THE GLADIATOR.

E. METTLES, Editor. { "PRESS BOLDLY FORWARD, NOR YIELD TO A FEAR." } $1:00 Per Annum.

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The Gladiator,

Published Every Thursday,

E. METTLES, --- Proprietor.

OFFICE:
Goodrich Block, S W. Corner of Main Street and Public Square.

TERMS—1:00 PER ANNUM.
(Strictly In Advance.)

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One Year,	10 00	15 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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Office and residence, southeast corner of the Public Square and Main street,

NEWS DEPOT AND STATIONERY, ETC.

F. E. SHARP
Keeps a full line of Stationery and a select assortment of fine Candies, &c, on sale at the Post-office.
THE GLADIATOR can always be found there on sale. Also the daily papers

NOTARY PUBLIC, &C.

W. F. GRISWOLD,
NOTARY PUBLIC
—AND—
CIVIL ENGINEER,
WORTHINGTON. OHIO.

Deeds, Mortgages. Leases, &c., carefully drawn.

H. KESSLER,
JEWELER,
No. 4, West Broad Street,
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and satisfaction given.

THE GIRL OF TO-DAY.

If there is anything we know less about than we think we do it is the girl, and of this the girl is glad, for there is nothing she hates to be known about so bad as the truth.

Wo have been acquainted with her for a long time and watched her pranks from afar; seen her cut the "pigeon-wing" and knock the "backstep" in the backyard, when she thought she had no spectator; but still we don't know her.

From the time she is big enough to swing on the gate and tie a ribbon in a double bow-knot she begins to locate a sweetheart, and she keeps this up until he is located in the backyard exercising his talents dissecting stove-wood.

She may be a little dull on mathematics, but invariably solves the problem of putting a No. 5 foot in a No. 3 shoe.

She will wear out two old dresses running around trying to find out how to make a new one in the latest style.

She will break the point off her brother's knife making a crack to peep at strangers when they come visiting.

She will greet you with the most bewitching smile, and laugh at your stupidness when you are gone.

She will walk three squares to get a peep at her beau, and then pass by without looking at him.

She will talk with you two hours without being able to repeat a word you have said, but will know how long you have worn your duds, and how many buttons have lost their grip.

She will attend church, listen with absorbed interest to eloquent and pathetic sermons, then return home and expatiate upon the horrible fit of Miss Snow's new basque.

She will go to the table, mince over delicacies with the most fastidious taste, then slip back in the kitchen and eat a raw potato.

She will wear out her best pair of shoes dancing all day, then attend a ball at night and complain of being out of practice.

She will spend all night writing a carefully worded letter, in the most precise hand, to her Simon Suggs, and then scratch off a page to her sister that old Harry couldn't read.

She will be the most devout creature on earth, and hate the earth that Sallie Grimes walks on.

She will be industrious and economical for a month, then spend her savings for red ribbon.

She will slouch around the house for a week making preparation to look neat on Sunday.

She will flirt with all the best young men in the neighborhood, and finally marry some good-for-nothing.

A GANG OF HORSE-TRADERS.

There is a gang of horse-traders out at a hamlet on Grand River avenue, a few miles from the city, and last fall a Detroiter who made an exchange of equines out there had a "doctored plug" put off on him which made him very tired before he reached home, and more weary when the animal died on his hands within a week. He wanted to get even, and he went to a tin peddler whom he knew to help him. An old trotter, who had been retired from the track, was given a week's work in a sulky, and the peddler then placed him before his wagon and gently moved out on the enemy. It was trading day, and he found the gang all out.

There was some talk, and some beer, and some more talk, but the peddler didn't want to trade. He wanted a go of half a mile for five dollars. The gang laughed and jeered, and when the peddler laid down his money he was invited to make it fifty dollars. From fifty dollars it grew to one hundred dollars, and he unhitched from the wagon and hitched to a sulky. They had half a mile measured off on the graveled road, and just before the start was made they put up twenty more against his watch. The gang had a "clipper," and every man would have sold his shirt to bet on him.

The two horses got away at the first score, and in about a minute something was heard to drop. It was the feet of the old "wringer" striking a 2:30 gait. Then something stopped. It was the "clipper," whose driver had pulled him up to see where the other horse had gone to, and whether he had wings or had been shot from a cannon. Next day, when a stranger came through there offering town lots in Arizona for fifteen cents apiece, the gang scraped all their funds together and the spokesman said:

"Stranger, the price seems very reasonable, and we'll take one-third of one lot."—Detroit Free Press.

HOUSE POISON.

If the condensed breath collected on the cool window-panes of a room where a number of persons have been assembled be burned, a smell as of singed hair will show the presence of organic matter; and if the condensed breath be allowed to remain on the windows for a few days it will be found, on examination by microscope, that it is alive with animalculæ. The inhalation of air containing such putrescent matter causes untold complaints, which might be avoided by a circulation of fresh air.

☞De man who takes de newspapah fo' a yea' and den 'fuses to pay for it, am no 'count in dis world.

MOTHER.

Don't call your mother "old woman" Let her always be "mother." "Old lady" is bad enough, but the "old woman" applied to her who gave you life and nursed your infancy, is rude and unkind. A writer has these reflections upon it:

Once it was, "Mother, I'm very hungry;" "Mother, mend my jacket;" "Mother, put up my dinner;" and then "Mother" with her loving hands would spread the bread with butter and stow away the luncheon, and sew on the great patch, her heart brimming with affection for the impetuous, curly little pate that made her so many steps, and nearly distracted her with his boisterous mirth.

Now she is the "old woman," but she did not think it would ever come to that. She looked on through the future years, and saw her boy to manhood grown, and he stood transfigured in the light of her own beautiful love. Never was there a more noble son than he, honored of the world, and the staff of her declining years.

Ay, he was her support even then, but she did not know it. She never realized that it was her little boy that gave her strength for daily toil, that his slender form was all that upheld her over the brink of a dark despair.

She only knew that she loved the child, and felt that amid the mi-t of old age his love would bear her gently through its infirmities to the dark hall leading to life beyond.

But the son has forgot the tender ministrations now. Adrift from the tender moorings of home, he is cold, selfish, heartless. "Mother" has no sacred meaning to the prodigal. She is the "old woman," wrinkled and gray, lame and blind. Pity her, O grave, and dry those tears that roll down her furrowed cheeks! Have compassion on her sensitive heart, and offer it thy quiet rest, that it may forget how much it longed to be "dear mother" to the boy it nourished through a careless childhood, who in return for all this wealth of tenderness has only given back reproach. Reader, are you guilty of like ingratitude?

☞One thousand sinners have lately been converted at a Methodist revival in New York City. A thousand conversions is a good many, but it is hardly a visible reduction of the surplus in the big metropolis of the East.

☞It is seriously alleged that out West the circus manager always jumps at the chance to go to the town where Sam Jones has been. He says that one circus only whets the appetite of the peoyle for another.

The Gladiator.

WORTHINGTON,.....APRIL 26.

E. METTLES. - - - - Editor

ILLITERACY.

Nothwithstanding the large amounts of money spent for schools, our people will probably be surprised whe the census of 1890 is taken to find a large increase in illiteracy among the whites of this country. This will be not only in the newer States of the west, but in older States that have prided themselves upon their educational system. This result is due in States like Massachusetts to the influx of foreign born illiterates into the factory towns of that State. A Cleveland paper lately claimed that "the real cause of illiteracy in Ohio is parental avarice. Children are virtually farmed out by their parents at so much a head." It is doubtful whether any State has in the last ten years made much headway against the mass of ignoronce which immigration has thrown on our shores in that time.

☞Mr. Poorman's important bill to secure a fuller and better return of taxable property is now a law. It authorizes county commissioners to employ persons to ferret out property which is not returned for taxation and to pay the detective 20 per cent. of the taxes so secured. The law also provides that an assessor improperly omitting to make a return of taxable property, or an auditor wilfully failing to place it on the duplicate, shall be fined not more than $200 and kept in jail not longer than sixty days. As a rule it is not the comparatively poor man who evades tax-paying. If the wealth of the State paid in proportion to property of the laborer, the public treasury would show very different results.

☞The Legislature has passed the Sunday saloon closing law. Now neither in city nor village can a saloon sell liquor on Sunday. Thus positive prohibition has been established in the State fifty-two days of the year, besides election days. There is nothing in the Constitution to prohibit the sale of liquor as a beverage for the remaining 300 days, on the broad and tenable grounds of police regulation. All needed to do so is a Legislature and Supreme Court in sympathy with the movement. The power is clearly given.

☞The ground-hog and sparrow are the only *birds* outlawed. The Legislature got mad at the g. h. last winter because it spoiled the weather during a junketing party to New Orleans, so they offered 20 cents reward for every scalp sent to the clerk of court. Revenge is sweet.

☞Some one asks: "Does it pay to be good?" Perhaps our evidence in the matter would not be taken, and so we shall not answer the question directly, but we will say that it is good to be paid.—Lowell Citizen.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR.

The following item from the experienced and observing Dr. Krohm we publish on account of its truthfulness, and charge it to the modesty of the editorial fraternity in general:

"The average country editor is much more of a man than the average city editor. So far as real ability, versatility and general utility are concerned, he will double discount him every time. He is a broader man, a more independent person, and, when it comes to rustling around, he comes nearer to making 'a whistle out of a pig's tail' than any other man on earth. If these chaps, who seem to take special delight in ridiculing the country editor, did but know it, it takes more brains, more sense, more tact, more gumption, more everything to successfully conduct a country newspaper than it does to conduct a city paper. It requires more business and finanoial skill, and affords a wider scope for the exhibition of real journalistic talent, not to say genius, to make a country newspaper 'go' than it does a city newspaper.

"The conditions surrounding a country newspaper are such that a chump or dude of a man of mediocre ability would be swamped quicker than a sailboat in a hurricane. It takes a peculiar kind of journalistic qualification to keep a country newspaper afloat, and to preserve an editor from landing either in a lunatic asylum or an almshouse."

RIGHT EDUCATION.

We plead for the children as well as for the parents; and they should be educated in the most practical and easiest way. They should have the best teachers—the youngest, especially, need the best. It is a radical mistake to place them in the hands of inexperience. We should begin right and adopt the most approved methods.

Of one thing we are convinced. Our instruction is too bookish, too arbitrary, too stiff, too imperious. It presumes too much, and takes too much for granted. It should be more oral, and verbal questioning and explanations ought to be more in vogue in the school-room. A reform is needed in this respect. Let the attention of teachers be called to this fact, and let them be more specifically and generally reminded of the true art of teaching. Then we may look for more effective and rapid advancement, as well as more permanent results among the youth of our land.—Washington National View.

☞The following paragraph taken from a Texas paper was probably written by a cow boy poet, whose fame has reached beyond Rattlesnake creek:

"As a great moral agent a woman is a yard wide and all wool, but as a book agent she cuts a swath a mile wide and never misses a victim. We would much rather have a friend pour a pitcher of common molasses down our back than te be interviewed by a lady book agent whose mouth resembles a crack in a lemon and whose nose looks like an exclamation point in a whirlwind."

SELF-HELP.

Fight your own battles, asking favors of no one, and you will succeed far better than those who are ever turning first this way, and then that, for a little help. No one can help you as you can help yourself, for no one will have the interest in your affairs that you, of course, feel. The man who pushes on through thick and thin with unflagging purpose and indomitable courage, in nine cases out of ten, makes a name and place for himself which people honor and admire.

The old motto, "There is no such word as fail," should be impressed upon the young. Life's way is rugged and full of thorns, and it is only the brave in heart who can hope to battle a way to fame and fortune. He who waits for others to push him will find himself passed on the road by those who push themselves.

People who have been bolstered up all their lives are like reeds in an emergency. No one can lean upon them, and if they cannot find a prop for themselves, down they go, and cannot help themselves up again, but must wait for some friendly hand to raise them.

These "boosted" people never accomplished anything in the world. They are not trusted, because they do not trust themselves. It is of little consequence to the world if they sink or swim, and even a man's best friends grow tired of helping him over obstacles he ought to surmount alone. The man who learns to conquer circumstances is independent of fortune, and will receive more smiles than frowns from the fickle goddess.

The ambitious and industrious man has little patience with, or regard for, the man content to remain at the bottom of the ladder all his life. The man who keeps the wagon wheel in the rut all the way to town simply because it is too much trouble to get it out, is apt to accomplish as little good to mankind as the one who expects to be "boosted" along through life. Both belong to the same family, and merit pity more than reproach.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

"If I was to live my life over again," said an American defaulter as he cocked his feet in the office of a Montreal hotel, "I'd be a lawyer instead of a cashier."

"For why?" was asked.

"Well, I embezzled $7,000, and am an outlaw and an outcast. My brother-in-law, who is a lawyer, 'managed' an estate, so that it put him $48,000 ahead, and they have just elected him mayor of the town and got him to join the church. I advise young men to think of these things."—Wall Street News.

☞It is said there is something noble in poverty. If this is the case there is scarcely an editor in the country who does not feel himself loaded to the muzzle with laurels of this glorious but inconvenient character.

☞Be civil to inferiors.

HOW TO MAKE A BED.

Ordinary sheets, blankets and coverlets are too short and too narrow; they do not admit of a bed being well made. A quarter of a yard all around, beyond the edge of the mattress, is necessary for tucking in and overlaying at the top, so that the shoulders may be covered. A worn but clean blanket should cover the upper mattress in winter, and over this the sheet should be spread smoothly and adequately. The bolster, with its homestitched linen cover, should be laid a few inches below the top of the mattress, so as to better support the shoulders when lying down, and give a better pitch to the pillows as they stand against the head of the bedstead. Blankets to be large enough must be of good quality; cheap blankets are always unsatisfactory, because inadequate both in size and warmth. Care should be taken that they are not laid evenly together upon the bed, but the upper one lowered from the top of the other fully the depth of the bordering. This graduates the bulk, and will prevent undue weight about the shoulders when the clothes are turned over; it also allows of abundant margin for "tucking in" at the foot; a matter of great importance, especially when a bed is occupied by two persons.

The "foot blanket" is another important item. If the luxury of a narrow-down coverlet can be afforded for the feet, so much the better; it is a comfort that once enjoyed will never after be willingly dispensed with in cold weather. It should not be too wide, or thick as a feather bed, as they are made in Germany, but large enough to cover the larger half of the bed, and extend over a few inches at the sides. The coverlet laid smoothly over this, all the clothes turned down twice at the top, and the whole worked smoothly into the sides and ends of the bedstead, the pillows only need to be placed in their proper position to render the bed making complete.—Cultivator.

☞Did you ever note how bleak and desolate and bare are the surroundings of a majority of our country school houses? The children have trodden the life out of the grass in the front door and on either side, and the wind has circled and eddied about, driving the soil out below the general level. Barns have a chilliness about them not to be compared, however, to the cold, cheerless, desolate look about many of our school buildings. A fence and a few trees and shrubs would alter the appearance and change the conditions wonderfully. Why not plant trees? A few hours' time, a little outlay of money and a little care would make the school house and ground things of beauty in themselves and foster in children a regard for everything "lovely and of good report."—Ex.

☞When a Paris shop-keeper advertises "goods at cost" a Government official inspects his carrying out what he is carrying on what he advertises. Any fraud in this respect is vigorously punished.

The Gladiator.

WORTHINGTON,.....APRIL 26.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are always glad to receive and publish matter which will be of interest to our readers, but we wish it to be distinctly understood by all that we publish no communication, no matter upon what subject it is written, or how worthy it may be, unless we have the author's real name.

IF YOU WANT

A cook,
A situation,
A servant girl,
To rent a house,
To sell a horse,
To buy a house,
To lend or borrow money,
To sell any kind of property,
To find stock that has strayed or been stolen,
To find an owner for anything you have found,
It can easily be done through the columns of THE GLADIATOR at terms that will satisfy you!
Just try and see how nicely it will be done.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The season for tramps is here; treat them kindly to an ax.

—Since the election is over peace seems to reign in our little village.

—The only time it pays to be poor is when the assessor visits you.

—The assessor will call on you sure this spring and find out what you are worth.

—Miss F. Edith Wright is seriously ill at the home of her parents on East State street.

—Who was the young lady that had to take off her shoe to ease the pain her corn caused her while in the village Saturday?

—Circuses seem to have taken possession of the Capital City this week, and are at swordspoints warring for the patronage of the public.

—Buds are bursting on bush and tree, and soon the hum of the honey bee will be heard in field of clover, and then you'll know the winter's over.

—When a business man advertises in the newspaper his name becomes as familiar as household words, and it pays to be known when you are in business.

—Numbers of persons are talking of their intention to purchase lots in Elmwood for investment of their spare money. They think it will pay a fair dividend.

—"If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs will six hens lay in seven days?" Forty-two or twenty-seven are not correct answers.

—An exchange says: "Please hand in your local items when fresh. We don't like to publish a birth after the child is weaned, a marriage after the honeymoon is over, or the death of a man after the widow is married again."

—The Quarterly Meeting services of the M E. Church for Worthington Charge will be held at Fletcher appointment, April 28th and 29th. First preaching service on Saturday, 28th, at 2:30 o'clock, p. m., by Rev. J. M. Weir, the Presiding Elder. Sabbath services under his direction as usual.

SHUT UP.

"Shut up! I've heard that story just once too often. This makes seven times that you've missed the 'leven-thirty train. You missed it a purpose, so you did! Look at your eyes, all bloodshot! You thought you would slip into the house and put on a clean shirt and slick yourself up and I wouldn't suspicion anything. The very next time you go to Columbus I'll follow you and pull your nose if I catch you within four blocks of the Foraker Club room. I'll club you! I'll club that whole outfit if they keep you there another night. I'm on to your little schemes, and if ev-er you-stay-a-way-from-me another night I'll fix you."

And those who know her say she will.

LOCAL OPTION ELECTION.

The voters of Sharon township outside the corporation of Worthington held an election on Wednesday to decide for or against the sale of liquor in the township, resulting in bringing out 204 voters. The ballots when counted stood: Against the sale, 161; for the sale, 42; majority against the sale, 119. The only saloon closed up that night, the proprietor going to Columbus to continue in the business.

THE SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION.

The election for member of the Board of Education took place on Tnesday, and was hotly contested. The result was as follows: W. F. Griswold, 87 votes; W. R. Parsons, 76 votes; majority for Griswold, 11.

☞One of the spiciest little exchanges that weekly visits us is the Worthington (O.) Gladiator, published by Mr. E. Mettles. Its contents are crisp and nutritious to the mind. As a weighty and forcible editorial writer Mr. Mettles ranks among the first in the land.—Mechanicsburg News.

—As requests continue to reach THE GLADIATOR to publish the story, "The Blood Stained Trail of the Indian Mother and Her Babe," we will in direct opposition to the wishes of the author publish it shortly. We think he offers no good reasons why we should not do so.

—Rev. H. L. Whitehead of Columbus is to fill the pulpit of the M. E. church Sabbath next, April 29th, in the absence of the pastor, who will be in attendance at the quarterly meeting which is to be held at Fletcher chapel.

—The assessors are ordered to assess all dogs whether the owner is willing or not.

DIED.

HUTCHINSON—Miss Nellie, only daughter of D. W. Hutchinson, a nephew of Mrs James E. Wright, at Woodstock, Michigan, Friday, April 13, 1888.

"Just sixteen years and one day
From the very hour of her birth
Her spirit took its departure
To fly from this weary earth
To a realm of bright sunshine and glory,
To bask in the smiles of her God,
To sing songs with loved friends in Heaven
That before her have 'passed under the rod.'"

"OH, WHY DID THEY DIG OUR MOTHER'S GRAVE SO DEEP?"

A few evenings ago, as we were strolling leisurely along Main street, with our hands in our pockets, weary and tired, with nothing to guide us on our way except the glittering stars and the bright moon, which was pushing its way through the clouds, we passed a delightful home, where, in the bright light shining through the windows, we saw two beautiful orphan children, neatly and comfortably dressed, about ten and twelve years of age, respectively, seated around a comfortable fire. They were singing, very sweetly,

"Oh, why did they dig our mother's grave so deep?"

We knew them very well by sight, for we had seen them often, as they wended their way to Sabbath school each morning of the blessed Sabbath. The father and mother of these charming children sleep in one of the most beautiful vales of Kentucky—a land where her most favorite son said he wished his bones to rest, for he knew no robber brood would ever disturb them.

As we stood listening to this beautiful song, so sweetly sang by these two orphan children, we thought it was a fitting place to anchor our heart, which was without a resting place. As the sweet cadences floated out into the still air and the echo beat back against our own broken heart from the surrounding hillsides, we said to ourselves,

"Oh, why did they dig our mother's grave so deep?"

When the grave-digger, weeping as if his heart would break, as he shoveled the dirt on our own beautiful mother's grave, we felt just as these orphan babes feel, so many removes from their beautiful Kentucky home. Oh, dreadful clods, as they fell upon our mother's lifeless body! Oh, faithful grave-digger, you have buried our heart! Oh, remorseless angel, why did you tell the old grave-digger to dig our mother's grave so deep? Our mother's grave so deep! Fifteen years have come and gone, with their angry storms and howling winds and snows, since we laid her softly away in the village churchyard, to rest until the coming in of the eternal morn. We felt then as you do to-night—

"Oh, why did they dig our mother's grave so deep?"

But the time will come, by and by, my helpless babes, when we will lie down side by side with our beautiful mothers, and then we will not care for the depth of the grave, so that it is no deeper.

While listening to the refrain, as the words rang out into the still air, we recalled a stanza of a little song we heard in our youth:

"We laid her in the deep, cold grave;
'Twas hard to lay her there,
While spring was putting forth its flowers,
And everything was fair."

As the sad, sweet notes of these orphan children died away, we wended our way along down the street, under the light of the half-full moon, and recalled the days when the voice of our sweet mother answered us as octave to octave when we were no older than these beautiful orphan children, who, in their agony of soul and weeping as if their hearts would break, on this Sabbath evening were singing this beautiful song:

"Tears when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, when thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep."

But our beautiful and cultured muse, who has so long directed our footsteps, who has always loved us with a sweet tenderness and guided our energies, now weary and worn, and her young heart failing with disease, is about to step to the sky. She will soon be beyond the vale and will return to us no more. We weep while we write, for our heart is bleeding, and we will write no more for the dying GLADIATOR, born in poverty and now clothed in rags. These tattered garments, however, covering intellect and culture, look better than the rich dress of the unlettered millionaire.

AN OLD-TIME NEW ENGLAND DOCTOR.

Dr. John D. Meers, of Naugatuck, was widely known as one of the most skillful and successful physicians of his time. His practice among the farmers was quite extensive, and it was his custom to take his pay for services in the produce of the farms, seldom or never keeping accounts or making any charges, but sending for a bushel of potatoes or corn or a barrel of cider as he happened to want it. His drafts on the farmers were always honored at sight, for he used to say "he did not intend to overdraw," and as the families in those days were large, and the children quite as likely to be sick then as now, it is quite likely that he paid in his way for all that he received. He was always very careful not to injure his patients and gave very little medicine, but, if called to see a man who was a little out of sorts, would prescribe a diet of toast and cider, or something equally simple, and leave nature to effect a cure. He was once called to see a man who had been in bed several days, and on entering the room he sat down, stuck his long legs under the bed, moved his spectacles on the top of his bald head, and sat and told stories for an hour. He then sent one of the boys to draw a glass of cider, which he drank, and made his preparations to leave the house. The sick man asked if he was not going to prescribe for him or give him something to take.

"Oh, yes, yes," replied she doctor; "you just get up and stir about a little, and wash up and put on a clean shirt, and you will be all right, I guess."

Notwithstanding the doctor's peculiarities in such cases, he was one of the most careful and devoted physicians in cases of dangerous illness; would often appear, unsolicited and unexpected, in the sick room long after midnight, so great was his anxiety for the welfare of his patients.

☞A voice comes from the far West, saying: "Send us wives," and a thousand mean, unhappy Benedicts in the East respond: "Take ours."

SALT, AND ITS USES.

Salt in whitewash will make it stick better.

Wash the mica of the stove doors with salt and vinegar.

To clean willow furniture use salt and water. Apply it with a nail brush, scrub well and dry thoroughly.

If, after having a tooth pulled, the mouth is filled with salt and water, it will allay the danger of having a hemorrhage.

Salt as a tooth powder is better than almost anything that can be bought. It keeps the teeth brilliantly white, and the gums hard and rosy.

To wash silk handkerchiefs, soak them first in cold salt water for ten minutes, or longer, then wash out in the same water and iron immediately.

Carpets may be greatly brightened by first sweeping thoroughly and then going over them with a clean cloth and clear salt and water. Use a cupful of coarse salt to a basin of water.

Nothing is better for a sore throat than a gargle of salt and water. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time it is used it will cleanse the throat and allay the irritation.

Salt, in doses of one to four teaspoonfuls in half a pint to a pint of tepid water, is an emetic always on hand. This is also the antidote to be used after poisoning from nitrate of silver while waiting for the doctor to come.

If the feet are tender or painful after long walking or standing, great relief can be had by bathing them in salt and water. A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have water hot as can comfortably be borne. Immerse the feet, and throw the water over the legs as far as the knees with the hands. When the water becomes too cool, rub briskly with flesh towel. This method, if used night and morning, will cure neuralgia of the feet.—Good Housekeeping.

CREMATE YOUR LOVE-LETTERS.

Love-letters are usually treasured up as something too precious and sacred to cast into the fire. But into the fire they ought to go, every one of them. They are proverbially sweet, sickening sweet, and silly to everybody but the twain interested. They have no earthly value for others. And when true love does not run smooth, as so often happens, and the letters are read in the divorce court, or as the foundation for damages for wasted affections, in what depths of mortified vanity, impotent rage and helpless ridicule are poor lovers plunged. When the adored one writes to his angel, if she really and truly loves her Charles, she will destroy his letter after reading it twice and kissing it three times. So also will Charles treat the missive of Angelina if he be worldly wise. But lovers seldom or never are worldly wise, and behold how the world is continually laughing at their unburned folly.—Philadelphia Record.

☞Perseverance is the best school for manly virtue.

HAD NO FUN IN HIM.

One of the members of a Methodist Conference held in a small town out West was out for a walk at an early hour one morning, and while on one of the streets he encountered a strapping big fellow, who was drawing a wagon to a blacksmith shop.

"Catch hold here and help me down to the shop with this wagon, and I'll buy the whisky," said the big fellow.

"I never drink," replied the good man.

"Well, you can take a cigar."

"I never smoke."

The man dropped the wagon tongue, looked hard at the member and asked:

"Don't you chew?"

"No, sir," was the decided reply.

"You must get mighty lonesome," mused the teamster.

"I guess I'm all right, I feel first-rate."

"I'll bet you even that I can lay you on your back," remarked the teamster.

"I never bet," replied the clergyman.

"Come, now, let's warm up a little."

"I'm in a hurry."

"Well, let's take each other down for fun, then. You are as big as I am, and I'll give you the underhold."

"I never have fun,' solemnly replied the member.

"Well, I'm going to tackle you anyway. Here we go."

The teamster slid up and endeavored to get a back hold, but he had only just commenced to fool about, when he was lifted clear off the ground and slammed against a tree-box with such force that he gasped half a dozen times before he could catch his breath.

"Now you keep away from me," exclaimed the minister, picking up his cane.

"Bust me if I don't," replied the teamster, as he edged off. "What's the use in lying and saying that you didn't have any fun in you, when you are chuck full of it. You wanted to break my back, didn't you?"

WHERE SHE WISHED TO BE BURIED.

She was a remarkably sensible young lady who made the request of her friends that after her decease she should not be buried by the side of a brook, where babbling lovers would wake her from her dreams; nor in any grand cemetery, where sight-seers, conning over epitaphs, might distract her, but be laid away to take her last sleep under the counter of some merchant who did not advertise in the newspapers. There, she said, was to be found peace surpassing all understanding—a depth of quiet slumber, on which neither the sound of the buoyant foot of youth nor the weary shuffle of old age would ever intrude.—Albany (Ga.) News.

☞Much of the so-called ivory now in use is simply potato. A good, sound potato washed in diluted sulphuric acid, and then boiled in the same solution, and then slowly dried, is all ready to be turned into buttons, poker chips, and innumerable other things that ivory was used for once upon a time.

☞A fox who was passing through the forest one day heard a great dispute among the rabbits, and he turned aside to find several of them engaged in hard knocks around the burrow.

"What's all this row about?" demanded he as he fell among them.

"Why, sir," replied one of the rabbits, "our father is dead, and we can't agree as to who shall possess his burrow."

"But it is large enough for all of you."

"So it is; but that settles a question of fact instead of principle."

"Well, I'll take the fact, and you can take the principle," said the fox, as he took possession of the burrow.

Moral: When the heirs fight over the old homestead the lawyer comes to own the farm.

☞Newspaper bustles are now made of back numbers. It is pretty tough to think that a man's best journalistic efforts thus be sat upon. It rushes all the glory out of the profession, and were it not that an editor can feel that he has not only brightened a woman's mind, but improved her shape, he might throw up the sponge in disgust and retire from the world of bustle and deception.

☞If you allude to a man as a "public man," you compliment him. If you speak of a woman as a "public woman"—you will run the chances of a libel suit unless you are sure of your facts.

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HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts longer on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

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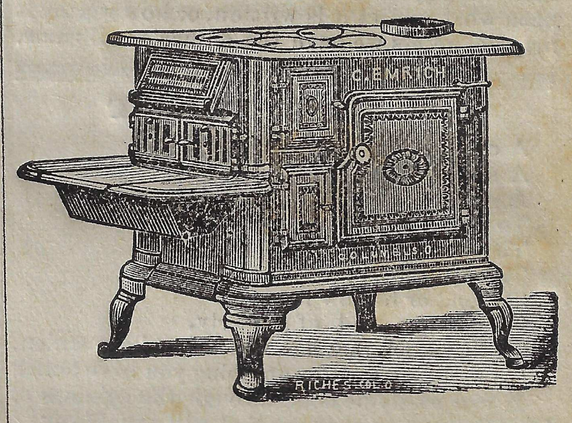

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