in something, it is natural that they should be fond of neighborly gossip. From Mr. Smith's account of the matter it is plain how very little Chinese and Yankees have in common.

Every Chinese has relatives beyond all count or remembrance. His wife has as many more. His married children add to the every-widening circle. By the time he is 60 years of age a man is related to hundreds upon hundreds of individuals, each of whom is entirely conscious of the relationship, and does not forget or ignore it.

Not only do all the members of this army of relatives feel themselves entitled to know all the details of one's affairs, but the relatives—a swarm branching into infinity—will perhaps do the same. If a man is rich, or a magistrate, they certainly will do it.

One cannot make a business trip to sell watermelons, to buy mules, to collect a debt, of which every one will not speedily know all that is to be known. Chinese memories are treasure houses of everything relative to cash and to dates.

How much land each man owns, when it was acquired, when pawned and when redeemed, how much was expended at the funeral of his mother, and the wedding of his son, how the daughter-in-law is liked at the village into which she was married, the amount of her dowry, what bargain was made with the firm that let the bridal chair, all these items and a thousand more everybody knows and never forgets.

Though two men at a fair may do their bargaining with their fingers concealed in their capacious sleeves it will go hard if the neighbors do not discover the terms at last.

There are no secrets in China. Everybody crowds in everywhere—if not in sight, then "behind the arras." Every one reads every dispatch he can get at. He reads "private" letters in the same way.

"What!" he exclaims, "not let me see?"

No wonder the Chinese have an adage, "If you would not have it known that you do it do not do it."

What She Would Do.

In one of the kindergartens of Cincinnati, says the *Commercial*, the teacher was endeavoring to familiarize the children with the words "cold" and "hot" at sight without spelling them by letters. When she asked them what they would get if they went out of doors in winter without their coats and pointed at the word they caught the cue at once and answered "cold" instantly. But "hot" proved a puzzler for a moment.

"Now, Mary," said the teacher to the little girl in the end seat, "suppose you were standing right close up in front of a tremendously big fire, just flaming and flaring and burning and blazing away, what would you get?"

"I'd get right away from there," replied the child in a matter-of-fact tone that upset the instructor for the afternoon.

A Sudden Stop.

"You say she tried to stop the car by whistling at it. Did she make a success of it?"

"Yes, in a way. It wasn't her whistling that stopped the car, though. It was the face she made."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A Record for a Rider.

Denmark has a woman bicyclist who is Secretary of the Danish Road club and who has made the marvelous record of 101 miles in twelve hours.

FINDS OUT WHO THE LADY IS.

A Jolt of the Street Car Clears Up the Mystery for a Near-Sighted Housewife.

She was young and pretty and had evidently not been married long. She got into a street car with a friend and settled herself comfortably in a corner; when the conductor came around there was an admirable squabble over who should pay the fares, which ended in two dimes being simultaneously offered to him. After he had passed on she leaned forward and said in an impressive tone to her companion:

"You know how awful near-sighted I am; I go on doing the most awful things because of it; why, once, I introduced a man to his fiance, mistaking him for some one else, and once in the dusk I mistook papa in the hall for a burglar and fled screaming downstairs."

"It must be very inconvenient to be so near-sighted," her friend replied.

"Indeed it is. Now there is a lady at the other end of the car who seems very familiar to me. No, don't look, she will know we are talking about her. But I must know her and she is evidently waiting for me to speak. Every time I glance that way she is looking straight at me and then she turns hastily away. O, I suppose she is one of Henry's friends. You know so many of them have called upon me."

"Perhaps she mistakes you for some one else," suggested her friend soothingly. "By the way, how is your new cook getting on?"

"O, she is really a treasure, so neat and respectful, and such a good cook. Henry says I am a splendid housekeeper, but the truth is I hardly ever know what is to be on the table until I sit down to it."

"I hope you don't tell him that."

"Mercy, no; I do wish I knew who that lady is—I believe I will bow to her; no, she has turned away. She seems to have on a lovely bonnet, too. By the way, you should see my new bonnet; it is a perfect dream. Henry gave it to me after our first quarrel, and I intend to keep it always. I wanted awfully to wear it this afternoon, but it looked too much like rain."

"So it does. By the way, Dora lives in the next square; let us stop in and see her. She will be sure to know if there is any truth in that report that the Brierlys intend to separate. I don't approve of gossip. Still, if there is anything going on one may as well know it."

"Very true; suppose we do stop. Henry will not be home until dinner time and the cook will have everything ready. What a comfort she is! To be sure, Henry says that two people ought not to drink twenty-eight pounds of coffee a month and that twelve dollars' worth of meat a week is too much. Still, we must eat it, for the cook says she is a strict vegetarian and that the doctor does not allow her to taste coffee. Well, here is Dora's street, let us get out. I do wish though, I had on my new bonnet. Dora has such lovely taste, and she could never afford to get one like it."

As the startled out the strange lady modestly turned her head away.

"O, I must bow to her as we pass," she whispered. "I am sure she is one of Henry's swell friends."

As they passed the unknown the car gave a sudden lurch and threw the near-sighted lady against the object of her scrunity. There were two starts, two exclamations, one of alarm and one of horror. A moment later the bride and her friend stood on the street corner gazing at each other.

"I should say I do know her," she panted. "Why, it was the cook, and she was wearing my new bonnet!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

TERRIBLE WORK OF VOLCANOES.

What an Active One Can Do When Fully Aroused.

Few people in this country imagine what terrible work a volcano of the regulation size can do when it once gets fully aroused. In 1838 Cotapaxi threw its fiery rockets more than 3,000 feet above the crater and in 1867, when the blazing mass confined in the same mountain was struggling for an outlet, it roared so loud that the awful noise was heard a distance of 600 miles. In 1797 the crater of Tunguragua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud and lava which dammed up a great river, opened new lakes, besides making a deposit of seething mud, ashes, and lava 600 feet deep over the whole area of a valley which was twenty miles long and averaged 1,000 feet in width. The stream of lava which flowed from Vesuvius in 1837 and passed through the Valley of Terre del Grece is estimated to have contained 333,000,000 cubic feet of solid matter. In 1760 Ætna poured out a flood of melted stones and ashes which covered eighty-four square miles of fertile country to a depth of from ten to forty feet. On this occasion the sand, scoria, lava, etc., from the burning mountain formed Mount Rosini, a peak two miles in circumference and over 4,000 feet high.

In the eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79 A. D., the time of the destruction of Pompeii, the scoria, ashes, sand, and lava vomited forth far exceeded the dimensions of the volcano itself, while in 1660 Ætna disgorged over twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has sent its ashes into Syria, Egypt, and Turkey. It hurled stones of 800 pounds weight to Pompeii, a distance of six English miles, during the eruption of 79 A. D. Cotapaxi once projected a block of stone containing over 100 cubic yards a distance of nine and a half miles.

An Old Engineer Tells Why.

"It makes me mad," said the old engineer, "to hear people ask why a man don't do so and so when his engine strikes. It all comes like a stroke of lightning. When we piled 'em up in the Whitesville cut and killed eight, year before last, I was sitting in my window that night, looking ahead as careful as any one could. We had started on the curve and she was going as fast as the wheels could turn, forty minutes behind time, and the duce to pay if we didn't make it up by morning. Jimmy Hartsell was feeding 'er every minute.

"I thought I saw a glimmer of light on the bank ahead. It was the flash from the headlight around the other bend of the curve. Between the time I cought that flash and when I saw the headlight swing around the cut as big as a tub it couldn't have been a hundredth part of a second. We were nose to nose before I realized—no, I don't think I realized—but I put on the air with one yank, yelled to Jimmy, and fell out of the window. I was cut all up. The wreck was on fire and people were hollerin' underneath. I laid there feelin' of myself, expectin' every minute to find a soft place, but I was all right, and three days after I went to Jimmy's funeral. After that I don't want any man to tell me what you ought to do."—*Car and Locomotive Builder.*

Some scientist alleges that the remote ancestor of the horse was a diminutive quadruped but little larger than the rabbit.

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

BRADHURST'S BOY.

The Effect On Him of Going to College.

The following anecdote is told by Walter Camp in the *Century* in an article on "College Athletics": "Well, I've sent him, George; but I don't believe they will have him six months before he gets into some scrape,' remarked General Bradhurst to one of his old friends, whose advice he had taken in sending a rather self-willed boy to college. His friend dined with the general recently, and afterward related the conversation to me as follows:

"'I asked him,' he chuckled, 'if his boy had come home in disgrace yet.' 'To tell the truth,' he replied, 'I begin to think you hit the mark in telling me to send him. He *has* been home,—home only last week,—but not in disgrace, and he went back Monday morning bright and early. At dinner Sunday night I noticed he didn't take any of the *entree*, and wouldn't have any dessert and turned down his wine-glass when the claret was passed, and I thought something must be wrong with the boy's appetite, so I said: "What ails you, Jim? Digestion out of order?" "Oh, no," he said; and that was all I could get out of him. When Mary brought in the coffee he wouldn't have any and I said: "Look here, young man; I don't understand this. Let's go into the library, and you shall tell me all about it while we have a cigar." I pushed the cigars over to him, but he said he guessed he wouldn't smoke. "Now, what is the matter with you, Jim? Let's have it out," said I. "Nothing," replied the young rascal; "but I'm on the football team, and we are in training"; and before ten o'clock he ended our confab with the words: "Well, I'm going to turn in. Good night." And to bed he went. Now, George, I begin to believe there must be something in your new-fangled athletic fads, when they're strong enough to make a boy like Jim give up his sweets, turn down his glass, shake his head to a cigar, and go to bed before ten o'clock. They are going to make a man of him there, after all.'

"Yes, my dear sir, and yes, my dear madam, when your boy at college says he is 'in training,' it means that he is following, with the closest observation, the laws of health. He is free from the taint of dissipation, and is making of himself a clean, strong young man. This training has been made a study, and the results have been handed down through college and school until every boy now enjoys the advantages.

Only a Small Favor.

Although it is a familiar saying that an Irishman is always spoiling for a fight, still there is one kind of fighting to which even the brave sons of Erin are sometimes averse; this is dueling. A story well illustrating this fact has recently come to us.

A certain Irishman having been challenged to fight a duel accepted the conditions after much persuasion on the part of his friends, who felt confident of his success. His antagonist, a lame man, walked on crutches.

When the place for the shooting had been reached the lame man's seconds asked that he be allowed to lean against a mile-stone which happened to stand there. The privilege was allowed and the lame man took his stand.

The Irishman and his seconds drew off to the distance agreed upon, 100 feet. Here Pat's courage suddenly failed him and he shouted to the lame man:

"I've a small favor to ask of ye, sor."

"What is it?" asked the cripple.

Pat answered: "I tould ye that ye might lean agin the mile-post and now I would like the privilege of leanin' agin the nixt one."

The laugh that followed spoiled everybody's desire for a fight and the whole party went away without a shot being fired.—*Youth's Companion.*

A LITTLE LOVE STORY.

Ready Wit of a Young Woman Loosens the Tongue of a Modest Peer.

Here is a story of love and courtship, told by Walter Besant in the London *Queen.* There was a young lover who was a compound—very rare—of high rank and great abilities, with sweetness, great modesty, and shyness. Most noble lords know their own value, and behave accordingly. This noble lord, however, was modest. He thought himself so far—so very far—below the worth of the young lady whom he loved that he was afraid to speak. Some women do not understand this modesty. Believe me, ladies, 'tis a sure and certain sign of a noble character, because only a lofty soul can conceive the existence of a goddess; we measure others, you see, by ourselves. It is also a sure sign of love, because such a man can only love a woman whom he deeply respects. Encourage this modesty, my daughters; above all, do not laugh at it. This young man, therefore, was afraid to speak, and the delay, which is at first, I am told, pleasing and exciting, began to grow monotonous.

One day they were playing cards for money, after the fashion of their generation. The lady won; the loser paid.

"It is," he said, "half a crown. I wish, indeed, it were a crown."

"At least," replied the lady, "your lordship can give me a coronet."

And behold a miracle! For his tongue was loosened, and his eyes glowed and his lips spake. They lived happy, one may add, though it is an unusual ending to a story, ever afterward.

Energetic Mr. Biggs—This is the way to beat a carpet!

Pat Chogue—Faix, an' thot's th' way I loike to see it bait—it's th' aisiest. Whiu yez git through I'll pay yez a commission on what yez was going to pay me.—*Puck.*

Trial Coins.

Coin collectors especially value the "trial pieces," or experimental coins that are made by artists connected with the mint for submission to the coinage committee of congress when a change of design is contemplated. As only ten or a dozen strokes are made of each pattern, they are extremely rare. The secretary of a late member of the president's cabinet says that the congressmen who get these trial pieces are usually ignorant of their value, for he has seen them paid out for shoe blacking and cold tea.

ACTED SARAH BERNHARDT'S PART.

A Village Girl Who Surprised the Great Actress and Convinced Herself.

Sarah Bernhardt on one occasion came face to face with a born actress of whom the world has never heard, but who appears to have been both in appearance and manner strikingly like the famous French actress, says the N. Y. *Herald.* On her way home from a long tour Sarah stopped one day at a little seacoast village in the south of Europe and the fancy seized her to give a performance of "Ruy Blas" there. She was told that there was no theater in the village and that, even if there were, the shepherds and husbandmen, who were the only residents of the district, were too poor to pay even a trifling sum for admission, but her only reply was that a temporary stage must be erected in any available building, and that since the villagers could not afford to pay for the privilege of seeing and hearing her act, she would not only admit them free of charge, but would give to everyone after the performance a gold piece as a souvenir of her visit. Her orders were carried out to the letter. A barn-like building was rented for the evening, a stage was erected, one corner was draped off as a dressing room, and in this room Sarah was being attired by her maid, when suddenly the curtain was pushed aside and a tall, poorly dressed, pale-faced girl entered.

"Madam," she said to Sarah, "will you permit me to take your place on the stage this evening? This is an extraordinary request, but I have a good reason for asking it. I believe that I have great dramatic talent and I desire to find out this evening whether I am a vain fool or a born actress. I know all your roles by heart and you may rest assured that I will not break down. Grant me this favor, madam, and I will be eternally grateful to you."

Sarah pondered a minute or two and then said brusquely: "All right. You may take my place. My maid will dress you."

The girl, who was the daughter of a poor villager, stepped on the stage and at once revealed herself as a great actress. True, she was ignorant of the most ordinary rules of the stage, but Sarah, watching her from the background, noted not her ignorance in this respect, so amazed was she at the tenderness, intensity, and splendid power exhibited by this unknown village maiden. "Sarah, Sarah!" shouted the delighted audience, and the plaudits ever increased until the girl, who at that moment seemed an embodiment of the renowned actress, had acted her part and retired amid a shower of flowers.

"You are a wonderful actress, my dear," was Sarah's greeting, "and I intend to take you with me."

"Pardon, madam," was the reply, "but it is 11 o'clock already and I must hurry home or my father will be uneasy." And as she put off her rich robe and put on her shabby old dress she continued: "Yes, I will never leave home again; I wanted to find out whether I was a great actress like you or not, and I know now that I am. For me that knowledge is enough. I know that you are feted and honored, but for such triumphs I have no desire. The villagers applauded me tonight and kings and poets cannot applaud you more warmly. Besides, I have duties to perform. My father and brother are sick and I must nurse them. Moreover, I am engaged to the mayor's secretary and expect to become his wife soon. He might refuse to marry me if he heard of my escapade this evening, but there is no one to tell him. And now good night, madam, and may there be as much happiness in store for you as I know there is for me."

With these words the unknown went her way and Sarah did not attempt to recall her.

HER SECRET OUT AT LAST.

But She Would Have Preferred to Die Rather Than Reveal It.

One of the most estimable women of Louisville, and one whose friends would never suspect her as the one referred to below, is subject to smothering spells, and confidently expects some day to die during one of them. Several days ago, while sitting at her front window engaged at some light needlework, she felt one of the spells coming over her. She called to her friend to summon Dr. D—— and then fan her. The friend was sent for the family physician, and in no time he was at the house. Meanwhile the sufferer was sure she was dying.

"Oh, Mrs. ——," she sobbed hysterically, "I know I am going this time. I'm dying now. I'm dying. Good-by, Mrs. ——."

The doctor at once began the application of the usual restoratives, but they seemed of no avail. The sufferer appeared to be gradually losing her breath, and the doctor believed she was expiring. He tore away the ruching about her neck and called to her friend:

"Mrs. ——, take off her shoes, please; we must enliven her circulation somehow."

The doctor got her neck free enough, but when the friend lifted one foot to remove the shoe the sufferer kicked her friend's hands with the other foot. The doctor did not notice this, but, thinking the friend could perhaps not undo the buttons, he reached down and picked up one of the patient's feet. The sufferer, evidently in her last gasps, kicked him also, but the doctor was determined.

"Mrs. ——," he said, "your shoes are too tight. They must come off."

"Don't, doctor," gurgled the patient, "don't, doctor, I'm dying."

"I know it, Mrs. ——," he said, "but those shoes must come off."

"Oh, no, doctor," was the feeble pleading.

"But I say yes," answered the now frightened doctor, "and I'll take them off, too."

"Oh, doctor, please don't, please don't——"

"I'm sorry Mrs. ——, but——"

Raising herself with a powerful effort the patient, pale as death itself, gasped:

"Please don't take off my shoes, doctor—my stockings are full of holes."

The effort seemed to bring back the life to the sufferer and in half an hour she was as well as ever, with a new pair of stockings on, fully ready for the next "spell."

The Mohawk Indians will not allow so much as a blade of grass to grow upon the graves of their companions.