



Democratic Outlook.

Cleveland Recorder. (Ind. Rep.) Now that the success of the silver forces in the democratic convention has been conceded, it is no longer clear that the Republicans will have a walkover at the elections.

The democrats would carry certain states on almost any issue, and with almost any candidate. These states are Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia which cast 103 votes in the electoral college. So much may at once be positively counted for the democratic candidate.

To that vote is to be added the vote of South Carolina, a state which, besides being naturally democratic, is irreversibly for free silver, as well as the votes of Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Kentucky, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, Washington, Wyoming and Utah, some of which are likely to go democratic on any issue, and all of which are certain to go democratic on the silver issue if it be positively made. Their aggregate electoral vote is 80, which brings the total up to 183.

On the silver issue the democrats may fairly claim California and Oregon, and they would add 13 votes, and from the republicans on the silver issue, bringing the total up to 203 and leaving the democrats only 21 short of a victory. To the reduction of this deficit, Connecticut, Delaware and Maryland, one or all, might contribute; but Illinois and Iowa are depended upon by the silver cohorts. The two last named states alone would carry the electoral vote up to 240 for the democrats—an excess of 16—and enable that party to dispense with both the Dakotas and Oregon, or with California, without losing the election.

If silver is restored in the United States to its former standard value, America will be prosperous and be the money nation of the world. But if it is to be kept in the background, the United States will continue to be a borrower and England will be as it now is, the money nation of the world. Which do Americans want, American prosperity, or English domination?

The circuit court at Findlay has decided that when a railroad company sells a mileage book the title to the book remains with the purchaser, and therefore a conductor has no right to confiscate the book if it is presented by a person other than to whom it was issued. Judge Seney held that the conductor's only course was to compel the passenger to pay fare or eject him from the train.

I have been using Lightning Hot Drops in my family and find it the best medicine for diarrhoea and summer complaint I ever used. It never fails to cure colic.—B. W. Spencer, Arcanum, Va. For sale by Chas. F. Clay.

Mr. Louis Bonger, a popular grocerman of Springfield, Ohio, states: "Lightning Hot Drops is my family medicine. It is especially fine for stomach and bowel troubles, such as colic, cholera morbus, cramps, diarrhoea and flux, and for aches and pains, wounds, burns and bruises. I keep it constantly at hand for ready use." For sale by Chas. F. Clay.

Lightning Hot Drops is the best remedy I ever used for cramp colic, and I believe it saved my life. Lightning Hot Drops will certainly do all that is claimed for it.—R. G. Gammon, Caney Branch, Tenn. For sale by Chas. F. Clay, Napoleon, O.

Two Views. An Atchison man has two daughters. One rides a bicycle and the other doesn't. He has found out that the rider does twice as much as the one who doesn't ride and goes to bed without grumbling at night. He thinks bicycles are a good thing. His wife is also a statistician, and she adds that the bicycle girl hasn't wiped a dish since she got her wheel and that she is too tired at night to turn the sewing machine wheels and the work falls on the daughter who doesn't ride.—Atchison Globe.

Congressman Payne, of N. Y., must be an applicant for Czar Reed's place. He didn't even take trouble to count quorum, but proceeded to do business without one, while he was temporarily presiding over the House, the other day, and went a step further than Reed ever did when he refused to entertain a respectful appeal from his decision.

The Columbus Press says: The fact that the Wilson tariff law has not raised sufficient revenue to pay the expenditures of the government will be seized by the protectionists as an argument for the restoration of the McKinley law. But it must not be forgotten that the income tax which was a part of the Wilson law was declared unconstitutional. This would have raised \$50,000,000 annually and the Wilson bill would have been a success. As it is, it has raised more money annually than the McKinley bill raised the last year of its existence.

How dear to our hearts is the old silver dollar, when some kind subscriber presents it to view—the liberty head without necktie or collar, and all the strange things that to us seem to view; the wide spreading eagle, the arrows below it, the stars and the words with the strange things they tell. The coin of my fathers! We're glad that we know it, for some time or other 'twill come in right well—the spread eagle dollar, the star spangled dollar, the old silver dollar that we all love so well.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is one of these remedies. This is largely because of certain drugs which naturally exist in the oil, as iodine and bromine. If you are neither hard sick nor real well; if you feel below your usual standard, these alteratives will change your condition and bring back your health and strength.

Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. Ask your doctor. This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Put up in 10 cent and \$1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.



"It's a Good Thing. Push it Along."

Battle Ax Plug

Why buy a newspaper unless you can profit by the expense? For 5 cents you can get almost as much "BATTLE AX" as you can of other high grade brands for 10 cents. Here's news that will repay you for the cost of your newspaper to-day.

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A Blow In the Neck. "Gentlemen," said the traveler for the ordinary hardware store "you have all heard of the man who got it in the neck; but I doubt if any of you realize how he felt about it. I am the man who got it and it won't take long to tell the story. It was in St. Louis five years ago. I remember that I was going along with my hands in my pockets and my eyes on the ground when I was struck by lightning. That was my impression at the time, though I was mistaken about it. A bright light flashed before my eyes, my head buzzed and cracked and then I seemed to float away into space. When I woke up, I was in a hospital and the man bending over me was saying: "He's coming around all right and will pull through."

"I had a sore throat, a stiff neck, a headache and a feeling of goneness, and it was ten hours later before I knew just what had happened. I hadn't been struck by lightning, but a fellow had hit me with a clip on the neck with a piece of lead pipe. I don't know whether he intended to kill me or not, but I was unconscious for a full hour and he had time to go through me, over to stealing my collar button. The actual pain of the blow wasn't as bad as I've stubbed toe, but it was two weeks before I could walk the streets again. The doctor he cheerfully informed me that I would have felt exactly the same. If I dropped through the trap of a gallow and had my neck broken by the hangman's noose. The police found the piece of lead pipe beside me. It was an inch in diameter and two feet long and had it struck me above the ear my horse would have been the most ambitious traveler and my poor old mother her only son."—Detroit Free Press.

One Reason For War. The Chicago Record quotes an ex-governor of Wisconsin as telling a little joke upon himself. He was in the Union army during the civil war, it appears, and leaves us to understand that he is "platin" in his personal appearance.

One summer he had an ex-robber down east, one of those lank southerners, with a face so long that he could eat out of a churn. He looked me over, up and down, two or three times each way, and then he said: "Is that the gov'nor of Wisconsin?" "Yes." "Fits in the war, eh?" "Yes." "Well, if all the Yanks had been as homely as he is, we'd be a-fightin' 'em yet!"

The Steady Fighter. Savages with their endless training in war rarely show anything like the fine bravery which is common to the well bred citizens of a civilized folk who have never seen, much less taken part in, combats. More trustworthy soldiers have never been known than those of our civil war, when not 1 in 1,000 had slain a man until it became a duty to do so. Moreover, modern warfare calls on troops not for the rush of battle, but for a steady, businesslike duty, where hot blood counts for little, but where the methodical, painstaking laboriousness of civilization counts for much and is the telling element of the campaign. War has indeed become in our day a mill occupation, requiring in its operators all the best qualities of the citizen and none of those of the savage.—North American Review.

Advertisement for Gendron Bicycles, featuring a bicycle illustration and text: "Gendron Bicycles. Truest Bearings. Most Rigid Frame. Well-Made Wheel. The bearings in GENDRON Bicycles are ground accurately true, and this together with their rigid frame construction make them most easy running of all bicycles. Our Catalogue will interest you. Write for it. Gendron Wheel Co., (Makers), TOLEDO, OHIO."

LEONORA A.

Nearly 50 years ago, in the city of New York, not far from what is now called the Battery, there stood a square and gloomy-looking edifice of stone, then occupied by an old dame, Ursula Bond. The house was rapidly crumbling to decay with age and want of repair.

Ursula Bond dwelt there in grim loneliness, forcing the beautiful and artless Leonora, only child of her deceased daughter, to live with her, and to do all those menial tasks for the performance of which all others would have demanded money.

Leonora was in her 17th year when one evening in June as she looked from the door ere she should bar, bolt and lock it for the night, a frank and manly voice called out from a near heap of old boards where the owner of the voice had been watching for over an hour.

"Leo!" "Hist!" whispered the maiden. "Is it you, Walter?" "Is the coast all clear?" was the reply, as a tall and handsome youth of 23 years showed his activity by gaining the side of the maiden by a bound that cleared fully ten feet.

"It is lucky for us, dear Walter," said the maiden, "that Dame Ursula is not in hearing, or that bold pate of thine would be greeted with a taste of her staff!" "That of her staff!" said Walter, as he snapped his fingers. "But where is she?" "Writing in her back bed-room."

"Ah! adding up her gains, the cross, mean—" "I only wish she was mine!" said Walter. "And if she lives long enough she will be, won't she?" "If you behave yourself," replied Leonora, pretending to refuse the kiss he gave. "But why have you tortured yourself?"

"By boarding so near you, eh?" said Walter. "Because you must let me stay in the house all night. This morning as I was going to my work I passed the open window of an ale shop, and I heard a strange voice mention your name. The voices in the ale shop were speaking in French which you know I have learned by night study. Well I heard enough to tell me that the strangers—there were two of them—intended to pay Dame Ursula a visit sometime between midnight and dawn, and for no good purpose. So here I am to act as your defender."

"But you should have told the police." "Bah! for the police!" said Walter Brandon. "Am I not match for two men who speak bad French?" "But my dear Walter—"

But Walter had glided into the house and vanished as quickly as one of those rats he had mentioned. Leonora was in great perplexity, yet as she had boundless faith in the deception of her lover, she barred the door and hastened to her grand-mother.

"You've been very long in barring the door," said the old woman, as she closed her huge ledger, which was to her what a bible should have been. "I thought I heard the voice of that impudent young carpenter, Walter Brandon."

"Please grandmother, let me have a light," said Leonora, who trembled at the thought of spending that night in darkness. "A light!" screamed Dame Ursula, astounded at such extravagance; "away with you; you will be asking for something more to eat next."

That night, as the clock in the hall struck 2, the dame was aroused from a golden dream by a sharp pain in her neck and a loud oath. Springing from her bed she shrieked for help, and pursued by the assassin rushed into the hall. She gained a distant room in time to lock herself in. At that instant her horrors were aggravated by the report of a pistol, immediately followed by a shrill scream and then by another pistol shot; and ere the echo had died away the assassin burst the old door from its hinges and was in the room. The horror the dame endured as she crouched against the wall, praying that the darkness might shield her, curdled her blood in her veins. But suddenly the assassin sprang a light. At the sight of this man, instead of crouching in fear or screaming with terror, the dame sprang to her feet, saying:

"So it is you John Bond, who have returned to murder your wife—coward!" "Hag!" hissed the old man;—yet he was much younger than she; "do you think that you are to live forever? Tell me because the devil lets you live so long where you have hidden your hoards, and those of your first husband whom all men say you poisoned to marry John Bond."

"To tell you I must leave this room!" said Ursula, as her corpse like visage grew livid with hate and despair. "Whither, treacherous hag?" "To the cellar, John Bond—come, and stepping boldly by him, she went on along the hall lightning by the thief's lantern which he carried.

"I suspect treachery—if you cry for help—I will shoot you dead, Ursula Bond." Ursula led the way. "Lift that trap, John Bond," said she pointing to a heavy iron ring imbedded in the floor.

"Lift it yourself, hag! If your treasures are there, you have made daily practice of going down to them." Ursula grasped the ring with both hands and strove to raise it, still growing impatient, he grasped it himself, and raised a trap door about 3 feet square. As she staggered with the weight, Ursula sprang against him and he fell headlong into the department; but as he fell he let fall his lantern, and with his left hand grasped the edge of the trap. Ursula, ferocious with hate, stamped upon the clinging fingers, and, as her feet were bare, making no impression upon the desperate clutch, she heaved at the trap door and let it fall upon the assassin's hand. Dame Ursula fell with a bullet in her brain across the trap.

The assassin fell to the bottom of a deep and narrow cellar, damp and dismal and made more terrible by the gloomy rays shed by his lantern. The tide was raising in the bay—already the water was trickling through the stones of the fountain.

Let us return to Walter. While Bonds entered the house from the front his accomplice, a brutal wretch from France, had gained a noiseless entrance from the rear. Had Walter been at his post this would not have happened, but poor Leonora, horrified at the thought of what might happen to her lover, had sought him instead of her couch.

Suffered Eighteen Years. Pains Departed and Sleep Came.

Mrs. Julia A. Brown, of Covington, Tenn., whose husband has charge of the electric light plant at that place, has been a great sufferer. Her ailments and speedy cure are best described by herself, as follows: "For 18 years I suffered from nervousness and indigestion. I tried every remedy recommended by family and friends, but I could get no relief at all. Two years ago, while being treated by three local physicians, Dr. Barrett, Maloy and Sherod, they



Mrs. JULIA A. BROWN. Informed me that I had become dropped, and that there was little hope for me. I then decided to try Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve.

I was then unable to get to sleep until well on toward daylight, and during all this time I had a deep, heavy pain in my left side. I was most miserable, indeed, but after taking one-half bottle of the Nerve, I could sleep all night just as well as I ever did. This Nerve is the only remedy that gave me any relief whatever. I am now well and strong, and I thank God every day of my life for Dr. Miles' Nerve.

MRS. JULIA A. BROWN. Dr. Miles' Nerve is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at 25¢ bottles for 50¢, or it will be sent prepaid on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind. Dr. Miles' Nerve Restores Health. Sold by all druggists.

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"I do not find anything so comforting and strengthening and healing for throat and chest in cases of severe cold. It cured me of a case of dry post-nasal catarrh, seven years ago. "Nearly four years ago I had the Grippe and pneumonia, and it left me weakly. I used Compound Erysipelas, and it put new life all over and through me." Rev. Geo. Buckle, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

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NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that in accordance with the provisions of the Bebe 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 date, to-wit: 1st and 3rd Saturdays of September

do do do do October do do do do do November do do do do do March First Saturday in - December 1st and 3rd Saturdays of February do do do do do March do do do do do April do do do do do May do do do do do June Third Saturday in - August Examination 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 certificate of good moral character from some reliable source. MRS. SUE WEINSTEIN, CHAS. E. REYNOLDS, W. M. WARD, Examiners.

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