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POETICAL.



PRAYERS I DO NOT LIKE.

I do not like to hear him pray Who loans at twenty-five per cent. For then I think the borrower may Be pressed to pay for food and rent, And in that Book we all should heed, Which says the lender shall be blest, As sure as I have eyes to read It does not say "take interest."

WHO TAUGHT THEM.

Who taught the bird to build her nest Of wool, and hay, and moss? Who taught her how to weave it best, And lay the twigs across?

MISCELLANY.

THE FATAL TEST.

One night, while seated with some friends, the subject of courage came up for discussion, and divers were the opinions advanced as to what it truly was, and what would be a proper test to prove the true metal from the false. The argument waxed warm, and twelve o'clock found us far from any decision.

a square, the fourth being the door at the foot of the steps. Well, I have been there, have crawled down the long steps—entered the vault in all its darkness and fanciful horrors, walked to the extreme end, and placed my watch and chain on the pile of decayed coffins there.

A thrill of horror—a sickening, chilling sensation, took possession of us all as we fully drank in the purport of his slowly uttered, carefully measured words; and every eye was turned upon the Irishman to mark the effect upon him. Truly he was like marble!

Not another sound—and while one, more collected than the rest, hurried back to the room for a light, we stood there with great sweat-drops upon our foreheads and hurriedly beating hearts, but otherwise as motionless as the long mouldered dead beneath our feet.

I WILL THINK OF IT.

'I will think of it.' This is easy to say and simple to do; but do you know what great thoughts come of just thinking? And yet thought itself, though very mighty, is nothing we can see or smell, hear, taste or feel.

MODERATE DRINKING.

The ragged, equalid, brutal rum drunkard, who lives in the bar-room, consorts with wine in the gutter, or fills with clamor and dismay the cold and comfortless abode to which, in the spirit of a demon, he returns at night, much as he injures himself, deeply wretched as he renders his family, exerts but little influence in beguiling others into an imitation of his revolting conduct.

GOOD ADVICE.

The Phrenological Journal for July in its leader gives its readers the following sound, sensible, and Christian advice: Barbarism must give way to Christianity. Every human being has an interest at stake.

THADDEUS STEVENS' GRAVE.

Several years ago, when the Lancaster Cemetery was incorporated, Mr. Stevens purchased two lots, for which a deed was duly executed.

POOREST MAN IN THE WORLD.

Many years ago, two brothers went from Connecticut to Western New York to live. The country was new and the land was cheap; so these brothers, who were young men, bought a great deal of it.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

A company of young men who were supping together at a tavern, found the wine that was served of very indifferent quality, when one of them, whose house was not far distant, mentioned that he had in his cellar at home, some wine that was particularly fine, and that he would go over to his house and bring a couple of bottles, which suggestion much pleased the company.

ONE CAUSE OF FAILURE.

No one who is every day thrown into contact with a large number of people, says the Chicago Machinist, has failed to notice that individuals are divided into two classes—those who attract, and those who repel by their presence.

UNKNOWINGNESS.

The moment a friend or even a mere acquaintance is dead, how surely there starts up before us each instance of unkindness of which we have been guilty towards him.

FAST WITH THE WORD FAST.

Richard Grant White, Mr. Gould, or some other writer who is accustomed to play upon words and their uses, might write an interesting chapter on the changes which are rung upon many English words.

'I'll Keep 'em Awake!'

Near Newark lived a pious family who had adopted an orphan, who, by the way, was rather underwitted. He had imbibed strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she didn't think it wrong for old farmers to come to church and fall asleep, paying no better regard to the service.

MARK THAT.

A small boy out west one cold day, was assisting his father to mark sleep with paint and brush. He would catch a sheep and say to the boy, 'Mark that.'

PUZZLE.

There was a blind beggar who had a brother and that brother died, the brother who died had no brother; now what relation was the blind beggar to the brother who died.

Can anybody see the Point?

Somebody who writes more truthfully than poetically says:—'An angel, without money is not thought so much of now as days as a devil with a bale of greenbacks.'

A little explained, a little endured,

A little explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a fable, and lo! the jammed atoms will fit like smooth mosaic.

'Did you fall hurt you?'

'Did you fall hurt you?' said one Pallander to another, who had fallen from the top of a two-story house. 'Not in the least honey, 'twas stoppin' so quick that hurt me.'

When are two potatoes precisely alike?

When they're pared. Why is a newspaper like a wife? Because every man ought to have one of his own. Anger is like a full-hot horse, who being allowed his way, self-mettle tires him.

What word is always pronounced wrong?

Wrong, of course. Why is a lover's young lady like a 'hinge'? Because she is something to do.

Why is it absurd to expect a pretty girl to be candid?

Because she cannot be plain. Bigger than the Mammoth Cave—the cave in the rebels. Beware of a man who talks a whole neighborhood.

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