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THE GLADIATOR.

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

VOL. I. WORTHINGTON, OHIO, THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1888. NO. 39.

WORTHINGTON

BY GASOLINE LIGHT.

"Ralph, let us take a stroll; you are tired, and so am I. We have spent the day in talking over the scenes of youth, when we were younger than we are now. Our boyish gambols caused many a tear to be shed over us by our sainted mothers. Those tears have been shed for our good, but we cannot now return them to the fountains whence they came. Oh, I would give a thousand worlds if I could do so, for I now feel how great the anguish of our weeping mothers was over the many things we both did against their wishes. Oh, Ralph, if I could only bury my waywardness in youth ocians deep, which caused my mother so many tears and so many nights of wakeful wretchedness, I would give all that I have."

"And so would I," said he.

"But we must be off, for you see the old Marshal is just beginning to light up the lamps, and if we would take in the scenes of this beautiful village at night we must not delay our steps."

"Look here, Fred, how far are you going to tramp me to-night?—you nearly killed me last night."

"Oh, not very far; we will just go down to the village corner and watch the passers by."

"All right," said he.

We are now at the village corner. The good people have commenced their evening strolls. As we stood in the reflex of the light of a gasoline lamp upon the throng of passers-by, a lady, clad in deep black, passed us.

"Fred," said Ralph, "who is that? Oh, how beautiful she is. Who is she?"

"Well, I will tell you, Ralph. She is a graduate of one of the finest female seminaries in the land. She is much more beautiful than you see her sweeping by this gasoline light. Her hair was once jet black, but it is now sprinkled slightly with gray."

"Do you ever see her?"

"Oh, yes, once and awhile I call upon her and spend a pleasant evening. She sings and plays for me many sad, sweet songs. Her heart is perfectly sinless You see, Ralph, many long years ago she plighted her faith and gave her heart to an incorrigible loafer, and then she fell in with a great, greasy gawk, who slobbered over him like a mush-pot, and because of this he married her, led a miserable life, and died from overdoses of fat."

"Oh, Fred, won't you take me to see this beautiful girl?"

"Well, I will see about it and tell you some other time."

"Who is that fellow, Fred, flying past us in rubber shoes at twenty miles an hour, his coat-tail sticking out to the windward?"

"Well, that fellow has promised two dozen girls to marry them, and they have all just found it out, and he is seeking some place to hide himself in some dark corner in some back alley to escape their fury, for you know

'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.'

Just wait a minute and you will see this salvation army hunting for him. Here they come, armed with clubs, hatchets, butcher knives, axes and grub-hoes, hunting for him."

"Dreadful, Fred, isn't it? but I hope they will catch the wretch and pound him into mincemeat," said Ralph.

"Who is that, Fred, who just passed us?"

"That, Ralph, is the village doctor."

"My stars, Fred, see how erect he is and how light of foot he walks. He is twice as old as I am, and yet he has more viality than both of us. Fred, God has dealt kindly with him, has He not? for the frosts of age, as they appear under the reflex of the light of the gasoline, seem to add a lustre to his age. He looks like a scholar to me, for he has the walk and tread of one."

"You are right, Ralph; he is a scholar and a most affable gentleman."

"Won't you introduce me to him?"

"I will some other time, for he has just gone into his office and is occupied."

"Here goes a small man, walking erect and very fresh. He looks intellectual, but he seems so thin in flesh."

"Ralph, that is the parish minister, and if you had no more to eat than he has you would look thin, too. You are right, however, for saying he looks intellectual, for he is a scholar. I will take you around to see him, for he speaks Spanish elegantly, and that will please you, for it will remind you of the home you left for one over the sea."

"Push back, Ralph, more closely into the darkness, for here comes the little toll-gate keeper out for an evening walk. She has stood at the gate all day, and is seeking a little quiet from her toils."

"So you know her?" said he.

"Oh, just know her and that is all. I know her when I see her."

"Who is this feeble-looking man who has just passed by, with his hands in his pocket?"

"That, Ralph, is the old printer. He has been standing at his case all day, and has just come out to take a breath of fresh air. You see, as he walks, he pays no heed to any one."

"Do you know him, Fred?"

"Oh, yes, very well."

"Tell me all about him, won't you? for, as he passed us, he looked so sad and his face so marked with intelligence that I want to know more of him."

"Well, Ralph, he is an exotic. His home is many removes from here, toward the rising sun and the sounding sea, and as he walks up and down these streets he has not a loving hand to comfort and sustain him."

"Great God! Fred, take me to-morrow, to see the old printer. I would give more to see him and talk with him than almost any one I have seen."

"All right, we will go and see the old printer, whose heart is as white as snow.

'Oh, the time soon will come when the murmur and hum of this life will be o'er,
And you and I will lie down side by side with our honest old fathers of yore.'"

"Who is that, Fred, that whipped by us thirty miles an hour?"

"Don't say a word, Ralph, for he is the ungodliest of all ungodly fellows I ever knew. The mothers of Possumville, when their children are crying, only mention his name and every one of them, in hushed silence, drop to sleep. He will be everywhere by morning, and his voice whoop will disturb the slumbers of their cradles."

"Who is this fellow, Fred, who has a bay window on him and is walking with measured step, with his hands in his pocket? He seems to be traveling at the rate of two miles an hour."

"Well, he is an honest money-lender. He only takes three per centum a month and two per centum for effecting the loan to himself, and by the time he gets through with the poor borrower he feels like a Dutchman with the itch—the more he scratches the more it spreads."

"Push back, Ralph, farther into the darkness, for here comes the old editor. He is going about fifteen miles an hour. He is hunting for items of news, and if he discovers us standing on a street corner, without any visible purpose, he will rush down to the old Marshal and he will have us both in the calaboose, and the next day will appear the following local:

'Two stray bantlings, whose names we do not know, are feasting with the Marshal. Bill of fare: Bean soup, onions and corn bread.'

"Lord God! would the fellow put that in about us and ruin us both?"

"Sure as you live he will. I always give him a wide berth. He is scholarly and a most dreadful writer. He don't care a snap of his finger what he says, but he never tells a lie."

"I tell you, Fred, if he put any such thing as this in the paper I would trounce him, for if it should reach my *fiance* I would be a ruined man."

"Try the experiment on him, and if you don't get the worst trouncing you ever got I am deceived, for he is as strong as Atlas. By the time he hit you one lick you would never know whether you wrote the story of *'The Moriscoe Maid'* or not, which has charmed so many people. And yet, he is a most genial fellow, whose life is spotless, and you would like him very much if you could only know him. He is a dreadful Prohibitionist, and only drinks beef tea for fear some one may drop into his tin cup a drop of the native juice of the grape."

"Oh, dear me, push back, Ralph, close to the fence, for here comes the colporteur of the Young Men's Christian Club. You see he is walking very slow, but if you will look you will see that his pockets are full of papers. They are tracts used by the club. He is going out to circulate them over the town."

"What kind of a society is this, Fred?"

"Well, this is an antipode of the Young People's Meeting. They are running in opposition. The one is trying to persuade the young boys and girls to read the Bible and walk uprightly, while this fellow is trying to teach them bagatelle and seven-up as the surest way to the Eternal Gate."

who has charmed a continent by his genius.

"Poor devil," said Ralph, "how much better he would be off if his pockets were filled with Christ's Sermon on the Mount."

"Oh, nonsense, Ralph, this fellow never heard of the Incarnate Divinity who walked upon the sea of Gallilee."

"Ralph, let us step out into the clear gasoline light, for here comes the old minister. He is seventy-four years of age. See how light of foot, though bowed with age, he steps! We will meet him face to face, for he will not wrong us. Take off your hat, Ralph, as he passes by."

"How are you, gentlemen, to-night?" said he.

"Oh, pretty well," said Ralph. "How are you, Reverend?"

"Very well," he said, lifting his hat to us.

"Oh, Fred, what a beautiful old man he is?"

"Yes," said I; "he has walked with God from youth and kept all of His statutes and testimonies."

"There are four things I must see before I leave you: I must see the beautiful lady so deeply veiled, the village doctor, the little toll-gate keeper, and this venerable old minister walking close to his God. Will you take me, Fred, to see them?"

"Well, I will think about it. You are a coarse fellow and I am afraid you will compromise me."

"What a fool you are," said Ralph. "I believe you will be a fool as long as you live. You were a fool at school,

(Concluded on fourth page.)

The Gladiator.

WORTHINGTON..... MAY 17.

E. METTLES. - - - - Editor

TROUBLE BREWING.

The excitement over the settlement of the election of a member of the Board of Education is causing much speculation as to the result, and a bitter feeling among the parties interested. Tuesday night was a field night among the contestants. Disorder reigned supreme on our most public street, and at one time a regular rough-and-tumble fight was only prevented by the Town Marshal ordering the crowd to disperse. This is but the beginning of the trouble, and we think it would be a good thing for the people to at once put themselves into communication with the company organized in New York, for the purpose of killing off people who stand in the way of the public welfare. The prices range from $10 to $1000, according to their standing in the community. The ones who ought to be got rid of in Worthington could come under the $10 rate, and we think that would be the cheapest way to settle the muddle into which the School Board have got entangled. An order should at once be sent to kill off the present [illegible], with [illegible] eling expenses, would accomplish the work.

A SAD CASE.

A leather-lunged blatherskite is the worst affliction that can befall the people of any community. He will howl in public places to get himself into public notice, and even insinuate the basest slanders and defamations upon his fellow-citizens with his ribald tongue, and yet what does he gain?—only unenviable notoriety as a public nuisance. We have been aware of the fact for several weeks that such a "critter" exists in our village, but why should any honest man feel any more disturbed thereat than at the bray of a jackass who sees fit to exercise his inherent propensities at unseemly times and in inconvenient places?

ON LIARS.

To lie outright is contemptible—to lie by insinuation is infamous. The worst of the two is the latter. From the first, the person injured has the protection of the law and his friends, but for the other, the devil always invents some means by which he escapes. The devil has been awarded the name "Father of Liars," and we are aware of the fact that some of his children have escaped from home and found an abiding place in our village.

☞Two Western girls fought a duel over a cowboy. They both wanted to marry him, and fell out and went gunning after each other, and one was killed. What foolish girls! If they had concluded to kill the cowboy they might have been pardoned.

OPINIONS.

Let no man pacify his conscience by the delusion that he does no harm if he takes no part and forms no opinion. Bad men need nothing more to compass their ends than that good men should look on and do nothing.—John Stuart Mill.

ONLY A RUMOR.

The College Transcript, of Delaware, Ohio, says: "All reperts of the Ohio Wesleyan Univerity being removed to Fostoria or any other point are utterly without foundation. No financial inducements have ever been offered to the Board of Trustees, but Dame Rumor has created the opposite opinion."

GOOD FOR THE WORKINGMAN.

Ten cents' worth of sponge and a bucket of water, a five cent book on home calisthenics, a good daily newspaper, the books embracing everything worth reading printed in the various "libraries," and a French coffee pot are worth more to a workingman than all the free baths, gymnasiums, lecture and reading rooms and coffee houses in the world.—Chicago News.

THE HUMAN BREATH.

Prof. Brown-Sequard has recently been making experiments to determine whether the human breath was capable of producing any poisonous effects. From the [illegible] vapor of the expired air he obtained a poisonous liquid, which, when injected under the skin of rabbits, produced almost immediate death. He ascertained that this poison was an alkaloid, and not a microbe. The rabbits thus injected died without convulsions, the heart and large blood-vessels being engorged with blood. Brown-Sequard considers it fully proved that the expired air, both of man and animals, contains a volatile poisonous principle which is much more deleterious than carbonic acid.—Science.

☞The appearance of yellow fever in Florida so early in the season is bad for the booming land of flowers.

☞Algernon Granville's trial at Newark, O., has been set for hearing on the 21st of this month. It will be remembered he was charged with obtaining goods under false pretense.

☞An article is going the rounds of the papers headed, "How to Select a Wife." Its rules are very scientific and interesting, but when a young man falls in love he doesn't ponder over rules. He just shuts both his eyes tight and grabs frantically in the dark.

☞A bill passed the Ohio Legislature, and is now a law, compelling township trustees to publish an annual detailed statement of the receips and expenditures of the township, if there be a newspaper published in the township. This is a good law and should have passed years ago. The people of the township want to know for what they are paying taxes and how their money is being expended.

☞James Brown Potter denies the rumor that he is about to begin divorce proceedings against his wife, the actress.

☞An Eastern editor ruefully remarks: "Our pocketbook is now in such a feeble condition that it cannot stand a loan."

☞One of the society journals states that blondes are no longer fashionable. It may be inferred from this that they have dyed out.

☞A man was killed in East Liverpool, Ohio, by having his jugular vein severed with a whisky bottle. This is not the usual way the bottle kills.

☞Sam Jones and Sam Small have at last been really converted. They announce that they have renounced the Democratic party and all its ways.

☞A fashionable dressmaker has received an order from a Western woman for a gown with "one of them vestibule trains that are talked of so much in the papers."

☞A young lady in Nebraska resigned her position as postmistress recently in order to acquire a husband. It seems that leap year is not a dead letter after all.

☞Lady (who has a sick husband)—"Don't you think, doctor, that you ought to bleed my husband?" Doctor absent-minded)—"No, madam, not until he gets well."

☞The Medical Record says that one of the characteristics of people who live long lives is early rising. This, however, does not apply to the worm that the early bird gets.

☞When a man has a conviction that the world owes him a living the best thing he can do is to go to work and collect the debt, and there is no surer way than by work.

☞Astronomers assert that the earth does not revolve as rapidly as it did a thousand years ago; still it swings around fast enough for the man who has a note falling due in thirty days.

☞An important part of the messenger boy business in New York has come to be the furnishing of escorts for ladies who through necessity or choice are compelled to get along without a husband, brother, cousin, or other convenient companion about the city.

☞Bronson Alcott was a vegetarian, and often criticised meat-eaters harshly. To one of them he declared one day that the eater of mutton becomes sheep, the eater of pork becomes a hog, etc. "And it is also true," interposed the other, "that eaters of vegetables become small potatoes."—Detroit Free Press.

☞No man should deprive his wife and family of the home paper. They do not go from home and learn all the news as does the father and husband, and the paper serves to relieve many otherwise lonely hours. It is the worst possible economy to deprive the family of a pleasure so easily and cheaply procured.

PENCIL AND SCISSORS.

Bank examiners—burglars.

Ill fitting garments—law suits.

A still hunt—an internal revenue raid.

A fitting tribute—paying your tailor's bill.

Four letters of the alphabet are always in love.

Rough on rats—the kid glove manufacturers.

Why call a man a crank, when no one can turn him?

There is one crop that never fails. It belongs to the chicken.

If silence is golden, we know why the mint is in Philadelphia.

A woodman, like the play-writer, should be judged by his ax.

A man of mark—one whose signature looks like the end of a sawbuck.

On the road to recovery—overtaking the thief who borrowed your watch.

It is not altogether strange that a betrothal should lead to a honey-moon.

A limberger cheese trust has been formed; but it is only a little one for a scent.

The young man with a slender salary should choose for his wife a girl of small waste.

If thirty-two is the freezing point, what is the squeezing point? Two in the shade.

A Chinaman named Ah There has just gone down to Florida. He likes it so much he thinks he will stay.

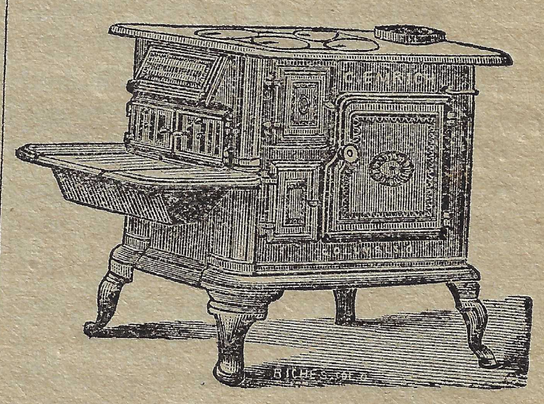
The genius that will invent a practical side-saddle for the bicycle will greatly promote the formation of ladies' bicycle clubs.

The Signal Service is not always posted on coming rain, but when a blizzard is traveling the bureau generally gets wind of it.

A Denver man has been arrested for stealing three boxes of cigars of the value of eighty-three cents a box. The defense will be insanity.

R. W. EVANS,

WORTHINGTON, OHIO,



HEADQUARTERS FOR

STOVES, TINWARE, ETC.

Special attention paid to Tin Roofing, Eave Troughing and all other Job Work.

STOVES OF ALL KINDS!

Prices and quality guaranteed. Call and see.

The Gladiator.

WORTHINGTON,.....MAY 17.

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.

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	¼ col	½ 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.,

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

NEWS DEPOT AND STATIONERY, ETC.

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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,

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—AND—

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

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Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and satisfaction given.

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.

—Potato bugs have arrived.

—Snow fell here on Monday.

—The cool weather is keeping back the growth of vegetation.

—All nature seems clothed in green, but as the color is deceiving, winter still lingers in the lap of spring.

—There was a change of time on Sunday last in the running of trains on all the railroads centering at Columbus.

—Judge H. B. Alberry and wife were in our place yesterday, visiting Mrs. Simpson and the family of James E. Wright on State street.

—Charles F. Evans's horse died on Tuesday night from the effects of overheating and cholic, superinduced by driving him when just taken from the pasture.

—Miss Jennie D. Snow has had her effects removed from the old homestead and intends shipping them to Chattanooga, Tenn., where she intends to make her future home.

—Westerville is a growing town. Twenty years ago it was not much more than a street. Now it is a town of 2000 population. Enterprise, snap and the college has made her great.

—There is too slow progress made in the settlement of the School Board question. Why not form a ring and let the contestants fight it out for the prize? We are willing, and think the people also favor it.

—John Cooper has concluded to remain in Worthington, and will open the old Lewis stand with a complete stock of groceries, hardware, tobaccos, cigars and notions. Also a supply of fresh meats.

—Our schools are without coal and the children are freezing, and the warriors in their night-caps are still on the war-path. We are in favor of turning them all out and selecting three competent old maids to fill their positions.

—The boys are playing havoc with the bird's nests in this vicinity. The attention of the Game Club is invited to this locality. Twenty five to fifty dollars' fine is the punishment, with not more than thirty days' imprisonment. Young 'uns, look out!

—Lawyer O. W. Aldrich has submitted his brief for W. Parsons to a seat in the Board of Education, in which he studiously avoids the main issue of estoppel. This is the point upon which the Board wanted his views, and he dodged the question.

AN ENJOYABLE FAMILY REUNION.

Quite an enjoyable family reunion was had at the home of Mr. D. J. Flynn, north of Worthington, on Wednesday, 16th inst. It was on the occasion of Mrs. Flynn's 54th birthday anniversary. Children, grandchildren and tried friends greeted her and gave cheer to the pilgrimage of over a century.

A bountiful repast was served to refresh the body and help the company on life's devious way.

Horses for Sale.

Two Heavy Draft Mares and a good Roadster. To be seen at

J. D. BOARDMAN'S,
Worthington, Ohio.

—A new crop of young men will be needed to match the girls that are wanted in these lines from an exchange:

"The girls that are wanted are good girls,
Good from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips."

—A teacher in the public schools at Elmwood, when trying to define the word "slowly" to her pupils, walked across the room so slowly that she wobbled in her gait, and then asked, "How did I walk?" A big boy in the back of the room paralyzed her by blurting out: "Bow-legged, ma'am."

—The young ladies of Plain City, with a view to reforming the male population of that place, signed a pledge not to go with any boy who drank, chewed or smoked. This raised the ire of the boys, and they also signed a pledge not to go with any girl who paints, powders, chews gum or wears a bustle. The two pledges show for themselves which will last the longest.

—Three Sunday School Institutes are to be held during the summer, under the supervision of the M. E. Church, in the London District, arranged for Worthington, Hilliard and Bloomingsburg. The one at Worthington is to be held June 4th and 5th, under the direction of Rev. J. M. Rife of Columbus. The Institute will open on Monday evening, June 4th, with an address on Sunday School work by Rev. Isaac Crook, D. D., of Delaware, Ohio.

—After you get angry and stop your paper, just poke your finger in water, pull it out and look for the hole. Then you will know how badly you are missed. A man who thinks a paper cannot survive without his support ought to go off and stay awhile. When he comes back half his friends will not know that he has gone, and the other half will not care a cent, while the world at large kept no account of his movements. You will find things you cannot endorse in every paper. Even the Bible is rather plain and hits some pretty hard licks. If you were to get mad and burn your Bible, the hundreds of presses would still go on printing it; and when you stop your paper and call the editor names, the paper will still be published, and what is more—you will read it on the sly.—Ex.

—Mr. R. J. Tussing, of Canal Winchester, this county, recently had about a thousand cabbage plants destroyed by a small beetle, about half the size of a common flea, the general color black, with two yellow stripes or spots on each side. The beetle is difficult to capture, being very frisky and an expert jumper. Mr. T. bottled a few of them and sent them to State Entomologist Clarence M. Weed, Columbus, whose reply to Mr. T., as follows, may be of interest to some of our readers: "Mr. W. F. Green has handed me some flea beetles obtained from you, stating that you were dusting your plants with lime for them. I would be glad to know whether you succeed in preventing their injuries in this way. Allow me to suggest that by adding a small per cent. of London purple to the lime, you will have a much more effective remedy, in that you will kill the beetles rather than simply drive them away. The young of these beetles bore the cabbage roots, so that by poisoning the adults you also guard against injury from the young."

☞There is a craze going the rounds, says the Defiance Democrat, which is becoming very popular. It is the dime craze, and while it seems very peculiar, there is a vein of good hard sense underlying it. The craze is to keep every dime you get. Never ask for dimes in change, but when they do come, never spend one. If you have only a dime in your pocket and want a cigar or lunch, or anything else, go without it rather than spend the dime. At first it is hard, but after awhile it is said that real pleasure is taken in self-denial. At the end of six months count your dimes, and you will be amazed at the sum you have saved. You will save about one-tenth of your income.

NEWS FROM KENTUCKY.

Constituent, writing to Kentucky Congressman: "My Dear Dick—Things are quiet at Echo Knob. All the boys send love. There hasn't been nobody killed here since last week. Must be the strikes that's causin' the country ter go ter rack and ruin. All the boys send love. Jim Lacy was in jest now an' says that if somethin' don't turn up putty soon he'll leave the country. I hear a fuss outside an' must go out and see about it. I have seed about the fuss. Jim Lacy is dead. All the boys send love."

SHE DID.

Dying Man (faintly)—Darling!

Sorrowing Wife (between sobs)—Yes, dear.

Dying Man—When I am gone, love, I desire that you should marry again as soon as you can.

Sorrowing Wife—Oh, why do you talk like that?

Dying Man—Because, I know you will anyway, and I want people to understand that it was my request.

The editor who saw a lady making for the only seat in the street car found himself "crowded out" to make room for "more interesting matter."

WORTHINGTON BY GASOLINE LIGHT.

(*Continued from first page.*)

and I think you have not improved with the progress of age."

"Ralph, let us change our base, for here comes the old Marshal. See the star glittering on his coat and the drawn sword in his hand. He is on the war-path. Look and see the goose feather in his cap and how his eyes glare in the light of the gasoline as he passes the lamp post."

"Do you know him, Fred?"

"Oh, yes, very well. He is the cleverest of fellows, and if by accident he overhauls us, I think I can arrange it with him. Here he comes after us. We are discovered. As he bears down on us he cries to us, 'Halt.' We stop."

"Halloo, Fred, what are you doing out this time of night?"

"Oh, nothing, Marshal; we are just taking in Worthington by gasoline."

"All right, boys," said he, "but I want you to behave and keep yourselves free from the vagrant ordinance."

"All right," said we, and batting his eyes as he left us, he said, "I must go through Possumville, for they are a little uproarious there."

We both breathed better, and Ralph felt greatly relieved, for, said he, "if he had arrested us and my *fiance* by the sea should hear of it, my hopes would be broken, and a sudden taking off would be in order, for some octopod would find me at the bottom of the ocean deep."

"Never mind, Ralph; if calamity overtakes you I can find a *fiance* here for you who will outstrip your lank, gaunt, fish-eating Yankee sweetheart in all the qualities of heart and mind which go to make up the happiness of this life."

"All right, Fred, I feel better now, and I do not care whether she hears of it or not. I tell you, Fred, I have seen so many pretty girls here that I am a notion never to go back to those bleak New England hills."

"Fred, who is this old man who is passing us, bending under the infirmities of age? He walks very slow."

"Well, Ralph, that is a Christian gentleman. He has spent half of his fortune in taking care of the poor and desolate, and he is now wending his way to some hovel to drop a dollar or more to relieve their wants. The old Marshal will meet him very soon, and you will see him take off his hat to him. Let us fall behind him and see this meeting, and you will be a witness to what I say." So we fall in, walk slowly, and by and by the old Marshal and the aged philanthropist meet face to face. Off comes the hat of the old Marshal; not a word is said between them, for the old man has the freedom of the town.

"Before I go home I must see this aged man," said Ralph.

"All right, we will see him."

"Well, Ralph, if it were not so late I would take you to see the old slave, who lives in a cabin on Hartford street, but he has gone to bed now, and I would not wake him. He is ninety years old."

"Who, Fred, keeps him company?"

"Nobody but God and Uriel. God has sent His sweetest angels gliding from His presence upon a sunbeam,

'Swift as morning light,'

to stand guard and to see that no harm comes to his door. Uriel watches over him every night. What think you, Ralph, of the agony of soul of this lonely, unlettered slave as he lies down to sleep each night of the revolving year? He can hardly undress himself. When he is sick Uriel looks after him."

"Oh, great God!" said Ralph, "how can I go from here to my ocean home without seeing this old unlettered, broken-hearted slave? I will stay here until I see him. Shall we go in the morn?"

"Yes, if you like, my college friend. You will find him sitting in the door of his cabin looking toward the rising sun. Some years ago he laid away his mate, and the beautiful orioles come every morning to sing to him their sweet songs, that the weight of the sorrow resting on his heart for the loss of his mate may be softened and subdued."

"My God! Ralph, here comes a little woman with a dark lantern in one hand and a small club in the other."

"How fast she walks," said he. "What is she going to do?"

"Why, Ralph, she is hunting for her liege lord, and she thinks he is up in Possumville, for which she is heading. Get back under the shade of the maples, Ralph, for if she sees you she is just as likely to bat you over the head as any one else. She thinks he is in Possumville, and she will keep this suburban adjunct in a dreadful uproar to-night. See how her eyes glare, Fred; they are nearly pushed out of their sockets. I tell you, every day I am getting more afraid of an angry woman."

"I guess your fears are well founded, my young friend, but the truth is he is not in Possumville at all. He is over at Elmwood at a concert, basking in the smiles of the pretty Elmwood maids. She don't know it, Ralph, or she would be there in ten minutes and yank him home by the cuff of the neck at the rate of a mile every three minutes."

"God pity the poor fellow!" said Ralph. "I wonder if he has any peace at home? You remember the beautiful lines of Coleridge, don't you?"

"I don't know as I do exactly; suppose you refresh my recollection a little.

"Tell me on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found,
Halcyon daughter of the skies,
For on fearful wings she flies?"

"Oh, yes, it is very fresh in my mind now. By the way, Fred, what a beautiful soul he was. He loved everybody, hated nobody, abused nobody, and spoke no ill words of anybody. Let us go home, by and by, and read this gifted poet for awhile."

"All right; we will set our hearts on Coleridge."

"Fred, who is that old fellow coming up the walk? He moves along as if he had *elephantiesis*, and his eyes shine like pine-apple blossoms under the reflex of a tropical moonlight."

"Why, Ralph, that is the village tinner."

"What, Fred, has he got in his hand?"

"Why, that is a raising hammer. Some fellow up in Possumville circulated the story that he always told the truth, and you see he won't stand this lying business, and he is going up there to hunt him up, and if he finds him he will pound the soul out of him, and probably batter down three or four old shanties before he gets back, which will not be before midnight, and then, by this time, he will be over his pet and come back to his shop and pound away till morning to the terror of the village doctor. But, Ralph, he is a clever fellow; everybody likes him, and he likes everybody, except the Possumvillian who told this lie about him. We will go and see him before you go away, for he has a beautiful home."

"Fred, who is this fellow with his hands in his pockets, following in the wake of the old tinner?"

"Ralph, he is the honest old gravedigger. He is going up to see how many the old tinner is going to kill, and how many graves he will have to dig this week. He may have to employ help and he wants to speak in time."

"Fred, off with your hat; there comes the most beautiful and sinless looking woman I ever saw."

"I wish she would look me in the face that I might carry the impression to my home by the sea. Do you know her?"

"No, Ralph. There are so many of them in the village that I cannot distinguish them; and, besides, I do not often find my way into it."

"Oh, nonsense Fred, there cannot be another. A town like this could not hold two like her."

"Fred, she had a willow-basket on her arm; what do you suppose she had in it?"

"God only knows. I expect oranges and candies. Oh, I wish she had only stopped and I would have bought them all."

"And so, 't is well the train's swift flight
That bore away my charming stranger
Took her—God bless her!—out of sight,
And me, as quickly, out of danger!"

"Fred, strike a match. I have pushed back, in the darkness, over some clump of ground and struck against a board which some of these school children have stuck in the ground, out of playfulness, and nearly broken my neck."

"Why, Ralph, you have stumbled over a grave, and the board which your head struck is a head-board to mark the resting place of the silent occupant."

"Strike another match, Fred, and read the superscription."

"Well, here it is, Ralph":

'Hic jacet mihi conjux IV, amicus amaus, et fidelis. Susana Spivins.'

"Great God!" said Ralph, "four husbands under the ground and not satisfied. Let us get away. I will write to my *fiance* and tell her our contract is declared off. Four husbands! and the last one loved the best."

"That is so, Ralph. That is what Susana meant, and it is true. You know the promise is, 'The last shall be first.' You see you don't know everything. You believe everybody, but you will find out some day you can't believe anybody."

"Ralph, look in at this window and take a peep at the beautiful paintings hanging around the room, by the bright light on the table. You see mountain scenes, lowing herds, such as Virgil describes, and faces of loved ones whom we knew not, but whose history would thrill you to death. Step back from the window, for there comes the little artist, and I would not care to give her a single pang."

"Who is she, Fred?"

"I do not know. She is a stranger here."

"Have you ever seen them, Fred?"

"Oh, yes, but I cannot describe them, Ralph, to you. You remember what Horace said of Agrippa, don't you? He did not feel equal to the task of picturing his deeds, and said, 'You shall be described by Varius, the bird of Mæianon song.'"

"Heavens!" said he, "what a thing it is to be born great. We plod slowly along life's way, while this beautiful artist takes in at a breath the whisperings of eternity."

Just here the old Marshal drops back on us and says, "Boys, you had better go home, for it is growing late, and if the Lord Chief Justice of the High Court of Admiralty of Worthington should find out that I had permitted you to stand on the streets so long, he would fine me five dollars and costs."

"All right, Marshal, we will go, and if he fines you we will pay it. Blessed Marshal, we hope you will live a thousand years; and Ralph, when you go home to your mountain fastnesses, write something about the good old Marshal who winked at us as we stood in the light of the gasoline."

DID SHE GET THERE?

"Granny, whar you gwine?"

The speaker was a poor, puny little pickaninny, black as the ace of spades, who trudged wearily along, bowed double beneath the weight of an immense bundle of soiled clothes for the wash.

"Granny," an immense body, with sable visage, pouting lower lip, and a savage aspect, turned sharply around and confronted the widow's mite:

"Whar I gwine? whar I gwine? I ain't gwine tell you whar I gwine. You al'ays axin', 'Whar'e gwine? whar'e gwine?' I gwine whar I gwine—dat's whar I gwine. 'Whar'e gwine? whar'e gwine?' al'ays axin', 'Whar'e gwine? whar'e gwine?' I ain't gwine tell e' whar I gwine."

It is needless to say that no further information was elicited, or in fact desired.—Harper's Magazine.

☞A good many of the people who are settling in Canada are those who have neglected to do any settling over here.—Yonkers Statesman.