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Select Poetry.

EVENING AT HOME.

BY KITTY KING.

When the sad and dreamy twilight
Deepens into sterner night
And the playful shadowy moonlight
Maketh all things fair and bright,
Then abroad 'tis sweet to wander
'Neath the heavens' glided dome:
But the heart is lighter, fonder,
'Mid the joys of happy home.

In the warm, bright summer season,
When the dewy evening air,
Stealing gently through the casement,
Fanning from the boy's curl care,
Then, beside the window sitting,
Visions bright before me loom;
And I wait a loved one coming
To share the bliss of joyous home.

When the chilling blast of winter
Moaneth through each crevice near,
And the gathering tempests madly
Rushes on with sound so dear,
Then, upon the bright fire gazing,
Think I of the poor who roam,
And I listen for the tread of
One I love to welcome home.

O, these happy evening hours,
Oft we'd fain prolong their stay;
But they, swiftly passing onward,
Heed us not, but fly away,
So may we live, that when our moments
One by one have lightly flown,
We may pass a long, bright evening
In the angels' happy home.

Select Miscellany.

THE DRESS, NOT THE LADY.

BY MARY A. DENNISON.

Nelly Blossom—a pretty name it is not said in her dressing-room laughing as hard as she could laugh. What could it be for, I am sure nobody could tell, for she was alone, neither reading, singing, or talking to herself. She had been occupied in combing her beautiful hair, and this was the situation in which she sat. A brush in one hand, a great mass of silky curls in the other, her head thrown back, her voice ringing out in a succession of good hearty "ha, ha's."

"What is the matter, Nelly?" asked her mother, standing smiling at the door.

"O! I was thinking of something so funny!" cried Nelly, springing to her feet and plying the brush; "never mind, mother, I've got a plan in my head, and if I decide upon putting it into execution, I'll tell you what it is."

"At breakfast, pretty Nelly was all smiles.

"Shall you go out shopping to-day?" asked her mother glancing casually towards her daughter.

"On this, Nelly began to laugh again, then restraining herself on catching her father's eye, she answered, I haven't quite made up my mind—perhaps I may."

"Ah! contriving already how to make way with that fifty dollars, Uncle Joe sent you yesterday. Well, Nell, make good use of it—there's many a poor man would feel like a prince these hard times, with fifty dollars in his hand.

"I'll try to sir," replied Nelly, her laughing eyes growing more quiet in their expression.

"Who did you see last night, Nelly?" asked Mrs. Blossom, lounging in her tea after the paterfamilias had gone out.

"Henry Loyd and Charles Sheldon, as usual," replied Nelly, archly.

"Were they both attentive?"

"As two shadows," replied Amy—

"Henry never looked nobler and handsomer in his life."

"Last time he was Charles," said Mrs. Blossom.

Nelly blushed. "I know," she said; "I find it difficult to choose between them, I confess."

"Henry is the handsomest and the richest of the firm," said her mother, looking out, as mothers will do, for the main chance.

"I don't know about Henry's being the handsomest," replied Nelly; "there is something very superior about Charles Sheldon's face, but he is so very retiring; one has to give him so much margin."

To be sure Henry is more dashing, might be called more elegant, and has certainly a more brilliant eye and color. Perhaps he dresses in rather better taste; but although he pleases more in company, there is something in Charles Sheldon's quiet way and deep eye that sometimes seems more attractive."

"Both appear to have sterling qualities," said Mrs. Blossom.

"Yes, they appear to have; but I'm going to test them to-day."

"What do you mean, Nelly?"

"O! that's what I was laughing at up stairs, this morning," replied Nelly in a merry way. "You see I've such a capital plan! and I'm the very one to carry it out, I think. I shall spend my fifty dollars on poor Mill's family."

"What wild freak now?" asked the maturer Blossom of the two, looking wonderfully at her daughter. Dear easy little woman, Nelly had not much to fear from any interference on her part. It was well that the young girl

naturally possessed much discretion, good sense and good judgment, for her mother had never imposed any restraint upon her inclinations wayward or otherwise.

"Don't you think Anger rather a pretty looking girl, mother?"

"What, little Anger, my dressing-maid?" rejoined her mother.

"Not so very little; about my size, I believe," said Nelly.

"Well, what of her?" I am all attention.

"Why you haven't answered my question whether you thought she was pretty," said Nelly.

"O, yes! pretty, rather"—was the reply.

"Well, I'm going to dress her up splendidly!"

"Nelly!"

"I am, truly, in the new bonnet I ordered yesterday, and my best flounced silk. I'm just going to load her with chains, rings, bracelets and everything handsome, and then I'm going shopping with her."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated the elder Blossom. "Nelly, you're crazy!"

"No where near it," said Nelly, laughing again. I am going to have real fun, you may believe."

"But what object have you in this quite foolish scheme?" asked her mother.

"O! you'll see," replied Nelly. "I'm going now, and when Anger is dressed I'll come down and exhibit her."

Anger was pretty and smart also—she was very ignorant, but having been dressing-maid in several genteel families, she had picked up a little smattering of useful information. As for the rest, she was full as handsome and nearly as graceful when she chose to be as many a lady of fashion.

She entered into the scheme with spirit. "You are not to buy anything, you know," said Nelly, as she turned to ring the bell, and the bracelet and aided her in dressing. "but ask for such and such silks, speak in an ordering, commanding way, you know, and manage somehow to show your money; O! I love it, carry it in this purse; the gold will shine through the meshes beautifully."

"And what shall you wear?" asked Anger, surveying herself in the long mirror, with a pleasant face.

"O! plain, dark marino, with closed sleeves and linen cuffs; manana's everyday-straw bonnet with the flowers taken out, common Lisle gloves, and look just as plain as a pipetum."

"O, dear, dear!" cried the girl laughing why, people won't know you."

"I don't mean they shall," said Nelly, decidedly proceeding to dress her hair low upon her forehead, and other wise alter her appearance, so that her mother would hardly have recognized her. Throwing on at last a deep brown veil to shade her face, she was ready—

Anger had received her directions to "step near Nelly, both in the street and the store. It was not a long walk to Loyd, Sheldon & Co's. There were three young men; the firm was new and the partners took an active part in the sales room, thus overseeing their business and economizing somewhat.

Anger acted the great lady to perfection. She shook out her silks, tossed her head a little as if with the feeling that everything about her was entirely beneath her notice, yet she could descend perhaps to buy something, and sailing along the store, her humble looking companion behind her, she paused at a place where four clerks stood with their right hands all ranged along together, ready to jump over the counter if need be to execute the lady's commands.

Nelly stood quietly back, her face shaded by the brown veil. She saw Loyd immediately leave a plain looking customer to the civilities of Sheldon, who was near him, and making a sign to the clerks he was left alone to the new customer.

"I want to see more moire antique," said Anger, with the air of one who has plenty of money.

"Certainly madam," replied the polite clerk, immediately taken out immense cases of the splendid silks, and spreading them before her.

"How much do them come to a yard?"

"—asked Anger, cunningly showing her gold.

The young man informed her, with a great deal of deference, turning over and displaying a great number of the goods.

"Them don't exactly please me; they ain't costly enough, said Anger," longing to look towards Nelly and laugh.

"We have splendid embroidered silks, at almost any price," said Loyd, delighted that he had fallen in with a customer who seemed to have no care how much things cost; and with great trouble he took down other cases, catching his coat-sleeves, unfortunately in a nail, and tearing it nearly from shoulder to elbow.

Nelly was obliged to turn away then, to conceal a smile. Meantime Sheldon had got through with his customer, and the young girl heard Loyd say in a murmuring voice—"Just look out for that woman there—goods are lying about loose."

The indignant blood rushed to her face.

"Isn't she a customer?" asked Sheldon in the same tone.

"No, servant, I expect; carry home bundles," said Loyd, still in that sup-

pressed voice. But Sheldon did not seem to be satisfied; he came forward, saying in a gentlemanly tone: "can I wait upon you madam?"

Instantly Nelly experienced a glow of warmth about her heart that had felt the risings of scorn before. She modestly replied, "some flannels if you please."

"He kind enough to walk over to the opposite counter. As I see the clerk is engaged there, I will serve you," he said. Nelly followed with a beating heart. How different this treatment from the unkind suspicions of the more elegant Loyd. Very courteously he waited upon her, forcing no goods to her attention; merely bowing if she was not satisfied, taking down with alacrity whatever she asked for, so that every moment she looked at his fine countenance, her admiration grew stronger, perhaps another sentiment increased also in depth and intensity. Sufficient to say that Nelly bought till her fifty dollars were expended, leaving directions for the goods to be sent to a certain place to be paid on delivery. As she left the store, Anger threw the card of rich lace she was examining, and saying hastily, "I'll call in again, by-and-by," she followed her mistress.

"Well," said Loyd, drawing a long breath; "of all the infernal!"

"Have you done a pretty good morning's work?" asked Sheldon, laying aside the parcels he had sold.

"Good morning's work," muttered the other; "I haven't taken a red cent, and look at the counter. Truly enough, the counter was a sight to be seen—great heaps of silks, velvets, shawls and laces strewn it from one end to the other."

"What did that girl buy of you?"

"asked Loyd, directing a clerk to put up the goods; a full hour's work.

"Nothing to speak of—only fifty dollars," returned Sheldon.

"Fifty dollars! why, I didn't think she was worth fifty cents!" exclaimed Loyd.

"Can't always tell by the outside," said Sheldon smiling—"my customer was a real lady," he added.

"And mine was—O, dear me!"—and Loyd threw back his head and laughed—so did his coat sleeve.

"I thought you were sure for a hundred dollars at least," said Sheldon.

"So did I."

"I was afraid my customer overheard what you said," continued Loyd.

"No," he replied the other; "she would have left the store, but I am too suspicious of all who are not dressed in style. I'll be more careful in the future."

The lesson was learned too late. In a few months the beautiful Nelly Blossom became little Mrs. Sheldon and brought her husband quite a fortune. It leaked out, about the shopping.

The Shadows we Cast.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A young wife has busied herself for many days in preparing a pleasant surprise for her husband. The work was finished at last; and now she waited his return, with a heart full of warm emotions. A dressing gown, a pair of elegantly embroidered slippers, wrought by her own skillful fingers, were the gifts with which she meant to delight him. What a troop of pleasure fancies was in her heart! How impatiently did she wait for the coming twilight, which she would see in the light of her husband's face.

At last she heard the step of her husband in the passage, and her pulse leaped with fluttering delight. Like a bird upon the wing, she almost flew down to meet him, impatient for the kiss that awaited her.

To men in the world of business, few days pass without their disappointment and perplexities. It is man's business to bear this manfully. They form but a part of life's discipline, and should make them stronger, graver and more enduring. Unwisely, and we may say unjustly, too many men fail to leave their business cares and troubles in their stores, work-shops or counting rooms, at the day's decline. They wrap them in bundles and carry them home to shadow their households.

It was so with the young husband on the particular occasion. The stream of business had taken an eddying whirl, and thrown his vessels backward instead of onward for a brief space, and though it was still in the current and gliding safely onward against it, the jar and disappointment had fretted his mind severely. There was no heart warmth in the kiss he gave his wife, because he had let her arm round her, but she was conscious of a diminished pleasure in that embracing arm.

"Are you not well?"

With what tender concern was the question asked!

"Very well."

He might be in body but not in mind; that was plain, for his voice was far from being cheerful. She played and sang her favorite pieces, hoping to restore, by the charm of music, brightness to his spirit. But she was conscious of only partial success. There was still a gravity in his manner never perceived before. At tea-time she smiled upon him so sweetly across the table, and talked to him on such attractive themes, that the right expression returned to his countenance, and he looked as happy as she could desire.

From the tea-table they returned to their pleasant parlor. And now the time had come for offering her gift, and receiving the coveted reward of glad surprise, followed by sweet kisses and loving words. Was she selfish? Did she think more of her reward than of the pleasure she would bestow? But that is questioning too closely.

"I will be back in a moment," she said and passing from the room, she went lightly up the stairs. But tone and manner betrayed her secret, and rather the possession of secrets with which her husband was to be surprised. Scarcely had her loving face faded from before his eyes, when thought returned with a single bound, to an unpleasant event of the day; and the waters of his spirit were again troubled. He had actually arisen, and crossed the floor once or twice, moved by a restless concern when his wife came back with the dressing gown and slippers. She was trying to force her countenance into a grave expression, to hold back the smiles that were continually striving to break in triumphant circles around her lips, when a single glance at her husband's face told her that the spirit driven away by the exercise of love, had returned again to his bosom. He looked at her soberly, as she came forward.

"What are these?" he asked almost coldly, in a surprising, and affecting ignorance in regard to the beautiful present she held in her hands, that he did not feel.

"They are for you dear. I made them."

"For me? Nonsense? What do I want with such jinnecracker? This I woman's wear. Do you think that I would disgrace my feet with embroidered slippers, or dress up in a calico gown? Put them up, dear. Your husband is too much of a man to dress himself up in gay colors, like a clown or an actor." And he waved his hand with an air of contempt. There was a cold sneering manner about him partly affected and partly real—the real born of his uncomfortable state of mind. Yet he loved his sweet wife and would not for any purpose, have wounded her for the world.

This unexpected repulse—this cruel reception of her present, over which she had wrought patiently, in golden hope, for many days, this dashing to the earth of her beautiful cup of joy just as it touched her lips, was more than the fond mother and wife could bear. To hide the tears that came rushing to her eyes she turned away from her husband, and to conceal the sobs she had no power to repress, she went almost hurried from the room; and going back to the chamber from whence she had brought the present, she laid it away out of sight in a closet. Then covering her face with her hands, she sat down

and strove within herself to be calm.— But the shadow was too deep—the heart-ache too heavy.

In a little while her husband followed her and discovering something to his surprise, that she was weeping, said in a slightly reproving voice. "Why, bless me! not in tears. What a silly little fuss you are! Why didn't you tell me you thought of making me a dressing gown and a pair of slippers, and I would have vetoed the matter at once? You couldn't hire me to wear such floating things. Come back to the parlor"—he took hold of her arm, and lifted her from the chair—"and sing and play for me: 'The Dream Waltz,' or the 'Tremolo,' 'Dearest May,' or 'The Stilly Night' are worth more to me than forty dressing gowns or a cargo of embroidered slippers. Almost by force he led her back to the parlor, and placed her on the music stool. He selected a favorite piece, and laid it before her. But tears were in her eyes, and she could not see a note. Over the keys her fingers passed in skillful touches; but when she tried to take up the song, utterance failed; and sobs broke forth instead of words.

"How foolish!" And turning from the piano he walked across the room.

At little while the sad young wife remained where she was, thus left alone, and in partial anger. Then, rising, she went slowly from the room—her husband not seeking to restrain her—and go back to her chamber, sat down in the darkness.

The shadow which had been cast upon her spirit was very deep; and although the hidden sun came out again right early, it was a long time before its beams and power to scatter the clouds that floated in love's horizon.

The shadows we cast! Father, husband, wife sister, brother, son, neighbor—are we not all casting shadows daily, on some hearts that are pining for the sunlight of our faces! We have given you two pictures not as a mirror, but as a kaleidoscope. In all their infinitely varied relations, men and women selfishly or ignorantly, are casting their shadows upon hearts that are pining for sunlight. A word, a look, a tone, an act will cast a shadow, and sadden a spirit for hours and days.—Speak kindly, act kindly, be forgetful of self, and you will cast but few shadows along the path of life. The true gentleman is always tender of the feelings of others—always watchful, lest he should unintentionally—always thinking when with others, of their pleasure instead of his own. He casts but few shadows. Be gentlemen, ladies, or, in a word that which includes all graces and excellencies of Christians; for it is the Christian who casts the fewest shadows of all.

And he became melancholy, because customers were shy and times were hard.

And he said, Lo! I am ruined, and the sensation is disagreeable.

And my ruin is the more painful to bear, because it is slow in progress, even as water does gradually become hotter in the pot where the lobster boiled, until the crustaceous creature shrieked out his soul in anguish.

I will give my money away to the poor man, even to the poorest, which is he who printhet newspapers, and I will shut up my shop and wrap myself in sackcloth of desolation, and pass my days in the purlieu of broken banks, cursing the hardness of the times and cursing my garments.

And the howling of Rome shall be as the dulcet sounds of dulcimers and flutes who blow the flutes and instruments of music, compared to the din I will make in the ears of wicked—even in the ears of the bank directors.

And even as he said, so did he; for he was not like other men's sons who are foolish and know it not, and they say they will do so, performing that which is contrary.

For the sons of men are feeble, and he that is borne of woman doth spit his face by diminishing the length of the nose thereof.

And lo! the printer—even he who did publish newspapers—was made glad by the bounty of him who sold at retail; and he did sound his praises, and print them, moreover, and did blow the trumpet of fame respecting that man's dealings, from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same.

And he—even he, the printer of papers—did magnify and enlarge upon the stock of goods which the trader had in his store, and did publish the variety, and the cheapness thereof, till the people—yes, all of them, far and near—were amazed.

And they said, Lo! this man hath gathered from the East and the West costly merchandise and wares of wondrous value—even the workmanship of cunning artificers—and knew it not.

Go to, then. We will lay out our silver and gold in those things which the printer printed of, and that which he doth publish shall be ours. For this man's merchandise is better than the bank notes of those who promise to pay and therein lie, even banks of deposit who beguile us of our money and swindle us like sin.

But that trader was still sad, and he

said, the money that these people bring me for the goods in my store will I give to the printer, and thus I will ruin myself; I will do that which no man hath yet done in my time or before me. I will make the printer-man, whom all men scorn for his poverty, rich, and he shall be clad in fine linen, and shall rejoice.

And the sons of men shall meet him in the market place, and the sheriff shall shun him, and seoffers shall be rebuked, and shall take off their hats to him that was poor.

And shall flash the dollars in the eyes of the foolish, and shall eat bank note sandwiches.

—Yes, even shall he light his pipe with railroad script and cast his spittle on the beads of other men.

For I will ruin myself, and he who advertises me shall enjoy my substance. But lo! the trading man—even he who sold merchandise—became rich; and even as the unclean beast lieth in the mire, so stirred he not by reason of his gold.

And the people flocked to his store from the North.

And from the South.

And from the West.

And the printer rejoiced, and his "fat" did abound.

But the trader could not become poor; and his melancholy ceased, and the smiles of happiness were upon his face. And his children did become mighty in the land by reason of the dollars which many of the people who read his advertisements had poured into the trader's money bag.

The Great Saratoga Trunk.
Old Anthracite has a very dear wife, so dear that she costs him on her own private account about fifteen thousand dollars a year. Mrs. Anthracite always has the latest fashions, so when the great Saratoga trunk was exhibited in Broadway, Mrs. A. at once purchased one for her summer trip.

Every one knows that the great Saratoga trunk is an unexceptional trunk. It is colossal—of Titanic proportions. Cheops, the builder of the great pyramid might have found ample accommodation for her entire household in the great Saratoga trunk.

Accordingly, down went Mrs. A. to the great watering place with her great trunk—She had not been long there, however, when old Anthracite received a private telegram from a friend, to inform him that Mrs. A. was flirting desperately with young Belzebub, the son and heir of old Belzebub, the great soap boiler. Anthracite instantly takes the train, arrives at the hotel, and walks up stairs. His wife's door is shut. He knocks.—Door opens after some delay. Mrs. A. appears flustered, which fluster increases to dismay when she sees her husband. Husband enters coolly; explains that he just came to see how she was getting on, and seats himself on the great Saratoga trunk. Drops a glove, the picking up of which enables him to look under the bed. No one there. Husband talks of the weather, and the pair are settling down to a little conversation, when old Anthracite remarks quietly.

"Mrs. A., there is a rat in your trunk."

"Mrs. A. turns pale through her paint. No, husband is mistaken. The rat is in the wainscot. They are always there, those rats. Husband is sure it is in the trunk. He smells him, he will examine. Mrs. A. is very anxious he should not. He cannot. The trunk is shut, and the key is lost. Her husband begs to contradict. The key was in the lock, and what was more—the lid was open. Husband, amid the protestations of Mrs. A. half raised the lid. No crinoline, no shawls, no lace, no furbelows in the great Saratoga trunk; only Belzebub's glossy curls and killing moustache are visible. Mrs. A. instantly faints. It's the privilege of her sex on such occasions. What does husband do? Shoots Belzebub? Not a bit of it. He smiles grimly and shuts the lid down again, locking the great Saratoga trunk. He rings the bell; tells the waiter to bring a griddle. Bores a few holes in the great trunk; orders up the porter, and goes off to New York, accompanied by the great Saratoga trunk. What would the trunk have given for a cigar in the baggage wagon when it smelled the tobacco smoke that is so liberally puffed about! The trunk, though nearly suffocated, thought it best to keep quiet.

Arrived at New York, old Anthracite told the people at the depot, loud enough for the great Saratoga trunk to hear him, that he would leave his baggage at the office for a few days, when he would send for it. He then went off. This was more than the great trunk could bear, so it kicked, shouted and made a noise, until it was broken open, and to the amazement of everybody, poor Belzebub crawled out in a limping condition. He tried to tell people that it was done for a bet, but somehow the truth leaked out, and I predict that next summer there will be fewer great Saratoga trunks at the Springs. I think old Anthracite had the best of it, don't you?

"Mary, my love, do you remember the text this morning?"

Mary—"No, papa, I never can remember the text, I've such a bad memory."

"By the way, Mary," said her mother, "did you notice Susan Brown?"

Mary—"O! yes, what a fright!—She had on her last year's bonnet, done up a pea-green silk, a black lace mantilla, brown gaiters, an imitation Honiton collar, a lava bracelet, her old cardrops; and such a far! Oh, my!"

Not so obvious.—I cannot bear children," said Miss Prin, disdainfully.

Mrs. Partington looked at her over her spectacles willy before she replied, "Perhaps if you could you would like them better."

Why is a young man hugging his sweetheart like an epicure who permits his wine to leak away? Because he is waiting what he loves. Foolish! ain't he?

A Texas editor complains that, while chopping wood a few days ago he struck his foot with his axe and split it in two. As he has now a cloven foot, no doubt he can play the devil better than ever.

The new reading of "keep a stiff upper lip lip" is, maintained an inviolable rigidity in the spot where the moustache ought to grow."

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor.

"Right over there? Certainly; 'tain't nowhere else."

Small chap on the street with a big hat on. Stranger sees him and cries out: "Hello, hat, where are you going with that boy?"

Tommy, how's your folks?"

"All well but growler, and he's got the bow-wow-cl complaint."