



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



CONSOLATION.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

You cannot soothe my breaking heart,
You need not tell me to be calm
When love's warm clasp is rent apart,
On earth there is no balm.

MISCELLANY.

THE BEGGAR.

A TRUE TALE.

One cold winter morning, the last Sunday of December, 1849, a half naked man
knocked timidly at the basement door of a
fine, substantial mansion in the city of Brook-

perience of city life makes it difficult for you
to credit so much depravity. It is no charity
to give to street beggars, it only encour-

of the wildest surprise, murmuring:
'It cannot be—it cannot be. I am delirious
to think so.'
Mrs. Maywood gazed with little less aston-

A SIMILE.
Slowly, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade,
Evening damps begin to fall,

THE ECONOMITES.
For some time past newspaper paragraphs
in reference to a peculiar religious sect in
Pennsylvania have been going the rounds.

"BE DILIGENT IN BUSINESS."
Franklin has somewhere said he owed a
considerable share of his success in life to the
impression made upon him, while yet a
boy at home, by a passage in the book of