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THE GLADIATOR.

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

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The Gladiator,

Published Every Thursday,

E. METTLES, --- Proprietor.

OFFICE:

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

TERMS—1:00 PER ANNUM.

(Strictly In Advance)

RATES OF ADVERTISING

One inch in space to constitute a Square.

TIME.	1 sq.	2 sqs	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.

Select Poetry.

TEARS.

BY THOMAS. J. MOORE.

When cruel Death has rent our hearts
In grasping one we loved,
And memory's lingering eyes glance back
Reproachfully and reproved,
And all the world doth seem a blight,
All hopes be turned to fears,
A shadowed fountain springs to light,
Ahd drowns our grief in tears.

When pent-up sorrow rives our soul,
And wasting paid destroys,
And melancholy's visage grim
Is stamped on all our joys,
And grief untold fills every sense,
Life still one comfort bears,
For sorrow's waters, swelled too high,
Break o'er their dam in tears.

When uncouth hands have rent the veil
That shrouds a mournful past,
And mocked the woes a life has known,
And jeering taunts have cast,
And reowakened memories
Its present pleasures seres,
The heart that almost burst with sighs
Outpours its grief in tears.

Yea! e'en joy's tumultuous breast,
When Love, thought false, proves true;
When sorrows fade and leave no shade,
And clouds drop down in dew;
When Friendship's balm restores the calm
To hearts that sighed for years;
The soul awakes to newer life
Add bathes its joy in tears.

Miscellaneous.

FOUND A HOME AND HER BOY.

Three years ago, on a cold, blustering day of March, a woman, apparently a tramp, supported by a crutch under one arm and a cane in her hand and dragging herself along with these helps, stopped in front of the House of Reception in New York. She was requested to "move on," when she said: "I want to see the superintendent about my boy."

She was helped into the office, and then explained her errand about as follows: "Many years ago I brought my boy here, and after being some time in the asylum, you sent him West. The neighbors all told me I would never see him nor hear from him again, and that is why I never came back here. This is the first time I have been out of doors for six years on account of rheumatism. My sister has been supporting me, but she is so poor and her husband has been out of work so long that they were turned out of their rooms this morning because they could not pay their rent. The children were sent to some institution by the court, and I have a ticket that will admit me to the almshouse on Blackwell's Island. I know I cannot live but a little while, and I have been this whole forenoon trying to get here just to ask if my boy was ever heard from."

Two weeks previous to this occurrence a letter had been received from one of our boys who had been sent West many years ago. It read thus: "I was sent out here by the asylum fourteen years ago. I stayed with my employer until my time was out. Besides the one hundred dollars coming to me I got a team of horses and some cows. The next year I married my employer's daughter. We have a nice home of our own now and a little daughter six months old, and my only desire is to learn if my mother is still living and if I can do anything for her."

This was the son about whom the poor woman called to make inquiry.

The mother never reached the almshouse, but by the following Saturday she was safe in her lost son's "nice home" in the West.

GUIDE BOARDS.

The Revised Statutes, section 4734, provides that—

"The township trustees shall cause to be erected and kept in repair, at the expense of the township, at all such forks and cross-roads as are kept in repair for general public travel, and [illegible] village, depot, or other important place, a post and guide board, containing an inscription, in legible letters, directing the way and distance to the village or public place or places situated on each of such roads."

And section 4249 imposes the following fine:

"A trustee who refuses or neglects to perform any duty imposed on him by law, may be fined in any sum not less than five nor more than fifty dollars, to be recovered by civil action, in the name of the State, and the amount recovered shall be paid into the township treasury for township purposes."

There are many highway crossings and forks of roads all over this county not supplied with guide boards, and many of those up have become almost illegible from age.

☞It is a noticeable fact that the alarm of a few years ago, growing out of the superfluous silver coinage, has greatly subsided, and is gradually disappearing. The aversion to the use of silver dollars as currency is much less than formerly, and the long homilies of financial writers are devoted to other topics. This result has been aided by the circulation of silver certificates, but these issues have been scarce and hard to get. The general use of silver dollars as currency is an accomplished fact.

☞Judge every man by what he cannot do and you would find no man of ability. Judge every man by what he has accomplished in the fields with which he is familiar and you get at his real size.

☞The richest body of people in this country, as paradoxical as it may seem, is the Osage tribe of Indians of Idaho. Besides the land of the reservation, which belongs to them by a title hard to assail, they have about $7,000,000 bearing five per cent. interest in the hands of the Government. They are paid about $250,000 a year in cash. The entire tribe numbers only 1,600, so that they are actually the richest body of people we have.

☞An effort will be made during the present session of Congress to pass a bill providing for a large appropriation for rivers and harbors. Heretofore it has been the custom to pass two bills, one at the short and the other at the long session of Congress, but those members who are interested in river and harbor improvement have come to the conclusion that it is not best to take two bites at a cherry.

☞A few months ago the world was shocked by the terrible loss of life at the burning of the Opera Comique in Paris. The investigation showed that there was gross neglect to provide suitable means of escape, and that hundreds of persons lost their lives without reason. The manager of that theater has just been sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

☞In consequence of a potato famine in some portions of the country there has been a considerable importation of this vegetable during the last month or two. Consumers, some of whom are farmers whose crops have failed, have been compelled to pay a duty of fifteen cents a bushel on potatoes. But how much are farmers generally benefited by this tax?

☞Attention is called to the fact that the first century of our existence as a nation will not be completed until this Congress has completed its term; and the President's message to the first Congress of our second century will be the one addressed to the Fifty-first Congress, which assembles the first Monday in December, 1889.

☞The health officers of Baltimore blame the imperfect quarantine at New York for an outbreak of diptheria in the Italian quarter of that city. It will be well if the country, next summer, does not have to place the responsibility for an outbreak of cholera in the same quarter.

☞A Baltimore publication gives statistics of the industrial progress of the Southern States for the year 1887. It shows that $256,298,000 of capital has been invested in Southern productive industries in 1887, being almost double the amount of 1886.

☞Subscribe for THE GLADIATOR.

The Gladiator.

WORTHINGTON.....JANUARY 12

E. METTLES, - - - - Editor

☞Hon. J. H. Outhwaithe, M. C., has our thanks for Public Documents.

THE GREAT CHICAGO PREACHER AND THE GLADIATOR.

Rev. Frank Wakeley Gunsaulus, who used to travel up and down the streets of this ancient and dead town with not clothes enough on him to wad a shot-gun, and who is perhaps the most eloquent minister of his age in America—eloquent as Curran, with legs as long and feet as big, and who stands close to David Swing, who, with Robert Collyer, wept over the grave of Servitus, and who is beloved and honored by four millions of people, Dr. Patton notwithstanding—writes us as follows:

"Many thanks for THE GLADIATOR. "We have read them all. THE GLADI-"ATOR and the Edinburgh Review are "all a man needs to make him great and "happy. I did laugh over that story "which you were kind enough to send "me. It brought back the days of blue "shirts and clothes' line reins and fat "goose, the memory of which is as fra-"grant as the goose was when George "tried to boil it. Send me THE GLADI-"ATOR or I perish!"

PHILADELPHIA.

A correspondent writing for the Journal and Messenger from Philadelphia says:

"The old Quaker City has been a delight to me; its atmosphere, water, streets, dwellings, public buildings—all so clean. No man flaunts dirty linen. Sunday comes before it gets dirty. The marble buildings are white as a swan's back; the brown stone, red-brown, green—the latter the tony tint—appear to be unsoilable. Besides the class of large and expensive residences, very many of them in stone, there is an immense number of hollow squares, made up of single, solid structures compassing the several sides and each one divided into houses of the width of the parlor and hall; cells, they are, but most admirably designed and beautiful. The peculiarity of the case is the vast multiplication of this class and its popularity. The furnace is the universal heater. I had not seen a grate fire until yesterday."

☞The Fourteenth Regiment Armory at Columbus, wherein the great Bench Show was being held, was entirely destroyed by fire this morning. One hundred and fifty valuable dogs and innumerable pets of the feathery tribe perished in the flames. Loss over $75,000.

☞The apple industry in this country is a greater one than many people suppose. The United States sends 1,000,000 barrels of apples every year to foreign nations.

ADULTERATION OF LARD.

"One of the greatest evils of the day," said W. W. Kimball, of Boston, "and one of the most far-reaching in its effects, is the adulteration of lard. The abuses emanating from it are almost as bad as those abuses coming from the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks. It is a matter that the public is not generally aware of, yet it has been proven by investigation and chemical analyses that about 75 per cent. of the product sold for pure lard in this country is more or less adulterated with foreign substances. These compounds are made of various ingredients, such as beef and mutton tallow, cotton seed oil, and, in some instances, of grease that has been chemically whitened and deodorized. In some cases there is no lard at all in the compound, and yet the stuff is offered for sale as choice, pure lard."—Chicago Times.

☞It is sad to read day after day of young men disgraced and sent to prison for violations of the trust reposed in them by their employers. In nine cases out of ten the controlling motive is an insane and reckless desire to keep up appearances or to make money by other than legitimate methods. That the example has been set them by men skilled in the ways of business and finance cannot be denied, but the knowledge that even in such cases punishment has quickly followed should have operated as a deterrent, even if no purely moral principle could restrain them. The Republic would not have been what it is to-day if the men who are now successful merchants and financiers had not fought the battle "through long days of labor and nights devoid of ease," resisted temptation, and laid the foundations of a prosperity which has been shared by the whole community. What was possible fifty years ago is certainly possible to-day.

☞The country now produces only a small part of the sugar it consumes—one-tenth is a liberal estimate. But the time will come, perhaps before the close of another decade, when the supply of home-manufactured sugar will fully meet the home demand. The new process of extracting the available substance from cane promises to largely increase the yield.

☞An exchange says that a she dude, after carefully and critically examining the magnificent proportions of her dude lover, timidly remarked: "George, darling, if I am going to wear the breeches after we are married, you will have to get them made larger than that." This fact will probably make tight pants the more desirable. In some cases tong covers will be in demand.

☞There are now in use on American railroads 26,415 locomotives, 19,252 passenger cars, 6,325 baggage cars, 845,914 freight cars. The total cost of this rolling stock is $700,000,000. If made up in one train would be 5,000 miles in length, or stretch twice across the continent.

☞Subscribe for THE GLADIATOR.

RAILS 175 FEET LONG, WEIGHING 60 POUNDS TO THE LINEAL FOOT.

Our genial Bee Line agent, who lives on State street, is not only a wag of large proportions and versatile in mind, but when he meets a countryman upon whose credulity he can play, is not always sensitive as to the truth of what he may say.

The other morning, while he was waiting on the platform for the train, he met one of those fellows who was going down to see the Governor. Said the agent to him, as they were standing together, "You have not been over the road, from here to Columbus, have you, since the company laid the track with new steel rails 175 feet long and weighing 60 pounds to the foot, and ballasted the road-bed with white sand from Lake Erie?" "No," said the countryman; "is that so?" "Yes," said he, "and if you will just shut your eyes as we go down to the city, you will think the car is standing still."

So away the train went, sixty miles an hour. The countryman shut his eyes, but just as the train reached the top of the grade and struck a short rail, the car gave a dreadful lurch toward the tile factory, which waked up the countryman just in time to see the agent holding onto the end of a seat, his hat off, and his coat tail flying in the air behind him like a ten-cent paper kite. Just then a soldier, half asleep, jumped up and commenced hallooing, "Corporal of the guard," supposing that the enemy were close, while the conductor looked as pale as a goose's eye by moonlight.

By the way, this reminds us of a story Charley Mullen tells on an old flatfoot preacher who used to preach over the Rhine, where Charley Langdon spends his winters. Charley says that this old flatfoot used to tell most awful lies to the Rhinelanders, and they got to doubting what he said. So, Charley says, he hired Pat Moriarity, a dapper Irishman, to go to church the next Sunday, and to watch him closely, and every time he got the story too big to whistle.

So away went Pat to church, and this time the old fellow took for his text the foxes of ancient times. He said in olden times the foxes' tails were twenty-five feet long. Pat whistled. The old preacher said, "History says their tails were eighteen feet long." Pat whistled again. He said, "It is now generally believed that their tails were only fifteen feet long." Pat whistled louder than before, when the old fellow said, "That their tails, according to some authors, were only nine feet long, and I will not take back another inch, Pat Moriarity, if you stand there and whistle all day."

Roach says that the preacher was right when he said their tails were thirty feet long; that he knows it himself, and that he can prove it by the Bee Line agent, and that Charley Mullen is a blatherskite and don't know any more about a fox tail than a monkey with a pea-green tail knows about the book of rules. Some one told Charley what Roach said, and Charley said he was crazy, and besides, the old 'possum belly, who went fishing for eels and hadn't sense enough to stay on shore but had to fall into Lake Erie and by his screams and cries killed all the fish in the lake for two miles out, was not worthy of belief.

Somebody told Roach what Charley said about his fishing, and ever since, Roach, dressed in a suit of hardtimes, with a wampum belt around him nine feet long, and with a horse-pistol dangling on each side, and a drawn sword, has been hunting for Charley Mullen ever since, peeking into all the Bee Line cars which come into Cleveland. Charley does not go home any more, at night, but sleeps in a freight caboose, guarded by two police officers, while all the passengers who went down on the train Monday morning are looking for the agent to present their claims for bruised heads.

☞A physician tells why people suffer rheumatic twinges in damp or rainy weather. The dampness makes the air lighter, affecting its pressure on the body and producing temporary disturbances of the system. "Any disturbance of the system," explains the medicine man, "affects the most sensitive part of a man. If he has rheumatism it brings on sharp pains. If he has corns or a bunion, those give him trouble, and if a nerve is exposed in one of his teeth he is at once informed of that fact."

☞Rev. Wm. Samuels, one of the Mormon elders who was run out of Evansville, Arkansas, arrived a few days ago at Anna, a small town in the same State. The citizens gave him three hours to get out of the place, and, failing to do it, they tied him to a tree and gave him a severe whipping, after which they tarred and feathered him and ran him out of the town. Mormonism does not appear to flourish on the soil of Arkansas if one may judge from the fact that during the past year a dozen or more elders have been thrashed and several shot to death in that State.

—In Wakefield, Michigan, a performance by trained monkeys was given at the opera house, and a would-be funny fellow thought he would have some fun, so he purchased a cabbage and threw it at one of the monkeys, who resented the insult by picking up a lighted lamp and hurling it at the head of his assailant. The difficulty between the two monkeys resulted in the entire village being destroyed by fire.

JOHN H. MORRISON & CO.,

Makers of

DROVE AND DUG WELLS,

CISTERNS,

And Dealers in

WOODEN AND FORCE PUMPS.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

21 West Broad St., COLUMBUS, OHIO;

TELEPHONE No. 232.

The Gladiator.

WORTHINGTON.....JANUARY 12.

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.

—We are having a touch of winter again.

—Come to this office when you want to advertise.

—The protracted meeting continues at the M. E. Church.

—James Ohlen, Sr., died at his home in Columbus Tuesday morning.

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

—The Mt. Sterling Tribune says every family but six in that place takes their paper. This shows how to support a newspaper.

—The old Tuller building on Main street has been thoroughly repaired and repainted. It looks as pretty now as a sixteen-year old maiden with a new frock.

—The business firms of our village are generally posting notices stating that their places are not for loafers. What will some of our old men and boys do now? It's putting away an old custom.

—Mrs. Wayland D. Ball, wife of the Rev. Wayland D. Ball, who succeeded Dr. Lamberton of the Congregational church, Baltimore, Md., writes us, "We receive THE GLADIATOR promptly, and enjoy it hugely."

—Frank R. Main has sold his store to Mr. Guy Fay who will continue the business at the old stand. In this transaction our town loses one of its most enterprising citizens. Frank was a go-a-head business man, and knew just how to use printer's ink to make it return him a fair profit. He favored all projects to advance the prosperity of the town and was a liberal citizen. One man of his stamp, is worth more to a place than a hundred drones who sit around talking of what the town used to be. We want men who will make the people talk of what the town is now. We wish Frank good luck wherever he may go, and if good wishes will bring it to him, THE GLADIATOR will be happy to chronicle the fact.

DEATH OF LEWIS JOHNSON.

Died, on the morning of January 7, 1888, at the residence of his son Henry, near Flint, of typhoid pneumonia, Lewis Johnson, aged 74 years, 6 monts and 10 days.

Mr. Johnson was born in Berlin township, Delaware county, Ohio, January 28, 1813. His father and mother, who were long-lived, and his brothers and sisters are all dead. His wife preceded him in her death, October 10, 1886. Her death was a severe stroke to him, and he did not appear to enjoy life afterward, and have that degree of good health that he previously enjoyed. His stomach trouble, from which he had suffered much, was worse, and rendered him more susceptible to the disease of which he died.

He married Miss Pamelia Thompson fifty years ago last September, and purchased and occupied the farm (at the foot of the road near Flint) where he was married and has lived nearly up to the time of his last sickness. He was the father of seven children, five of whom survive him—Mrs. Hattie Porter, Mrs. Annabel Bennett and three sons, Henry, Harvey and Frank.

He was a man of sterling worth and of strict integrity, beloved by all who knew him—loved most by those who knew him best. He had been a member of the Baptist church of Berlin township, Delaware county, over fifty years, and exhibited in his daily life and conversation the characteristics of a true Christian; and all who ever had any dealings with him can testify how well he verified the injunction of Scripture—"Owe no man anything." **

A RIDE WITH DEATH.

On Monday the good people of the village laid away in Walnut Grove all that was mortal of Williard E. Case, son of Hector Case, Esq., a cultured student of the Ohio State University, who would have graduated next year with the full honors of his class. At the time of his death he was 26 years old, and was beloved and respected by all who knew him, as was fully exemplified by the very large attendance at the funeral ceremonies.

On the 18th day of October last he married Miss Jennie Wright, daughter of Jacob Wright, Esq., of Perry township. They went to Columbus to live; rented a couple of rooms, and while he was pursuing his studies she stayed at home to make him comfortable and happy from the labors of the day. Which deserves the most praise, the husband who looks after the necessities of life, or the faithful, loving wife who puts her house in order for him? The answer is easy: it is his faithful wife, for her joy is his joy, and his sorrow her sorrow.

He was a brother of the late James C. Case, Esq., who died December 16, 1884, and who now sleeps beside his wife and two children in the same city of the dead. As we remember him, he was small in stature, stood very erect, had hazel eyes, and was the saddest looking man we ever saw. He was refined and scholarly, with impulses as pure as his sinless life disclosed.

The recording angel whom God sends upon these sad occasions to take an account of such as have been true to Him and to duty, wept over his coffin, for He saw there was written opposite his name in the Great Book a deed more worthy of remembrance than any act which was done by a crowned head. He died in the prime of manhood, for at the time of his death he was only 33 years of age.

A few years before he died he removed with his wife and children to the northwest corner of Putnam county, and while there the spirit of his second born child—a beautiful girl aged about one year—took its flight, and then very soon his only remaining child, Myrtie, a daughter, aged three years, stepped away from earth. His heart was broken, and he and his wife returned, childless, to Franklin county, to the home of his father, when, on the 22d day of September, 1880, the partner of his hopes and joys, pining away with grief, followed close in the wake of her babes. Her maiden name was Alice Slack. They were married January 31, 1875. While she was dying she asked her husband, whom she loved with a tenderness only equal to that which she felt for her children, that he would bring them away from their resting place and lay them beside her in Walnut Grove. She had sweet memories on both sides of the grave, and knowing that he would soon follow, she thought it best that she should go before, that their home might be beautiful and in order when he came.

Now for the act of duty which made the recording angel weep. Faithful to his promise to his dying wife, he set out one morning, in mid-winter, when the snow was deep and still falling, in a sleigh, for the graves of his babes, one hundred and fifty miles away. In three days he reached the home of a friend, where he stayed all night, and early next morning, finding the grim angel asleep, they exhumed the bodies of his children, and placing one on each side of him, he sat out for the home of his youth, that he might lay them beside his beautiful wife. Away they flew over hill and valley in the blinding snow-storm—the dead and the living together. His horses were as fleet of foot as those of Phæton, and seemingly knew no tire. Fifty miles were traversed this day, when, about eight o'clock in the evening, he stopped at a village hotel, but the landlord would not take him in. Starting again with his precious freight he stopped at a farm house, but they turned a cold shoulder on him. Flying away, like the wind, he stopped at another farm house, cold, weary and hungry. This time the door of charity waved easily on its hinges and the old farmer took him in, fed his horses and himself and gave him a room for his babes. Placing one on each side of him, he sat up all night, keeping constant vigil over them. The next morning, by daylight, he started again, in the blinding snow, and by ten o'clock in the evening he had gone fifty miles more, when halting at a plain looking farm house he was received kindly, his horses and himself fed, but the family were superstitious about having the dead bodies of his children in the house; so he had to leave them in the sleigh in the barn, where he spent the night, by himself, watching sleeplessly over them until the dawn of the morn, when he started for his home, still fifty miles away. The storm was still raging, but by the goodness of Providence he reached his father's house when twilight was sinking into darkness. Just as he was about to alight, an unseen hand, which had followed him closely on this lonely journey, touched him on the shoulder and said, "I will call for you soon." It was Death! He kept his word.

Beautiful, lifeless babes, unconscious of the past, you were taking your last ride on earth with this faithful, loving father who had watched over you so tenderly, night and day, in life. Your childish prattle which once answered him as octave to octave, was not heard in this ride with Death through the snow and blinding storm and will charm him no more. What must have been the grief of his angel wife as she looked down from her home in the Spirit land watching this tender, loving father bearing away alone, in the snow and storm, to lay by her side, in the village graveyard, the lifeless bodies of her babes?

"Her beads while she numbered,
Her baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee.
Oh, blessed be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.
And while they are keeping
Blessed watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, say thou wouldst rather
They would watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

FARM FOR RENT.

I will rent my farm containing 43 acres, situated five miles north of Worthington, on the Columbus & Delaware pike. Rent reasonable to a good tenant. Apply soon.

LEWIS A. LOOP.

SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE

GLADIATOR!

$1:00 PER YEAR,

STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

SHE DISLIKED HIS INVITATION.

Bob Burdette declares that he overheard a woman lecturing her husband as follows on board a train:

"Now, I'll tell you why I wouldn't go into the restaurant and have a cup of coffee while we were waiting for the train. I didn't like the way you asked me. Keep quiet. I have the floor. Not half an hour before you said to Mr. Puffer, 'Come, let's get a cigar,' and away you went, holding his arm, and not giving him a chance to decline. When we met John O'Howdy on our way to luncheon you said, 'Just in time, John; come, take lunch with us.' And then, to-night, when we found the train an hour late, you looked at your watch, turned to me, and said in a questioning way, 'Would you want a cup of coffee?' And I did want it. I was tired and a little hungry, but I would have fainted before I would have accepted such an invitation. And you went away a little bit vexed with me and had your coffee and bread and butter by yourself, and didn't enjoy it very much. In effect you said to me, 'If you want a cup of coffee, if you really want it, I will buy it for you.' You are the best husband in the world, but do as nearly all the best husbands do. Why do you men seem to dole things out to your wives when you fairly throw them to the men you know? Why don't you invite me heartily as you do men? Why didn't you say, 'Come, let's get a little coffee and something,' and take me right along with you? You wouldn't say to a man, 'Would you like me to buy you a cigar?' Then why do you always issue your little invitations in that way to treats to me? Indeed, indeed, my dear husband, if men would only act toward their wives as heartily, cordially, frankly, as they do to men whom they meet, they would find cheerier companions at home than they could at the club."

☞"Now, children," said the Sunday school teacher who had been impressing upon the minds of her pupils the terrors of future punishment, "if any of you have anything on your minds, any trouble that you would like to ask me about, I will gladly tell you all I can." There was no response for some time. At length a little fellow on the other end of the bench raised his hand and said: "Teacher, I've got a question." "Well, what is it?" "Ef you was me an' had a stubbed toe would ye tie it up in a rag with arnicer onto it or would you jest let it go?"

☞An eloping Missouri woman left this touching epistle for her husband: Dear John—I am gone and you will never see me again. I hope that my leaving will not cause you any unnecessary sorrow, and after death claims you as a victim may the flowers bloom on your grave and emit their sweets and fragrance. MARY.

☞Did you ever see a doctor kick a banana peel off the sidewglk or tell an acquaintance that he was sitting in a draught?

☞Always in a hole—the gravedigger.

HOW TO SELECT A WIFE.

In the first place, see the girl you intend to honor as early in the morning as possible, and note whether she is fresh and tidy or limp and frowzy.

Watch how she treats her pets—her dog, her canary, her little sisters.

Discover what she eats and drinks, and make yourself certain whether she bathes or uses perfumery.

Remember if she makes a habit of walking or driving.

Inform yourself whether she dotes upon Owen Meredith and Henry James, or reads Longfellow and Fenimore Cooper.

Go to church with her and see if she cares more for the preacher than for the Gospel.

Make a sly study of her anatomy when you get a chance. Walk her up Murray hill as fast as you can, and dance a whole waltz through with her, and mark if she allows herself breathing room and wears tight slippers.

Familiarize yourself with her father's affairs and her mother's temper; and then, my boy, when you've found a girl who is neat, trim, true, healthy, wealthy and wise, sail in and win her.—"Tattler" in New York Star.

HOW TO SPOIL A HUSBAND.

Find fault with him.
Keep an untidy house.
Always have the last word.
Be extra cross on wash days.
Quarrel with him over trifles.
Vow vengeance on all his relatives.
Let him sew on all his own shirt buttons.
Give as much as he can earn in a month for a new bonnet.
Tell him as plainly as possible you married him for a living.
Raise a row if he dare to bow pleasantly to an old lady friend.
Tell him the children inherit all their mean traits of character from his side of the family.
Keep the parlor for company and do not let him put his foot in it.
Get everything the woman next door gets, whether you can afford it or not.
Let it out sometimes when you are good and mad that you wish you had married some other fellow you used to go with.
When he gives you $10 to lay aside for a "rainy day" give it to the first peddler that comes along for a pair of 10-cent plaster vases.

☞We believe it was down in Arkansas where a man keeping a hotel made good use of his double-barreled gun by always firing one of the barrels to call his boarders to their meals. Some one asked him why he didn't shoot both loads off. He answered by saying he invariably made it a rule to reserve one barrel to collect his bills with.

☞A ton of coal will never get to heaven, beeause it has been so often weighed in the balance and found wanting.

☞Repentance can heal wounds bat cannot obliterate scars.

—THE—

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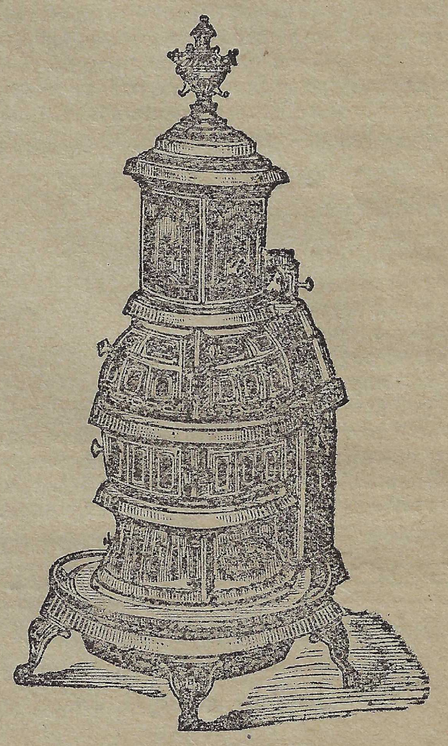

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