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THE GLADIATOR.

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

VOL. I. WORTHINGTON, OHIO, TERSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1888. NO. 25.

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 sale. 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.

MILWAUKEE'S BRAVE SWITCH GIRL

Milwaukee has a curious figure in the person of a female "switchman." Her name is "Switch Annie," and she is in the employ of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul company. She has the honor of being the only female exponent of the art of "throwing switches" in the country. The work is masculine but the worker is femine from the sole of her sensible walking shoe to the crown of her shapely head, possessed of the beauty of a dairy maid and the muscle of a black-smith.

The eleven switches which she looks after are out near the stock-yards, and include the most important points in the yards. They were formerly in charge of the girl's father, Joseph Grautner. For years Annie was his assistant, helping him almost from the time she was large enough to throw the switch lever. Then she was advanced to regular assistant. The old man was easily "rattled," but Annie never. Her coolness and dexterity have saved many a loss to the company, while for herself she was never known to make a mistake.

There is a down grade from the west toward the switch shanty.

A heavy freight train was coming down at full speed.

As it neared one of the switches the engineer was horrified to find that it was turned wrong. The clear, glistening iron lines spa kled mischievously in the sunlight up the switch. There they broke short off.

Beyond was wreck and danger.

The engineer whistled for brakes, reversed his engine, sanded the track in an endeavor to check the ponderous mass behind him.

The wheels hissed, snapped and cracked as they endeavored to get a reverse on the treacherous rails, but in vain.

Annie was in the house at the time, fifty yards from the track. The whistle for brakes brought her to the door.

A single glance showed her the danger, and her father was hobbling toward the switch.

With a bound she sprang from the door-step and sped down the grassy path. Over the log footbridge that spanned a dip in the field she flew, up on a track.

The switch was still twenty to thirty yards away.

Heedless of the danger, for if the train left the track she was certain to be crushed, intent only on her duthy, the faithful girl ran on. Nearer the engine came, creaking and groaning.

Just as the wheels touched the last rail Annie reached the switch.

One hand pulled the pin, the other turned the lever, and the switch was set right with less than ten feet to spare. The train rushed on in safety, with Annie breathless but triumphant, waving a salute to the crew without a thought of having done the least thing heroic.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS---THEY WERE ALWAYS BUSY.

Prior to the American Revolution every colonial farmhouse and every blacksmith's shop was a manufactory, for everything was literally manufactured, that is, made by hand. The blacksmith hammered out axes, hoes, forks, spades, ploughshares, scythes, and nails. A tailoress went from house to make up the winter clothing, and was followed by the shoemaker.

The farmer prepared the leather from skins which had lain in the vat for a year, and his wife made ready the cloth.

Spinning-wheels buzzed from morning till night. Skeins of wooled and linen yarn hung on the walls of every house. Seated on the loom-seat, the best woman of the family plied shuttle and treadles, weaving blankets, sheets, table-cloths, towels, bed-curtains, window-curtains, flannels, and cloth for garments.

Every woman in the household manufactured something. The aged grandmother spun flax with the little wheel; the youngest daughter carded wool, and the oldest, if the men were busy, hatcheled flax. It was hand-work that did and every hand did what it could best do.

The women, whose "work was never done," not only carded, spun, and wove, but they milked the cows, made butter, bread, and cheese, soap and candles, cooked the food, did the washing, and in harvest raked hay, pulled flax, and dug potatoes.

The neighbor who happened in for an afternoon's gossip, brought her work. The mother patched or knitted, as she sat by the fireside, or quartered apples for the children to "string" and hang in the morning in festoons on the sunny outside walls. All were busy—busy as busy.—Youth's Companion.

☞A Texan is picturesque under the most trying circumstances. One of them, of Austin, got drunk; he also got in a wagon and tried to get home. Crossing a mud flat he fell out, stuck fast, head and shoulders in the mud, and froze to death. The papers declare that this is the first death by freezing ever known in that section. He led off in a way to get it noticed.

☞Flannel that has grown yellow by repeated washing, will whiten considerably if left out of doors on a cold night.

☞Last week a very dirty and boozy old tramp was shivering on one of the seats in Washington Park, New York City, and yet watching with a smile of stupid pleasure a beautifully dressed little girl who was trundling a hoop near by. At last he rose and approached the dainty little maid, saying "How dye do, my dear?" She ran away in fright, and tears came to the eyes of the battered old wretch, called up, perhaps, by some touching remembrance. Two young swells in passing tossed him some coppers with the remark, "See the old rascal cry." The tramp straightened up, flung the alms on the walk with a savage gesture and growled out: "There's more in those tears, ye cursed tailor's blocks, than 'll ever be shed over your coffins."

☞Newspaper publishers of Greene county, outside of the city of Xenia, have formed an organization for the protection of their interests, and in their resolutions they demand the legal printing that belongs to their respective neighborhoods, vowing to use the influence of their journals against those who deprive them of such printing. That's right, brethren, make the officials whom you help to put in office recognize your legal right in these matters, or retire them to the shades of private life.—Mechanicsburg News.

☞A confiding maiden lady of wealth, residing in Norristown, Pennsylvania, has been swindled out of $30,000 by a Philadelphia woman who has been running a so-called "Ladies' bank." The name should have been enough to arouse suspicion. A person with sense enough to run such an institution successfully would have called it "The Women's bank." How many business men would deposit money in a "Gent's bank?"

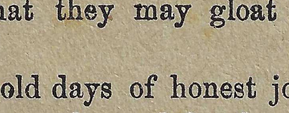
☞The new electrical chair for the painless and pleasant execution of murderers seems to be a very pretty contrivance, but think of the agony of suspense the poor fellow will endure while being conducted to it. There is no need of including this mental suffering. A much nicer plan would be to condemn murderers to be hugged to death by pretty girls. Strange the philanthropists have not thought of this.

☞Lady Cook, formerly Tennie C Claflin, of New York, has almost the face of a religious recluse, without the slightest expression of a woman of the world. Her eyes are a cold, steely blue, and she looks to be at least 45 years of age. Her husband is a linen draper, knighted while in some municipal office.

☞How the proceedings in a divorce case reminds one of the moaning of the tied!

The Gladiator.

WORTHINGTON.....FEBRUARY 2



E. METTLES. - - - - Editor

THE SUBSIDIZED PRESS.

There was a time in the history of our country when the press was the educator of the public, both politically and morally, but of late years the newspapers have fallon into illegitimate hands and are interested in the welfare of the public only so far as their owners and proprietors can obtain the almighty dollar. Such is the status of the newspapers of the present day. Their editors care little for the morals of the people as long as they can live and fatten on the crimes committed and the scandals detailed, if they can "scoop" their neighbors and be the first to lay bare the facts to the public that they may gloat over the victims.

In the old days of honest journalism editors were educated for the profession in the printing office. They commenced their study as "imp," promoted to be "devil," then they progressed as compositor, pressman, and in time became a printer. Those who were saving of their means went into business for themselves, and being used to the hardships knew how to sympathise with those who were less fortunate. Now the newspaper business is entirely changed—every one who graduates, whether it be from common schools or colleges, desires to enter into the ranks of the would-be editors—without brains, without experience, and only their brazen effrontery to carry them through, they enter into the business to be the tool of every scallawag in the land so long as they can make money.

Money rules our country to-day. The press subsidized by the wealthy class, laughs labor to scorn and derision. Labor in return applauds the subsidized press, and then the rich employer places oppressions upon the laborer. The laborer growls over his oppressions, but one blast of the bugle of the illegitimate moulders of public opinion sets them shivering in their huts and hovels, and they are stigmatized as anarchists and murderers by this subsidised press. Money owns and controls the most of the modern newspapers. They labor only in the interest of monopolies, and only see good resulting so long as it puts money in their coffers.

THE TALLY SHEET FORGERY TRIAL.

So far as we can see there is no difference between a tally-sheet forger and a poor devil who burglarizes a hen coop and steals three chickens. Every individual who violates the criminal laws of the Commonwealth is liable to punishment. The moment an individual has committed an offense he has done an act against the dignity and peace of the State, and he has arrayed against him, in solid phalanx, all of its citizens, and it is a matter of no consequence whether he be a president or cazique; and hence, in some States, the indictment runs in the name of the people against the accused.

The trial now in progress in the Criminal Court against Robert B. Montgomery has no more significance than if he were charged with breaking into a chicken yard, for both are penitentiary offenses.

It seems to be assumed that the great political parties of the country—excepting the honest Prohibition party—are on trial for a felony; that they have done some heinous act, as we think they have, every year since the foundation of the Government, and that it is necessary to bring them to the bar of the court to stand for their liberty, whereas, in fact, the honest citizen of neither political party has no more interest in this trial than he would have if some miscreant had stolen a bag of corn. Robert B. Montgomery and this petty thief, under the Constitution and laws of their country, have the right to be tried in the same way. The defendant, in either case, has a right to meet his accuser face to face, to be heard by himself or by counsel, to be tried before a jury of his peers, and to have thrown around him all the immunities and safeguards of the law, and the same humane administration of the law should be meted out to both, and that is all there is of it.

MORE BONDS FOR COLUMBUS.

The Board of Education of Columbus although allowed the privilege of levying a tax almost equal to the city government for all purposes, through their useless and extravagant expenditure find themselves without the means to build two new school buildings at an expense of from $70,000 to $80,000, and propose to issue bonds to obtain the money. Why the schools of Columbus should cost as much as the running the whole city government is something that needs an explanation. The people who electing members of the board should have a pledge that the useless and extravagant expenditures should cease and salaries of the too many dignitaries employed by them should be decreased. Our school board are berated for the expenditure of a few hundred dollars and the people here are not taxed ten per cent. per capita for building purposes that is imposed upon the citizens of Columbus. The gang there know just how to spend the public money without any beneficial results as any place in the country, and they do it with impunity. A reform is needed and the gang of public robbers should be retired. We have known men to spend from $100 to $200 to be elected members of this board, and yet they obtain not one cent in salary, but more gets back into their pockets in some mysterious way.

☞We have had all kinds of "trusts" but the latest is the "honey" trust." only goes to prove that there is nothing too sweet for speculation.

☞The correspondent of the Columbus ord at Flint has had his hen-roost iced fifty chickens by midnight auders. He claims to have tracked m to their holes, but they were such orry set of sinners he has allowed m to go free. Now if Bro. "Isaiah" 't beat the gospel into their hearts pulpit pounding he had better give his scripture cognomen and choose from the legal profession and try law. Flint seems to be a thriving ce for baseness. It is only a short e since that a dwelling was broken and all its contents taken, and now y rob a poor newspaper correspondof fifty fat pullets. "Isaiah's" gos- seems to have but little effect on ir Flint-y hearts.

☞None of the authors of the proed reforms for Columbus seem to e been impressed much with the that a Republican minority in the is able to maintain a majority in City Council.—Columbus Times. Here is an admission that there is not ough honest men in both the dominant itical parties to administer the affairs the city government with integrity. is being the case, that they cannot vern themselves, there should be some thority by law whereby the city could governed with honor, integrity and tice. The gang needs a thorough eding out.

☞It is high time to call a halt in enormous special taxes saddled by Legislature on the tax-payers of ranklin county purely in the interest the city of Columbus.—Winchester imes.

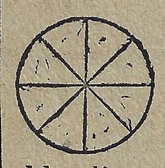
This refers, we suppose, to the attempt obtain legislation so as to saddle a onded debt upon the county for the mprovement of Franklin Park. Those rounds should have been sold and the proceeds went toward paying the county's indebtedness, but as it is, it looks omething like as if they had stolen a horse and then asking the owner to feed it.

☞Uncle Zeke Mettles has been compelled to reduce the size of his paper, the Worthington, O., GLADIATOR, to a four-column folio, on account of poor patronage. The people of Worthington ought to hold their heads in shame, in refusing to encourage the establishment of a home newspaper with so competent and thorough a newspaper man as Bro. Mettles at the helm.—Madison County (Ohio) Democrat.

☞The weather having moderated in Dakota, a good many of the people who "froze to death" are returning to their homes from the houses in which they took refuge. The escapes are noticed only in the local papers; they are not telegraphed all over the country. Good news is poor news nowadays.

☞In these days of ring rule and one man power in every city, town and village in the land there would seem to be a grand opportunity for a new party. Its platform could be put in one plank and that plank in one line: "Give the majority a chance."

THE SUN DO MOVE,



And so does a wagon wheel while rolling along the road, but whether the top or bottom moves the faster was ably discussed the other evening by a party of our village savants. That the top moved the more rapidly was ably and philosophically demonstrated by a former distinguished citizen of our village, now on a visit here. The abstruce discussion of questions of so much importance to the general public have a tendency to lift the veil of ignorance. Could such questions of importance have been discussed by the defunct Sharon Club, great good might have resulted therefrom.

We hope that the further discussion of great moral and scientific questions of a like nature will be continued, as it is highly entertaining to those who are compelled to hear them at their places of business.

DR. MOSIUM CASSIUM,

M. D. & D. P.,

PHYSICIAN § AND § SURGEON,

No. 375 PARADISE ROW,

POSSUMVILLE, O.

☞Legrums and Purification of Water a☜
☞Specialty! Sure cure or money expend-☜
☞ed! Office hours from 3 to 2 o'clock p. m.☜
☞Friends and acquaintances are cordially☜
☞invited to attend. Nunc aut nunquam!☜
feb2-3w

AT COST!

Underwear, Gloves, &c., at cost.

DRESS GOODS

and all DRY GOODS at reduced

prices to make room for

NEW STOCK.

FIND OUT

What they pay for PRODUCE

at

A. S. FAY & Co's

WORTHINGTON, OHIO.

he Gladiator.

ORTHINGTON.....FEBRUARY 2.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are always glad to receive and publish tter which will be of interest to our readers, s we wish it to be distinctly understood by all at we publish no communication, no matter on what subject it is written, or how worthy it ay 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.

—Valentines are the rage now. As this is leap year, the female portion of community will show their hands.

—Come to this office when you want to advertise.

—A revival is in progress at the Presbyterian church in Dublin. Much interest is manifested in the services.

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

—A sleighing party numbering eleven couples from Westerville took supper at the Padgett House on Saturday evening.

—Prices fell! and the way to find out who sells goods at the lowest rates is to call upon A. S. Fay & Co.

—The railroad meeting at Dublin on Saturday last was largely attended, and determination was shown that they intend to have it at all hazards.

—A. S. Fay & Co. offer their entire stock of Winter Goods at lower prices than can be obtained elsewhere. Those in need of such goods should call at once before the stock is reduced.

—The watch raffled for on last Saturday evening for the benefit of Mrs. John Huber, was drawn by John B. Skeels, who held ticket No. 49. Lucky John.

—To-day is Ground-hog day. The animal was out and saw his shadow. If on the 2d of February the goose finds it wet, then the sheep will have grass on March 25th.

—The Shakesperian Club of Columbus had a jolly time at the Padgett House Saturday night. An oyster supper was the programme, and was enjoyed by ten couples.

—Rev. Howard H. Russell, pastor of the Congregational church of Berea, Ohio, stopped over night in this quaint old town, last week. He with others have been trying to convince those old mushpots in the Legislature that local option in the country would be the biggest thing on earth except a dime museum. One old fellow, with a bat of his eye, said "You must except the Prohibition party.

THE POET-LAUREATE OF SWAMPVILLE.

The following beautiful poem from the Poet Laureate of Swampville by some oversight became misplaced in our office. Its beautiful metre of iambic measure will awaken great interest in the old-time scholars of Swampville, who spend their time, largely, in scanning Greek verse, singing Greek odes, and eating coons and 'possums. The author, we regret to say, did not live but a few days afterward, and in honor of his memory all the bullfrogs of the Bleeville well are wearing crape around their necks:

SWAMPVILLE, MALARIA CO., OHO-HO,
December 25, 1887.

There was a man near Worthington,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into the Bleeville well,
And failed to again arise.

* * * * * *

My name is Jonathan Bullfrog;
I am accused of this murder most foul,
And I want a "Sanitary Lawyer"
To save my neck (if not my soul).
I have now hung up my fiddle,
As the lark and the cricket are still,
And no more can be heard in the marshes
The mosquito a filing his bill.
My case is now in your hands;
'Zeke Mettles is pressing me close—
Although I am told in a quiet way
That 'Squire Wright dictates the prose.

Merry Christmas.

JONATHAN BULLFROG.

This poetic effusion is equal, in beauty and pathetic tenderness, to the song of our boyhood days:

"There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jump'd into a bramble bush
And scratch'd out both his eyes.

"And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jump'd into another bush
And scratch'd them in again."

—Within a short distance from this village a young man is sick nigh unto death. His home is very lowly, with but few surroundings of comfort, and yet no murmur of complaint escapes his lips. He needs not only the kindliest sympathy to soothe him in his dying hours, but his eyes would brighten if he could see any comfort in the future for his wife and child, from whom he will soon go to the Eternal Camping Ground. The sweet charity of those Christian ladies who work day and night to mitigate human suffering may now find room for its beneficent results. How few who sit around coal fires and have plenty to eat and drink and to wear, know of the suffering and destitution which surrounds this lowly home. What a joy it must be to this dying man to recall what the Incarnate Divinity said upon the Mount: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." A basket of comforts for his destitute family would smooth the way of this dying man to the grave.

—"We don't see what hope Dakota has of getting into the Union after starting that last blizzard on its way." Maybe she took a grip on the tail of the blizzard and hoped to be dragged in.

DOCTOR MOSE CASSIUM RETURNS.

Dr. Mose Cassium was met on his return from Elmwood, yesterday morn, by his friend Sambo, and was greeted as follows:

"De Lord bless you, Mose Cassium, and is dat yo' shure, or is dat your gostice?"

"Now, looky heah, Mr. Sambo, I jist want you to no dat I am not Mose Cassium no mo', but Dr. Cassium, jist returned to my native town ob Possumville from de medicum department ob de coon's kollege of Elmwood, an' as a proof of de fac' see here is my 'ploma on dog skin, signed by ebery membah ob de facumty ob dat celebrated institushun ob larnin'."

"Why, Doctah, you takes my breaf away you exprize me so. Is you goin' to praxtus right heah or will you go to Bleeville?"

"Looky heah, Mr. Sambo, I is not surtin; dat depends on de bonusus dey gub me, wid an orfus an' 'riscratic praxtus. Tell yo', Sambo, dat is a big ting to be a doctah wid a 'ploma from de big coon's kollege at Elmwood, dat is presided ober by dat disting'ished phrantopist, Dr. Willis, L.L. D., an' as I am de valedicturaryum ob de skule, spects to make my mark, an' Possumville a great Mecca ob de proffussion. Shall make a specialty of treating legrums and de purifaction ob waters. De time will come when de big Bee Line Railroad will want me to be dar 'sulting surgeon an' reside at Bleeville. Shall do a conclusive offus praxtus, an' can be insulted between 4 and 3 o'clock P. UM."

"Well, Sambo, specs dis am all de inflarmation yo' co'd bare at dis time, drap in my orifus some time in de near futurity an' I will give more. Skuze me now; good da, sah."

Sambo looked on with amazement as the Doctah, dressed in a long linen duster, bell-crowned white fur hat, set well back, diploma sticking out of side pocket, a pair of old-fashioned saddle-bags on his arm, one side filled with bottles and packages of herbs and other fixtures of his profession in view, took a street car to his up-town office. Sambo stood as if bewildered a moment and then threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Who would think that Cassium would eber rized to be so great in his chosen profeshun?"

—Frank R. Main is now removing to the city. We are sorry to lose him as a citizen of Worthington, but we suppose every person looks to his own interests, and being out of business here now, he has accepted a position as traveling salesman with Zinn & Judkins, wholesale dealers in hats and caps. The territory taken by Frank will be Ohio and Indiana. Frank is a hummer, and if the business of the firm is not largely increased by his engagement it will be no fault of his.

—They may laugh at our zephyrs, but they are so far ahead of a blizzard that there can scarcely be any comparison.

—The venerable Joseph Davis of Perry township, now 83 years of age, who is the father of Mrs. James E. Wright of State street, and of Frank M. Davis of Corning, Iowa, was the recipient of a box of fine oranges from his grand-daughter, Miss E. Gertie Davis, of Walshton, Florida, on the occasion of his last birthday, January 27th, 1888. A few of his intimate friends came in to pay their respects to this aged man. His brother, Samuel Davis, who is now 91 years old, joined in the festivity.

☞Two of the gang of negroes who robbed a train on the Mexican Central Railroad at a point near El Paso del Norte, were captured a few days ago and placed in jail at Chihuahua, where they will remain until they are shot.

☞"It is remarkable that the laws of Illinois do not require that the fire-escapes on poker club-rooms shall touch the ground." Not at all. Policemen might climb them and get evidence.

☞"The Supreme bench is full, the first time for some years." That's suggestive in view of the announcement that the judges are giving a series of dinners.

☞Subscribe for THE GLADIATOR.

CHEAP

BOOTS AND SHOES.

We have made a big reduction on our entire stock of BOOTS and SHOES.

You can get

A BARGAIN

From now until the First of February at

A. S. FAY & Co's.,

WORTHINGTON, OHIO.

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

The highest prices paid for Country Produce.

A BASHFUL BRIDEGROOM.

Senator Sebastian, of Arkansas, was a native of Hickman county, Tennessee. On one occa ion a member of Congress was lamenting his bashfulness and awkwardness. "Why," said the Senator from Rackensack, "you don't know what bashfulness is. Let me tell you a story, and when I get through I will stand the hob if you don't agree that you never knew anything about bashfulness and its baneful effects. I was the most bashful boy west of the Alleghenies. I wouldn't look at a girl, much less speak to a maiden; but for all that I fell desperately in love with a sweet, beautiful neighbor girl. It was a desirable match on both sides, and the old folks saw the drift and fixed it up. I thought I should die just thinking of it. I was a gawky, awkward country lout, about nineteen years old. She was an intelligent, refined and fairly well educated girl in a country and at a time when the girls had superior advantages, and were therefore superior in culture to the boys. I fixed the day as far as I could have it put off. I lay awake in a cold perspiration as the time drew near, and shivered with agony as I thought of the terrible ordeal.

"The dreadful day came. I went through with the programme somehow in a dazed, confused, mechanical sort of way, like an automaton booby through a supper where I could eat nothing, and through such games as 'Possum pie,' 'Sis er Phœbe,' and all that sort of things. The guests one by one departed, and my hair began to stand on end. Beyond the awful curtain of Isis lay the terrible unknown. My blood grew cold and boiled by turns. I was in a fever and then an ague, pale and flushed by turns. I felt like fleeing to the woods, spending the night in the barn, leaving for the West never to return. I was deeply devoted to Sallie. I loved her harder than a mule can kick; but that dreadful ordeal, I could not, I dared not stand it. Finally the last guest was gone, the bride retired, the family gone to bed, and I was alone; horror of horrors, alone with the old man. 'John,' said he, 'you can take that candle; you will find your room just over this. Good-night, John, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul,' and with a mischievous twinkle of his fine gray eye the old man left the room. I mentally said 'Amen' to his 'Heaven help you,' and, when I heard him close a distant door, staggered to my feet and seized the farthing dip with a nervous grasp. I stood for some minutes contemplating my terrible fate, and the inevitable and speedy doom about to overwhelm me. I knew it could not be avoided, and yet I hesitated to meet my fate like a man. I stood so long that three long love-letters had grown on the wick of tallow dip and a winding sheet was decorating the side of the brass candle-stick.

"A happy thought struck me. I hastily climbed the stairs, marked the position of the landing and the door of the bridal chamber. I would have disrobed in that holy chamber, where awaited me a blushing maiden 'clothed upon' with her own beauty and modesty, and her snowy *robe de nuit*. I would make the unusual preparations without, blow out the light, open the door, and friendly night would shield my shrinking modesty and bashfulness, and grateful darkness at least mitigate the horror of the situation. It was soon done. Preparations for retiring were few and simple in their character in Hickman,—altogether consisted of disrobing, and owing to scarcity of cloth in these days man was somewhere near the Adamic state when he was prepared to woo sweet sleep. The dreadful hour had come, I was ready. I blew out the light, grasped the door-knob with a deathly grip and a nervous clutch; one moment and it wasn't over by a d—n sight. I leaped within, and there around a glowing hickory fire, candles brightly burning on the mantle and bureau, was the blushing bride, surrounded by the six lovely bridesmaids."

PHILLIPS AND THE PREACHER.

Robert Purvis, one of the founders and many years President of the Anti-Slavery Society, in a reminiscent mood said once: "During slavery days Wendell Phillips lectured one evening of a day on which a number of Methodist ministers held a conference. The preachers were on the same train with Phillips. One of the ministers, a big, blustering fellow, inquired in a loud voice if Wendell Phillips was on the train.

"'Yes, sir; there he is,' answered the conductor, pointing to the great Abolitionist, who sat quietly in the rear of the car.

"The inquiry naturally excited a great deal of interest, and everybody in the car turned around to take a look at the man then so much talked about.

"'You're Wendell Phillps, are you?' yelled the minister, half turning in his seat.

"'Yes, sir; that is my name,' replied Phillips, with characteristic blandness of voice.

"'Well, sir, I was just about writing you a letter——'

"'Indeed; I should no doubt have had great pleasnre in reading it.'

"'No, you wouldn't! No, you wouldn't! I was going to give you some sound advice. I want you to understand, sir, that there are no slaves up North here You have no right to go about raising disturbances and making unpleasant lectures. Why don't you go down South and lecture?'

"'Sir,' said Phillips, half rising in his seat, 'You are a minister of the gospel, are you not?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'It is your mission to save souls from hell, is it not?"

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Then, why don't you go there?'

"In the tumult of laughter that followed the minister grabbed his valise and fled to another car."

☞Wm. Good, of Mount Joy, Pa., broke his leg while trying to pull off his boot.

A PLUCKY GIRL.

Men may boast of having more courage and nerve than the feminine sex. but when it comes to getting married they put the boast of man to the blush. A few mornings ago, while Justice Kendall was in the midst of the trial of a case, bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked German lassie of some sixteen summers tripped into his office and held up her hand in school style to learn whether or not she could speak. The justice told her to proceed, and as every eye was turned upon her, she blushed and bit a piece out of her apron.

"Well what is it, little one?" asked the justice.

"If you please, sir," she said in a bewitching way, "I have come to see if you will marry Chris and I this afternoon?"

"Certainly," replied the justice.—"Where?"

"Here in your office. What are you going to charge?"

"Well, you get the license and the other will be all right."

"Yes," she said, 'but I wish to know. Will $3 fix it?"

"Yes."

"I beg pardon, but we are both poor, and Chris did not wish to stop work to attend to it, and so I told him that I would do it. He and I were little sweethearts in Germany. He has not been here long, and says he is glad to get away from the old country, as there is going to be war. I am going to make a what you call it? Oh, yes—a United States man out of him. Good day, sir."

Courtesying, the blithe prospective bride went her way in quest of County Clerk Hill as happy as a lark. This is the first leap-year break.—Dallas (Tex.) Herald.

☞Theodore Munger, of Detroit, claims to have discovered the secret of longevity—a remedy that will lengthen the average life of man and beast, which will make old men feel and look young, change gray hair to its original color, and repair the whole system, the mind as well as the body.

☞The Chicago Inter-Ocean suggests that the year 1888 is "a good time for old bachelors to cogit-8, the girls to reciproc-8 and not h sit-8." In other words, 1888 is the year to m-8.—Madison County (O.) Democrat.

☞The San Francisco Alta laughs at the idea that the world is crowded and remarks that Kerr county, in that State, could comfortably hold he entire population of the earth seated in easy chairs.

☞It is a mistake to think Volapuk is a new new language. The brakemen on passenger trains in this country have used it for years to call out the names of stations.—Peoria Transcript.

☞The statistics show that retailers of liquors realize a profit of 133¼ per cent. on the investment. This statement should set consumers to thinking.—Central Baptist.

☞Subscribe for THE GLADIATOR.

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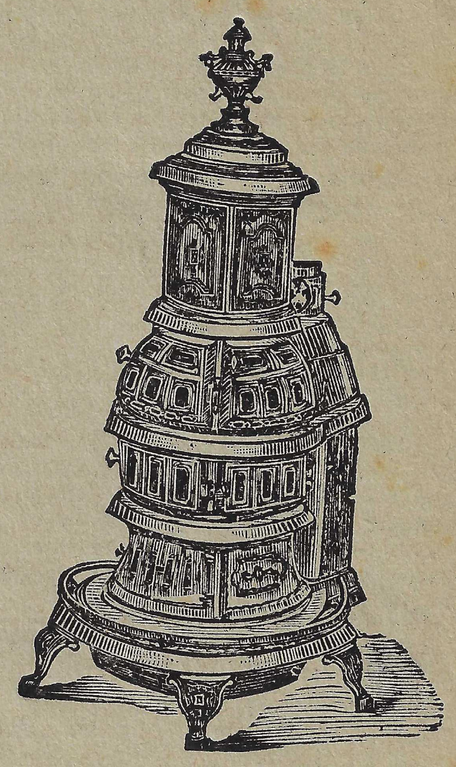

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