

Preble County Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Select Poetry.

The Printer's Consolation.

Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my pathway play,
Is there no place on earth
Where printers get their pay?
The whispering breeze went by—
With accent filled with woe,
A voice borne on the sorrowing air,
In sadness answers "No!"

"Tell me, ye flowing streams,
That smoothly glide along,
Is there one cherished place
Where printers meet no wrong?
The gentle brook replied—
Its murmurs soft and low—
And winding on its verdant way,
It meekly answered "No!"

Tell me, ye murky clouds,
Now rising in the west,
Is there upon the globe
One spot by printers blest?
The flashing clouds outspoke
With an indignant glow—
A voice that filled the earth with awe
In thunders answered "No!"

Tell me, ye gentle nymphs,
Who bless life's hours through
Is there one sacred shrine
Where printers get their due?
A mantling blush her cheek diffused,
Did tend to grace impart,
A soft, responsive sigh replied:
"Tis found in woman's heart!"

Tell me, angelic hosts,
Ye messengers of love,
Shine suffering princes here below
Have ye redress above?
The angel hands replied,
"To us is knowledge given—
Delinquents on the printer's books
Can never enter heaven!"

Select Miscellany.

A LIFE LESSON.

BY WILL TRACY.

Fred Stanton sat in his room gazing at the fire lost in thought. Kind-hearted and generally happy, that night he was not himself. His employer, one of the richest men in the city, and as Fred described him, "a man with an iron heart," had sent him, that afternoon, to collect a quarter's rent of one of his poorest tenants, and had told him, if they were unable to pay, to order them to move "in less than twenty-four hours." They were unable to pay, and this was what troubled Fred; for he knew they were honest, and would pay every cent, if able. His hands were tied, for he had a widowed mother to support, and his scanty salary was barely sufficient for their own wants. He had come to the conclusion to appeal to his employer. This, however, was the last resort, and one which did not promise much success.

At this point he was aroused from his reverie by a knock at the door. "Come in," said Fred. The door was opened, and a young man, apparently about Fred's age, entered. It was Albert Greenough, the son of Fred's employer; but, notwithstanding their different stations in life, they were firm friends.

"I want you to go to the Tigers ball with me to-morrow night," Fred said, Albert, as soon as he had drawn a chair to the fire and sat down.

Fred looked at the fire a moment, and then answered.

"No, Albert I can't afford it."

"Pshaw, man!" exclaimed Albert, "what did you suppose I asked you for, if not to pay the bills? Father is not so stingy of his money to me as he is to you. I am an only son, you know, and he indulges me a great deal; besides, you have not been to a single ball this season, and I want you to go and enjoy yourself for once."

"If you are not engaged this evening, I should like to have you go with me, Albert," said Fred, without answering his friend's invitation.

Albert declared himself disengaged, and taking their coats and hats, they soon stood upon the sidewalk.

"Now, Fred," said Albert, "where do you propose to lead me?"

"You shall see very soon," answered Fred; and the two friends walked on in silence.

At length Fred turned up a narrow alley and entered an old wooden house, which gave evident signs of being the abode of poverty.

"Why this is one of father's old houses," said Albert.

Fred gave no answer to this indirect question, but led the way up a narrow and dilapidated flight of stairs and knocked at a door at the head of the entry.

"Come in," said a feeble voice; they entered, and Albert drew back with surprise. Upon a mattress, in one corner of the

room, lay a woman who had evidently once been very beautiful; but hunger and want had left their marks upon her, and she was now in the last stage of consumption. Two little children stood shivering by the fire, which had been kindled from some article of furniture, pieces of which lay upon the hearth.

Two broken chairs and a table constituted the entire household property, and the room looked gloomy and desolate enough.

The woman told their story briefly.—They were English people of respectability, and had been in America about ten months. Her husband and oldest child had died some three months before, and since then she had lived, first by selling her few articles of furniture, and then by the charity of her neighbors; but, they, too, were poor, and for the last two days, all they had eaten would not have made a hearty meal for one of the children.

At this point in her story she paused from exhaustion. Fred looked around for Albert, but he was not in the room. He had stolen out unobserved, and soon returned with a basket laden with provisions. Placing it upon the table, he drew from it loaf after loaf, then a package of tea, a piece of cheese, a large slice of ham, until the basket seemed to Fred like a fairy's purse, never to be exhausted.

"At last it was emptied, and then calling the children who needed no second invitation, he told them to eat their fill, while they were eating, or rather devouring the food before them, the mother looked on with grateful eyes. At last she said—

"God bless you, sir. I know our good Father would never let these little children starve. As for me I shall soon know no more suffering."

"Have you no friends or relations here?" asked Fred.

"I have a brother in Chicago," she replied, "but I am too feeble to go to him, even if I had the means to go with. I feel I shall live but a short time; and if my children were with him, I could die happy; but God's will be done; he is indeed a Father to orphans."

"No, kind sir," she answered; something tells me I shall live but a few hours more; but fulfil your promise to my children, and you have a dying mother's blessing."

Albert could say no more. Strong man as he was, his eyes were full of tears; and, after making her as comfortable as they could, they withdrew.

Neither spoke a word till they stood in Fred's room. Then Albert said—

"You have learned me a lesson to-night, Fred; the money which I would have spent worse than uselessly for an evening's amusement shall go towards making those poor orphans happy. Oh, how many there are in this city who could be made happy by the money which will be thrown away to-morrow night!"

Fred said nothing, and the two friends parted in silence. It is needless to add that Albert fulfilled his promise. After defraying the funeral expenses of the mother, who died during the next day; the children were sent to their uncle, and Albert was made happy by the consciousness of having done a good deed.

Truly, how little it needs to make a man happy.—*Waverly Magazine.*

WHERE THE PLASTER WAS.—A certain doctor, (rather a modest young man, by the way,) was recently called in to see a lady who had taken suddenly ill.

The doctor found the application of the mustard plaster necessary, and accordingly went to work and made one, and laid it carefully by to prepare the lady for its application. Everything was ready, and the doctor sought the plaster, but strange to say, it had disappeared.

The doctor and the negro nurse hunted high and low, in every probable place for the plaster, but in vain; it was gone, no one could tell where. The nurse had seen the doctor lay it on a chair, and it had then disappeared.

There was no other alternative but to go to work and make another, which was accordingly done. But still the question would present itself to all, what has become of that plaster?

The circumstance of its having been spirited away began to tell unfavorably on the sick lady's nervous sensibility; but the doctor could not help it; he could not explain the mystery.

The doctor in a deep brown study prepared to leave, and stood up before the fire to warm himself, before encountering the could without. Through the force of a vulgar habit, he parted his coat tails behind, when nurse, displaying four inches of ivory said—

"I had fun doun dat plaster, massa doctor!"

"Where?" eagerly asked the doctor—

"Here!"

"You got it ahind," said the nurse, grinning.

The doctor clapped his hand behind, and there it was sticking fast to the seat of his breeches, where he had sat down on it upon the chair.

A Race with a Widow.

Merciful Jehosphat and big onions, what a time I've had with that widder. We chartered an omnibus for two on Christmas, and started. "Widder," said I, "where shall we go to?" She blushed, and said she didn't like to say. I told her she must say.

"Well, Jehuel, if you insist upon it, and I am to have my choice, I'd rather go to church."

"What for, widder?" said I.

"Oh, Jehuel, how can you ask me?"

"Cause I want to know," said I.

"Well, (blushing, redder than beet) it is such cold weather now, and the nights are so awful cold, and—oh, Jehuel, I can't stand it!"

"Oh, pshaw, widder, spit it out; what do you mean?"

The widder riled, she biled right over, like a quart of milk on the fire, and burst out with—

"If you can't understand me, you're a heartless brute, so you are."

"Hold your horses!" said I. "What's all this about? I'm not a brute, nor never was; if a man called me that I'd boot him, sure."

And then I biled right over, and unbuttoned my coat collar to keep me from bustin' off my buttons. The widder saw that I was going to explode, or else collapse my windpipe, and she flung her arms around my neck, put her lips to mine, and cooled right down.

"Jehuel, dear," said she, in an insinuating way, and a voice as sweet as a hand organ, "Jehuel, honey, I want to go to church to get married—no I can't say it; you finish the word, Jehuel, sweet."

"That word, marm?"

"Oh, you stupid! Jehuel, dear, I mean the word married, love."

"Married, widder!" said I, "did you mean that?"

"Indeed I did, Jehuel, love!"

"Look here, marm, my name isn't Jehuel Sweet, nor Jehuel Dear, nor Jehuel Love, I'd have you now; and I won't get married to nobody but one, and you are not the she."

"Oh, pester pester, but didn't she rave! She made one dash at me, I dodged, and she went but up against the upper end of the omnibus. Crack went her comb, and smash went that or bustle higher than I could buy for her, and down she went with her face in the straw. But in a moment she arose again, and made one more dash at me. I dropped—she went over me and butted the door of the omnibus. The strap broke and out she went—her gaiters or boots higher than I could buy for her, and down she went with her face in the straw. But in a moment she arose again, and made one more dash at me. I dropped—she went over me and butted the door of the omnibus. The strap broke and out she went—her gaiters or boots higher than I could buy for her, and down she went with her face in the straw. But in a moment she arose again, and made one more dash at me. I dropped—she went over me and butted the door of the omnibus. 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