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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, MARCH 8, 1888. NO. 30.

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 rendered 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 ale. 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.

WHAT CAUSES HARD TIMES.

1. Too many spend money and too few earn it.

2. Too much money is spent wastefully and uselessly, and too little saved and made productive and accumulative.

3. We buy too much abroad that we ought to produce at home.

4. We buy too much that we do not pay for cash down—too much of what we buy being what we do not actually need

5. We are too wasteful, know too little how to economize, and have too little disposition to do so.

6. We are too speculative, unscrupulous and actually dishonest in our efforts to make money.

7. Too many of us prefer idleness to industry, and too few of us know how to work and derive pleasure and profit from our labor.

8. We spend too much time learning what is not useful, and too little informing ourselves upon the best methods of promoting our material prosperit.

9. We know too much of politics, spend too much time and money as politicians, and know too little about political economy and the science of a stable and economical, successful public policy.

10. Our actions are governed too much by passion, prejudice and partisan feeling, and not enough by a broad, intelligent, liberal and patriotic conception of the duties which American citizenship involves.

11. We are too superficial and impatient, and lack the clear purpose and persistent, patient application necessary to permanent success.

12. We depend too much upon our "sharpness," and "cuteness," and readiness to take advantage of circumstances, and not enough upon earnest, honest labor.

13. We talk and read too much, and think and act too little.

14. We spread ourselves over too great a surface, and thus fail to dig deep enough in one place for the nuggets that will surely enrich us.

15. We lack in that higher morality which frowns down venality and elevates and encourages purity of life, probity of conduct, and a scrupulous regard for a good and honorable name.

16. We do not teach our children that they must, nor how to, earn their own living, and are too willing to commit them to a life of easy unscrupulousness, depending on their skill as makeshifts rather than upon their solid acquirements as men and women.

17. We roll about too much like stones that gather no moss, enriching carrying corporations and speculating capitalists, and defrauding ourselves of the substantial profits of our own industry.

18. We are devotees of show rather than substance, and pay homage to the glitter of a "success" which is but a robe covering filth, rottenness and corruption—social, commercial and political.

19. We build too many churches and cultivate the Christian virtues and spirit too little; we have too many schools and too few real teachers; we are too undivided in certain directions and not enough so in others; we adhere too closely to what we ought to depart from, and refuse to take hold of that to which we ought to cling.

20. In short, we are too much what we ought not, and not enough what we ought to be.

Is our theory satisfactory?

THE WRONG CARD.

We have all some sad moments in our lives, sad secrets that are not immoral or criminal or anything like that, says a writer in the San Francisco Chronicle, but simply moments of unhappy accident or painful stupidity. Don't you recollect, for instance, the time when your best girl wanted you to take her to the theater and you wrote to her you were sick and confined to your bed, and her younger brother told her next morning he had been out to a prize-fight with you?

Don't you remember, and kick yourself when you think of it, the time you wanted to show her the pretty letter you had from your mother about her, and you gave her instead a dunning note from the jeweler for the handsome bracelet you gave her as a present on the Christmas before? There are worse contretemps that you recollect occasionally, I know, but they would not look pretty in print.

I am reminded of the subject by the absent-mindedness of a fellow who dressed himself up in his best and went one evening to call upon the pretty daughter of a rich man, upon whose fortune he was building great hopes of future happiness. He rang the bell, handed his card and was shown into the parlor. In a minute the old gentleman himself came down with the card in his hand.

"We are very glad to see you, Mr. Jones, but I don't think you intended this card for us."

It was a pawn-ticket.

☞We agree with Bob Burdette in the most truthful saying of his life—"God wasted mud when he made the man who after taking a paper six months, ordered it stopped without paying up arrears."

☞If you are afraid to use your bait do not go fishing.

☞Life is a short day, but it is a working day.—Hannah Moore.

☞Endure; do not find fault with what cannot be helped.

☞Four girls in one family at Atlanta, Ga., have, one after the other, eloped to get married.

☞Three armies that follow every war—an army of mourners, an army of cripples, and an army of thieves.

☞There are six thousand kinds of patent medicines manufactured in this country. It is little wonder people are sick.

☞Hon. Samuel J. Randall predicts that within less than a generation the South will be the richest half of the Union.

☞"It is good luck to find a pin on the ground with the head toward you." This proverb holds good also when you sit down on one.

☞When a stranger attempts to pronounce Byrn Mawr for the first time, he gives the Philadelphians the impression that he is awfully seasick.

☞Salt water, as a lotion for weak eyes, is highly recommended by many physicians, and gives much relief where eyes have been strained by overwork.

☞The census of 1870 showed that there were 25,000,000 books in the libraries of the United States, and it is believed that even now there is not in the country a book for every inhabitant.

☞"What is your patronymic?" asked the civil service examiner. "My what?" asked the applicant. "Your patronymic." "Oh, yes; I didn't catch your meaning first; I am a barber."

☞"What is worse than freckles?" asks the Ansonia (O.) Looking-Glass. Corns, sonny, corns. They don't show so much when you're dressed up, but then if you keep straight nobody can step on your freckles.

☞A boy in one of the public schools, while engaged in defining words, a few days since, made a mistake that was not a mistake. He said: "A demagogue is a vessel that holds beer, wine, gin, whisky, or any other kind of intoxicating liquor."

☞Feed fowls liberally in winter. Liberal feeding secures liberal profits. Scantily fed fowls pay scanty profits, if any. Neglect to furnish enough means the loss of what is given them. Either feed the fowls well or give them to some one who will. Give them proper care or kill them at once. The sooner the better.

The Gladiator.

WORTHINGTON.....MARCH 8.

E. METTLES. - - - - Editor

☞We are under obligations to Hon. S. S. Cox, member of Congress from New York City, for public documents, some of which are out of the ordinary style generally sent to publishers of newspapers.

THE GLADIATOR.

One of the most vigorous neighboring contemporaries is THE GLADIATOR, published at Worthington by Ezekiel Mettles. He does up the tally-sheet case and the assault of Fred Steube on the prosecutor to the queen's taste. The issue of last week was one of the strongest of any paper in the state.—Ohio State Journal.

THE OFFICE-SEEKERS.

There seems to be a principle underlying events which universally work out results, and which seems to indicate that the author of the scriptural declarations was more of an observer than a prophet. In no place in life are these results more apparent than in the political field. Men with no other qualification for public position than a plethoric purse or a big bank account are elevated to positions of honor and trust only to disgrace them by their dense ignorance and incapacity. It has become a recognized principle in politics that the candidate for office must be a rich man, and that he must be financially able to stand an expense in the campaign larger than the emoluments of the office during his whole term. The highest office in the gift of the people has time and again been bought in convention, and the dignity of a free people has been outraged by disgraceful methods of political hucksters, who, in convention, conspire to betray patriotic worth and ability to imbeclity, backed and supported by a colossal fortune.

We can point out men who were the recipients of dollars that came from the plethoric purse of candidates now filling office in this county, actuating these political hucksters and floppers to betray their trust, and while pretending with their hypocritical bland smile to a candidate friend, was knifing him at every opportunity. "Satan, get thee hence."

☞The second trial of John H Coughlin, once convicted for the murder of Detective William H. Hulligan, of Cleveland, but since granted a new trial by Judge Johnson, was called Monday afternoon, at Ravenna, Ohio, with Judge Gilmer presiding. The case was continued to April term.

☞Ex-President McCosh of Princeton college is now devoting himself to literary work. He is at work on a volume to be entitled "First or Fundamental Principles," which he thinks will be the most enduring of his achievements in philosophy.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

"She hath done what she could."

On March 6th Louisa May Alcott, the beautiful and gifted authoress, stepped from her work on earth. Her distinguished father, Amos Bronson Alcott, two days before laid down his pen upon his writing table and gave up his hold on life for a home with his Maker, many removes from the place he so much loved from youth to old age. The sweet tenderness of Louisa May Alcott for her aged father reminds us of the beautiful and abiding love between Charles Lamb and his maniac sister. Oftentime they could be seen walking—arm in arm together, over the fields, weeping as if their hearts would break—toward the asylum for the insane. One never left the other. Their hearts were knit together for life and eternity. It was just so with Louisa May Alcott. She never left the father who loved her from the cradle to his latest breath.

The monuments to her genius are her little volumes of "Little Women" and "Little Men." They have charmed, by their naturalness, thousands of households, and you can hardly go into any family of common intelligence without seeing them upon some table of the home. The high and the low, the rich and the poor alike, have read them over and over again.

A. Bronson Alcott had born to him four children. All were daughters Their names were Louisa May, Beth Anna and May, and this story of "Little Women" was intended by the gifted authoress to detail the freaks and gambols of these children in their childhood hours.

A few years ago the great philosopher was a guest of a well-known citizen of State street, and at the dinner table, one day, when asked about this story, he said that, excepting the ornate, it was true, and he then unveiled the characters. He said "Joe" was Louisa; Beth was real; "Amy" was May, and "Meg" was Anna. He said, feelingly, that he had always been so poor that he could not educate his children, and that whatever they were was the result of their own energies; that he had always tried to set a good example before them, and had, in his poverty, loved them all alike, and that the very clothes which he was wearing that day, at 83 years of age, were bought and paid for by the genius of Louisa.

Beth became famous as a singer, but she died early. In speaking of her he said she left us at twenty-one—for he never mentioned death. May, who became famous as an artist, died a year after the visit. Anna died before the story of "Little Men," which was intended to represent her four helpless boys. One of these little volumes, entitled "*Work*," was intended to tell the story of her own eventful life. Not long since we received a note from her for a copy of "My Mary of Tralee," and of "Lucene," and, if possible, a copy of "The Blood-Stained Trail."

Beautiful Louisa Alcott! you unconsciously outlived your distinguished father but two days, and both have now lain down to sleep until the eventful day, when the great Arch-Angel shall call you both from labor to refreshment.

"The departed, the departed, they visit us in dreams,
And glide above our memories like shadows over streams."

Just when your lifeless body was being prepared for Mt. Auburn, the good people of this village, in honor of your memory and worth, were organizing a lodge of Good Templars, and named it "Louisa May Alcott Lodge." If a name so full of sweet memories and of dutiful life can push forward a good cause, it will be a success. Good Templars, write the name at the entrance gate in letters of gold!

☞The controversy as to whether celibacy or wedlock be the happier state is a very old one, perhaps as old as what may be called the previous question—whether life itself be worth living. The more one thinks on the matter in this spirit, the more one becomes convinced that the Scotch minister was by no means an alarmist who thus began an extempore marriage service: "My friends, marriage is a blessing to a few, a curse to many, and a great uncertainty to all. Do you venture?" After a pause he repeated with great earnestness, "Do you venture?" No objection being made to the venture, he then said, "Let's proceed."

☞There is a good deal of human nature in the account which Artemus Ward gives of the many affecting ties which made him hanker after Betsy Jane: "Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n quencht their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forreads; the measles broke out in both families at nearly the same period. Our parents (Betsy's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin' house, and it was a sublime sight to see our several mothers (Betsy's and mine) bilin' soap together and aboozin' the nabers."

☞A man in Richmond, Ind., telegraphed to an agent to purchase a colt at a Kentucky sale for $250. He was much surprised to receive a telegram stating that the colt had been bought for $850, and asking him to remit the money. Investigation showed that the telegraph operator, in deciphering the message, read "ten" instead of "two," making the price offered $1,050 instead of $250. Now the horse buyer is undecided whether to sue the telegraph company or hire a writing teacher.

☞Friends of the Van Zandt family say that they are dissatisfied with America and are preparing to go to Europe, with a view to living there the remainder of their lives. Miss Nina doesn't seem to have lost much flesh mourning for her proxy husband, but her father is said to have expressed an opinion that this country isn't free enough to suit his ideas, and he wants to try living under a monarchy. Well, let 'em go.

IGNORANT OF HOUSEWIFERY.

The ignorant young lady may be a beautiful creature, graceful in her manners, pleasant in her deportment, and possessed of a sufficient stock of conversational power to entrap some poor fellow into matrimony. Under our laws there is no bureau of examination to test her qualifications for assuming the responsibilities of married life. The young man who takes her for better or worse can act as examining board at his leisure, and report at his convenience or inconvenience, as the case may be. He is likely to find that, although she may have entranced him with the fluency of her speech at party or ball, during the blissful experience of courtship, her endeavors at housekeeping are anything but blissful. When she undertakes to bake biscuits, the products of her first day's work may be sold either for paving stones or baseballs. When she wrestles with cobwebs, the industrious spider gets the best of her. When she attempts to set a room to rights, she leaves it looking as if her neighbors had been holding a picnic in it.

But it is when the ignorant young lady becomes a mother that her natural lack of knowledge is most conspicuously displayed. Such a case occurred in one of the pretty villages on the Hudson river. The lady had been brought up among surroundings of luxury and wealth, and had allowed much useful information to skip past her without taking the trouble to improve it. One day it became necessary for her to give her bouncing baby boy a bath in his little tin bath-tub. She put him in the water, which was too cool for him, when, happily, her mother-in-law came into the room and told her that the child would be chilled to death unless the water was warmer, and so, instead of adding some hot water to the cold contents of the tub, she stood the whole thing, baby and all, over the gas stove. Presently heat had its effect. The child wriggled around in a way which showed it was uncomfortable. As it grew hotter and hotter, he set up his little pipes in a piercing yell. The mother was not greatly alarmed by this, for since the days of Cain, the first recorded infant, it has been customary for baby boys to yell when they felt like it. But soon the heat increased so much that the baby, with one agonizing scream, kicked the tub over and rolled out on the floor, upsetting the gas-stove, drenching his mother with scalding water and summoning the affrighted mother-in-law to the rescue. While young Mrs. Ignorance was busy fainting, the old lady and a servant gathered up the parboiled infant and put him in a place of safety. Thus does the young woman who never learned in girlhood to become acquainted with the relations of hot water to babies and of babies to hot water. It is never too late to learn.

☞Kansas has already saved twelve million dollars through prohibition, but who can estimate what she has saved in happy homes and protected manhood?

The Gladiator.

WORTHINGTON.....MARCH 8.

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 straved 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.

—Sugar-making is now in order.

—Mr. A. S. Davis of Dublin was visiting relatives last Sunday.

—Judge Eli P. Evans visited Hon. James E. Wright last Saturday evening.

—Miss Edith Wright, after a severe illness of three weeks, has returned to her school.

—Miss Nanna Stickney is home from her school on a vacation. Miss Grace Willis is visiting her.

—Miss Nellie Wright has returned home, after teaching her sister Edith's school for three weeks.

—Rev. Frank Leckliter is holding a series of revival meetings out in the Roberts' school district.

—Rev. Stecker, an O. W. U. boy, was in the village last Saturday and Sunday, assisting in revival work.

—Some people look for a large fall of snow in this vicinity yet. We hope their predictions will fail, as we have had enough winter.

—Fred Steube, Prosecuting Attorney Huling's assailant, was sentenced by Judge Pugh to four months and a fine of $25 for contempt of court.

—Yesterday was a fine specimen of a spring day and our people enjoyed it, many taking the occasion to visit the city. One family passed through our town, removing. The last load was the mother and babies.

—The railroad boom for the Northwestern has taken a deep root among those interested, and Ohio's centennial year will see the new road finished if work will accomplish it.

—Miss Emma Gilbert of Angola, Ind., is here visiting relatives. After an absence of eleven years, she has returned to view the scenes of her childhood hours and to renew the old friendships of her youth.

—Mr. Martin Mullen, an old resident of this place, who moved away seven years ago to Columbus, was in the village last Friday. He has lived within eight miles of this place, and until the other day had not been in Worthington for six years.

THE PROHIBITIONISTS.

The Prohibitionists of Franklin county held their county convention Monday in Columbus, with Z. C. Payne in the chair and M. D. Waters as secretary. Thirty-two delegates were present.

The nomination of county officers was postponed until after the state convention. The usual resolutions were presented and adopted. The following is the list of delegates appointed to the state convention:

Delegates—Professor H. A. Thompson, John Chamberlain, Rev. C. W. Hiatt, J. H. Hann, Mrs. Dobbins, John Aiken, J. B. Kirk, Thomas Fitzgerald, L. D. Davies, A. R. Henderson, Mrs. Z. C. Payne.

Alternates—H. L. Bennett, Henry Gortner, J. J. Smith, J. H. Kidwell, A. S. Felch, R. F. Brothers, Jethro Denton, Edmund Harrison, E. L. Graham, M. D. Waters, John Fippen.

COLUMBUS, LIMA & NORTHWESTERN R. R.

At the annual meeting of the Columbus, Lima and Northwestern Railroad company at Lima the following directors were elected: B. C. Faurot, F. L. Langan and D. J. Cable of Lima; L. K. Stroup of New Hampshire, O.; Wm. C. Holgate of Defiance, O.; William Monypenny, P. W. Huntington, L. C. Newsom and Charles Parrott of Columbus. The directors re-elected B. C. Faurot president, and elected P. W. Huntington vice-president, F. L. Langan treasurer, C. O. Hunter secretary and general counsel, D. J. Cable assistant counsel, and F. D. Cummer general manager.

This means that the road will be built. Dublin will be on the line if Perry township does the square thing. North Columbus is now booming it.

THE CRAYON CLUB.

The Crayon club met at the home of the Misses Jennie and Gertrude Gilbert last Monday evening. Quite a large crowd was present. Five new members were initiated. The initiation ceremonies were very fascinating and impressive, and were enjoyed by all. A very pleasant evening was spent by all.

The club meets at the residence of the Misses Mary and Hattie Griswold next Monday evening.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

A lodge of I. O. G. T. was initiated at this place on Tuesday evening. Twenty-six persons signified their intention of becoming members, nineteen of whom were iniated into the order. About thirty-five or forty members of Golden Light and Franklin Lodge of Columbus assisted in the organization. The regular meetings will be held at the Town Hall every Friday night.

☞One Ohio editor says of a contemporary, who had assumed the part of a mummy in a dramatic performance: "He was obliged to put a little animation into himself, to come up with the character, and to wear more recent linen; but that was about all. Nature had admirably qualified him to act the part."

ESSAY ON SPRING.

Spring is the time for sowing. In the city women sew shirts at forty-five cents per dozen. In the city, also, the wicked sow tares and reap tears. And everywhere in the spring-time men sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. Spring is a season much sung about by poets. It is a season that moves people—especially about the 1st of April.

It is the season for raising things. The first thing generally raised in the spring is—the rent. After that comes spring radishes and greens.

Insects also come in the spring. The mosquito consults his ledger and makes out his bills for the summer. Earwigs lay in a fresh supply of legs. Domestic and household insects resuscitate themselves and crawl and bite in their little beds. All nature stirs.

Spring also stirs up the theatrical combinations and the menageries. The trained beasts and animals of all sorts prepare to take the road. The tramp dreams of fresh fields and pastures new and lone farm houses where he may find the women unprotected making strawberry shortcake.

Spring comes every year. It brings new clothes to some and new fashions to all—if they can afford them. Usually it brings more clothes than people can afford to buy and fashions than they can afford to follow. Yet spring brings with it the old clothes people have worn all last winter and possibly the winter previous. These can be turned and dyed and made over, we will not say into new clothes, but into the semblance of the new.

SATISFYING THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

There is a Justice of the Peace out in Crosby county, Texas. Week before last he found a man guilty of shooting a bull that did not belong to him, and fined him $75.

"Why, Jedge," said the doomed man, "I haven't got no $75; I can't pay no sich fine."

"The State of Texas puts me in this office to find out a way to make men pay their fines. You will cut cedar poles until you have cut enough to satisfy the majesty of the law," replied the Justice.

"But, Jedge, what use has the State of Texas got for cedar poles?"

"The State of Texas hasn't got no use for cedar poles. It's this Court who needs them cedar poles to build a fence. I'll take the poles and settle with the State of Texas for them."

And the poor devil is cutting cedar poles for the State of Texas now.

A CONUNDRUM ANSWERED.

Why will the emblem of the United States outlive those of England, France, Scotland and Ireland?

Answer—Because the rose may fade, the lily droop, the thistle wither and the shamrock die, but the stars are eternal.

GRATE STOVE FOR SALE.

A good Grate Stove for coal. For sale cheap. Apply at this office.

PERSONAL HONOR.

The difference between the American and the German idea of personal honor is very marked. A while ago the son of a respectable German banker was suspected of a defalcation. The old gentleman did not try to screen his son from the consequences of his crime, but took the case into his own hands in a somewhat novel way. He put a roll of bills on the table, then a loaded pistol, and calling his son into the room, said: "Sir, there is the filthy money with which to pay back what you have stolen, and there is a loaded pistol. I hope you have sufficient decency left to know and do your duty." That sounds terrible. However, it is good enough for the Old World, though it must be confessed, with something like national pride, that we have made considerable advance on that old fashioned and threadbare theory. If an American father should dare to intimate anything of the kind to his son the deeply insulted youth would take the pistol and shoot the old gentleman, pocket the money and then swear that the real defaulter had remorsefully died by his own hand. And that innocent young man would be made president of some of our charitable institutions and warden of the church. We are not a people to be trammeled by traditions, but have a way of our own of doing things.

JUST A COMMON LIAR.

"Old B." says that some years ago in a Carolina town a crazy man was brought before an examining board to settle the question as to whether or not he should be sent to the asylum in Columbia. After the doctor got through with his examination one of the committee, an old farmer, said:

"My friend, did you ever borrow any bags or jugs?"

"Yes, lots of them."

"Did you ever borrow your neighbor's newspapers?"

"Yes, many a time."

"Well, now, what became of the jugs, bags and newspapers?"

"Why, I carried them all back."

The old farmer gave a blow almost as loud as "Nancy Hart's whistle, and said:

"Gentlemen, he's no lunatic! Just simply a common liar, and all the asylums in the world won't cure a man of lying."—Hartwell (Ga.) Sun.

☞A young lady asks in an exchange: "Which is the worse, to lace tight, or to get tight?" Both practices are very bad, and it is questionable which one is the most injurious to health.

PIGEONS FOR SALE.

A lot of fine breed tame Pigeons for sale at reasonable rates. Call on or address GEO. T. METTLES,
Worthington, Ohio.

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

—A good Wagon Tongue for sale cheap. Apply at this office.

RIGHT SMART O' FISH.

"I seen in yer paper thet there was some doubt throwed onto the President about him ketchin' such big trout down into the Florida swamps," said the Jamaica farmer to the cashier, as the latter handed him some back numbers he had missed.

"I hadn't noticed any such statement," replied the cashier.

"Well, it were said," argued the farmer, positively. "I seen it into yer paper. And what I want to say is this, that them trout he ketched wan't no shakes o' trout nohow. They was nothin' to what we've been ketchin' down into our parts this spring. We been fishin' down there."

"Get any trout?" asked the cashier, turning to his books.

"Well, ye kin jedge. I made a cast one day, and them trout ain't all in yit. That hook wasn't in the water when a trout took holt, and then another trout took holt of him and another took holt of him and so on, till we had to wind 'em up on a reel, and them as is jedges says that one cast is likely fer to last till cold weather."

"That's pretty good," smiled the cashier, scratching his nose.

"Them as knows says it's pooty good," continued the farmer.

"That one fly has landed 1,600 weight up to date! But fishin' on the Island ain't what it was when I was a boy." And the old man sighed.

"Don't mean to say you ever did better than that!" exclaimed the cashier.

"Ye don't talk like ye knowed them trout streams down on the Island pooty well. I seen a Baptist minister dip fourteen converts, and when he pulled 'em out, they was covered so with fish that they didn't get wet, and the minister said the baptism didn't take and had to baptize 'em all over in another brook! That's what I call right smart o' fish!"

"I should remark!" grinned the cashier.

"But my boy done the derndest thing! He got in some work that the rest ain't tacklin', and never will. He goes down to a brook right close to the house and builds a fire. Onto that fire he puts a fryin' pan, and as soon as the pan was hot, he begins to sing 'When the Swallows Homeward Fly,' and I wish I may break a spring on my way home if, every time he got to the word 'fly,' the trout didn't jump right out of that brook and land in the fryin' pan every flop! Yes, sir; yer bet yer life!"

"That's better than the others," said the cashier, encouragingly.

"Yes, and it's better than any President has done since I been a voter, and that's goin' on forty year!"

And the farmer walked out with the air of a man who was satisfied that he had vindicated the Chief Executive of this country.—Brooklyn Eagle.

☞The really efficient laborer will be found not to unduly crowd his day with work, but will saunter to his task, surrounded by a wide halo of ease and leisure.—Thoreau.

LAY OF THE MINSTREL.

Sad was the song the minstrel sung, in the light of the waning moon, and his voice was cracked and his knees were sprung, and his eyes far out of their socket hung, and he howled a dirge in a foreign tongue, and his lyre was out of tune. I softly unchained the brindle dog, and loaded the old shotgun; while he scraped his lyre in the damp and fog, and sung of a fairy who drove a frog, and held a court in a somber bog, by the light of a midnight sun. "No fairies for me," I softly said, "so, singer, you'll change your tune; you must sing a ballad of death instead, of ghosts in purple and ghosts in red, of regions where wander the phantom dead, and there are no stars or moon." He tuned his harp to a dismal lay, that chilled all the blood I owned, and he sung: "There is a land in the far away, where never is gleaming the light of the day, where the goblins damp and the specters stay, and the wind with their shrieks is toned. The ghost of the pallid dude is there, bereft of its gilded cane; it has no oil for its yellow hair, it has no glasses to eye the fair, and it cannot stand on the street and stare, so the dude is bowed in pain. The dude is chained to a sad-eyed ghost that used to be wild for gore, that followed the teaching of Spies and Most, and tried the law and the courts to roast, and was later strung to a towering post, and clamored for blood no more." I loosed the dog on the minstrel there, and I fired my gun in the damp; and pieces of harp flew in the air, and stogy boots and wads of hair, and all that was left of the minstrel fair was rolled in a postage stamp.—Lincoln Journal.

WEDDINGS IN COLONIAL DAYS.

In Mr. Sanford's "History of Connecticut," recently issued, is the following: "Weddings in early colonial days were usually celebrated quietly at the home of the bride. With the increase of wealth there was a marked change in this respect. Not only were the banns proclaimed in the church, but a general invitation was given from the pulpit to attend the ceremony. Friends and neighbors were entertained with a lavish hospitality at the bride's house. On the wedding-day, muskets were fired; and those who attended the ceremony marched in procession to the bride's home. The wedding feasts lasted sometimes for two or three days. At a grand wedding in New London, on the day after the marriage ninety-two ladies and gentlemen, it is said, proceeded to dance ninety-two jigs, fifty-two contradances, forty-five minuets and seventeen hornpipes."

☞Three years ago a harsh-voiced man, John Steiner by name, stood on State street, Chicago, offering "24 sheets of note paper for a nickel." To-day, it is stated, he is the owner of the leading stationery store in a town of 15,000 inhabitants in Iowa; and he made his start selling a quire of writing paper for 5 cents on one of the busiest streets in Chicago.

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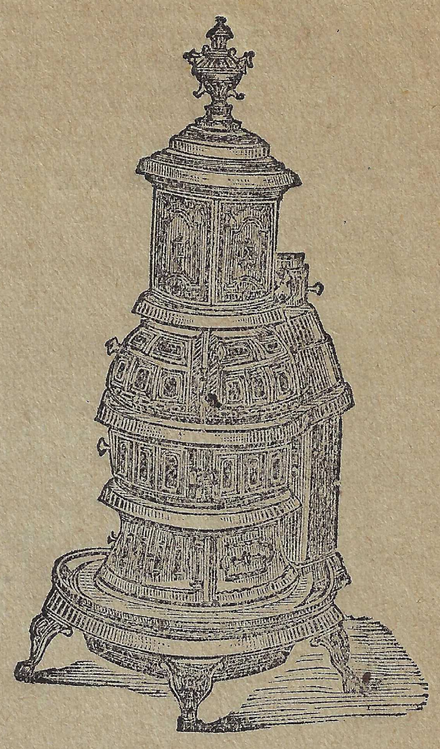

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