

The Eaton Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Publisher.

EATON, OHIO.

A COOLER.

He was a great big cabbage leaf, and it was the coolest of coolers.

He wore the thinnest seersuckers, white neckties and all that.

He bought a two-cent palm leaf fan, and he used it all the time.

He lived on sherbet and ice cream, and he ate of it all the time.

He slept at night, but did not find it as cool as the day.

In short, he was every thing, this poor deluded fool.

And he was a great big cabbage leaf, and it was the coolest of coolers.

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ALMOST A BREACH.

The Trouble Caused Two Lovers By Their Cats.

"You dearest, sweetest little duck, so it was Manny's pussu pet."

It sounded much like "manny's pussu pet," but the voice was so young, so fresh, so cooing, that Joe Parker could not believe his ears.

There was something "magnetic" about it, to use the slang of the day; at least it attracted Joe to the row of raspberries that hung their green arms all abroad on the old picket-fence between his garden and the next neighbor's, and irresistibly bent his head to peep through those respectable palings and see what he could see.

And this is what he saw: Such a lovely girl! Her hair was red, to be sure, but it was that bronzed red that looks brown in the depth of its ripples and gold on their crests. Just now, in the blinding sunshine, it was all a rich deep red, with threads among it; but when she had such eyes—large, clear, hazel eyes, as beautiful as a robin's or a squirrel's, fringed with dark lashes, and overbrows with delicate arching, as if they were lit with a look of surprise that was the result of shape and outline. I regret to say that her fair soft brow and cheeks were slightly freckled, in an inconspicuous spot which the perfectly beautiful, not even Mary Ann, commonly called "Manny May," for instance, her mouth was like, but it was not so full, so red, and parted over such firm white teeth, that it seemed just to match the saucy little nose above and the round dimples in her cheeks.

Her waist was large, too, just as large as the waist of any sculptured goddess wrought by Phidias or Praxiteles, for Manny had never been pinched in mind or body, and given over to that awful tyrant, "They say that our girls to the nature of rack and boot from their infancy, that they may be and do as "They" do and are. But she had a tall, strong, shapely figure, and her green arms all inside with the untrammelled grace of nature. As she stood in her mother's garden, with both hands clasping her pet to her bosom, a basket of dandelion greens and an old-fashioned red foot stool was a perfect picture; and she had not an idea of it.

Joe's theories fled as he gazed. The voice had not misled him, it was not Manny's voice, but the voice of whom Manny lavished her sweet words, was a cat. But such a cat! Peter was as great a beauty as his mistress. He had deep blue-gray eyes, striped and dished with shining black; a ring of black encircled his massive neck; his tail was ringed also with sable, and five white black stripes ran from his brown ears down to the very tip of the tail, merging as they went into one broad band; there was a snow-white spot upon his breast, and his powerful paws were as black as ebony.

"Manny's dumb silly that there cat," was her father's chronic growl; but since Manny was all the child left to him, and in his secret heart his living heart, he only grumbled. He would have uttered a derogatory word about Peter for anything; he even remembered to get a bit of meat for him whenever he went to the village, and had once been known to turn back half a mile for that very purpose.

As for mother May, she spoiled the cat just as she had spoiled Manny. She was a dear, kindly, naturally good-natured. No faultily in her, one that riles you consider when you want to have things go; but when you're sick or sorry, sort of comfortor, like a peevish.

Peter knew his power and his position. Put on his early kittenhood, he soon learned, like the young of the human species, that he could tyrannize over his betters, and that the warmest softest seat was given up to him, the door opened at his first appeal, the giblets of the rarely used fowls were saved for him, his wishes gratified, and his notions respected.

Now Joseph Parker had just come to Meriden to live. A certain Mr. Webb, who had a manufactory in Vermont, had moved to Meriden to get more water-power, and as Joe Parker was his foreman in the paper-mill, he had moved too, hired a house a little way out of the village, next to Mr. May's homestead, and brought with him his mother and his mother's cat. Hence this story, and whatever tears may be sprinkled it.

Mrs. Parker's cat was not at all like Peter May's. It was black, and it was very hard at work the first few weeks of his stay, so that he always went to sleep in church on Sunday, and missed any sight thereof of the blooming daisies in the choir or in the garden.

Tiger was sent into solitary confinement in the cellar, as soon as Mrs. Parker reached her house, and was subdued by hunger and darkness before they dared to let him range abroad in the new neighborhood.

Now Joe Parker had not been in Meriden long enough to make much acquaintance there, and as he was hard at work the first few weeks of his stay, so that he always went to sleep in church on Sunday, and missed any sight thereof of the blooming daisies in the choir or in the garden.

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SEASONABLE NOVELTIES.

Eccentric and Extravagant Edicts Issued by the Queens of Fashion.

One of the new round hats for autumn is called the "Chapeau a Crumet," and a model of this name is made of dark green rushes closely braided in basket patterns. The wide brim turns up very high on one side, and simply curves over the face on the other.

The hat is faced with dark myrtle green velvet and around the eccentric-looking, conical crown are laid, one above another, large full rows of old gold, scarlet, garnet green and bronze. The crown is to be worn en suite with a tailor-made gown of Scotch tweed, whose various-colored checks are reproduced in the plumes on "chapeaux a crumet."

Bodies round-waisted and arranged with surplice fronts are decided favorites. A tasteful manner of varying their character was recently noted of a gown and skirt made of India baize. The dress had the usual round-waisted, full bodice, and above this was a pointed Swiss girle made of golden-brown velvet, with bands of the same, cut bias, and pasted over the shoulders, the ends of which sloped to a point, being fastened underneath the girle. The fancy is capable of not a few variations, and the Queen prefers the bretteles without the addition of the Swiss girle, although the braces alter their effect considerably. This identical style is always noticeable in pictures of Italian women, and is now being revived in the dress presents some of the same characteristics.

"Toby" ruffles made of rich laces are laid in vogue, and ladies with long, slender necks and hair which is not dressed high, find these graceful frills very becoming. The ruffles are not of Elizabethan stiffness and circumference. They are done in the style of the compact set of intervals around the edge of the frills, and falling over the bodice in front, remove some of the rather prim effect of the "Toby" suit proper.

The waistcoat is still among the chief features of the tailor-made costume, made with true "London effect." A score of exceedingly natty costumes are being worn in the city, and an exception, formed with a waistcoat accompanying the basque of tweed cheviot, homespun or some other fabric of like character. An expensive promenade frock is being worn in the city, made of brown, beige, moss green, Indian red and a glint of gold in the wool. The waistcoat, in the former Louis XIV. style, is done in deep shades with large spots, and is fastened with buttons of medium-sized enamel and gold buttons, showing tiny mosaics the exact color of the threads in the woollen goods.

A traveling frock with a bodice made of softest camel's hair, in three distinct shades of gray, opening over a waistcoat of very dark blue plush, embroidered with silver, and a skirt of the same material, is being worn in the city. The skirt is fitted with a wide band of plush laid at the lower edge.

There is still quite a furor for plaided frocks, and the rage is to wear a plaided frock, and a plaided skirt. There are now shown the Highland plaid, the marine plaid, the Madras plaid, the forest plaid, and the Scotch plaid. The colors are blue and white or eora, pine green, and doe color, garnet and beige and golden brown and new gold are the favorite combinations for the plaided gowns.

They were married, and lived happy ever after, and had a cat of their own handiwork that, Peter better than Tiger, and peaceable as a Quaker—Rose Terry Cook, in Harper's Bazar.

MEDICINE MEN.

Why Good Spirits Are Not Objects of Worship with the Indians.

Good spirits receive little attention, and are never objects of worship, since their acts, influence and purposes are obviously for the best. But the evil spirits, on the other hand, demand constant attention and placation, lest the smooth workings of nature be interfered with and the normal destinies of man perverted.

A journey through the Indian country affords ample evidence of the belief in evil spirits. In the offering suspended from trees, bushes and wanders, or conspicuously exposed upon rocks, knolls and open places, such as broken or discarded pieces of metal and beads, ornaments, shreds of skins, bits of painted leather, bright ribbons, strips of gay calicos, feathers, pieces of tobacco and bundles of human and animal hair.

The true "medicine man" (for there are charlatans and pretenders in savage as well as civilized circles) is one of a fraternity most mysterious and despotic in its ways and workings, membership therein being limited to those who exhibit more than ordinary fitness therefor, backed by powerful family and tribal influence. In one sense, "medicine" is an atonement; and it is also the remedy of the savage, no way limited by tribal power, and is forbidden to women except for very extraordinary and specific reasons. Its apprenticeship, too, is long, and includes stumbling blocks, calculated to tax to the utmost the patience, faith, endurance and fortitude of the candidate, and to portray to the inner consciousness and latent follies of the individual. Having passed the prescribed ordeals, he is admitted into full fellowship amid ceremonies calculated to be most solemn, impressive and binding. One of the highest of these is the "roose-feast," which is as hideous as it is sickening. It consists in devouring a human being, and is especially resorted to by the Chipewyans, Crees and Ojibways; and a more horrible or fiendish scene, as viewed by the flickering fire light amid the howling drums and rattles, the shrill wailing of the victim and the frenzied howls of the assemblage, can not be imagined.

LANDSEER'S LIONS.

The Marvellous Skill in Drawing Exhibited by the Great English Artist.

Landseer had an extreme fondness for studying and making pictures of lions, and from the time when, as a boy, he dissected one, he tried to obtain the body of every lion that died in London. Dickens was in the habit of relating that, on one occasion, when he and others were dining with the artist, a servant entered and asked: "Did you order a lion, sir?" as if it was the most natural thing in the world. The guests feared that a living lion was about to enter, but it turned out to be the body of the dead "Nero," of the Zoological Gardens, which had been sent as a gift to Sir Edwin.

His skill in drawing was marvellous, and was once shown in a rare way at a large evening party. Facility in drawing had been the theme of conversation, when a lady declared that no one had yet drawn two objects at the same moment. Landseer would not allow that this could not be done, and immediately took two pencils and drew a horse's head with one hand, and a woman's head with the other, and in the same time. He painted with great rapidity; he once sent to the exhibition a picture of rabbits painted in three-fifths of an hour. Mr. Wells relates that one time when Landseer was visiting him, he left the house for church just as his butler placed a fresh canvas on the easel before the painter; on his return, three hours later, Landseer had completed a life-sized picture of a fallow-deer, and so well it was done that neither he nor the artist could see that it required retouching. Clara Erskine Clement, in St. Nicholas.

"Poverty progresses arithmetically. When a man meets with reverses he advertises his house for sale. When he is utterly ruined he advertises his soul to be alone, and she thinks every

QUEEN VICTORIA.

How the Queen, Dress and Acts When on Official Dress Parade.

As we looked down this wonderful gallery from our point of vantage, there came slowly along toward us a little group consisting of ten or twelve gentlemen and two ladies walking in this wise: in the center was a low-sized, stout, red-faced old lady, apparently sixty-five years of age. This was Queen Victoria. She wore a black silk dress made short enough to escape the floor. The skirt was full the front being covered with six or eight vandyked founesses. The back and sides were plain. Over this was worn a simple little black cloth dolman wrap. A close, large, black bonnet, from which hung a short, black, wavy veil, hid her face from the world. Her face was rosy to the point of redness, her hair very gray and brushed simply behind her ears; the cheeks were not red all over, but the nose, the lips and the chin. Once she smiled as some gentleman of the party was presented to her, inclined her head towards him in a gracious but aristocratic sort of way, and exposed all her teeth as she smiled; they were very white, and so even and perfect as to look suspiciously false.

The Queen carried a gold-headed ebony walking-stick, and made good use of it. Many were supposed to look in the cases, or to talk, with her elbow akimbo, in a comfortable fashion that did her heart good. She walked sideways toward her body, and in a slipper-borne sort of fashion, her feet were turned up by her ample skirts and fat, dumpy body.

Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Secretary of the exhibition, walked on one side of her and a Lord Somebody or t'other on the other. They did not walk up alongside of her in an equal sort of way, but of about four feet from her, prancing and prancing, and in a dignified and dignified manner, and their backs constantly curving as they courted and bowed in a fashion that recalled the ideas of the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Behind the Queen came the Princess Beatrice and her husband, Prince Henry. He is a tall, rather nice-looking man, with a high forehead, and dressed in a dark frock coat and trousers. The Princess had on a blue foulard that probably cost fifty cents a yard. It was covered with white polka dots, and the Queen's walking-stick was edged with that white lace known as "val antique." Her bonnet was a little French affair of white lace and dark blue velvet, with a wide band of white lace let into it, front and back. She did not walk up alongside of her mother in a dignified sort of way, but in a dignified and dignified manner, and their backs constantly curving as they courted and bowed in a fashion that recalled the ideas of the days of Queen Elizabeth.

When the Queen got to the end of the galleries nearest us she came a few feet forward in the open space beyond the exhibits so that the hundreds collected about her could see her. She was not, without looking at them or uttering any demonstration on their part, she slowly turned, and, like the King of France, went back again. I observed the Queen's eyes, and they were about, and there was not an atom of enthusiasm, only the most searching, and grave and sombre curiosity, and when she had gone quite far away, and no one was left, she talked the other day with an intelligent middle-class gentleman on this question of the royal family. He said: "When the Queen goes to the end of the galleries nearest us she came a few feet forward in the open space beyond the exhibits so that the hundreds collected about her could see her. She was not, without looking at them or uttering any demonstration on their part, she slowly turned, and, like the King of France, went back again. 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