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POETICAL.



A SUBLIME LESSON.

A lesson in itself sublime; A lesson worth engraving. To this I take no note of time, When the sun is shining;

BRIGHTLY BEAMS THE SUMMER SKY

O, brightly beams the summer sky, And rarely blooms the clover; But the little pool will soon be dry— This summer soon be over.

MISCELLANY.

AN OLD STORY.

Many years ago a celebrated Italian artist was walking along the streets of his native city, perplexed and desponding in consequence of some irritating circumstance

What a spectacle! I should like to paint that figure, and hang it in my studio opposite the angel-boy, said the artist to himself.

The young man asked the painter for money, for he was a beggar as well as a thief. "Come to my room and let me paint your portrait and I will give you all you ask," said the artist.

The young man followed the painter, and sat for a sketch. When it was finished, and he had received a few coins for his trouble, he turned to go; but his eye rested upon the picture of the boy, he looked at it, turned pale, and then burst into tears.

It was a fearful tale, and brought tears into the artist's eyes. He besought the young man to stop, offered to help him, and tried his best to save him. But alas! it was too late.

The Home of Lincoln.

It remains just as he left it to pass to the White House of the nation's capital—a modest, brown two-story frame dwelling. No carpenter's chisel nor painter's brush has yet committed sacrilege in an attempt to change its style or improve its appearance; and may they never touch it, except to preserve it as it is, so that coming generations may see where and how the great man lived at home.

COUNSELS TO YOUTH.—Let youth ever remember that the journey of life presents but few if any obstacles in its path which faith and perseverance will not overcome.

In Carroll township, Ill., the other day, a daughter of Thor Outhrie, while firing accidentally stepped upon a Newfoundland dog lying under the table, when the animal seized the girl and tore her in a fearful manner.

DEAD BROKE.

We found a man seated on a curb-stone, near the Postoffice, last night, muttering to himself apparently, as there was no one else to mutter to. We felt constrained to ask him what he was doing there?

For a few moments the unhappy D. Broke buried his face in his hands, and seemed lost in the most dolorous reflections. Then, raising his head, he exclaimed bitterly: "I wish I had been born a colt."

"Why do you wish you had been born a colt?" "Because a colt ain't broke until he is two or three years old. I was broke the moment I saw the light, and I never got over it. It is hard to be broke so young."

"When the conviction forced itself upon my infant brain, confused as it was by recent experience, that I must be broke all my life, I felt that there was nothing left to live for, and lost all consciousness at once. (I have found only part of it since.)"

"Where you ever married?" "Yes (sighing deeply) matrimony broke me up worse than anything else. My wife was a regular ripper. She broke up my furniture and the dishes, nearly broke my back with a flat-iron, and finally broke my heart."

"What did you do next?" "After the court had disposed of my case, I was allowed to go into the brokerage business again."

"When they tell their creditors that they are 'Dead Broke'?" "There was another pause, during which the unhappy possessor of an unfortunate name could be heard to sob. At length he broke out—

"It will be a simple and fitting inscription for my tombstone, though."

There is an old farmer in Northern Ohio, who gets up at daylight, builds a fire, puts on the tea-kettle, dusts the furniture, goes to the stable and feeds the horses, then calls up the folks.

'A Friend in Need.'

The New York Sun has an editorial giving some good advice to parents—to give their boys a good trade. That is the best 'friend in need' the editor knows of, as life wears on, and he adds: 'Every day (we are told) there are instances of men slipping from high rounds to the lowest one in the ladder of wealth.'

There are men who have seen better days, men of education and business ability, who envy the mechanic who has a sure support for himself and his family in his handicraft.

"No man is poor who is the master of a trade. It is a kind of capital that defies the storm of financial reverse; that clings to a man when all else has been swept away. It consoles him in the hour of adversity with the assurance that, let whatever may befall him, he need have no fear for the support of himself and family."

Freedom and Slavery.

One of the most forcible and truthful descriptions of the irrepressible conflict in America between freedom and slavery is contained in a speech recently delivered by John Bright at a dinner given to William Lloyd Garrison in London.

THE GIRLS TO THE YOUNG MEN.

The literary department of the Iuka (Miss) Mirror, is edited by four young ladies. Their last number contains the following paragraph, which exhorts the young man to 'depend on himself.'

Most young men consider it a misfortune to be born poor, or not to have capital enough to establish themselves at the outset of life in a good and comfortable business.

A good word is as easily spoken as a ill one.

Worth, Better Than Show.

A young oriental prince was visiting at the castle of a duke in one of the finest counties in England. He looked from the window in to the beautiful garden, and inhaled the fragrance which was wafted towards him by the gentle breath of June.

"What exquisite perfume," he cried; "bring me, I pray you, the flower that so delights my sense. See you yon stately stalk, bearing bearing on its shaft those gorgeous lilies, whose snowy petals are veiled with blood-red lines and with violet shade; that is undoubtedly the plant I seek."

"It is a dahlia, and its scent was even less agreeable than that of the lily. 'Can it be, then, the large white blossoms, clustered on yonder bush, or the blue cups on the neighboring shrub?' he asked.

"Precisely that, your highness," answered his attendant; "this flower is called the 'maignette, the little darling.'"

The Poor Printer.

"I pity the poor printer," said my uncle Toby. "He's a poor creature," rejoined Trim. "How so," said my uncle. "Because in the first place," continued the corporal, looking fully upon my uncle, "he must endeavor to please everybody."

"The policeman clasps his spees on his nose and reads it in search of a violent invective. He finds none, takes his spees off, folds them and sticks them in his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is a subscriber. And after all this complaining would you believe it, sir," said the corporal, clasping his hands beseechingly, "would you believe it, sir, there are some subscribers who do not hesitate to cheat the printer out of his pay?"

Said a very good old man; 'Some folks are always complaining about the weather, but I am very thankful when I wake up in the morning to find any weather at all.'

An Irish hostler was sent to the stable to bring out a traveler's horse; but not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stable belonged to the traveler, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals, and brought them to the door. The traveler pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag."

True Poetry.—The following beautiful stanza is copied from a lady's album:

Fare made, when I B hold ure face & gaze into ure ashure eye, my love it warmed into a blaze,

The prettiest thing for a woman is a pretty face.

The Country Church.

We clip the following bit of sentiment from the Lockport Daily Union. It brings olden memories back:

We have been to the country church that was old when we were young. It is neither costly nor grand, but rude and homely, with moss growing about the eaves, where a pair of swallows built their nest in the summer that is dead.

There, too, is the graveyard where sleep in dust the ashes of those whose so dear to us in life, and whose memories come to us with the rise of the sun, and the pale light of stars. There rest the companions of our schoolboy days, and our youthful sports.

Horrible Disaster.

The columns of the European German papers are filled with the particulars of the greatest disaster that ever desolated any mining district.

On the first of July last the wooden framework of a 1500 feet deep pit of a coal mine in the neighborhood of Lugan, in Saxony, gave way, breaking up, with an impenetrable mass of timber and rock, the pit at a depth of about 300 feet from the top.

They were doomed to die of starvation and want of fresh air. On the 4th of July all attempts to reach the bottom of the mine by any quick process were abandoned, and a slow but sure plan was devised by which at least the corpses of the perished could be extracted: Iron tubes of about two feet in diameter were to be sunk through the obstructions to the bottom of the pit.

The scenes at the entrance of the pit are described as lamentable without a parallel. One hundred and thirty-seven children filled the air with their wailing cries, whilst the superintendent of the mines, to whose negligence the disaster was ascribed by the people, could only be saved from being mobbed by his sudden imprisonment.

THE TRIUMPH OF WHISKY.—It is calculated that at least 80,000,000 gallons of whisky are annually manufactured in this country. If only the tax on three-fourths of them were collected, the Government would place our finances on a sound basis.

SCHOOL SCENE.—"Boy, you seem to be altogether too smart for this school; can you tell me how many six black beans are?" "Yes sir; half a dozen." "Well, how many are half a dozen white beans?" "Six." "Remarkable smart boy! Now tell me how many white beans there are in six black ones?" "Half a dozen, if you sakin 'em!" In consequence of this answer, the scholar came near being skinned himself.

For scours in calves, pigs and sheep, a correspondent of the Maine Farmer takes a quantity of good oats, boils them one hour, and gives freely of the tea till a cure is effected. From many trials, he is satisfied that this remedy is safe and certain.

New flax seed frequently given to horses or cattle will make them shed their old hair, and, whether young or old, soon get sleek and fat. It is the only thing which will fatten some old horses.

Five thousand and ninety dogs have been killed at the New York dog pound the present season for which the city has paid \$2, 500.

A husband, on being told the other evening that his wife had lost her temper, said he was glad of it, for it was a very bad vice.