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### POSTICAL.



#### THE THREE PAINTERS.

First, Fancy seized the brush, and well  
Her magic hues she blent,  
As beautiful as if Heaven's bow  
Its own bright hues had lent;  
But ere her brush was laid aside,  
Each lovely scene had fled,  
And not a trace remained to show  
The tints her hand had spread.

Next Feeling, from the heart's rich store,  
Her varied hues supplies;  
And never sunset clouds could wear  
More deep and gorgeous dyes  
"These will not fade,"—Even while she spoke,  
Her own rude touch effaced  
All that with so much anxious skill,  
The pencil's art had traced.

Then Memory came—with cold dark tints,  
And pencil rude, she drew  
The scenes of many a vanished joy,  
Which once the sad heart knew  
I looked, in hope her dreary sketch  
Like Fancy's scenes would fade:  
I hoped in vain—faded her tints—  
She only paints in shade.

#### WILL YOU BE TRUE?

The sinful tongue of man may hurt  
Dark words of hate and ill;  
Deceitful lips with scorn may curl,  
And slander me at will;  
But through it all I'll bravely ride,  
With heart both light and free,  
And leap the gulf both deep and wide,  
If you'll be true to me.

Their sinful hearts may oft conspire  
To do me woful wrong;

### MISCELLANY.

#### SPEAKING TO HIM.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS

It was a village street, clean and well kept,  
Pretty too, from one end of it to the other,  
As streets should be. But the prettiest  
Home in it belonged to Miss Margery  
Bingham, an old maid past all denial since  
she even owned to forty. She was a pretty  
woman, with a red and white complexion,  
and glossy black hair, all kinks, and waves,  
and ripples. Given, too, to the wearing of  
white robes, which set her off charmingly of  
an afternoon, and white bonnets of trans-  
parent crepe when she was at church.

Long ago she had quarrelled with her boy  
sweetheart, Charlie Christopher, and the  
young fellow had left home and gone to sea,  
and been drowned, probably, for he had  
never been heard of since, and it was for  
this reason, so said the cooing of Harrow-  
dale, that Miss Margery Bingham was single  
still. However, it had been what old  
Aunt Putter called "disappointed," she bore  
it well, and had no die away air about her,  
and no habit of looking at the moon—  
Neither did she keep a diary, and all the  
relics of her past home affairs to be found  
among her possessions was one little golden  
ring and a locket of fair hair, folded together  
in a little silver box, two inches by three,  
which lay in a very safe place up stairs.

Certainly Margery had the comfort of  
knowing that her spinsterhood was her own  
choice. She had had offers in plenty, and  
even now there was Dr. Squills around that  
corner, a first-rate physician, and in first-rate  
practice who would have given, not his eyes  
perhaps, but certainly half of all the posses-  
sions his eyes looked upon to make Margery  
Mrs. Squills. And although the good doc-  
tor had had four wives before, no other  
single lady of Miss Bingham's age in Har-  
rowdale would have objected to him on that  
score.

But she turned her back on the doctor  
and his offer, and declared that she had been  
her own mistress too long to take kindly to  
obeying any one now, and went her way re-  
joicing. What a home she had, and how it  
shone with rubbing and scrubbing and polish-  
ing, from the chimney pot to the scraper.  
The two servants, a stout black woman, and  
a girl from the parsonage, had their hands  
full, and many a matron envied Miss Mar-  
gery her wonderfully ordered home and  
well drilled domestics. Nothing had ever  
occurred to mar the contentment Miss Mar-  
gery herself felt in her pretty home, until  
the spring in which my story commences,  
when the Widow Wryam over the way took  
a boarder. That in itself was very natural,  
for what was she to do with her second floor  
front room but let it. But why, as Miss  
Margery said, could she not have some nice  
old lady, some single woman who went out  
to sew by the day, or at least a man who  
had some employment, to occupy that white  
curtained apartment, it passed Miss Mar-  
gery's comprehension. The person she had

taken, as that angry lady often declared at  
the tea table to her numerous friends and  
often in the privacy of her domestic life,  
to Dinah, who was fully able to corroborate  
the statement, did nothing but stare.

In the early morning, when the spinster  
threw open her green blinds and put back  
her curtains, there he sat at his window star-  
ing, his elbows on the sill, his eyes wide  
open, a cigar between his lips, fixed and im-  
movable as any beathen idol, and as ugly as  
one, declared Miss Margery.

When she sat at breakfast and the window  
curtain blew over so little from the panes,  
there he was again, with his elbow on the  
widow's gate staring across the road. When  
Miss Margery watered her flower garden,  
still the boarder sat and stared, sitting on  
the garden chair under the little white porch.  
When Miss Margery went to church, sitting  
in her own particular seat, as she had done  
for years, there he was in the gallery with  
his elbows on the moulding, which Miss  
Margery savagely said she wished might  
some day give away and let him down.—  
Staring at her still, determined and persis-  
tently, day and night, at least until it was  
too dark to see him. "And then, it is my  
belief he sits there watching my candle; does  
that horrid fat old sea captain stare at me,"  
declared Miss Margery.

"I'll not bear it. I will put an end to it,  
see if I don't."

"Don't take notice and he'll leave it off,"  
Miss Margery said.

But although, acting on the advice, the  
lady ignored the ever staring eyes comple-  
tely, there was no cessation of the watch they  
kept upon her. Indeed he was more impud-  
ent than ever before, and summer went and  
autumn came, and when the "hillsias bloom-  
ed tall and crimson in Margery's garden, she  
could see his eyes through them still as she  
sat at her work in her little parlor. It was  
becoming more than Miss Margery could  
bear.—She lifted up her eyes and stared too.  
The eyes over the way were out of abated.—  
She walked to the windows and banged the  
shutters too, after which she peeped out.—  
The starrer had descended to the garden, and  
was glaring at the open door.

"I'll bear it no more," said Miss Margery,  
and with a whisk she took her garden hat  
from the peg of the nail stand, and marched  
over the way. What she would say to the  
Widow Wryam, she did not exactly know,  
but certainly she would represent the improp-  
riety of keeping within her home a man so  
lost to all sense of propriety as to stare a  
maiden lady out of countenance, for six  
months, without intermission.

"He shall go, or I'll move," said Miss Mar-  
gery. "I'll let the place and move before  
I'll put up with it." And she rapped at the  
widow's door. The servant girl known in  
Harrowdale as "Mrs. Wryam's help," opened  
it.

"Is Mrs. Wryam in?" asked Margery,  
sharply.

"No, miss," replied the girl. "She ain't,  
but the Captain is—our boarder, you know."

"Ah," said Margery, a sudden resolution  
filling her soul. "Very well, I'll see him."

And down she sat in the little parlor,  
resolute and defiant, and awaited his coming.—  
In a few moments he came—a stout man,  
older than herself, with a seafaring look a-  
bout him. Miss Margery did not dare to  
lift her eyes to his face, for fear of being  
stared out of countenance, so she looked at  
the wall instead, and began not a bit daunt-  
ed.

"I called to see Mrs. Wryam, but on the  
whole I am well pleased to see you. It was  
on your account I came, I suppose you know  
me? You ought to, I am sure."

The seafaring gentleman heaved a great  
sigh.

"Yes," he replied. "I ought to, and I do."

"And ain't you a-hamed of yourself?" began  
Miss Margery. "It may be seagoing  
fashion, but ain't it impudence; neither  
more or less. What do you mean by it?"

"By what, madam?" asked the gentleman.

"By starting at my house, sir," said  
the lady. "For six months sir, you have  
kept your eyes on it. What do you mean?"

"Madam," began the Captain.

"How dare you! My house, like that of  
every American, is my castle," interrupted  
Miss Margery, her wrath at its full height.

"How dare you stare at it six months with-  
out cessation? I won't bear it. Others  
may but I won't."

"I don't do it, madam," said the Captain.

"I haven't looked at your house. I don't  
know what color it is painted. I was look-  
ing at—"

"At what sir?" cried Margery.

"At you, said the Captain. "Oh! Mar-  
gery, I couldn't help it."

"Margery!" shouted Miss Bingham.

"Oh, good gracious!" And in her horror  
she turned her eyes full on the stranger's  
face. Then she gave another scream.—  
"Who are you?" she gasped. "Oh, dear, who  
are you?"

And the Captain came closer and took her  
hand.

"My name is Charley Christopher," he  
said. "Oh, Margery, don't be angry. Ever  
since you sent me away I've thought of you  
from dawn until sunset, and I came back  
only to be in the same town with you. And I  
came here only to be opposite you. And all  
the comfort I've had for six months has  
been looking at you, for I love you as well  
as I did the day we quarrelled, and that was  
better than my life."

And poor Miss Margery began to cry.

"I wonder I didn't know you," she said.—  
"But we're both altered of course. I'm an  
old maid, almost an old woman."

"You're handsomer than ever," said the  
Captain.

Margery blushed.

"And so I must've even look at you any  
more." "Say so, Margery, and I will go  
away again; but I shall leave my heart here  
all the same. Have you never forgiven me,  
Margery?"

Margery sobbed again.

"I was young and foolish," she said. "It  
was my fault. Oh, yes, Charley, I have for-  
given you over and over."

And then—but you and I are too many,  
reader. Suffice it to say that thereafter Cap-  
tain Christopher stared no longer across the  
way at the little white cottage, because from  
that day he was privileged to enter it as a  
guest and then in a very few months Miss  
Margery Bingham astonished her friends and  
neighbors by espousing her old lover in the  
little church one sunny Thursday morning.

People were shocked that she should do  
such a thing at her age; but neither of the  
parties most interested have regretted it.—  
And even to this day Captain Christopher  
has, what Mrs. Christopher pretends to  
think, a very foolish habit of following her  
countenance with his eyes, staring her out of  
countenance as she declares, and she can-  
never cure him of it.

#### The Slave of Rum.

Words are inadequate to describe the  
harrowing tortures, both of body and of  
mind, which are endured in the breasts and  
in the homes of the intemperate. Who  
knows, before the Washingtonians lifted the  
curtain from the frightful realities of a  
drunkard's experience, the agonies of that  
struggle in which all that is holiest and nob-  
lest in human nature grapples with a fell  
appetite, whose only enjoyment is relief from  
present goadings, purchased by an aggravation  
of their cause? Who would have dream-  
ed of the fearful hold of that bondage which  
could compel men to stoop to such degrad-  
ing expedients to gratify their desires, and  
still keep up appearances? Of all the un-  
fortunate creatures in the world, if there be  
one who deserves especial commiseration on  
account of his sufferings, it is the slave of  
intemperance. His self-respect is utterly  
gone; and he hangs his head in shame and  
agony before the bar of his own conscience,  
and before the clear gaze of men, and before  
the haunting glance of God. A fiend fol-  
lows him, a fearful fiend, by day and night.  
His nerves are unstrung; his brain is on fire  
with delirium; he is seized by unreal vi-  
sions, a worm gnaws, gnaws at his breast—  
with an appetite more pitiless far than that  
of the vulture which devoured the vitals of  
the old Titan.

In his lonely hours, thinking of times how  
his early dreams have all faded out and his  
best hopes gone to ashes, he weeps tears of  
gall. And when he remembers what he  
was once, when the world was fair and good,  
and there was a glory in the sky, and his  
heart was pure and young, unacquainted  
with guilt and misery—and then he thinks  
him of what he is now,—he wishes he were  
dead. "Oh, he cries, that I had but died ere  
the sweet and innocent memories of boyhood  
were changed for this vile degradation and  
depair, thousands have rushed unbid to the  
tribunal of God.

#### Our Lost Youth.

How often, amid the turmoil of busy life,  
come, like the balmy breath from some fairy  
land, the enchanting visions of our youthful  
days; the days when our hearts knew noth-  
ing of the wounds of slighted friendship or  
betrayed trust, and when all the earth seem-  
ed perfection, unmarred by blemish. Truly,  
childhood is the Eden of life, the sunny  
verdurous Paradise among lovely bowers,  
blowing none but the most subtle and en-  
rapturing breezes; full of bright flowers,  
blossom hopes, and pure desires, and which  
no reality of maturer life can quell.

Say not, O, sordid, there is no joy in  
dreaming; no pleasure in recalling the past  
to view, while threatening the tortuous wind-  
ing of the world's ways. The days gone by  
—the days when buoyant youth crowned  
our brows and laughed in our radiant eyes,  
and the earth seemed free from sin—  
are these nothing? Maturity may bring posi-  
tion, wider experience and thorough knowl-  
edge; but of all these, all thy rich inher-  
itance of age and wisdom, cannot compare  
with the innocent care-free hours, so fleet-  
winged and sunny, of the early days gone  
by. Bright crown of perpetual youth! you  
will never be donned till the pealy gates are  
entered in and changing mortality gives way  
to eternal life.—E.C.

#### Advertising Patronage.

We copy the following sensible remarks,  
from the *Journal* (N. Y.) *Journal* of re-  
cent date: "In a good sense, the effort on  
the part of any merchant to get trade with-  
out advertising is a wrong to other business  
men in the place. Whether a man believe  
in advertising or not he will coincide that  
the newspapers are a great help to the place,  
and that business amounts to very little in  
places that don't support one or more of  
them. The newspapers of a town are its  
life blood. Without them it cannot prosper.  
The better they are supported at home, the  
more powerful will their influence be abroad.  
Absence of newspapers is a bad sign for a  
place, in a business point of view, as absence  
of churches is in morals, of school houses in  
education. The men who support the village  
paper do more to build up the place, and  
make it prosperous, and draw trade there,  
than all other influences combined. There-  
fore, the man who tries to come in and take  
the benefits of that prosperity without con-  
tributing to sustain it, tries to 'dead head'  
on the rest of the business men, and does  
them wrong."

A young minister when about to be or-  
dained, stated that at one period of his life  
he was nearly an infidel. "But," said he,  
"there was one argument in favor of Christi-  
anity which I could never refute—the con-  
sistent conduct of my father!"

The man who drinks to drown care is  
like one who strives to quench a fire by  
throwing oil on it.

#### How Tom Roused Her.

The wife of Tom Gordon is a victim to im-  
aginary ailments, and is never so content as  
when lying according to the direction of  
her medical adviser. Dr. Valentine now  
understands her whims and oddities so well  
that he humors her in every caprice; if she  
imagines rheumatism is her complaint, he  
agrees with her, and prescribes some harm-  
less potion; if she thinks her appetite de-  
creasing, some bread pills keep her in good  
spirits until the fancied symptoms of some  
other disease induced her to send again for  
him.

During the last four years Tom has often  
wished that his wife would roll down stairs  
and break her foolish head, for the reason  
that the physician's and apothecary's bills  
made a serious inroad upon his income.

About three months ago she complained  
of a pain in her side, and, as usual, the doc-  
tor was summoned. After prescribing two  
or three bottles of different compounds—all  
harmless but rather expensive—he said:  
"All you want to assist the medicine is ef-  
fecting a cure is a little rousing. Although  
your ailment is serious, it is not dangerous.  
Assume a little energy and you will recover.  
Remember, rouse yourself."

After the doctor had retired, the patient  
fancied that at last some serious disease was  
beginning to manifest itself, and like a fool  
she went to bed in despair.

Tom understood the case thoroughly from  
long experience, and said mentally:

"She wants a rousing does she? well I'll  
give her a surprise that will startle her."

Mrs. Hake, an attractive widow, was en-  
gaged to act in capacity of nurse to Mrs. G.  
The widow is young, buxom, amiable, and  
Tom tho't her attractive qualities might be  
made available in giving the patient the ne-  
cessary rousing.

A short consultation with Mrs. Hake re-  
sulted in the arrangement of a plan, the ex-  
ecution of which was to induce Mrs. G. to  
forever afterwards throw physic to the dogs.  
Late the next evening while the patient  
was fretting and growling, announcing her  
intention to give up the ghost, Tom called  
Mrs. Hake aside and said to her, in a pre-  
tended whisper, but loud enough to be heard  
by the invalid:

"Poor Fauny! she is about to die at last,  
and so you and I may as well arrange for  
our marriage."

Tom threw a glance over his shoulder as  
he spoke, and observed the dying patient  
cease her growling, and began to rouse her-  
self. Arising quickly to her sitting posture  
in the bed to note every word of the conver-  
sation, she stared at them with eyes as big  
as small onions bulged.

"It will be a relief to her," continued Tom,  
"for she has always been an invalid. I, too,  
have suffered as well as she, but with you,  
the picture of health, as my wife, my happi-  
ness will be complete."

The widow threw herself upon Tom's  
shoulder, her arms about his neck, and be-  
gan to chow his vest in mouthfuls to smother  
her laughter.

"How soon shall we get married after she  
is dead?" asked Tom, peering his arm around  
the widow's substantial waist.

"I suppose you're willing to wait a week or  
two?" stammered Mrs. Hake as she leaned her  
head on his shoulder and took another  
mouthful of vest.

The invalid uttered an exclamation, and  
landed on the floor.

"You think I am going to die do you?"  
she exclaimed. "I'll live to spite you both!  
and for you"—she turned and grasped Mrs.  
Hake by the hair—"out of my house you  
designing villain! Ill act as my own nurse  
hereafter."

From that day to this, Mrs. G. has enjoy-  
ed good health, and Tom has enjoyed good  
spirits, because he has not had a doctor's bill  
to pay. He knew how to cure her; for she  
only needed rousing, and Tom roused her."

#### Evil Habits.

It is an easy matter to form such habits,  
but hard to conquer them. The young man  
can addict himself to the use of profane lan-  
guage and scarcely know how he learned to  
use it. He can acquire a habit of using to-  
bacco or intoxicating drink, in a manner  
that will hardly be perceived by himself till  
he is an abject slave to appetite; but when  
aware of his position, and roused to a sense  
of the importance of reformation, how im-  
potent are his best resolves. Half the effort  
employed by many to reform, without effect,  
had been more than sufficient to have pre-  
served them from these vices, if they had in-  
dustriously taken a kindly hint. To every  
young man who is in any degree becoming  
addicted to these, or any other pernicious  
and wicked habits, we would earnestly say,  
beware! immoral youth, lest the course thou  
art pursuing plant baneful thorns in thy  
dying pillow, and make thee wail bitterly to  
eternity for a deliverance which can never  
be found.—*Religious Recorder.*

A good story is told concerning the pro-  
duction of the "Lady of Lyons" at Salt Lake  
City Theatre. An aged Mormon arose and  
went out with his twenty-four wives, angri-  
ly stating that he would sit and see a play  
where a man made such a fuss over only one  
woman.

The true test of merit in man is to an-  
swer the demand that is made upon him in  
his day and generation.

Love cannot exist in the heart of a woman  
unless modesty is its companion, nor in that  
of a man unless honor is its associate.

A hypocrite is the picture of a saint, but  
his paint shall be washed off, and he shall  
appear in his own colors.

Discard rum and rowdyism, love the girl  
and take the Record, and you are on a pret-  
ty sure road to happiness.

#### One of Petroleum Nasby's Adventures.

Rev. Petroleum Nasby having been  
called into Ohio to assist in the expulsion of  
some children of African descent from a  
district school into which they had been ad-  
mitted by a New Hampshire school mistress,  
returned in a damaged condition, in conse-  
quence of an adventure which he relates as  
follows:

We reached and entered the schoolhouse.  
The old school marm wuz there, ez bright and  
ez crisp ez a January mornin'—the school-  
ers was ranged on the seats a study ez  
rapidly ez possible.

"Miss," sez I, "we are informed that three-  
nigger wenches, daughters of one Lett,  
nigger, is in this school a minglin' with  
daughters ez a equal. Is it so?"

"The Misses Lett are in the skool," sed she  
rather mischievously, "and I am happy to  
state that they are among my best pupils."

"'Mis' (sed I, sternly,) 'put 'em out!'"

"Wherefore," sed she.

"That we may bundle 'em out!" I replid.

"Bless me!" sed she, "I reely couodnt do  
that. Why expel 'em?"

"Beoz," sed I, "no nigger skol containin'  
at the white children uz this de-trick. No  
sich d'sgrace shal be put onto 'em."

"Well," sed this old 'zevativus skool marm  
wich wuz from New Hampshire, "put 'em  
out!"

"But show me wich they are!"

"Can't you detect 'em, sir? Don't their  
color betray 'em? Et they are so near  
white that you can't select 'em at a glance,  
at strikes me that it can't hurt very much to  
let 'em stay!"

I wuz sorely puzzled. There wuz'n a  
girl in the room who looked at all nigger'y.

But my reputashun wuz at stake. Non-  
in' three girls settin' together who wuz some-  
what dark-complected, and whose black  
hair waved, I went for 'em, and shov'd 'em  
out, the cussed skool marm almost bustin'  
with laughter.

Here the tragedy okkerred. At the door  
I met a man who rode four miles in his zeal  
to assist us. He hed alluz hed a them to  
pick into a nigger, and ez he hed it now  
safely, he peposed not to lose the chance. I  
wuz a puttin' 'em out, and hed just drag-  
ged 'em to the door when I met him enter-  
in it.

"What is this?" sed he, with a surprised  
look.

"We're puttin' out these cussed wenches,  
who iz contaminatin' your children an' mis-  
sed I." "Ketch hold uz that petokeryly mis-  
gustin' one yonder," sed I.

"Wenches! You—skoundrel you!  
them girls is my girls!"

And without waitin' for explanashun, the  
infuriated monster sailed into me, the skool  
marm layin' over on one ov the benches ex-  
plodin' in peels av laughter, like uz wich I  
never heerd. The three girls, indignat at be-  
in' mistook for nigger wenches assisted their  
parent, and betwee 'em in about 4 minits I  
wuz uselessh. One ov the trustees pit-  
yog my woes, took me to the nearest rail-  
road stishun, and sunbow, I know not, I  
got home, where I am at present recuperat-  
in.

LOOK UP.—What business has a man to  
go about with his head bowed down like a  
bulrush, as if he were looking for pins in  
the dirt, or picking up rusty nails in the  
streets, like an old millionaire in one of our  
neighboring cities? God made man to stand  
erect, according to the true imp'rt' of  
antropos, the Greek word man. In this he  
is distinguished from the other grades and  
species of the animal creation. They may  
look down man should look up. Let him  
write *erevshan* far above him—on that keep  
his eye fixed, and continue his movement  
until he attains his mark. It is said, that  
however high a man may ascend from the  
earth, there is no danger that his head will  
swim, and cause him to lose his balance if  
he keeps looking up. But as sure as he  
looks downward, he loses all command of  
himself, and is sure to fall. So it is in the  
pursuit of life. Shake off, then your dumps;  
throw away your blues, and leave the dirt  
under your feet to take care of itself. Your  
business is upward. There is light above,  
however dark it may be beneath you. Hold  
up your head; there is a bow in the clouds,  
and the storm will soon be over. A clear  
sun will yet shine. Then rub open your  
eyes and look up.

It became necessary, some time since, in  
the Criminal Court of Cincinnati, in order  
to render a boy witness competent, to prove  
that he had reached the age of ten years,  
and his mother, an Irishwoman, was called  
for that purpose.

"How old are you John?" quoth the law-  
yer.

"Erdado, sir, I dunno, but I think he's  
not in yet," was the reply.

"Did you make no record of his birth?"

"The praste did in the ould country, where  
he was born."

"How long after your marriage was that?"

"'About a year; my be list."

"When were you married?"

"Dado, sir, I dunno."

"Did you not bring a certificate of your  
marriage with you from the ould country?"

"Hey, sir! and what should I uade wid a  
certificate when I had the ould man himself  
along wid me?"

No further questions were asked.

Why is a loafer in a printing office like a  
shade tree? Because we are glad when he  
leaves.

Hanging a mackerel to your coat tail and  
imagining yourself a whale, constitutes a d-  
fish mistastocky.

FOR PURE

DRUGS

AND

MEDICINES,

AND

PAINTS,

&c. &c.,

Go to Fourthman's

DRUG STORE.

Waynesboro, May 24, 1867.

J. BEAVER,

DEALER IN