

THE O. C. DAILY.

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I left here on Thursday last for Dubuque, Iowa, reaching Dunleith on this side of the Mississippi River about 10 P. M. On arriving there I learned there was to be no crossing over the river that night with teams, as it was considered dangerous on account of the ice breaking up. Being anxious to get into Dubuque that night, I in company with a woman passenger, and a young girl (about 10 years old) started on foot to cross the river, a distance of half or three quarters of a mile. At first we were under the necessity of taking a small skiff, for a few rods in order to reach the sound ice. Then we directed our steps for the other shore without pilot not knowing what we should find there. After we had got two thirds of the way or more, we noticed other passengers coming behind us. This gave us courage, thinking we were not alone on that great river at such an hour of the night, (between 10 and 11 o'clock). Although it was not dark, yet it was somewhat difficult to see where the river was open. But as a good Providence would have it we found our way to the other side in just the right place, as it proved, although at first we began to think we might have to stay on the ice for some time. We found the river open several

rods from shore as it was on the other side, and no one to take us across, and so we began to walk up and down on the ice, looking for some safe place to cross, being at the same time careful not to get too near where it was open, lest we break through. In this situation, I thought of the woman and girl, thinking they must be tired from the long walk, but No; they did not complain, nor did they seem to be frightened. About this time several men, passengers on the same train came up, and just then we saw a man near the place on the shore where we first reached, who in answer to our calls, said he would take us over. I guess our hearts were *glad* and *thankful*, at least mine was. I could *see* that God had delivered us, in directing us to the right spot, as we might not have found another place at that late hour.

We were soon safe on shore, though not without some difficulty. The next day I returned, but it being in the day-time, got back safe again. Yours, c. o.

The 20th passed off pleasantly though with less formality, show or parade, than has been our custom in years past. Business was suspended in most of the different departments of labor, and the family were all at home. We met in the Hall at 10 o'clock A. M., and immediately after assembling, it was announced that Messrs. Cragin and Thacker had arrived. They were invited into the Hall, and were received with lively

demonstrations of welcome. Dinner was served up at 2 o'clock P. M. Tables were set in the dining-room, kitchen, and cellar, sufficient to seat all the family including the children. Our bill of fare consisted of coffee, biscuit and butter, cheese, apple-sauce, (the nicest kind) fruit-pie, baked potatoes, oysters, wine, nuts and raisins. Two large tables were spread in the Hall, on which were placed the presents that had previously been prepared for the children. At 3 o'clock, we had music by the Brass band, and at four, the presents were distributed, which made lively times for the children. At half past four, there was an impromptu concert, consisting of music by the small Orchestra, songs and recitations, and at a quarter past six, a dance. We had our meeting at the usual hour, in which many expressed themselves as feeling increasing desires for newness of life, and softness of heart.

WILLOW-PLACE ITEM.

For a month or more J. F. Sears has been at work constructing a machine for measuring silk as it is put on the spool. A few days since it was finished, and is now on trial. Though the machine lacks perfection in detail, it does its work well. The greatest objection discovered thus far is, that it takes a good deal more time and care to spool with it than in the usual way. But we can afford the extra expense for the sake of putting up silk "on the square." The ma-

chine is not a new invention, but only an amplification of a hand measuring machine used by the trade to test the length of a spool of silk.

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 “BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.”

This is a common expression. When people are behind time and are half an hour late, I often hear them say “Better late than never.” Supposing a person walked to the depot some dark stormy night, and got there just after the cars left. Would they say “better late than never?” Perhaps not. What if Engineers were governed by this rule and not have any special rule for pushing trains; would that do? Does God like such a spirit? I believe he likes promptness, and for my own part I want to be prompt in all the affairs of life.

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 The friends who write at O. C. is often sorely puzzled by some of the journals and tal-
 long. How I do wish, the one who writes 20 journals would write a little clearer! It is almost impossible to decipher this!”

Will not the friend who writes them think of our reader, and be a little more precise in the formation of the letters, and strive for a bolder, plainer hand? s.

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 The Willow-Placer Works were closed for the 20th, Mr. Danaing taking charge of the shop.

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 Temperature Tuesday and Wednesday—

7½ A. M., 35.	12 M., 30.	9 P. M., 23.	Mean 27½.
7½ A. M., 13.	12 M., 32.	6 P. M., 28.	Mean 26.