

The Holmes County Farmer.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1826.

MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 20, 1860.

[NEW SERIES—VOL. 22—NO. 44.]

Business Directory.

REED & CRITCHFIELD.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio.
Office—Up stairs in Critchfield's Corner Block, opposite the Court-house. n201f

D. S. UHL.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio.
Office—In Mayor's building, over the Book Store. n201f

WM. S. TANNEYHILL.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—Two doors east of the Bank, up stairs. n201f

J. P. ALBAN.
DENTIST, Millersburg, Ohio. Artificial Teeth inserted, from one to an entire set, on gold, silver or vulcanite base. All operations skillfully performed. Satisfaction warranted.
Rooms in the Elliott House. n41.

J. E. ATKINSON.
DENTIST, Millersburg, Ohio, tenders his professional services to all who may need anything in the way of Teeth operations, consist in Filling, Extracting and inserting from one to an entire set. n41.

J. G. BIGHAM, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Frederickburg, Ohio. Respectfully announces his readiness to give prompt attention to all professional calls. He is permitted to refer to the Medical Faculty of the University of Michigan and to the Faculty of Medicine of the University of New York city. Sept. 27, 1860.—n22m

DR. S. D. RICHARDS.
HAS Located in Berlin, Holmes County Ohio. He will attend to all calls proper to his profession. Especial attention to diseases of the Eye. n21.

DR. G. W. RAMAGE.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Would respectfully inform the citizens of Holmesville and vicinity that he has located himself in said place for the practice of his profession. Office four doors west of Reed's Corner. n201f

DR. T. G. V. BOLING.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Millersburg, O. Office on Main street, formerly occupied by Dr. Irvine. n201f

DR. EBRIGIT.
MILLERSBURG, O. Office—on Jackson st. n201f

DR. A. A. CRUMP.
GERMAN & ENGLISH Botanic Physician, Millersburg, O. Office—on the East end of Main street, four doors above the Public square. n201f

A. B. FRY.
WATCH MAKER & JEWELER, Main Street, opposite Court House, Millersburg, Ohio. n201f

JAN. HEBRON & SON.
DEALERS IN English, German and American Hardware, Cutlery, Oil, Paints, Glass, Sash, Pine Doors Saddlery, and Coach Trimmings. n201f

ELLISON HOUSE.
ELLISON & DE SILVA Proprietors, Jackson Street, Millersburg, Ohio. n25f.

OHIO HOUSE.
I. HOKWORTH, Proprietor, west end of Main street, Millersburg, O. Stage Office—Daily Line of Coaches to Coshocton. n201f

A. J. BELL.
COUNTY RECORDER AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Millersburg, Ohio. He is at all times ready to furnish, fill up, and take acknowledgments of all kinds of Deeds, Conveyances, mortgages, and powers of Attorneys, and Record the same, take Depositions to be used in any of the courts of this State. Also, Protest Notes, Bills of exchange, &c. This office is in the County Recorder's office. n21f

BAKER & WHOLF.
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
AND DEALERS IN
SALT, FISH, PLASTER, WHITE & WATER LIME,
AND ALL KINDS OF
Flour, Wheat, Rye, Corn and oats
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.
—AND—
BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, TALLOW
And all kinds of DRIED FRUITS.
100 WAREHOUSE—MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

E. STEINBACHER & CO.,
Produce and Commission Merchants,
FLOUR, GRAIN, MILL STUFFS,
SALT, FISH, WHITE & WATER LIME, &c. &c.
AND PURCHASERS OF
Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Wool,
SEEDS, DRIED FRUIT, BUTTER, EGGS &c. &c.
June 1, 1860. MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

HANCOCK CAMP & CO.,
Produce & General Commission Merchants
NO. 6, NORTH WATER STREET, BELOW ARCH
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Consignment of Western Produce respectfully solicited. Quick sales and immediate returns guaranteed. n201f

S. WEIRICH & BRO.,
DEALERS IN
IRON, STEEL, NAILS,
LEVELS, CHISELS, BRACES, SAWS,
BITS, AUGERS, FILES, PLANES,
SQUARES, ADZES, &c.
WINDOW-SHEDS, DOORS,
MECHANICS' TOOLS, &c.
WHITE LEAD, SADDLERY.
Agricultural Implements.
n201f MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

PAINTING & GLAZING
THE undersigned is ready to do any thing in the line of
House, Sign, Ornamental, Buggy and Waggon Painting.
I will be found, when not elsewhere employed, at my shop over Wieman's Carriage Shop, Millersburg, May 24, 1860. A. J. STEELER.

GROCERY STORE.
GODFREY IYNER has removed his
Grocery and Provision Store
To the Rooms formerly occupied by FRY'S Jewelry store.
His goods are of the very best quality, carefully selected and will be sold on Short Notice.
All who want to buy the best quality of
GROCERIES
should call.
April 24, 1860. G. IYNER.

PEBBLE SPECTACLES.
A. LWAYS ON HAND. Old Frames filled and spectacles made to order for all sorts of defective sight, warranted to make you see well as ever you could. At FRY'S, Nov. 15, 1860.—n20.

Poetry.

OUT IN THE COLD.
BY JOHN H. ADAMS.

With blue cold hands and stockings feet,
Wandered a child in the cheerless street,
Children were many, who, huddled and fed,
Lovingly nestled, dreaming in bed,
Carried their joy in a lane of bliss,
Without a thought of a care or a wish.
They were warm in humanity's fold,
But this little child was out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Bleak blew the wind through the cheerless street,
Dashing about the merciless sleet,
All furred and shawled, man, woman and child,
Hurried along, for the storm grew wild,
They could not hear the sleet's hoarse blast,
Winter so rude on their pathway cast.
Alas, none pined—no one consoled,
This little wanderer, out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

She had no father—she, no mother;
Sister none, and never a brother,
Lone and cold, she sat on a bench above,
She remained here with nothing but love,
"Nothing but love"—ah! men did not know
What wealth of joy that child could bestow,
So they went by and worshipped their gold,
Leaving the little one out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Wandered she on till the shades of night
Veiled her shivering form from sight,
Then with her cold hands over her breast
She prayed for her Father in Heaven for rest.
When hours had fled, 'neath the world's dark
frown,
Hungered and chilled she laid herself down—
Lay down to rest, while the world rolled
—Out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Out in the cold! an angel form
Brought her white robes that were rich and warm,
Out in the cold, on the sleeping child,
The sainted face of a mother smiled.
A sister pressed on her brow a kiss,
And she no longer needed a bliss,
And angels gathered in their fold,
That night, the little one out of the cold—
Out of the cold.

Gen. Jackson's Proclamation.

The following is the concluding portion of the Proclamation of Gen. Jackson, issued in 1833, at the time and on the occasion when South Carolina, by her celebrated Ordinance attempted to nullify the Laws of Congress. After picturing the blessings of free government under our Union, he said:

"And then said, if you can, without horror and remorse, this happy Union we will dissolve—this picture of peace and prosperity we will deface—these free intercourses we will interrupt—these fertile fields we will deluge with blood—the protection of that glorious flag we denounce—the very name of Americans we discard. And for what, mistaken men! for what do you throw away these inestimable blessings—for what would you exchange your share in the advantages and honor of the Union? For the dream of a separate independence—a dream interrupted by bloody conflicts with your neighbors, and a vile dependence on a foreign power. If your leaders could succeed in establishing a separation, what would be your situation? Are you united at home—are you free from the apprehension of civil discord, with all its fearful consequences? Do our neighboring Republics, every day suffering some new revolution or contending with some new insurrection—do they excite your envy? But the dictates of a high duty oblige me solemnly to announce that you cannot succeed. The laws of the United States must be executed. I have no discretionary power upon the subject—my duty is emphatically pronounced in the Constitution. Those who told you that you might peaceably prevent their execution, deceived you—they could not have been needed themselves. They know that a forcible opposition could alone prevent the execution of the laws, and they know that such opposition must be repelled.

Miscellaneous.

The Dangers of the Republic.

It is asserted and probably believed by some Republicans, that the threatened secession of some of the Southern States, is only a temporary excitement and passion, or a little brag and bluster of politicians, that will pass away in a short time. That there is no foundation for this assertion is evidenced by the fact that in some of the Southern States the determination to secede is almost unanimous among the people and that they are now coolly and deliberately instituting measures to accomplish this object. The trouble is upon us and already is heard throughout the South, the calm but determined preparation for deadly strife, the exciting and warlike scenes of military organization and display, and the marshalling of armies, while in the North is heard the threat, the taunt, the sneer and attempted intimidation. This is the situation of the country, and God alone in His Infinite wisdom can dispel the threatening cloud of danger that hangs like the pall of midnight over the Republic. A time like this brings vividly to mind, those warning and almost prophetic words of Henry Clay, uttered as long ago as 1830. He then said:

"Sir, I am not in the habit of speaking lightly of the possibility of dissolving this happy Union. The Senate knows that I have deprecated allusions, on ordinary occasions, to that direful event. The country will testify that, if there be anything in the history of my public career worthy of recollection, it is the truth and sincerity of my ardent devotion to its lasting preservation. But we should be false in our allegiance if we did not discern a danger between the imaginary and real dangers by which it may be assailed. Abolitionism should no longer be regarded as an imaginary danger. The abolitionists, let me suppose, succeed in their present aims of uniting the inhabitants of the free States, as one man, against the inhabitants of the slave States. Union on one side will beget Union on the other, and this process of reciprocal consolidation will be attended with all the violent prejudices, embittered passions, and implacable animosities which ever degraded or deformed human nature. * * *

One section will stand in menacing and hostile array against the other. The collision of opinion will be quickly followed by the clash of arms. I will not attempt to describe scenes which now happily lie hid from view. Abolitionists themselves would shrink back in dismay and horror at the contemplation of desolated fields, conflagrated cities, murdered inhabitants, and the overthrow of the fairest fabric of human government that ever rose to animate the hopes of civilized man."

We have arrived at all but the last result of the spread of the sectional feelings to which he refers; all that has been left to do is to "wait for the clash of arms." Nothing can be done to avert the dread calamity that "desolated fields, conflagrated cities, murdered inhabitants, and the overthrow of the fairest fabric of human government that ever rose to animate the hopes of civilized man," unless, at once, some assurance be given the country that all parties founded upon mere sectional ideas shall be put down, that the constitution shall be fulfilled in letter and spirit, and the rights of all sections respected. To do this sectional organizations must be abandoned by all conservative, union loving men and these must unite upon some common ground of settlement, just alike to the North and the South—Ashland Union.

DEATH OF DELAZON SMITH.—The death of Delazon Smith, at Portland, Oregon, on the 18th ult., is announced. Mr. Smith was formerly a United States Senator from Oregon. He was formerly of this State—was educated at Oberlin, and in his younger days published a book called "Oberlin Unmasked," giving a horrible, yet apocryphal account of the doings at that institution. As a political orator he stood almost without a peer—the best we ever heard.—Nat. Democrat.

We may owe it to our enemies to forget; we owe it to ourselves not to forget.

Politically Dead.

The Republicans tell us that Mr. Douglas, by this election, is politically dead. They forgot that he has four years to serve in the Senate of the United States, and that in that capacity he will stay there until Lincoln leaves the Presidency. In the Senate of the United States for the coming administration Mr. Douglas will be a master spirit—the live man of Congress. If Mr. Lincoln does not pursue a correct policy, Mr. Douglas is in a position to criticize it, and hold up his errors to the country—a duty which he will fearlessly and boldly discharge. It would be much more correct to say that there is no future for Lincoln than to apply the remark to Mr. Douglas. Lincoln's administration will make a *finish* of him—mark that! He will probably leave the Presidency hated and despised by most of those who voted for him, while Mr. Douglas, if he lives, has thirty years of political eminence before him. It is absurd to talk of a single reverse killing such a man as Stephen A. Douglas.

The Republicans should remember that Lincoln himself was defeated by Douglas for the Senate in Illinois in 1858, and if he can stand one beating, Mr. Douglas, with his superior talents and energy, can stand a dozen. Mr. Douglas, although running against the prejudices and passions of both extremes of the Union, who had been mutually inflamed with hostility to each other by the acts of demagogues and knaves, has received a greater number of votes than any other man who was ever beaten for the office. The Republicans four years ago were proud of the race which Fremont made, who got 1,300,000 votes. Mr. Douglas has beat that, receiving one million and a half. His vote is more than double that of Breckinridge or Bell. It is within fifteen per cent. of that of Lincoln. It has this glorious peculiarity, too, that it is distributed in every State in the Union. Breckinridge's votes are about all in the South; Lincoln's are about all in the North, but Mr. Douglas has thousands and tens of thousands of votes in both Northern and Southern States. He alone got a national vote. His opponents received the votes of sections. It is, all things considered, a paucity of triumph for Mr. Douglas to have received one million and a half of votes against two sectional candidates, one of whom had the assistance of the federal administration. Events will prove that Mr. Douglas is just about as near being killed politically as was General Jackson when the politicians defeated him in 1824 for President.—Enquirer.

Getting His Dividend.

Yesterday a Wide-Awake went into the offices of one of our brokers, and wanted some western money exchanged. Unfortunately happened to be bills of some of the refused Illinois banks, and the broker told him he would take it at 30 per cent. discount. This demand appearing extravagant, and he demurred in rather strong language. The broker then asked him if he wasn't one of the fellows he had seen around only a few nights ago, with a black cape and torch. The Wide-Awake said he was, and wanted to know what that had to do with his money. Oh, nothing, replied the broker, only you are getting your dividend on your investment in Lincoln. The Wide-Awake left the office swearing that he would go home and break his torch over the first Republican's head that ever asked him to turn out again.—If this was the first fruits of a change, he would like to know what the end was going to be? He, like thousands of others, begin to see their error.—Buffalo Republic.

Do it Well.

A rich man went to Washington, where he met with a member of Congress whom he had known when a lad in very different condition of life.

"Why, sir," said he, "are you a member of Congress? I remember when you used to black my boots for me."

"Well, sir, did I not do it well?" was the prompt and appropriate reply.

"Now, boys let me tell you something. The great secret of life is doing well whatever one has to do. And that is not in all respects well done which is not done at the right time.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," and "never put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day."

Do what you have to do promptly, and you will never fail. True and lasting success is not the result of chance or luck, but of God's blessing on well directed effort. If you would prosper, you must strive for it.

Nor is there any honest occupation, however humble, that is not honorable if well followed. No one need be ashamed of humble birth, or hesitate to own the lowest labor, if he can say the labor was well done.

Well Put—Can't Throw Stones.

A leading Massachusetts politician, in discussing the disunion question, thus looks at it properly from a Massachusetts point of view. He says:

"It avails nothing for us in Massachusetts to discuss the question of the expediency or inexpediency of secession, and to endeavor to impress on the Southern States the sacredness of the Union. So long as the State of Massachusetts maintains a system of legislation plainly contrary to the Constitution in the very matter of the special rights of the Southern States, all ears are closed to appeals in behalf of the Union from us. To such appeals the answer is ready, that when we duly regard the Constitution ourselves, and not until then, it will be competent to us to exhort States to respect and observe it; that otherwise we are but meanly enjoying the benefits of the compact without discharging its obligations; and that our laudation of the Union is alike odious and ridiculous, while we cling to it only as the means of exerting the power of the Federal Government to the spoliation, oppression and wrong of fifteen States of the Union."

Escape from a Ten Year's Captivity with the Snake Indians.

A man calling himself James P. Kimball, accompanied by his wife, arrived in this city last week, in destitute circumstances, and was generously afforded lodging and board at the Pennsylvania House by Mr. Stine. Kimball relates that he had been in the Snake Indian captivity with the Snake Indians in Oregon. His narrative is published in the Review. We condense the main facts:

In 1848 he left the home of his father, Col. Mervell Kimball of Syracuse, N. Y., for California, by the overland route, in company with his father-in-law and three unmarried daughters. When the party with which he was traveling reached Chillicothe Valley, Oregon, June 15th, they were attacked by about 4,000 Snake Indians, but defended themselves for several hours, killing 400 Indians and losing 62 of their own number, leaving only 9 men and 4 women alive, who surrendered to the savages.

Faith Extraordinary.

In Zanesville we have many colored people, who live by barbering an other light work. They are for the most part an orderly and quiet people, many of them are religious, having a church of their own and a sabbath minister, of all of which they are justly proud.

One cold evening, in a time of great revival in the church, the ebony expounder was delivering a powerful appeal upon "Faith," the groans and sobs of his hearers gave token of its effect upon their irrepressible natures. The tears stood upon his own dark cheek, his voice quivered like distant thunder, when he emphasized his words by vigorous blows upon the table. In the midst of all this, the stove, agitated by his jarring blows, rolled over on the floor. Brother Lewis, a high man in the church, had located himself near this comforter of shins; he stood irresolute, when the voice of his minister came to him laden with faith. "Pick up de stove, brudder Lewis, pick up de stove, de Lord won't let it burn you." Brother Lewis' mind was filled with the miracles of faith he had that evening heard, so he yielded to the appeal of his preacher, grabbed the hot stove, dropped it instantly, and turning his reproachful eyes to the disciple of faith, exclaimed, "De hell he won't.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Who are Disunionists?

The Pittsburgh Post answers this question by asking:

"If it has who breaks a compact, or he who, finding it broken, withdraws? Is not the guilt, the responsibility of disunion with him who disrupts the compact?"

Many Northern States have deliberately and with the wicked purpose of aggression on offending friends, broken a solemn compact of the Constitution in vital points, in its letter and its spirit.

The South, thus finding the compact of the Constitution repudiated by Northern States, in those provisions especially intended for the protection of Southern rights and interests, proposes to withdraw from a compact in which she alone is required to keep faith.

Such a simple statement of the case, will any one deny it?

Is this then being the case stated, what is the remedy? How can the South stay her purpose and remain?

Why, clearly, only by the removal of the just cause for secession—by the recession of the North from its violations of the Constitution, and a recession of its aggressive course."

Infatuation of Lotteries.

The Philadelphia Press, in an article on the lottery offices of that city, gives the following remarkable instances of their *infatuation* deleterious effect:

In the immediate vicinity of a certain policy dealer the son of a country clergyman resided. This youth, the hope of an estimable parent, was a journeyman of some branch of carriage making. He came to town with a few hundred dollars in cash, and the enticements of his neighbor over the way were soon made known to him. Straightway he became a patron of policies. At the first venture he won a few dollars. These he doubled and staked again, and lost. Again he staked, and again lost, until more than half of his funds were taken from him. Made desperate by failure, but still confident of success, he staked all that remained, and was penniless. His destitution made him insane. Surviving a long illness he resumed his trade, but had no mind for work. All his energies were concentrated upon the policies, and the sad scene was witnessed of the errand lad sweeping the pavement and doing menial service for the man who had robbed him. His recompense for this debasement was the privilege of choosing three numbers gratuitously in the policy list. We behold him lately, a changed and dejected being, the weekly recipient of a small sum from the policy dealer. He occupies the position of copyist in that worthy's office, and his wasted energies are craved into the single lot of his lot. In a few months some money was left him by a deceased relative will be received. It had been more direct for the dead man to have willed the cash at once to the policy dealer. A few days ago, as an evidence of returning mind, the son of the clergyman begged some gentleman to "back" him as a policy dealer. It is such high expectations has the child of the Gospel heard aspired.

Confession Good for the Soul.

The Springfield, Mass., *Republican*, in the best Republican paper in New England, acknowledges—

1. That the Republican party are wrong in passing Personal Liberty Bills;
2. That those bills are "pernicious," and "IN VIOLATION OF THE CONSTITUTION," and "UNJUST TO THE SLAVE STATES;"
3. That those Republican enactments "mean nullification," are "unconstitutional in spirit," are only fail to be boldly and squarely unconstitutional on Garrison's ground because "WE (the Republicans) HAVE NOT THE COURAGE TO GO THE WHOLE AND nullify the constitution boldly and squarely;"
4. That those Personal Liberty Laws ought to be REPEALED.

That is what the Democratic party have always claimed.

Finding Fault with Children.

It is at times necessary to censure and punish, but very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parents; and half anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition of both the parent and child. There are two great motives influencing human action—hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy; their dispositions become hardened, and sour; they are sullen, fretful, and, at last, finding that whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproach.

Cats Free from Headache.

It is quite wonderful to see a cat jump down heights. She never seems to hurt herself, or get grumpy with the fall; she always falls on her feet, and these are so beautifully padded that they seldom or never get broken. I never saw an accident, but in one instance, and that was a French cat, which fell down stairs in the most stupid manner. Why does not the cat get a headache after her deep jumps? why does she not get concussion of the brain, as a man or dog would, if he performed a similar acrobatic feat? If we take down one of our dry cat's heads of the keeper's museum wall, and break it up, we shall see that it has a regular partition wall projecting from its sides, a good way inwards, towards the centre, so as to prevent the brain from suffering from concussion. This is, indeed, a beautiful contrivance, and shows an admirable internal structure, made in wonderful conformity with external form and nocturnal habits.—Dr. Buckland.

Read not books alone, but men; and, chiefly, be careful to read yourself.

If a ship is of the feminine gender, why are not fighting vessels called women of war, instead of men-of-war?

HAPPINESS must arise from our own temper and actions, and not immediately from any external conditions.

Good men have the fewest fears. He has but one who fears to wrong. He has a thousand who have overcome that one.

MEN of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

LAZINESS begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. It creeps over a man so slowly and imperceptibly, that he is bound tight before he knows it.

SOME sensible chap says, truly, that a person who undertakes to raise himself by scrambling others, might just as well sit down on a wheelbarrow, and undertake to wheel himself.

"Pray, madam, why did you name your old hen Macduff?" was asked of a sentimental lady who kept poultry. "Because, sir," she replied, "I want her 'to lay on."

A WESTERN editor says he was taught when a boy to refrain from grumbling at two things: the one, that which he cannot help, and the other, that which he can.

There is more goodness in virtue, kindness and cleanness of heart, than in all the gold, canting solemnity, that was ever put on as a mask of selfishness.

Those men talk most who in the greatest mental darkness—frogs cease their croaking when a light is brought to the water side.

WHY are the country girls' cheeks like French calico? Because they are warranted to wash and retain their color.

A DISCONSOLATE lover, who was discarded, consoles himself with the reflection that his level one is married to a small lawyer, has two children and the fever and ague.

PEOPLE never plot mischief when they are merry. Laughter is an enemy to malice and a foe to scandal. It promotes good temper, enlivens the heart, and brightens the intellect. Let us laugh when we can.

AN Irishman being asked whether he did not frequently converse with a friend in Irish, replied:

"No, indeed; Jemmy often speaks to me in Irish, but I always answer him in English."

"Why so?"

"Because, you see, I don't want Jemmy to know that I understand Irish."

The women of the town of Cranston, in this State, vexed at the drunkenness which has prevailed there, made a descent recently upon a rum-shop and spilled all the liquor upon the ground. They then walked across the street and notified the keeper of another grocery that he had ten days wherein to relinquish the business, under penalty of similar treatment.

Getting His Dividend.

Yesterday a Wide-Awake went into the offices of one of our brokers, and wanted some western money exchanged. Unfortunately happened to be bills of some of the refused Illinois banks, and the broker told him he would take it at 30 per cent. discount. This demand appearing extravagant, and he demurred in rather strong language. The broker then asked him if he wasn't one of the fellows he had seen around only a few nights ago, with a black cape and torch. The Wide-Awake said he was, and wanted to know what that had to do with his money. Oh, nothing, replied the broker, only you are getting your dividend on your investment in Lincoln. The Wide-Awake left the office swearing that he would go home and break his torch over the first Republican's head that ever asked him to turn out again.—If this was the first fruits of a change, he would like to know what the end was going to be? He, like thousands of others, begin to see their error.—Buffalo Republic.

Do it Well.

A rich man went to Washington, where he met with a member of Congress whom he had known when a lad in very different condition of life.

"Why, sir," said he, "are you a member of Congress? I remember when you used to black my boots for me."

"Well, sir, did I not do it well?" was the prompt and appropriate reply.

"Now, boys let me tell you something. The great secret of life is doing well whatever one has to do. And that is not in all respects well done which is not done at the right time.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," and "never put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day."

Do what you have to do promptly, and you will never fail. True and lasting success is not the result of chance or luck, but of God's blessing on well directed effort. If you would prosper, you must strive for it.

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Nor is there any honest occupation, however humble, that is not honorable if well followed. No one need be ashamed of humble birth, or hesitate to own the lowest labor, if he can say the labor was well done.

Getting His Dividend.

Yesterday a Wide-Awake went into the offices of one of our brokers, and wanted some western money exchanged. Unfortunately happened to be bills of some of the refused Illinois banks, and the broker told him he would take it at 30 per cent. discount. This demand appearing extravagant, and he demurred in rather strong language. The broker then asked him if he wasn't one of the fellows he had seen around only a few nights ago, with a black cape and torch. The Wide-Awake said he was, and wanted to know what that had to do with his money. Oh, nothing, replied the broker, only you are getting your dividend on your investment in Lincoln. The Wide-Awake left the office swearing that he would go home and break his torch over the first Republican's head that ever asked him to turn out again.—If this was the first fruits of a change, he would like to know what the end was going to be? He, like thousands of others, begin to see their error.—Buffalo Republic.