

CONVINCED.

Peter Carter pushed his chair back from the table and surveyed the faded little face on the opposite side of the tea tray.

Faded enough now, though she was barely 27. You would hardly have believed how fresh and pretty Carry Carver had been on her wedding day.

"There is so much to do, Peter, and the children demand so much of time," pleaded the meek wife.

"If I were manager in this household, things would happen very differently."

"I have no doubt of it," said Carry quietly.

"There is no earthly reason," went on Mr. Carver, ignoring the sarcastic meaning of her tone, "why the work shouldn't be done and you dressed and enjoying yourself, cultivating your mind or something, at 11 o'clock every morning that you live."

The morning sunshine crept down the pale green wall paper, sprinkling drops of gold on the few little geranium plants that Peter called a "waste of time" and lay in noon splendors on the carpet, and still Carry Carver stood there, thinking—

"Carry! Aren't you going to get up this morning? It is half past 7, and—" "I cannot, Peter," groaned Carry, turning her face away from the light.

"Well, what shall I do?" "You must take charge of the house-keeping yourself, Peter," said Carry, hiding a smile in the folds of her pillow.

"It's only for a day or two, and I don't know of any help you can obtain. It won't be much, you know."

"That's true," said Peter, somewhat encouraged.

"Please darken the room, and keep the children away, and don't speak to me if you can help it. I have such a racking headache, and the least excitement drives me wild."

Peter shut the door with distracting caution and went down stairs on creaking tiptoe. As he passed the nursery door a dust of voices chimed on his ears.

"Daps, paps, we are not dressed!" "Dress yourselves, then, can't you?" said Mr. Carver, pausing.

"Pet is too little to dress herself," said Tommy loftily, "and mamma always dressed me!"

"Where are your shoes?" "I don't know," said Tommy, with his finger in his mouth.

"I know," said Pet, aptly revenging herself for the hit at her diminutive proportions; "Tommy dropped them out of the window."

Crash! went a fancy bottle of cologne off the table as Tommy groped for his garters. Bang! fell Mrs. Carver's rose-wood writing desk to the floor, bursting off the frail hinges and scattering pens, envelopes and postage stamps far and wide.

Mr. Peter Carver was an affectionate father in a general way, but human nature could not have endured this.

And he bundled the two little creatures miscellaneous into whatever articles came uppermost, reading off strings and fracturing buttonholes in frantic desperation.

The fire obstinately declined to burn, although Mr. Carver opened the oven doors alternately and drew out all the dampers he could spy.

"Confound the fire!" said Mr. Carver, mopping his wet forehead with the stove cloth. "It won't go. I'll have a blaze of kindling and try the breakfast on that."

He seized the ham and carved several thick slices, which he transferred deftly to a gridiron, and then, elated with his success, broke several eggs over the ham.

"Bless me, how they run!" he ejaculated, rather puzzled. "But I know I'm right. I wonder why this coffee doesn't boil. I'll stick in a few more kindlings—that's the idea. There are the children crying—hungry, I suppose. I do believe they do nothing but eat and cry."

Mr. Carver rushed to attend the peremptory summons of the milkman.

And then he sat down, tired and spiritless, to a repast of half cooked meat and liquid mud, by courtesy termed coffee.

He looked despairingly around at the chaos that reigned in the kitchen.

"Nine o'clock, as I live—and nothing done. Well, I see very plainly there's no office for me today. Now, then, what's wanting?"

"The clothes for the wash, please, sir," said a little girl, courtesying humbly at the door.

"Up stairs and down stairs" went Peter Carver, laying hands on whatever he considered proper for the wash tub, rummaging in bureau drawers, upheaving the contents of trunks and turning wardrobes inside out for a mortal hour before he had completed the requisite search.

The kitchen was empty when he returned.

"Where are the children?" was his first alarmed thought, expressing itself unconsciously in words.

"I saw 'em go out of the door, please, sir," said the washerwoman's little girl.

The July sun was beginning to glow intensely in the heavens. The pavements reflected the ardent shine with tenfold heat, and poor Peter Carver was nearly melted ere he espied his hopeful son and heir, with Pet following.

Neither of them would walk—in fact, the little wanderers were far too weary—so Mr. Carver mounted one on each arm and carried them, limp and unresisting, through the streets.

"I'll have a nurse for you, my young friends, before the world is a day older," he said, grinding his teeth with impotent wrath as he deposited Pet and Tommy on the floor and went wearily to his household duties.

"How are you now, Carry?" he said about an hour afterward, throwing him self into a chair by her bedside and fawning himself with the newspaper he had laid there that morning.

"About the same, dear. How does the housekeeping get along?"

"It don't get along at all."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

OFF WITH THE OLD NEW

We have just received a splendid lot of Spring Clothing and Hats and now is the time for a change of apparel. Don't wear that heavy winter suit any longer.

IT IS UNCOMFORTABLE AND NOT ECONOMICAL.

If you have a thin or fat, long or short pocket book, we can fit it. See our line of Boys' and Children's wear. Combination Suits and Waists for the boys.

OUR PIECE GOODS

are the finest in the market, and

OUR FITS GUARANTEED.

Give us a call; try us and be made happy.

HENRY MEYER,

Napoleon, Ohio.

"Is dinner ready?" "Dinner" echoed Peter in a sort of dismayed tone. "Why, I haven't got through with breakfast yet!"

"But it is 12 o'clock." "I don't care if it's 12 o'clock—a man can't do 40 things at once."

"Where are the children?" asked his wife. "In bed. They were too much for me, so I undressed 'em and put 'em to bed to get them out of the way."

"Poor things," said Carry. "Poor me, I should think," said Carver irately. "I had quite enough to do without 'em. I've broken the plates, and melted off the nose of the teapot, and lost my diamond ring in the ash barrel, and cut my fingers with the carving knife."

"Have you looked after the pickles and baked fresh pies?" "No!"

"Nor blackened the range, nor cleaned the knives, nor scrubbed the kitchen floor?" "No."

"Nor made the beds, nor swept the chamber, nor dusted the parlors, nor polished the windows, nor heard the children's lessons, nor taken care of the canary birds, nor—"

"Stop—stop!" ejaculated Mr. Peter Carver, tearing wildly at his hair. "You don't mean to say that you do all these things every day?"

"I do, most certainly—and long before 12 o'clock. And yet you wonder that I am not dressed and cultivating my mind before 11 o'clock."

"My dear Carry," said Peter penitently, "I have been a brute. I'll have a cook and a nurse and a chambermaid here just as soon as I can possibly obtain them. You shall be a drudge no longer."

A few minutes afterward the unskilled cook was scorching his whiskers over a gridiron covered with hissing mutton chops, which would alarm him by suddenly blazing up into his face without the least premonitory symptom, when a light step crossed the kitchen floor and a little hand took the handle of the gridiron from his grasp.

"Carry!" "I release you from duty," smiled the wife. "My ankle is better now."

"I say, Carry!" "Well?" "Tell the truth, now. Wasn't that ankle business a little exaggerated?"—Buffalo News.

LIFE AND LOVE.

Let us live while the heart is lightest, Let us love while the heart is strong, And laugh while the day is brightest, And quiten the morn with songs, Let us mourn for no joy untraced, Let us envy no bliss gone by, The pleasure untraced is wasted.

Let us quaff from the crystal showing The wine of the beaded rim, Let us gather the fruitage glowing Full ripe on the bending limb, Tomorrow the low is shattered, 'Ere ever the shroud be dry, The fruit is withered and scattered, Tomorrow we die, we die!

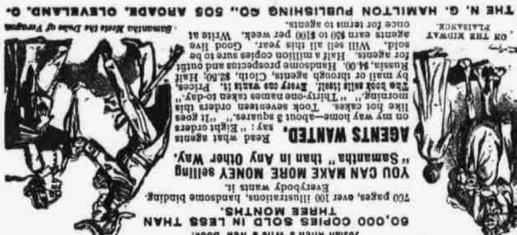
Today is for love and kisses, With life at its golden prime, A century's wealth of blisses, And quiten the morn with songs, The heart keeps time to the measure, While the harp of love rings high, Today is for love and pleasure, Tomorrow we die, we die! —Robert Clarkson Tongue.

The Photograph of the Future.

"A photograph that flatters will soon be a thing of the past," said a photographer the other day. "It will be impossible to make our faces appear for the most advantage by a clever pose, for the latest innovation in photography, the multiphotograph, which is destined to become the photographic portrait of the future, will reveal all our defects and crudities. The great study which young women give their faces, to find out in which position—side, three-quarter or full face—they look the best, will all be put to naught, for the multiphotograph will take them in all these positions and others as well.

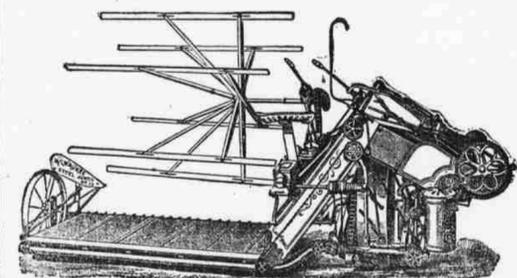
"The process makes it possible to obtain a perfect likeness of a person, as one is able to see the face and head in all possible positions and can thus get all the characteristics. This new effect is obtained by mirrors being placed at certain angles. When a person stands in front of the glasses, his likeness is reflected from 6 to 12 times, according to the arrangement of the mirrors, each image being in a different position, so that the same aspect is obtained that would be secured if you were to walk around a person, viewing him from all sides and points.

"The operator photographs the subject and the reflections in the mirrors. The result is the multiphotograph. I think it is destined to become the photograph of the future, as it is the only thing that will give you a likeness of a person as seen from all sides. Art in this case must succumb to nature, and the instruction that is too frequently given the photographer, 'Make me as pretty as you can,' will have to be done away with."—Pittsburg Dispatch.



SAMANTHA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Farmers Friend.



Milwaukee Binder and Mower

THE BEST BINDER AND MOWER IN THE MARKET.

We are also dealers in Farm Implements, comprising some of the best and latest improved machinery for the farm.

MILLER & REXROTH,

Opposite Miller House, Napoleon, Ohio.

"DIRT DEFIES THE KING." THEN

SAPOLIO

IS GREATER THAN ROYALTY ITSELF.



MANHOOD RESTORED! "NERVE SEEDS." This wonderful remedy cures all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Night Emissions, Nervousness, general drains and loss of power in Generative Organs of either sex caused by over-excitation, youthful excess, excessive use of tobacco, opium or stimulants, which lead to Infertility, Consumption or Insanity. Can be carried in vest pocket. 25c per box & for sale by mail. Write for \$2.00 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold by all druggists. Ask for it, take your money. Write for Free Medical Book sent in plain wrapper. Address NERVE SEEDS CO., Masonic Temple, CHICAGO. For sale in Napoleon, O., by D. J. HUMPHREY, Druggist.

THE NORTHWEST

Job Printing Department!

Is prepared to turn out on short notice all classes of

commercial printing. Work guaranteed first class in

every respect. If you are in need of some

- Note Heads, Letter Heads, Shipping Tags, Statements, Business Cards, Calling Cards, Bill Heads, Dodgers, Hangers, Envelopes, Tickets, Sale Bills.

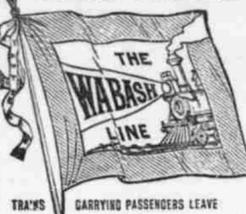
Call at the NORTHWEST office, leave your order and we

will do the rest. New Type, Fast Presses and compe-

tent Workmen. CALL AND SEE US.

Washington Street. Napoleon, Ohio.

TIME TABLE



TRAINS GARRIDY PASSENGERS LEAVE NAPOLEON. GOING WEST. No. 43, Toledo & St. Louis Ex. 6:00 a.m. No. 41, Kansas City Ex. 11:21 a.m. No. 37, Defiance Ex. 3:57 p.m. No. 43, St. Louis Ex. 6:21 p.m. No. 41, Ft. Wayne Local, 9:30 p.m. GOING EAST. No. 42, St. Louis & Toledo Ex. 6:21 a.m. No. 38, Defiance & Toledo Ex. 7:35 a.m. No. 46, Kansas City & Toledo Ex. 3:10 p.m. No. 44, St. Louis & Toledo Ex. 8:32 p.m. No. 40, Ft. Wayne & Toledo Local, 12:23 p.m. Daily except Sunday. C. M. BRYANT, Agent

Baltimore & Ohio R. R. TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT MAY 20th, 1894.

Table with columns for STATIONS, CENTRAL TIME, and PM/AM times for East-Bound and West-Bound trains.

PULLMAN SERVICE.

Pittsburg and Chicago, Trains Nos. 5, 6, 14 & 15. Chicago, Cleveland and Pittsburg, Trains Nos. 14 and 15. Chicago, Baltimore and New York, Trains Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 8. Pittsburg and Cincinnati, Trains Nos. 106, 106, 103 and 104.

For further information call on R. & O. T. ticket Agent, or address L. S. Allen, Assistant to the General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

ROBT. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l. Man. C. O. SCHELL, Gen. Pass. Agt.



ONLY ONE NIGHT OUT!

The quickest time ever made to Florida or New Orleans

C. H. & D. R. R., AND CINCINNATI

From TOLEDO or DETROIT.

For rates address, D. B. TRACY, Northern Pass. Agt., 150 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. JOHN BOSTWICK, Dist. Pass. Agt., 5 Bridge St., Toledo, Ohio. G. B. EDWARDS, Gen. Pass. Agt., Cincinnati, Ohio.



First Class Night and Day Service between TOLEDO, OHIO, AND ST. LOUIS, MO.

FREE CHAIR CARS

DAY TRAINS—MODERN EQUIPMENT THROUGHOUT.

VESTIBULED SLEEPING CARS ON NIGHT TRAINS.

MEALS SERVED EN ROUTE, any hour, DAY OR NIGHT, at moderate cost.

For tickets via Toledo, St. Louis & Kansas City R.R. CLOVER LEAF ROUTE.

For further particulars, call on nearest Agent of the Company, or address O. C. JENKINS, General Passenger Agent, TOLEDO, OHIO



Want Money? or a Home? Want Work? or a Farm? Want to open a store in a growing town? Want to raise live stock? Want to know how to buy improved farms in a well settled region without paying cash? Particulars and publications sent free by F. L. Whitney, St. Paul, Minn.

CONFIDENCE.

Our lifetime truth a paradise To us shall be, Made by the light of loving eyes And fervent love. Or least love, fall tenderly Bespoke, ere it is spoken; Made constant by pure thoughts, and sweet As fragrance from the cinnamon And myrrh made perfume. By confidence inspired and won By a promise broken. This is the talisman and token, The fragrant of the cinnamon. And myrrh of love, kept ever sweet By confidence inspired and won By a promise broken. —Dunbar's Magazine.

SMALL BULLET WOUNDS.

The Deadly Effects of Modern Projectiles Upon the Human Body.

The celebrated English surgeon, Professor Victor Horsley, read a very interesting paper before the Royal Institution on the effect of modern small projectiles. In the course of his remarks he said: "Some people seem to think that a small bullet at a very high speed will pierce the tissues of the body without doing much general damage. This, however, is erroneous. The bullet hurries forward with it particles of the substance through which it is passing, and thus practically becomes a larger projectile. If a bullet be fired through a book, it cuts out disks of increasing diameter as it traverses the pages. Hence, too, it is plain that the greater the sectional area the greater the damage. As to the heating of the bullet, it has certainly been much exaggerated, and its effects, if indeed it has any, may be safely neglected.

"The physical constitution of a body has a most important bearing upon the behavior of a bullet entering it. Why does a bullet of certain size and traveling at a certain rate simply perforate some substances, such as wood or iron, while in others, such as clay, brain, etc., it exercises a bursting and disruptive action? The answer is quite simple; the destructive effects vary directly as the viscosity of the body.

"This was established by some remarkable researches on the effects of bullets on soft tissues made by Huguier after he had observed the results of the wounds inflicted in the fighting in Paris in 1870. He suggested, from observations made on certain dead organs, such as lungs, that the reason of the great lateral disturbance was that the tissues contained water in large quantity, and that the energy of the moving projectile being imparted to the particles of water caused the dispersion of these in a hydro-dynamic fashion.

"This suggestion was shown to be correct by Kocher in 1874-6. If a shot be fired through two tin canisters of equal size, the one full of dry lint and the other of wet, it will simply perforate the former, but cause the latter to burst explosively. In the same way shots fired into dough have more or less disruptive effect, according to the percentage of water in the dough, and in general the more fluid the substance the greater the destruction.

"Now, in life the brain is more or less fluid body, though in a state of rigor mortis it is practically a solid, owing to coagulation of the blood and protoplasm. Hence a shot fired into the skull must have a disruptive effect and tend to burst it."

MALINTA HORSE COMPY



AVENTURIER!

CERTIFICATE OF PEDIGREE. THIS is to certify, that the Black Percheron Stallion, Aventureur (22,624), star in forehead, no. 26, as sold, 1885, imported 1886 by the Kenton Importing Co., of Kenton, Harrison county, O., bred by M. Leroy, Commune of Gault, France, of Louis-Cher, got by Bayard (226) (224), he by Vermont (5497), he by Pleador (7339), he by Bayard I, belonging to M. Lefevre, he by Fucard, belonging to M. Lefevre.

Terms: \$10 to insure a living colt. Any party parting with mare before known to be foal forfeits the insurance. The colt will be held for the insurance until paid for. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible for any that may occur.

RUFUS S. SULLER, President. MALCOLM CROCKETT, Secretary. C. W. FISHER, Cashier. G. B. BOWENMAN, Directors JOHN MOWERY.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Hans Heinrich Wildung, deceased.

THE undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of Hans Heinrich Wildung, late of Henry county, Ohio, deceased. Dated this 18th day of May, A. D., 1894. DIEHDRIH WILDUNG.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Edeldrud Meekison, decd.

THE undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of Edeldrud Meekison, late of Henry county, Ohio, deceased. Dated this 18th day of May, A. D., 1894. JOSEPH SCHIERER.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Charles A. Rode, deceased.

THE undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of Charles A. Rode, late of Henry county, Ohio, deceased. Dated this 7th day of June, A. D., 1894. MARY E. RODE.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Charles R. Burson, deceased.

THE undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of Charles R. Burson, late of Henry county, Ohio, deceased. Dated this 4th day of June, A. D., 1894. JOSEPH MACHILL, Administrator.

Probate Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that L. O. Irving, as Administrator of the estate of Corinne B. Orwig, deceased, has filed a final account of his administration, which will be for hearing and settlement June 23d, 1894. J. V. CUFF, Probate Judge.

Notice to Non-Resident Land Owners et al.

To all lot and land owners, and municipal and private corporations, that will be affected by the ditch improvement herein designated.

And that as such Auditor of said county the undersigned has fixed the

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT LAND OWNERS ET AL.

To John Alexander.

You and each of you are hereby notified that on the 4th day of June, A. D., 1894, James Keeran, and others filed a petition with the Auditor of said county, the substance of which said petition is, that there exists a necessity for the location and construction of a ditch and said petitioners pray for the making of such improvement on the following route and termini, to-wit:

Commencing about thirty (30) feet north and about twenty (20) feet east of the southeast corner of section thirty-two (32), town three (3) north, range eight (8) east, Henry county, Ohio, and running thence north along the east side of the new proposed county road one (1) mile where it will intersect the Lefter ditch and there terminate.

That said petition is now pending, and that such proceedings have been duly and legally had, that the Board of Commissioners have been presented with a copy of said petition, as required by law, hereby notifying them of the filing of the same. And that as such Auditor of said county the undersigned has fixed the

Notice to Non-Resident Land Owners et al.

To all lot and land owners, and Municipal and Private Corporations that will be affected by the ditch improvement herein designated.

And that as such Auditor of said county the undersigned has fixed the

NOTICE TO LAND OWNERS AND OTHERS.

To Henry Arps and G. D. Loomis.

You and each of you are hereby notified that on the 11th day of June, A. D., 1894, J. A. Cassidy et al filed with the Auditor of said county, a petition, the substance of which said petition is, that there exists a necessity for the deepening, widening and straightening of a ditch and said petitioners pray for the making of such improvement on the following route and termini to-wit:

Commencing about six rods north and about 100 rods west of the southeast corner of section No. 9, town 3 north, range 7 east, Henry county, Ohio, in the channel of county ditch No. —, thence running east 100 rods to a county ditch, thence running north between sections 9 and 10, 3 and 4, and thence west 160 rods to the place of beginning, containing 30 acres of land more or less.

That said petition is now pending, and that such proceedings have been duly and legally had, that the Board of Commissioners have been presented with a copy of said petition, as required by law, hereby notifying them of the filing of the same. And that as such Auditor of said county the undersigned has fixed the

5th day of July, A. D., 1894, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Legal Notice.

B. R. Kessler, Adm'r of the estate of Uriah Sohn, deceased, plaintiff.

Ellen Sohn, widow, et al., defendants. In the Probate Court of Henry county, Ohio.

IN pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Henry county, Ohio, I will offer for sale at public auction on Saturday, the 23rd day of June, A. D., 1894, at 2 o'clock P. M. of the same day, the contents of the count house of the estate of Uriah Sohn, deceased, situate in the county of Henry and State of Ohio, to-wit: Beginning at the northeast corner of section 14, township six (6) north, range seven (7) east, in said Henry county, Ohio, thence east 30 rods and thence north 160 rods to the place of beginning, containing 30 acres of land more or less.

Also, the following described real estate to-wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of section 14, town 6 north, range seven (7) east, in said Henry county, Ohio, thence running east 20 rods, thence north 100 rods, thence west 20 rods, thence north 120 rods to the place of beginning, containing 120 rods to the place of beginning, containing 120 acres of land, in all 45 acres of land more or less, but subject to the homestead of the said Ellen Sohn, widow, and minor children of said Uriah Sohn, deceased, hereafter set off and assigned to them.

Terms of sale:—One-third cash on day of sale, one-third in one year and one-third in two years from day of sale, with 6 per cent interest. The payments to be secured by a mortgage upon the premises sold. May 22d, 1894.

B. R. KESSLER, Adm'r of the estate of Uriah Sohn, dec'd. Chas'l & Donovan, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

Legal Notice.

IN pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Henry county, Ohio, made on the 10th day of May, A. D., 1894, I will offer for sale at public auction, on the 30th day of June, 1894, at 2 o'clock P. M. at the north door of court house, in Napoleon, Henry county, Ohio, free of dower, the following described real estate, situate in the county of Henry and State of Ohio, to-wit:

The northeast quarter (1/4) of the southeast quarter (1/4) and the north (1/2) of the southeast quarter (1/4) of the southeast quarter (1/4) of section fourteen (14) township five (5) north of range seven (7) east in Henry county, Ohio, containing sixty (60) acres of land more or less. Appraised at \$2400.