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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.)

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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
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One Year,	10 00	15 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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☞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.

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Keeps a full line of Stationery and a select assortment of fine Candies, &c., on sale at the Post-office.

THE GLADIATOR can always be found there on 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 Tale.

THE DETECTIVE'S PRISONER.

Two men sat together in the rear seat of a smoking-car on one of our railroads and chatted familiarly of the ups and downs of a miner's life, the topic being suggested by a landscape dotted with coal-breakers and furrowed with coal roads.

The freedom and interest of their conversation did not seem to be damped by the fact that the younger of the two carried a revolver, while his companion wore a pair of those uncoveted articles of jewelry which are known in criminal circles as "bracelets."

The few passengers who had observed them learned from the confidential brakeman that they were a noted detective and his prisoner on the way to trial. As far as ages went, the pair might have been taken for father and son, the fine gray head of the one contrasting strongly with the crisp brown curls of his captor.

What crime had been committed the brakeman did not know, but hazarded a conjecture that it "must have been a pretty bad one, or George Munsen wouldn't have took the trouble to put them things on his wrists."

Presently the brakeman and the conductor satisfied the joint demands of etiquette and curiosity by stopping to exchange a few words with the detective; the former then perched himself upon the coal-box directly behind the prisoner, and the latter dropped magnificently into the seat in front. The train was sweeping around a curve and past a ruined trestle on the hillside, at which both of the passengers looked with some interest.

"I remember that place," said the older man.

"So do I," responded the younger; "I was born there. Came near being buried there, too," he resumed after a moment's pause.

"How was that?"

"It's a pretty long story," said the detective; "but I guess we'll have time for it between this and the next station. Way up there on the slope is the little settlement where I made my debut, so to speak; from it to the bottom of the hill there used to be a gravity road—a long, winding track reaching from the settlement down to the top of a blank wall of earth where a slide occurred the year I was born. On both sides of the track grew saplings that had sprung up since the disaster (what I am telling you happened five years later), and they crowded the road and hung over the old rusty rails on which the coal cars used to run. You must remember that the houses were built near the mouth of the pit—that was one of the [illegible]st mines worked in this country, and one of the first to be abandoned. Time I am telling about, some men were walking up track, and a lot of children playing near the top, climbing in and out of an old car which had lain there since it made its last trip, with the broken spraggs still in its wheels.

"The men were miners, all but one of them, who questioned his companions about their work and the country they lived in. He was evidently a stranger.

"Presently, as they talked, a shout from the top of the slope attracted their attention, and they looked up just in time to see the car begin to move slowly down the grade.

"There was an impatient exclamation from the oldest man in the party 'Them brats is always up to some mischief,' he said. 'They have started that old thing off at last; I've been expectin' to see it go any time this five year. They'll be breaking their necks yet with their tomfooling.' And another of the group added: 'We must dust out of this lively, unless we want to get our own necks broke; she'll either jump the rail or go to pieces at the bottom; lucky there ain't no one aboard of her.'

"The stranger was looking anxiously up at the approaching runaway. His quick eye had caught sight of something round and golden above the black rim.

"'There's a child in that car,' he said, quietly.

"It was a second or two before his companions realized the awful meaning of that statement. A child! That was, as if he had said that in a few moments some one—perhaps one of themselves—would be childless.

"With one impulse they turned to look at the broken rails by the edge of the fault. Shuddering, they fixed their eyes again on the approaching mass, then hopelessly on each other. They could not dream of stopping the progress of the car. But quick as thought, almost, the stranger took hold of a sapling and bent it down till it nearly touched the track. 'Hold it,' he said, to one of the men; 'it will help to check her.' A rod further down another and then a third and fourth were held in the same way. So four of the party waited for a few breathless seconds, while the two remaining ones hurried further down; but one more effort and the car was upon them. The first obstacle was whipped out of the hands of the strong man who held it and the car rushed on to the second with scarcely lessened force. Again the barrier was brushed aside, but this time the speed of the old wreck was perceptibly less. By the time the fifth obstruction was reached the newcomer was able to clamber aboard and throw the child into the arms of his companion, but before he had time to save himself the old truck had regained something of its momentum and was plunging on toward the precipice.

"Well, the man jumped just as they reached the edge, just before his vehicle shot over into the air, but he had very little time to choose his ground, and so landed, as luck would have it, on the only heap of stones in right. The others picked him up for dead and carried him up the settlement, where the miners held a regular wake over him. But he came to life in the middle of the festiv—the obsequies, I mean—and found that he was only crippled for life.

"The miners, folks not easily moved, were enthusiastic about the affair, and gave such testimonials as they could, to show their gratitude and appreciation. One of these expressions took the form of a souvenir, signed by every man in the place and stating in very grandiloquent language what the poor fellow had done. His quick wit seemed to them more wonderful than his courage and devotion, to a community where neither quality is unusual at all.

"The man who takes his own life in his hand every day, and has frequently to fight for the life of some companion, values a 'brainy' action. In the box with the testimonial was a purse of fifty dollars and a curious old gold cross, that had been treasured by the mother of the lad who was saved, as her one piece of finery. On it was rudely engraved these words:

"'Given by the miners at the Notch to the man who risked his life for a child.'

"That was all. The poor fellow went away and would have been forgotten, only that the old miners told the story sometimes to their children.

The prisoner was looking out of the window. The conductor rustled around as though ashamed of the interest he had shown in the story—a story which he did not doubt was pure fiction. Only the brakeman gave way to his sympathy, and asked whether the man had ever been found.

"Not that I know of," replied the detective.

"And was you the boy what he saved?"

"I was the kid."

"And you never heer'd tell what became of the man—what would you do if you sh'd come acrost him sometime?" Evidently the brakeman had an imagination which was trying to assert itself.

"Oh! I'd try to even the thing up somehow. I suppose common decency would demand that. I'd treat him as well as I knew how."

"Look here," said the prisoner, turn-

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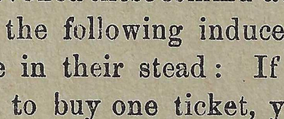
The Gladiator.

WORTHINGTON.....MARCH 15.



E. METTLES. - - - - Editor

THE BEE LINE MAKES A MOVE IN FAVOR OF THE POOR.

A movement in favor of the poor has just been set on foot by the Bee Line, and which promises to be of great benefit to them. This road, which the past year has earned more than four hundred thousand dollars over the previous year, has been in the habit of issuing commutation tickets of not less than fifty at about half fare. For instance, from Worthington to Columbus twenty-five cents for the round trip. The company has now revoked these commu'ation rates and offer the following inducements to the people in their stead: If you are only able to buy one ticket, you must pay 45 cents; if you can buy ten, you get them for 38 cents.

These poor, one-armed, one-legged veteran soldiers, who wore their lives out in defense of their country, and who go down to Columbus to get their pensions of four dollars a month, but who are not able to buy ten tickets, must, therefore, pay 45 cents for a ticket, while their rich neighbor, who buys ten tickets at a time, slides through on a 38-cent ticket. This seven cents would buy them a loaf of bread, many of whom would be thankful for it. A reduction of rates would take all alike, at 32 cents, and the difference would be equal to two loaves of bread, which would bring a great deal of comfort to their door.

SHALL WE HAVE A REDUCTION IN RAILROAD FARE?

We were told that when Congress passed the inter-state commerce bill that it was intended to be in the interest of the people. We thought then, and we know now, that it was brought about by the Vanderbilts and other magnates of a few of the great railroad systems, and that it has brought into the coffers of these immense corporations millions of dollars to the great detriment of the toiling thousands who go to work at six o'clock every morning of the year, and has nearly starved them all to death, and yet these honest yeomanry bear their yoke easy, and believe that the struggle between labor and monopoly is on their side. They will find, after awhile, that it is only another step toward centralization and that their lot will be no better, by and by, than the serf under the government of the brigand of Northern Europe, who does not dare to step from his palace without an armed guard.

One feature of this bill, however, we thought well of, and that was the provision prohibiting passes to any but employes of these railroads and their exchanges with other lines on this account, and yet we knew perfectly well that there was not a lawyer of respectable attainments in America who believed, for a moment, that Congress had any more power over the matter than it had to instruct the great ex-President how he should build his henneries and set his hens.

Soon after the passage of the bill, one railroad company of Illinois revoked the passes of the members of the Legislature, all on account, as it was said, of the inter-state commerce law, and the result was, the Legislature reduced the fare on railroads to two cents a mile—the maximum rate allowed on the New York Central Railroad by its charter, and time has shown that this great corporation, with its four tracks, extending from Buffalo to Albany, has not perished, nor its stockholders, of whom the Vanderbilts are the chief ones.

The railroads saw the impending storm and are opposing a reduction of rates; and now, when a bill is pending in the Ohio Legislature to reduce the fare to two cents per mile, they have just found out that it is lawful to issue passes to its members, and that it does not conflict with the inter-state commerce law, and therefore the general attorney of one of the Vanderbilt lines comes down to Columbus with a carpet-bag full of passes and employs that most distinguished and renowned citizen of the republic, Lieutenant-General Frederick Blenkner, to distribute them, charging Fred., however, that these passes are discriminated and to be very careful about it. "You see," said the attorney, "here is a family pass for that fellow who sits over in the east corner, for he is influential. Here is another for that fellow over in the south-east corner, who comes from the hoop-pole regions. It takes him to and from his county seat, and that is all he wants; and then here is a couple of trip passes for one of the Senators to Cleveland and back; and then here is a twenty-mile ticket for the old plebeian representative. This is all he will want, for he never saw a railroad and was never in a railroad car, and you would never get him to ride farther than Flint and back, for that would be about the distance covered by his pass, and by this time he would be scared to death. Don't you think so, Fred?" "Damifino," said he; "I don't suppose he ever saw a railroad, but I'll try him," said Fred. And so he did. He looked at it in mute astonishment and then slipped it into his trouser's pocket. "All right," said Fred, "we bought him cheap." When he went home at night his wife said, "Husband, what makes your pocket look so full?" "Why, ma," said the honest old plebeian, "I have got something in my pocket that is hot and nearly on fire; feel in and see what it is." So she feels in and brings out this twenty-mile ticket, and she says, "Goodness me! it is a free ride to Flint and back, signed by Vanderbilt." "Ma," said the old plebeian, "don't say anything about it, for this is a great compliment. Just get a needle and thread and sew the thing in and fasten it tight, for if you don't somebody will steal it. It won't interfere with my jacknife and tobacco, and that is all I care for."

With these railroad passes in their pocket the members of the Assembly will hardly dare to vote for the reduction, for they would be ingrates if they did. To accept a bribe and ignore it is the worst of humiliations. The tin bucket army will move on to slavery. They have been slaves for many years to these merciless corporations, and, in their credulity, will continue to be, until, in ten years, not a vestige of freedom will be left to them.

The Ohio State Journal—a newspaper edited with singular ability, and which cannot be bought with cheap pasteboards containing twenty-mile rides, nor for any other price—said, the other day, that an attorney of one of the railroad systems was moving around the halls of legislation as if he had a mission. The Journal was right. He had one. He is the member at large, and was there placing goose yokes made out of hog elm on the members of one of the most trifling legislative bodies which has met since the Long Parliament. He owns them, body and breeches. There will be no two-cent fare now until we get a new set. If God Almighty will forgive us for voting for any of these ducks again, we will dress ourselves up in sackcloth and ashes until the next election for members of the General Assembly, when we hope to secure a Legislature which will respect the rights of the people.

A distinguished judge, who is now a member of the Supreme Court, would never accept a railroad pass, for with a bribe in his pocket he felt that he could not do his duty, and he is right.

RAILROAD EARNINGS.

The net earnings of the Bee Line system for 1887 were two millions, eight hundred thousand dollars. Of course, out of this must be paid the interest on its bonded indebtedness, which is about twenty millions. The interest would amount to about one million, two hundred thousand dollars, and perhaps greatly less. This would leave one million six hundred thousand dollars, and if six hundred thousand dollars be set apart for betterments—a sum much more than is necessary—there would be still one million dollars for the poor stockholders, and yet the company declares no dividend. In truth, this company have declared but one or two dividends for twenty years. What it does with its surplus earnings no one knows but the board of directory. It would be an interesting piece of literature if they would tell. The truth is, the Vanderbilts, who are flying over the country in forty thousand dollar palace cars, are very poor, and as they control a large majority of the stock, this money goes to keep up their palatial residences on Fifth avenue.

There was a time when the stock of the main line from Cleveland to Columbus, which has now become the tail, was worth a dollar and thirty-five cents—a premium of thirty-five cents on the par value of the stock, but by reasons of the various extensions which have been made to the system and the gradual absorpti n of the original line, and the non supporting legs and arms, the stock has become nearly worthless. Without the earnings of the line from Cleveland to Columbus, which has been the good *paterfamilias*, this system, through the fatuity of the directory, would have been, long since, involved in hopeless bankruptcy. It is the common purse to the whole thing. Like children when they get short, they go to the father.

One old fellow who lives up at Eden has $8,000 of this worthless stock. It is about all he has of this world's goods, and he stands in his yard, day and night, hallooing to the engineers and conductors, as the trains fly by, "Pay me my dividends," until he has got them all so badly scared that when the engineers get near Eden they increase the speed of the train, until they get by him, twenty miles an hour, and the conductors slip into some dark corner, and do not come out again until the train is out of his sight.

It has made Charley Mullen as gray as a church rat. Johnny Quinland says, "Be gar, it's awful," while old 'Possum Belly says he won't stand it much longer, and then there is poor Johnny Cornell, who runs the morning bobtail and is compelled to stop at Eden, is wilting under the storm. When he took this run, his hair was as black as a coal, but it is now streaked with gray, and by June his head will be as white as the inside of a lobster shell. The normal weight of Milton Gloss is about 150 pounds, but this bellowing of the old man has reduced him to 90 pounds, and he looks as sad as an onion peddler, and his hair, which used to be of a bright yellow color, is now a pea-green.

EFFECT OF THE OUTHWAITE BILL.

The bill to extend the time for the payment of the debt of the Union Pacific Railway Company has been reported favorably to the House of Representatives by the committee of which Mr. Outhwaite is chairman. No other action could have been anticipated from that committee. The interests of the stockholders of the Union Pacific Railway Company have been scrupulously cared for in the bill, while the rights of the public have been entirely ignored. If the bill should become a law the Government would ultimately lose the greater part of the debt due by the Union Pacific Company, which now amounts to $49,000 000; the burden of that debt would be transferred from the stockholders of the company to the traffic which it carries, and shippers would be forced to pay $4,000,000 a year for fifty years to keep the Union Pacific wreck afloat. Congress could do no greater injury to the vast territory west of the Missouri river than would be inflicted by the passage of the Outhwaite bill.—Philadelphia Record.

☞Judge no one by his relations, whatever criticism you may pass upon his companions. Relations, like features, are thrust upon us; companions, like the clothes we wear, are more or less of our own selection.

The Gladiator.

WORTHINGTON.....MARCH 15.

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.

—March is as blustering as ever and chilling as modern charity.

—Bishop & Lewis are putting on lots of Wall Paper.

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

☞Cracksmen opened the safe of the postoffice at Lebanon, Ohio, last week and secured $1,700 in money and stamps.

—Just received at Bishop & Lewis's the *finest* line of Ladies' fine shoes ever shown in Worthington.

—Died, after a lingering illness, at his residence, one mile north of Flint, George Washington Bert, in the 75th year of his age.

—This is the time of the year when it is unlawful to kill any game except book-agents, English sparrows and the old man's dog.

—Moving time will soon be here, and the song of the scrub brush and carpet being beaten will enliven the quietude of the home of most every house in the land.

—The ground-hog is no slouch. Nearly six weeks of his weather predictions have been verified. What he doesn't know about the weather isn't worth knowing.

—If everybody was as pure and free from blemish as each individual claims himself to be, what a delightful world this would be! Existence would be heavenly, indeed.

PIGEONS FOR SALE.

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

—Bishop & Lewis do not pay just 1 cent per dozen or 1 cent per pound more than their neighbors for produce, but they *do* give you as many goods for your produce as any firm in Central Ohio. Our customers will tell you so.

☞A Knights of Labor paper says, "Jay Gould deserves the penitentiary." Yes, and he would get it, too, if it were left where he could put his hand on it. —Arkansaw Traveler.

STARVATION STANDS AT THE DOOR OF A LOWLY HOME.

A kindly word spoken will oftentime relieve an aching heart, but kind words, however softly spoken, will not clothe half-naked, helpless children, or protect them from the fierce winds which are now blowing over us from the snow-fields of the North; nor will kind words feed them.

My gay young friend, on your way to church, Sabbath morning, clothed in lambskin, purple and fine linen, and perfumed with Freeman's extract of the finest flowers which grow in the tropics, do you think of the poor and destitute? Will you go with us in the afternoon of the day of rest to a lowly home on State street, where its inmates are dying from want? The mother lies sick in bed, helpless and weeping, while her poor children, shivering from cold, are eating raw cornmeal to quiet the gnawings of hunger. Blessed children, in your helplessness you have no one else to look to but this weeping mother, God, and the scholarly old village doctor, whose head is white with age, but who is as light of foot as in youth, and his heart is as pure as the snow of the Sierra Nevada. Age has not struck him any heavy blows, and we hope it never will. Aside from discharging his duty as a physician, he is now, as we have known him to do before, begging clothes from house to house for this helpless family.

My Christian mother, if you have a rag you do not want; if you can spare from your wardrobe a single article of clothing which you do not need; if you have a morsel of bread in your pantry, however old or dry, which is not essential to your living, take them to this helpless family.

Every minister of the village, on the coming in of the next holy morn, should ask his congregation, as the Worthy Noble Grand at each meeting of a Lodge of good Odd Fellows does, "Do you know of any brother in distress?"

"Oh, mister, give me one penny,
"Just one penny,
"To buy some bread for my ma."

WHO REMEMBERS HER?

Among the thirty-six widows of Revolutionary soldiers appears the name of

MRS. FANNIE J. CHANCE,

who was born near Worthington, Franklin county, Ohio, in 1812. At seventeen years of age, in 1829, she married Isaac Fisher, who was a Revolutionary soldier, and was at that time about seventy-five years old, a bachelor, and living alone on a farm. They lived on the Fisher farm in Ohio until 1839, when they moved with their family of three children near Winslow, Pike county, Indiana, where Fisher bought a small farm. Two more children were born to them here. January 1, 1845, Isaac Fisher died. Mrs. Fisher sold the farm and moved ten miles south of Winslow, where she was married to Joseph Chance, November 7, 1854. Mr. Chance lived until the year 1863. No children resulted from this union. After her husband's death Mrs. Chance lived with her son, Thomas H. Fisher.

THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND IT.

It is made the subject of wonder by the Cincinnati Enquirer how ex Senator T[illegible]rman "happened to lend his name to [illegible]persecution of Democrats." It may be rather wonderful to that particular clique of Democrats which was engaged in tally-sheet forgery, that an honest Democrat should join in that species of persecution which consists in giving them the punishment they deserve; but people with a somewhat less direct and personal interest in the matter, regard such course on the part of a man whose leadership is based on integrity, as entirely natural.

Judge Thurman has himself given the explanation. He declared he would be ashamed to call himself a Democrat and yet approve or excuse the crimes resorted to by the Democratic politicians of Ohio for the purpose of cheating the people out of their rights and making popular suffrage a mere fraud and mockery. In other words, the Old Roman is independent enough to believe honest elections and the rights of the people to be more vitally important than partisan supremacy.

This is where there is an impassable gulf between Thurman and Democrats of the Payne and McLean stamp, who regard it as entirely legitimate to steal an election by bribery or forgery, so long as the coveted prize is won. He also differs somewhat from Hoadly, who took the position gained by such frauds and gravely reproved the fraud after his term of office had expired. Very likely these people cannot understand Thurman, but honorable men can both understand and appreciate him.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE DEATH OF LORENZO ENGLISH, ESQ.

"There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."

At 8 P. M., last night, passed quietly to the final resting ground Lorenzo English, one of the best and purest men whom it has been our good fortune to know. His life has been one of great sadness, only known to his most intimate friends. Meeting him upon the street, in his office, or in any other place, while he was courteous and kind in his manner, he always looked sad, and this sadness of expression was so marked that while you loved him tenderly for his great, good heart, you felt oppressed with its weight.

He has laid away so many treasures in Green Lawn, that he hardly knew whether his affections were strongest on this or the other side of the grave. A few years ago he was compelled to give up a beautiful, intelligent boy, eight years old, for a home in the sky. This stroke broke his great heart, but they are now together on the other side. The loving father and his angel boy, who has waited so long for his coming, will separate no more. We shall embrace the opportunity, when we have the time, to review his eventful life, but we could not do so now, as we were about to go to press when the news of his death reached us.

SAMBO CREMATES A POSSUMVILLE COON.

"Sambo," said Mose Cassium, "what hab you got in dat bottle under de arm?"

"Why, sah, dat am de crematory ashes ob a Possumville coon."

"What he die about, Sambo?"

"Why, sah, he died wid grief."

"How did dat happen?"

"Why, sah, he moved into Possumville expectin' to make a livin', an' he soon found out dat de coons in Possumville war all a starvin' to death 'cause dey could get nothin' to do, so he wanted to git out ob de place, but he am so poor dat it was not a possible t'ing, so he laid down an' gib hisse'f up to de consequence."

"How did you get de ashes?"

"Why, sah, I just took him an' put him in a big brush heap an' burn him up, an' den when de fire go out I just fill de bottle wid de ashes."

"Sambo, how you know dey were de ashes ob de coon?"

"Why, sah, de ashes ob a coon am blue, an' I pick out all de blue ashes I could find."

"What am you a goin' to do wid 'em?"

"Why, sah, I am a goin' to sell 'em down to de drug store."

"What he do wid 'em?"

"Why, sah, he make a face polish for de white lady. You see, Cassium, dese ashes am very much required, for it give de lady a blue tint an' make her look so charmin' an' soft in de eye as a mermaid, an' den she am a big bait for one ob dese white mushpots who part de hair in de middle."

"Sambo," said Cassium, "if you don't quit burnin' up coons for de ashes for de white girls, de first t'ing you know you will be a makin' buckets in some ole bucket factory."

THE ANGEL OF MERCY FALLS ASLEEP.

The angel of mercy, weary and tired, went to sleep, leaving the destitute in the care of the poor ministers of the village, but they have no clothes and no shoes and nothing to eat themselves, and were not physically able to go from home. These Christian men come among us and subsist upon what we choose to give them. They have no assurance that they will get anything upon which to live, and depend, like Elijah, for the ravens to come and feed them.

My Christian friend, if you have not read the sermon of Theodore Talmadge on the ravens feeding the starving prophet, hunt God's green earth for a copy. Your life, like Hezekiah, may be greatly prolonged if you will listen to the lessons of charity and kindness which it teaches.

☞At Lima, O, a citizen picked up a $5 note in front of the postoffice. In less than five minutes five persons came up to him and claimed to have lost such a bill. Lima people are remarkably careless.

☞Never borrow trouble. The interest you have to pay for the accommodation is excessive.

Continued from First Page.

ing from the window with an apparent effort to change a conversation which, for some reason, had not seemed to interest him—"look, here, old man, I've got a little keepsake that your story just reminded me of, and if I could get at it I'd ask you to take charge of it for me till—till this thing is over. If you'll put your hand in there and pull out that bit of ribbons; so——"

The conductor almost jumped out of his seat. "Blamed if it ain't the cross that you've just been telling about!" he shouted.

* * * * *

A month later the detective was undergoing a cross-examination by the conductor and brakeman.

"Yes, he was a bad lot, oh, yes, he didn't have a leg to stand upon; the facts were all as clear as day. All true about the cross and the rest of it? Just as true as gospel. What had he been doing? Throwing bombs the last thing. Punished? Well, to tell you the truth they won't be apt to punish him till they catch him again, I guess. Fact is, he got away from me somehow that same night. Who, me? Oh, no, I'm not on the force any more; I've been bounced."—Edgar Bacon in Epoch.

☞Beef in boiling loses twenty-six pounds in one hundred pounds, or rather more than a quarter; in roasting it loses one-third, and in baking very nearly the same. Legs of mutton lose one-fifth in boiling and one third in roasting, and a loin of mutton in roasting loses more than one-third. It is more profitable, then, to boil than to roast meat; and whether we roast or boil it, it loses by being cooked, from one-fifth to one-third of the whole weight.

☞The following was posted in a South Carolina town: "Notice—All persons living in any Directions seeing or hearing of a stray little mule answering to these description greyish little mule have a little white spot in the left are pleased to give information in town or to Esq. McBee grist mill a liable reward will be paid to the returned of the mule to the owner."

☞When a room is to have a new paper, the old ought to be removed first. A boiler of hot water set in a room, and the doors closed for awhile, will cause the paper to loosen, so that it may be taken off without difficulty. The woodwork may then be cleaned easily, while the dirt is softened by the steam.

☞A lady's fourth husband lay at the point of death, while she hung over him with tender and watchful care. "We will m-meet again in h-heaven, dear," he said, with difficulty. "Ye-es," she replied, hesitatingly, "but I am afraid it may be a little bit embarrassing, John."

☞"My son," said a stern father to a seven-year-old hopeful, "I must discipline you. Your teacher says you are the worst boy in the school." "Well, papa," was the reply, "only yesterday she told me I was just like my father."

HOW TO ADDRESS YOUR ENEMY.

In parliamentary language you may say that man is not wedded to the truth,

Or sometimes suffers from a spirit of exaggeration;

Or occasionally finds it difficult to confine himself strictly to actualities;

Or is fettered by the four corners of hard matter of fact;

Or is past master in the pleasing art of realistically romancing;

Or is partial, in describing nature, to the borrowing from the pages of romance;

Or is much given to an artificial recollection of misleading statistics;

Or cannot distinguish the false from the true, with a bias toward the former;

Or has a distinct liking for the utterance of statements of a misleading character;

But you must not! No, you must not! You really must not! call him a liar!

STRANGE HOUSEHOLD PETS.

A strange bequest and a strange household pet was that which my friend's father received from his grandmother. It was a land-turtle she had cared for and petted for forty years. It had the range of the house, answered to its name, Dan, would come after its food and eat out of hand. When ready to take his long winter sleep Dan would peck at the bureau, when his mistress would wrap him in flannels and tuck him away in a drawer, where he remained dormant until spring. Dan lived five years with the legatee, and when he died an alligator took its place. The latter thrives and is as tenderly cared for as a pet canary or Scotch terrier would be.—American Grocer.

OLD FASHIONED HULLED CORN.

Shell a dozen ears of ripe, dry corn; put it in an iron kettle and cover with cold water; put in the corn a bag of two teacupsfuls of fresh wood ashes, and boil until the corn looks yellow and tastes strong of the alkali; then take out the bag and boil the corn in the lye over an hour; pour off the lye; add water and simmer until the corn swells. If the hulls do not come off by stirring, turn off the water and rub them off with a towel; add more water and simmer for three or four hours, often stirring to keep it from burning; when it swells out and becomes soft and white, add salt to liking and let all the water simmer away. Eat warm or cold, with cream or milk.

☞The money in the New York subtreasury of the United States is being counted. It is estimated that it will take sixteen men three weeks to do the job. There is $158,000,000 in the vaults, including $90,000,000 in gold coin, $40,000,000 in silver coin, and the remainder is in gold and silver certificates and greenbacks.

☞Half the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them.

☞The darkest hour is when you can't find the matches.

—THE—

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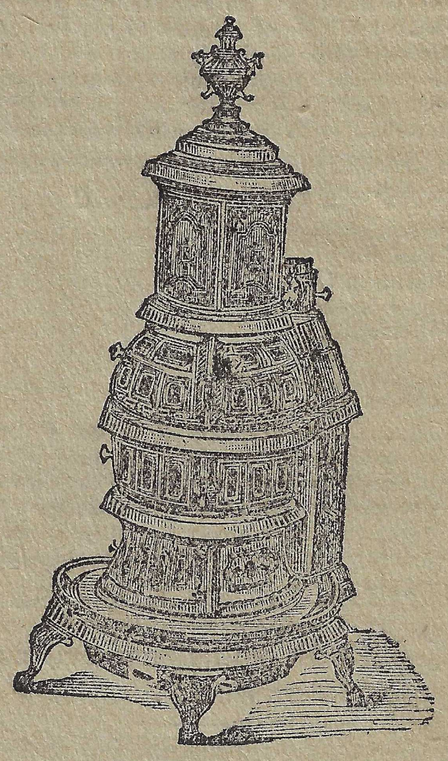

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Probably never before in the whole history of medicine, has anything won so widely and so deeply upon the confidence of mankind, as this excellent remedy for pulmonary complaints. Through a long series of years, and among most of the races of men it has risen higher and higher in their estimation, as it has become better known. Its uniform character and power to cure the various affections of the lungs and throat, have made it known as a reliable protector against them. While adapted to milder forms of disease and to young children, it is at the same time the most effectual remedy that can be given for incipient consumption, and the dangerous affections of the throat and lungs. As a provision against sudden attacks of *Croup*, it should be kept on hand in every family, and indeed as all are sometimes subject to colds and coughs, all should be provided with this antidote for them.

Although settled *Consumption* is thought incurable, still great numbers of cases where the disease seemed settled, have been completely cured, and the patient restored to sound health by the *Cherry Pectoral*. So complete is its mastery over the disorders of the Lungs and Throat, that the most obstinate of them yield to it. When nothing else could reach them, under the *Cherry Pectoral* they subside and disappear.

Singers and Public Speakers find great protection from it.

Asthma is always relieved and often wholly cured by it.

Bronchitis is generally cured by taking the *Cherry Pectoral* in small and frequent doses.

So generally are its virtues known that we need not publish the certificates of them here, or do more than assure the public that its qualities are fully maintained.

Ayer's Ague Cure,

For Fever and Ague, Intermittent Fever, Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical or Bilious Fever, &c., and indeed all the affections which arise from malarious, marsh, or miasmatic poisons.

As its name implies, it does *Cure*, and does not fail. Containing neither Arsenic, Quinine, Bismuth, Zinc, nor any other mineral or poisonous substance whatever, it in nowise injures any patient. The number and importance of its cures in the ague districts, are literally beyond account, and we believe without a parallel in the history of Ague medicine. Our pride is gratified by the acknowledgments we receive of the radical cures effected in obstinate cases, and where other remedies had wholly failed.

Unacclimated persons, either resident in, or travelling through miasmatic localities, will be protected by taking the *AGUE CURE* daily.

For *Liver Complaints*, arising from torpidity of the Liver, it is an excellent remedy, stimulating the Liver into healthy activity.

For Bilious Disorders and Liver Complaints, it is an excellent remedy, producing many truly remarkable cures, where other medicines had failed.

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