



By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 28

1866. FOR SUMMER, 1866.

Hostotter, Reid & Co.

WOULD respectfully announce to their customers and the public generally that they have just received a new and complete stock of goods in their line, purchased at the lowest price, and which they offer at panic prices. Their stock of

GROCERIES,

Embracing in part

RIO COFFEE,

P. R. SUGAR,

SUGAR @ 10, 12,

WHITE SUGAR,

PULV. DO.,

BEST SYRUPS,

PRIME BAK MOLASSES,

MOLASSES @ 50 CENTS,

TEA—H. IMP. BLK,

SUGAR CURED HAMS,

CHEESE—MASON'S CRACKERS.

Queensware

and
Glassware

of the newest and most beautiful patterns, in sets and otherwise. Common ware, good assortment and price reasonable.

SICES, &c.—Ground Ginger, Pepper, Allspice, Cloves, Cinnamon, Cayenne, Pepper, Mustard, &c. These are all pure and ground expressly for ourselves. B. Soda, Cr. Tartar, Raisins, Dried Currants and other Baking articles of best quality. Pepper Sauce, Tomato Catsup, Pickles, Chiles Vinegar.

WOODEN WARE.—Buckets, Tubs, Boxes, &c.

FISH—Mackerel, all grades, Sled, P. Herring.

From our connection with Market Cars running to the Eastern cities, we receive regularly

VEGETABLES,

FRESH FISH, FRUITS, &c. Everything in this line in their proper season. We will order goods of this class for parties and deliver them at shortest notice. Country Produce bought and the highest market price paid.

Terms positively Cash. N. B. Thankful for the liberal share of custom we have received, we trust by fair dealing, and earnest efforts to please and accommodate, to increase our trade still further. (May 18) HOSTOTTER, REID & CO.

NEW FALL

WINTER GOODS!

GEORGE STOVER

HAS RETURNED FROM PHILADELPHIA WITH A SUPPLY OF

DRY GOODS!

NOTIONS, QUEENSWARE

GROCERIES,

To which he invites the attention of his patrons and the public generally. October 28, 1866.

POETICAL.



THEY ARE GOING ONE BY ONE.

BY I. AUGUSTUS JONES.

They are going one by one,
The friends I fondly love;
They are going to their home
In a brighter world above.
There is sorrow in my heart,
And the tear-drops dim my eyes,
As I watch them all depart
To their home beyond the skies.

They are going one by one,
The father and the mother,
The wife, the child, companion, friend,
The sister and the brother.
But we shall meet again
When life's ties are riven;
Nor sorrow, sickness, death or pain,
Can mar our joy in Heaven.

SONG.

Only a spark from love's dear shrine,
Whose altar fires are dead;
Once crowned a lovely head,
Only a tress whose silken stream
Of happier days that were,
Long vanished from my wistful gaze,
Only a lock of hair!

Only one link, a link of gold,
Between the past and me;
One tender leaflet fluttering still
Upon a blighted tree.
Only a relic dim with tears
Of what was once so fair,
The image sweet of life in death,
Only a lock of hair!

Of what was once my all in all
But these sad links remain
To bind me now and evermore
Within their silken chain.
Poor token of a faded past,
Dim relic once so fair,
To lie upon my lonely heart,
Only a lock of hair!

MISCELLANY.

LAW AND LOVERS

Paul Otway and Evelyn Bryant had engaged themselves at Newport, and Paul dreamed of bliss and things as he lay on his pillow. But in the morning Evelyn was invisible, and her maiden aunt played the part of an aggressor. "Never mind, I'll talk with Evelyn after dinner," said Paul to himself, "but Evelyn, as if to frustrate that intention, a dinner, rose almost the first to withdraw. Paul was beforehand with her, however. He sprang up to open the door, and as she passed through it he followed her.

"Evelyn, what does all this mean?"

"Oh, Paul!" sobbed the poor girl, shrinking into the dark angle of the hallway, "I am so miserable! We must not see each other any more, and—"

"But why? what has happened?"

"I will tell you what has happened," Mr. Otway said. "I was sitting at my desk, when I saw a young lady, a young lady of wealth. Now, by a cruel and unexpected law suit, as we learn from a letter received this morning, we are thrown out of our property and find ourselves penniless!"

"Law suit?" repeated Paul.

"The judge has decided that the Silver Hill estate should have belonged to some one else these twenty years," sobbed Aunt Eliza, "and there is ever so much accumulation of root to be paid over, and we are very poor, and I shall have to go and live with my relations, and Evelyn must be a governess! So there is an end to your boy and girl preferences, Mr. Otway."

"Boy and girl preferences!" echoed Paul, indignantly. "I don't perceive that inference Miss Eliza, at all. Why can't I marry Evelyn just the same."

"Why?" repeated the spinster. "Because you have nothing to live on."

Paul was somewhat staggered by this remarkably plain and lucid statement of affairs. He thought of his ponies, and he thought of Mr. Fryburn, his lawyer and man of business, and wondered vaguely how much money it would take to keep house.

"I don't think I have got much money," said Paul, dubiously, "but I can earn plenty, I suppose. No, Evelyn shall not be a teacher."

Miss Eliza shook her head incredulously. "But you'll let me see Evelyn about it, pleaded Paul, and so, three minutes after, Evelyn came down, with her eyes drenched with rosewater, and her pretty cheeks crimsoned with excitement.

"Don't go to being discouraged, darling,"

coaxed Paul, with a radiant face, "I've got a splendid idea—two of them! First, I'll thrash the fellow that has cheated your property from you—"

"Paul," interrupted Evelyn, "we have no right to doubt the justice of the decision."

"I'll thrash the fellow that has cheated your property from you—"

"Rather impracticable," said Evelyn, smiling in spite of her distress; "and now what is the second?"

"To write a book that everybody will buy, and get rich on the strength of that."

"But did you ever write, Paul?"

"No—not exactly, but I am quite sure I could if I were to try. At all events, Evelyn, we will get married, and then we'll get rich!"

"Had we not better get rich first?" meekly insinuated the more practical Evelyn.

"By no means," said Paul, decidedly; "we will have the cottage and the roses, just as we planned it last night; but we must try to do without the ice-cream and the horses—"

"Cheer up, Evelyn, we'll be happy yet, Silver Hill to the contrary notwithstanding."

And Evelyn's face gradually grew radiant as her heart lighter than any feather, as she listened to Paul's *couleur de rose* representations of the future that lay before them.

"Mr. Otway, sah,"

Paul turned abruptly on the colored waiter at his side.

"Gentleman in the parlor, sah, inquiring after Mr. Otway."

"Oh, hang the gentleman in the parlor!"

"Go, Paul, go," pleaded Evelyn, and Paul reluctantly obeyed, waiting, however, until the servant had vanished to steal a good bye kiss from Evelyn's lovingly crimsoned cheek.

"Why—hallo, Fryburn, this is never you!" The little old lawyer was walking up and down the floor, with his hands behind him, as Paul Otway entered. He smiled.

"I have come up, post-haste to congratulate you."

"Congratulate me! Why, how on earth did you hear of it? We were only engaged last night—but she is the sweetest little creature!"

"What are you talking about?"

"Evelyn."

"And I am talking of an entirely different subject, if you will only do me the favor to listen."

"Then fire away," composedly returned Paul.

"I am here to congratulate you upon the successful termination of the suit-at-law which has placed you in possession of the magnificent Silver Hill estates. I wished to give you a hint of your probable good fortune when you were at my office last, but you would not pay me any attention. Now that the matter is fully decided, I am delighted to be the first to congratulate the master of Silver Hill."

"Silver Hill!" shouted Paul. "You don't say I am the racial that has diddled Evelyn Bryant out of her property?"

"The lawyer stated."

"Miss Bryant was certainly the name of it."

"Then it is all right!" hailed Paul, throwing the lawyer's hat into the air and catching it on the end of his boot. "It is all the same—Evelyn and I are one, and we will be rich before we are married, after all. If you will just wait a minute, until I go up and bring Evelyn down."

And Paul darted out of the room like one demoted.

When the pretty, timid young thing came into the room, Mr. Fryburn thought he had never seen anything sweeter or more winning.

"I might have spared myself the trouble of the law-suit had I foreseen this state of affairs," he said, with a courteous, old-fashioned bow to the young lady.

"But look here, Mr. Fryburn," said Paul. "I want the whole estate settled right back on Evelyn."

"And Mr. Fryburn, I want you to understand that I won't take it," interposed Evelyn.

"My dear young lady," said the lawyer, "you don't reflect that if you take Mr. Otway, you must necessarily take his money, too."

"She won't object to accepting it in that way, Mr. Fryburn," said Paul, roguishly.

He was right. Evelyn did not object.

A Sister.

He who has never known a sister's kind ministrations, nor felt his heart warmed beneath her endearing smile and love beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is to be wondered if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentler emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of manhood.

"That man has grown up among kind and affectionate sisters," we once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark.

"And why do you think so?" said we.

"Because of the rich development of all the tenderer and more refined feelings of the heart, which are so apparent in every word."

A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's later years, and the heart of him who has grown cold in his chilling contact with the world, still warm and kind with pure enjoyment, as some incident awakes within him the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice. And he will turn from his purposes, and a warped and false philosophy has renounced in expediency, and even weep for the gentler influences which moved him in his earlier years.

If you should ever meet with an accident at the table, endeavor to be composed. A gentleman carrying a tough goose had the misfortune to send it entirely out of the dish into the lap of a young lady who sat next to him, on which he looked her full in the face, and said with the utmost coolness—Madam, I will thank you for that goose."

From the Sunday-School Times.

SHOOTING STARS.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

Every little boy knows that if he takes a firebrand in his hand and runs with it, or whisks it over his head, it will blaze, or at least, give out bright sparks of fun. Making a quick motion through the air, loes it. So when a strong wind blows on a burning house, the flames leap and flash a great deal faster. If there were no wind, and the burning house could be hurried through the air the effects would be the same.

Now there seem to be somewhere, in the great, unmeasured space which lies off far beyond our world, little, very small fire-circles gathered together. And as our earth, in her mighty march through unmeasured space, moves onward, she comes among these little fire-circles once in about thirty-three years, and as the earth moves so swiftly, the air sets these little clouds on fire, and they blaze, and fly, and sparkle in all directions, just as the firebrand held in the boys' hands does.

These are the shooting stars! Such, indeed, is the theory, and perhaps it is as good as any one.

But what I want to say and to think of is the amazing journey our world takes in these thirty-three years! Who can calculate how many miles we have travelled, what regions of space we have sailed through? And how true has been the voyage through all these dark realms where night reigns! Who can finger pointed out the way, and whose hand held the vast world, so that she should come back again, and set the shooting stars in motion at the exact year, and month, and day?

What a being God is!—To him there is no darkness, no years, no space! How safely he carries this great earth along from year to year, from age to age! When the shooting stars kindle and blaze, he is there to watch every one, and when the world, like a great ship in the dark night, sails off again through the dark regions of space, he is there to guide her.

On a very dark, stormy night, when the winds were howling as if the very demons of the air were abroad, a poor man lay dying. His powers of body were all prostrated, and he could hardly speak, but his mind was clear, and bright, and strong. He had bidden farewell to his friends, and lay calmly awaiting the coming of the King of Terrors. He knew how dark, and stormy, and windy it was out of doors, and he knew that through all this his spirit would pass before the morning. Why was he not afraid? Because he had faith in God, that he would be with him, and carry him safely through all. He knew not which way heaven was from earth, but he felt sure that God knew, and would carry him safely there. It was a path which no valenture's eye had seen, and which no lion's whelp had trodden, but God knew the way thereof, and the dying man was safe.

On the deck of the great ship at sea, a mother sat gazing at something lying before her, while tears flowed like rain. For days and nights she had been watching and praying over her little child, so anxious and so earnest that it might live. But the beautiful flower drooped, and faded, and died.— And she was now looking at its waxen face and hands as it lay in its rude little coffin, ready to be buried in the great deep, where no stone could mark its grave. A single sweet flower, the only one in the whole ship was clasped in its tiny hand. The passengers were all gathered round, silent and sympathizing, and many in tears. The great ship glided swiftly on, knowing nothing of the sorrow within her. The hardy sons of the ocean had been pined "to bury the dead," and grouped around it in a windlass, they thought of the beautiful child that so lately was their pet. One spoke of the sweet face, another of its playfulness, and another of the mother's loss. All was ready now. The coffin was placed on the main hatches as a bier. The fresh winds moaned through the cordage. The main top was hoisted to the mast, and the great ship pushed and started still. The captain read the funeral service—"we commit thy body to the deep." The bell, tolled the knell. The little coffin plunged in and sank down, down, down! The mother, without a doubt that the eye of Jesus would follow her little one, and his voice raise it from the ocean grave at the last great day, stayed her soul upon Christ, and meekly bowed and said, "thy will be done!"

Baptizing a Sinner.

Old Billy C. had attended a great revival, and in common with many others, was converted and baptized. Not many weeks after, one of his friends met him reeling home from the court ground with a considerable sum of money in his hat.

"Hello, Uncle Billy," said his friend, "I thought you had joined the church?"

"So I did," answered Billy making a desperate effort to stand still; "so I did, James, and would a bin a good Baptist, if they hadn't treated me so everlasting mean at the water, didn't you hear about it James?"

"No, I never did."

"Then I'll tell you about it. You see, when we came to the baptizing hole, there was old Jinks, the rich old squire who was to be dipped at the same time.

Well, the minister took the Squire in first, but I didn't mind that much, as I thought that it would be just as good when I came; so he led him mighty careful, and wiped his face and led him out.

"Well then came my turn, and instead of lifting me out as he did the squire, he gave me one slob, and left me crawling around on the bottom like a mad turtle—that's so James."

"Hypocrites are beings of darkness disguised in garments of light."

The height of patience is a deaf man waiting to hear the ticking of a sun dial.

Love and its Tragic Ending.

Nearly a year ago, one of the first merchants of the city of New Orleans met and loved a woman of English birth, whom he believed to be a widow. His advances were favorably received, and after many happy hours passed in pleasant converse, the gentleman at length declared his passion. To his surprise and chagrin the lady, with many tears, informed him that her husband was not dead. A long story of unkindness, neglect, maltreatment and a separate maintenance was related. The fair one, with the utmost frankness, went into all the details of her wretched existence and ended by hoping that a divorce suit then pending, would terminate in her favor.

The gentleman, encouraged by this confidence, and eager for the possession of such a treasure, insisted on her at once departing for England, and bountifully supplied the lubricating material for the rusty machinery of the courts. The journey was made in the course of a few weeks the baggage of \$12,000 expended. Not many moons elapsed ere the lover was favored with a most tender epistle, conveying in the postscript intelligence of another draft for \$10,000 which he would, of course, pay on presentation.—The business of the law proved very expensive. Two more drafts for \$10,000 each were forwarded to this country and promptly paid. The gentleman becoming alarmed at the enormous drain on his purse, ventured to remonstrate, and begged the lady, if possible, to conduct the business with more economy.

The communication in reply, dated Paris, quietly informed him that the suit had been decided against her, that she was tied forever to the object of her detestation, and that although she could never forget the disinterested friendship of the kindest of men, they must never again meet on earth.

The unhappy gentleman, maddened at his folly, and crippled in his business by the immense outlay of money, ended his existence by his own hand—long after this tragedy the real creator of it presumes again to address the man she so wronged.—*New Orleans Times.*

A Menagerie of Drunkards.

The worst predicament a man can get into is to get drunk. In drunkenness every man shows his strongest side, and most ardent passion. There are six kinds of drunkards, and if you go into a drinking place where there are a dozen men under the influence of liquor you will be sure to find these six different characters, representing different animals.

The first is ape drunk. He leaps, and sings, and yells, and dances, making all sorts of grimaces and cutting up all sorts of monkey shames to excite the laughter of his fellows.— Oh, terribly silly is the drunken clown.

The second is tiger drunk. He breaks the bottles, breaks the chairs, breaks the heads of fellow carousers, and is full of blood and thunder. His eyes are fired with vengeance, and his soul raves with murderous fury. Of this sort are those who abuse their families.

The third is hog-drunk. He rolls in the dirt on the floor, slobbers and grunts and goes into the streets makes his bed in the first ditch or filthy corner he may happen to fall into. He is heavy, lumpy and sleepy, and cries in a grunting way for a little more drink.

The fourth is puppy-drunk. He will weep for kindness, and while his love and hug you in his arms, and kiss you with his slobbery lips and proclaim how much he loves you. You are the best man he ever saw, and he will lay down his money or his life for you.

The fifth is owl-drunk. He is wise in his own conceit. No man must differ with him for his word is law. He is true in politics, and all matters must be taken as authority.—His arm is the strongest, his voice the sweetest, his horse the fleetest his trumpets the largest, his town the finest of all in the room or land.

The sixth and last animal of our menagerie is the fox drunk man. He is crafty ready to trade horses and cheat you if he can. Keen to strike a bargain, lurking around with low cunning, peeping, watching for some suspicious thing, sly as a fox, sneaking as a wolf, he is the meanest drunkard of them all.

AN INCIDENT OF SHILOH.

During the battle of Shiloh an officer hurriedly rode up to an aid and inquired for Grant. "That's him with the field-glass," said the aid, and he pointed to General Grant, who was in the distance. The officer, however, rode up to the General, and after exchanging his epaulettes, he addressed him:

"General, I want to make one report, Schwartz's Battery is took."

"Ah!" said the General, "how was that?"

"Well, you see General, de sheshenis come up in front of us, and de sheshenis flanked us, and de sheshenis come in de rear of us and Schwartz's battery was took."

"Well sit," says the General, "you of course spiked the guns."

"Vat?" exclaimed the dutchman in astonishment, "eschpike dem guns, eschpike dem guns? No, it would schpill dem."

"Well," said the General, sharply, "what did you do?"

"Dof vy, we took dem back again!"

A Wisconsin justice has decided that a man is not liable for the liquor bills of his wife.

NOW.

Rise for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
Others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight have gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The past and the Future are looking
In the face of the stern To-day.

Not to be Kicked.

About twenty years ago, Abraham Doolittle was transported from Harvard University to one of the southern states, for the purpose of assuming the editorial control of a violent party paper, where no one ever labored with advantage for the party simply because an infinite quantity of pistols and a multiplicity of bowie-knives, prevented the advocacy of certain principals, and fettered the freedom of speech in a style perhaps not so elegant as efficacious. Doolittle was a Connecticut exotic. He was highly educated, impetuous, brave, yet with characteristic cunning of his race, careful of his own interest. He took hold of the paper with a determination to make it serviceable to the cause, and serviceable he did make it. The opposing candidate was a bad fellow—a duelist, a dram drinker, a lover of "poker," and a decided votary of Venus. Doolittle dared what no other editor had dared—he said so. The day on which this article appeared, the candidate entered the editorial chamber.

"You are Doolittle, the editor of this paper?" holding a copy of the sheet in his hand.

"I am."

"You have libelled and insulted me, and (drawing a large knife.) I have come for your ears."

"I beg your pardon," said Doolittle, "I'm a stranger to your customs, and perhaps have taken a license which in this part of the country, is excusable. Such is, I think, the best, suppose we compromise the matter?"

"Very well, and you shall make a full retraction."

"You'll what?" said Doolittle, quietly.

"Kick you."

"You insist upon that little privilege?"

"I'm unalterably fixed in my determination."

"So am I," said Doolittle, "I'm a horse pistol, as big as a land lubber, and that's the southerner's right leg, not to be kicked at."

He held his situation six months; was stabbed twice, shot three times, behorred with a bludgeon, but he was never kicked.

During his six months' experience he killed two of his adversaries. These are facts.

LEARNED SOMETHING—A good joke is told of a suburban school teacher, who kept after school a youngster who had manifested a great aversion to acquiring additional learning, and in the course of the reprimand the teacher said:

"Now, James, can you tell me one single thing you have learned since the quarter commenced?"

"Yes, sir, I have learned one thing."

"What is it?"

"Well, I've learned where there is a lull in a chestnut tree that none of the boys knows anything about, and I was going there for nuts if you hadn't kept me after school."

A Virginia negro boy, who professed to be dreadfully alarmed at the cholera, took to the woods to avoid it and there was found asleep. Being asked why he went to the woods he said:

"To pray."

"But," said the overseer, "how is it that you went to sleep?"

"Don't know, massa, 'zactly," responded the negro, "but 'spee I must have over-prayed myself!"

Bill Diggs saw a note lying on the ground but knew that it was a counterfeit and walked on without picking it up. He told Jim Smithers the story, when the latter said:

"Do you know, Diggs, that you have committed a very grave offence?"

"Why, what have I done?"

"You have passed a counterfeit bill, knowing it to be such," said Smithers.

A Western farmer, being obliged to sell a yoke of oxen to pay his hired man, told him that he could not keep him any longer.

"Why," said the man, "I'll stay and take some of your cows in place of money."

"But what shall I do," said the farmer "when my cows and oxen are all gone?"

"Why, you can then work for me, and get them back."

The pompous epitaph of a close fitted citizen closed with the following passage of Scripture:

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

"Dat may be," soliloquized Sambo—"but when dat man died de lord did't owe him a red cent."

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER—The old bachelor who had been waiting for the lapse of ages, has finally tried the joys of young ladies, and is quite pleased with the result.

In Ohio, the widow of a man killed by drink has commenced a suit for damages against those who furnished her husband with liquor.

Gen. Schenck has decided to hold Dr. Watson, of Rockbridge county, Va., for trial for murdering a negro. The courts had discharged him.

A charity school under examination in Paris, on being asked, "what is the pesi lence that walketh in darkness," answered: "Red bags."

Why is the Record like a toothbrush?—Because everybody should have one of his own, and not borrow his neighbor's.

Forty-six persons have been executed for murder, in 1866, in the United States.

The only suit no tailor can Cabbage.—A lawsuit.

Silent contempt is more galling than open rebuke.