

### **VOLUME XX**

AN-D

MMERGOODS

## WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, 1866.

NUMBER 15

BREAKING UP A SETTING HEN and the tail came out in her hand.

The sudden cessation of resistance upset 'Timothy, that air yaller hen's settin' sgin,' Mrs. Weaver's ballance and she fell back-said Mrs. Hays to her son, one morning at ward into the brook, splattering the mud and astonished polliwogs in every direction,

She was a spry woman, and was soon on her feet again ready to renew the assault. Well, let her set, remarked Timothy, helping himself to a large piece of cheese, "Give me my hen !" she cried, thrusting 'I do wish you would try to be a little her fist into Mrs. Hays face, 'you old hag more equinomical to cheese, Timothy, I've and hypocrit you !' and she made a second out the very last of my every day lot, and it dive at the bird.

The hen thought it proper to show her colors, and uttering an earthly yell, she flew out of the covert square into the face of Mrs. Weaver, which she raked down with her nails until it resembled the pages of a ledger, crossed and recrossed with red ink.

Mrs. Hays caught a stick of brushwood from the fence-Mrs. Weaver did the same and a regular duel would probably have been fought if the bank of the creek had not suddenly gave way and precipitated both the indignant women into the water.

They scrambled out on opposite sides, and the hen sat perched on an apple tree and cackled in triumph.

The ladies shook themselves and by consent went home. They have not spoken since.

The hen disappeared and was not seen until three weeks afterwards, when she made her appearance with eleven nice yellow chickens. She found some other fowl's nest, and had set in spite of fate.

But although not 'broken up, herself she broke up two matches for Cynthia Bennett was not at home the next time Timothy called, and Mr. Henshew never forgave Helen for having such a temper.

Is RELIGION BEAUTIFUL .- Always! In the child, the maiden, wife, the mother, it shines with benignant beauty of its own, 'Lind-a-massy,' exclaimed Mrs. H., 'She's coming down into the pan of bread that I set out on the great rock to rise? Tim, its strange that you can't do nothing without the strange that you can't do nothing without day, round them to purify and exalt, making

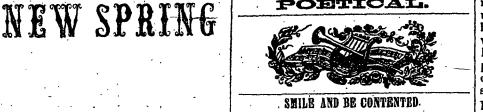
"Down with the traitors, up with the twice glorious that which seemed all loveli-stars,' sang on Tim, elevating biddy again ness before.

Religion is very beautiful, in health or in sickness, in wealth or poverty. We can nev-er enter the sick chamber of the good, but Mrs. Hays, and Tim agreed with her; for the hen had come down on the well polish. ed tilt of Esquire Bennet, who happened to be passing, and the dignifiel old gentleman was the father of Cynthia Bennett, the with life, we should find the chief cause of with life, we should find the chief cause of unhappiness to be a want of religion in wo-men. O religion l benignant majesty, high The squire looked daggers, brushed off on the throne thou sittest, glorious and ex-the dough with his handkerchief, and strode alted. Not above the clouds, for above these is Heaven, opening through a broad vista of

exceeding beauty. Is religion beautiful? We answer all is desolation and deformity where religion is not.

UNION PROBES. - The following probes applied to any voter will lay bare whether he keeps step to the music of the Union Party:

ou opposed to conferring rights upon all the citizens of the Republic? 2 Are you in favor of allowing a South Carolina rebel two votes and a half, when the Union soldier has but one? 3. Are you opposed to a decree that prevents the traitors from holding offices in the United States? 4. Are you opposed to a decree that renders it impossible to repudiate our own national debt, and that makes it an inviolate covenant and an inviolable duty to pay the bounties and pensions of the Union soldiers? 5. Are you in favor of paying the rebel war debt?



POETICAL.

The world grows old, and men grow cold To each while seeking treasure, And what with want, and care, and toil,

We scarce have time for pleasure. But never mind, that is a loss. Not much to be lamented; Life rolls on gaily if we will But smile and be contented.

If we are poor and would be rich, It will not be by pining; No, steady hearts and hopeful minds Are life's bright silver lining. There's ne'er a man that dared to hope,

Hath of his choice repented; The happiest souls on earth are those

Who smile and be contented. When grief doth come to rack the heart,

And fortune bids us sorrow, From hope we may a blessing reap,

And consolation borrow. If thorns may rise where roses bloom

It cannot be prevented; So make the best of life you can, And smile and be contented.

MISCELLANY.

#### JOB PLYMPTON'S GHOST

BY REV. HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Job Plympton early gave himself up to

A narrow, close fisted man, never known to give privately or to public objects, he succeeded by hook ar by crook to accumulate some fility thousand dollars. He had never married, but lived only by himself in a penurious way, denying himself the ordinary

of his money had come to him by unfair or fraudulent means. Some years before he had committed to his charge two orphan children of his brother, a boy and a girl, who lived in his house unti. maturity, and were then turned adrift with the intimation that they had 'eaten nim out of house and home, and that he could do no more for them.

John Plympton, his nephew now a spirit-ed young fellow of twenty-two, had hired lodgings for himself and his sister, obtained a situation as clerk in the village store, and was likely to do well. He had supposed uncil recently that his father had left nothing, as his uncle had constantly assured him, but a letter of his father's discovered since but a letter of his futher's discovered since he came of age enlightened him on this ed. point. To his unbounded astonishment he earned that his upole had received with them in trust the sum of six thousand dollars, which he had cooly appropriated to his own use. relying upon the fact that no one but himself knew that John's father had left anything. How to force his uncle to make restitution he hardly knew. He knew that the old man would contest the matter inch by inch. Yet the money would be very serviceable. Half the money will enable him to enter into, partenship with his employer, while the other half, which came to his sister, would enable her at once to marry a worthy and industrious young man who sought her hand, but from poverty would be unable to marry her for three or four years, by which, time he might have made sufficient provision to enable them to start to housekeeping. About this time his uncle fell sick---pot dangerously, but he was likely to be confined to his room for some weeks. This gave John a new idea The letter which he had discovered of his father's would probably not be sufficient in the eye of the law to force a restitution from his usele, though it might produce moral conviction in the minds of a jury, and cover his uncle's name with disgrace. But Jub Plympton would prefer disgrace to restitution, as his nephew well understood. But there was one other way His uncle was very superstitutions, especially under the influence of sickness, and his fears might be worked upon in a way as to lead him to do litt, Isaac Hazlehurst. Wu. G. REED, Chambersburg Pa., is the general justice -Even in sickness, he was too pen-Agent of the American Life Insurance and Trust urions to have a nurse in constant attendauce, He engaged in Irish woman in the neighborhood to come in three times a day, and bring in his meals for a nominal price. During the remainder of the time he was alone. In the midst of his wealth he allowed himself to be neglected, merely for the satisfaction of saving up a few more coins of gold and silver, which, at best he must soon part with. But great is the folly and inconsist.

retribution should come upon him. This uneasiness of mind was probably increased by his bodily weakness, for he had been unwilling to incur the expense of suitable food. He had long hesitated whether to order the purchase of a chicken, which had been rec-ommended as suitable food for one in his state, but finally Jecided against it because

it might be thieves.

The door slowly opened, the old man's eyes being fastened upon it with a glance of terror, which was greatly heightened when a tall figure, completely robed in white, enter-ed the room and slowly advanced to his bedside.

Job Plympton cowered and shrunk back his hair raising on end at his fright. With difficulty he succeeded in gasping

out. "Who-are-yon?" The figure passed to the center of the room, and in a hollow voice, answered, Don't

you know me, Job?' 'No,' stammered the sick man, his teeth chattering as if he was in an ague fit.

'Yet you knew me well when I was in life,' proceeded our ghost.

'Are-you-a-spirit?' inquired Job in a fresh accent of terror.

The figure in white nodded slowly and emphatically.

"What-do-you-want-of-me?" inquired Job in quivering accents. I You do not ask me who I am?' demanded

the figure. 'Excuse me-I did not think. Who-are

-vou?' 'I am the spirit of your brother.' Here Job Plympton's teeth began to chat

ter anew. 'I am the spirit of your wronged and deceived brother. When I died I left the sum of six thousand dollars to my children .--John and Emma. Is this not true?"

'Ye-es.' 'And what have you done with the money ?' demanded the spirit sternly.

'I-forgive me-I kept it.'

'And never let them know the provisions which I left for them ?'

'Yes, It is all true.'

'And why did you do this ?'

'Because I-I thought it would be better for them not to know. They might have squandered it, you know. It might have prevented their working and being industrious-I always meant to give it to them when I died.

'How do you know that your soul may not be demanded of you this night.'

'Oh, no, no !' exclaimed the old man al most with a scream, 'not to-night, I am not ready-I am not prepared to go

'You say right-you are not fit to die with

'I-will repair the wrong.'

Falling of the Stars Expected. According to a recent investigation by Prof. Newton, of Yale College, who has de-voted much time to the subject, it is stated that a great meteoric shower, similar in its character to the one that fell on the morning

of the 13th November, 1883, will probably occur about the 13th or 14th of November, 'I reckon I can stand it as long as she can. state, but finally decided against it because occur about the found in preparations are being made by scientific men in Europe to observe it Its occurrence in and break up that hen. She's setting on an Europe to observe it Its occurrence in and break up that hen. She's setting on an 1833 is thus described in the Journal of that old axe and two bricks now.' year. The account was written by the late Hon. David F. Gordon, then editor of this 'If she was set now, she'd hatch the fourth year. The account was written by the late

breakfast.

'I hope she'll hatch 'em,' returned Time-

'I've heer'n it said that it was a good

'Good gracious me: wuss and wuss,' cried

young lady with whom Tim was seriously

<sup>i</sup>The phenomena of shooting stars and cor-ruscations of light in the atmosphere on Wednesday morning, were observed by ma-ny persons in this place and excited much astonishment in all, and in some we are in-formed no little dismay. \* \* \*

An opinion prevailed amongst some of the Jenkins, she had the conjunction of lungs, An opinion prevailed amongst some of the gazers that the end of all things was at hand and Scripture was cited to show that the last day was to be preceded by phenomena of this description. The appearances resem-bled in some respects the common phenome-bled in some respects the common phenomeday was to be preceded by phenomena of this description. The appearances resem-bled in some respects the common phenomebreakfast in haste and departed for the barn, na of falling stars, but in numbers rarely witfrom which he soon returned bearing the nessed. It is the opinion of the observers squalling biddy by the legs. 'What shall I do with her, Mother? She'll get on again, and she's as cross as bedlam that many thousands were seen, some of them | leaving long trains of light, which retained their brightness while one might tell a hundred. There was besides an apparent fall-ing of minute particles of light resembling snow flakes so nearly as to produce from time she skinned my hands, and would be the death of me if she could get loose.' plan to throw 'em up in the air,' said Mrs. to time the idea amongst the beholders that Hays. 'Aunt Peggy broke one of setting they were actually falling on their clothes, only three times trying. Spos'n you try it.' 'Up she goes, head or tail?' cried Tim, as he tossed the volcano skyward. 'Lind a massy,' exclaimed Mrs. H., 'She's and our informant adds that himself and some of those near him were observed in the act of boushing them off with the hand. At times a hissing or whistling sound was heard like that of a bullet passing swiftly through the air, or the rapid combustion of moistened gun powder. It is not cortain at what time the lights began to appear. Some per-sons who were hunting in the woods in the neighborhood of this place reported that they commenced at midnight and excited so much overdoing it.' with something less than a pint of batter hanging to her feet. alarm as to drive them home. It is certain that they continued with little intermission from four o'clock till the light of the sun rendered them invisible. The lights, which fell or seemed to fall, came from the southeast, while those which moved horrizontally

were observed to fly in various directions.-In a superstitious age these phenomena would undoubtedly be regarded as porten-tous forerunners of some important change in the economy of nature : in ours they are thought to portend nothing but a coming wind.'

Starvation in Alabama

'Yes, but it's going up again,' said Tim spitefully, seizing the clucking Biddy and tossing her at random into the air. Biddy thought it time to manifest her individuali-About two or three weeks ago, says the Montgomery, Alabama, Advertiser, in a house | ty, and with a loud scream she darted against near the Fair Grounds, a woman was found the parlor window, broke through, knocked dead on the floor. She had fallen from the down the canary cage and landed plump bed. and must have died during the night.— in the silken lap of Mrs. Gray, who was Around her lay her four little caughters, the boarding at the farm house.

Mrs. Gray screamed with horror, and oldest one about twelve years of age. Day break revealed to them their mother's dead starting up, dislodged Biddy, who flew at body lying on the floor. But this was not all; her reflection in the looking-glass with an these little girls lying around her were dying angry hiss. The glass was shattered and for the want of bread and attention. In this down came the hen astonished beyond meafix they were found and brought by some one, sure, against a vase of flowers, which upset, in a little cart, to Bishop Cobb's Home for, and in falling knocked over the stand disk Orphans. They were brought there on Fri-day. When these little girls came to the ored velvet slippers, which Helen Maria was Home they were the picture of misery and embroidering for her lover, Mr. James Henwant, and had searcely a rag on to hide their shew. nakedness; emaciated and sallow, they looked Helen entered the room just as the mislike living skeletons, and they were crying for bread. The baby, about three years of chief had been done and viewing the ruin she at once laid it to her brother Timothy. age. died on Saturday. The poor little thing was too near gone for any human aid to do She heard his step behind her and the unfortunate hen she flung full into his face.

enamored.

on in silence.

GEORGE STOVER an inordinate love for money.

HAS RETURNED FROM PHILADEL PHIA WITH A SUPPLY OF comfort of life.

It was shrewdly suspected that not a little

AND

NOTIONS, QUEBNSWARE

GODS



to which he invites the attention of of his patrons and the public generally. March 30, 1866

# AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE AND

Corner Fourth and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia neorporated 1850. Charter Perpetual. Authorzed Capital, \$500,000. Paid Up Capital, \$250,000 Philadelphia, Feb. 4, 1864.

The Trustees have this day declared a Dividend of FIFTY PER CENT, on all promiums received upon MUTUAL POLICIES during the year ending De-cumber 31st, 1863, and in force at that date, the above amount to be credited to said Policies, and have also ordered the Dividend of 1860 on Policies issued during that year to be paid, as the annual premiums on said Policies are received.

OFFICERS. President-Alexander Whilldin.

Secretary and Treasurer-John S. Wilson. Actuary-John C Sins. BOARD OF TRUSTEES.—Alexander Whill-

din, J. Edgar Thomson, Goorge Nugent, Hon. Jas. Pollock, Albert C. Roberts, P. B. Mingle, Samuel Work, William J. Howard, Hon. Joseph Allison, Samuel T. Bodine, John Aikman, Charles F. Heaz-

Company for Franklin Co. Jos. Douglas, Agent for Waynesboro' and vicin-

ity. REFERENCES .-- Joun Puiling and William H BROTHERTON. Call and get a pamphlet. JOS. DOUGLAS, Agent.

Oct. 13, 1865, 1y.

# EAGLE HOTEL.

Central Square, Hagerstown, Md.

THE above well-known and established Hotel THE above well-known and established Hotel has been re-opened and entirely renovated, by the undersigned, and now offers to the public every comfort and attraction found in the best hotels.— THE TABLE is bountifully supplied with every delicacy the market will afford, THE SALOON contains the choicest liquors, and is constantly and skilfully attended. THE STABLE is thoroughly required and any field detry advance require to acrepaired, and car ful Ostlers always ready to ac-

commodate customers, JOHN FISHER, Proprietor. Hagerstown, June'2~tf.

### BARBERING | BARBERING |

TARE subscriber would inform his oustomers and the public generally that he purposes contin-uing the Barbering business, next door to the New Horcery, having purchased the interest of C. C. Rhoyual in the Shop and is now propared to do baik ation of the second state of the property of the second state of t

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ency of avarice. When it has become a passion it occupies the whole mind and soul to the exclusion of

everything else. How slightly indisposed, Mr. Job Plympton always feared that death was at hand .-Death seemed the more terrible to him because he must leave his gold behind him .--The only thing he had cared for in life must be taken away from him with life.

After some deliberation John Plympton decided to take advantage of his uncle's supersticious fears, not altogether willingly. but without hesitation, because he knew that there was no other way of righting his sister and himself. We will see how well he succocded.

Late one night Job Plympton lay tossing married Miss Susan Elderberry, a view of and then fry some pork in it; then she used about on his hard pullet. He was unable to Deacon Dusenberry, of Danbery. The cere-it to warm some potatoes, and then boiled sleep, for it so happened that he had been mony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Uran sleep, for it so happened that he had been mony was performed by the flev. Mr. Gran some conce in it. It appeared to be a very thinking that very evening of the wrong he berry, at the house of Mr. Huckleberry. useful utensil for all purposes. Ou retiring Weaver, growing purple, and soiging the ill, if their children don't make gooseber to bed that night, lo and behold! there was shared toul by the tail, she gave a wrench tions. er, and was vaguely alarmed lest in some way ties, what sort of berrys will they be?

Will you give back the money? 'Yes. It shall be done to-morrow.' 'To-morrow is too late. It must be done to-night,'

But my nephew is not here. How can I do it to night ?'

Sign this paper ' 'I-have no ink.'

'Here it is ' Job glanced nervously over the paper,

which red as follows: 'I hereby transfer to my nephew, John

Plympton, and his sister Emma, sixty shares in the B-Bank, being the amount of property left me in trust for them, by there late father, my brother."

The old man affixed his signature to this document unwillingly enough, and with many a groan, yet even at that moment thinking there were no witness to his signature, when Squire Dunbar the village lawyer, and his son, noiselessly entered the room.

Just in time, Squire Dunbar, to witness my uncle's signature,' said the ghost in his

natural voice, at the same time throwing off the sheet and showing the straight figure and ruddy face of John Plympton.

'That I will do with pleasure,' said the lawyer.

In less than a minute the document was legally attested and became valid.

Job Plympton seeing the trick which had been practiced upon him, shook with passion.

'Give me back that paper, you scoundrel,' he gasped, 'how dare you cheat me BO Y

'Uncle,' said the nephew firmly, 'I regret that I was forced to such a method of righting myself. You must blame yourself, you have proved false to a brother's dying trust,

and defrauded two help'ess children of their rightful inheritance. This sum which has now revoked to the legal owners is but a small part of your property. Make a better use of what is left, and do not hasten your own death by your inordinate avarice.'

Job Plympton was compelled to submit with what grace he could. But the babits of a life time are not easily given up. I am afraid he will never cease to be a miser.

James Buchanan, the O. P. F., is said to be in better health than at any previous time for six years past. He takes his Monongahela regularly, and supports the policy of Presidont Johnson, as a matter of course, it being in consonance with his own when he declared that while secession was unwise there was no constitutional power to oppose it.

In Massachuseets there is a place called

her any good. She begged for bread until

she died. Anorher one named Lizzie, about seven or

mere skeleton. She begged those around her to give her some meat and bread to the last. The other two are still at the Home. It was thought at first that they would die too, but the oldest one, a bright, sweet little gul, is improving. Her account of the suffering they underwent is enough to melt the hardest heart to tears-how they cried for bread and could not get it-that they had

been drawing rations, but when they all got sick they sent their ticket by a negro woman, but that the ticket was torn up, and the answer was, "no more rations"-and how their poor sick mother, the evening before she died, with tears streaming down her cheeks, pressed them to her bosom-and much more which this little girl told me in a

straightforward manner, and which had truth stamped upon what she said. The other little girl, named Mary, about

nine years of age, is still very low, and it is doubtful whether she will ever get well.

A USEFUL SKILLET .- A Southern correspondent gives the following illustration of the poverty of Southern resources in the culinary art, which is rather good:

'The style of cooking, generally, is a feature that cannot fail to attract the attention of the traveler in the South, and a good anecdote was told me by a Southern gentleman on this point:

'An old Quakor lady had traveled in the South, and on her return North was asked by a friend what she thought of the cooking. She replied:

'Well, thee can have an instance. I stayed at a friend's house, and in the morning I

had a skillet to wash in. I had no more than made my toilet, when a servant came for the skillet. Soon after, on looking out of the window, where I had a fall view of the Sanberry, where Mr. Nehemiah Blackberry kitchen, I saw the cook scald out the skillet

and then fry some pork in it; then she used force.'

There was a smothered oath, and the hen came back with the force of a twenty pound shot.

Helen was mad. Hor eyes were nearly put out with the feathery dust and dough, and she went at Timothy with true feminine zeal. She broke his watch-guard into a dozen pieces, crushed his dicky and began to pull his whiskers out by the roots when she suddenly remembered that Timothy had no whiskers to pull out by the roots.

But when she came to look closer perceived that the man she had nearly annihilated was not Timothy, but James Honshew. Poor Helen burst into tears and fled into her chamber; the usual refuge for heroines; and James, after washing his face at the kitchen sink, went home sternly resolved never to marry a woman with such a temper as Helen Hays had.

The hen, meanwhile, who is the heroine, returned to the barn to establish herself on the rules of her nest, determined to set if the heavens fell.

Mrs. Hays soon discovered her, and she having heard that dipping in water would cure 'broodiness,' she set forth for the brook with the fowl in her apron.

Mrs. Weaver, an old lady of very quarrel some temperament, who resided near, and was at sword's point with Mrs. Ilays, was just coming to the brook for a pale of water, and spied the yellow head of the bird peeping out from Mrs. Hays apron.

"There !' she exclaimed, 'now I've found out what puzzled me to death nigh about a week. I've found out where that yellow pullet has gone to. Mrs. Hays, I allers ing that he could use the best. They made knowed you was a wicked desateful woman, a bet length of a barrel of lager and 40 but I didn't think you'd steal.'

'Steal? me steal? who are you talking to, judge to decide between them; and accord-Mrs. Weaver?' said Mrs. Hays on hor dig-nity. 'Vell, Chon,' said the first, 'did it rain

'I am talking to you! You've stole my hen what I got over to Uncle Gillies, and paid for in sussengers. She's a real Dor-king. Give her to me right here or I'll use

'She's my hen, and you touch her if you dare !'

Chapman, a witty lawyer of Hartford, was busy with a case at which a lady was prosent, with whom he had already something to do as a witness. Her husband was also present-a diminutive, mcek, forbearing sort of a man-who, in the language of Mr. Chapman, "looked like a rooster fished out of a swill barrel," while the lady was a large, portly woman, evidently the better horse. As on the former occasion, she baulked him on the cross-examination. The lawyer was pressing a question urgently, when she said, with vindictive fire flashing from her eyes, "Mr. Chapman, you need not think to catch me; you tried that once before." "Madam," said the lawyer, putting on his most quizzical ex-pression, "I havn't the slightest desire to catch you, and your husband looks as if he way sorry he ever did."

A TRUTHFUL ANSWER -Bunkum, in the old North State, is undoubtedly the healthiest spot on earth, and it was on that account that some "lower country gentlemen" were surprised one day to see a Bunkumite at work upon an ominous looking "hole in the ground." Of course they inquifed what he was about ?

"Digging a grave, sir."

"Digging a grave ? Why, I thought peo-ple didn't die often here, do they ?"

"Oh no, sir, they never die but once !" They never asked that question "but

once."

Two Dutchmen once got into a dispute about the English language, each contendpounds of Switzer cheese, and appointed a

to-morrrow?"

"I shall tink it vash," said John. Wasn't that judge in a quandary?

A lady fixed the following letters in the bottom of a flour barrel, and asked her hus-hand to read them: O f.C.U R.M.T.

Bad thoughts quickly ripen into bad ac-