



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



UNION AND LIBERTY.

Soldiers and freemen, come let us sing,
Sons of the nation that own not a King,
Sons of the land that is brightest and best,
The region of Freedom, the clime of the West,
For Union and Liberty echo the strain,
From valley to highland, from city to plain—
Union and Liberty,
Nobly and thrillingly echo the strain;
From ocean to ocean,
In Freedom's emotion,
Proclaim it to all, like the voice of the main.

SEND THEM HOME TENDERLY.

Send them home tenderly,
Guard them with care,
Batter eyes tearfully
Watch for them there;
Home hearts are mournfully
"Thinking to know"
Gilted and many sons
Stricken as low?

MISCELLANY.

Death.

Our hearts sicken at the sight of death
taking away the man of many wrinkles and
faded locks, tottering steps and feeble
pulse; but, oh! we sicken when we behold
him take the babe in its artless innocence
and perfect simplicity, upon whom life has
just dawned, even smiling at the approach
of its foe. And then when he comes to the
ingenious youth with the fire of life in his
eyes, and the swelling tide of hope in his
countenance; or to the lovely maiden with
life's activity in her form and bloom on her
cheek, and her heart all aglow with youth's
freshness of affection, and her soul filled
with pure and happy emotions, we turn
away with a shudder, and regret that sin
brought death into our world. With all the
unloveliness with which we have portrayed
Death, he comes in one lovely form. Gently
he shuts the Christian's eyes—tenderly stills
the beating pulse—softly folds his icy man-
s around him, and meekly bears him away.
There is something indescribably lovely about
death when he comes to the Christian. See
the eye, how calm its expression; the
brow, how placid; and the lips uttering the
delight of the corrupted soul, as it beats its
wings against the walls of the prison house,
yearning for death to release it! There is
nothing unwelcome in the visits of Death to
the pious. He knows 'tis Death who will
open the portals of eternal bliss to his im-
pious spirit; and therefore meets him with a
smile of recognition as his best friend.

Advice to Females.

Now, girls, only think of it, there are
four times as many females as there are
males in the world. I think the men can
have plenty to choose from, but you have
but few; and, girls, when you are looking
out for a husband, get a sensible one, with
a soul in his body. I mean one who will take
care of you, himself, and the family; have
as little as possible to do with fancy or
fashionable gauds, as they manage to take
the heart, and then it leads to unhappy or
bad results. Very good looking men scarcely
ever make good husbands, but if you do find
one make sure of him. Don't trifle with
the men, because you may be sorry for it
when it is too late.

Gratual Death.

GRATUAL DEATH.—We do not die wholly
at our death;—we moulder away long
before. Faculty after faculty, interest after
interest, attachment after attachment, dis-
appear; we are torn from ourselves, and living
year after year, as 'tis longer the same,
and death only consigns the last fragments
of what we were to the grave.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Several gentlemen, gathered into a little
knot at a literary soiree, were engaged in
conversation, which at length touched on
religion. One remarked that he had no ob-
jection to the christian religion as a mere
ethical system; but rather admired the mor-
talty of its moral; as a professed system of
doctrines, however, he regarded it as delu-
sive. When, for instance, it insisted on re-
generation by a spiritual agency, and on
atonement for sin by a crucified Saviour, he
could not concur in its statements, as he
found no spirit of adaptation of them to his
own experience. A second speaker regard-
ed the whole system as admitting of no ex-
act demonstration, and as receiving its sup-
port chiefly from the enthusiastic, who talked
about love and communion with God, ex-
pense of God dwelling in their hearts, and
consciousness of a new life inspired into
them. Such talk was mere babble and de-
lusion.

Polliteness in Children.

When your child first begins to speak,
teach him forms of courtesy. It is one of
the surest ways of teaching him to be kind
and gentle in his heart and behavior. One
on whose lips the law of kindness dwells,
will not be rude and coarse in his feelings.
Even baby lips can be taught the little
words "please" and "thank you," when a
favor is received, and they will learn it far
easier than older children. The habits you
form now will be life-long. It was a prin-
ciple with the old Jesuits, that if they might
have the first seven years of a child's life
they cared not who had the after training.

Tyranny of Fashion.

We boast of our independence—we rail
in bitter accents against tyranny—we vent
our indignation against despotism, yet we
are the slaves of a tyranny none the less
powerful and dangerous, because we wear
the chains willingly. That Fashion is a
despot is evident from the ruin she has ef-
fected, and in every land we see her temples
arise, while regions worship her as their
idol.

Receipts.

Spiral Rides are cured by applying Har-
lem oil.
Hives are soothed by applying sweet oil.
Diarrhea—As a last resort, use allspice,
either as a tea or in the rough grain. It is
a powerful remedy, and the danger lies in a
too sudden stoppage of the complaint. Parboiled
corn in abundance is a very mild cure.
Cure for Poison.—Make a salve by mix-
ing pulverized alum with the white of an
egg. Rub four times a day.
Wash for Aches.—Flowers of amica one
ounce, alcohol and water each a pint; after
letting it stand five days strain it. To
change it into a good hair wash, scent it
with bergamot &c.
Ague.—Use on butter-bread, or other-
wise as much saltpetre as will lie on a half-
dollar; for seven mornings, eating very little
in all this time.
Croup.—Pour in strong warm salt-water,
or salt and alum-water. Throwing up the
phlegm will relieve the patient. This can-
not be applied to small children.
Slight Asthma may be arrested or cured
by using camphane, either as a bitters or
as a syrup.
Dropsy.—Use the bitters of liquor on
red sour cherries (fresh or dried).
Rheumatism is relieved or cured by using
the bitters of golden-rod.
For Sprains.—Put the white of an egg
into a saucer, stir it with a piece of alum
until it becomes a thick jelly; apply a portion
of this on a piece of soft linen rag, large en-
ough to cover the sprained part; change it
for a fresh one as often as it becomes warm
or dry; the limit should be kept in a hori-
zontal position by placing it in a chair.

Caught a Tartar.

A Washington correspondent of the Bu-
falo Express relates the following anecdote of
a distinguished General of the Army, and
one of the many fools who have received
commissions in the army during the present
war:
A few months since I was a passenger on a
train of cars between Baltimore and Wash-
ington; upon which occasion a scene occur-
ed that attracted my attention, and which
exemplified the fact that retribution is some-
times more speedy than it is expected. We
had proceeded on our journey for half an
hour, when loud talking and profanity excit-
ed the attention of the passengers to a part
of the car where sat, composedly an elderly
man wrapped in a liberal overcoat.

The Original Copperhead.

[From Benedict Arnold's Proclamation to the Cit-
izens and Soldiers of the United States, issued
October 20, 1780.]
You are promised liberty by the leaders
of your affairs, but is there an individual in
the enjoyment of it, saving your oppressors?
Who among you dare speak or write what
he thinks against the tyranny which has ro-
bbed you of your property, imprisoned your
sons, dragged you to the field of battle, and
daily deluged your country with blood?
Your country once was happy, and had the
preferred peace been embraced, the last
two years of misery had been spent in peace,
and plenty, and repairing the dissolution of
a quarrel that would have set the interests of
Great Britain and America in a true light,
and cemented their friendship.

The Sunset of Two Lives.

"A. H. K. K." writes to an English mag-
azine a pleasant essay about "Beginnings
and Ends." Here is his description of a
life-sunset:
"I have been touched by the sight of hu-
man life, ebbing almost visibly away; and
you could not but think of the sun in his
last, little space above the mountains, or a-
bove the sea. I remember two old gentle-
men, great friends—both on the extreme
verge of life. One was above ninety; the
other above eighty. But their wits were
sound and clear; and, better still, their
hearts were right. They confessed that
they were no more than strangers and pil-
grims on the earth; they declared plainly
that they sought a country far away, where
most of those they had cared for were wait-
ing for them. But the body was nearly
worn out; and, though the face of each was
pleasant to look at, paralysis had laid its
grip upon the aged machinery of limb and
muscle which had played so long. I used,
for a few weeks, to go one evening in the
week and sit with them and take tea. They
always had tea in large breakfast cups; oth-
er cups would not have done. I remember
how the two paralytic hands shook about,
as they tried to drink their tea. There they
were, the two old friends; they had been
friends from boyhood, and they had been
over the world together. You could not
have looked, my friend, but with eyes some-
what wet, at the large tea-cups shaking a-
bout, as the old men with difficulty raised
them to their lips. And there was one thing
that particularly struck me: "There was a
large old-fashioned watch, always on a little
stand on the tea-table, ticking on and on—
You seemed to feel it measuring out the
last minutes, running fast away. It always
seemed to look at me and hear it."
"Only for a few weeks did I visit these
old friends, till one died; and the other soon
followed him—and now they dwell where
there are no palatial halls, or aged hearts.
No doubt, through all the years the old-
fashioned watch had gone about in the old
gentleman's pocket, life had been ebbing,
as really and as fast as then. And the sands
were running as quickly for me as for the
aged pilgrims. But then with me it was the
middle, and with them it was the end. And
I always felt, it very solemn to look at
the two old men on the confines of life, and
at the watch loudly ticking off their last
hours. One seemed to feel time, ebbling, as
you see the setting sun, go down."

Why is a crow the bravest bird?

Why is a crow the bravest bird? Be-
cause it never shows a white feather.

A viper's tongue is said to be six inches
long; a scolding woman's has no end.

Many people's heads are like the head of
a glass of porter—all froth.

Why is a colt getting broke like a lady
getting married? Because she is going
through the bridal ceremony.

"You want a flogging—that's what you
want," said a parent to his son. "I know
it; but I'll try to get along without it,"
replied the little rascal.

A farmer was asked why he did not take
a newspaper? "Because," said he, "my fa-
ther, when he died, left me a good many
newspapers, and I haven't read them through
yet."

A western editor having had his last shirt
stolen, vents his rage as follows:
"We would say to the rascals who stole the
shirt of the life while we were in bed wait-
ing for it to dry, that we sincerely hope the
collar may cut its throat."
To this a contemporary adds: "Served him
right; no business to have a shirt. Such
luxuries. We expect next to hear of the
extravagant fellow aspiring to wear stockings
and beaver hats. Oh! the avarice, the un-
reasonableness of some folks."

THAT A GOOD UN.—Some one was talk-
ing Sam about the longevity of the mud
turtle. "Yes," said Sam, "I know all about
that, for once I found a venerable old fellow
in a wood, who was so old that he could
scarcely wiggle his tail, and on his back was
carved tolerably plain, considering all
things, these words:—'Paradise Lost,'—
Adam."