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In Silence, a Hero

There was a shimmer of crimson light in the sky as he rode along. Sitting square and deep in the saddle, with an attitude that changed little as his horse's gait varied from lope to trot, from trot to walk or from walk to lope, his eyes fixed straight ahead, the scout rode, absolutely alone.

Solitude and silence had been his portion so much that language was to him a curio, a rarity, a luxury. He seldom heard the sound of human voice, and when he did he listened deeply and answered deliberately, for his supply of speech was not great. As he rode there came a scream from afar overhead—a shriek, a screech. But he did not look upward.

He knew the voice was the voice of a Springfield ball, high in the air. Man and horse lay down and waited. Neither moved, but both watched.

On the knoll of a little knoll, far away, he saw a bush wave too fast, it was far away, but he leveled his rifle and fired.

Then horse and man arose as if by mutual understanding, and turning from the knoll he rode, the report of the guns behind him merely urging him to hasten. He was not afraid. He was not excited. He did not expect to die. He did not expect to live.

Late that night he reached the post, delivered his orders and turned to go. The captain stopped him.

"Must anybody on the way over?" he asked.

"The scout looked hard, as if digesting the query. Then he thought. At last he answered:

"Only some Indians,"

"How many?" asked the scout. "Now six."

"On the warpath?" asked the captain. The scout looked troubled, as though loathed by the question.

"They fired"—was all he said.

Now, then, the war was on in earnest. But the scout ever after avoided the captain as a man who talked too much.

In the grounds non-commissioned officers passed to and fro, bent on inspection of the day. New recruits were being drilled, singly and in squads. Now and again a stiff young lieutenant crossed to the officers' quarters or, bent on inspection, went through the form of examining quarters to see whether the dust had been properly brushed away and the door duly swept. Presently a soldier entered, walked to where the scout lay, and said:

"Colonel wants you!"

The scout remained immovable for a few seconds. Then he turned to the messenger and looked him squarely in the eye. Then he arose, deliberately dressed, drew on his long boots, buckled his belt with the ammunition and revolvers in place, and stalked to quarters. The orderly halted him at the door.

"Colonel wants me," he said.

He passed in. The colonel ignored the lack of a salute, for the keen eyed man before him was not a soldier, but a civilian employe. Then he said:

"There is a woman here, the wife of Lieutenant Jasper, who is wounded at the ferry. She wants to join her husband. You must guide her over."

The scout looked half terrified.

"Woman?" he asked. The question had a world of meaning, for the colonel knew of the trail itself, its double dangers for a woman. He nodded.

"Lead," he said.

"Can't be helped," said the colonel. The scout stood still a moment. Then he turned and walked out. As he reached the "parade ground" he saw a woman before the officers' quarters. The sight revived his memory.

In a few minutes he was back at the colonel's quarters, his horse saddled, his blankets rolled behind the cattle, the rifle slung by the horse's side, the rations curled carefully over the saddle top.

"Tell him I'm ready," he said gruffly to the orderly. The orderly turned in disgust. He was not used to unceremonious orders. But the scout was impatient.

So the orderly went.

When the scout was ordered in, he saw a little woman wearing a short riding habit. He looked at her indifferently.

The colonel spoke, saying he was the best scout at the post, and she might feel safe with him.

"I feel it," she said.

"The scout broke silence. "Better not go," he said.

"Oh, I must!" was her answer.

They rode away together. All the night long they rode, halting during the day. On the third morning, as the woman was about to lie down for a few hours' rest, the scout arose, as one who was about to deliver an oration.

"Only six miles," he said.

Fear of the hostiles had forsaken her, and she rode rapidly on, indifferent alike to the whistle of the bullets, the yells of the braves, and the efforts of small parties of bucks to head them off. Closer and closer to the camp, and then, as the scout challenged, the scout turned and led the woman to the camp.

He faced the hostiles for a moment. Then he looked around and saw the guard rush forth and welcome the fainting victim. The dancing braves jarred on his sight. He turned back to where the woman had entered the camp, and then followed her.

The officer of the guard almost hugged him. Men gathered about him. The captain clasped his hand. The wounded lieutenant, now almost well, wept.

The talk annoyed him.—Philadelphia Times.

Docking Horses.

Docking horses took its rise in the dark days when bull and bear baiting was honored by a place in the category of sport to the white-collar class, by law to the catalogue of outrage. This custom of docking was once generally applied to English roasters, hunters and harness horses. The only useful purpose it ever served was in the Peninsular war, when British dragoons could be most easily distinguished from French by their dock-tails. It fell into disuse with the decline of road coaching, and we owe its unwelcome revival to their partial restoration. It is senseless, barbarous and disfiguring; it inflicts needless suffering upon brood mares and horses turned out to grass, depriving them of their natural defense against flies, besides the severe pain and shock caused by the operation itself. It should be discouraged in every possible way by influential persons, by those who lead the fashion in such things, and agricultural societies should be moved to refuse prizes to exhibits which have undergone this mutilation.—Blackwood.

Costly Misunderstanding.

Irate Customer—Look here. The bill for those two boxes of cigars I bought of you last month calls for \$14. Didn't you tell me they were three for a nickel?

Pharmacist—Not at all, sir. I told you they were free from nicotine.—Chicago Tribune.

In Old Kentucky.

Stranger—Have you lived long in this section?

Native—No, sah. I am a gentleman, sah! And it is impossible for gentlemen to live long in this section, sah.—Washington Star.

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HIMMELMAN, Pharmacist, 164 S. Main

Discreet Silence.

"I told Runka a story, and it didn't remind me of another."

"Perhaps he was afraid that if he told you one it would remind you of another."

—Chicago Record.

A SHADOW.

Hans Alenius lived in a humble cottage in Jerusalem. One evening he stood long before the open window shutter. How difficult it was to get at closing it! The air was cool, the city still. Below in the narrow, hilly street came a muleteer astride, stooping forward over the back of the ass, whose little hoofs clicked and slipped on the big, smooth stones. He sang a monotonous song in the customary plaintive drawing, nasal tones of the easterner, and as he passed along the sound of his voice reminded one of the muleteer.

On the window sill lay a manuscript dissertation, and so clear and brilliant was the February moonlight that Hans could read the fine writing without difficulty. It was a defense of an established order of things, of standstill conservatism, admitting of no exception. And as he stood there in the city where the idea of human brotherhood was born and had gone forth over the earth, as he glanced over the pages of the document, he said to himself: "No, no; we young people are natural foes to conservatism. We are the ones who now, in all ages, have broken ground for the truths which have proceeded from this city." As he spoke he made an unconscious movement with his hand. At the same time his glasses fell upon his own shadow on the wall, outlining by the moonlight.

He could not restrain his laughter. Was not that the shadow of an actor, the head thrown back, the hand extended as if he were declaiming some stirring piece?

A feeling of shame swept over him as he considered for the first time that, among the ideas transmitted from that city to the western world as a cargo of precious jewels, was a tiny pearl, humanly.

He closed his eyes and pressed his hands over his face, and a thousand little stars seemed to flash before his sight.

He opened his eyes and beheld the pulsation of his own blood which produced this sensation, and yet, little by little, those tiny lights ceased to revolve and looked for all the world like the pale stars which he had just been watching in the firmament. At length, aroused by voices in the street, he looked out.

Between the houses opposite there extended a wall. On the ground in front was a bright fire, and that fire was the Christ surrounded by a few disciples and friends. Just behind him his shadow was clearly defined upon the wall.

John, the disciple whom he loved, mechanically picked up a blackened coal and with it outlined the shadow until he had delineated the entire figure of the Master upon the wall. Then he dropped the coal and entered into conversation with the rest.

Next morning, when Hans Alenius again stood at his open window and saw the people pass, there were many who drew and looked with curiosity at the drawing on the wall.

"That represents a showmaker; his back is bowed," said the shoemaker.

"You talk nonsense," returned the fruiterer; "that stooping posture proves that he is a fruit vendor. They forgot to draw the basket on his back, but his half open mouth shows clearly that he was crying: 'Pomegranates! Come and buy! Come and buy!'"

A high official of the sanhedrin who passed, and who of course did not take his voice with the cabbles of the tradespeople thought to himself: "It is perfectly plain that that represents a learned man and a thinker. One might almost take it to be a portrait of me. Possibly it is me; not bad, either. Probably some of the tradespeople drew it. Of course they all know me more or less."

Meanwhile one of the spectators had said to another: "Look at the man! He had a simple demeanor and a kind, pleasant face. Nothing great was known of him, no chronicle has preserved his name, for he led a retired life, away from the noise of the world. With hands crossed over the knob of his walking stick he contemplated the drawing.

"What a noble forehead!" he thought. "What lofty humanity that bent fierce suggest! Oh, if only one could be like that! But why wish for the impossible?"

As he stood there, silent and humble, the likeness to the drawing was so striking that everybody fell back, pointing to him in whispers.

Startled and ashamed he slipped away, unable to understand why they should stare at him.

In his conscious humility he had resembled the Christ shadow.

Had he known this, and, proud in that consciousness, stood erect, the likeness would have vanished.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Franklin No Orator.

It was Poor Richard who remarked, "Here comes the one that has his flood of words and his drop of reason," and during his whole life Franklin was no speechmaker. "I served," Jefferson said, "with General Washington in the legislative body of Virginia, the Revolutionary and during it with Dr. Franklin in congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time nor to any but the main point which was to decide the question. The other speakers refer to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow themselves."

John Adams, in one of his periodic outbursts against the man whom the public honor greater than himself, contrasted his own services in congress, in which he claimed to have been "active and alert in every branch of business, both in the house and on committees, constantly proposing measures, supporting those I approved when moved by others, opposing such as I disapproved, discussing and arguing on every question," with those of Franklin, who was seen, he says, "from day to day, sitting in silence, a great part of his time fast asleep in his chair."

Yet Franklin was appointed on every important committee and Adams on few, and the sage, could he have read his brother congressman's comparison, might fairly have retorted, with the wisdom of Poor Richard, "He that speaks much is much mistaken," or "The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise."—Paul L. Ford in Century.

A HERO OF THE MINE.

He Risked His Life to Save That of a Fellow Workman.

Heber Franklin, a young man employed at the Clear Creek mine, is as much a hero as any man who ever braved death on the battlefield. Frank's life was not in danger, but to save a human life. There was a fire in the mine. The men were called out. Then they were about to shut off the air in order to stop the flames, when it was learned that a lone miner was working deep in the mine beyond the point where the fire started and was then raging with growing strength. Here is the story of the rescue.

A woman Thomas immediately caused for volunteers to go with him into the mine to rescue the man. Several attempts were made by different ones, but they were driven back by the flames, and the cry of "Powder!" caused a hasty retreat.

Finally Heber Franklin, a young man whose work keeps him on the outside, said, "I will go." And accompanying Foreman Thomas he pressed on

through the fire and found the man working away tamping a hole, entirely unconscious of the danger threatening him. They succeeded in getting out of the mine safely, when the fan was shut off and the dip closed up. The rescue was an act of great bravery on the part of Franklin, as his work kept him on the outside and he was unacquainted with the exact lay of the land inside, and the danger of suffocation from black damp was great. He was the only man of the many standing by whose nerve did not desert him