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. Teephone No. 3.
AMERICAN CEREAL CO.

# THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

VOL. 27, NO. 17. RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1894. WHOLE NO. 1369

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!
Insurance a Specialty.
Ho! Good people of Portage County! Do you want Reliable Insurance? Then go to
E. M. WALLER,
who has bought the M. A. King Fire Insurance Agency—the largest in the County—and is now giving his entire time to the insurance business. Reasonable rates and honest dealing is the motto.
OFFICE in Phenix Block, over J. C. CLARK'S Dry Goods Store, Ravenna, Ohio.

## D. M. CLEWELL.

DECEMBER 5, 1894.

Here we are again, with something that will interest our friends and patrons greatly.

During *this* month of December we will make a

GRAND CLEARING SALE

Of Everything In Our Wool Dress Goods Department

Instead of waiting till after most every one has supplied themselves, we have decided to offer every piece of Dress Goods—without reserve—at *this* time, when buyers want the goods,

At Prices Never Before Known!

BLACK GOODS,
COLORED GOODS,
NOVELTY GOODS,
FANCY PLAIDS,
Everything Goes!

To give you some idea of what this sale means, we mention just a few items:

*All 75c., $1.00, 1.25, 1.50 Broad Cloth Suitings now 50c., 75c., $1.00, 1.15.*

*All 6-4 wide Ladies' Cloths—goods that sold last season at 50c.,65c.and 75c.—now 30c. and 35c.*

*All Priestley $1.25 Goods now $1.00.*

*All Priestley $1.00 Goods now 75c.*

*Everything in Black and Colored Henrietta Serges, &c., of $1.00 quality now 75c.*

*All 75c. Goods now 50c.*

*Beautiful line of All Wool Goods—Plain and Fancy Styles—were 50 and 60c, now 30c.*

*All 35 and 40c. now 20c;*
*" 25c now 12 1-2c.*
*" 12, 15, 18c. now 9c.*

Please *remember*, this is no sale of a *"tail end"* broken line of *picked over stuff*, but all new—*this season's* purchase, and seasonable merchandise.

Of course this means a big loss to us in this *particular* department, but we know it is only *temporary*. We believe, in fact we are *sure*, that our patrons will *more* than make *this* loss *good* to us, in *more* ways than one.—This sale will bring to us a largely *increased* business, not only from *all* our old-time friends, but let us hope (and we do sincerely) from many *new friends*.—We are *ambitious*—we are *bound* to extend our business. We are working, not only for our own good—we want to do *you good*, too! And this is our way of doing it.——We want you to come to Ravenna to trade. We *know* that Ravenna merchants are up to the times. We believe that Ravenna is the *best* place to buy anything that you want to buy (and our opinion ought to be *good*; we have been here a long time).——That *our* Store is *one* of the *good* places, is *stating* the case *mildly!* At all events, we want you to come.

One word more. We *almost* know that it is unnecessary to tell our friends and customers, who are at all familiar with our methods of doing business, that when we say we will do *anything*, we religiously *do* as we say we will. If there is any one thing we *abominate*, it is the *catch-penny clap-trap* of trying to obtain money—or anything else, for that matter—by false pretence. *Whatever else* we may be guilty of, we believe our friends will bear us out in this statement.

But the ad. is growing to *fearful length*, as usual. Let me add, that our Store is putting on

Christmas Decorations

Day by day. We expect to show many choice things suitable for the demands of the Happy Christmas time, so near at hand.

Remember, you are *always welcome*. "The doors of our house are open to you." We invite you to make our store your headquarters when you come to Ravenna. We will be glad to take care of your *bundles* and packages, and deliver them for you at the R. R. Stations, and do all we can to make your Christmas trip a source of profit and pleasure to you.

D. M. CLEWELL.

## "Keep Your Feet Warm and Dry"

If you would escape the long train of ailments brought about by imperfect protection of the feet. With your feet "well housed," there need be little apprehension of the diseases incident to the Winter's campaign of cold, wet and changeable climatic moods. Keeping in mind the adage that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," your feet would naturally incline you to our headquarters for Winter Equipment in Footwear.

Ladies' Warm Goods in Beaver, Flannel Lined

Men's, Ladies' and Children's Arctics.

Everything in Light and Heavy Rubber Boots, including the "Storm King."

OUT IN THE COLD AND WET

your feet require comfortable protection. There's nothing in the world as good as

Mishawaka All-Knit WOOL BOOTS.

Three times as durable as any felt boot made—*positively moth proof*. Watch for the trade-mark "Ball Band" in red. All others are imitations. Patented and made by

MISHAWAKA WOOLEN MFG. Co., Mishawaka, Ind.
For sale by

SMITH & BRIGHAM.

### Outward Bound.

I leave behind me the elm-shadowed square
And carven portals of the silent street,
And wander on with listless, vagrant feet
Through seaward-leading alleys, till the air
Smells of the sea, and straightway then the care
Slips from my heart, and life once more is sweet.
At the lane's ending lie the white-winged fleet.
Oh, restless Fancy, whither wouldst thou fare?
Here are brave pinions that shall take thee far—
Gaunt hulks of Norway; ships of red Ceylon;
Slim-masted lovers of the blue Azores!
'Tis but an instant hence to Zanzibar,
Or to the regions of the Midnight Sun;
Ionian Isles are thine, and all the fairy shores!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in Pall Mall Magazine.

### A SAGE'S WEAKNESS.

Young Mrs. Waterhouse finished the writing of a dutiful letter to her mother.

The letter assured the anxious old lady that the writer was quite happy; that there was really no necessity for worry, and that mamma might make herself quite content at Biarritz. Geoffrey was the best of husbands, and although of course much engaged at South Kensington with his fearfully abstruse experiments, and his new book on "Steel Fibers," he was extremely attentive and kind. And she was, with much love, mamma's affectionate daughter, Helen Waterhouse.

"Mamma won't believe it," said young Mrs. Waterhouse, with a kind of comic despair. "She is always wanting to know about the skeleton. Thank goodness, there isn't one!"

On the clean blotting-pad was an impress of some of her husband's writing. A palette-shaped mirror stood on the table, and, half unconsciously, she turned the pad toward it.

"Wonder to whom he has been writing?"

It was quite easy to see. Mrs. Waterhouse glanced at it casually at first; then, her face fiercely pink, with much attention:

"I want you, my dearest, to believe that I am quite true to you. I am bound by certain ties to others, but to you, my sweetheart, my own dearest Alicia ——"

"Alicia!" cried Mrs. Waterhouse aloud, as she panted and sat back in her chair. "Alicia! Alicia who I wonder!"

She knew his writing so well that she could scarce be deceived on that point. The whole thing in a moment was clear. Her dear mother, with a less cramped experience of the world, had been right, after all.

"There is a skeleton," said the trembling Mrs. Waterhouse. She tore her letter to Biarritz into many pieces. As the last fragment went into the ferns in the fireplace she felt a kiss upon her neck.

"Don't do that, please," she cried.

"Beg pardon," said her husband. "Did I frighten you?"

He took off his hat and adjusted his pince-nez. His coolness almost took her breath away.

"I must say, Geoffrey," she declared, "that I can't help admiring your—your cheek."

"My love, I admire yours. I meant to have kissed it just now."

She took up a newspaper and, twisting it violently in her excitement, made an endeavor to speak with calmness.

"I have been reading rather an interesting fragment, Geoffrey. Shall I tell you what it is?"

"Quote away."

Mrs. Waterhouse recited from the coin of vantage furnished by a rug the letter to Alicia. The Professor dropped his glasses and looked intensely disturbed.

"Now, my dear love."

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Waterhouse.

"My dear Helen, then, will you allow me to say——"

"I only want to know one thing. Did you write this ridiculous stuff, please?"

"Why, yes. I'm not going to deny that. Of course, it's only a part of the letter to the girl, but if you like I can tell you what happens afterward."

"I don't want to know. If this gets known, what will be thought of you? You will be the laughing stock of all your colleagues."

"That's very true," acknowledged Professor Waterhouse, with concern—"that's very true, and it must never get known. I can't drop the affair now, unfortunately; but, you know"—he smiled at his wife a little anxiously—"there is no harm in it, and I'm not the only man who ——"

"Really?" In a tone of remote and frigid interest.

"I frankly admit, though, that I should be very sorry for it to get known. Of course, it seems to you a very foolish thing to do."

"By no means."

"But I really don't believe that I could have endured the strain of writing that new work of mine if, at the same time, I had not——"

"Let me ask you one more question, please. I understand, Geoffrey, that you are sorry now that you ever leant yourself to such a—such a despicable business."

"That's not quite the point, dear." He was recovering now his usual composure. "That's not what I'm sorry for. I'm sorry to be found out. I wanted to keep it quiet. But there's no earthly reason why anybody but ourselves should know. After all, every man has his hobby."

"Geoffrey, I won't listen to you."

"Well, my dear, I can't force you to, can I? I believe, if you would only let me tell you the whole affair from beginning to end, you wouldn't be so much annoyed about it. It really isn't so bad as you think. Alicia is a most delightful girl, and it has been a recreation for me, you know; and I have been slogging away so of late, and ——"

The door slammed. Mrs. Waterhouse went upstairs to her room and hurriedly, very hurriedly, packed a portmanteau. There was time to catch the mail at Charing Cross, and she meant to catch it. The great thing was to get away to Biarritz, away from the stifling atmosphere of this house, away from London. She rang for her maid.

"Parker."

"Yes, ma'am."

"The mail goes at 8 from Charing Cross, I think?"

"It used to go at 8, ma'am," said Parker, cautiously. "When we went away, if you remember——"

"Yes, yes, of course. I want you to pack a bag for yourself and we will catch the mail to-night."

"Catch the mail, ma'am, to-night?"

"Yes, yes. Lose no time please, and send out for a cab."

"Well, I never!" murmured Parker.

Mrs. Waterhouse had some intention of having one fine, big, square scene with her husband before she left, but there was little time to spare. Moreover, it occurred to her that she could be quite as bitter in a well-composed letter, to be dispatched from Biarritz, as in a hasty interview.

"Come along, Parker," she called.

"It's all very well to say 'come along,'" muttered Parker, discontentedly, "but this is a rum sort of a game, and I don't 'alf cotton to it."

"We've got twenty minutes. Tell the man to drive carefully, but to drive very fast."

The most galling thing about the whole deplorable affair was the certainty that her mother would meet her at the station with an "I told you so, my poor lamb," expression. Still there was no one else to whom she could go, and, at any rate, she could always control mamma. She had always done so.

Charing Cross.

"The mail, lidy?" said the porter, civilly. "The mail goes at ite fifteen. It's later'n it use' to be."

"Parker, will you get some papers? Get one or two for yourself, you know."

Parker, still rather inclined to be cross, went to the bookstall. It half restored the excellent maid to complacent submission to what she termed all this ramping about to find the new number of the *Lady's Own Chatterbox* on sale. It was her own particularly favorite journal.

"We'll get in now, Parker," said Mrs. Waterhouse. "There's twenty minutes to wait but we may as well take our seats. Seconds, please, porter."

They found comfortable corner seats. For a while they watched the stout, perspiring ladies and the slim daughters and the pet dogs. The usually demure Parker sniggered so much when she saw two Frenchmen kiss each other that she dropped the *Lady's Own Chatterbox*. Mrs. Waterhouse took it up and held it in her hand.

"I must read," she whispered to herself. "I must do something to keep myself from thinking. I shall faint if I don't divert my thoughts."

The *Lady's Own Chatterbox* lay on her lap. She put one small foot against the seat opposite, and leaned forward to get the steady glare of the electric light on the page.

"Any more going on?" cried the inspector on the platform, aggressively.

"We commence this week a story by a new writer, Walter House, entitled 'Alicia's Only Love.' It will be replete with romantic interest, and, in short, a wonderful picture of high-class life of the present day, with all its faults and foibles."

"Now then," cried the inspector on the platform, in an aggrieved tone to a belated passenger, "are you going on there, or are you not going on?"

Mrs. Waterhouse began to read. Chapter I was headed, "The Countess."

"Alicia was half-leaning, half-reclining on an ottoman reading a delicately-scented letter from Sir Harold de Beer. It opened thus: 'I want you, my dearest, to believe that I am quite true to you. I am bound by certain ties to others, but to you, my sweetheart, my own darling Alicia——"

"Parker!" screamed Mrs. Waterhouse, with a gasp of delight. "Come out quickly."

"Right away," shouted the inspector, "Stand away there, please."

"Here, stop!" cried Mrs. Waterhouse.

She caught up her skirts and jumped nimbly out. An active porter seized the bags, and, as the train was moving, caught the descending Parker neatly and swung her round upon her feet.

"Ow's that, umpire?" asked the porter.

"O—u—t, out," said the inspector. He turned his hand-lamp to Mrs. Waterhouse. "Hope you're all right, ma'am?"

"Thank you, yes," said Mrs. Waterhouse, breathlessly. "I'm all right, now."—*Pall Mall Budget.*

"We are discovered," exclaimed the hairpin.

"Impossible," insisted the collar-button.

### Cats in Drug-Stores.

Who has not noticed the tendency of druggists to have a pet cat as part of the outfit of their establishments? Yet druggists are seldom troubled with rats. To be sure, they sell rodent exterminators to swains and maidens of social tendencies. But, then, that isn't the fault of the cat, and it appears to be there for ornamental purposes only.

Altogether, the apothecary cat is an interesting study. Possibly if Juliet's attention had been attracted to one when she entered the drug store she wouldn't have bought the fatal potion.

In the pharmacies of Paris one sees the largest cats in the world—in fact, the cat is about the only pet a druggist can have. The feline representative can walk over a myriad of bottles and never upset one.

### What She Was Meant For.

A lady of great beauty and attractiveness, who was an ardent admirer of Ireland, once crowned her praise by saying: "I think I was meant for an Irish woman."

"Madam," rejoined a witty son of Erin, who happened to be present "thousands would back me in saying you were meant for an Irishman."

### DISCORDS IN MARRIAGE.

**An Italian "Soul Surgeon" Unveils Some of the Causes of Marital Misery.**

The want of harmony in sentiment has only too many and too varied forms in the marriage relation, writes Prof. Paolo Montegazza on the art of taking a wife, but at the foundation there is always this skeleton: "That which I like you dislike; that which makes you happy makes me suffer."

Woman is an ermine, who allows herself to be killed rather than cross a field of snow soiled by mud. Man, on the contrary, is like a chimpanzee, who loves dirt and soils himself with it. There is no part of his body or soul which does not love this mud. How can two such creatures live together?

He is an optimist even to cynicism, an egotist even to adoration of himself, and his motto is: "Apres moi le deluge." She is a pessimist from having placed her ideal so high that no human hand can reach it. She cannot live an hour without loving and dedicating a thought, an act or a sacrifice to the good of some fellow-creature. How could they live together?

He has never felt the want of the supernatural and believes neither in God nor in a soul. She was born a mystic, and the maternal education has made her religious and superstitious. She has a very strong tendency to asceticism. How could two such beings be happy together?

He is frank, expansive even to imprudence, impetuous even to wrath. He says out straightly what he thinks, swears and curses, only to forget within an hour the storm which overwhelmed him. She is close, shut as with seven seals, timid, diffident, and only expresses the tenth part of what she feels, and even regrets that slight expansion. Susceptible as a sensitive plant, she starts if she meets a grain of sand, a hair or a feather which touches her. She finds an offense and want of respect in everything, suspects evil everywhere and even in good seeks bad intentions with all the zeal of an inquisitor. Will these two live happily together?

He is a misanthrope from indolence and diffidence; he detests society and avoids it. She adores cheerful society, garrulous and merry talk, theaters, balls, not that she may seek an opportunity for sin in these places, but simply because she adores what is noisy and deafening. Joining these two together—how can they possibly bless matrimony?

By instinct and education he is democratic, detests all forms of despotism from the tailor to the government. He is a socialist and would be an anarchist if he had not a sound heart and did not love his kind passionately. She is of a decayed noble family, keeps and adores the family coat of arms; when any one from politeness calls her marchioness she reddens with pleasure and her heart swells with pride. She has a profound and sincere respect for authority and bows reverently before priests, soldiers, millionaires and princes. Can these two together bless "life"?

He is avaricious, but will not confess to it; he makes a secret of his income to be able to complain constantly of his poverty. Nothing escapes his domestic financial inquisition. Not a halfpenny is given in alms at his door, not a match burned uselessly. Coffee grounds are never thrown away without first extracting a second and third edition. The querulous wailings of his laments over excessive expenditure and taxation fill the air around him with a bad odor of mildew and closeness. She is generous and noble in her hospitalities and charities. She likes enjoyment herself and to make the enjoyment of others and to hear it responded to by all with "Thank you, thank you!" She cannot understand how one can torment oneself to-day thinking of the still distant day after to-morrow; even the fascination of an uncertain to-morrow allures her. She believes warmly in Providence and fortune and earnestly defends the thoughtless. And these two are husband and wife!

He is always in a state of febrile excitement or of depression. He declares to all that the most unhappy man is he who feels no enthusiasm and that the most happy man is he who feels everything, and hopes that he himself is such a one. She, instead, is always cold, derides every form of enthusiasm because it seems to her a species of madness; detests poetry, all psychical pleasures and all passions when they pass 10 degrees centigrade; derides heroism, sacrifice and martyrdom, contenting herself by declaring it to be the matter of a novel or a stage play. And these two—can they live happily together?

These few examples, taken from the stage of the real world, will be sufficient to give you an idea of the many discords of character one finds in the union of marriage. Certainly all are not so flagrant or so keenly accentuated, but they are more complex and complicated, while the discord is rarely upon a single subject, upon one note only, but upon many together.

### SMART COONS.

**The Mother Teaches the Young Ones to Fish.**

"I saw the counterpart of a boys' school one day in the woods of Illinois," said an amateur naturalist to a St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* man.

"I was sitting quietly on the bank of a creek when there came pacing down a little path an old mother raccoon with five young ones. The little fellows were about as large as half-grown cats and were as full of fun as that mythical basket of monkeys we read about. If ever there was a hard-worked teacher it was that poor mother 'coon. She tried to teach the little imps how to catch crawfish and how to eat them.

"When the old lady (she was a very ladylike old 'coon) got the little fellows in a line at the water's edge she sedately walked to a rock and gravely reached down into a hole and brought out a crawfish. She then proceeded to wash it, but just as she was about to eat it one little 'coon broke ranks and stole the crawfish.

"This started a row and all the little fellows were badly mixed, while the old one was administering bites and cuffs indiscriminately among the scholars. She finally succeeded in restoring order and then sent one of the little 'coons to try it in another hole. Here is where the fun began in earnest and all the mischievous boys that ever made a teacher's heart ache were angels of goodness when compared with these little 'coons. They pinched each other's legs and worried the old 'coon until she turned and gave them a general cuffing all around.

"It seemed to me that each little 'coon knew his lesson perfectly and was determined to get all the fun out of the proceedings possible, for when the mother 'coon got so angry that she made her bites felt the little fellows got down to business and caught, washed and ate their crawfish with all the ability of veterans.

"The comically grave faces of the little fellows as they reached down into the crawfish holes and groped about for the fish was too much for my risibilities and I gave such a hearty laugh that the school was instantly dismissed."

Edelweiss is rapidly disappearing in many parts of Tyrol. To save it the landtag has lately imposed a fine for selling the plant with the roots.

Accept None of the Pretended Substitutes
FOR
Royal Baking Powder

BECAUSE inferior and cheaper made baking preparations are sold at wholesale at a price so much lower than ROYAL, some grocers are urging consumers to buy them in place of the ROYAL *at the same retail price.*

If you desire to try any of the pretended substitutes for ROYAL BAKING POWDER bear in mind that they are all made from cheaper and inferior ingredients, and are not so great in leavening strength nor of equal money value. Pay the price of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER for the ROYAL only.

It is still more important, however, that ROYAL BAKING POWDER is purer and more wholesome and makes better, finer, and more healthful food than any other baking powder or preparation.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

### ROMANCE FROM NICARAGUA.

**How an American Saved a Girl and Then Married Her.**

A very romantic wedding was solemnized at Bluefields, in Nicaragua, recently, in which a St. Louis boy widely known in the best circles of the town, Louis D. Peugnet, was married to a young lady whose life and whose sister's life he had gallantly protected during the worst times in the recent revolution in Nicaragua, says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.*

Mr. Peugnet went to Bluefields some time previous to the uprising and was engaged in business for St. Louis houses throughout the isthmus. When the trouble came on and the rioters seized the town young Peugnet and several other Americans armed themselves to protect the ladies, who were exposed to the most appalling perils. Gen. Lecayo, who commanded the Nicaraguan troops, had left his wife and her sister in the village, not anticipating any emeute, and it was these hapless women who fell to young Peugnet's charge. He got them safely into a stone-house, with a large, well-guarded cellar, on one of the side streets, and there during the whole of the sack and the fighting he kept guard over them, gun in hand, permitting no one to enter the premises but known friends, and frequently having to face desperate, drunken rioters who were searching for Mme. Lecayo everywhere. When order was restored and it was safe for the ladies to reappear, Mr. Peugnet evidently found that the close association of three days with the pretty young donna had sealed his fate, and he proposed and was accepted upon the raising of the state of siege. There were paternal and maternal consents and blessings to be secured both in Nicaragua and Missouri, but the gallantry of Peugnet's defense of the ladies in the one place and his father's pride in the young man's pluck and endurance in the other made all this mere formula.

The new Mrs. Peugnet comes of one of the oldest and wealthiest Central American families. She is an heiress, and connected in that carefully guarded line of the "gente fine" with the most of the Spanish-American aristocracy between the City of Mexico and Bogota. She was educated at New York, at Paris, and at Madrid, and besides the usual accomplishments which young ladies of her station have she is a finished linguist and a highly trained musician.

Louis D. Peugnet bears a name equally well known in St. Louis and New York. His great-grandfather was an officer in the Imperial guard of Napoleon, and fought under the emperor up to the crash at Waterloo.

### A KIND OF TELEPATHY.

**He Was Nervous, but the Saleswoman Knew What He Wanted.**

He was only one of several hundred customers in a large Washington street establishment and there was nothing to a casual observer that would have distinguished him from the mass of humanity that was pushing and crowding him along, says the Indianapolis *Sentinel.* But to an initiated eye he was different. And the bright-eyed, black-haired little girl who had charge of several departments on the floor recognized the difference.

It was Saturday afternoon and he had come in on an excursion. The conductor had forgotten to take the check out of his hat and was afraid he'd loose it, so he pined it to the band.

His face was of the shade of red that showed plainly that harvest was over, while his sand-colored trousers looked like the front legs of an elephant. He was 23, rural, unsophisticated and abashed.

He had stood gazing in the window in a sheepish, half-frightened manner for ten minutes before he came in, and, after glancing nervously around, had darted into the store between two real old, motherly looking ladies. His eyes wandered nervously from one to another in the crowd, as though afraid of being recognized, and then he was slowly pushed along by the crowd toward the little black-haired clerk, who had been watching him with some amusement. She was standing at the button counter at the time.

The crowd stopped in its irregular ebb and flow and the young man was grounded directly in front of her, his face rosier than ever. Perspiration started to his forehead in great beads as she approached with a smile.

He stammered, took off his hat, raised one foot and slowly scratched the other leg with it and tried to speak. It was no use. He just couldn't.

"I know," she said, kindly, as she came up; "don't worry about it. You want to look at baby carriages. This way please."

His hat dropped to the floor and he gasped as though choking on a spoonful of prunes:

"Why—it was only Wednesday—how'd you know?" he stammered.

"Never mind," she replied, kindly. "We get so we can tell. Here is a nice one for $5."

It was just what he had intended to pay and he bought it as though in a dream.

And then he walked out with the red check still fastened to his hat band with the tell-tale safety pin.

### ONE ON THE FUNNY YOUNG MAN.

**He Had One Good Story for All the Girls and They Told Each Other.**

They had just been introduced, but they were getting on famously when she said:

"As you have always lived in Evanston, I suppose you know everybody there."

"Yes, I think I do."

"Then you can disclose the identity of the young man that Effie tells such a funny story about—she never would tell me his name. One of those tiresome people, you know, who have made a reputation for wit and dare not even ask for the salt without making an epigram about it."

"Kind of a fellow who always makes you feel as if the footlights are between you, eh?"

"Exactly. Effie and two or three other girls were visiting a friend in Evanston last month, and this young man proceeded to make himself agreeable to them all—not a very difficult thing to do either, for he was sole possessor of a horse and buggy."

"So he drove up the royal road to their affections, as it were."

"Yes. But, you see, he couldn't afford to waste a whole afternoon's scintillations of wit on just one girl."

"So he took them two at a time?"

"Nothing of the kind. He just memorized a brilliant monologue; stories concerning the houses they passed, quotations referring to the season of the year, and——"

"Pardon me, Miss Slasher, but don't you feel a draft from that window?"

"Not at all, thank you. Then he took each of the girls driving, in turn, and said the same things to them."

"Indeed. By the way, you remind me so much of a friend of mine."

"Do I? You must tell me about her some time. And each one of the girls would return from her drive saying what a lovely time she had had, and wasn't he a brilliant fellow? By and by, however, he took Effie for a second drive. At first she enjoyed his conversation, but, as they took the same route they had driven over before, his remarks began to grow strangely familiar."

"Is it possible? Do you know anything about palmistry, Miss Slasher?"

"Not a thing. Now Effie is such a mischief—she let him go right on and made no sign; even let him tell her again the long story about the man who drove out Sheridan drive and kept wanting to know where Mr. Sheridan lived. But when she got home she told all the girls, and they compared notes and nearly died of laughing. Why! There is Effie herself now. I'll introduce you, she is such a bright girl."

But Effie walked up to him with outstretched hand, saying:

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Tinker. How is everybody in Evanston? And has your funny old man found out where Mr. Sheridan lives yet?"

And she wonders to this day why he met her friendly advances so frigidly.—*Chicago Tribune.*

### Pose of a Moose's Head.

I have just returned from the headwaters of the Penobscot, where I fished for four seasons. I wish to call attention to what I have concluded from personal observation is a monumental blunder on the part of illustrators, and especially of taxidermists, in the position given to the head of the moose. Last year and this year I saw seven moose standing quietly in the open, and I took especial pains in each instance to note the position of the head. Instead of thrusting it forward as is invariably shown neither of these moose held its head in any such position. Five of the seven were bulls, one of these a patriarch. All of their heads were erect; not so erect as a deer's, but far from the horizontal position usually shown. After the moose gets in motion he does thrust his head forward in the manner and attitude shown, but he does not do so when standing. The same may be said of the caribou. It is manifestly absurd to mount the head of any animal in any other position than that of rest, and taxidermists would do well to take due notice of the fact and govern themselves accordingly.—*Forest and Stream.*

### The Voice from Above.

A young man who has gained the sobriquet of "Lord Chesterfield" by his uncompromising attention and adherence to convention was much startled last night when he was calling on a young woman on Elmwood avenue. The loud, somewhat petulant voice of her father came floating down the stairs at 10 o'clock. "Aren't you going to bed?" said the voice. The twain gazed at each other—hardly a word was said and the youth departed sore at heart.

Next morning, however, he received an apologetic note from her father, saying that he thought the daughter was alone and reading and that he fully imagined the young man had departed, etc. But "Lord Chesterfield" is still sore.—*Buffalo Express.*

Mrs. Newitt—I discovered this morning that we need a doormat for the hallway very badly.

Mr. Newitt—Is there any particular necessity for it?

Mrs. Newitt—Why, certainly! I've got to have some place to hide the key when I go out, haven't I?—*Boston News.*

### CABRIEL'S TRUMP.

**How a Young Girl Cured Her Brother of Practical Joking.**

A certain excellent lady of Boston has so great a horror of practical jokes and all other sorts of foolish levity which does not regard the rights and feelings of others, that it was with much surprise that her friends recently heard her avow that she once in her youthful days perpetrated a practical joke of her own, says the *Youth's Companion.* "Ah," said a young man who was present, "so when you were young you believed in practical jokes yourself?" "Not at all," she answered. "I merely believed in curing young men of the practice of perpetrating them if I possibly could." "Please tell us about it," said the young man.

"Well, I was 17 years old and was probably about as timid as most girls of my age. There had been a revival of the Millerite excitement in our neighborhood and some people nightly expected to hear the sound of Gabriel's trumpet announcing the end of the world.

"I did not believe in this, but I confessed at the dinner table one day that if I should hear a horn blow in the night I should be frightened out of my wits. I was foolish enough to make this confession in the presence of my younger brother, who was a great joker.

"It happened that at this same time another brother, a very little fellow, was just getting over a mild attack of the measles. He was somewhat troublesome in the night and occasionally called for a drink of cold water. It fell to my lot to take care of the child, and in getting him the water I had to pass through a darkened chamber, in the floor of which a stovepipe hole had been left open to allow heat to come upstairs from the sitting-room below.

"As I passed out through this room to get the glass of water I noticed from the appearance of the stovepipe hole that there was a very faint light in the room below. I went on out, and as I returned softly with my glass of water I paused and looked down into the sitting-room.

"There I saw my smart brother standing on a chair, getting ready to thrust the mouth of a long tin dinner-horn up into the stovepipe hole and blow a blast to frighten me.

"I took a step or two which he could hear and up came the mouth of the horn. And then, just as he was preparing to blow his fearful blast I poured my glass of water into the mouth of the horn.

"Instead of hearing Gabriel's trump I heard a great gurgling and sputtering noise and the joker below went tumbling out of the chair to the floor. I rushed downstairs to make sure that he was not badly choked, but when I reached the lower room he had vanished, horn and all.

"At the breakfast table next morning he looked so crestfallen that I could not help bursting into a fit of laughter and had to tell the story. And my young brother, I found, was pretty effectually cured of practical joking by the ridicule that followed this performance."

### Sarcasm.

Baron Haussmann was a fellow-pupil with Hector Berlioz at the Paris conservatory, then under the direction of Cherubini. Berlioz was an unruly genius and wrote music when he should have been studying counterpoint. Consequently he was not in favor with his teachers and especially with the precise and "classical" Cherubini.

One examination day, as Haussmann relates in his "Memoires," Cherubini was running over a piece which Berlioz had submitted, when he came upon a complete rest of two measures.

"What is that?" he asked, in his usual ill-natured tone.

"Mr. Director," said the pupil, "I wished to produce an effect which I thought could best be produced by silence."

"Ah, you thought it would produce a good effect upon the audience if you suppressed two measures?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. Suppress the rest; the effect will be better still."—*Youth's Companion.*

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