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House & Lot Given Away

By trading at the stores mentioned below you will get a chance to own a home for nothing. Ask for Tickets. With every cash purchase of 50c you will be given a ticket which may get you a home. A warranty deed given for the fortunate person holding the lucky number.

- BOOTS AND SHOES Chas. A. Holloway, 143 South Howard st. D. W. Holloway, 628 South Main st., Clarendon Hotel block. BAKERS South Main st. Bakery, 500 South Main st., fresh bread, buns, pies and cakes constantly on hand. CLOTHING The Akron Clothing Co., 128 S. Howard st., one door south of Dodge's Furniture Store. COAL DEALER Sam Fry, 701 South Broadway, Telephone 172. A. D. Ellis, Cherry and Canal sts. Coal, moving vans, teaming and transferring. Phone 267. DRUGGISTS Dr. E. J. Hill, s.w. cor. Main and Exchange sts. S. E. Allen & Co., 185 S. Howard street. Black, The Druggist, southwest corner Main and Exchange st. DINING HALL The South Main st. Dining Hall, 500 South Main st. FIVE CENT AND TEN CENT STORES M. Friedman, 151 North Howard st. and 147 South Howard st. Vierling Bros., 602 South Main st. FURNITURE and UPHOLSTERER C. W. Chamberlin, 170 N. Howard st., furniture, upholstering, re-upholstering and feathers renovated. DRY GOODS John Herbruck, 186 S. Howard.

A. W. Hall, No. 188 SOUTH HOWARD ST

WHO WAS IT?

It was on Mardi Gras evening in New Orleans. Davis' saloons were crowded, and Sterlin, the roulette bank keeper, was in jubilant spirits. He even cracked jokes, for the roulette was winning largely.

So absorbing was it that the small fry gamblers abstained from risking their petty dollars and goldpieces and gazed with a sort of awe at the heavy pile of bank notes that accumulated in front of the croupier, as a rich harvest under the rasper's sickle. The excitement was at its height when, just as midnight struck on the bell of the neighboring cathedral, there stood side by side those magistrates of the roulette table, without anybody having noticed how he came, a woman apparently 25 years of age. It was such an apparition as could not but compel instant attention. He was of middle height, fragile, and his body and elegantly proportioned in form.

His features were almost feminine and of classic beauty, and yet, at the very first glance, there could be detected in them an underlying expression which gave warning that under this mask of softness there lurked something to be guarded against—hard iron or sharp steel within an envelope of velvet or silk. Intensely black were his hair, the beard on his upper lip and his lustrous eyes. Black was his whole dress from head to foot, its neatness evidencing the unmistakable cut of the fashionable artist. Black also were his closely fitting gloves. His coat, of the finest cloth, was buttoned up to his chin and showed to advantage his statuesque bust. Altogether there could not have stood in any princely hall a more aristocratic looking personage. A poet would have called him the god of darkness.

This stranger—for nobody present knew him—seemed to abstract himself completely from his surroundings and for awhile looked intently at the gaming board, as if he meant to impregnate it with the magnetizing fluid of his will. Then, suddenly addressing Sterlin, in front of whom he had stationed himself, "Sir," he said in Spanish, with a courteous bow and a musical but somewhat metallic voice, "the stakes limited?" "No," briefly answered the surprised croupier.

The unknown deliberately took off his right glove, showing a hand which a woman might have envied, with long nails, exquisitely shaped and pearly in color. With it he drew out an apparently well filled pocketbook of black morocco, ornamented with gold clasps. He extracted from it a few bank notes, which he laid on the table, saying calmly: "My deal is for \$10,000."

An electric shock seemed to have struck the croupier, and a thrill shot through every one's heart that almost stopped its beating. "Hello!" he trumpeted. "Wouldn't you like to have me grace your circus?" "Oh, I don't know!" carelessly replied the agent. "What stunts can you do?" "What can I do?" asked the surprised elephant.

"Well, you're a bright one, you are," sarcastically replied the agent. "Can you balance yourself on the tip of your trunk, or turn a back somersault, or play the intermezzo from 'Cavalleria Rusticana' on a slide trombone, or do a high dive into three feet of water, or conduct an orchestra?"

The poor, bewildered elephant meekly acknowledged his inability to perform any of the feats mentioned. "I thought so," remarked the circus man. "Now, if you'll attend a dramatic school for five or six years and study hard about 16 hours a day I'll make you an offer that'll"—But with a loud roar of despair the stagestruck animal took to the woods.

Moral.—The professions are overcrowded.—Brooklyn Life. Had Her Doubts. "I don't believe professors know so very much," said Mamie. "Why? How can you talk so?" rejoined Maude. "Well, I don't see why Mr. Fulpatte should have seemed so surprised and puzzled when I asked him how to scrubberack in Greek."—Washington Star.

THE ABSTRACT

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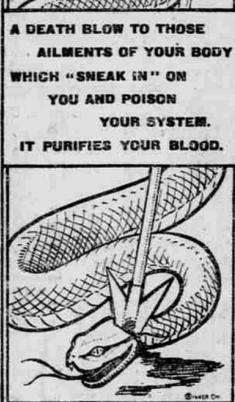
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- HARNESS MANUFACTURERS Fred Hauff, 531 S. Main st. A. Rosenfeld, 123 S. Main st. GROCERIES Wiener Bros., 224 E. Market st. John Herbruck, 186 S. Howard. A. Whitman, 504 S. Main st. D. L. Griffiths, 1201 S. Main st. J. H. Edling, 381 Howe st. Benner & Thornton, Corner Bowers and Wooster av. John Russell, 1186 East Market C. G. Welton, 112 W. North st. Geo. Haas, 127 N. Howard st., tel. 68. HARDWARE Rohrbacher & Allen, 170 South Howard st. S. F. Guilford & Co., cor. Bowers and Barges. GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS William Teplansky & Co., 191 S. Howard st. MUSIC O. G. Brownell, 297 E. Mill st., Sheet Music, Musical Instruments, Gramophones and Phonographs. MILLINERY Helen Griffin, 121 E. Exchange. PHOTOGRAPHER A. A. Resaw, 186 S. Howard st. STOVES, TINWARE and FURNACES The J. H. Cant Co., 166 S. Howard. MEAT MARKETS William P. Walker, 1137 East Market st. Alfred P. Walker, Corner Adams and Upton st. C. F. Gill, 210 W. Exchange st. MANAGER

MANAGER

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY IS A DEATH BLOW TO THOSE AILMENTS OF YOUR BODY WHICH "SNEAK IN" ON YOU AND POISON YOUR SYSTEM. IT PURIFIES YOUR BLOOD.



that a bubble four inches in diameter may be kept in the open air of a room for three hours if supported by a ring of iron or bone an inch and a half in diameter or allowed to rest on some soft wooden fabric. If placed under a glass shade, it may last as long as three days. It is filled with tobacco smoke. It looks very much as if it were solid.—Boston Transcript.

Two Big Necks. "Once, when I was in New York some years ago," said A. W. Whelpley, "I found myself one afternoon standing before a counter in one of that city's largest dry goods houses selecting some collars."

"A good many men sallied up while I was there and ordered collars of various sizes, from 15 to 18. "I heard a full, rather hoarse voice, ask for 'turn down, 20.' "I turned to note the man with the thick neck and beheld Grover Cleveland beside me. I knew him by his resemblance to the fellow on the cigar boxes."

"I had been given my change and a small packet of wares by the auburn haired goddess of the counter, and with one more glance at the generous proportions of the man of destiny I was moving away when, strangely enough, the autocar of the house of congress, Tom Reed, came steaming up to the counter."

"There they stood, neither evidently knowing the proximity of the other. "And bless me if he didn't ask for collars, 'second medium, welt band, turned front, 21!'"

"I wondered if he thought the store provided a surveyor for such monstrous measures, but the goddess was equal to the occasion and handed out the desired size."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Why Cannibals Eat Men. Some ghoulish information has been collected by a member of the European medical fraternity in relation to tribes that eat men. A Frenchman figures that 20 per cent of all cannibals eat the dead in order to glorify them; 19 per cent eat great warriors in order that they may inherit their courage and eat dead children in order to renew their youth; 10 per cent partake of their near relatives from religious motives, either in connection with initiatory rites or to glorify deities, and 5 per cent feast in order to avenge themselves upon their enemies. Those who devour human flesh because of famine are reckoned as 18 per cent.

In short, deducting all these there remains only a portion of 24 per cent of the human race that eat men, and they prefer it to other means of alimentation.

In the heart of Africa man eating is continued to this day, and to such an extent that in certain villages ribs and quarters of man meat can be bought. It is easier for the native there to kill man when they desire flesh than to go to the exertion of hunting game.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Man of Nerve. The most curious feature in the case of a man imprisoned for nearly 70 hours in the Cayford coal mine at Plymouth, Pa., was his peacefully falling asleep in his tomb as soon as he realized that he was likely to be rescued. It would be difficult to imagine a more serene nervous system. There were plenty of chances, too, that the miners might not get the poor fellow out alive. When finally he did emerge, he behaved himself as a hero ought to behave—quietly, with less thought of himself than of his distracted mother, who at the moment was at home praying for him.—Collier's Weekly.

Creations of Time. There was a Boy whose neighbors were all very serious. Those neighbors would not suffer the Boy to destroy their property, no matter what the occasion.

So the Boy grew up without ever having achieved any Halloween pranks to speak of. "Alas!" cried the Boy, when he had become an obscure and unimportant man. "We are what circumstances make us!"

This fable teaches us to be kind to children.—Detroit Journal.

Grain-O Brings Relief. To the coffee drinker. Coffee drinking is a habit that is universally indulged in and almost universally injurious. Have you the heart and stomach like coffee? Do the effects are just the opposite of coffee? The stomach, irritates the digestion, effects the heart and disturbs the whole nervous system. Grain-O tones up the stomach, gives it digestion and strengthens the nerves. There is nothing but nourishment in Grain-O. It can't be otherwise; it's the best of packages.

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THEODORE TILTON. As Seen in Paris Recently by a Woman Whom He Had Befriended. Many years ago I was a frightened, bitter, angry little rebel, one of the only two southern girls in a large school far up the Hudson river. It was not very long after the close of our terrible civil war, and the two angry but helpless little creatures were the victims of the bitter spirit which at that time was still so strong. Suddenly the crowd of tormentors was dispersed by a tall, beautiful girl, the acknowledged queen of the school. She gathered us both into her tender clasp, and her voice sang like a clarion as she said: "Cowards! Don't you see their black dresses? It was enough, and in a moment the tide turned, and our persecutors became our consoling. Our rescuer, our guardian angel, as she became henceforth, was a student of Theodore Tilton and was about to graduate, while we had just entered school. The day of her graduation came, and among the judges was Mr. Tilton, then in the zenith of his fame, brilliant, handsome, debonair, with gracious words for every one, but many kind and gentle ones for the sisters, two devoted little worshippers, whose story he had been told. I was the junior winner of the first prize for spelling, and never will I forget my thrill of conscious self respect when he said, "The tables are turned, and the little rebel has conquered you!" Last spring I was at an afternoon tea in Paris and was attracted by the grandeur of an old man, who towered above all present like a giant among pygmies. Some vagrant memory was stirred, so I asked the name of this "grand old man" and was told that he was Theodore Tilton and that he never permitted himself to be presented to strangers unless, knowing who he was, they themselves requested a presentation. Doing homage to the spirit which prompted such a course, I asked that we might be introduced, and then followed such an hour of pleasant reminiscences as will not soon be forgotten. From the beautiful spot upon the banks of the Hudson where we first met we wandered through many lands and many scenes. I had known him first when he was like a giant tree of the forest in the pride and pomp of its full new growth. I saw him again, like that same giant tree, which, being withstood the warring and the buffeting of the elements, stood covered with heavy moss, still straight and strong, above the petty thistles of life, but—alone. Today he is the center of a circle of loving friends, who, amid brilliancy of intellect and height of social position, still feel that his presence gives them honor. His face shows the impress of such agony as few souls have battled with and have lived, but it also shows the courage of the vanquisher of himself. So today Theodore Tilton stands, ever lonely, ever aloof, but to the last with haughty head unbent.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

TIMOTHY WOODRUFF. An Anecdote Which Illustrates His Gift at Repartee. Few men of prominence in public affairs can compare with Lieutenant Governor Timothy L. Woodruff in many sidedness. In his young manhood he was an athletic light at Yale and foremost in students' pranks and frolics. When his college days were over, he went into commercial and manufacturing life and by a rare combination of energy, industry and good luck made himself a millionaire. During this period it is said that he never violated his rule to live frugally and to devote himself to business until his income was \$50,000 a year. When he reached this point, he entered political life and applied himself to it as energetically as he had to manufacturing and it may be added, as successfully. He rose rapidly from the ranks until he became one of the leaders of the state and in 1896 was selected as the running mate of Governor Frank S. Black and in 1898 of Theodore Roosevelt. He has a very pleasing personality and looks far more like a Yorkshire squire than a typical American. He is fastidious in dress to such an extent as to provoke the satire of political opponents, who have dubbed him "Tim o' the Vescoots" and "Nec-tie Timothy." He is a fluent speaker and writer and is quick at repartee. Once when in debating with a wealthy politician the latter said: "Wealth gives you no advantage. I'm as rich as you are." "Yes," replied Mr. Woodruff, "but you made your fortune out of politics, and that's where I'm spending mine."—Saturday Evening Post.

Jobert's Reply. Those who met General Jobert when he was in New York city a few years ago as the guest of Henry George recall him as a plain faced old man with a mass of black hair streaked with gray and a full, grizzled beard. He speaks English, but his wife, a woman prematurely aged with domestic toil, spoke nothing save Dutch and sat patient, though unobtrusively bored, at the affairs to which she and her husband were invited. With the father and the mother was a strapping son of 18 or thereabout, who strongly resembled Jobert.

The old general told with modesty of his negotiations with the British at Maloja Hill, and his eyes sparkled as he recited his reply to the British commander in chief. "It does not comport with these," said the British general, pointing to the decorations on his breast, "to accede to your terms."

To which said Jobert, pointing to his rifleman. "And it does not comport with those to offer any others."—New York Sun.

Not Easily Forgotten. "Oh, come, brace up, old man. What if he wouldn't have you? Why, I'll bet in six months you'll have forgotten that you ever cared for her at all." "Say, I guess you've never looked her father up in Bradstreet's, have you?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

He Wasn't to Blame. "Sir," began the tramp as he stepped in front of a pedestrian, "I've seen better days, and—" "Well," interrupted the other, "you needn't blame me for it. I'm not the weather man."—Chicago News.

Thanksgiving Carvers...

Well I guess yes. You can get the largest assortment of Carving Knives and Forks Self-Basting Roasters Steel Ranges Cook and Heating Stoves In Summit County at THE STANDARD HARDWARE CO. 146-148 South Main Street.

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No Hope For Him. "Then you cannot be the sunshine of my life?" asked the young man, with the insistence of one under a fixed idea. "No," replied the lady detective softly; "you know I am a professional shadow."—Indianapolis News.

Frivolous Subterfuge. Fond Father—Tommy, I've just received from Santa Claus a telegram saying he hasn't watched enough this year to go round. "Tommy," replied the lad reflectively—"Well, just wire him to call here early in the evening."—Jewelry Weekly.

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