

# Preble County Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

"PLEGGED BUT TO TRUTH, TO LIBERTY AND LAW."

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## Select Poetry.

### Come Rest in this Bosom.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear,  
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home  
is still here—  
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can over-  
cast,  
And the hand and the hand all thy own to the  
last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the  
first,  
Through joy and through sorrows, through glory  
and shame,  
I know not, but I know, if 'twere in that heart,  
I but know that I love thee, minister thou art!

Thou hast called me an angel in moments of  
blessed bliss,  
And the angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this  
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to  
follow,  
And should these and save thee, or—perish thou  
art!

### They Know Not my Heart.

They know not my heart, who believe there can  
be  
One state of this earth in its feeling for thee:  
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young  
hour,  
As pure as the morning's first dew on the dower,  
I could harm what I love—as the sun's wraith  
on  
But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away!

No—beaming with light as those young features  
are,  
There's a light, round my heart which is lovelier  
far,  
It is not that cheek—"tis the soul dawning clear,  
Through its innocent blush makes thy beauty so  
dear."

As the eye we look up to, though glorious and  
fair,  
Is looked up to the more, because heaven is  
there!

## Select Miscellany.

### MAY LENOX,

#### The Power of Kindness.

BY GEORGE THOMAS.

"My Lenox, you lady creature! why  
aren't you at the ark? Come into the  
house and let those worthless flowers  
alone."

The child silently obeyed, and while  
her harsh mistress is venting her ill na-  
ture on her defenceless head, we will take  
a glance at May and her past history.

Left an orphan at an early age, she  
passed the first ten years of her life in  
the Work House; at that time Mr. and  
Mrs. Danton immediately fixed upon a  
stout, robust girl, two years older than  
May, but her husband was attracted by  
May's graceful manners and correct lan-  
guage, and still more by her beauty,  
and he determined, for once, to have  
his own way, and accordingly asked her  
if she would live with him.

"Yes, sir; I will go almost anywhere  
to get away from this place, and these  
bad people," answered she.

Mr. Danton sat down by her side, and  
began questioning her about the place,  
the inmates, &c.

"She answered all his questions so  
quietly that he became more and more  
interested in her, and did not notice  
that his wife was waiting for him till  
she called his attention by saying:

"Come, Mr. Danton, I have selected  
a girl, and we had better be going."  
"You have! Which, this one?" asked  
he, glancing at May.

"That one? No! What do we want  
of that puffy looking, sickly little thing?  
Here is the child I have selected," and  
she pointed to the rosy cheeked, healthy  
looking girl at her side. May's head  
dropped on her bosom and her eyes filled  
with tears; Mr. Danton saw it, and  
resolved that she should go.

"We want a daughter, and not a slave,  
said he, "and I like this one best, so  
we will take her."

"His wife protested, and declared she  
would not have any if she could not  
have her choice; but her husband was  
firm, and she had to yield; resolving,  
however, that the child should be used  
so that she would soon be willing to  
leave."

But, though worked hard, and scolded  
harder, the fresh country air and ex-  
ercise brought the bloom of health back  
to May's cheek, and strength and fullness  
to her delicate form; so that, at the  
time she is introduced to the reader,  
two years after leaving the Work  
House, a more beautiful, healthy look-  
ing child could not be found in Dairy  
Dell than May Lenox.

It was a hot, sultry August afternoon,  
the harvesters had gone back to their  
work, the dinner things had been cleared  
away, and Mrs. Danton had retired to  
her room to take a few hours rest, tel-  
ling May to build a fire and call her at  
five o'clock. Five o'clock came, the fire  
was built, and the tea-kettle singing  
over the stove when May tripped light-  
ly up the stairs and knocked at her mis-  
tress' door. There was no answer. She  
knocked again, and again, but still no  
reply. She opened the door and enter-  
ed. Why does she start back so sud-  
denly, and then as suddenly spring for-  
ward? There, upon the floor, she had  
seen a shining fall in her upturned face,  
her eyes wide open, but perfectly insen-  
sible, lies her mistress.

"With almost superhuman strength,  
May lifts the lifeless form from the floor  
and places it on the bed; then she flies  
across the stairs, through the garden and  
across the fields, till she pauses, out of  
breath, and her pale face streaming with  
perspiration, before the streamer.

"Oh, sir, my mistress—I'm afraid  
she's dead; come quick."

Farmer Danton loved his wife, in  
spite of his many faults, and, dropping  
his rake, he started for the house at the  
top of his speed; the house reached, he  
casts but a single glance on his wife,  
places his hand on her heart to satisfy  
himself that she yet lives; and then,  
sending May for the nearest neighbor,  
he mounts a horse and hurries after a  
physician.

For many weeks that room was kept  
darkened, and often, in those weeks,  
the stillness of midnight was broken by  
the incoherent ravings of delirium; and  
for many, many days the spirit of that  
strong woman hovered on the brink of  
the dark valley. And through all those  
long nights and weary days an angel in  
human form watched by the bedside, a  
gentle hand smoothed the aching brow  
that had so often been bent in anger  
upon her, and her light touch seemed  
to have more effect in soothing and re-  
straining her in delirium than all the  
medicines the physicians could devise.

And, at last, when the crisis passed, and  
the sufferer sank into a deep sleep, from  
which she would awaken either to health  
and happiness or in eternity, with what  
anxiety did husband and friends await  
her awakening. And when she opened  
her eyes, smiled and called her hus-  
band by name, how sincere was the  
"Thank God," that went up from every  
heart; and when May sank down on her  
knees by the bedside, how quickly they  
followed her example, and how atten-  
tively they listened to her earnest,  
childish voice as it arose in thanks to  
the Giver of all good.

"May, come here, if you please."  
How different that gentle toned re-  
quest from the harsh command record-  
ed in the beginning of our story; and  
to have supposed that both came from  
the same lips—yet so it was.

Mrs. Danton was slowly recovering,  
but yet unable to leave her bed; and  
May was always at hand to anticipate  
her every want, to prepare the cooling  
draught and give the strengthening cor-  
dial, to smooth the ruffled pillow, and  
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orders we should have no more pleasure  
than so many nuns. Why, I rode out  
with Mr. Hamilton the very next Sun-  
day when she thought I had gone to  
church."

May waited to hear no more; but  
fearing that she might overhear some  
disclosures that she should think it her  
duty to repeat to Mr. B., she hurried  
on to her room.

The next day there was great confu-  
sion in the Seminary. Several of the  
pupils and one of the teachers had been  
struck down by a malignant fever; and  
the well ones, seized by a sudden panic,  
were leaving hourly. It was the mid-  
dle of the afternoon, and all who had  
not yet gone, numbering about a dozen,  
were collected in one of the parlors,  
some of them donning their bonnets  
and shawls to go, when Mrs. B. entered  
the room.

"Young ladies," said she, "I will not  
compel any one of you to remain here;  
but there are only two teachers and my-  
self to take care of six of your compan-  
ies and one of your teachers, in all  
seven sick ones, all of whom need con-  
stant attention night and day. Now we  
must have more help, but we can ob-  
tain none in the village, all being afraid  
of the disease; so I am obliged to ap-  
peal to you. Who of you will be gen-  
erous enough to risk your lives by re-  
maining to aid me in taking care of the  
sick?"

"There was a moment of hesitation, a  
glancing from one to another, and then  
May quietly stepped forward and placed  
herself beside Mrs. B.

"Are there no more?" asked that  
lady, looking inquiringly at the hesita-  
ting group.

Fanny Morton and one other ranged  
themselves beside our heroine, and Mrs.  
B., seeing there would be no more re-  
sponses, but if she gets mad, the fight—  
She will pull him by the jacket, she  
will give him a knock on the back, she  
will drag him by the hair, she will call  
him all sorts of wicked names, while  
passion plays over her face in lambent  
flames that curl and writhe out of the  
corners of her eyes.

And we never see the courteous lit-  
tle fellow with smooth locks and gentle  
manners, in whom delicacy does not de-  
tract from courage and manliness, but  
we say "that boy's mother is a true la-  
dy." Her words and ways are soft, lov-  
ing, and quiet. If she reproves, her  
language is "my son—not 'you little  
wretch—plague of my life—you tor-  
ment—your scamp."

She hovers before him as a pillar of  
light before the wandering Israelites,  
and her beams are reflected in his face.  
To him the word mother is synonymous  
with everything pure, sweet, and beau-  
tiful. Is he an artist? In after life,  
the face that with lofty radiance shines  
on his canvass will be the mother's face.

Whoever lifts across his path with  
smiles, and soft, low voice, will bring  
his mother's image freely to his breast.  
She is like my mother, will be the high-  
est meed of his praise. Not even when  
the hair turns silver and the eyes grow  
dim, will the majesty of that life and  
presence desert him.

But the ruffian mother—alas! that  
there are such—will form the charac-  
ter of the man. He, in turn, will be-  
come a mother's image freely to his breast.  
She is sharper than a two edged sword, and  
remembering the bawling and the cuff-  
ing, seek some meek, gentle victim, for  
the sacrifice, and make her his wife,  
with the condition that he shall be mas-  
ter. And master he is, for a few short  
years, when he wears the widower's  
veed till he finds a victim "number  
two."

We wonder not there are so many  
awkward, ungainly men in society—  
they have been trained by women who  
do not care for the holy nature of their  
trust. They have been made bitter to  
the heart's core, and that bitterness  
will find vent and lodgment somewhere.

Strike the infant in anger, and he  
will, if he cannot reach you, vent his  
passion by beating the floor, the chair,  
any inanimate thing within reach—  
Strike him repeatedly, with the time  
he wears shoes he will become a little  
bully, with hands that double to fight  
as naturally as if especial pains had been  
taken to teach him the art of boxing.

"I WANT MY MONEY."—Here is an  
old story applicable to the present time:  
It is related of a Frenchman who had  
deposited a sum of money for safe keep-  
ing with a Bank, that hearing the lat-  
ter was about to fail, he called upon the  
Cashier, and said:

"Sure, I want my money."  
"Certainly, sir," replied the Cashier,  
drawing out his check-book from which  
he was about to fill up a check, when  
the Frenchman said—

"Stop, sire, you got the money?"  
"Why of course," said the Cashier,  
"I will give you a check for it immedi-  
ately."  
"No, no," said the Frenchman, "if  
you got the money, I no want him, but  
if you no got him den I want him."

Mrs. Gentles takes exercise every  
day. She walks round a flour barrel  
in the back yard. Mrs. Gentles thinks  
there is nothing like exercise. Mr.  
Gentles believes too, in exercise, as con-  
fucius to health. He takes divers daily  
walks to a barrel in the cellar, and  
considers himself invigorated there-  
after.

An exchange, speaking of heavy  
grass this year, says it is in contrast  
with what it was when the farmers had  
to lather it and cut it with a razor—  
That is a barbarous joke, and the au-  
thor ought to be shaved with a blade of  
grass.

Ladies, prepare for an extreme  
change in your habits, for a Paris corres-  
pondent of the New York Courier says  
the ladies are coming out without hoops,  
bustles, wadding, or anything else.

### The Manners of the Mother

There is no disputing this fact, it  
shines in the face of every little child.  
The coarse, brawling, scolding woman  
will have vicious, brawling fighting chil-  
dren. She who cries on every occa-  
sion, "I'll box your ears—I'll slap your  
face—I'll break your neck," is known  
as thoroughly through children as if her  
unwomanly manners were openly dis-  
played in the public streets.

These remarks were suggested by a  
conversation in an omnibus—that noble  
institution for the student of men and  
manner—between a friend and school-  
master. Our teacher was caustic, mirth-  
ful, and sharp. His wit flashed like  
the polished edge of a diamond, and  
kept the "buss in a roar." The entire  
community of insiders—and whoever is  
intimate with those conveyances can  
form a pretty good idea of our num-  
bers—inclusive of the "one more" so  
well known to the fraternity, their  
heads, eyes and ears one way, and finally  
to our teacher said:

"I can always tell the mother by the  
boy. The archin who draws back with  
double fists and lunges at his playmate  
if he looks at him askance, has a very  
questionable mother. She may feed  
him and clothe him, cram him with  
sweets, and coax him with promi-  
ses; but if she gets mad, the fight—  
She will pull him by the jacket, she  
will give him a knock on the back, she  
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### Almost Home.

Almost home! and the face of the  
speaker glowed with pleasure, as he  
thought of the friends who were there  
to receive him. A few short months be-  
fore he had left his home to enter a dis-  
tant college. Vacation had come, and  
now he was hurrying on to his native  
land to meet the warm embrace, the  
heartfelt welcome, of the loved ones at  
home. Joy go with thee; young man,  
pleasant is thy home to thee; my love's  
sunshine ever glid brightly as now thy  
childhood's home!

Almost home! and the widowed one  
buried her face in her hands, and wept  
bitter, scalding tears, as the little cot-  
tage, half buried beneath the tall ma-  
ples, appeared in view, where in her  
maidhood, she had passed so many  
pleasant hours. Memory pictured the  
scenes of the past, and as its pictures  
rose one by one before her, thicker fol-  
lowed her tears, as she thought of one whose  
presence had made those scenes radiant  
with joy. Scarcely a year ago, a happy  
bride, she left her father's home to dwell  
with one whom she loved with all a  
woman's devotion. Friends gathered  
round to congratulate her on her happi-  
ness, but ere their congratulations were  
over, sorrow had taken place of joy—  
The idolized husband was suddenly cal-  
led from earth to that unseen country  
from whose bourne no traveler ever re-  
turns. Bowled down with the weight of  
her sorrows, she refused to leave the  
place hallowed by so many tender as-  
sociations, but sought in solitude the  
comfort she so much needed. There  
came intelligence of her mother's sick-  
ness—how day after day she was pining  
away, longing for the soothing care,  
the loving tones, of her first-born, her only  
daughter. Duty bade her to leave the  
place where no ties bound her save those  
of recollection, and hasten to her child-  
hood home to minister to the wants of  
an invalid mother. And now she was  
almost there. Home! she felt that it  
would never again be home to her, and  
bitterly she wept, for her heart was far  
away. Frail, mourning one, her heart  
did not learn that this is not our rest, that  
here we have no abiding city, but our  
home is above? Lay up thy treasure  
there, and seek not in earth's troubled  
waters that which floweth from the  
purer springs of life eternal.

Almost home! so are we all—yet  
whether our footsteps bending? Are  
we with earnest hearts and active zeal  
pressing onward in the narrow road that  
leads to life? Or are we going down-  
ward in the broad road which leadeth to  
destruction and darkness of despair?  
To-day it is ours to decide where our  
home shall be—whether with the ran-  
omed ones of earth at God's right hand,  
or to be banished for ever from His  
presence to dwell with the fiends of  
darkness.—New York Independent.

Who can account for the strange  
ideas and still stranger expressions of  
little children? A little blue eyed girl  
of about six summers, a daughter of one  
of our worthy citizens, the other day,  
weary of play, came running into the  
house and throwing herself into the  
arms of her mother, exclaimed:

"Hold me, ma, I feel so bad!"  
"What's the matter, Pussy?" tenderly  
inquired the anxious parent.  
"I don't know, only I feel very bad,"  
replied the little cherub.  
"Does your head ache?"  
"Oh, no. I feel bad all over—I feel  
just like a Black-Republican!"  
"And how does a Black-Republican  
feel, my child?"  
"Just like he wanted to steal some-  
thing!"

Good.—On a certain occasion the  
council took some exception to the ru-  
ling of the court on a certain point, a  
dispute arose.

"If the court please," said the council,  
"I wish to refer this book a moment,  
and at the same time picked up a law  
volume.  
"There's no use of your referring to  
any book," exclaimed the court angrily,  
"I have decided the point."  
"But your Honor—persisted the at-  
torney.  
"I don't want to hear anything  
on the subject," yelled the court; "I tell  
you again, I decided the point."  
"I know that," was the rejoinder, "I'm  
satisfied of that—but this is a volume  
of Blackstone; I'm certain he differs  
with your Honor, and I only want to  
show you what a d—n fool Black-  
stone was."  
"Ah, that indeed!" exclaimed the  
court, smiling all over, "now you begin  
to talk."

PRECOCIOS!—Little Sis.—"Oh, Bob,  
I'm a goin' to have a hooped dress,  
an oyster shell bonnet, a pair of ear-  
drops, and a baby!"  
Little Bob.—"The thunder you is!  
Well, I'm going to have a pair of tight  
pants, a Shanghai coat, a shaved head,  
a crooked cane and a pistol!"

A subscriber to a moral reform  
paper called at our post-office the other  
day, and in a most impressive man-  
ner, had some words to say to us. He  
had come, he said, "to take music  
lessons." "Oh!" said she, "I confine  
myself to the low notes!"

"Take a ticket, sir, for the ben-  
efit of the Widow and Orphan Fund of  
the Spike Society?" "Well, y-a-a-a's!  
don't care so much, though, for the or-  
phans, but I go in strong for the wid-  
ows!"

"Daniel says he thinks that board-  
ers who are obliged to eat passages three  
times a day during dog-days, are just-  
ified in growling at their fare."

### Mrs. Partington on Banks.

"Are you afraid of banks failing?"  
asked the cashier, as Mrs. Partington  
went to draw her pension. Banks fail-  
ing!" said the dame; "I never had any  
idea about it at all. If he gets votes  
enough I don't see how he can fail, and  
if he don't I can't see how he can help  
it." I mean," said he, "the banks  
that furnish currency for the country."  
She stood a moment counting her bills.  
Oh, you did, did you?" said she: "well  
it's about the same thing. If they have  
money enough to redeem with—and  
heaven knows there's need enough for  
redemption for a good many of them,  
and more grace than they allow their  
customers—they may stand it; but  
doubtful things are uncertain." She  
passed off like an exhalation, and the  
cashier counted out one hundred and  
fifteen dollars and seventy cents, fifty-  
seven times while pondering what she  
said in order to catch her meaning.

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