



By W. Blair.

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FOR PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES, OILS AND PAINTS, &c. &c., Go to Fourthman's DRUG STORE.

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POETICAL. PAR AWAY.

"The land that is very far off."—Isa. xxxii 17. Upon the shore Of Evermore We sport like children at their play;

MISCELLANY. THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

There is a lonely house situated near what is known as "Upper Crow Creek," in this county, that just now bears the unenviable notoriety of being haunted.

of the farmers through the neighborhood, and was last seen, just at nightfall, going in the direction of this house, which it is believed he never left alive.

Honor Your Business. As the New York Economist says, it is a good sign when a man is proud of his work or of his calling.

Let a man adopt his business, and identify it with his life, and cover it with pleasant associations for God has given us imaginations, not alone to make some poets, but to enable all men to make some poets.

Has She a Call to be a wife. Has she a call to be a wife, who thinks more of her silk dress than her children, and visits her nursery no other than once in a day?

Has the woman a call to be a wife, who sits reading the latest novel while her husband stands before the glass trying to pin together a buttonless shirt bosom?

Has that woman a call to be a wife, who cries for a cashmere shawl, when her husband's notes are protested?

Has that woman a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, soggy bread, smoky tea and watery potatoes six days out of seven?

Has she a call to be a wife, who flirts with every man she meets, and reserves the frowns for the home fireside?

Has she a call to be a wife, who comes down to breakfast in abominable paper curls a soiled-dress gown, and shoes down at the heels?

Has she a call to be a wife, who bores her husband when he comes into the house with the history of a broken tea-cup, or the possible whereabouts of a missing broom-handle?

Has she a call to be a wife who has the headache when her husband wants her to walk with him, but willingly wears out her gaiter boots promenading with his male friends?

Has she a call to be a wife, who would take advantage of a moment of conjugal weakness to extort money or exact a promise?

Has she a call to be a wife who takes a journey for pleasure leaving her husband to toil in a close office, and 'have an eye' when at home, to the servants?

Has she a call to be a wife, to whom a husband's society is not the greatest of earthly blessings?

Has she a call to be a wife, who listens to outside slanders against her husband, and does not scorn the slanderer?

A WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN.—The following eloquent passage is from the pen of Albert Barnes:

A whole family in heaven! Who can picture or describe the everlasting joy? No one absent. No father, nor mother, nor son, nor daughter, are away.

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What Childhood Should Be.

If it were not too serious a subject for mirth, one might often laugh at the superhuman virtue required by adults of little children.

'Be good' says the autocrat of the family—mother, father, uncle or aunt, as the case may be—'be good.' Now being 'good' in this instance may mean, that a restless little creature, brimming with pent-up vitality, shall not touch a finger to any article, in a small confined room, except toys whose magic virtues he long since exhausted, having turned them over, day after day, for weeks, without a solitary word of interest or sympathy having been addressed to him in his efforts to extract amusement from the same.

At length he cries simply because he is weary and has nothing to do. 'Be good,' thunders the family autocrat—'be good'; which, translated, means, 'don't trouble me.' Now if in stead, the autocrat were to take the little creature in his or her lap, in an easy position so as to rest the little tired limbs, and tell it a story to withdraw its thoughts awhile from itself, and give it material out of which to build a little play, which you should presently see him jump down from the lap in glee to rehearse, would it not be vastly more sensible, as well as reasonable?

'Naughtiness,' so styled, is often than anything else, in young children, want of occupation, confined apartments and insufficient ventilation.—The truth is, 'that all-out-doors' as the phrase is, is the only proper apartment for them.

There is variety; there is space, there is fresh air. A child brought up wholly in the city, accustomed only to the limitations of a daily walk, is really defrauded of its 'childhood' and, what is more mournful, the theft can never be atoned for in after life.

Nothing can make up for it, for the gleeful delight of picking shells upon the sea-shore, of paddling with dimpled feet in the foam of the waves, or plucking handfuls of flowers, wheresoever it chooses to stray, or looking at the animal creation, every one of which, from a caterpillar to an ox, is a marvel and a wonder, compared to which a toy-shop is of no interest whatever.

Simply as an educating process, without regard to health, or pleasure, it is of more value than any other to childhood; we are taking it for granted that such a child is neither fettered by fine clothes, or tyrannized over by a stupid, ignorant selfish nurse, who replies to every intelligent query, "Hold your tongue!" or "Don't bother!"

I think that I can always select, from out the grown people I meet, those who, when they come into the world, brought their welcome with them, and over whose infancy heaven's dew and sunshine fell, without stint or limit.

What crosses soever in after life they may have been called to bear in a world of mutation, still the eye, at times, brightens, and the worn hands clasp each other, while the eyes seem to be looking back through the far years, as you hear from their lips these slowly-voiced words, "I had such a happy childhood!"

And now, when the chosen voice, that promised to cherish, is harsh, and stern, and cold, and "duty" is in place of love, and the years move all too slowly and wearily to the coveted grave, there still will remain this blessed memory!

Some one scene, stands out in bold relief against all the dark years; some day when the childish grief had reached its climax; and sympathy and love came raining into the little aching heart, healing whatever it touched, till smiles chased the tears away, and sobs were turned to kisses.

And if, at such a memory and its dark contrast, the agonized cry should escape, "Oh, mother! mother!" who shall tell me that eternity has severed such strong heart-strings? What were life worth, if one believed this?

A Missouri paper contains the following, which will pass without much urging: "Do you believe in predestination?" said a captain of a Mississippi steamer to a Calvinistic clergyman who happened to be travelling with him.

"Of course I do." "And you also believe that what is to be will be?" "Certainly." "Well, I'm glad to hear it."

"Why?" "Because I intend to pass that boat ahead in fifteen minutes, if there be any virtue in pine knots and loaded safety valves. So don't be alarmed, for if the boilers ain't to burst they won't."

Here the divine commenced putting on his hat, and began to look like backing out; the important work of taking care of their bodies! And in consequence of this neglect, how many there are who, day after day, throughout a lifetime, continue to violate the plainest and most imperative laws of nature—till, finally, they bring disease and premature death upon themselves, a penalty for violated law.

CUT THIS OUT.—For a long time, hydrophobia was thought to be curable, and persons affected with it were either strangled or smothered to death. But a German forerunner dying a few years ago, made known a secret by which he had saved many lives, and which may serve a good turn to some of our readers.

Barthe the wound constantly with hartshorn, and give three or four doses diluted during the day. The hartshorn decomposes chemically the virus insinuated into the wound, and immediately alters and destroys its deliteriousness.

Two men recently died suddenly at a Canadian tavern after drinking a cup of coffee. The landlord called the police, who suspected her of poisoning the men. She protests she did not and to prove the harmlessness of the coffee drank a cup herself, when she also fell down dead. An examination of the coffee pot showed that a bunch of matches had been boiled with the coffee.

How do we know that Pharaoh was a carpenter? Because he made Joseph a ruler.

Two gentlemen from New York, one of whom had been in California nearly a year and the other just arrived, were accidentally overheard in the following conversation, at the Sutter House, Sacramento.

The new comer was lamenting his condition, and especially two beautiful daughters who were just budding into womanhood—when he asked the other if he had a family.

"Yes, sir, I have a wife and six children in New York, and I never saw one of them."

After this the couple sat a few moments in silence, and then the interrogator again commenced: "Were you ever blind, sir?"

"No, sir." "Another lapse of time. 'Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children—living in New York, and had never seen one of them?'"

"Yes, sir—I so stated it." "Another and a long pause of silence, then the interrogator again inquired: "How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?"

"Why," was the response, "one of them was born after I left."

"Oh! ah!" and a general laugh followed. "After that the first New Yorker was especially distinguished as the man who had six children and never saw one of them."

QUICK WITTED.—A down East Agriculturalist last summer required a number of reapers. Several presented themselves, and all were engaged with one exception. The poor man thus omitted said: "Master, won't you hire me?"

"No," said the farmer. "Why, not?" "Because you are too little." "Too little," exclaimed the astonished Irishman, "does your honor reap your grain at the top?"

What could the farmer do but roar with laughter, and send the little man to join his comrades in the field.

Music.—What is more deeply interwoven with the sympathies of human nature than music? What will more touchingly express the feelings of joy or sorrow, hope or melancholy? Melancholy forgets to sigh or weep as acolian chords sweep gently over its sea of troubles.

What joy complete without its all-obliving strains? What warrior nerve without its thrilling blast? What church so lowly, and what service so devout as that where the swelling choral and the organ peal mingle?

A few years ago some Indians, who saw several women baptized by immersion in the river at St. Joseph, Mo., a hole being cut in the ice for that purpose, imagining that the ceremony, which they could not understand, was to make them good, afterward brought their squaws, cut another hole in the ice near by, and gave them a ducking, in spite of their remonstrances.

A poultice of onions, applied morning, noon and night, will cure a felon. No matter how bad the case, leaving the finger will be unnecessary if this poultice be used. The remedy is a sure, safe, and speedy one. So says one who has tried it. No cure no hurt.

At a great Republican rally at Defiance, Ohio, one of the banners bore the following inscription: "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, give him a post office!"—A. Johnson.

Cuffy said he'd rather die in a railroad smash up than a steamboat bust-up, for this reason: "If you get off and smashed up, dar you is; but if you gets blowed up on the boat, whar is you?"

Nuisances.—Cross-eyed spinsters, mischief making women, grumbling old bachelors, dilapidated sidewalks, squalling children, frowzy wives, dirty postal currency, and subscriber who does not pay for his paper.

Not that when men do worthily, but that which they do successfully, is what history makes haste to record.

A man of the world may have enough of the world to sink him, but he can never have enough to satisfy him.

An American paper says that an Indian rubber ombas is about to be invented, which when full, will hold a couple more.

Why is a fitting skirt like a slaughter pen? Because lean and fat calves are contained in it.

Wait for others to advance your interests, and you will wait until they are not worth advancing.

Mr. Snooks says the reason he does not marry is, that his house is not large enough to contain the consequences.

Generally observed.—Tilting skirts, waterfalls and other people's business.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

Ladies would make good traders—they never get shaved.

An old maid is like an old boot—of no use without a fellow.

The man who plants a birch tree litu dreams of what he is conferring on posterity.

A dis-cour-teous institution—the dog law.

One to day is worth two to-morrow.