

LEGISLATURE

Will be Asked to Increase Tax Levy

For Purpose of Erecting Charity Home in Akron—Annual Report.

The erection of a new Charity Home was the subject of much discussion at a special meeting of the Union Charity association Tuesday afternoon.

The association owns a lot on South High at near Market and if present plans do no miscarry, a \$20,000 brick building will be erected.

Hon. J. Park Alexander explained to the members the scheme of uniting all charities in the city and the necessity of a central home for all. It was decided to select a committee of which Senator Alexander is to be the chairman, the other members to be chosen later, to draft a bill and secure its passage in Legislature.

The idea is to levy a tax upon all property holders. A levy of seven-tenths of a mill will cover the expense. With the completion of the new home, the Industrial School will have increased facilities and other features could be added to the work. One of these new departures would probably be a night-school, where young women, who work in shops, could be taught the fundamental principles of housekeeping and homemaking.

The proposed plan was favored by all present. Mr. Frank Flobeger, Mr. F. G. Stipe, Rev. A. B. Church, Mrs. D. P. Wheeler, Mrs. A. Adamson and others all spoke in its favor.

A letter was read from Mrs. J. W. Little, thanking the association for the kindness shown in her late bereavement.

General Secretary Church is in his office every day from 9:30 a.m. until 11:30 a.m. The annual report will soon be issued and will show the association to be in good standing.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup furnishes most substantial comfort and relief to consumptives; it works most remarkable cures. Don't despair. Relief can certainly be had; a cure is possible with this wonderful remedy.

WEEK DAYS

Represented By Booths at Fair in Grace M. E. Church.

The church fair arranged by the Ladies' Aid Society of the Grace M. E. church, and whose opening was last night at the new church edifice on East Market st., was attended by a fair sized crowd.

The fair is being held in the basement of the church, and the room, with its tastily-decorated booths, presents an interesting and beautiful scene. There are six booths, each representing a day of the week,

Xmas Trade

And cold, stormy weather, finds us well prepared with

A STOCK OF Reliable Footwear

SHOES

Men, Ladies and Children

That are serviceable and the proper style and make to insure the necessary protection against winter storms. In

Xmas Slippers

As heretofore, our line is unexcelled. Our prices, you will ascertain, are very reasonable; not forgetting this fact—that we only sell the best quality of Footwear.

Trunks and Satchels.

M. T. Cutler & Co. 110 South Howard st., Akron, O.

Don't Wait

BUY Holiday Slippers

NOW. We have the most complete stock of

HOLIDAY SLIPPERS

Slippers for Everybody

ALL COLORS, ALL STYLES, ALL PRICES.

C. A. HOLLOWAY

143 South Howard St.

THE ABSTRACT

Title Guarantee & Trust Co.

Are owners of the "only complete Abstract Plant in Summit county."

Remember this when buying a home.

226 South Main St. Tel. 2 AKRON, O.

and each displaying articles peculiarly appropriate to the day.

At the booth, Monday, in charge of Mrs. A. K. Smith, wash-day articles are sold; Tuesday, in charge of Mrs. Wm. Lutz, ironing-day articles; Wednesday, in charge of Mrs. J. W. Bulger, fancy work; Thursday, in charge of Mrs. C. L. Brown, candies; Friday, in charge of Mrs. John Chapman, brooms, aprons and quilts; Saturday, in charge of Mrs. H. J. Shreffler, canned fruits, jellies and cakes.

The fair will conclude tonight with an oyster supper.

We are open evenings. A. B. Smith. No. 223 South Main st.

Restful Evenings. "Prosperity brings peace." "That's so. The man next door is so busy now that he comes home at night too tired to practice on his cornet."—Chicago Record.

Ample Explanation. "Clementine, I can't understand why you don't like Wagner music." "Well, some people like to shoot the chutes and some don't."—Detroit Free Press.

Brain the Hagger. He—Speaking of animals, which is your favorite? She—The bear. He—Oh, yes, of course.—Chicago News.

General Buller. Mainly About People says that there is a fund of grim sardonic humor about General Buller. When he was adjutant general in the Horse guards, a question was raised—its precise nature does not matter—by the field marshal commanding in Ireland and referred to headquarters. It was decided then by Buller (of course speaking for the Duke of Cambridge) in a fashion that did not please this same field marshal who had brought it forward. He accordingly protested. The second answer was given. "The decision was given," wrote Buller, "in accordance with the precedent established by my predecessor as adjutant general—in other words, by the very field marshal who had been dissatisfied with it!"

Quick Response. "We must warm up to our work. This church should be on fire for God," declared the Rev. Dr. M. E. Cady to the Western Avenue Methodist congregation during a recent service in Chicago.

"Fire! Fire! The church is on fire!" echoed a voice from the organ loft, and an instant later the organist half ran, half fell, down the steps to the platform in his haste to escape. Smoke poured up through the cracks in the floor and filled the house. The choir escaped from the loft, and one of the congregation ran to the nearest fire alarm box and sent in an alarm, which quickly brought the engines. Fire caught from an overheated furnace, but was quickly extinguished, with a loss of \$25.

He Knows the Bible. Oom Paul, or Stephanus Johannes Paul Kruger, to give him all his names, has been called the "slumbering lion." He is 6 feet tall and with abnormally long legs, huge hands, feet and ears, mouth and chin. In manner he is very stolid. He once outran a horse for 100 yards. In his youth he was a wonderful horseman. His feats of equestrianism almost equaled those of a circus rider. It is said of him that when young he could stand on his head on a galloping horse, holding on by the stirrups. He is intensely religious, and, curious as it may seem, an American missionary confirmed him. He knows the Bible from cover to cover and has a text for any and every occasion. He is a constant and excessive smoker.

SACRIFICED.

The train drew up to the station with a rattle and jar and the hissing of steam. It was the pay train.

Aleck Carson, the engineer, stepped down from the cab, oil can in hand, and went forward to oil his engine. He glanced casually up the street, but immediately took a second look at the trim, graceful figure of a young lady who was coming toward him.

"Carrie Davis!" he exclaimed in pleased surprise. "I wonder why she is here alone! I hope she does not want to go back with us, for"—

Carrie came tripping across the street, her face all smiles at the thought of the surprise she would give that great, brave coal headed engineer. Aleck Carson looked up in the quietest way and said: "Good morning, Carrie."

"Now that is too bad!" exclaimed Carrie, with a look of smiling vexation. "I was going to surprise you, and you meet me as if you knew all the time that I was coming."

"I saw you when I first got out of the cab. When did you come up?"

"On the morning train, and I want to go back with you. I have been hurrying so as to get ready. How soon do you start?"

Aleck pulled out his watch. "We cannot leave here until the freight comes in, Carrie. She is due in 20 minutes. But hadn't you better wait for the express? We are running early, you know, and you will not gain over two hours' time."

"Oh, I can't wait two whole hours," said Carrie. "I am going back on this train—that is, if I can."

A look of annoyance passed over Aleck's face, but he replied, pleasantly enough: "I don't suppose there will be any objections; yet I do wish you would stop over for the express."

Fearing that he had said too much, Aleck now turned round to the other side of his engine without waiting for a reply from Carrie. She was about to follow him when Tom Emmons, the conductor, came out of the car.

"Ten minutes, Johnny," Aleck said to the fireman as he handed the oil can up to him. "If I guess you had better open your door. Steam is pretty well up now."

Emmons was chatting gayly with Carrie, but when Aleck entered he said, rather brusquely: "All right, Carson. Go ahead."

Aleck looked at his watch to make sure that he was right. "Do you mean go ahead?" he asked, in some surprise.

"Yes, go ahead," said Emmons, quite sharply. "There were several of the head men of the road in the car, and Aleck looked toward them for instructions, well knowing the hazard of starting out on another train's time. They took no notice of his look, however."

"Of course you know that we are running wild?" he said to Emmons, loud enough for all to hear.

"I know my business," replied Emmons. "Go ahead, I say!"

"Emmons, are you sure you know your business?" "Go ahead!" screamed Emmons, white with rage. "And give her all the steam you've got. If you are too much of a coward!"

"Stop!" said Aleck, his face pale, but determined. "If you say go ahead, I will go if I strip my engine to strings; but it is the last time you ever run the train that I am coupled to."

Aleck now turned to Carrie. "You must not go on this train," said he. "Come."

And before Carrie had time to exercise a will of her own she bent to the stronger one and went out of the car with him.

"Goodby, Carrie, if I never see you again," said Aleck, as he hurried away to his engine.

He sprang into the cab and, giving the bellcord one pull, he opened the throttle, and the engine started.

"Johnny," said he, glancing back to where Carrie stood watching the train as it moved out of sight. "The freight is due in four minutes and we shall meet it. But Emmons ordered us out and we must go."

On sped the noble engine, but Aleck was not using half his steam.

"Help me keep a lookout, Johnny," he said to his fireman. "If we are cautious, it may amount to nothing more than a run back to the station. If we can pass the curve, we can see miles—God have mercy!"

This exclamation was caused by the sight of the approaching freight train.

There was a short, sharp whistle from each engine, an instantaneous closing of two throttles, and then followed a grinding crash and a shock which made the very ground tremble. Then, for one brief moment, an awful stillness, broken at last by the sound of rushing steam, by the cries and shouts of men as they crawled from beneath the wreckage of the wrecked trains and by groans of others less fortunate.

Aleck had fallen a victim to sterna duty, but never was a lover's life more recklessly sacrificed.—New York News.

How the Doctor Got His Clock. In the hallway of a Philadelphia doctor's house stands a fine example of a grandfather's clock, the possession of which the medical man owes entirely to a pinch of snuff. Some years ago the doctor in question set his heart upon such a timepiece and then followed his usual custom of clock hunting. He visited many New England farmhouses without success.

by the ill health of his daughter, and he will occupy a suit of rooms at the Portland apartment house, Mrs. Smith, wife of the postmaster general, is in delicate health, but will do her share in meeting the social obligations of the administration.

In the senate circle the home of Senator Dewey of New York will be one of the centers of greatest social interest and activity. It will be recalled that Senator Dewey rented, soon after his election, the historic old Corcoran mansion, which was occupied by Senator and Mrs. Brice during the Cleveland administration. The Brices were lavish entertainers, and the reputation of the house is likely to be maintained by Dr. Dewey. He is a widower, but has an attractive niece, Miss Paulding, to preside over his household. This will be her first introduction to Washington society.

Senators Elkins, Fairbanks, Foraker, McMillan and Wetmore will doubtless entertain this winter as lavishly as usual. Among the debutantes in the senatorial circle are Miss Jane Foraker, daughter of the senior senator from Ohio, and Miss Marian Jones, daughter of Senator John P. Jones of Nevada. Mr. Keen, the new senator from New Jersey, has taken a first residence, and being a bachelor, his sisters will preside over his household.

Among the new representatives in the house who are likely to cut a wide social swath in Mr. William Astor Chamberlain, who comes from one of the New York city districts. Mr. Chamberlain is rich, a relative of the Astors and is prominent in New York society. He has rented a large house in a fashionable quarter of the city and is evidently preparing to contribute largely to the gaiety of the capital.

With the opening of a new social season is revived the always unsettled question of social status and precedent. There are, of course, certain fixed rules of precedents, but there are always arising questions which the social code has not defined. A case in point is the social status of Admiral and Mrs. Dewey. Though the highest officer in the navy and surpassing in rank any military officer, his position on state occasions would, say those who profess to know, be below that of the secretary of the navy, and this would define the social order. There was for a day or two an inclination on the part of society to cut the Deweys on account of the gift house transfer, but there speedily came a reaction, and they will no doubt be everywhere received with as much cordiality as though the incident had not occurred. Nobody knows just what to expect of the Deweys. Although Mrs. Dewey has several large residences in the city and an income of \$20,000 a year, she has never been much of an entertainer. Her hospitality has been mainly limited to a small circle of friends, but now that she occupies a conspicuous position and will be the recipient of much attention it is supposed that she will change her programme.

Speaking of fixing social and official status, it is recalled that the incident of the late Mr. Hobart, who insisted that the vice president should rank second only to the president on state occasions. So little attention had been paid to the vice presidency as a social factor for well nigh half a century that Mr. Hobart's proposition created something of a shock in Washington society. For

some years Sir Julian Pauncefote, as dean of the diplomatic corps, ranked next to the president. He naturally protested, but Mr. Hobart insisted in the most polite manner possible, stating that it was not a matter in which he had any personal interest, but that the dignity of his office demanded such recognition. Notes were exchanged between the British embassy here and the court of St. James, and it was finally admitted by all concerned that Mr. Hobart was right. Of course it was all done very gracefully and without friction, but it resulted in fixing definitely and no doubt permanently the official and social status of the vice president as next in order of precedence to the chief executive of the nation. Washington society suffers a great loss in the death of Mr. Hobart, and the places occupied by him and his accomplished wife, then when the national capital has rarely seen a more charming hostess, will not soon or easily be filled.

A Flash of Remorsement. "I am very glad," said the friend, "to see that you don't cherish any ill will toward any lady who may such a success in your favorite part."

The eminent actress looked indignant and exclaimed: "I hope I know the rudiments of my art better than to lose my temper and allow anybody to think I am jealous."—Washington Star.

When Henry Irving Was Hissed. "I was hissed every night for a week when I was playing the provinces about 35 years ago," said Henry Irving to a writer in Alsie's. "I was given an engagement as leading man in a very small theater, and before I made my bow to the audience I learned that the man whose place I had taken was very popular in the vicinity and that the people strongly disapproved of the way in which the management had forced him to retire, so that when I made my appearance the audience showed their disapproval of the manager by strongly hissing the successor to their favorite, and they kept it up for a week. It was a very unhappy week for me."

Support the Teacher at Home. Perhaps no class of persons meet with so much or so severe criticism as teachers. Much of this criticism is unjust and exists solely because parents and others listen to timeseries reports and do nothing to acquaint themselves with the real inner workings of the schoolroom. Any person experienced with children knows that these reports, even when absolutely truthful from their point of view, cannot be relied upon.

Again, any one who has had the training of children has experienced the mortifying fact that even the best trained children sometimes woefully lapse from their knowledge of good manners and correct behavior when away from home among other children. Some mothers will not tolerate any correction of their children's manners by the teacher, taking it as a direct insult to their home training, when it is but the result of childish heedlessness or self will.

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WENT UP WITH TOY BALLOON. Miss May Burns Lost \$2,500 Diamond Brooch in Strange Strife.

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She was traveling in a private car and at Kinsey, where the train made a considerable halt, found a rabbit coursing in progress, says a Topeka dispatch to the New York Journal. She took a fancy to a little girl in one of the other cars and invited the child

and its mother into her car. At the station she bought a rubber balloon for the child's amusement. A few miles farther on the child playfully fastened the cord of the balloon to the brooch. Then the child caught the balloon, and in an instant it had jerked the diamond brooch from the lady's bosom and took flight in the air.

The brooch is valued at \$2,500, and the owner has offered a reward of \$500 for its recovery. Cowboys are scouring the country in the hope of recovering the jewel.

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ented by one or other of his near kinsmen, says the London Tablet. Lord George Hamilton, speaking the other day, told his audience that, besides his son at Ladysmith, he has no less than 13 nephews now fighting for the queen.

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Love in a Flat. "You don't care for a big house and lots of servants, do you?" he asked. "Not at all," she replied promptly. "Don't you think that love in a flat would be delightful?" he persisted. "Yes," she answered. "Love in a flat, but not life with one." He postponed his proposal.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Russian Extravagance. The wealthy Russians are said to be extremely profuse in hotel and shop keepers in the lands in which they are traveling. A Swiss authority insists that 200 Russians will spend more in a month than 1,000 English men and women for the same period of time.

Newfoundland Fog. The famous fogs of Newfoundland are only found as a rule on the east and south coasts and on the "banks," being caused by the meeting of the arctic current with the gulf stream. The interior in summer is described as a most delightful climate, resembling that of the south of France.

For Rheumatism. Mr. Johnson-I notice, Jasper, that you have the rheumatism as bad as ever. Don't you ever take anything for it? Jasper—"Dood I dook, sah. I takes crutches mostly."—Boston Courier.

A POINTED ARGUMENT. One-half the cost of making beer is paid for labor. The employment of labor at good wages, by her institutions, is the life of any city. Why not then, if you drink beer

Drink Renner's, Union, Akron, Lager Beer. And keep the money that you pay for it in circulation at home?

Golden Band Bottled Beer, in pints or quarts . . . Tel 30.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

She was tall and willowy and white, a regular Trilly in appearance; one of those soft, purring women who, like a cat, slides up to you and makes believe she loves you dearly. She would nestle in the depths of a large armchair, assuming a most bewitching pose, and listen to a man making desperate love to her, smiling sweetly all the while and only putting in a word now and then to keep him going. Her heart never throbbled during such proceedings, she was so accustomed to them, but gently, as it always did, like the peacodum of a clock.

Miss Daily, with the curls of an Irish garrulous town, and the officers of the infantry regiments quartered there were generally poor; if she had cared for a poor man she never would have married him, for she loved ease and luxury better than anything else.

By and by she came to the town a regiment that had a moderately rich, unmarried major in it. He was not young, or handsome, or fascinating, but just a plain, honest, good natured fellow of the ordinary British type.

He followed in the footsteps of his predecessors and fell a victim to the wiles of the lily of the garrison town, and, as he was an eligible man, her parents persuaded her to marry him. She was nothing loath, as she thought of the dinner that would henceforth set her white laces.

After her marriage she flitted as much as before; her drawing room was filled with men every afternoon and there was always a gallant in attendance of an evening. Major Denison, much annoyed at such proceedings, endured them for several months, and then spoke out in remonstrance, but his beautiful wife shrugged her lovely shoulders and paid no heed.

Then he ordered her to desist. "How can I do that to amuse myself?" she pleaded, but the least ruffled in temper, and raising her great blue eyes, suffused with tears, in pathetic questioning to his face.

"As other wives do," he answered, striding up and down the room in great agitation, "with your hair and your visits to your friends and with sewing."

The situation was becoming tense when the regiment was ordered to a cathedral town in England. The major hoped that the beautiful place and its inhabitants and its would interest his wife and the attentions of the ladies belonging to the good old fashioned county families flatter her and divert her attention from herself. He was mistaken.

Every one said, "How eccentric that beautiful Mrs. Denison is!" and lamented that she assumed to be fading away like a passing flower.

At length the surgeon of the regiment took it upon himself to enlighten the major upon the state of his wife's health and urge him to allow her to visit her native place in the hope that old scenes and friends would revive her.

"I can find nothing the matter with her constitutionally, and believe she is merely suffering from nostalgia," said the doctor. When Major Denison told his wife the doctor's opinion, she raised her eyes and asked him to let her go, and he had not the heart to refuse her.

"But remember, Edith, there must be no flirting. Nor must you go to balls or parties."

"Very well, dear," she said sweetly. "I promise."

After two months, hearing that his wife had recovered her health, the major thought he would look her up, and procured leave of absence for the purpose. He arrived at the garrison town late one evening and went straight to his father-in-law's house. He found the squire and his wife dining in big armchairs on either side of the dining room fireplace.

They seemed disturbed at his sudden appearance, and told him the rest of the family were at a private ball, whereupon he announced his intention of joining them there.

Hastily donning an evening suit, he went to the barracks, introduced himself to the presiding colonel, and at once gained admission to the ballroom.

He found a crowd of men in an alcove of the long room, heard the report that a woman's voice flung among them just as he entered, and, looking over their shoulders, met his wife's glance. The smile that was dimpling her face changed to a look of horror as she recognized him, and, uttering a piercing shriek, she fell, or pretended to fall, into a swoon.

When she was sufficiently recovered, the major took her home, but she continued to fall into hysterics at intervals during the rest of the night.

Two years afterwards Major Denison shot himself through jealousy of his wife, leaving her a comfortable fortune.

The garrison lily still lives. She regularly goes to church, dresses quietly though richly and is considered the pink of propriety. Some mothers who do nothing to acquire nothing for books, ends or the society of her own sex, find life dull. It is doubtful if she ever thinks of the man she sent to his death—the many she has ruined—of anything, indeed, save her own abiding sorrow. For Edith is now too old to flirt.—Chicago Herald.

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OUR BEAUTY DEPARTMENT OF MME. RUPPERT'S Specialties!



Mme. Ruppert's World-Renowned Remedies ARE THE BEST.

They are the only genuine, natural beautifiers, founded on scientific principles. Everything about them inspires confidence. Absolute proof of merit has been given numerous times by Mme. Ruppert. No other specialist has ever given such demonstrations. Owing to these Well-Established Facts, We Give Mme. Ruppert's Remedies This Well-Earned Prominence.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER! MME. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH, \$1.65.

THIS OFFER IS BONA FIDE AND EVERYONE CAN HAVE A BOTTLE OF THIS WONDERFUL FACE BLEACH FOR \$1.65.

Madame Ruppert's Face Bleach is not a new, untried remedy. It is an assured a perfect complexion. It has been sold for 20 years longer than any like preparation and to-day has a larger sale than all these combined. We are receiving constantly supplies fresh from the laboratory of Madame Ruppert, No. 6 East 14th Street, New York, and they are as fresh as the day they were first prepared.

Book "HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL" Free. Every caller at this department will be given this unique booklet FREE. It contains all the little secrets of the toilet so dear to every woman's heart. We give below a list of some of Madame Ruppert's Toilet Requisites.

Table listing various beauty products and their prices, including Mme. Ruppert's Golden Hair Tonic, Depilatory, and Face Bleach.

MME. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH at \$1.65

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DRINK BURKHARDT'S Beer

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Write for information to G. F. ATMORE, G. P. A., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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Blend most softly and play most effectively over the festive scene when thrown by waxen candles.

BANQUET WAX CANDLES

Sold in all colors and shades to harmonize with any interior hangings or decorations.