

The Lima Times-Democrat

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OFFICE—THIRD BUILDING,
No. 241 North Main Street, Lima, O.
TELEPHONE CALL, NO. 84.

THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

THE LIMA TIMES-DEMOCRAT is published every Friday (except Sunday) and will be delivered to your door free of charge.

One copy one year, in advance, \$3.00
Six months, in advance, \$1.50
By carrier, per week, 10 cents

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Subscriptions and paid in advance will be sent by the mail of the 1st of each month.

Address all communications to THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT PUBL. CO., Lima, Ohio.

LIMA, OHIO, JULY 2, 1897.

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doesn't prevent or restrain trusts. After two such conspicuous failures as a lawmaker it should occur to Mr. Sherman that when he wants an effective law upon any subject in the future it will pay him to hire somebody else to prepare it. Laws with the Sherman brand upon them seem to be foredoomed to failure.

PINES PLEASANT.

The laboring men would prefer that Mr. McKinley should give them hot buns instead of platitudes.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Debs' crusade against certain social evils is entitled to a better fate than it is likely to meet at the hands of Mr. Debs.—*St. Louis Star.*

It begins to look as if the Hon. Joe Manly must have had a hand in managing Mr. Forsaker's campaign against Mr. Hanna.—*Detroit Tribune.*

The duty on hides goes. The hole that will be kicked into Republican tariff will be some the smaller because of taxed shoes.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

The tariff debate prolonged beyond the middle of July will be mischievous beyond computation. People would begin to grow disgruntled and disgusted with the delay.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Spain thinks the desolation of Cuba none of our affair, but if we robbed Spain of eighty million dollars in commerce every year for a while, we are inclined to think she would consider it some of her affair.—*New York Press.*

Mr. Hale's resolution is not broad enough. The exclusion of persons interested in pending legislation and claims from the privileges of the floor of the senate, should, apply to present as well as former senators.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PHOTOGRAPHIC MYSTERIES.

The Surprising Images That Sometimes Show After a Plate Is Developed.

It is no uncommon experience to find upon new plates certain images for which there seems no possible explanation, their startling and unaccountable appearance being "wrought in misty," causing astonishment not unmixed with uncanny feeling. A gentleman made an exposure upon the interior of a friend's house. He was doubtful of the time and proceeded to develop for under exposure. To his great surprise the plate developed quickly, and to his greater surprise the image was an interior quite different from that upon which he had exposed. The plate was from a fresh box and could not possibly have had a previous exposure.

Another instance of the kind, having quite a sensational and tragic ending, is on record. An exposure was made upon a view having a river in the foreground. The photographer, while developing this peculiar plate, was perfectly astounded by an appearance which he had not seen while taking the photograph, and for which he could in no way account. On completing the development there was plainly revealed in the foreground of the picture the figure of a woman, apparently floating upright in the water. Not many weeks after, to complete the mystery, the body of a woman was found in the river at the exact spot where the photograph had been taken.

Again, not long since, the daily papers were agitated over the account of a traveling photographer who, upon making an exposure upon the exterior of a reputed haunted house, discovered at one of the windows a portrait of the murdered man through whom the house had gained its evil name. In another case three distinct images, having no connection one with the other, were impressed upon a single film. The plate was exposed upon a garden in the evening—nothing remarkable being seen—but when placed in the developer a man's hat of old fashioned shape, a child's dress and a dog were distributed over the image of the garden.

Such mysterious images were more common in the days of wet plates than now. A few years back Professor Burton investigated the matter. Upon tracing back the history of the glass he found that it had been used for other films, and that the images which appeared undoubtedly arose from the remains of previous images. The old glass was thus proved to be the source of the ghosts; it only deepened the scientific mystery, while it cleared away the supernatural. The glass traced by Burton had been washed for some weeks, immersed in strong nitric acid, and every means taken to insure chemical cleanliness, yet in spite of all this enough energy remained latent to form a developable image upon the new film, whether by chemical or physical force remains to be discovered. A complete solution of the difficulty would probably throw considerable light upon the nature of the photographic images in general. At least, it seems to indicate that light is not absolutely essential in the formation of latent images in a sensitive film.—*American Journal of Photography.*

Schoolma'ams are getting the upper hand in Great Britain. While 20 years ago there were 11,616 male teachers to 14,901 female, last year the numbers were 26,279 men and 66,310 women.

Only three native potentates of British India are entitled to a salute of 21 guns—namely, the maharajah of Baroda (Gikwar), the nizam of Hyderabad and the maharajah of Mysore.

No man is the wiser for his learning. It may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon, but wit and wisdom are born with a man.—*John Selden.*

THE MAKING OF A PLAYER.

Training a Lad For the Stage in the Days of Shakespeare.

John Bennett's serial story, "Master Skylark," in St. Nicholas, has many pictures of life and scenes in Shakespeare's time. The following is an account of the training of the hero for the stage by the master player.

He had Nick learn no end of stage parts off by heart, with their cues and "business," entrances and exits, and worked fully as hard as his pupil, reading over every sentence 20 times until Nick had the accent perfectly. He would have him stomp, too, and turn about, and gesture in accordance with the speech, until the boy's arms ached, going with him through the motions one by one, over and over again, unsatisfied, but patient to the last, until Nick wondered, "Nick, my lad," he would often say, with a tired but determined smile, "one little thing done wrong may spoil the finest play, as one bad apple rots the barrelful. We'll have it right, or not at all, if it takes a month o' Sundays."

So often he kept Nick before a mirror for an hour at a time, making faces while he spoke his lines, smiling, frowning or grimacing, as best seemed to fit the part, until the boy grew fairly weary of his own looks. Then sometimes, more often as the time slipped by, Carew would clap his hands with a boyish laugh and have a pie brought and a cup of Spanish cordial for them both, declaring that he loved the lad with all his heart, upon the remnant of his honor, from which Nick knew that he was coming on.

Cicely Carew's governess was a Mistress Agnes Anstey. By birth she had been a Harcourt of Ankerwyke, and therefore she was everywhere esteemed fit by birth and breeding to teach the young mind when to bow and when to beckon. She came each morning to the house, and Carew paid her double shillings to see to it that Nick learned such little tricks of cap and cloak as a lady's page need have, the carriage best fitted for his place, and how to come into a room where great folks were; moreover, how to back out again, bowing, and not fall over the stools, which was no little art, until Nick caught the knack of peeping slyly between his legs when he bowed.

His hair, too, was allowed to grow long, and was combed carefully every day by the tiring woman, and soon, as it was naturally curly, it fell in rolling waves about his neck.

On the heels of the governess came M'sieu' De Fleury, who, it was said, had been dancing master to Hatton, the late lord chancellor of England, and had taught him those tricks with his nimble heels which had capered him into the queen's good graces and so got him the chancellorship. M'sieu' spoke dreadful English, but danced like the essence of agility, and taught both Nick and Cicely the latest Italian dances, playing the tune upon his queer little fiddle.

Cicely already danced like a pixie, and laughed merrily at her comrade's first awkward antics, until he flushed with embarrassment. At that she instantly became grave, and when M'sieu' had gone, came across the room, and putting her arm about Nick said repentantly: "Don't thou mind me, Nick. Father saith the French all laugh too soon at nothing, and I have caught it from my mother's blood. A boy is not good friends with his feet as a girl is, but thou wilt do beautifully. I know, and M'sieu' shall teach us the galliard together."

An Indian Beauty From Georgia.

When Vivekananda, the Hindoo monk, visited Chicago during the World's fair, he was greatly delighted one afternoon to learn that the "international beauty show" on the Midway plaisance contained an East Indian princess. He lost no time in visiting the show. In one of the booths was a dusky damsel arrayed in East Indian costume and prominently placarded as a charmer from the land of the Ganges.

Vivekananda addressed her politely in Hindoostanee, and for his pains was rewarded by a stare of blank astonishment. Then he tried Gungalese with no better success, and also the several allied dialects of the interior provinces of India. At last the dusky beauty spoke in sheer self defense:

"Go 'way, man," she said. "You must be crazy!"

"Excuse me," remarked Vivekananda, in faultless English, "but will you kindly inform me where you were born?"

"Ize born in Savannah, an I'ze dan lived in Georgy all mah life," she said, "but yo' can't fool wid me, if yo' is a stuck up no'thern nigger!" And he didn't try to do so.—*Chicago Times Herald.*

As small letters weary the eye most, so also the smallest letters disturb us most.—*Montaigne.*

CHURCH BELLS.

Often upon some Alpine height
Where cooler breezes blow
I've listened with a heart's delight
To chiming bells below.
Their music rose so sweet, so clear,
Its memory with me dwells
And rushes over me when I hear
The Sunday morning bells.

Or from cathedral spire of stone,
High soaring in the air,
The great bells' sobbing, throbbing tone
Has moved my soul to prayer.
The grandeur of that lofty choir
I hear from tower and dome,
Afar or near, whenever I hear
The Sabbath bells at home.

Such pious memories, indeed,
Their molten notes recall,
I find I really do not need
To go to church at all.
They drive away and keep at bay
All humor and the vapors,
And so I listen as I stay
In bed and read the papers.

—J. L. Heaton in Quilting Bee.

THE REPORTER'S STORY.

How Editor McCullagh Used His Lengthy Write Up of a Murder.

When I applied to Joseph B. McCullagh for a position as reporter on The Globe-Democrat, in 1885, I had been posted about his detestation of dukes and wore an old suit—clean, but almost threadbare. I had letters of recommendation from Colonel Burke of The Times-Democrat and from Colonel Doremus of the Dallas News, which I held in my hand, ready for his inspection. I made my speech, rather disconcerted by the cool, calculating manner in which he inspected me while doing so, and then handed him my "credentials." He glanced at the signatures, without reading the contents of either of the letters, picked up a slip of instructions and told me to report the murder of Joe Robedeaux, a Frenchman who had been murdered a few minutes before in the French quarter, and then carefully placed my beloved "papers" in his pocket, without a word of explanation.

Three hours later I handed him a very carefully written report of the murder, giving all of the details, which would have filled two columns, preceded by my own "scare heads" in six sections, giving all of the principal facts in short sentences. Next morning I found that my report had been "killed" at the "enacting clause," for the report appeared in an article about two inches long under a small head, "Foully Murdered," with all the rest of my "scare heads" printed, word for word, exactly as I had written them, as the body of the item. Not a word of the report appeared.

It was a beautiful Christmas morning, but I will never forget my feelings as I read that little item. I felt utterly crushed, and if I had had my letters Mr. McCullagh would never have seen me again. I wandered around the hotel corridors until time to report, when I presented myself before "Little Mack" and asked for the return of the letters. To my unspeakable surprise and intense delight he gave me an immediate assignment for special work, handed me a huge bundle wrapped in wrapping paper, and while holding this package, the contents of which were unknown to me, he proceeded to give me instructions and detail all of my failings in blunt but very lucid sentences, winding up like the crack of a whip with, "Put those clothes on and report for duty in one hour." My head was actually swimming when I left the room.

The package contained a complete outfit, including shoes, shirt, underwear, collar, tie and one of the best fitting suits I ever wore, the total cost of which could not have been much less than \$50.

I never saw my letters again, but when I left, two years later, he wrote me the best recommendation I ever received and was always ready to say a good word by wire if it was requested.—*Old Reporter in Chicago Record.*

Why the Irishman Quit.

There was once an Irishman who sought employment as a diver, bringing with him his native enthusiasm and a certain amount of experience. Although he had never been beneath the water he had crossed an ocean of one variety and swallowed nearly an ocean of another. But he had the Hibernian smile, which is convincing, and the firm chance to need a new man. And on the following Monday morning Pat hid his smile in a diving helmet.

Now, the job upon which the crew to which Pat had attached himself was working was in comparatively shallow water, and Pat was provided with a pick and told to use it on a ledge below in the manner with which he was familiar.

Down he went with his pick, and for about 15 minutes nothing was heard from him. Then came a strong, determined, deliberate pull on the signal rope, indicating that Pat had a very decided wish to come to the top. The assistants pulled him to the raft and removed his helmet.

"Take off the rest of it!" said Pat.
"Take off the rest of it?"
"Yes," said Pat. "O'f'f' worrik no longer on a down job where Oi can't spit on me hands."—*Boston Budget.*

A Michigan Philanthropist.

Mrs. Agnes L. d'Arcunbal of Michigan is a philanthropist of rare merit. In Kalamazoo, many years ago, she visited the jail and the state prison. In 1872 she began work for discharged prisoners and secured a library for them, enlisting the school children of her city to earn money and buy books for it. With their help she gathered 500 volumes. Later she has established a home of industry for discharged prisoners, which has proved of great value.

A Familiar Occurrence.

"There are in the histories of all nations," said the earnest man, "arises when some few men must step forward and save their country from utter ruin."
"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "that's very true. It happens once every century or so, and the next generation that kind being scheduled for 1900."—*Washington Star.*

CARROLL & COONEY.

TO-MORROW THE LAST DAY!

Our great Muslin Underwear Sale ends to-morrow (Saturday) evening.

We have sold an enormous quantity of these goods during the past 10 days. We have demonstrated to the satisfaction of every lady who was interested enough in the subject to call and examine our stock and prices, that we were selling Muslin Undergarments so low that it would be extravagance on her part to buy the material and make the garments herself. We cannot always sell goods at cost or less, but we can and do sell goods at cost or less on special occasions. This is one of them. Have you taken advantage of it?

Ladies' Drawers, regular price 25c, sale price 19c

Ladies' Drawers, regular price 75c, sale price 48c

Ladies' Skirts, regular price \$1.19, sale price 89c

Ladies' Chemise, regular price 75c, sale price 48c

Ladies' Chemise, regular price 50c, sale price 39c

Ladies' White Skirts, regular price 75c, sale price 48c

Ladies' White Skirts, regular price 89c, sale price 69c

Ladies' Skirt Drawers, regular price \$2.50, sale price \$1.98

All \$1.00 Skirts will be sold during this sale at 79c

All 25c Corset Covers will be sold during this sale at 19c

All 50c Corset Covers will be sold during this sale at 39c

All 50c Night Gowns will be sold during this sale at 39c

All \$1.00 Night Gowns will be sold during this sale at 79c

Every Garment in Our Muslin Underwear Department at Reduced Prices This Week.

SHIRT WAISTS.

To-morrow we will add to our 25c Shirt Waist table a lot of excellent Waists that have been marked to sell at 75c each.

We have received a shipment at this week of entirely new styles and are well equipped to supply your every waist want.

CARROLL & COONEY.

ICE!

Having been favored with your patronage during past seasons, permit us to return your thanks for the same. Our ICE for the coming season is of the finest quality produced from pure spring water—pumped direct from the wells—and again thanking you for past favors,

We Respectfully Solicit the Continuance of Your Patronage for the Coming Season.

Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM PUGH.

Telephone 31, Old or New, 2-23 3m Office 107 East High Street



ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed, so apply at Druggists or by mail; samples free. Write for a can of it.

Attention

Oil Men!

"HOW TO SAVE TIME ON DRILLING WELLS!"

You must know there is a big loss of Power from your belts slipping. Well, we can stop that and so can you. If you will use GREEN SEAL BELT DRESSING on your belts.

Read what those drillers say:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Feb. 20, '97.
Your Dressing is just the thing; it covers wear on machinery, and with it we can run a belt that would tear in two if we had to make it tight enough to hold with out the Dressing. It is not a good thing for belt manufacturers, but it is a "DA" for the users of belts. Besides we have no slipping now.

Yours,
GILBERT A. GOLDENHORN.
We send it out on trial and guarantee it to do all we claim for it.

Write us for a can of it.

PHENIX OIL CO.,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.