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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, FEBRUARY 9, 1888. NO. 26.

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.,

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.

SAM JONES ON THE ROAD TO RUIN THROUGH THE BALL-ROOM.

"Listen: When that girl began the giddy whirl of the dance in the ball-room, that was the time to get scared. When you found your boy spending more money than he ought, that was the time to get shocked.

"Sow cards and reap gamblers. I know I am called a transcendentalist and called a Puritan, but God save my family from cards and profanity, and whisky and dances, and let the world call me what it will.

"Sow parlor dances and reap ball-rooms. Sow ball-rooms and reap round dances. Sow round dances and reap dudes and dudines. Sow dudes and dudines and reap half a thimbleful of calves-foot jelly. [Applause and laughter renewed again and again.] I wish you wouldn't laugh any more to-night, for I never felt so solemn in my life. For God's sake hear me with a solemnity and earnestness worthy of the cause. But you say I say so many funny things. If you only knew how many I have to keep back you wouldn't blame me for the few which creep out.

"Hear me, boys, girls, young ladies of Kansas City! I used to dance. I've danced many a night with the girls of my town. Hear me. If I was a fair average dancing man, and I think I was, then no pure girl can go out on the floor and dance another set. [A voice, "Hurrah!"] Young woman, if you could but follow the young man, after he has seen you home, to some bar-room or club, and hear the discussion of your form or person and your virtue itself, you'd never lose your respect and go on a ball-room floor. [Sensation.] The dudes get mad at me in some places and talk about wanting to slap my jaws. [Laughter.] But I say, to their credit, they know better than to slap. I'm not afraid to drop down into a hundred acres of dudes and not a thing to fight with and all of them armed with six-shooters. [Laughter.]

"The tendency of the nineteenth century is to dudeism. You dress a young buck out, part his hair in the middle, put on an eye-glass, give him pants which look as though his legs had been melted and poured into 'em, put on tooth-pick shoes, and every girl in town admires him. [Prolonged merriment.] God help you, girls; I'd rather see my daughter dead to-night than sitting in a parlor talking to a dude. [Applause.] The good Bishop of York says the confessional shows that nineteen out of twenty girls meet their downfall in a ball-room.

"In all my observation I never knew a poor, ruined woman who did not go to ruin through the ball-room or the theater. * * * A woman who has lost her character has lost all, but the boy is lionized by society. If there's one deeper, blacker hell than another, it's for the man who crushes purity and virtue under his unhallowed feet. [Applause.] The only thing in the world which deserves a double-barreled shotgun and a load of buckshot is such a man. * * *

"A round dance is an ante-room to damnation. I never want to see the arm of a lecherous man around the waist of my wife or daughter. * * * I ape no man. I'll be myself; be true to myself, and true to truth. All I want to do is stand on the barrel, knock the bung out and let nature cut her capers. [Applause and laughter.] I may be an idiot and a fool, but if I'm not an idiot and a fool you'd better think of these things."

☞"Tell me not in mournful numbers" that the town is full of gloom, for the man's a crank who slumbers in these bursting days of boom. Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal; every dollar that thou turnest helps to make the old town roll. But enjoyment and not sorrow is our destined end of pay; if you have no money, borrow—buy a corner lot each day! Lives of great men all remind us, we can win immortal fame; let us leave chumps behind us, and we'll get there just the same. In this world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life, let us make the dry bones rattle—buy a corner for your wife! Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate, still achieving, still pursuing, booming early, booming late.—Exchange.

☞An Ohio girl, who tired of hearing the farmers in her section growl about wheat-growing not paying, decided she'd see about it. She rented 5¾ acres of land, kept strict account of every dollar expended in raising the crop, got an average yield of 35 bushels to the acre, and sold it for $142.10. The cost of production was $98.12, including $31.50 for fertilizors, and the gain on the investment was 44 per cent.

☞A Cincinnati elevator stuck midway between the first and second floors and wouldn't move either up or down. Experts were sent for, and after a long search they found a huge gar fish wedged so firmly into one of the valves of the hydraulic pipes that it was no easy matter to pull it out.

☞At least ten idiots in the past six months tried to thaw out a dynamite cartridge by placing it on top of a hot stove and were killed for their pains. The dynamite cartridge is the real fool-killer.

☞Subscribe for THE GLADIATOR.

☞"The Oneida community of New York is rich, the Shaker community is richer, and several other like experiments in communism have proved great successes, financially," says a Chicago socialist. True. They have been made successes by working sixteen hours a day, living on the plainest fare, dressing in the coarsest clothes, and drinking nothing but water. Any man willing to follow out that plan can make his life a financial success without communism.

☞A Grand Rapids (Mich.) man killed 106 English sparrows one day last week, took their heads to the authorities, and received a bounty of one cent on each. Then with $1.06 in his pocket with which to buy the proper seasoning, he went home and dressed the birds. The next day he and a party of his friends dined on sparrow pot-pie.

☞Before antiquarians go to writing up the civilization of past eras from a few pictures and inscriptions, found here and there, they should stop and reflect how near posterity would come to a correct judgment of us if future historians in digging over the buried cities of America should run across a well preserved copy of the Police Gazette.

☞The competition for pews in the Brooklyn Tabernacle rivaled the famous lettings in Plymouth Church during the pastorate of Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Talmage is regarded as Beecher's successor as the central figure in the religious world of the City of Churches.

☞We hear a good deal in Congress about the men who lost their health in the war, but very little about the women who lost bread providers by the war. The "surplus women" problem may have a patriotic as well as an economic side.

☞The law should clearly define the difference between "public meetings" and a street mob composed of pick-pockets, burglars and bums led by half a dozen long-haired ranters who ought to be in a lunatic asylum.

☞In New York journalism the term "blushing bride" is regarded as a "provincialism." New York civilization is in pretty bad shape if the term "blushing bride" has ceased to be correct.

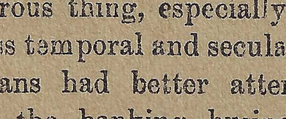
☞The Iowa man who claims to have invented a way to make cheap and good fuel out of prairie grass will get a respectful hearing now.

☞Mrs. Anna Parmalee, aged 104 years, died in Clinton, Herkimer county, N. Y., last week.

☞When a law suit is put off it is by no means always worn out.

The Gladiator.

WORTHINGTON.....FEBRUARY 9



E. METTLES. - - - - Editor

THE PASTORSHIP OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

Hist! what is that? It is the groans and growls of St. Albans, the Dispatch saint. He is trying to influence Dr. Lyman Abbot, who has the selection of a minister to fill the vacant pulpit of the late Henry Ward Beecher's church, against a distinguished minister of Chicago. Men praise the departed saints, but the present ones, such men as St. Albans, denounce.

St. Albans, the proto-martyr, was despised while on earth, but it seems that his death has not mitigated the former calumny heaped upon him. A pretender has arisen, and now the original one must see a shadow dim his earthly star.

This after-death punishment of earth is a monstrous thing, especially by men who profess temporal and secular power.

St. Albans had better attend more closely to the banking business. He knows more about the value of a dollar than the worth of a true man.

☞Camp-meetings are a popular means of recuperating the treasury and membership of religious organizations that adopt the mode. The places where they are held are not always free to the public, and where this is the case, it is supposed, the managers reap the benefit and not the church. One of these camp-meetings was dissected in court, and the only beneficiary visible was the shepherd of the flock. The judge before whom the case was tried, in his charge to the jury, gave a scathing review of the methods of the manager and administered this withering rebuke: "Its doors were closed in the face of the penitent seeker after truth unless he came with five cents as the open sesame in his hands." There are other camp-meetings held annually that have earned the same condemnation.

☞When the public want information on any subject touching the affairs of government and the integrity of officials, they go the newspapers and get what they want. Sometime the information, especially in the Washington correspondence, is tinctured with romance and sensation, but the genuine can always be detected from the false, and the reader is able to judge pretty correctly concerning the questions discussed. So far as the partisanship goes each one must decide what he shall accept or reject, as it suits his political views. The correspondents in this respect are only human. They furnish what they are paid to write.

☞"If misfortune overtakes you, smile," says the poet. Sometimes misfortune overtakes a man simply because he does smile too often.

THE SALOON.

The saloon has few friends—none to be proud of. There is nobody, whose presence is not a menace to the community, who would not like to see the saloon go, and go to stay. It has been a law-breaker. It has been a place that has thrived either on the weakness or the vice of humanity. It has not given value received. It has been the rendezvous of the criminal, the friend of no one but the poor-house and the prison. If all this was not enough to condemn it and to secure sentence of banishment, then let it be remembered that the saloon has not the decency of conscious indecency. It thrust itself forward, and a law-breaker itself, sought to dictate legislation. The foe of good government, it brought its stench and its ill-gotten pelf into politics, and actually commanded all parties to do obeisance to it. It forced the issue. In its fool-hardiness it left the choice between its supremacy and extinction. If it had possessed the modesty even of half common sense, it might have lingered in Iowa for some years yet. It was as impudent as vile, and now it has got it in the neck, and good enough for it. Even its victims are glad to hear the door of the saloon go shut with a vigorous bang. Those, too, who served it in fear, laugh at its calamity. The friends of the saloon—who are they, anyhow?—Iowa Home Journal.

THE AGE OF CRIME.

Most criminals are young. It is seldom that a grave crime, provided it be the first, is committed after the age of thirty. A careful statistician has proved that of the entire male population of England and Wales the largest proportion of criminals is found to be between the ages of 20 and 25. Five times as many crimes are committed in the five years between these limits as in the ten years between the ages of 50 and 60. Dividing the whole population into groups of those from ten to fifteen, from fifteen to twenty, from twenty to twenty-five, from twenty-five to thirty, from thirty to forty, from forty to fifty, and from fifty to sixty, it is found that from the age of twenty the tendency to crime decreases at each successive term 33 per cent., in the case of the men.

Early training is what is the most needed.—The Atlantic.

AN INDUCEMENT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

How you may get the Herald without money. Bring us:

Twenty pounds of pork; or
Ten pounds of perk sausage; or
Two bushels of sound Irish potatoes; or
Five bushels of sound turnips; or
Ten good chickens; or
Ten pounds of good lard; or
One bushel of good onions.

Any person bringing any of the above, in the quantity named, will receive the paper until January 1, 1889; for half the quantity we will send it half the time.—Hazel Green (Ky.) Herald.

☞A serious reflection—a solemn bore's image in a mirror.

OUR PHILOSOPHER GONE.

Lewis B. Tuller, Esq., of Iuka, Kansas, has returned home. He is, perhaps, one of the most distinguished philosophers of the West, and ranks closely to the immortal J. N., though he lacks his age and experience in dealing with the abstruse and intricate questions of philosophy.

He has lectured nightly to convince the good people of the village that the bottom of a wagon wheel moves slower than the top, and to satisfy their incredulity has given a practical demonstration, which was perfectly conclusive on two distinguished individuals — Pat O'Connell of New Ireland, and Sambo of Possumville. Pat says that while the wheel was resting on him at nearly a standstill and squeezing his eyes out, Sambo was going ten miles an hour. The print of the wagon wheel on Pat's stomach and Sambo's broken head, tied up in a cotton diaper, shows what there is in science.

Last Monday night he delivered his famous lecture on the trinity and the final end of man, at the office of the village doctor. He proved, beyond question, that the trinity takes in four things instead of three, as laid down in the Methodist ritual. Just what the fourth thing was he could not tell, but the sages of Iuka said there were at least four, and he was satisfied that they were right.

As for the final end of man, he was satisfied with the belief of the ancients, that the soul, after leaving the body, would pass into some animal, and while he could not speak for any other place, that in Iuka the 'possum, with his marsupial quality, would gather in most of them in his false belly. One old flatfoot who heard the lecture wept aloud, for it upset his belief. He had always supposed that all of his body, including his old shoes, would go straight to the Eternal Gate, and he refused to be comforted, and was about to go into a state of collapse, when the doctor gave him two teaspoonfuls of denarcotized opium, to be repeated every half hour if necessary, and oftener if occasion required. One dose cured him. He wants no more. He feels now as if he had swallowed three or four of the tracts of the great saint who sleeps at Geneva, on the elect.

☞Brigham Young's body lies under a 14,000 pound stone duly inscribed, and there are three feet of solid masonry around the grave. Some of his friends learning of this are very much afraid that he will not be able to hear the last trump.

☞There are two morals to the latest "Woman's" bank burst up in Morristown, Pa. One is that women are not financiers; and the other is not to lend your money to any party who promises to pay an enormous amount of interest.

☞The Chicago judge before whom the Summerville divorce suit came up has refused to read certain parts of the testimony, because the spelling was so fearfully bad that it made his Honor's head ache.

☞Mayn't diamonds and rubies be correctly called strata-gems?

☞There is reason to believe that a sandbagger's trust has been formed in Columbus.

☞When a dude sprains a finger would it be proper to describe the occurrence as a monkey wrench?

☞"And now we hear of an oil-can trust." That's nothing new, as the sad fate of many a servant-girl shows.

☞An Indiana lad walked eighteen miles in his sleep the other day. That boy is the making of an ideal policeman.

☞We think that man was excusable who, when he was informed of the birth of his eleventh child, cried, "Chestnuts."

☞Laundrymen are the most humble and forgiving beings on earth. The more cuffs you give them the more they will do for you.

☞Hotel porter (to gentleman in the wash-room)—Is yo' a guest ob de hotel, sir? Gentleman (paying $4 a day)—Guest? No; I'm a victim.

☞"Would you marry an old man for his money?" asked Mildred. "Well, I declare," exclaimed Laura, with a startled air, "you surely don't suppose anything else would induce me to marry him?"

☞A Montpelier girl stepped up to the postoffice delivery window and began flirting with the clerk, when the postmaster came out with the suggestion that it was not lawful to trifle with the males.

☞Little Dot—"What's the matter with my nose, mamma?" Mamma—"You went out yesterday without your rubbers and got your feet wet." Little Dot—"Well, I don't see why that should make my nose wet."

☞John Thursby of Orange City, Florida, fell asleep in his boat while fishing. When he awoke he was three miles up stream, and the boat was being towed by an immense catfish that had taken his bait. The fish weighed twenty pounds.

☞People who have been sinking wells near Madrid, Ia., have found, at a depth of about 40 feet below the surface of the earth, the remains of large primeval forests. The trunks of some of the trees dug up are of great size.

☞Mr. W. H. Jones of Obion, Tenn., has a curious relic in the shape of a large pewter dish, which is more than one hundred years old. It was used in the camp of General Washington's soldiers at Valley Forge. It has been in the possession of Mr. Jones or his ancestors since that time. His grandfather was a soldier in the Revolution.

I. G. DEARDORFF,
Dealer in
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, NOTIONS,
Patent Medicines, &c., &c.,
ELMWOOD, OHIO.

The highest prices paid for Country Produce.

The Gladiator.

WORTHINGTON.....FEBRUARY 9.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

IF YOU WANT

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

LOCAL NEWS.

—Subscribe for THE GLADIATOR.

—Candidates have commenced treatin'.

—Young man, have you had any prop sals yet?

—Chicken thieves are on the rampage in this county.

—Don't judge us by our clothes; they were not bought on credit.

—Farmers are getting ready for the maple sugar campaign.

—The shrewd merchant who advertises is never troubled with "dull times."

—A week has passed and the Groundhog business begins to look much like a fraud.

—Pity the poor; but do not stop at that. Help them substantially, liberally, kindly.

—Miss Delia Conway, who lives on the Proprietors' Road, has been very ill with diptheria.

—The entire State military will camp at Columbus the first week of the Ohio Centennial Exposition.

—Uncle Ben Lee, who is now 88 years of age, and the oldest resident of Worthington, is seriously ill.

—Try to do the square thing with your printer. The very effort will benefit you and make it easier the second time.

—The weather is a matter of deep concern for the poor. It is next in order to bread and butter, and at times it ranks first.

—The County Commissioners have appointed Tuesday, April 17th, as the time for hearing the application for our corporation extension.

—Next Tuesday is St. Valentine's Day. It will be observed in some places for all it is worth. This being leap year, it gives the girls a chance to do the match-making.

—Worthington people, keep your eyes on the lookout. There is a scheme on hand to destroy our only ornament and pride. Look out for the wolf in sheep's clothing.

—A good thing is told of Captain John S. Skeels of the 113th regiment. He was reading the roster, the other day, when he came to the name of John C. Benzel, a comrade, whom he loved very much, who was carried away, by his side, by a shell, and weeping as if his heart would break, said it ought to have been me instead of John. Of course the Captain did not mean it, for Bean Hill would have had one cultured and genial gentleman less.

—Claude Meeker, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, has had Bonebrake, of the Columbus Sunday Herald, arrested for criminal libel. Elliott, of the Sunday Capital, went on Bonebrake's bond for $500 for his appearance at the next term of Court. Journalism seems to be getting down to the lowest ebb in the Capital City. It has lost all honor and decency, and is now only run on a basis of catering to the corruptionists, morally, socially and politically.

—Nothing so well shows the push and enterprise of a town as the advertising columns of a paper. Little advertising indicates a slow town. Lively advertising indicates push and enterprise, and shows that a town is up with the times and ready to keep abreast of and hold its own with other places.

—It is hinted, in some places, that the Town Council are so slow in building the two new culverts that they will be compelled to buy another lot of stone, as the ones already purchased will be worn out by vehicles running over them before the work is commenced.

—The disordered state of the weather for the last few days has had the effect of bringing on a series of complaints and disorders among the people. Chills, rheumatism, coughs and colds, with aches, pains, etc., are in order, and the doctors are reaping their harvest.

—The original story which appears on our fourth page, is said to have been written by a young school-boy of a neighboring school district, and shows extraordinary talent for so young an author.

—"It seems to me that there's a horrid draft coming from the parlor," said a mother to her son. "Yes," was the reply; "father is in there, and he's raising a breeze about that new sofa."

—Revival meetings have been held at Bethel M. E. church recently. A good work was done, and some twenty members were gathered into the folds of the congregation.

—For the benefit of those who date events from the year Clark was hung, we note the fact that it was just forty-four years ago to day.

☞A Snapping Shoals (Ga.) colored preacher a few Sundays ago from the pulpit solemnly read: "I was once young; I is now old. I hab neber seen de righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging ob bread. But," he said, laying the book down and raising his specs', "I'b seen them hustle like the debble for meat."

A REQUEST ANSWERED.

EDITOR OF THE GLADIATOR: Will you give us the *Blood-Stained Trail of the Indian Mother and Her Babe?* *

We have received a great many such requests. A distinguished authoress asks us for a copy. We have a copy lying on our table and would gladly publish it; but for a very unaccountable reason, the author, whom we greatly respect, will not permit us to do so. Is it because of the grave on the bank of the hemlock swamp whose sweet memories he does not wish to disiurb by this story of his youth?

A STARTLING REVELATION!

Jonathan Bullfrog disgorges his history, and says that the poet-laureate of Swampville is our genial Bee Line agent. Dear Charlie, accept our regrets.

QUARTERLY MEETING AT DUBLIN.

Quarterly meeting services will be held at the M. E. church in Dublin on Saturday and Sunday next, the 11th and 12th inst.

☞A case just reported in London papers shows the possibility of spontaneous combustion of the body of a drunkard, or at least that such a body may be set on fire by the man's breath coming in too close contact with a lighted candle or match. The case just reported is that of the body of a drunkard being brought into Guy's Hospital, London. His body was very much bloated, and when punctured and a lighted match applied, the gas which escaped burned with the ordinary flame of carbureted hydrogen. As many as a dozen of these flames were burning at the same time.

☞"Slugger" Sullivan is upholding the honor of the Yankee nation right manfully. He is trailing his coat-tails through old England in a manner that excites the enthusiastic admiration of his countryman, and to make the triumph more complete he can find nobody who appears anxious to do him battle. John Barleycorn is the only man who can "knock out" the "big 'un," and, perhaps unfortunately, the two Johns do not appear to be traveling together now.

☞A St. Louis auctioneer put in an appearance at the town of Cotton Plant, Ark., the other day and concluded he would have some fun shooting out the lamps in a store, and the result was the clerk shot him to pieces. An Arkansas town is the wort place in the world for a tender-foot to attempt to enact the role of a desperado of the wild and wooly West. The average Arkansas man is a little on that lay himself.

☞An effort is being made to have Congress fix all letter postage at one cent, but it is not probable that such a bill will be reported favorably, because the expenditures of the Postoffice Department are now said to be greater than the revenues. The Committee on Postoffices will also be called on to consider a bill to make local postage one cent at free delivery offices.

THE EVILS OF POKER-PLAYING.

Poker-playing is more than doing its share in leading the majority of young men to ruin and shame. A man may stop drinking, stop smoking, stop chasing after frail women; but if he once fairly got in the habit of playidg poker he will find it rather up-hill work to check himself. It is a terrible disease, to say the least, and once rooted in a man's make up all the doctors in the land cannot save him. Very few know to what a great extent poker-playing is being carried on, not only in this city, but in every city and town in the country. There is hardly a saloon anywhere but what has its back room, where a private game of poker is being played during the afternoons and evenings. And no matter how private and respectable the parties who indulge in the game may be, the card-sharp somehow or other always manages to be on hand and get his work in. Between the card-sharp and the kitty the man who plays poker just to while the hours away, and because he is in love with the game, is sure to prove the sucker. No man who plays poker regularly once a week simply as an amusement can say at the end of the year that he is a winner, and the chances are nine to one that he is a big loser. It would be all right if only men of means indulged in poker, but moneyed men seldom monkey with the game. They are altogether too sharp for that. The chances are against them, and they have just too much business tact to run any risk. A business man who is overfond of poker is not a safe man to tie to. The chances are if he has not an unlimited amount of capital, he will go to the wall sooner or later. But it's the man of salary poker catches for all that's out. The clerk, the hard-working mechanic, followed uy by the gay and festive bartender and the recklessly dressed barber, are the willing victims of the seductive game. Once fairly started and it's good-by to the victim. There's no let up. Not only will he play in all of his own honest earnings, but he will borrow from whom he can, and in the end wind up by robbing his employer, and in his arrest, disgrace and ruin. This is the story of more than one young man, and will be of a good many more while poker continues its daily grip on the American public.—Ex.

☞A Philadelphia man has invited the public to make suggestions regarding the best way of spending $50,000 which he proposes to devote to charity. Many scores of people have given him advice. One man wants him to establish a wooden-leg factory and furnish cripples with artificial limbs; another suggests that he cultivate a boneless breed of shad, and others advance equally valuable ideas. It is clear, however, that the money could be spent to the best advantage in improving the manners of that riotous body, the Clover Club.

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

—Come to this office when you want to advertise.

Original Tale.

[Written for The Gladiator.]

FREDERICK VANDYKE.

AN ADVENTURE STORY.

BY WALTER H. WETHERBY,

(Age twelve years.)

I was born in Stegeth, Norway, and of good parents—although of low trade, my father being a fisherman. He was a native of Poland, and being of an adventurous turn, came to Norway in his youth. I frequently accompanied my father on his fishing expeditions, and in this way I became acquainted with sailors of various fishing smacks, which, in the fall, were anchored in the harbor, waiting for the spring trade to open again. My favorite boat was named the *Katharina*. Among the crew was an old Scotchman, called "Mac" by all who well knew him. He was my especial favorite, and with him I generally spent many of my idle hours.

After a hard and tedious winter, spring came, to the great joy of all. One bright morning, in April, when I was about fifteen years of age, I went over to my friend "Mac's" and found him sitting beside the fire, with his favorite pipe in his mouth, mending nets. As I opened the door he looked up, and seeing me, said, "Come here, my friend; I have something to say to you." I obeyed, wonderingly. After he had got me seated according to his taste, he began:

"I have often heard you say you would like to go to sea, have I not, Master Frederick?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Well, you may go if your father consents. Captain Henrich said yesterday that he would like to have some one go along as cook, and offered you the place."

After much difficulty I stammered out "Thank you, sir," and ran home as fast as my legs could carry me. When I reached home I hastily asked where my father was. Having been told, I hastened to his whereabouts. To my great disappointment he did not approve of my cherished plan. But I teased and coaxed till at last he gave a reluctant consent. We were to start in two weeks; so I did not have much time to spare. My mother helped me pack my chests, and my father assisted me also. Meanwhile the crew of the *Katharina* were getting her ready for the trip. So at the end of two weeks we were in readiness to start.

It was a splendid morning in May, with a nice breeze blowing enough to sail the boat. When we were fairly on our voyage I began to feel the full effects of that noisome disease sea-sickness; but after two days' suffering I began to feel better, and the next day I was all right again. About a week after we left home we encountered a fearful tempest. It increased during the night. About 5 o'clock A. M. one of the crew at the masthead shouted "Breakers ahead!" but it was too late; it being foggy we could not see very far ahead, and the boat struck with a boom, which threw every one to the deck. The vessel parted in the middle after it struck the rocks, so that part of the crew which were on it went down with it. They numbered about two-thirds of the crew. Among the survivors were the captain, the first mate, the carpenter, the steward, a sailor and myself. The vessel was fast sinking, so that we would have to hurry if we wanted to save our lives. The first four took the only boat spared us and set off, and as far as I know were never heard of again. "Mac" and myself sought to save our lives by jumping into the sea and laying hold of any of the wreckage and thus drifting ashore. We were chilled and stiff when we landed, and set about gathering material for a fire. After much difficulty we succeeded, for the ground was damp and the wind blowing furiously. We then built a small hut out of bark and twigs, and sitting around the fire partook gratefully of a lunch which we had fortunately brought with us; after which we laid ourselves down as near the fire as possible and went to sleep. The next morning my friend "Mac" was up with the lark and aroused me with a smack on my shoulder. We found our clothes had dried during the night, so we were more comfortable in body if not in mind. We then set out for the beach, in hopes that some of the chests, boxes, etc., had drifted ashore. And our hopes were well rewarded, and in one large chest were sugar, biscuits and plenty of dried beef. In another was clothing, which was almost as useful to us as the victuals. I found also my own chest. One large box contained some fishing nets, and amunition and some beans and rice. In another box we found oatmeal and lard. That afternoon we commenced building a hut, for it could not be called a house, which we made of young fir-trees for posts and birch bark and plank from the wreck for the sides. We then floored the hut with moss, linchens and bark, which made the hut quite warm or comfortable. That night we kneaded roes of the cod in with oatmeal and made soup, which we ate with baked beans and oatmeal cakes. We then lay down to sleep with our blankets, which we got in one of the chests, over and under us. Next morning we were down to the beach to see if any more wreckage had drifted ashore. We found a bit of salted mackerel, also a box of oatmeal cakes, which being in a water-tight box was not damaged. These we carried to the hut.

That afternoon we set out to explore our place of abode. We found it to be a small island, wooded on one side with small firs and birches. The animals were chiefly the polar bear, the white fox and the ermine. For birds, the eider duck and great ank. About a month after, as we were walking along the shore, with gun in hand, we happened to hear the *houk* of the wild goose some distance off. There was a small clump of firs between them and us. We both took aim and fired. One was killed and the other wounded slightly in the wing. We took them both to the hut. We dressed the one that was killed and ate it roasted. Not needing the other for food just then, as we had lately laid in a store of provisions, we cared for its wing, and at last it recovered. Now a new plan struck me: Why not keep it till the annual excursion to the south, we then could scratch on a piece of bark our location and fasten it on to the bird's leg, and when the flock going south would pass over we could liberate our captive, and he, for love of freedom, would join his fellow-birds, which, in his migrations, might in turn be caught by some one, who seeing the tag might be able to send us relief. We fixed the tag by scratching on a piece of birch bark with a nail and binding it to the bird's leg. One bright morning in August we let the bird go free. It probably joined a neighboring flock, for we never saw it again. We then set to work to store up provisions for the coming winter. This occupied a great deal of time.

About a month after that I happened to go down to the beach for driftwood, and what should I see but a small white speck far to the southeast, I pulled out my pocket telescope, which I always carried with me; sure enough it was a ship. I ran immediately to the hut, where I found my friend "Mac," and informed him of the news. He hastened with me to the beach, where we awaited the coming of the ship. It was then about a mile off, and we could see part of the crew on deck quite plainly. They fired a salute on seeing us on the beach. After they had landed we asked them to tell us the story. They said that they happened to see a bird laying as if dead on the shore. One of them went to it to take it up, when it got up and hobbled off to another part of the shore. They then observed that something was tied to one of its legs; they went up to it and found it to be a piece of birch bark, the very one we had written upon. They then determined to rescue us if possible.

The reader knows the rest. We then bade farewell to our island and set our prows toward home. We arrived there in due time. You may conceive how we were welcomed home. My folks held a grand festival on the honor of the occasion. And I leave my reader to imagine the rest.

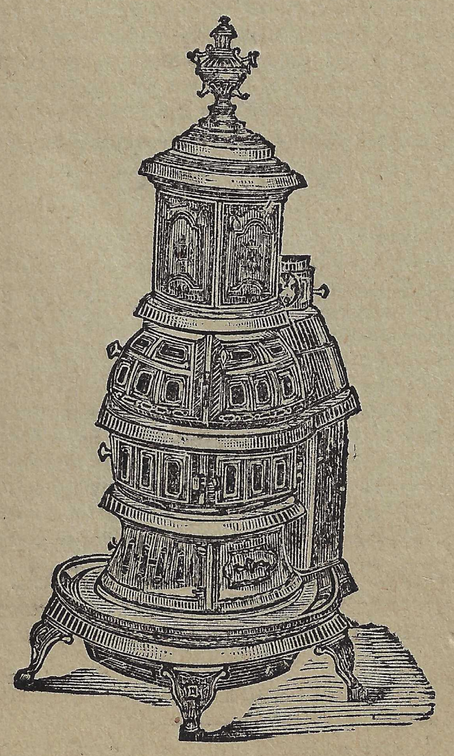
☞In a Vermont town the other day a citizen was selecting pall-bearers to act at the funeral of a friend. He mentioned the names of those that he had chosen to a near relative of the dead man, and when one man's name was mentioned the relative at once objected, saying, "Oh, no, he will never do. Why, he doesn't believe in a place of future punishment."

☞A policeman in Dayton has been bounced for robbing a dead man of $20. The work of purifying the police department must go bravely on.

☞Men who are a great deal run after—fugitives from justice.

R. W. EVANS,

WORTHINGTON, OHIO,



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