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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.)

RATES OF ADVERTISING
One inch in space to constitute a Square.

TIME.	1 sq.	2 sqs	1/4 col	1/2 col	1 col.
1 week,	$1 00	$1 50	$2 50	$4 00	$6 00
3 weeks,	1 50	2 50	4 00	6 00	10 00
1 month,	2 50	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
3 months,	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00	20 00
6 months,	6 00	10 00	15 00	20 00	30 00
One Year,	10 00	15 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Business Cards, five lines per year $5.00
Local Notices.....10 cts. per line.
Marriage Notices..... Free.
Death Notices..... Free,

☞Legal advertisements $1.00 per square of one inch space for first and 50 cents for subsequent insertions.

☞Transient advertisements to be paid for in advance, and in the absence of special contract, all advertisements will be continued until ordered out.

☞All bills for regular advertising will be collected monthly.

X—When your paper comes marked so on the margin, you may know the time paid for has expired.

Business Directory.

PHYSICIANS.

O. JOHNSON, M. D.,
WORTHINGTON, OHIO.
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.

Select Poetry.

CAN THE EDITOR DO IT?

Can he leave all his wrongs to the future, and
carry his heart in his cheek?
Can he do an hour's work in a minute, and live
upon six-pence a week?
Can he courteously talk to an equal, and brow-
beat an impudent dunce?
Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do
half a dozen at once?
Can he press all the springs of knowledge with
quick and reliable touch,
And be sure that he knows how MUCH to know,
and knows how to NOT know too much?

Does he know how to spur up his virtues, and put
a check-rein on his pride?
Can he carry a gentleman's manners within a
rhinoceros' hide?
Can he know all, and do all, and be all, with
cheerfulness, courage and VIM?
If so, we perhaps can be making an Editor
"outer of him!"
And 'tis thus with our noble profession, and thus
it will ever be; still
There are some who appreciate its labors, and
some who, perhaps, never will.

—Our Society Journal.

Original Tale.

THE ONE-ARMED PENCIL BOY.

"A wail comes o'er the sea—
There is sorrow on the deep."

As we were walking carelessly along a street of the great metropolis, the other day, we heard a little boy crying after us, as we passed him, "Oh, Mister, won't you buy a pencil from a little boy with only one arm?" He said it so sweetly that we turned around and saw before us a beautiful child, probably between ten and twelve years old. He was very small of stature, with bright blue eyes. He was plainly dressed, but his clothes looked clean and neat, as if some loving hand were looking after his comfort. In one arm he held a box of pencils, while the other was off close to the shoulder. Although our pocket was full of pencils, we said to him, "How much, my dear, do you want for a pencil?"

"Ten cents only," said he.

"Here is your ten cents, my little friend, but as you cannot take it while holding your box, I will just drop it into your coat pocket."

But we felt as if we could not go from him without knowing more about him.

"Where is your home, my dear?"

"I have no home," he said.

"Where is your father and mother?"

"They are dead."

"Where did they die, my child?"

"They died on board of the ship and are buried in the sea."

"In the sea?"

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Where did you come from?" we asked.

"From the Island of Ceylon, and while we were on our way to America they sickened and died—my father first, and then my mother, and the good captain buried them in the sea."

"And you say you came from the Island of Ceylon?"

"Yes, sir," said this bright, beautiful boy.

"Your memories must be very sad, with your father and mother in the sea?" we said.

"Yes, sir," said he, "and when I saw the good captain put my mother on the sliding board and drop her into the water I wanted to go too, but he took me in his arms and carried me into the cabin and said to me, 'I will take care of you,' and then we wept together. He kept his word while he lived, but he sickened and died, so I was left alone, but some old tars in port gave me some money, and with it I came here."

"Do you sell pencils enough to make a living?"

"Well," said he, "some days I do, and sometimes I do not; some days I don't sell any, some days one or two, and some days a great many, and when I do this I get along very well. But you see, Mister, sometimes I get sick and I can't go out to sell my pencils, and get out of money, and then I go to the Newsboys' Home, and they always take good care of me till I get well, and then I go to selling my pencils again, for you see these charitable ladies beg for what they have, and they don't get much, and can't take care of all little boys unless they work some; and then the good Mrs. Harrison died, and now they have to pinch along, and don't get as much money as they used to do, for she was a power."

"You are right, my child, when you say she was a power, and many a lowly home weeps over her absence, but you see there are a great many beautiful children in heaven who need a loving spirit to take care of them, and so God took her to Himself, but from her beautiful home in the sky I have no doubt she watches over her little one-armed pencil boy."

"Good-bye, my sinless child, and if we ever meet again and we have ten cents in our pocket, you can tally one pencil for us."

Think of it, little children! you who have comfortable homes and are free from want, that this little one-armed waif has traversed two oceans to reach this free land and has a father and mother in the ocean deep! When you go home from school look on the map for the Island of Ceylon, and then you will feel how dreadfully severe has been the anguish of this lone child, and how, in his weakness, he must have felt when he saw his sweet mother, cold and lifeless, sinking into the angry waves as they rolled against the ship's side.

How weary he must be, as he walks along the streets, in sunshine or rain, in cold or storm, sick or well, almost every day of the year, crying, "Oh, Mister, won't you buy a pencil from a little boy with one arm?"

"Poor Maggie peddles nosegays 'round the street,
"Till lo, she hates the smell of roses."

PROSE AND POETRY AT FUNERALS.

They had the poor woman in a fifty-dollar coffin. The beautiful bunch of white roses in the one hand that was exposed did not conceal the marks of toil on her fingers, the callaoused places, the distended joints, and the rough skin. Her iron-gray hair was neatly brushed down on the sides of her wrinkled forehead, and the black silk gown, folded so gracefully about her, was full of luster, new, and evidently expensive. There were ten hacks for friends of the family, and the hearse was driven by a man in livery, and had eight costly plumes on top.

"How natural she looked, and what a lovely funeral," said a woman who had known the family.

"How unnatural she looked, and what an inhuman thing that funeral was," said a male cynic who accompanied her.

"Why?"

"Because there was a good woman, a hard-working wife and mother who never had a ride in a hack, whose fingers never pressed a flower, and who never wore silk. She didn't have any time and didn't have any money. Now look at her. Flowers rare and sweet in her dead hands, lots of carriages following her hearse, and a costly shroud for a body which in life was deemed none too good for a thirty-cent worsted. A queer world this, which ignores fashion in life and falls a blind votary to it in death."

She lay in her lonely coffin,
With her wasted fingers pressed
Over the fair, full roses
They had placed upon her breast;
And the head, that ached no longer,
And the pitiful, haggard face,
They had pillowed with gleaming satin,
Had shaded with costly lace.
Then I said—and my heart was heavy,
Recalling her life forlorn—
"Let none lay a rose on my bosom
Who have planted my life with thorn."

☞In some branches Connecticut still towers above all rivals. A native of that State recently went to a strange town and begged clothes until he had a complete wardrobe, after which he repaired to a convenient place and was married.

☞A young fellow in New York has eloped with his stepmother. This shows that the millennium is not as far off as some people seem to think.

The Gladiator.

WORTHINGTON,.....APRIL 19.

E. METTLES. - - - - Editor

TAKE NOTICE.

There will be an election for a Member of the Board of Education at the Town Hall, Tuesday, April 24th, between 2 and 6 o'clock, P-M.

SHALL WORTHINGTON LOSE HER PUBLIC SCHOOLS?

If history repeats itself it will surely happ n. There is not, perhaps, a town in the State which has lost so many golden opportunities. Let us see:

In 1819 there was incorporated that which was known as Worthington College, and under this act the trustees took p ssession of the donations of the property set apart for schools by the proprietors of the town. The trustees then built the old college building, which once stood on the present school lot, near where the new school building now stands. Bishop Chase then came and settled here, and had under him one hundred and fifty boys, which he was preparing for college, and intended, eventually, to establish here, that which is known as Kenyon College, but he complained that he was not well sustained and encouraged, and one morning he took his boys and went to Gambier on foot. After this he went to England and got large donations, one of which was from Lord Kenyon—hence the name of the college. Of course Worthington College went to pieces and soon became a thing of the past.

In 1838 the Rev. Hugh R. Price, a distinguished Welsh Presbyterian minister of great learning, came here, and, in connection with a gentleman by the name of Sanford, opened a school for boys and brought fifty with him, but the people did not sustain them and they went away.

About this time, probably, Dr. Morrow of Kentucky, Dr. Day of New Jersey, Dr. Ray and Dr. Paddock, also of Kentucky, came and established an Eclectic Medical College, and for some years it had a very large attendance, numbering more than a hundred students all the time, and perhaps would have been to-day one of the most flourishing medical colleges of the West, but somebody one night finding a 'possum asleep in a haymow down in Kanesville, when he went to feed the horses, and having lifted him up in his arms in a bundle of hay, and thinking it was a dead body resurrected by the students, set up the hue and cry that they were robbing graveyards. The 'possum, batting his eyes, pushed away in the dark and felt very well about it, but it killed the college. In three days afterward five hundred men, armed with guns, assembled on the public square to tear down the college. Dr. Morrow walked up and down all day in front of the college. He had a gun in his hand and said he could not kill but one, but he was good for one. So they concluded they wouldn't tear it down while the old Kentuckian had the gun in his hand, and tried every way to get it from him, but when a fellow would approach him and saw the gun pointing to the region of the epigastrium, the fellow would beat a hasty retreat, and that was the last seen of him. At night they went as they came, bloodless and without any trophies. The sun never sat more beautiful, and the Doctor rested on his arms.

"Four and twenty tailors went out to kill a snail,
And when they all got there not one of them darst touch his tail."

But the thing offended the Doctor, and he and his compeers closed the college, and he immediately went to Cincinnati and founded the Eclectic College of Medicine, which is now one of the finest and most flourishing medical colleges in the world.

Dr. Ray turned his attention to authorship, and wrote the finest work on medical insanity which is extant. It is a small book, but it is written in such an elegant and simple style that even common people can understand it. Dr. Day went back to New Jersey. Dr. Paddock went to Kentucky, and was brought back a few years ago and buried in the old churchyard.

Then came the Female Seminary. The building was built by private donations from the members of the Church, and cost $18,000. In 1850 it had a hundred girls in attendance, from which some of our most estimable ladies here graduated. It was presided over, at one time, by Dr. Nelson, the father of the accomplished Professor in the O. W. University, who was born here; at another time by Dr. Benjamin St. James Fry, the scholarly editor of the St. Louis Advocate, and again by Dr. Godman and Dr. Spencer, but the people here took no interest in the school, and the Conference concluded to abandon it and moved the Seminary to Delaware, where it is known as Monnett Hall, with its hundreds of students glittering intellectually like so many sunbeams.

Then came the Normal School with its hundred bright, well-behaved, earnest and scholarly students, male and female, who spent $10,000 a year in the town. Its existence was ephemeral. It lasted only a few years, and sickened and died because the people did not encourage and sustain it, and the students drifted to Lebanon and Ada, where, in each place, they have from a thousand to fifteen hundred students. Think of it! A normal school failing within eight miles of the Capital City, dotted all over with public institutions and having one of the finest literary libraries in the world, which is, at all times, accessible to everybody.

Now all we have left is our public schools, and there are a lot of fellows pounding away at them with fists as big as iron mauls. They have knocked a good many bricks out of them now, and by fall they will have them in ruins, and then they will turn their attention toward the Sanitarium, and will pound the life out of it because it is a step toward humanity and progressive medical learning.

TRUTH vs. FALSEHOOD.

THE COST OF THE REPAIRS ON THE SCHOOL BUILDING.

Reports have been broadly circulated throughout the school district that the repairs on the old Tuller building had reached *eight hundred dollars*. In view of this fact, we lay before our readers a complete statement of the costs to this date. Figures will not lie, if some people do. The public can judge by these figures whether lies have been circulated in regard to the matter.

THE BILLS PAID.

Mrs. Homer Tuller, house and lot	$ 800 00
W. H. Hiser, moving building	50 00
W. H. Hiser, extra work	6 00
William Lamb, lime	13 00
Daniel Conway, hauling brick	6 70
L. Pinney, hauling brick and stone	11 50
Brick	9 25
George Rhoades, labor	13 78
Freight on lumber	1 65
Daniel Conway, hauling brick	5 25
A. M. Noble, sand	11 25
A. D. Green, labor	1 25
George Rhoades, labor	5 00
W. H. Hiser, carpenter work	54 00
Frank Leppert, laying brick, etc	34 00
M. S. Hiser, extra work, etc	11 00
Oren Hiser, labor	13 75
Everett Hiser, labor	15 00
Freight on lumber	5 50
A. L. Moore, iron rods	1 00
Telephone Company	90
W. H. Hiser, labor, etc	39 50
John Leckliter, hauling	50
George Rhoades, labor	5 15
J. F. Austin, plastering	22 57
Dundon & Bergin, lumber bill	56 04
Hershiser & Snyder, lumber	111 80
A. M. Noble, gravel	1 25
R. B. Lewis, painting and glazing	21 81
Brick	18 34
Brick	33 96
Brick	20 00
M. B. Hinds, carpenter work	48 20
	$1449 45
Deducting cost of house and lot	800 00
Total cost of improvements up to date	$649 45

Now this building and lot which has cost the board $1,449.45, will rent, in its present condition, for $100 per year, leaving the front part of the lot to be utilized for the new building. One hundred dollars per year will pay six per cent. interest on $1,600.

If the board had attempted to condemn this property, it would have cost them from $1,200 to $1,500 in the condition it was when purchased. There is no use of misrepresentation of these facts and putting them in circulation to get up the ire and mislead the people.

☞ A public villifier of a neighbor is the worst specimen of humanity. When you see a man standing, day and night, on the street corners slandering everybody, you want to give him a wide birth as you would a pestilence.

☞ Fears are expressed in the East of a visitation of cholera the coming season. It was on the coast last year, and its repetition will be in accord with former experience.

THAT ONE VOTE.

Very great dissatisfaction having been expressed as to the count of the votes cast for a member of the Board of Education at the election held on Monday, April 9, the board ordered a recount, upon which it was found that W. F. Griswold had 73 legal votes and W. R. Parsons 73 legal votes, with one ticket in favor of W. R. Parson, upon which was simply written "W. R. Parson," the board referred the question to Hon. H. J. Booth for an opinion as to whether this was a legal ballot. His opinion appears below:

COLUMBUS, OHIO, April 13, 1888.

Mr. James F. Wright, Worthington, Ohio:

Dear Sir—I have received a letter from Hon. James E. Wright inclosing a piece of paper, on which is written the name "W. R Parson," and I am requested to state in writing whether it is a legal ballot under section 2949 of the Revised Statutes. In my opinion it is not a legal ballot under our statutes, and therefore should not be counted by the election officers.

If he be at liberty to advise upon the matter, permit me to suggest that you can get no better legal adviser than Hon. James E. Wright.

Very respectfully, H. J. BOOTH.

At a meeting held by the board, April 13, 1888, at the usual place of meeting, said board having recounted the votes cast for a member of the Board of Education cast at an election held April 9, 1888, found that W. F. Griswold received 73 legal votes and W. R. Parson received 73 legal votes, and in addition thereto one ballot was cast with simply the name of W. R. Parson written thereon, without any designation of the office for which the vote was cast, and the question of the legality of said ballot having been referred to Hon. H. J. Booth for an opinion as to its legality, and having in said opinion decided that said ballot was illegal and should not be counted, therefore, in the opinion of this board there was no choice for such member, it is therefore ordered that another election be held for such purpose, and the board fix April 24, 1888, for such purpose, to be held between 2 and 6 P. M. of said day, and that the clerk give notice accordingly.

☞ We always supposed that no gentleman in this community stood higher in public estimation, as a citizen and scholar, than W. F. Griswold, Esq., and we did not suppose that any human being would have the temerity to say aught against him. When such as believe that members of the Board of Education should be the heads of families, they instinctively and with one accord turned to him, for he has a large family of children to educate, and if he is careful of the comfort of his own, as they know he has always been, they thought he would be equally careful of the children of his neighbor.

But no sooner than his name was announced villification set in, and a lot of fellows have been sitting around on the store-boxes and standing on the streets abusing him like Catalines, some of whom have been compelled to walk to his office and apologize for their misrepresentations.

☞ Few men ever attempt to drown their troubles in water.

THE QUESTION TO BE SETTLED.

A deplorable controversy between contending factions has been going on for the last week, and perhaps very much longer, over our public schools of the district, which ought to be a source of regret to every good citizen. The controversy has become so bitter as to excite distrust in their permanency, and if persisted in it will destroy their efficiency.

The good opinion which is entertained by the best educators of the State for the high course of instruction which these schools afford, alike to the rich and the poor, who meet and part on a common level every school day, ought to be a source of pride to the people. The election was closely contested between the two factions. Indeed, so close that it was necessary to refer the question of the validity of a single ballot to Hon. H. J. Booth of Columbus for his written opinion upon it. This opinion is given in another column, with the action of the board after it was received, and which, under the opinion, resulted in ordering a new election to be held on Tuesday, April 24, between the hours of two and six o'clock P. M. of that day.

The cause of the contention seems to be about this:

There is a large element which believes that a member of the board should be the head of a family, having children to educate.

Another class believe that it is better that men without children to educate are the ones who should be chosen; and then there is another class who believe that nothing should be taught in the schools but "readin', writin' and 'rithmetic," and that one teacher, and possibly two, might teach all of the children in these branches; that grammar, algebra, philosophy, chemistry, history and the like are humbugs, and that a graded school is a nuisance; that good teachers, in these branches, can be had for twenty dollars a month, saving a great deal of money to the people, and that this great, big school house ought to be sold, a cheaper building put up, and that a five hundred dollar school house would be good enough. With this diversity of opinion, progress is lagging.

☞Some of the most accomplished teachers of the State, commanding large salaries, were educated in our public school, and some of the most brilliant articles which have appeared in educational monthlies have been the productions of its graduates.

Shall this beautiful school stand or perish? Last year the literary society nearly perished, and unless it is again brought back to its former high standing, these schools will perish, for a school cannot live without a literary society. Education without one is nothing.

☞ Four times has the White House been draped in mourning since President Cleveland became its occupant—for Grant, for Hendricks, for Arthur and for Waite.

☞Sweetness and light—a sylph like maiden.

The Gladiator.

WORTHINGTON,.....APRIL 19.

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.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Frank Main was in town the other day drumming up the hat trade.

—Job printing of every variety neatly executed at THE GLADIATOR office.

—Miss Rose Taylor of Central College was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Cicero Campbell, last week.

—Mrs. Campbell entertained a few of her friends on Saturday evening. Cards and euchre was a part of their enjoyment.

—Sunday was noted as a day of weather changes—clear, dark and dreary—snow, rain, sleet and sunshine. Every season of the year was represented in a single day.

—The weather growler is still on hand. He never is pleased. When it rains he wants it dry, and when its dry he wants it to rain. Why are some people never satisfied?

—"I can always find a quiet place when I want to rest," said a prominent citizen. "Where?" queried his friend. "In the place of business of the man who doesn't advertise."

—Whit Evans, who has been visiting his mother and friends at Delaware, has returned home and resumed business at the old stand. His stock of Stoves and Tinware is as complete as ever.

—The elections have a tendency to get everything into disorder, and by taking a part therein for the last two weeks we got so far behind that this number of our paper is terribly behind time.

—No one agency does more to build up a town than a live, clean, bright and attractive newspaper. Such papers should have the united and cordial support of every public-spirited citizen. Their work is for the benefit of all and helps all to prosperity.

—The Quarterly Meeting services of the M. E. Church for Worthington Charge will be held at Fletcher appointment, April 28th and 20th. 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.

—The funeral of Peter Hayden, which took place in Columbus was attended by a large concourse of citizens and employees. A delegation of about 1,000 or 1,500 laborers from the mines and furnaces of the Hocking Valley were in attendance. The pall-bearers were selected from among those in the employ of the deceased millionaire.

IN MEMORIAM.

Another Pioneer Gone and "at Rest"

Henry A. Armstrong, after a lingering illness, departed this life at his home in the northern part of Perry township, Franklin county, Ohio, on Sunday, April 8, 1888, aged 75 years and 3 months.

In the year 1835 he came, in company with his brother, Smith, from Franklin, New London county, Conn., and arrived at Joseph Hyde's, their uncle, residing in the northern part of Sharon township, which was the point of destination. Here, for a few years after his arrival, he is remembered by some of the oldest inhabitants as following the business of school teaching in the winter and farming in the summer. In 1840, three miles south of Powell, in the northern part of Perry township, he selected and located his land for a farm, and commenced improving it. It was then almost an unbroken forest. In 1847 he married Miss Sarah Tone, and having a log cabin ready they moved in, and the work of clearing and improving progressed more rapidly, and the extensive improvements which are now to be seen in every direction show how industriously they have toiled to make a pleasant home for themselves and children.

He united with the Methodist Church in 1860, and was an active member until 1872, when he was stricken down with paralysis, from which he never fully recovered; and which caused him to cease from hard labor, and from the active duties of society, and remain much at home with his family and amongst his kindred. In all his business affairs he was above reproach and the soul of honor. He leaves a family of five, a widow and four children, two daughters and two sons, also one remaining brother and two sisters, who were (except one absent sister in Brooklyn, N. Y.,) much of the time, during his last illness, with him, and gave him all the attention that affection could bestow. He was fully conscious until the last, and died, as he had lived, in the triumph of the Christian faith, having on his lips and expressing many of the precious promises of the Gospel. His last audible words were, "Peace, peace; I shall have peace."

"There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease,
Within its portals swell."

His funeral was attended from the M. E. church in Worthington, on Tuesday, the 10th inst., at 11 o'clock, by a large concourse of his kindred, friends and neighbors. An excellent discourse was preached by his old friend and pastor, Rev. Mr. Bright, from the words: "All my appointed time will I wait till my change come." He also pronouced words, eulogistic, on the life and character of the departed brother. His remains were then followed to Walnut Grove Cemetery, where they rest by the side of a daughter who died March 6, 1879. *

TO THOSE INTERESTED.

It has been evident that for more than three years, owing to the great increase of the number of children in the school district who desire to attend our public schools, that more school room and greater facilities for their instruction were absolutely necessary. The grammar, intermediate and primary departments are full to overflowing. There are more pupils in each of these rooms than can find seats, except by doubling up. The teachers are worn out, and the health of the children greatly jeopardized. It is essential, therefore, to re-arrange these departments, and to this end an additional teacher is required, but the board have never been able to find a suitable room in the village—a room which could be made as comfortable and inviting to the children as any room in the main building. Anything less would involve the board in invidious criticism by their parents, and rightly so, for the board have no right to support palatial school rooms for one class and send another class into a dark, ungainly hovel.

In looking over the field, the board concluded to purchase the Tuller property. Two advantages resulted from this purchase: First—it gave the board the entire lot between the public square and Hartford street, which was important if a new hall were to be erected; and second—by utilizing the old building, a school room in every way as comfortable and as well ventilated, lighted and heated as any room of the main building, could be had. That it has cost something there is no question, and that it will cost something more to place the room in good condition is equally true, and when done will be unobjectionable to the patrons of the schools. The life and health of a single, helpless child is worth more than all the school buildings put together. One grave will destroy a household. No splendid catafalque covered with roses and hyacinths or stately mausoleums can compensate a parent, rich or poor, for the loss of a child.

THE DEATH OF ROSCOE CONKLING.

Roscoe Conkling, the Nestor of the New York Bar, and the most brilliant orator of his age, in the prime of manhood, at about 2 A. M., Wednesday morning, surrendered, quietly, his immortal soul to the keeping of his Maker.

Never, since the days of the elder Pitt, has there been such a remarkable man. Our readers will remember him as the one who, at the Chicago Convention, a few years ago, presented the name of the most illustrious citizen of the Republic, who now sleeps at Riverside, for the suffrages of a free people whose liberties he had saved. His speech on this occasion charmed the civilized world, and will live, side by side, with the most finished effort so long as history endures.

"I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand
While the years of Eternity roll.

"Oh! that home of the soul in my visions and dreams
Its bright, jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
Between the fair city and me."

THE COUNTRY EDITOR.

There is an idea in the minds of many who ought to know better that the "country editor" stands on the lowest platform of the profession, and that he who is employed in any capacity, no matter how humble, on a metropolitan journal, is his superior. There is no greater mistake. An editor who has held important chairs in metropolitan offices, and who has the reputation of having been successful, remarked: "I do not hesitate to write the leaders of important journals, but I would tremble to undertake the management of a village newspaper."

There is no place in the profession so difficult to fill as that of a country editor. In cities a man who can do one department well bothers himself about no other. Nor need he; he gets the knack of his specialty, and continues in it. But the country editor must be good in all departments; he must be able to discern the trend of the public mind in politics, religion and social topics; he must discuss agriculture and anarchy with equal precision; he must be fluent in polemics and politics; he must write of the president and pumpkins; he must mind men of high degree and descend to things of low estate; in short, he must be an "all-round man." It is this that makes the position of a country editor so hard to fill; it is this training that makes the good country editor such a splendid manager of a metropolitan daily. There is no place, except in a country office, where such all-round training can be had.

The position of a country editor is not held in the esteem it should be. If a family can only afford one paper let that be the home paper, for it concerns a family more to know what is being done in its own county than it does to know the news of distant places. The city paper cannot give, and it does not pretend to give, the local news that its country readers must have; but the good country paper does give a pretty fair epitome of the world's news.

No other publication can supply the place of a good local paper. If both cannot be retained—if either the city journal or country newspaper must go, let it be the former; for nothing can supply the place of the local paper.—Pensacola Gazette.

SHE WAS MAD.

A well-known clergyman in the north of England entertained recently a brother clergyman from same distance. The weather being unpropitious, he asked him to remain for the night. At dusk the clergyman asked his guest to step into the manse while he gave orders to have his conveyance ready in the morning. As the visitor entered the manse, the clergyman's wife mistook him in the dusk for her husband, and, seizing the pulpit Bible, which was on the lobby table, brought the full weight of it across his shoulders, exclaiming emphatically: "Take that for asking the ugly wretch to stay all night."

☞Most men in jail are there on account of their convictions.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The greater misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune.

The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation.

Where there is no want of will there will be no want of opportunity.

We carry all our neighbor's crimes in sight and throw all our own over our shoulders.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.

Simplicity in character, in manners, in style; in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

The first thing for acceptance of truth is to unlearn human doctrines and become as a little child.

If a great thing can be done at all, it can be done easily. But it is that kind of ease with which a tree blossoms after long years of gathering strength.

True quiet does not consist in speaking little or nothing, but repeating nothing evil, speaking nothing idle, being still amidst storms of trouble.

Patience strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridles the tongue, restrains the hand and tramples upon temptations.

The soul has its rainy days when all is cold and dark and desolate within—and when drippings from the fountain of sorrow, falling upon the roof of memory, makes it gloomy indeed.

Oh, learn to speak kindly, gently, tenderly. Those very words may be the brightest upon your record of eternity, and mark your divine right to an heavenly inheritance. Oh, speak kindly, dear soul!

Good resolutions are often like loosely tied cord; on the first strain of temptation they slip. They should be tied in a hard knot of prayer and then should be kept tight and firm by stretching Godward.

☞"Tommy," said a little boy's mother, "I told you not to forget to carry up three loads of wood before you went to school, and you only carried up two." "I know, ma, but I forgot the third one. Three loads is a good many for a little boy like me to remember."

☞A Pittsburgh man courted a young lady of that city for thirteen years, and now he has been sued for $30,000 for breach of promise. Thirteen is an unlucky number.

☞The gossip of a single sewing society in Ohio has broken up four families and caused a suicide, and yet the good work for the heathen goes on.—Detroit Free Press.

☞The country newspaper that has failed to report the appearance of a robin and added that it is "a sure indication of the approach of spring" is a very scarce article.

☞People who believe in the faith cure possibly think that if faith can remove mountains it ought certainly to remove 'ills.—Yonkers Statesman.

CURE FOR MALARIA.

An exchange says: "As there is a good deal of malarial fever about at present, the following item may be of some use: Now and then I ride uptown on the front platform of a street car to smoke my cigar in comfort, and very often hear instructive things. The other day, while engaged in this pleasing occupation, a young man, evidently a naval officer, jumped on the platform, and engaged in conversation with the driver. The driver was suffering from malaria, and the young man, who, it turned out, was a navy surgeon, said, as he blew a whiff of smoke from his mouth, 'Malaria, eh? Why, man alive, that is cured easily enough.' 'Oh, yes, I know,' said the man of horses and brakes; 'I have taken quinine until I am drenched with it, and it has done me no good.' 'Of course it hasn't. But when you take your *swig*, go to the nearest druggist and buy ten cents' worth each of ground cloves, Peruvian bark and cream and tarter, mix them in a quart of gin and take a wine glass full four times a day. That mixture has knocked malaria out of every man in the navy, and it will do the same for you.' As about every tenth man or woman you meet has the malaria, I made a note of the remedy and give it to suffering humanity. What is the use of riding on the front platform and getting covered with mud if you cannot benefit your fellow men?"

THE REASON WHY.

Flipkins came down to the club last night with a great problem weighing on his mind.

"If I should stand on my head," said he, coming up to the boys with the air of a man who has got a poser—"if I stand on my head the blood all rushes into my head, don't it?"

No one ventured to contradict him.

"Now," continued he, triumphantly, "when I stand on my feet, why don't the blood all rush into my feet?"

"Because," replied Miss Coshannigan's brother, "because, Flipkins, your feet are not empty."

The boys all laughed, but Flipkins said he couldn't see any joke.—Lynn (Mass.) Union.

☞Ellen Anderson, the young girl of Greene county, Pa., who wrote upon an egg that she was ready to receive proposals of marriage, doubtless thought that this was an appropriate way to obtain the yolk of matrimony.

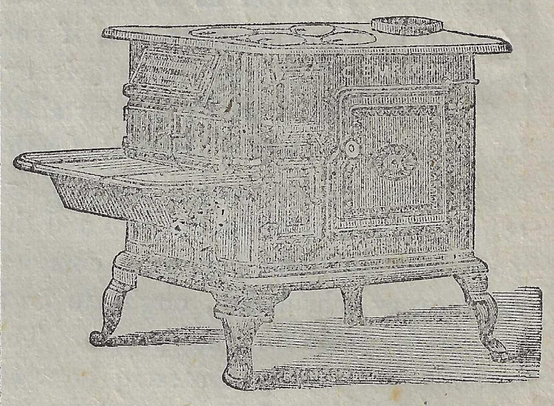
☞The centennial celebration at Marietta, of the founding of the State, which commenced April 5th and closed April 8th, was a grand affair throughout, and the oldest town in our State is a proud city.

☞"Why don't you have a picture of a rabbit painted on that bald spot?" asked the snake editor of the horse editor. "Why?" "Then people would take it for a little hare."

☞A Southern editor asserts that angels are all blondes. It is suspected that he married a brunette.

R. W. EVANS,

WORTHINGTON, OHIO,



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