



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

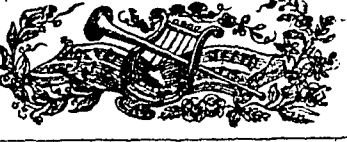
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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 30, 1867.

NUMBER 7

POETICAL.



THE THREE CALLERS.

By CHARLES SWAYNE.

Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy straying, 'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew...

Noon cometh—but the boy 's manhood growing, Heeds not the time. He sees but one sweet form...

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming, With the thin freight flickering faint and low...

OLD FOLKS.

Al! don't be sorrowful darling, And don't be sorrowful pray...

'Tis rainy weather, my darling, Time's waves, they heavily run...

We are old folks now, my darling, Our heads are growing gray...

And God is God, my darling, Of night as well as day...

And we feel and know that we can go Wherever he leads the way.

Aye God of the night, my darling— Of the night of death's grim...

MISCELLANY.

The Bridal Wine Cup.

'Pledge with wine—pledge with wine,' cried the young and thoughtful Harry...

The beautiful bride grew pale—the desire hour had come. She pressed her white hands together...

'What is it?' cried one and all. 'Wait,' she answered, 'wait and I will tell you...

Genius in ruins—oh! the high, holy looking brow! Look how he throws back the damp curls!

'There was a hush in the room only by the princely parlor, from some unseen smothered sob...

'What the— is boiled curlew?' 'What the— is boiled curlew?' said the stranger...

'A young gentleman after having paid his address to a lady for some time, 'popped the question'...

'Dead!' she repeated again, and there they scooped a grave; and there without a shroud...

'Injun' or Nigger. A correspondent of the Pensacola Observer, tells a story which we have heard before...

A Cunning sleeper. The following very adroit trick was recently played in one of the public Inns in England...

A RICH VALLEY. A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican writes as follows in regard to the Kansas valley...

WRITING MACHINE.—Mr. Pratt of Alabama, is the inventor of a type writing machine, lately exhibited to the London Society of Arts...

In a robbery recently committed in a certain town, another took occasion to remark...

HOME.—Home is the sacred residence designed by divine goodness for the happiness of man...

'A distressed mother,' writes to the Allegheny (Pa.) Democrat for advice which she gets thus: 'The only way to cure your son of staying out late at night, is to break his legs...

Train up your children to love sunsets, flowers, and clouds of all kinds. We are told it is the duty of parents to teach children to appreciate the beauties of things of this world...

Why is a miser like seasoned timber? Because he never gives.

What is the difference between a barber and a mother? One has razors to shave, and the other has drawers to raise.

At the circus, women jump clean thro' hoops. In society they jump thro' hoops.

Why is a lady's tongue like a lasso? Because there is no end to it.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cups, it moveth itself mightily...

They folded his pale hands Over his breast, And in the lone valley They laid him to rest...

That one honored one, So noble and brave— In vain she had striven From ruin to save...

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

But still we like the old church. It brings back to us the daisied slopes of childhood, the joyous anticipation of the future...

There, too, is the graveyard where sleep in dust the ashes of those who were so dear to us in life...

Home Thrusts. If you want low buy repentance at the highest market price, invest in tote boots.

MARRIAGE FOR SHOW. Often asked of you, 'To the question marry, we soon'

CURE FOR DEAFNESS.—We are informed by a friend of ours who has tested its effects upon himself, that the following receipt will cure the most obstinate cases of deafness...

Another took occasion to remark on the little girl who came with good, by giving her a present to a boy who had ill-treated her...

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Eight reasons for planting an Orchard. 1. The cheapest and pleasantest way of entertaining one's friends...

2. An orchard is an ornament to the farm beautiful in its spring blossoms, its summer drapery of green...

3. The cultivation of fruit is a very pleasant occupation, and has an important influence upon the mind and heart of the cultivator...

4. It makes home attractive—children are universally fond of fruit, and the home where the luxury is always enjoyed will be loved more on that account...

5. It will tend children against vice and crime. So strong is the desire for fruit, that they may steal if it is not provided for them at home...

6. It is a very sure investment. An apple tree, if well planted, is about as hardy as an oak, and sure to bear fruit according to the labor bestowed upon it...

7. It is not only a sure investment for ourselves, but for our children. No real estate in their inheritance is likely to be so permanently valuable...

8. It is a perpetual incitement to thanksgiving to the bountiful Creator. It yields its burdens of precious fruit year after year, giving large returns for the labor of the husbandman...

FARMER'S LIFE.—In a recent speech at Urbana, Ohio, Hon. George H. Pendleton pronounced the following eulogy upon 'Farmer Life'...

Freedom from the noise, and turmoil, and dust, and smoke of the crowded city, freedom from the daily struggle and daily anxiety for bread...

Freedom from the temptations and opportunities afford; freedom from the small crowded tenement houses, the tainted atmosphere, the contagious disease, the unnatural hours, the undue excitement...

Freedom from the glare of the city, and in their stead the pure air, the abundant food, the deep sleep, the refreshing dew, the cool breeze, the peaceful orb, the ample home, the healthful habits, the cleanliness, the contentment of the country, and the quiet exaltation of spirit which springs from the contemplation of the beauties of nature...

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Almost and Altogether. Once as two ladies were conversing in their quiet parlor, an aged clergyman entered...

'Madam, is your husband a Christian?' The lady's face flushed painfully. For a moment she hesitated, and then said: 'My husband is one of the best persons I ever knew...

'But almost saved is altogether lost. Remember that!' The words smote her with a sudden conviction of her husband's danger, and from that time forth her prayers for him were constant and fervent...

CHANGE OF TUNE.—An Irishman employed in a shop in New York was one day surprised and delighted by the entrance of an old acquaintance. After ten minutes' justification, the friend left, when Pat's employer said to him: 'So, Pat, you knew that person in the old country, did you?'

'Oh, an sure did I; an' it's a lucky day I met him here. It's a fine boy he is, wid all his family. His grandfather was a general—his father was a general—and he'd been a general himself if he had not come away.'

'But what was he after in your pockets? I thought I saw him put his fingers there slyly.'

Clapping his hands to his pockets, Pat ascertained that both watch and purse were missing. 'Murther! the critter, goshawking like a whale with a dozen harpoons in his side—she-thefe! the spalpeen!—I know him wid all his family. His grandfather was a general—and his father was a general—and he'd been a general himself if he had not run away.'

CURIOSITY.—A person of an observing turn of mind, it is said, has roved through a country town, has noticed how curious youngsters along the street will fill the windows with their anxious faces in order to get a glimpse at all passers by. A Yankee pedlar drove up in front of a house one day, and seeing all hands and the cook starling off from his cart, and the following dialogue took place with the man of the house: 'Johnathan—Has there been a funeral here lately?'

Man of the House—'No, why?'

Johnathan—'I saw there was one pane of glass that didn't have a head in it.'

Man of the House—'You leave blasted quick, or there will be a funeral!'

LOGIC.—As a specimen of the utility of logic, we give the following: A sharp student was called up by the worthy professor of a celebrated college and asked the question: 'Can a man see without eyes?'

'Yes, sir,' was the prompt answer.

'How, sir?' cried the amazed professor, 'can a man see without eyes? Pray, sir, how do you make that out?'

'He can see with one, sir,' replied the ready-witted youth, and the whole class shouted with delight at his triumph over metaphysics.

LIVE FOR ORNERS.—God has written upon the flower that sweats their, upon the breeze that rocks the flower from its stem, upon the rain drops that fall the mighty river, upon the dew that refreshes the smallest sprig of grass that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its channel, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the millions of creatures that live in its light—upon all he has written, 'None of us liveth to himself.'

AN ANSWER TO A QUESTION.—How exquisitely absurd to tell a girl that beauty is of no value—dress of no value. Beauty is of value; her whole prospect in life may often depend upon a new gown, or a becoming bonnet, and if she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a face for real happiness. But her truth.

The late Rev. Dr. Newton was once spoken to by a young lady who had recently died. He immediately asked, 'O, sir, how did she die?'

The venerable man replied, 'My dear, which you should have asked more important than "How did she die?" "How did she live?"'

'What are you asking that dog's head for, don't you see that he's dead as a stone? Yes I do; but he did kill mine berry dead, and how I let him know that I was in the kitchen, and I did shoot him ed away on to the poor dog's skull.'

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