

The Democratic Press.

J. D. MOUDY, Proprietor.

"Where Liberty Dwells, there is my Country."

\$1.50 Per Annum.--In Advance.

VOL. I.

EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1860.

NO. 18.

THE PRESS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT EATON, O.

Terms of Subscription.

Rates of Advertising.
One square (10 lines) three weeks.....\$1.00
One square one month.....1.25
One square six months.....3.00
One square one year.....5.00
One column one month.....1.50
One column three months.....4.00
One column six months.....7.00
One column one year.....12.00
One line one month......25
One line three months......75
One line six months.....1.25
One line one year.....2.00

No credit given, except to yearly customers, who are expected to pay quarterly. The privilege of Yearly Advertisers is strictly limited to their own immediate business, and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of its individual members.

Advertisements not marked on the copy for a special number of insertions, will be continued until ordered out, and payment exacted accordingly.

No yearly advertisements will be discontinued without previous notice to us, nor will any charges be made for less than one year at yearly rates.

All advertisements of public meetings, speaking, fairs, fraternal societies, &c., and all notices of private enterprises, or to promote private interests, must be paid for. Where the object is manifestly for the public good, or for benevolent purposes, the publisher will deduct half of the advertising rate.

Obituaries and tributes of respect charged for at the rate of fifty cents for twelve lines, and must be paid for when handed in.

Building contracts for advertising will be observed until the paper is advertised for, after which, if the advertisement be continued, it shall be taken for granted that the advertiser understands, and agrees to the rates, and are to be generated accordingly.

THE PRESS
JOB PRINTING
OFFICE.

Public attention is respectfully invited to this establishment, in the assurance that ample satisfaction will be given as regards Typography, Press work and charges to those who may require.

FANCY
OR
Common Work,

Executed Cheaply and Neatly,
The materials all of which are
ENTIRELY NEW

Having been selected with great care, will be found to embrace everything requisite to the execution of any

Variety or Style of Printing,
With the utmost expedition and at short notice. We are able at all times, to print

EXPEDITIOUSLY & CHEAPLY,
every description of

HAND BILLS,
CIRCULARS,
PROGRAMMES,
INVITATIONS,
CARDS,
BLANKS,
BILL HEADS, &c., &c.

It is our intention to do every description of work at

SUCH LOW RATES,
As will enable every one, no matter how small the extent of his business or how limited his means,

TO MAKE A TRIFLING OUTLAY
In this most invaluable method of making his business thoroughly known.

EVERY BUSINESS MAN
needs something in the way of
Job Printing,
A Business Card or Circular,
It is almost indispensable. Those of our friends who may feel disposed to give us their patronage, may be assured that no pains shall be spared on our part to serve their interests promptly.

J. H. FOOTE, JNO. V. CAMPBELL,
FOODS & CAMPBELL,
[Successors to GIBSON & CAMPBELL,]
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
AND NOTARIES PUBLIC.

Office on Baron Street, west side, six doors north of Main street.
August 23, 1860. if

ROBERT MILLER,
Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND
Agent *Etna Insurance Company,*
EATON, OHIO.

Office in the 2d story of Josiah Campbell's new brick building, north side of Main street, opposite the court house.
August 23, 1860. if

S. BANTA,
Attorney at Law,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office West of C. Vanausdal & Co.,
EATON, OHIO
August 23, 1860. if

N. DUNN,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office opposite the court house, 2 doors above the Post Office.

Deeds, Mortgages, Articles of Agreement, &c., drawn and acknowledgments taken. By prompt attention to business he hopes to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
August 23, 1860. if

M. F. STEPHENS,
STEPHENS & BRO.,
Dealers in Staple & Fancy
DRY GOODS,

Trimmings, Hosiery, Queensware, Milliner Goods, Notions, Embroideries, &c. Main st. opposite the court house Eaton, O. We offer great bargains to cash customers. [August 23, 1860. if

JACOB WINTERS, PETER SHAFNER,
Eagle Hotel.
WINTERS & SHAFNER,
PROPRIETORS,
Baron st., between Main & Somers,
EATON, OHIO.
Good Stabling for one hundred and fifty horses. August 23, 1860. no-if

American House.
J. C. BONER, Proprietor.
Main St., opposite Odd Fellows Building,
EATON, OHIO.

The Proprietor having recently purchased the American, and refitted and refurnished it in good style, is now prepared to accommodate guests in the most satisfactory manner.
Good Stabling for 100 Horses.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. if

Meredith House,
Corner Main and Fifth streets,
RICHMOND, IND.
WINCHESTER & COWLES,
Proprietors.

HAMILTON HOUSE.
North-west corner of second and high sts.,
Hamilton Ohio.
THIS House has been re-opened since the first of July 1860, and thoroughly renovated and re-furnished. Patronage is respectfully solicited. THURGOOD RUTEN,
August 23, 1860. if Proprietor.

WILLIAM ENGLE,
Fashionable Tailor,
HAS re-opened a shop on Baron Street, over W. C. Campbell's Book Store, where he is prepared to make anything in his line, in the latest and most approved style. Thankful for past favors, he respectfully solicits of his old friends and patrons a continuance of their custom. Repairing and cutting done on short notice.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. if

PERRET & MONESMITH,
Livery Stable.
EATON, OHIO.

We are at all times prepared to accommodate the public with Horses, Carriages, &c., on the usual terms.
We have a new and extensive stock of Baggies, and Carriages with the largest and best lot of Livery Horses ever kept in Eaton. Give us a call and learn our ability to furnish accommodations. [Sept 29, '60. ly

Furniture and Chair Factory.
RICHMOND & HARSHMAN,
Keep always on hand a large stock of
New Furniture,
Which they will sell at the lowest rates.
Wooden and Metallic Coffins always on hand.
Under-taking promptly attended to.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. if

EATON BOOT AND SHOE STORE.
CHARLES BECKER,
TAKE this method of informing the public that they are still carrying on the above business, on Baron street, three doors north of the post office, where they would be happy to meet their old friends, customers and everybody wanting anything in their line. Will sell cheap for Cash, or to good men on Time. All repairs mended gratuitously. All work warranted. Give us a call and we will convince you that you can make money by buying at our shop.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. if

FALL STYLES!
AT THE
NEW YORK STORE!

COFFMAN & WALTERS
ARE NOW IN RECEIPT OF THEIR
Fall & Winter DRY GOODS,

of which they have a splendid stock, and are prepared to supply their customers, and the rest of mankind, with the latest style and best variety of
Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Satinets, Jeans, Vestings, Flannels,
PRINTS,
Silks, Merinos, Delanes, De Baigs, Plaids, Berages, Linens, Muslins and Sheetings;
The very latest style
Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers,
Fringes, Dress Trimmings, Crapes, Lace, Table Covers, Maraschies, Brilliants, Jaconets, Swiss, Edging, Collars, Bosoms and Hosiery,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES,
QUEENSWARE & GLASSWARE.
Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods or Groceries. 12-3m.
Eaton, Nov. 8, 1860.

Wonderful Discovery!

Highly Important!

CHEAP GOODS!!

Stephens & Bro.
Have just received their
Fall and Winter Goods,

which they are offering to sell at very low prices; they are offering rare inducements to the Goods buying public. Their stock consists of the general variety of Goods kept in Dry Goods Stores. They call special attention to their stock of

DRESS GOODS,
MENS WEARE,
Boots and Shoes,
HATS & CAPS.

Call and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere, as you may expect to get good bargains from Nat and Mart.
All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.
Eaton, Sept. 20, 1860. 5-1f

**We Have Received our
NEW
GOODS,
FOR
FALL AND WINTER**

AND WE ARE NOW READY TO
Sell them at Very Low Prices.

Call and see, before you buy elsewhere.
C. VANAUSSAL & CO.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. if

CHARLES P. THUM,
Merchant Tailor!
Room in A. A. Seiberts building, formerly occupied by Lockwood's Shoe store, on Baron street.
He has on hand a fine Assortment of
READY MADE CLOTHING!

All kinds of Clothing made to order.
He has on hand as fine an assortment of Clothing, Cassimeres & Vestings, As can be found in the town.
Eaton, Ohio, August 30, 1860. 2-1y

Eaton Stone Work
PHILLIP KUHN & CO.,
Dealers in all kinds of
BUILDING STONE,
Such as Door and Window Sills, Caps, String Courses, &c. Parties any length or width. Also water Tables, Range Work, Flagging, Milk Troughs out of solid rock, Door Steps, &c. Also on hand best class of Building Stone for cellars and walls, Paving Stone &c. Having a large stock of Cut Stone on hand, they are prepared to fill all orders at a low rate for cash.
Shop at Eaton Rail Road Depot.
August 23, 1860. if

GIBSON HOUSE,
Walnut Street,
West side between Fourth and Fifth,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
O. H. GIFFROY & Co., Proprietors.

[Continued]
Lines to Minnie.
BY M. I. GIBSON.

A line for thine album, dear Minnie;
"Oh! what shall I write, for thee?"
Whose presence like mine of Eden,
Has been sweet dearest Minnie, to me;
Perhaps there has never a shadow,
Crept over thy heart, dear girl,
And it sleeps in its own peaceful dreaming,
Untroubled, and pure as a pearl.

I would thou wert always as joyous Minnie,
As happy and trusting as now;
That shadows of sorrow lie lightly,
Across thy young innocent brow.
But more do I wish for the Minnie,
Calm strength for thy soul from above,
To meet with life's earnest endeavor,
To guide thee to mansions of love.

**STORY OF A
DIAMOND RING.**

I saw it kicked by the Balmorals of jaunty nurses: I saw a fat morsel of humanity shake for it with a boy!—broken into adverse heye-eyes by pugny trotting—and I stood and stared it, there by causing the fat one to pull up short, stare at me with two black curls stuck in a dreary expanse of dough, insert a dumpy thumb in an orifice of the same expanse, and trot back again with the stolid resignation under disappointment which is the peculiar attribute of the London infant population.

Having ascertained the nature of my prize, I proceeded to meditate on the proper course to be taken, which meditation resulted in the following advertisement:
FOUR.—This evening, Wednesday, in the Regent's park, nearly opposite New College, a valuable diamond ring. The owner may recover it by calling at No. 19, Wilton place. &c.

Before noon on the following day I was making my most courteous bow to a venerable-looking old gentleman, whose white hairs and benevolent smile added a double charm to the grace with which he stepped forward, and waving ceremony, extended his hand saying: "You have taken a weight from my mind, my young friend, and must be allowed me to thank you." The insinuating delicacy of the adjective (I am more or less than forty-five) was perhaps, not without its effect. I accepted the offered pledge of amity in respectful silence.

"A young man," continued the patriarch, "may find it difficult to understand how the loss of a trinket can be a source of positive suffering to an old one, but—I am alluding to my lost ring—there are associations connected with it which—ahem! This is childish; you will excuse my emotion."

I bowed profoundly in the presence of this natural agitation. "I have passed some hours of sleeplessness, from which you have been the means of relieving me—I feel deeply indebted to you. There remains nothing now but to reimburse you for—"

Here the old gentleman drew forth his purse and proceeded to unclasp it. "Excuse me, sir," I stammered rather hurriedly, "but if the ring is yours you can doubtless describe the armorial bearings." "Armorial bearings, sir? It was a diamond ring."

"Certainly." "A plain diamond ring!" repeated the old gentleman, sternly, "do not attempt to play tricks with me, young man. I will point out to you directly." "I beg your pardon," said I, drawing back from the outstretched hand; "but as the ring in possession is assuredly engraved with a crest and motto, I concluded it can not be the one you are in search of."

The old gentleman eyed me for a moment keenly. "I am afraid you are right," he sighed in a tone of deep dejection; "I must seek further. Alas! what a melancholy termination to my hopeful journey." Speed the parting, welcome the coming guest, is a very good motto. I made no attempt to detain my venerable friend; but, as he turned toward the door, I am certain I saw beneath the silver hairs a lock of dark and shining brown. My next visitor was a lady extensively got up, of imposing height and carriage, rouged, scented, and powdered.

"We meet under singular circumstances," began this lady, with condescending haughtiness, "I am the

principal of a college for young ladies—
With a deferential acknowledgment of the honor done me, I begged to know what had preceded it. "In the hours of recreation we are accustomed to promenade in the park—a delightful spot, so suggestive of the blushing country!—during our ramble of yesterday, a young lady under my charge was unfortunate enough to lose her ring. You, sir, are the fortunate finder."

"I certainly did, madam, pick up a ring; but—
"Ah! how grateful my dear pupil will be at beholding it again!" exclaimed the teacher of youth, clasping her hands ecstatically.
"May I trouble you to describe the ring?"
"Describe it! A diamond ring, sir, handsome and massive, but plain."

"And the crest?"
"The crest! Ah! that my young charge were with me. Stupid! to have forgotten. The crest of the Deloraines. Is it a lion passant or? No; I am wrong. Unfortunately, that she should be too unwell to accompany me! But it is immaterial; I will take it for her inspection—she will be able to recognize it at once."

"I fear madam, that I should scarcely be justified—
"I feel it my duty," I said firmly, "under the circumstances, to take every precaution against mistakes. I trust the young lady is not too seriously indisposed to give you the necessary description."
"Very well sir! Exceedingly well! It is I who have been mistaken. I fancied—yes, actually fancied—that I was speaking to a gentleman! You will find sir to your cost, that the lady principal of a college is not to be insulted with impunity; I wish you good morning."

"Very harrowing, this. I am scarcely recover from the lady principal when there is a dash of wheels to the door, and a young fellow, flinging the reins to a groom in livery, springs up the steps to the door-bell.
"Oh! dash it!" he begins, breathing out a volume of stale tobacco; "I beg your pardon and that, but the old woman—dash it! I mean my mother—told me I should find my ring here, so I ordered out like ninny for it!"

"I shall be very glad to restore the ring. I was unfortunate enough to find, when I can discover its owner."
"Discover! dash it! Didn't I tell you it's mine? I say, I wish you wouldn't be so precious slow—I don't want the cats to catch cold. I've just had 'em shampooed, you know, naphthaed and that."
"What sort of a ring was yours?"
"What sort? Oh! come, as if you didn't know; that's good."

"I intimated that I should be glad to find out if he knew."
"Not know my own ring, oh! I know it's worth a couple of ponies. Come, let's hear the damages, and I'll stump up."
"You can describe the device?"
"Device, oh? What the Governor's? Bless you, he has a device for every hour in the day, to do me out of my rightful allowance! Device! Oh, come you don't expect me to do the heraldic dodge, dash it!"

"I can not give up the ring unless you describe it!"
"Oh, dash it, don't chaff a fellow now. I shouldn't care a rap about the thing, only it belonged to some defunct party, and the governor'd cut up so deuced rough. I've got heaps of 'em. Come, I'll swap you any one of those for it because of the governor."
I respectfully declined the proposal.

"Well, dash it," exclaimed the young fellow, as though struck with a sudden idea, "what a couple of muffs we are. Why don't you turf the thing? I could tell in a minute if it's mine dash it!"
I replied that I was sorry I could not oblige him, and adding that he had better obtain an exact description of the 'thing' from his governor, I recommended him not to keep the cats any longer in the cold."

"Men.—I am getting exceedingly tired of my treasure. I retired to my room with a view of dressing to go out. I am informed that a lady wishes to see me, and I am afraid my mental ejaculation was not complimentary to the lady in question.
A tall, gaucy figure, draped in heavy mourning, rises at my en-

trance. She opens the negotiations in some confusion, turning away her face. She has come to see me in the hope of regaining a ring, carelessly lost, the parting gift of a fond father to her brother and herself.
My eye rests on the crape about her dress, on her pale, beautiful face, from which the blush of confusion and timidity has faded. Deferentially I request her to describe it.

"A large diamond, handsome," she believed, "but valuable to her for other reasons."
"But," I said gently, "chased on the gold inside the ring there is—
"A crest, I am aware of it," she answered, sadly, "but I know nothing of heraldry, and have never given it more than a casual glance. My brother is dying, sir," she said, lifting up her pale face to mine. "Only this morning he missed the ring from my finger unawares; we are alone in this world; it is the only relic left of one so lately taken from us; how can I tell him it is lost?"

"I am sorry to pain you," I said, striving to be firm; "but it would be more satisfactory for all parties, and cause but little delay, if you could obtain the description from your brother."
Without a word she turned away; the mournful resignation of her air and attitude touched me, and, as she turned, I saw a tear roll silently down and fall upon the hand stretched out to the door handle. I couldn't stand that.

"Stop!" I exclaimed, "one moment, I am sure—I feel certain—I may trust you. You will tell me—
I take the ring from its security, I hold it out timidly for the blue eyes to examine.
I see yet the delight overspread her fine features—I see the expression of almost childish pleasure in her eyes as she looked up at me, as she clasped her hands and cried out, "The ring, the ring! O! Alfred, my dear brother!"

Her hand was upon it; such a tremulous, happy eagerness in her glance; such a caressing fondness in her way of fingering it. How pretty she was!
"My dear child, (I am forty-five) it gives me sincere pleasure—
Then I stammer, then I spring after her. "At least you will leave your address with me."
"What a look shades her face now! Wounded integrity mingled with pity for me.
"Ah! sir," she says sadly, handling me the card on which she has been penciling, "some day you will be sorry for this. You do not trust me."

Certainly, I am a brute. The accent of reproach in her voice haunts me; the sorrowful glance in her eye—how pretty she is! I sit down to my breakfast in the morning, half inclined to call at the address given, and apologize for my heathenish distrust. How delightful to see her in her own peculiar atmosphere, ministering to the sick brother, who is all she had in the world, to look upon if one can not enjoy the world, to look upon if one can not enjoy the beautiful tenderness of a gentle sister to an afflicted brother. But my letters wait, and I toy with them. This is a hand I know. What does Fred want, I wonder? I tear it open.—
I read:

"DEAR JACK—What a queer chance if you have stumbled upon my ring. I was obliged to run down to Romford late last evening, and never missed it till we slackened at Ilford. A pretty taking I've been in. If it's mine, the crest is inside you know it—a mailed hand holding a lance, and the motto, 'Armed at all points.' Verily, truth is stranger than fiction.—
Keep it for me.
Thine, FRED VYNING."

Idiot! Gull! It is quite useless to call myself names. It is almost superfluous to add, that when I called at a certain address in Eaton Square to inquire for Miss Lucy Hamilton, the lady was not found. Probably the 'dear Alfred' had required speedy change of air; probably brother and sister were even now embracing in rapturous gratitude over the precious relic of that one lost to them so lately. Was that dear one not lost, but transformed? Had the silver-haired patriarch of the first visit changed to the dashing buck of the third? And was the virtuous teacher of youth only the tender sister in masquerade? On my word, I believe so. I dare not say they are enjoying the joke. Possibly it is a dodge often repeated. But what am I to say to Fred? LOUIS SAND.

A Scene—Dry goods stores are some times the scene of ludicrous conversation. The other day a young lady stepped into a well known establishment in town, and inquired of the best looking clerk—
"Sir have you any mouse-colored lady's gloves?"
"Mouse-colored gloves, miss?"
"Yes—a sort of gray—like your drawers, there," meaning the store drawers, of course, which were painted gray.

"My drawers! miss?" ejaculated the young man, glancing down to see if everything was right and tight—"My drawers? why, I don't wear any!"
"Julius, is you better dis morning?"
"No; I was better yesterday, but I've got ober dat." "Am dere no hopes ob your discovery?"
"Discovery ob what?" "your discovery from the convalescence what am feteling you on your back?"
"Dat depends, sah, atogeddah on de prognostication which implies the disease; should dey continue fatnaly, de doctor thinks I've a goner. Should dey not continue fatnaly, he hopes dis cullud individual won't die dis time. But, as I said afore, dat all depends on de prognostics; and till dese come to a head, dere am no telling wedder dis passon will cum to a discontinuation or older wise."

—John Muir, who with a jack-knife, whittled out a clock which took a premium at the State Fair, has just invented a bedstead. It is attached by strings and levers to an alarm clock, which, at any hour you set it, will strike a match and light the lamp, pull a pin out of the bedstead by which a lever is moved, and you find yourself thrown out of bed feet foremost. It is a great invention.

It is a sad thing that avarice is often the companion of old age. As we advance in life, we lose many of our old loves, friendships, graces and sensibilities, yet we often become possessed of the means of exacting gratitude, by conferring substantial benefits, for which unfortunately, the love of hoarding and increase of caution render many indispensed.

"I will tell you, sir," said Mr. Porson, to an unfledged poet, "what I think of your poetical works. They will be read when Milton's and Shakspeare's are forgotten—every eye was here, turned upon the speaker—but not till then!" The young poet slumped.

"I'll teach you to play pitch and toss! I'll flog you for an hour, I will." "Father, instantly replied the incorrigible, as he balanced a penny on his thumb and finger, "I'll toss you to make it two hours or nothing!"

—A New Haven apothecary recently received the following order: "three cents Ground Slipper Alem, three cents Lenced Mail."—
"Meaning three cents worth of ground slippery elm, and as much linseed meal."

A wise man need not be invested with power in order to be convinced that power is a garment bedizened with gold, which dazzles the beholder by its splendor, but oppresses the wearer by its weight.

"Why don't your father take a newspaper himself?" said a man to a little boy whom he caught pilfering his paper from the door-step. "Coz he sends me to take it," answered hopeful.

"My good woman," said the evangelist, as he offered her a tract have you got the gospel here? "No, sir, we haven't it," replied the starchy old drone; "but they've got it awful down to New Orleans."

Jack, said a man to a lad just entering his teens, your father's drowned.
"Darn it!" replied the young hopeful he's got my knife in his pocket.

The satisfaction of love consists in hearing from the lips of the loving the opinions we secretly entertain of ourselves, but will not acknowledge.
The most bitter struggle is that between pride and conscience; the former prompting you to an act that the latter forbids you to perform.
Experiencing religion now a-days seems to mean discovering what a miserable devil you are and what great scoundrels your fellows are.