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JOB WORK

Accepted at this Office with neatness and speed, at the lowest possible rates.

Poetical.

SONG.

BY W. C. EATON.

Do not thou fly to bear,
At what gentle season,
Nymphs relent when lovers near,
Press the tenderest reasons...

Miscellaneous

THE EMPEROR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

A CLEVER STORY.

A few years since, there was in the city of St. Petersburg a young girl, so beautiful and so lovely that the greatest Prince of Europe had met her...

EATON DEMOCRAT.

BY W. C. GOULD.

"Fearless and Free."

\$1.50 per Annum in Advance.

New Series.

EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, O. SEPT. 21, 1854.

Vol. 11, No. 14.

ANGLING FOR A HUSBAND.

Mr. D., who resided at Chato, was a lady of the strictest character, and of a heart proof against all allurements.

She was accustomed every pleasant day to station herself in the extremity of the lonely island of Chato, and there with a book in one hand and her line in the other...

She was sitting, he made a dive, and lightly seizing the hook, he attached to it his letter. She, perceiving the movement of her line, supposed that a fish was biting.

She then, this letter which she had fished up was addressed to her!

She had an idea of throwing back the letter into the stream, but there was nothing she could do; it was still and lonely, both on land and water.

She quit her seat, and took away the letter. As soon as she was alone and closed with herself, and as soon as the paper was dry—a paper perfectly water proof, and written upon with indelible ink—she unsealed the letter and commenced its perusal.

THE CARELESS MOTHER.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"I wonder if Mrs. Saunders knows how that servant treats her child?" said Mrs. Curran, as she sat at her parlor window one day...

"I wouldn't have anything to do with it," replied Mrs. Curran's sister, who was a good type of the selfish, prudent lady...

"A great strong girl," indignantly cried Mrs. Curran, "to sit there unconcerned, as if the dear, poor babe could react as well as herself!"

"I'm afraid Mrs. Saunders's baby is sick," said Mrs. Curran. "It's the time it's at the window with its nurse."

"Oh! if I had only warned the poor mother in time," she said, bitterly. "The almost heart broken mother heard the truth respecting her servant, when it was too late."

"Let us give up this jesting, which has pleased me for the moment, but which should continue no longer, and come with your apologies to Chato."

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The Democrat

Is published every Thursday morning, in the room immediately over the Post Office, Main Street, Eaton, Ohio, at the following rates: \$1.50 per annum, in advance...

TAKING IN A KNOWING ONE—THE OTHER BIT.

M. Travers Denham, a resident of Calcutta, was a civilian of dashing exterior and plausible ways, though in fact a rascal and an adventurer...

"Whist, and listen to me," said the major; and he communicated to his friend what, by the extravagant list of laughter it produced, must have been highly amusing.

"You are sure to lose," cried Denham triumphantly, and scarcely able to conceal his delight.

"I'm certain to win," the host said, very gravely, as with expectation on tiptoe, a private in the engineers, who was at hand and called in, proceeded to measure the height of the table.

"What?" cried Denham, with a start of rage flushing and then turning pale. "It must be a mistake."

"The greatest living sculptors in Hiram Power—an American. The greatest of living Historians is Wm. H. Prescott—an American."