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Keystone Watch Case Company, of Philadelphia.

the oldest, largest, and most complete Watch Case factory in the world—1500 employees; 2000 Watch Cases daily.

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Democratic-Northwest. AND HENRY COUNTY NEWS.

FOR THE LONG EVENINGS



THE DEMOCRATIC NORTHWEST IS A WELCOME VISITOR

The "only Democratic congressman re-elected by an increased majority" is turning up quite frequently.

THERE is one unanswerable reason why Gov. McKinley should not be President—he is a one-idea man.

A great many professional office-seekers have been found under the cloak of municipal reform, in New York and elsewhere.

PENNSYLVANIA has a Bluebeard up-to-date in the person of a farmer who is accused of having disposed of two wives by using arsenic.

Gov. McKinley may conclude to withdraw that boom for repairs if the big Republicans do not stop jumping on it, via the McKinley tariff law.

THE Republicans think they have such a "cinch" on the next President that they can afford to fight like Kill-kenny cats over the nomination. The voters may surprise them.

HUMPH! The Republican book-makers class John J. Ingalls as a rank outsider—a fifty to one shot—in the Kansas Senatorial race.

THE Democrats in Congress have it in their power to make a currency commission unnecessary, and late indications are that they are going to do it.

THE perfect currency plan, like the perfect man, is yet to come; but Secretary Carlisle's plan appears to be recognized by the Democrats in Congress as the best yet presented.

It is rather late for the Democrats in the Fifty-third Congress to be learning the art of "getting together," but it is gratifying all the same.

FEAR that Republican Senators will prevent legislation is not a valid excuse for the failure of Democratic Senators to try to legislate. Let every Democrat in the Senate remember that.

It begins to look as though the old question of whether the government or the banks should furnish our currency would be revived in the next Presidential campaign.

If any person knows of an instance in which labor organizations benefited their members by taking sides on partisan political questions they possess a bit of exclusive information.

The new treaty with China needs only the President's official proclamation to become a law. Perhaps the President is waiting to see how much of China Japan will leave before announcing the treaty.

M. H. DeYoung, the San Francisco publisher, has purchased a valuable collection of Napoleonic coins and medals, but his negotiations for the purchase of a seat in the U. S. Senate have not yet been successfully concluded.

POSTMASTER GENERAL BISKELL will receive the thanks of the business world for his action, giving merchants an opportunity to catch the latest foreign mails with their correspondence. The improvement goes into effect January 1, 1895.

Oh, no, the Republican party isn't the friend of the great corporations, trusts and combines. It is merely a coincidence that it proposes to send such notorious corporation men as Elkins, W. V. Thurston, of Neb., and Addicks, of Del., to the U. S. Senate.

CAN it be possible that Congressman Boutelle, of Maine, is trying to do for the Reed boom what Steve Elkins did for the '92 Blaine Boom? It looks that way.

EASTERN papers are asking whether the Goulds intend to build a railroad between New York and Baltimore? If they do they will reverse the family policy. The late Jay Gould got all his railroads through the wrecking system, of which he was the most expert manipulator the country has produced.

"I can give the cause of the Democratic defeat by illustration," said a county official.

"All right. What is it?"

"In a certain Kentucky town the distillers agreed to give a barrel of whiskey for some public purpose, which was to be sold out in a saloon. Now, one of them conceived the idea of furnishing his part in water as it would not be noticed in the barrel, but unfortunately for the project they all had the same idea, and when it was tapped it contained nothing but pure water. Now my theory is, that some Democrat got it into his head that he would rebuke Congress by voting the Republican ticket, but the idea was contagious and they all did it, and behold the result."

CORPSE TWO MONTHS

Wyandot County Man is Said to Have Survived the Experience.

DEVOTION TO SCIENCE!

Levi Nye Voluntarily Emulated the Fakirs of India.

Physicians Omitted—Subject Was Carefully Prepared—Alleged Resurrection in Detail.

A wonderful story comes from Wyandot County. Last summer the question of being buried alive and remaining in that condition for a period of two or three months, according to the practices said of the India fakirs, was discussed in this town. Finally it was suggested that if subjects could be found to work in a test a good sum of money could be raised to defray the expense and serve as a bonus for a subject.

As an experiment, and in the interest of science, an effort was made and a subject was secured who for the sum of \$500 offered himself for the terrible ordeal. The subject was Levi Nye, of Nevada, who got himself in readiness, but the authorities, fearing that some injury might be done him, and public opinion being so strong against it, ordered the proceeding stopped.

Nothing daunted and believing that the act could be successfully accomplished, the promoters changed their tactics, and after setting the matter out of public notice, went to work in a systematic manner, taking in their confidence only those in whom they could place the most implicit trust.

THE COURSE OF PREVENTIONS. Suitable place was secured, where the utmost secrecy could be maintained, and under the supervision of Dr. C. H. Miller, Dr. J. N. Goodbread, Dr. J. E. Maxwell, of Nevada, and H. M. McLaughlin, formerly of Denver, preparations were begun. They called to their aid a select few of their personal friends, V. O. Tuttle, Clarence Knowlton, and Edward Diner, and, taking as a guide the notes laid down by those who had made a complete study of the system in this past, nothing very particular, so that no mistake could be made, they began their work.

Mr. Nye, who is a bachelor with no immediate relatives, and who has been of a roving disposition, was a thoroughly desirable subject. After the preliminaries which consisted of a complete cleansing of the system by cutting off the supply of nourishment in a systematic manner gradually for about a month, there was a diminution of food taken, and the stomach was reduced to the lowest possible minimum.

Then Nye was placed upon a slab of board; his tongue was turned back, and his mouth, which had been water-filled with cotton. After this, to all appearances, he seemed as one dead. His pulse ceased to beat, the eyes were glassy, and signs of life disappeared. Nye's face was then cleanly shaved, and he was ready for the tomb.

The place of interment was in the cellar. A two and a half foot grave was dug. The body was carefully wrapped and incased in an air-tight box, and was lowered and there left for the resurrection, which at that time was set for Jan. 1, 1895. The burial took place Oct. 1, 1894.

A careful inspection was conducted every evening. The doors were all securely locked and bolted, and the grave was carefully guarded. Eight long weeks watching with mingled hopes and fears passed and then a council was held. The members determined that two months was long enough and that the body should be raised on the remaining month. Monday evening, Dec. 3, was set for the resurrection.

THE RESURRECTION IN DETAIL. After removing the earth and lifting the box the first thing that greeted them favorably was the fact that the face was covered with a growth of hair and beard. All doubt seemed removed, and the universal expression was "success." A bath tub had been brought in and in less than an hour the cotton was removed from the mouth, ears and nostrils. The tongue was laid out in its natural position and the body was placed in the water.

Each man took turns in rubbing the body until it relaxed its rigid condition and color came to the face. The blood began to circulate and in less than an hour there were signs of life. Then hot poultices were applied to the head and bowels, air was artificially pumped into the lungs, and, after a few sharp and vigorous pumpings, a start and gasp were noticed, then followed a twitching of the muscles, and in less than two minutes Nye was sitting up in a wild, half-scared manner as one who had been suddenly aroused from a dream.

Light stimulants were given him, he was dressed in warm woolen clothes, and laid in bed with hot irons to his feet. The best of attention was given him, and by the morning of the fifth of the present month he was able to converse with those around him. The physicians have recorded all the details and will publish them to the world. Meanwhile Mr. Nye will prepare his own experience in the one.

Such is the story as it comes from Nevada, and; whether true or not, it seems to bear the stamp of several professional men in that community. If it be true it will awaken the professional world as an astonishing discovery.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Award.

IVORY SOAP - IT FLOATS - FORTY MILLION CAKES YEARLY.

A SONG OF SUMMER TIME.

Oh, the swaying of the branches and the fitting through the trees, And the music of the voices that come upon the breeze.

MARIE.

During the "reign of terror" in France there were many deeds of daring performed, even by women, and many noble examples of affection exhibited.

LATE PERIODICALS.

The Christmas number of Town Topics reaches its regular attractive guise, its handsome colored cover attracting the eye as readily as the excellence of the contents appeals to the mind of the reader.

THE always fascinating atmosphere of stock speculation forms the subject of Gilmer McKendree's strong story, "A Deal in Denver," which is the leading feature of the December number of the weekly publication, "Tales From Town Topics."

There falls another aristocrat who refused me charity when I humbly sued to him! Each expression of the kind would create a laugh from those who heard him, but any thoughtful person must wonder how one so young could have become so depraved.

THE first woman watched this creature for a few moments, and then pressing her way to her side she laid her hand upon the shoulder of the wretch and whispered:

"Would you like to become rich at once?" The woman in rags turned about with a look of surprise, burst into a loud laugh and then replied:

"Follow me, and you shall be." "Enough. Lead on."

It was with considerable difficulty that the females extricated themselves from the crowd, but they did so at length, and then the first woman asked:

"What shall I call you?" "Oh, I'm called the beggar girl Marie!"

"You live by begging?" "Yes; but what's your name, and what do you want?"

"My name is Marie, the same as your own."

"Are you an aristocrat?" "It does not matter. If you know where we can find a room, lead me to it, and you shall have gold."

The paper led the way into a narrow and filthy street, and then down into a cellar and into a dark and filthy room.

The other woman could not but feel a sickening sensation creep over her, but she recovered herself. After contemplating for a time the apartment and what it contained she asked:

"Are you well known in Paris?" "Yes, everybody knows Marie, the beggar girl."

"Are you known to Robespierre? If so, I want to make a bargain with you."

"I am. What do you wish?" "You see my clothing is better than your own, and I wish to exchange with you. I want you to consent to remain here, and not to show yourself at all for a short time, or until I come to you again."

As recompense for aiding me I will give you 1,000 francs, and when I come back I will give you 1,000 more. As security for my return, take this ring."

The lady drew a diamond ring from her finger and gave it to the beggar girl. Then she handed her a purse containing gold.

The girl appeared a little puzzled and asked: "Well, what are you going to do with my dress?"

"I want to put it on and go where I list met you."

"Oh, I understand now. You want to see the shopping go on, and you are afraid you will be taken for an aristocrat if you wear that dress. You want to represent me?"

"Yes. I want to look as near like you as possible."

"Well, that won't be very difficult. Your hair and eyes and even your mouth are like mine. Your face is too white, though. But you can alter that with a little dirt."

They exchanged dresses, and soon the young, rich and noble Marie de Nantes

was clad in the rags of Marie, the beggar girl of Paris.

The history of Marie de Nantes was a sad one. Her father and two brothers had fallen victims to the remorseless fiends of the revolution, and a third and last brother had been seized. But of his fate she was ignorant, although she expected that it would be similar to that of her other relatives. He had been torn from her side but a few hours before.

After the exchange had been made the pauper looked on the stockinged and shoeless feet and ankles of the lady and said:

"That will never do. Your feet are too white and delicate. Let me arrange matters."

In a few moments Marie was prepared, and in the fifth and rags she emerged into the street.

She now took her course back toward the guillotine, and at length reached the square where the bloody work was still going on.

Gradually she forced her way through the crowd, and nearer and nearer she came to the scaffold.

She even forced a laugh at several remarks she heard around her, but these laughs sounded strangely.

She now stood within a few feet of the platform and swept it with her eyes, but her brother was not there.

The cry was now raised: "Here comes another batch!" "Her heart fluttered violently, and she felt a faintness come over her as she heard the tramp of the doomed men approaching.

Her brother walked proudly and fearlessly forward, and ascended the very steps which led to the block.

Up to this moment the strength of poor Marie had failed her, and she was unable to put her resolve into execution. But now a sister's love swelled up in her breast, and she recovered her strength.

She sprang forward, bursting through the line of guards, and ran up the steps. Grasping her brother by the hand, she cried:

"What does this mean? It is only the aristocrats that are to die!" "Away, woman!" exclaimed one of the executioners.

"No; I will not away until you tell me why my brother is here and thus bound."

"Your brother?" was the echo. "Yes, this is my brother."

"Well, who are you?" "I am Marie; don't you know me?" "The beggar girl?"

"But this is not your brother?" "It is. Ask him—ask him."

Young Antonio de Nantes had turned a scornful gaze upon the maiden, but a light passed across his face, and he murmured:

"Oh, my sister!" "Is this 'our brother'?" asked Robespierre of the supposed beggar, advancing near her.

"It is."

"But his name is down differently." "Then you are mistaken. He is my brother. Ask him."

"Does Marie speak the truth?" asked Robespierre.

"She does," was the brother's reply. "And you are not De Nantes?" "I tell you I am her brother."

"Why did you not tell us this before?" "I attempted to speak, but was silenced."

"But you might have declared yourself." "You would not have believed me."

"But your dress?" "It belonged to an aristocrat, perhaps to him for whom I was taken."

Robespierre advanced close to young Nantes and gazed earnestly into his face. Then he approached Marie and looked steadily in her eyes for a short time.

It was a moment of trial for the poor girl. She trembled in spite of all her efforts to be calm. She almost felt that she was lost, when the human fiend, whose word was law, turned and said:

"Release the man."

The chains were instantly removed, and Antonio de Nantes walked down from the scaffold, followed by his sister, while the shouts of those around rent the air, for they supposed it was a commoner who had thus been saved.

The young man worked his way through the crowd as rapidly as possible, leading Marie.

They had scarcely escaped it before the poor girl fainted from the intensity of her feelings.

The brother scarcely knew what to do, but a hand was laid upon his arm, and a voice said:

"Bring her to my room again. She will be safe here."

The brother conveyed her to the apartment of the pauper and asked of her:

"Have you seen the woman before?" "Yes, I know all about it," returned the pauper. "She borrowed my clothes to save her lover. She has done it, and I am glad."

Before the noble sister returned to consciousness the brother had learned all.

When she did so, they both sought secure quarters after rewarding the beggar girl, as had been promised.

"Do you think Robespierre was really deceived?" asked Marie de Nantes.

"I doubt not," answered the brother.

"It is a pleasure to see Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says Stickey & Dentler, druggists, Republic, Ohio, "Because a constant after one using it, is almost certain to call for it when again in need of such a medicine. We sell more of it than any other cough medicine we handle, and it always gives relief." For cough, colds and croup, it is without an equal. For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, Ohio. 1m

"Then why did he order your release?"

"He saw your plan; he admired your courage. Could a fiend have done less?"

"Perhaps this was the case. But if so it was a deed of mercy and the only one that man ever did."

Antonio de Nantes was not again arrested and lived happily with that sister who had so nobly imperiled her own life to save him by representing the beggar girl of Paris.—Pleasant Hours.

OHIO STATE NEWS.

NOTES OF INTEREST TO OUR READERS IN OUR OWN STATE.

Consolidated and Condensed Telegraphic Reports For Several Days—An Interesting Collection of Items From Here and There Throughout the State.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 5.—Secretary of State Taylor has filed his annual report with the governor. It shows that there were filed and recorded during the year 1,289 articles of incorporation, and 964 certificates and other papers relating to corporations. The aggregate amount of capital stock, original and increased, invested during the year, was \$79,700,800, as compared with \$297,481,900 in 1893.

The secretary says that "in recent years the corporation has become a favorite form of investment of private capital, but the widespread financial depression that has prevailed throughout the country during the past year has tended to discourage the projection of business ventures of any magnitude, and as a consequence the revenues of the department have been materially affected."

The fees collected amounted to the sum of \$93,921.99, as compared with \$170,801 in 1893, being a decrease of \$77,879.01. Of the fees collected, \$6,450 were collected of foreign corporations under the act of April 25, 1893, and \$18,450.01 under the act of May 16, 1894. Deducting these amounts from the total collections would leave but \$87,471.98 of fees paid by domestic corporations, which is a decrease over 1893 of \$95,654.05.

At the time of his annual settlement in 1893, there remained in his hands \$33,000, which had been enjoined from being paid into the state treasury pending litigation, which, having been finally determined, the report shows, was covered into the treasury.

The expenses of the department amounted to the sum of \$23,907.50.

A STICK OF LICORICE.

Where the Plant Grows and How It Is Prepared For Consumption.

Black licorice is made from the juice of the licorice plant, mixed with starch to prevent it from melting in hot weather. The licorice plant grows for the most part on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, which flow through immense treeless prairies of uncultivated land. The climate of these great plains is variable. Half the year it is mild and pleasant, but for three months in summer hot winds sweep across the country, raising the temperature to 104 degrees for weeks at a time.

The licorice plant is a shrub three feet high and grows without cultivation in situations where its roots can reach the water. The usual time of collecting is the winter, but roots are dug all the year round. At first the root is full of water and must be allowed to dry, a process which takes nearly a year. It is then cut into small pieces, from six inches to a foot long. The good and bad pieces are kept, and the rotten ones are used for firewood. The licorice is then taken in native river boats of Bassora, whence it is shipped in pressed bales to London.

As the valley of the Euphrates contained one of the earliest civilizations in the world, it is probable that licorice is about the oldest confection extant, and that the taste, which pleases nearly all children today, was familiar to the little brown boys and girls of Babylon and Nineveh 3,000 years ago.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Destroyed Its Own Identity.

One step from the sublime to the ridiculous. This is an old truism. It might be said also that comedy and tragedy are very near to each other—at least so argued that prince of good fellows, Lord Goodwin.

Seated in Delmonico's cafe one day recently, Goodwin was entertaining a number of friends with personal reminiscences of a European trip. In a delightfully ingenious manner he made himself the butt in each story, and convulsed his auditors with laughter.

Finally he said: "I was walking down street the other day—that is, I was another fellow was, it doesn't make any difference. You don't want to spoil a story on technicalities. Anyhow I or the other fellow was walking down street and chanced to pass an express office.

"The expressman was loading his wagon preparatory for his afternoon round. Of a sudden the forwarding agent or whatever you call him came out with a small dog.

"Where's he going?" asked the driver.

"I don't know."

"Don't know?"

"Naw."

"Why the—don't you know?"

"Now, don't get previous," said the forwarding agent. "I don't know, an it don't know, an nobody knows. It's up to you tag, that's the reason."

His auditors laughed, but Goodwin drew a long face. "I say it's pathetic," he remarked. "Think of the position of that dog. In a thoughtless moment he destroyed his own identity. It's a tragedy in real life."—New York Herald.

"Penny wise and Pound foolish" are those who think it economy to use cheap rosin and soda soaps, or washing powders of any kind, instead of the good old Dobbins' Electric Soap; for sale by all grocers since 1869, and used during all that time by millions of intelligent economical women who know its merit, and therefore use it. All who use it praise it as the best, cheapest, and most economical soap made, but if you will try it, even just once, it will tell as much stronger tale of its merits itself. Ask your grocer for Dobbins' Electric Soap, take nothing else.

UNSCRUPULOUS men make cheap imitations of the best articles; others unscrupulous men seek to palm them off on their customers as the genuine, for the sake of the additional profit made by the deception. There are lots of imitations of Dobbins' Electric Soap. Everyone of them will ruin and rot clothes. See that our name is on every wrapper.

DOBBINS' SOAP MFG CO., Successors to I. L. Cragin & Co., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS

NOTICE is hereby given that in accordance with the provisions of the Beben Law the Henry County Board of Examiners will hold examinations for teachers in the basement of the Court House in Napoleon, Ohio, on the following dates, to-wit:

2d and 4th Saturdays of September

do do do October

do do do November

do do do December

do do do February

do do do March

do do do April

do do do May

do do do June

Examinations will commence at 9 o'clock a.m. Evidence of good moral character will be required of all candidates; that evidence to be a personal knowledge of the Examiners concerning the applicant, or certificates of good moral character from some reliable source.

MRS. BUE WESTLUND, CHAR. E. REYNOLDS, Examiners W. M. WARD

TOWN TOPICS, The Journal of Society, (THURSDAY.)

Is universally recognized as the most complete weekly journal in the world.

Its contents are so valuable and its circulation so wide, that it is not only the most interesting paper for all lovers of sport, recreation, shooting, fishing, and the like, but also the best source of information for all business and professional men. It is published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays, and is sent to all subscribers free of charge. It is published by the Town Topics Publishing Company, 205 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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