The TOWNSHIP ROAD LANG the service of their number of of their number

visors, ad shall hold office as follows: The first two until the first Monday in December. 1910 the second two until the first Monday in December. 1914, and the third or last two until the first Monday in December. 1914, and the third or last two until the first Monday in December. 1914, and each and all shall continues in office until the election and qualification of his or their successors. The successors of the first two shall be elected as other township officers are elected at the regular election for State and County officers in 1910, and shall qualify on the first Monday of December next after the election, or in fifteen (15h days thereafter, and the others in the order mentioned above every two years thereafter. That the said Board of Supervisors and their speegesors in office shall before entering upon the duty of their office, take and subscribe an oath for their fairfull performance of duty. That the first Monday in December, 1914, and the third relation of ferm, shall be filled by the Board for the unexpired term.

Sec. 6. That the Mennings Township Road Fund. See, and are the Mennings Township Road Supervisors be, and are provided and empowered to discontinue and create new roads, to widen any of the public roads of that State, involving the constitutional archive roads of Mannings Township, wherever and widen any of the public roads of Mannings Township, wherever and the better for keeping up said roads, not exceeding twenty-four (24) feet, and when it can be done an aqual amount shall be taken from each side of that time, and take therefrom gravel, duty, or rock, and time the best of the case of eight or ton classes of wire goods contained in the steel schedule upon motion of the said Board of Supervisors and if their claims to the Manning Township Road Supervisors shall at the first Monday in December, 1914, and the said Board of Supervisors and if they foil to agree the better for keeping up said to the feet for two disinterests of the case of wire questions of the case of wire questions and t

## THE RURAL EDITOR \*

The following in the National Printer-Journalist is from a poem, written by Mr. J. Dumars, and read before the meeting of the Ohio Editorial Association at its sixth annual meeting in Dayton on January 19, 1859, and republished by the Springfield, O., News. It contains thoughts and hints of interest and value to all newspaper makers even in the year of 1909.

Once on a time-so run all tale prefaces (I make no mention here of dates or places,) I knew an Editor—'twas long ago.

Forth came his paper, neatly launched and freighted Forth came his paper, neatly launched and freigh And when it came, the village was elated; Ignoring party, in a party sense, Avoiding all that might excite offense. It praised the town, its prospects, its advances, Its enterprise, resources and finances; It praised the schools, the teachers so profound, Until their fame was known for miles around; It praised the village parson's eloquence, His modest hearing, lack of all pretence; Put-most his learning and his solid sense; So it fell out, between the spring and fall, That worthy, from the city had a call. That worthy, from the city had a call,
With such an offer for his preached word,
That he felt sure that call was from the Lord;
It praised the doctors as uncommon skill'd,
Adding with great suaviter and grace,
Their treatment waved more precise then it kill Their treatment cured more people than it kill'd; It spoke—and of its truth some doubts will spring-It speke—and of its truth some doubts will sp. Of honest lawyers—an uncommon case. In short, it praised so well, that people grew To think that praise was merited and due; It was his fault, and grew from an excess Of aim to please and profit—nothing less: And had been to self but half a friend He was to others, he had met an end That you might safely aim at and commend.

His influence was felt-the town's fair fame, His influence was felt—the town's fair fame, With all who read his paper, found a name; The city pleasurists resorted there, Enjoyed its quiet and its healthy air; The artist came, and sketched such charming scenes, That they were sought to grace the magazines; And thither, too, came men of enterprise—Blocks rose on blocks, and mills and factories, Hotels polatial, and stores that vied With those on Broadway, or along Cheapside, In brief, the town, that ere the printer came, Had scarce "a local habitation or a name," As though 'twere touched by magic, grew to be An inland city. An inland city.

A bunch of bad segars, that some one sends, Expecting thrice their value in a 'local;" Unopened invitations from his friends.

Asking his presence at a concert vocal, Or at a lecture, party, hop or ball.
At such a date (please mention) and such Hall;
Novels and books not worth a decent rating.
Sent out—they send few others but for cash— By eastern firms, who take that way of baiting. The ountry press to advertise their trash:
In short, an hundred things by men devised. To set their banbles cheaply advertise.
There, patient toilers are assets.

The abound non-to non-more and and a decrease leen in person, leaner in his larder;
And still he toiled, from dawn to twilight gray,
The first of men to court—the last to pay!
Some said that he was rich—it might be true,
Provided that you recknowd what was during Provided that you reckoned what was due; But this his dearest friends both said and knew-His wants were many, but his dimes were fe His paper bills came in, which must be paid, So, to delinquents he appealed for aid;
He would take pork, potatoes, corn or oats,
Axe-helves or hoop poles, or, at worst, their notes,
In short, take anything they had to pay,
Provided it was brought by such a day.

Provided it was brought by such a day.

And thus he turned short corners, always pressed, A sad example of Pope's sagest saw,
"Man never is, but always to be blessed,"
The vietim of a fate that knows no law.
Beset by butcher, by his baker teased,
By creditors beseiged, by balliffs squeezed,
He yielded slowly, in the desparate strife,
His dingy office and his troubled life,
And gave to quiet earth and modest stones.
His many virtues and his aching bones.
Some generous friends have built a cenotaph
Of spotless marble o'er the sleeper's breast.
On which the passer reads this epitaph:
"Here lies a man who died of too much trust!"
'Tis a plain story, rather roughly told, "Here lies a man who died of too much trust!"
'Tis a plain story, rather roughly told,
Of one who trusted others and was "sold;"
By hope allured, in turn by fear assailed.
He gave credit all he had, and failed.
The moral you can draw. The Country Press
Should seek for independence—nothing less.
Ready to aid the good, sustain the wise.
Direct and counsel proper enterprise,
Revealing to the public gaze the way
Where toil may profit, and where skill will pay,
Where revenues are reaped and fortunes growth. Where revenues are reaped and fortunes grown, But should be careful to preserve its own. The Country Press! though limited its sphere Of influence, demands attention here, Where it is free, the people will be free; Where it is pure, the people will be pure. Where shines the light, there liberty shall Where sames the light, there menty shell be;
Where it stands firm, there freedom shall endure.
In the great march of mind it leads the van,
The guard of public right, the friend of man.
Though humble toilers, they are not the least
Who sow the seed and garner for the feast;
By little means the noblest ends are gained.
By small advances violence estimated By small advances victories attained O, humble toilers! ye who guide the press.

Though slow the progress, sure will be success.

Patient in labor, strong in hope; in faith
Outreaching time, and circumstances, and death,
Be yours the aim, by Heaven at first designed,
raise to higher range of thought the mind,
i diding amid the floods of selfish life.

The starts of resistance of the strike The storms of passion and the waves of strife,
A fairer island in each human soul.
Where Love shall dwell, and Virtue have control
An Eden blessed, and fairer than the old.
By poets sung, by prophet lips forefold,
The home of Innocence, Religion's shrine,