

INLAND.

The Board of Education has employed a teacher for the new High school. Mr. Cooper, teacher in the North High school for the past three years, was employed at a salary of \$70 per month. Mr. Mottinger and Mr. Kreighbaum, one a graduate of Hiram college and the other a student in Ohio Wesleyan University, were both turned down. The engineer, who was fatally injured in the wreck on the C. T. & V. R. R. near Valley Junction last Thursday, was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Sanders of this place. He died Sunday morning and will be buried at Mineral Point, the home of his wife's parents. The family has the sympathy of the entire community.

Saturday afternoon's rain put the roads in nice condition for the camp meeting. It just laid the dust nicely and at the same time cooled the atmosphere, making it nice driving. A large crowd was on the grounds Sunday.

Henry Deutch has opened his elder mill for work on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Andrew Lilley has sold his property known as the Freese property to Wm. Smith who will build a new house during the winter. Mohler & Drueckenbrodt have the contract.

Serving For Another Occasion. "Well, Johnny, I shall forgive you this time, and it's very pretty of you to write a letter to say you are sorry."

"Yes, ma, I don't say it up, please."

"Why, Johnny?"

"Because it will do for the next time"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

CLINTON. The Frase reunion was held at Luna Lake Saturday.

Mrs. Cora E. Costello of Akron, is visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. J. D. Evans and daughter, Blanche were in Akron Saturday.

Mrs. C. S. Spangler is on the sick list.

Arthur Hollinger is visiting Knox county relatives.

Will and Ray Huber of Akron, visited with their uncle, D. C. Smith and family.

Miss Cora E. Grove and mother and Rev. Jenkins of Manchester visited with C. S. Spangler's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Housman and granddaughter, Margaret Church, spent Sunday with Cal Housman and family, south of town.

Prof. and Mrs. M. C. Henainger were in Akron, on business Monday.

John Deutch and Martin Limbach were in Akron Saturday.

Squire F. Deutch and wife attended Green town campmeeting Sunday.

Martin Limbach and wife were in Orrville Sunday calling on friends.

A WONDERFUL CURE OF DIARRHOEA.

A prominent Virginia Editor had almost given up, but was brought back to perfect health by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy—Read His Editorial.

From the Times, Hillsville, Va. I suffered with diarrhoea for a long time and thought I was past being cured. I had spent much time and money and suffered so much misery that I had almost decided to give up all hopes of recovery and await the result, but noticing the advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and also some testimonials stating how some wonderful cures had been wrought by this remedy, I decided to try it.

After taking a few doses I was entirely well of that trouble, and I wish to say further to my readers and fellow-sufferers that I am a hale and hearty man today and feel as well as I ever did in my life.—O. R. Moore. Sold by all druggists. E. Steinhilber & Co., wholesale agents.

SUFFIELD. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Bletzer were at Green town Sunday, the guest of their son George.

Miss Gertrude Hawk, attended the farmers picnic at Silver Lake Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Royer, attended the funeral of the late W. H. Nees at Uniontown, Wednesday.

Mr. Henry Thompson of Painesville, was the guest of Miss Lulu Wegman, several days last week.

Miss Susie Grabill of Canton, and Mrs. Addie Hawk of Mogadore, were the guests of Mrs. Lewis Hawk, Tuesday.

The typhoid fever patients are convalescent.

Mr. P. G. Ewart of Springfield, was in town Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bolender, were at Green town Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Woodling and others of Uniontown, spent Saturday afternoon at Silver Lake.

Mr. John Hawk, of Mogadore, was in the village Sunday.

The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held at the home of Miss Lulu Wegman, Saturday at 2 p. m.

RICHFIELD. The Richfield annual reunion held in Kirby's grove August 23, was much enjoyed by all. There were friends from Akron, Medina, Cleveland and other cities. Charles Carpenter who had not visited Richfield for 30 years was present. Henry Killifer and Percy Townsend, who have been away from Richfield four years, came to this reunion, and a great many other old time friends. The reunion will be held August 25, next year, at the same grove, with the following officers to manage it: O. B. Himman, president; R. C. Ellsworth, Clarence Hill, and Mrs. L. E. Humphrey, vice presidents; F. Chandler, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Harry Welton, Mrs. Frank Enos and Miss Mary Sheldon, executive committee.

Miss Phillips of Pittsburgh is visiting her cousins, Lucy and Earl Maskey.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hancock on East Hill.

Mrs. Dr. Ewing, who has been spending July and August in Richfield, leaves for New York city next week to join her daughter, Mrs. Alfred Hill.

William Weld sold to Bovar and Bower, of Cleveland stock yards, 32 head of fine cattle last Friday.

Cure that ingrown toe nail by using "Dr. Marvel's Ingrown Toe Nail Remedy" price 25c. For sale by all druggists.

Steamer for L. L. park 8:30 and 1 daily

A HISTORICAL RIDE.

IT WAS WORTH THREE STARS TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Marcus Whitman's Wild and Perilous Journey of 4,000 Miles From Oregon to Washington and the Routes Which Followed in Its Wake. The ride of Marcus Whitman was ever snow capped mountains and along dark ravines, traveled only by savage men. It was a plunge through rivers and across trackless prairies, a ride of 4,000 miles across a continent in the dead of winter to save a mighty territory to the Union.

Compared with this, what was the feat of Paul Revere, who rode 18 miles on a vain night in April to arouse a handful of sleeping patriots and thereby save the powder at Concord?

Whitman's ride saved three stars to the American flag. It was made in 1842.

In 1792, during the first administration of Washington, Captain Robert Gray, who had already carried the American flag around the globe, discovered the mouth of the Columbia river. He sailed several miles up the great stream and landed and took possession in the name of the United States.

In 1805, under Jefferson's administration, this vast territory was explored by Captains Lewis and Clark, whose reports were popular reading for our grandfathers, but the extent and value of this distant possession were very little understood until the year 1811, when the fur trading station of Astoria in 1811.

Strangely enough, England, too, claimed this same territory by virtue of rights ceded to her by Russia and also by the Vancouver surveys of 1792. The Hudson's Bay company established a number of trading posts and filled the country with adventurous fur traders.

So there was a vast territory, as large as New England and the state of Indiana combined, which seemed to be without any positive ownership. But when the Hudson's Bay company established a number of trading posts and filled the country with adventurous fur traders, the American government was very much annoyed.

Mr. Rykins came home with a large number of bundles under his arm. When he got inside the door he made straight for the kitchen and had an interview with the cook. His wife made no inquiries and offered no comment.

When the roast beef was brought in he looked at the napkin which had been given him and tossed it aside. "Gimme another one," he exclaimed.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"This ain't big enough," was the only explanation.

When his demand had been complied with he looked at the napkin ostentatiously around his neck, tasted the food before him and sat back, with his knife and fork crossed before him and an indigne grin on his face. His wife started at him.

"What do you think of it?" he asked, suddenly becoming serious.

"Of what?"

"The way I look. Do I strike you as the man of prosperity and content? Do I impress you as a portly bon vivant who has realized one of the supreme moments of his existence?"

"No," she answered sweetly yet sadly. "I can't say that is what you remind me of."

He made no reply, but took the napkin from his neck and, after taking a few dyspeptic nibbles of the roast, pushed his plate away.

"You wouldn't object to my having another cup of coffee and smoking a cigar with it, would you?" he inquired.

"Certainly not."

He took the cigar from his upper left hand vest pocket and looked at a small advertising card which he had placed there with it. He stood up with one hand half way in his trouser pocket, while the other held the cigar in front of him. Then he resumed his previous smile.

"How is it?" he asked anxiously after a moment. "Is that all right? Do I remind you of a wit, philosopher and raconteur? Is there a glow of affable comfort emanating from me, an intimation that I am liable at any moment to make life cheerier with a new and genial eloquence?"

"No."

"The fact that I have side whiskers doesn't help out the illusion?"

"I am afraid not."

"I look just as round shouldered and long jawed as ever?" he persisted in a tone of calm self depreciation which was pathetic.

"I didn't say that."

"I guess it's no use. It's another deception. I have looked at the advertisement of the table sauce with the picture of the prosperous, portly man till I couldn't resist the temptation to try it. I thought if I could look like that just once in my life it would be worth every cent it cost. Art is a great thing, but it is misleading. The picture which goes with that cigar gave me the impression that it causes a man to look every inch an after dinner orator. I have another in my pocket that accompanies the portrait of an actor who can melt your heart by gazing upward just past his eyebrows and drawing the corners of his mouth down with an expression of deep tenderness. But I'm not going to try it. The goods may be all right, but the pictures are a snare and a delusion. I've got some shaving soap which I relied on to make me resemble an Apollo in store clothes and a suit of underwear that ought to make a man appear fetchingly coy and humorous as he holds it up in front of his business suit and measures it to his manly figure and a lot of other articles, but I'm not going to try any of 'em. I'm disillusioned. You can take 'em to the stores whose names are on the wrappings, and if you can get the money back you can have it. I have made a conscientious effort to be beautiful, and I know when I'm beat"—Washington Star.

A Rebellious Subject. Photographer—Madam, I can't give you the desired pose unless you look at that little spot on the wall.

Mrs. Rural—Never you mind about no pose. I'm not p'ra to be took as though I was "in ter squint through a peck 'r". I'm starin straight ahead or this thing don't go through.—Exchange.

The Right Profession. "They couldn't teach Joe a thing about history."

"Els excuse was that he didn't believe in anything that he couldn't see."

"What's he going to do now?"

"Els father thinks of setting him up as an agnostic."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MOST BEYOND BELIEF.

IF IT WERE NOT FOR AKRON ENDORSMENT PEOPLE MIGHT BE SKEPTICAL.

No wonder people doubt. So many statements are made. Statements endorsed by strangers. From people living in distant towns. Such endorsement has a heavy aspect. Akron people want local proof. That's what we have here. It's not beyond belief, because it can be proven.

Read a local citizen's statement: Mrs. F. S. Gordon of 158 Benjamin st., says: "I received great relief from the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. They gave me freedom from gnawing backache, strengthened my kidneys and removed the annoyance caused by the kidney secretions being irregular. I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and went to Lippmeyer & Morley's drug store and bought a box and removed the annoyance caused by the kidney secretions being irregular. My head felt better and the dizziness disappeared. My back was strengthened and I was generally invigorated. I can unhesitatingly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to others."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all druggists. General A. W. Crozier, Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name Doan's and take no substitute.

FUN FOR THE BIRD.

How a Raven Tormented and Punished a Greedy Fox Dog. The greediest and most conceited pug that ever lived, according to his owner, was Suto. The sight of anything eating except himself was agony to him.

A large raven was kept in a cage in the garden of Suto's owner—a raven gifted with sardonic cunning and love of mischief. The pug was the butt of his malicious humor.

Daily at 3 o'clock the raven was given a lump of steak, and Suto would always be hovering about at the time. He hovered near everything edible.

The raven knew his shameful greediness and made fine sport of it. At first Suto, though in torments of gluttony, would feign indifference. The raven would put the stake close against the wire, and Suto's agony would get past bearing. Then the raven retired with a chuckle. At this all Suto's self control was gone, and he plunged at the wires in a mad attempt to snatch the meat.

Of course the thing was hopeless; his blunt nose could never penetrate the wire netting. But the raven's beak could. Instantly the bird would swoop on him and drive in one on that greedy pug's nose. With that Suto would hurl himself furiously at the raven—hopeless ever, for he could never touch the tormentor. The tormentor, in fact, danced and jumped in an ecstasy of delight, driving in dig after dig at the dog's unhappy countenance and getting well housed at every dig. At last poor Suto retired, pecked and beaten. Then the raven, happy and content, his appetite well whetted, swallowed his steak at one gulp, while Suto hid behind a tree or anything else opaque, that he might not have the pain of witnessing the operation. Day after day the performance was repeated in ever detail, and the dog must have known what would happen every time, but his master's passion of gluttony was too strong for him—he could not keep his nose away from that meat.—Chicago News.

Where He Repaired It. When illicit distilling was common in the highlands, there was an old man who went about the country repairing whisky pots.

The gauger met him one day and, surmising that he had been doing repairs at no great distance, asked what he would take to inform him (the gauger) where he repaired the last whisky pot.

"Och," said the old man, "she'll slant tak' half a croon."

"Done!" retorted the gauger. "Here is your money, but be careful to tell me correctly."

"Och, she'll no' tell the gentleman a lee."

Getting the money, the old man quietly remarked: "I shud mention the last whisky pot where the hole was."—London Spark Moments.

Worst Kind of Case.

We Will Tell You if You Will Believe It.

The Experience of Well Known Persons Ought Surely to Be Convincing.

Forest of Strange Trees. The most extraordinary forest in the world was discovered by Dr. Weyl, which was occupied a tableland some six miles in width, between 300 and 400 feet above the sea, near the west coast of Africa. The peculiarity of the trees of this forest is that, though their trunks are four feet in diameter, they attain the height of only one foot. No tree bears more than two leaves, and these attain a length of six and a breadth of two feet. The flowers make gorgeous crimson clusters.

Mrs. W. L. Lehart, 709 Sterling st., Cleveland, O., says: "I have suffered for years with disordered kidneys, also severe backache, headache and rheumatism. I doctored with all kinds of remedies, but it seemed that there was no cure for me. I read about Morrow's Kidney Pills some time ago and determined to give them a trial. After I had taken them a few days I was greatly relieved. I will continue to use Morrow's Kidney Pills."

Morrow's Kidney Pills are not pills, but yellow tablets and sold at fifty cents a box at all drug stores and at John Lippmeyer & Co.'s drug store. Mailed on receipt of price. Manufactured by John Morrow & Co., Chemists, Springfield, Ohio.

HOME FROM THE WAR.

PHILIPPINE STORIES AS TOLD BY THE BOYS.

Personal Bravery Among the Rank and File—Leading Officers Who Travel in Modest Style to Avoid Publicity. (Special Correspondence.) SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 23.—This city is full of soldiers. Some are returning to their homes, while others are preparing for the long voyage to Manila. Men in faded uniforms and with bandaged wounds are plentiful. They are back from the Philippines, where they have fought a good fight. They all look healthy and well fed, and this condition is partly due to the ocean trip before they reached San Francisco.

The newest words from abroad and from our leading houses here all point to the wearing of much rich velvet and heavy silk for both fall and winter dresses. Velvet as a dress material fell into desuetude for many years, but now we shall see much of it in rich colors for dresses and in black for coats, capes, cloaks and all other sorts of wraps. I saw one long mantelet made of one width of black velvet, lined with fine black taffeta. Around the edge was a silk fringe, beaded by a very narrow line of fine jet beads. The fringe was all around. The mantelet is quite often furnished now with frills of the silk costume, though as yet none has been worn. Some have frills of fine silk guipure lace.

The best of the novelty wools for dresses have velvet and chenille stripes and dots. Silks are in the rich armor, peau de soie, satin duchesse, rhadamés and such weights for the handsomest gowns. There are also pin dotted taffetas, brocades in soft and pleasing colors, somewhat after the Persian designs. Pekins in great variety and an entirely new idea in taffets, with perforated embroidery. This is done in white silk over a light ground and is to be made over a contrasting color.

Plaid is booked for a greater popularity than before. It has been produced with many very novel effects.

SOLDIERS HOME FROM THE PHILIPPINES. CO. THE recruits about to go to the front appear to be made of good material and have been well chosen. We also see dozens of officers. Those in the volunteer regiments strut along the street with an important air and distinguished bearing. Arrived in bright regalia, they command our admiration. The regular officers attract our attention, none the less.

I have talked with dozens of these men—officers and privates—and those back from the war all seem anxious to get home. Privates are more communicative than their superiors. One captain talked entertainingly of his impressions of the Philippines, but the only thing he would say regarding the situation there was that it was pretty tough.

I learned a most interesting fact about the way some of the leading generals travel. They will not step into a Pullman or a Wagner car, but prefer the ordinary tourist sleepers. The porter in one of the tourist cars observed a most distinguished stranger in his car. He reported the fact to the conductor, who went in to investigate. They did not know who he was at first, so they compared his face with a number of photographs in the current magazines. He proved to be General Wheeler. When spoken to, he acknowledged his identity and said his object in traveling in that manner was to escape observation and especially reporters. General A. W. Crozier also came out here in the same manner, dressed in an ordinary gray coat. When discovered and spoken with, he, too, enjoyed secrecy and then related his experiences in Cuba.

Here a one story of bravery: Lieutenant Davis of the Fourth cavalry was leading his men in a charge, with sword high in the air, when he was pierced by a bullet through his lungs. Captain Hardy ordered him to the hospital, but the daring officer refused to leave the field. The case was reported to headquarters, and General Otis sent him to the hospital for treatment.

A sergeant and a corporal of this same regiment went out fishing on one of the rivers of Luzon island. They were having a gay time and were thoroughly enjoying the sport. Presently the two Americans observed a big boat with a fishing party of natives, 15 in number, all of whom had become fishers of men. The Yankee boys opened fire at once, and while the Filipinos only had clubs, still they pushed on. The guns were kept busy, and one by one the natives were killed, and before long the whole crew of 15 were dead.

One of the California volunteer companies was suddenly confronted by over 2,000 native soldiers. The captain happened to be in front of his men and was so frightened that he dashed back. But the men did not retreat. No, the American private never does. Suddenly a private broke through the ranks and gave the order "Forward!" It was rank disobedience, but the act of insubordination saved the day. The natives started to retreat, and the soldier company was soon ably supported by reinforcements.

WILLIAM R. BRITTON. (Special Correspondence.) NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—The illustration herewith goes toward proving the assertion that I have made several times regarding the probable fashion for winter. The shapes have been drifting toward the first empire styles for several months, here a half an inch, there a whole one, until now we are confronted with not only a possibility, but a fact. That these shapes are rather graceful we must admit, but dress

MAKERS WILL BE PUT TO THEIR WITS' ENDS.

Not so very long ago pirates attacked a vessel in the Chinese sea. The crew fled in terror to the rigging, but the captain's wife seized a cutlass, and as the pirates' heads appeared over the tresser she cut them down like weeds, until those remaining re-entered their boats and sailed away.

Disasters that attack women are worse than pirates. They torture long before they kill. But women can beat them off and cut them down with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is a woman's remedy and has no alcohol, opium or other narcotic in it. It is the prescription of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., who has devoted a long and successful life to the study and treatment of diseases peculiar to women. It overcomes irregularities, stops disagreeable drains, bearing-down pains and backache, cures female weakness and headache. It helps the girl over the difficulties encountered when she enters womanhood; makes the period preceding maternity a time of comfort; and the newborn enters the world without unnecessary pain to the mother. At the "turn of life" it is priceless to womanhood. Medicine dealers sell it, and you should never permit them to substitute other medicine which they may urge upon you as "just as good."

"I had been a great sufferer from female weakness," writes Mrs. M. B. Wallace, of Manchester, Cooke Co., Texas. "I tried four doctors and none did me any good. I suffered six years, but at last I found relief. I followed your advice and took four bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and eight of the 'Favorite Prescription.' I now feel like a new woman. I have gained fifteen pounds."

In paper covers, 21 one-cent stamps; cloth binding, 10 cents extra—Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.