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3 and 6 Cents
Same size Loaves that have been sold heretofore at 5 and 10 cts. at
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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

VOL. 27, No. 33 — RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1895. — WHOLE No. 1385

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 Dry Goods Store, Ravenna, Ohio.

Cleveland & Pittsburgh Div.
Pennsylvania Lines.
Schedule of Passenger Trains-Central Time.

Northward.	335 AM	337 PM	341 PM		9 AM	11 PM
Pittsb'gh lv.	§6 05	§1 30	§11 00		§7 00	§4 30
Rochester "	7 05	2 7	11 50		7 58	.....
Beaver "	7 10	2 19	11 55		.....	.....
E. Liverpool "	7 53	2 45	12 3		.....	.....
Wellsville ar.	8 03	2 55	12 40		.....	.....
" lv.	8 03	3 00	12 45		.....	.....
Yellville Sup. "	8 11	.....	12 50		.....	.....
Yellow Creek "	8 16	.....	12 59		.....	.....
Bannacksville "	8 23	.....	1 03		.....	.....
Irondale "	8 26	.....	f1 06		.....	.....
Salineville "	8 42	3 34	1 27		.....	.....
Summitville "	8 14	.....	f1 30		.....	.....
Kensington "	9 06	3 57	1 50		.....	.....
E. Rochester "	9 14	.....	f2 00		.....	.....
Bayard "	9 10	4 08	2 05		.....	.....
Homeworth "	9 32	.....	2 16	305		
Alliance ar.	9 44	4 30	2 33	AM		
" lv.	10 05	4 35	2 55	†7 40	*9 50	*6 45
Limaville "	10 15	.....	§3 06	7 47	*9 55	6 50
Atwater "	10 23	4 47	3 12	7 53	.....	.....
Rootstown "	10 30	.....	†3 28	8 05	AM	.....
Ravenna "	10 40	5 05	3 38	8 15	*6 25	.....
Earlville "	10 52	.....	§3 54	8 30	6 35	.....
Hudson "	11 02	5 25	4 03	8 50	6 52	.....
Macedonia "	11 14	.....	4 23	8 59	7 10	.....
Bedford "	11 27	5 46	4 35	9 12	7 23	.....
Newburgh "	11 42	6 00	4 50	9 25	7 50	8 05
Cleveland ar	12 10	6 25	5 25	9 50	8 25	11 25 8 35
	PM	PM	AM	AM	AM	AM PM

Southward.	10 AM	346 AM	348 PM	342 PM	304 PM	8 PM	6 PM
Cleveland lv.	*3 00	*7 00	†12 45	*11 10	*3 20	*5 00	*1 40
Newburgh "	8 23	7 23	1 12	11 45	3 23	5 35	PM
Bedford "	.....	7 36	1 24	12 01	4 06	5 50	.....
Macedonia "	.....	7 48	1 36	§12 15	4 16	6 08	.....
Hudson "	8 50	7 57	1 50	12 30	4 33	6 25	.....
Earlville "	.....	8 08	§2 01	12 44	4 45	6 40	.....
Ravenna "	.....	8 19	2 12	1 00	5 05	6 55	.....
Rootstown "	.....	8 26	§2 21	†1 08	5 14	PM	.....
Atwater "	.....	8 33	2 32	§1 20	5 25		.....
Limaville "	.....	8 44	§2 47	§1 25	5 38		.....
Alliance ar.	9 35	8 55	2 50	1 35	5 40		3 10
" lv.	9 40	8 58	2 55	1 41	PM		3 15
Homeworth "	.....	9 09	§3 07	§1 51			.....
Bayard "	.....	9 20	3 20	§2 15			.....
E. Rochester "	.....	9 30	3 24	§2 20			.....
Kensington "	.....	9 42	3 37	2 31			.....
Summitville "	.....	9 55	§3 48	§2 42			.....
Salineville "	.....	10 07	4 05	2 57			.....
Irondale "	.....	10 23	4 22	§3 15			.....
Bannacksville "	.....	10 27	4 25	§3 22			.....
Yellow Creek "	.....	10 35	.....	§3 34			.....
Yellville Sup. "	.....	10 40	4 40	3 40			.....
Wellsville ar.	.....	10 45	4 45	3 50			.....
" lv.	.....	11 00	5 00	3 55			.....
E. Liverpool "	.....	11 13	5 16	4 06			.....
Beaver "	.....	11 45	5 54	4 51			.....
Rochester "	.....	11 50	6 00	5 00			4 56
Pitts'gh ar.	12 00	12 43	6 50	5 50			5 45
	N'N	PM	PM	AM			PM

Nos. 336 and 338 connect at Wellsville for Steubenville and Bellaire. Nos. 338 and 342 connect in Union Station, Pittsburgh, for the East.

BETWEEN BAYARD AND NEW PHILADELPHIA.

Read Down 51	51	53		Read Up. 52	54	56
PM	AM	AM		AM	PM	PM
‡4 10	‡9 40	‡6 50	lv ..... Bayard ..... ar	‡9 00	‡3 20	‡4 00
4 20	9 48	7 10	" ..... Minerva ..... "	8 40	3 10	3 40
4 31	9 58	7 35	" ..... Oneida ..... "	8 22	3 01	3 26
‡4 38	‡10 02	8 05	" ..... Malvern ..... "	8 05	2 55	2 56
‡4 53	‡10 15	8 40	" ...Waynesburg... "	7 35	2 45	2 15
5 02	10 23	8 55	" ..... Magnolia ..... "	7 25	2 41	2 05
5 23	10 41	9 15	" ..Mineral Point "	6 55	2 26	1 45
5 39	10 50	9 25	" ..... Zoar ..... "	6 45	2 20	1 30
5 55	11 10	9 50	" ..Canal Dover.. "	6 25	2 05	1 00
6 10	11 25	10 0	ar ..New Phila ..lv	6 05	1 55	12 30
PM	AM	AM		AM	PM	No'n.

*Daily. †Except Sunday. ‡Flag stop. §Meals.
Dark Faced Type denotes time from 12 00 noon to 12 00 midnight, light Faced from 12 00 midnight to 12 00 noon.
JOSEPH WOOD, General Manager. E. A. FORD, General Passenger Agent.
11-30-94-1 PITTSBURGH, PENN'A.
For time cards, rates of fare, through tickets, baggage checks, and further information regarding the running of trains apply to any Agent of the Pennsylvania Lines.
W. D. ..., Agent, Ravenna, Ohio.

ERIE LINES
TIME TABLE
Adopted Nov. 25. 1894.
Central time, 28 minutes slower than Columbus time.
Trains depart from Ravenna as follows:

EASTWARD.	Depart.
No 8—New York and Boston	2:35 a. m
No 38—Local Freight	7:15 a. m
No 12—New York and Boston	8:29 a. m
No. 16—Youngstown and Pittsburg	5:15 p. m

WESTWARD.	Depart.
No. 5—Chicago & Cincinnati Vestibule,	7:57 a.m.
No 11—Gallion Passenger	3:22 p.m.
No. 3—Chicago and Cincinnati	5:15 p.m.

Nos. 8, 12 16 5, 11 and 3 run daily.
No 11 makes all stops, Salamanca to Gallion.
No. 16 makes all stops, Cincinnati to Youngstown.
No 12. Flag Stop at Freedom, Windham, and Braceville.
A. M. TUCKER Gen'l Manager, Cleveland.
D. I. ROBERTS, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, New York.
F. W. HUSKISS, A. G. P. A., Chicago.
M. L. FOUTS Gen. Pass. Department, Cleveland.

P&W RAILWAY
TIME TABLE.
CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.
IN EFFECT JAN. 6, 1895
MAIN LINE.—WESTBOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 7 P. M.	No. 3 A. M.	No. 15 P. M.	No. 5. P. M.
Lv. PITTSBURGH	.....	.....	2.15	8.00
" ALLEGHENY	3.15	7.20	2.20	.....
" CALLERY JC	4.23	8.22	3.27	.....
" ZELIENOPLE	4.43	8.40	3.44	.....
" ELLWOOD	5.11	9.07	4.08	9.51
" NEW CASTLE	5.45	10.00	4.05	.....
" YOUNGSTOWN	.....	10.10	5.00	10.47
" NILES	.....	10.34	5.34	.....
" DE FOREST JC	.....	10.40	5.55	.....
" WARREN	.....	10.45	6.00	11.10
" LEAVITTSBU'G	.....	10.51	6.07	.....
" NEWTON FLS	.....	11.03	6.18	.....
" RAVENNA	.....	11.38	6.52	12.07
" KENT	.....	11.58	7.11	.....
" CUYAH'GA FLS	.....	12.14	7.28	.....
" AKRON	.....	12.25	7.40	12.47
Ar. CHICAGO	.....	2.00AM	9.05	11.00
" COLUMBUS	.....	6.55	2.15	.....
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.

EASTBOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 8 A. M.	No. 6 P. M.	No. 14 P. M.	No. 4 P. M.
Lv. CHICAGO	.....	3.00	6.35	11.00
" AKRON	.....	1.25AM	6.20AM	1.25
" CUYAH'GA FLS	.....	.....	6.30	1.35
" KENT	.....	.....	6.45	1.50
" RAVENNA	.....	2.02	7.00	2.07
" NEWTON FLS	.....	.....	7.32	2.40
" LEAVITTSBU'G	.....	.....	7.44	2.52
" WARREN	.....	2.48	7.50	2.58
" DE FOREST JC	.....	.....	8.15	3.05
" NILES	.....	.....	8.20	3.10
" YOUNGSTOWN	.....	3.21	8.45	3.40
" NEW CASTLE	6.35	.....	9.00	4.05
" ELLWOOD	7.11	4.10	9.44	4.40
" ZELIENOPLE	7.40	.....	10.07	5.12
" CALLERY JC	8.02	.....	10.25	5.30
" ALLEGHENY	9.10	.....	.....	6.40
Ar. PITTSBURGH	.....	6.15AM	11.40	9.20
" WASHINGTON	.....	4.45pm	.....	7.10AM
" BALTIMORE	.....	6.05	.....	8.50 "
" PHILAD'LPHIA	.....	8.18	.....	11.10 "
" NEW YORK	.....	10.55	.....	1.55
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.

Nos. 5, 6, 14 and 15 run Daily. Arrive and Depart from B. & O. Depot, Pittsburgh. Nos. 8 and 4 Daily between Allegheny and De Forest Junction. Other Trains Daily Except Sunday.

LAKE DIVISION.

No. 53 A. M.	No. 19 P. M.	STATIONS.	No. 18 A. M.	No. 52 P. M.
.....	2.25	Lv. ...YOUNGSTOWN... Ar.	9.05	.....
5.45	3.05	...DE FOREST JUNC.	8.10	5.10
6.05	3.13	..... WARREN	8.02	4.50
7.30	3.45	..W. FARMINGTON..	7.30	3.45
8.25	4.05	... MIDDLEFIELD...	7.11	2.25
8.40	4.12	..... SUNTON	7.05	2.20
8.57	4.18	...EAST CLARIDON...	6.56	2.02
9.37	4.37	.....CHARDON	6.30	1.10
10.40	5.02	...PAINESVILLE....	6.13	12.25
10.45	5.05	L. S. & M. S. DEPOT	6.10	12.20

J. V. PATTON, General Supt. C. W. BASSETT, Asst General Pass. Agent.
E. P. MERITZ, Agent, RAVENNA, OHIO.

$2.50 CLEVELAND -TO- BUFFALO
VIA "C. & B. LINE."
Commencing with opening of navigation (about April 1st). Magnificent side-wheel steel steamers
"State of Ohio" & "State of New York"
DAILY TIME TABLE.
SUNDAY INCLUDED.
Lv. Cleveland 6:00 P. M. | Lv. Buffalo, - 6:30 P. M.
Ar. Buffalo, - 7:30 A. M. | Ar. Cleveland, 7:30 A. M.
CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.
Take the "C. & B. Line" steamers, and enjoy a refreshing night's rest while en route to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Toronto, New York, Boston, Albany 1,000 Islands, or any Eastern or Canadian point.
Cheap Excursions Weekly to Niagara Falls
SEND 4 CENTS POSTAGE FOR TOURIST PAMPHLET.
W. F. HERMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt, T. F. NEWMAN, Gen'l Manager.
CLEVELAND, O.

ABOUT WINDOW SHADES

Nothing is more provoking about housekeeping than a lot of Window Shades that won't work. Shades made and put up by us give perfect satisfaction. WE GUARANTEE THEM.

Our line of READY MADE SHADES at 25c., 30c. and 35c., is the best in the market.

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SUCCESSOR TO RISDON & TAYLOR
GROCER
Having purchased the interest of the late Col. O. C. Risdon, I will continue the Grocery business at the old stand, No. 3 Marvin Block, and cordially invite the former patrons of the house and the people of Ravenna and vicinity generally, to call and see me.
I shall endeavor to keep up the reputation of the House for fair dealing, and will keep always on hand a full stock of the best Groceries and Provisions.
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PHOTOS OF ALL KINDS. SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO CHILDREN.
FRAMES MADE TO ORDER IN ANY SIZE, IN LATEST PATTERN OF MOULDING.
All Work First Class.
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The Leading Drug Store
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Is the Place to Buy
YOUR DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, FINE TOILET SOAPS, BRUSHES COMBS, ETC. FANCY ARTICLES; PERFUMERY IN GREAT VARIETY OF ODORS; MIXED PAINTS AND PAINTERS' BRUSHES.
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Which is a Guarantee that it will be well done.
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We invite the public to call and compare our Stock and Prices with those of other Shoe Houses. "We court comparison."

Our Spring Stock is very complete and "up to date" in every essential

Expert Foot Fitters, Smith and Brigham.

A Little Golden Thread.

Only a packet of letters that I have hidden away,
All breathing to me the sweetness of many a summer day.
There are tender little pleadings that have reached my inmost heart
And the echo of their sweetness in all my life has part.
Only these cherished letters, that no eyes but mine have read;
And I keep them bound together with a little golden thread.
Only a packet of letters with the pages soiled and torn,
But how many dainty fancies with each loving word is born.
Ah! where is the hand that penned them in those dreamy sunny hours
When we thought our path was shadowed only by love's fairest flowers.
Only these cherished letters that no eyes but mine have read,
That I keep so closely guarded with a little golden thread.
Ah! but love words die so quickly in this world of thorns and briars,
And the heart that beats most fiercely is the one that soonest tires.
"Looking back" brings tears of longing to so many weary eyes
That have seen their fond hopes vanish like the stars from morning skies.
Yet I keep these faded letters
That no eyes but mine have read,
Dearly cherished, closely guarded
By a slender golden thread.
—Cecil Lorraine.

GREUZE'S ROMANCE.

As soon as Greuze had become rich enough he desired, like all truly inspired painters, to make the tour of Italy. He took with him several letters of introduction, one of which did him good service, if not for the acquisition of fame, at least for the knowledge of love.

Immediately after the entertainment made for him by his friends of the academy he went to the palace of the duke of Orr. This nobleman received him very graciously, in the manner of a great lord who stands in the presence of a man of genius. Greuze's arrival was most happily timed. The duke had a lovely daughter whose only dream was of art. She must have a master. Greuze would meet the need as well as any other.

When he first saw Letitia, the artist asked himself if the lesson would not be for him, for she was nature's masterpiece. The lesson proved good for them both. "Genius comes from the heart," Greuze had already said to himself on more than one occasion, but had never said it so truly as now. He loved Letitia as an angel in woman's form, she had so much of grace, divine and human. He did not love alone; the souls of master and pupil had bloomed on the same day, like two roses in the same sunbeam. As yet it was scarcely love that existed between them, but rather that ineffable emotion which rises like incense from the earth to God.

This, like all other happiness, was soon to pass away; it was but a glance, a smile, a tear, and nothing more, but do not these make up happiness? Greuze felt that his love could be but a brief dream. It was born of folly and must die before the chill of reason. A poor devil of a painter could but lose his time in adoring the Princess Letitia.

But love's time is never lost. Now, since kings no longer wed with shepherdesses, Greuze felt that only one wise course was open to him—to leave the palace of Orr, thus taking away from Letitia her love, her regrets, and tears. He took refuge in solitude, seeking to escape the image of Letitia, but her face smiled everywhere before his eyes, like an enchantress.

At the first stroke of his brush Letitia appeared by magic on his canvas; when he walked alone memory summoned the young princess to his side. One day, when, perhaps to shut out from his eyes Letitia's sweet face, he was sketching a virgin's head the duke of Orr made him a visit.

"Are you not coming again to the palace?" he asked. "My gallery is deserted. My daughter put away her brushes when she lost her master. Come back! Come back! Since you went away I have enriched my collection by two heads of Titian. My old uncle would like copies of them by Letitia; come, then, and help her again."

The next day Greuze returned to the palace, pale and trembling at the mere idea of meeting the young girl once more. But that day he did not see her. Letitia had fallen ill with the grief of not seeing her master again. He began alone the copy of Titian. On the following day, as he was dreaming before his work, Letitia's maid approached him with a mysterious air, bidding him to follow her.

Greuze obeyed like a child. He came into a room darkened by heavy curtains of damask. At the first glance he saw Letitia in the shadow, lying languidly on a couch. Although pale as death she blushed deeply when Greuze entered. She offered her hand in silence. He fell on his knees to kiss it. The princess grew radiant. She raised her head and bestowed on Greuze a sweet look from the most beautiful eyes in the world.

"Ah, Greuze, I love you. Do not condemn me as an enthusiast. I love you, but——"

She bowed her head and seemed to wait for a reply. Greuze knew not what to say. He simply kissed Letitia's white hand a second time.

"Why should I not tell it? I love you. But you?"

Greuze was still silent, lost in joy.

Letitia augured no good from his silence. She withdrew her hand, and turning away her head, began to weep.

At this Greuze awoke from his dream. "Do I love you?" he cried. "Ah! Letitia! Behold me! I am lost in ecstasy now that I see you again."

"You love me!" she joyfully explained.

She threw herself into his arms, and for a second there was but a single soul. Greuze was the first to break the spell.

"Alas!" said he, "we are but children. Think of it, Letitia. You love me? But you are the daughter of the duke of Orr. I adore you; but I am a poor painter without fame or fortune. Love mocks me cruelly."

"You do not know what you are saying," replied Letitia, who was still under the charm, "I love you and will marry you; it is perfectly simple."

"You cannot think of it. Your father——"

"My father, my father! I am quite aware that he has in view for me a hideous old husband, his everlasting Cazsa—or, in case he should fail, that idiotic Count Palleri, whom I have never seen. I am rich, fortunately, by inheritance from my mother. I give you my wealth, my heart, my life, all that I have, if you will love me forever. We will go to France and there a cottage will be better to us than a palace. Greuze will become a Titian and I will be his wife. I shall be there to smooth his brow and to love him; I shall dwell in his heart. But why do you look so sad? Do you not love me truly?"

Greuze allowed himself to be led; he forgot the claims of nobility; with Letitia he built the most charming castles in Spain; but he soon came to himself again.

"Alas!" said he. "Why am I not a grand duke?"

"What a child you are!" said Letitia. "What are those sounding titles worth? What do you want of them?"

And as she spoke the lovely Italian leaned toward her lover like a gracious fairy, took his blonde head between her delicate hands, and gave him on the forehead a kiss so sweet that it would have awakened Alain Chartier.

"There!" said she, with a charming smile, "is not that as good as any title?"

But they were obliged to part. Greuze went away happy, deeply charmed, promising to come again the next day.

"Tomorrow," said Letitia, "you shall not go away alone."

Once out of the place, however, the painter felt that the Eden lay behind him. Farewell, enchantment! Greuze becomes responsible once more; he dares not give himself up the poetry of his adventure.

"No," said he, "no; I will not bring desolation to the house of this noble duke of Orr. Letitia is blind; I must see for her." He gave up all his illusions and his hopes; his love alone remained.

The next day when he came to Letitia he was pale and heart-broken; his victory had cost him many tears.

"Ah! Letitia," said he, "I am sad because I love you too well, because I g've you up, my holiest and puriest joy. Yesterday I was man. I listened only to my heart. To-day——"

"Are you serious?" cried Letitia, almost in anger. "Then you do not love me. You have broken my heart. Go! let me suffer alone. I will never see you again."

And she waved him to the door. Again Greuze had not the strength to withstand so much love. He threw himself at her feet and swore to obey her like a slave.

"Then," she said resolutely, "let us leave at once. My father is with Count Palleri; when he returns we shall be far away. A carriage is at the door; I have provided for everything; I was not afraid, like you."

She drew Greuze to the door of the chamber and cast a last look behind her. She suddenly grew pale and Greuze felt her tremble.

"What is it, Letitia?" he cried, seizing her hands.

"Look!" she replied, growing still paler. "Look!"

She was gazing wildly at her father's picture. It was one of Greuze's portraits, and, like all his head, it had so tender and sweet an expression that one's heart was touched at sight of it. The duke seemed to reproach his daughter sadly for leaving him thus. In her heart, which throbbed violently, her father contented with her love. Greuze dared not speak.

"I cannot go," said she; "support me and lead me back."

"I, too, have no strength," he sadly replied. "One last kiss, Letitia, before your father's eyes—and farewell forever."

She began to weep, held out both hands to Greuze and said in a broken voice:

"I thank you; farewell."

* * * * * * *

Five weeks later the duke of Orr again entered the artist's studio.

"My dear Greuze," said he, "my daughter greatly desires you to paint her portrait. Can you come tomorrow?"

The next day at the palace of Orr the painter found Count Palleri carelessly embracing Letitia, who blushed at the sight of Greuze.

"My daughter is married," said the duke. "Had I forgotten to tell you of it?"

The painter bowed to hide his breaking heart.

He found courage to paint the portrait. Twice he was alone with the young bride. The first time she gave him a lock of her hair, the second one last kiss with a tear. When the head was finished Greuze carried the portrait to his studio to give, as he said, a last touch to the accessories, but the next day he left Rome like a thief, carrying with him that treasure of art and of love. — *From the French of Arsene Houssaye.*

It Felt So Homelike.

Two Kansans who had been out of the state for a number of years returned during the past summer. They came by way of Omaha, leaving there at night in an ordinary coach. Some time during the early morning hours, before daylight, there was an accident and the cars went over a bank and brought up in a creek about fifty feet below the track, smashing things generally but not doing much to the Kansans except waking and shaking them up. When the car stopped at the end of its flight there was a dead silence, broken by the voice of the Kansan on the forward seat.

"By gosh, Bill," it said, "git up. We've got thar and we've hit a cyclone at the same time and I guess it must have blowed us about seven miles, judgin' by the way we lit."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dr. Joseph Nouri, the Greek archdeacon, who has brought a damage suit for $5,000,000 against the U. S., says he recently discovered Noah's Ark on Mount Ararat.

THE "GIANTS" OF OLD TIMES.

Men of Present Day Taller and Broader Than the Men of the Middle Ages.

According to the popular opinion, we men of the present time are singularly degenerated and are nothing more than diminutives and reductions of the men of medieval times.

It is said that the warriors of that period were giants, clad in iron, and that their muscles were of steel. That is what the legend says, and what nearly everybody repeats. We might confine ourselves to an invocation to logic in this case. In medieval times hygiene was deplorable. The barons ate too much and the peasants did not eat enough. Gymnastics were neglected and bathing was little known. The population was crowded in towns and villages. The castles were practically barracks and the cottages huts. There was a need of pure air everywhere. From this manner of living there resulted, necessarily, deplorable generations.

Our learned physiologists, after having measured hundreds of skeletons, testify that the men of our times are from one to two centimeters taller than the men of the middle ages. But the bones of our ancestors are not the only testimony left by them in regard to their stature. We also possess their war garments. We have measured several of them, and it turns out that we appear not only to have grown taller since the time when they were manufactured, but our shoulders could never fit into the steel corsets of our so-called athletic forefathers.

Moreover, this proof has been made on more than one occasion. The Comte de Nieuwerkerke, the superintendent of the museums under the second empire, wishing to put on the armor of Francis I., the largest of all in the Museum of Artillery, was obliged to give it up. It was too little for him. And, nevertheless, the comte, although a fine man, was in no sense a giant.

And here is another example. At Soleure, in Switzerland, recently, on the occasion of a gymnastic tournament, the young men, wishing to close the festivities by a procession with historical costumes, asked the authorities for permission to borrow the arms and armor of the arsenal, which possessed a remarkable collection of them, and the permission was granted. But it is evident that their ancestors, people of little foresight, never thought of their grandchildren and these grandchildren were unable to put on the armor. It was too small for them.

And now let us see what Machiavelli says of the Swiss, for the latter, also according to the legend, passed for giants among the giants, and, if we were to take the testimony of the pictures, their stature was herculean. After having celebrated the valor of the Swiss troops who fought in Italy at this time, the Italian adds: "They were all little men, dirty and ugly."

History may, perhaps, be right in declaring that the battle of Marignan was a combat of giants, but the combatants were not gigantic. So much for the stature of our ancestors.

Now, as to their strength, we have no other proof beyond the weight of the equipment of the men-at-arms. "What enormous strength they must have possessed to be able to move about loaded with metal!" So say the innocent bourgeois, who, on Sundays, walk through the halls of the Hotel des Invalides. "Our soldiers of the present time would faint under such fearful burdens."

Now, in the first place, the harness of the knights was very much lighter than it was supposed to have been. According to one of the catalogues of the Museum of Artillery, the weight of the complete armor did not, as a rule, exceed fifty pounds, and inasmuch as those who wore it were horsemen it was the horse that had to bear the greatest part of the fatigue.

But why has this legend become so thoroughly rooted in the mind of the public? We might content ourselves with this simple reply, because it is a legend. The brain of the public is marvelously prepared for the reception of error, and the crowd advances toward absurdity just as a duck goes to a pond. But it must be said that humanity, contrary to the laws of optics, has a tendency to enlarge everything that is far off and to belittle that which is close by. Instinctively, we are disposed to lift our ancestors upon the backs of our contemporaries. Even Homer, speaking of the athletic games after the death of Patroclus, refers to the strength of the ancients, and Adam is probably the only man who has not boasted of his ancestors.

But let us conclude by saying that if our greatgrandfathers were to come back to this world again, and by reason of the military laws were obliged to pass before the council of revision, many among them would be rejected on account of their small stature. And then if, on leaving the council, they should enter any gymnasium they would in all probability be unable to handle the dumbbells that we put up with ease.—*Figaro.*

A Rural Scene in Georgia.

Here is a true picture of life in the rural districts. An old lady from Rockdale, with her children, went to Sunday school in Covington. After school Brother Rosser assisted in hitching her steer, "Buck," to the wagon, and, getting on the "wrong side" of the beast, he fired away and kicked the breath out of the superintendent, who groaned aloud. The old lady rushed to his assistance, and exclaimed:

"You ding fool, what in the devil did you git on that side of Buck fer? You mought 'er knowed he'd 'er kicked the stuffin' out of you. Don't you know that Buck ain't erquainted with town folks with store clothes on?"

After that she hitched Buck to the wagon without any help from Brother Rosser.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Power of Magnetic Guns.

Col. W. R. King of the engineers says that the abilities of his big-gun magnets at Willett's Point have been overestimated. A recent paragraph stated that the big magnets had been found to derange the compass of ships six miles away. "Of course," writes Col. King, "a pebble thrown in the ocean at Coney Island will, theoretically speaking, produce an everwidening circle of waves that will finally reach the shores of Europe. So the magnetic waves will extend indefinitely but at a distance much less than 'six miles' they will become homœopathic forces of at least the tenth 'attenuation.'" According to tests recently made of the effect of the big magnet on the compass it is found that at a distance of fifty feet in a line nearly east and west through the magnet the deflection was 85 degrees; at 100 feet, 16 degrees; at 150 feet, 8 degress, and at 200 feet, 2 1-2 degrees. Hence we may perceive that a compass six miles off would not be very seriously affected.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Innocence.

Chally—You—aw—say Miss Jones has accepted you?

Jack Dasher—She has, my boy.

C.—Well, that's vewy stwange.

J. D.—Why is it strange?

C.—I—aw—pwoposed to her a shawt time ago and she said she intended never to marwy.—*Philadelphia Press.*

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

WOMEN WHO SMOKE.

The Princess of Wales Says a Clever Thing About Them.

A characteristic anecdote was lately told of the princess of Wales, says the *Youth's Companion.* The princess, it is well known, while she maintains the even, gentle tenor of her way, never dictating or interfering with others, always casts her powerful influence on the side of the domestic, quiet woman, showing no sympathy in dress or actions with her "advanced" sister.

One evening not long ago some of the ladies of the court were discussing before the princess the fact that some of the fashionable Englishwomen now openly smoke cigarettes after dinner. Arguments for and against the habit were advanced, but the princess remained silent. At last one of the ladies, addressing her by the title which Englishwomen of rank only use to the queen and princess, said: "What do you think of it? If there be any pleasure or comfort in tobacco, is it fair that the men should monopolize it? Do you believe it to be as corrupting to the body and mind as Lady Blank says it is?"

The princess smiled. "I cannot decide on the medical or moral bearings of the question," she said, gently, "but I have noticed that men who use tobacco to excess always speak of themselves as 'slaves to the habit,' and declare that it is impossible to break from it. I do not see why women who are trying to emancipate themselves from customs which they declare are tyrannies, should voluntarily put on a yoke which men find intolerable."

This was a new and shrewd view of the case, to which the advocates of cigarettes could find no answer.

M. Velpeau, who wrote admirable letters for a French periodical, during the progress of the Columbian Exposition, upon the habits and manners of the Americans, said:

"I find that tobacco is used by only three classes of American women: Fast young girls in the cities who wish to imitate the manners of a faster set in London; old women in the almshouses whose pipes take the place of a stronger stimulant, and women of the 'poor white' class in the south who go about with a stick rubbed in snuff in their mouths."

Cigarette smokers among young girls can "see themselves as others see them" in these words.

THE ATHLETIC GIRL.

She Is All Right, but Some of Her Ways Are Past Bearing.

Who doesn't know the girl who goes around whacking other girls on the backs and pounding them in their stomachs and pummeling them in their chests, saying: "Why on earth don't you stand up? You're as humpy as a camel!"

Some folks say that this girl is all right; that she fills her niche in the world's gallery of well-doers with ability and unselfishness. This may be true, but if you happen to be a girl and wander into the way of this well-doer you long to implore her to adopt milder methods. It isn't pleasant when you are discussing the latest wrinkle in hairdressing to have somebody suddenly give you an awful thump between the shoulders and say: "Stand up, there, now. If you bend over much more you'll stand on your head." Then you are likely to double up as quickly as a folding-bed unsolicited doubles down, and for a moment you may imagine that you are in the hands of a patented massage machine or floundering in the whirring arms of a windmill.

It is this same girl that "does her exercise" on the back porch every morning to the amusement and gratification of a huge audience stationed at numerous windows. She first plants her hands on her hips and draws several long breaths. She puffs her chest out pigeon fashion and sports like a feminine Sandow. After that she stretches her arms toward a neighboring clothesline, and by that time spectators, open-mouthed and interested, have assembled. A man in the act of shaving puts down his razor, deserts mirror and brush, and devotes himself entirely to gazing at the twisting, stretching vision of athletic loveliness. A kitchen lady trots out of a back door with a bucket of potato peelings, but stops midway of her journey to look. In every other window along the entire row of houses beams a face, and as the athletic maiden becomes more and more warmed up to her playful and invigorating performances each face grows into a group of three, or even more. After a few mornings of this the shaving gentleman and the kitchen lady defer their individual employment until the vision on the back porch starts up her Delsartean poses.

Sometimes when she is in a specially humorous mood she gives an imitation of Lottie Collins' celebrated rough and tumble dance, and at such moments the audience nods its universal approval. Whatever her actions she's sure of a crowd of onlookers, and even if her audience does increase daily she frets not, so long as the faithful tape measure tells her that her chest has widened almost half an inch after only three months' of muscle-developing torture and exhibitions of graceful war dances.

Two Funeral Stories.

There is a touching story told of the funeral of Sir Walter Scott: The road by which the procession took its way wound over a hill