

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXI.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 7, 1868.

NUMBER 31

MISCELLANEOUS.

(Written for the Village Record.)

LINWOOD; A TALE OF LIFE.

BY S. T. Y.

'Arthur what say you to a walk down by the river this fine morning? it is yet three quarters of an hour before recitation,' continued Harry Wilber glancing at his watch and a little exercise will do us good.' 'Thank you friend Harry I am never so happy as when enjoying a walk by the river-side with such a jolly companion as yourself; besides the sun shines brightly this fine autumn morning, and I think nothing is more beneficial to students like ourselves, than a walk in the fresh air, whereby you may admire the beauties of nature, when in the beautiful sunlight of the morning all nature seems to smile; but let us be off that we do not be late for recitation,' and the two friends were on their way for a stroll down the river. Arthur Wesley was a tall well-formed young man of twenty-one, with dark auburn hair, black eyes, a manly expression and gentlemanly air; in short Arthur was handsome, and a general favorite among those of the fairer sex; Harry Wilber was a rather short heavy set young man, twenty years old, with black hair and eyes, a sweet disposition, and rather good looking; withal, Harry was very intelligent, and always had plenty of friends. Arthur and Harry were both the sons of wealthy parents, and having been together at Linwood College for nearly two months, they had become greatly attached to each other, and were nearly always together when they were not engaged at their studies. 'Have you seen the morning papers yet?' asked Harry just as they left the College for their intended walk. 'Yes, I did look over it a few minutes ago,' 'What is the news?' asked Harry anxiously; 'I see that the President has issued a proclamation setting apart a day of thanksgiving. Oh? then we are going to have a holiday; when does it come?' continued Harry pleasantly. 'On the 28th of November,' answered Arthur 'more than a month yet—let me see this is the 20th; very well we must have fun added Harry in apparent satisfaction. 'Harry, who lives in that fine house yonder?' asked Arthur pointing to a magnificent homestead about fifty yards distant. 'That is the residence of the widow Smith, who lives there in all the elegance of wealth and refinement.' 'Ah! she is a widow is she? has she any daughters?' asked the jovial Arthur, who was fond of the society of ladies. 'Yes,' replied Harry 'she has a daughter who is only sixteen, and she is most bewitchingly beautiful too' added Harry pleasantly. 'I would like to become acquainted with her,' remarked Arthur. 'Yes,' replied Harry 'I am well acquainted with her; you know I have been about Linwood a great deal in the last three years, and I am acquainted with almost every family that is of any note, about the place; very well friend Harry returned Arthur, 'you will introduce me to her some time; will you not? Yes, Arthur; if opportunity offers, I will introduce you, if you will first promise me that you will not let her steal your heart until you have finished your course of Commercial instruction.' 'I will promise you Harry; you know that I told you at the opening of the session, that I was not going to have anything to do with love until I was through the course then commenced,' very well Arthur I will introduce you as soon as an opportunity is afforded; but let us be returning to the college or we may be late for recitation,' added Harry looking at his watch; and the two walked leisurely toward the college. Linwood College, a flourishing commercial institution, was situated in the western part of Pennsylvania, near the Ohio river, and had a large number of students. 'Well boys, been having a walk?' and similar questions were put forth as Arthur and Harry neared the group who were standing in front of the College awaiting the summons to recitation; 'We have been taking a stroll down the river,' answered Harry pleasantly, and he and Arthur were soon of the group who stood in the old College yard pleasantly conversing. 'Good morning Gentlemen,' 'Good morning Professor,' responded a dozen voices. 'It is the hour for recitation,' added Professor Anderson pleasantly as he hurriedly passed the group, and the students of Linwood College were soon engaged in the exercises of the morning.

Mrs. Smith, whose magnificent mansion had drawn the attention of Arthur, was a lady of wealth and refinement. She had but two years since lost her much loved husband, and it was but lately that she and her daughter had discarded the habiliments of mourning. During the two years since the death of Mr. Smith the usual entertainments at the house of Mrs. Smith were continued, they did not visit any and the usual celebration of her daughter's birthday did not take place on her last birthday, which was now nearly a year in the past. Gertrude Smith was almost sixteen years old, and a lady of rare personal attractions, with dark hair which curled in graceful ringlets about her head, black eyes, in which might be seen the expression of a true and noble woman, a graceful form, and magnificent bust. Gertrude Smith was beautiful, and moved to the first circles of the society of Linwood; moreover she was a sweet singer and played magnificently, and was loved by all who knew her. Harry and Arthur had made it a practice to take a walk whenever an opportunity was offered, and it was not infrequently that their inclinations led them down by the river in the direction of Mrs. Smith's house. Harry was well acquainted at Linwood, as his home was but twenty miles distant, and his business connections had caused him to spend a great deal of his time there during the three years past. Arthur however, had quite a limited acquaintance about Lin-

wood, as his past College life was all his experience in connexion with the place. 'Harry, are you ready for our walk down the river?' asked Arthur Wesley as he entered the apartment of Harry Wilber. 'Yes,' answered Harry pleasantly. 'I have been waiting on you for some time, so let us be off,' and the two were soon on their way with light hearts, for this was their regular weekly holiday and they were always happiest when walking by the glittering Ohio river in pleasant friendly conversation. 'What day of the month is this?' asked Arthur holding in his hand a neat white envelope. 'It is the tenth,' answered Harry. This was mailed on the 8th exclaimed Arthur glancing at the date on the envelope. 'May I take the liberty to ask you your letter is from?' asked Harry smiling. 'Certainly you may; it is from my sister Edith,' answered Arthur. 'Ah? are your friends all well?' asked Harry eagerly. 'Yes,' replied Arthur, 'they are all well and anxious to see me when I have finished my commercial course.' Arthur and Edith were the only children of the well known James Wesley, of the firm of Wesley & Rogers wholesale grocers on F street Cincinnati. James Wesley resided in Cincinnati in all the ease and comfort of wealth and refinement. Edith Wesley was 17 years old, with dark auburn hair which fell in wavy tresses over her snow-white temples, large dark eyes, a slender form and profuse, fully developed bust. Edith Wesley was a fine singer, and played admirably, and was loved by all who knew her. 'Harry, I want you to come to Cincinnati when we have finished our course and spend a few weeks with me,' exclaimed Arthur as they sauntered along the banks of the river. 'I will be very glad to do so—friend Arthur if nothing happens to prevent,' very well; I hope you will not forget your promise when you get home. If you come I will insure you a fine time; thank you Arthur I will not forget. What was that?' cried Arthur considerably alarmed, when they had neared Mrs. Smith's house. 'It sounded like a lady screaming,' answered Harry; and both sprang toward the bank of the river several yards distant. 'My Heavens!' exclaimed Arthur; 'a boat has upset with a lady' and quick as thought Arthur plunged into the deep, and after some difficulty succeeded in bringing the senseless form the lady to the shore, and with Harry's assistance lifted it safely on the bank of the river. Arthur was a good swimmer, but it would have been madness for Harry to have attempted to rescue the lady, as the current was rather swift, and it was only with the greatest difficulty, and by subjecting himself to great danger, that Arthur finally succeeded in rescuing the drowning lady. Harry could not swim at all, and hence would have arisen his foolishness, had he attempted it. Harry at once recognized the face of the lady and told Arthur that it was the beautiful Gertrude Smith; 'Is it possible?' exclaimed Arthur, 'what a lovely creature she is; but let us hasten to bear her home, for we can yet restore her to life,' added Arthur considerably excited, and the two students bore the insensible lady to the home of the widowed mother who was not yet aware of the sad calamity. When Mrs. Smith beheld the senseless form of her daughter she was almost overwhelmed with grief, in the paroxysm of which she did not recognize Harry, although she had been acquainted with him. A few neighboring ladies were soon in attendance, and by the usual course of treatment Gertrude soon showed signs of life, and in the course of several hours she had fully recovered. 'Harry it is almost night; and we had better be going back to College,' exclaimed Arthur when their services were no longer needed at Mrs. Smith's. 'Yes,' answered Harry glancing at his watch, 'let us be off,' and the two students were soon on their way to Linwood College unobserved by Mrs. Smith, who would have pressed them to remain until after tea, had she observed their movements. It had been a pleasant day, and Gertrude Smith had been sauntering along the banks of the glittering river; watching the waves kissing the shore in all the beauty of innocence; until, forgetting herself in her girlish love for the grand old stream which she had loved from childhood; her inclinations led her to take a row down the stream. She had often rowed out on the river in the same boat; but the river being high, the current was rather swift at that time; yet, not noticing that in her innocent love for the old stream, she ventured out; but she had not rowed far until a heavy floating log struck the boat, and she was thrown into the hungry waters, with a wild scream, just as Arthur and Harry came up. Mrs. Smith learned in a few days after the accident, that Arthur Wesley and Harry Wilber were the party who saved her daughter's life, and she was quite astonished that she had not recognized Harry at the time; moreover, she was aware of the fact that Arthur had been the means of her rescue, and also, that he was the particular friend of Harry. Mrs. Smith and her daughter being desirous of returning thanks to Arthur and Harry for their timely aid, accordingly invited them both to take tea with them several days after the occurrence of the sad accident. 'Harry are you ready?' asked Arthur as he stepped into Harry's apartment, as he was busily engaged in making his toilet. 'Yes in a minute,' answered Harry pleasantly, and the two were soon on their way to Mrs. Smith's to spend the evening. The two students walked leisurely along, conversing pleasantly, and soon reached the superb mansion of Elizabeth Smith; Harry pulled the door bell, and a servant soon appeared and conducted them to the parlor; Harry introduced his friend to Mrs. Smith and Gertrude, when the latter, advancing held out her snow white hand to Arthur and pleasantly remarked, 'Excuse me Mr. Wesley, you have done me a service which, I can never repay; accept my most sincere thanks,' 'Twas an honor which I am not worthy of,' answered Arthur, poli-

tely bowing. 'Be seated gentlemen,' exclaimed Mrs. Smith, and the little company were soon involved in pleasant conversation. Mrs. Smith was particularly friendly to Arthur and Harry, and showed her gratitude in various ways. A servant soon appeared and notified Mrs. Smith that tea was in readiness, and Arthur and Harry were ushered into the large dining room, and partook of the sumptuous meal which had been prepared for the occasion, much to their pleasure. Supper being over, the company retired to the parlor and spent the remainder of the evening in pleasant conversation, much to the happiness of each one, but particularly so to Arthur, who was not a little pleased with the beautiful Gertrude Smith; and, could we look into the heart of this noble lady, a little more than the usual 'kind regard' might be noticed there. The evening had seemed quite short to all, and especially so to Gertrude and Arthur, and Harry and Arthur having bid the ladies good night, were on their way to Linwood College, but not until Gertrude had offered each one her pretty white hand, in token of friendship, and pleasantly invited them to call again. Arthur and Harry walked quite fast and were not long in getting back to the College. The two friends bid each other 'good night' pleasantly and retired to their several apartments, and Harry was soon lost in heavy slumber, but Arthur was not disposed to sleep as yet, for he was thinking too much of the lovely form which he had rescued from a watery grave five days before, and he sat down by his bedside in deep thought. Arthur had never loved before, and as he sat by his bedside all alone he soliloquized thus: 'Can it be that I am in love with Gertrude Smith? or why does my heart so yearn for her? Why is her love form ever before me? Why was her society so passively sweet? and why do I sigh in her absence? Yes, this is love! a yearning of the heart; a sigh; a tear; such, say the poets, is love; and thus soliloquized Arthur Wesley, until he passed into fair dream-land to dream of the beautiful Gertrude Smith. 'Harry, Minnie Seydon is staying with Gertrude Smith during the night; what say you to a serenade this calm October night,' asked Arthur Wesley as he stepped into Harry's apartment on a fine evening about a week after their visit at the house of Mrs. Smith, 'I would not object to it,' answered Harry, 'but how did you find out that Minnie was staying there?' added Harry anxiously. 'As I walked up the road this evening, I met her in a carriage, and she informed me of her intentions,' answered Arthur smilingly. 'Harry, I was informed a day or two ago that there was a relation existing between Minnie Seydon and your self, somewhat beyond that of mere friendship.' 'Ah! did you my friend? then you were mis-informed for there is no relation existing between us, beyond that of friendship; and what is more I never loved a lady in my life, nor do I know the definition of the word; in fact I cannot realize that such a thing as love exists, and I never intend to become a victim to the tender passion.' 'Very well friend Harry, we will see how your doctrine will hold out,' replied Arthur good-naturedly; and the two proceeded to prepare themselves for the intended serenade. Minnie Seydon, was the daughter of Thomas Seydon, a wealthy planter who resided near Linwood. She was seventeen years old, with dark hair and eyes, a graceful form and rather small of stature; she was also well educated, and possessed all the accomplishments, which the schools and seminaries afforded. Minnie Seydon was, moreover, the particular friend of Gertrude Smith, and was admired by all who knew her. The two students having fully prepared themselves for the serenade, proceeded toward the superb domicile of Mrs. Smith, each carrying a fine rosewood Guitar. They soon halted under the window of the chamber to which Gertrude and Minnie had but lately retired, and the soft sweet notes of the two guitars were soon vibrating on the still night air. They sung a duet called, 'twinkling stars are laughing love' which sounded most sweetly on the still air, and they had not finished it yet, when a faint light at the window told them that they were heard by the fair occupants within. Arthur and Harry were pleased at the reception of this intelligence, and having concluded with several fine instrumental productions the two were on their way to the College, fully satisfied with their serenade. 'Harry, thinking of you is only a few days distant and we have not yet decided how and where to spend it,' remarked Arthur Wesley to his friend on the next day after their serenade. 'Gentlemen here is a letter for each of you,' exclaimed Professor Anderson as he hurriedly entered the apartment where Harry and Arthur were sitting in conversation, 'love letters I suppose,' added Prof. Anderson pleasantly as he passed out of the room, Arthur and Harry, having opened the envelopes, found them to contain notes of invitation to a thanksgiving dinner at the house of Mrs. Smith. Harry and Arthur had progressed rapidly in their studies and they both expected to be members of the graduating class which was to be examined on the 6th day of the coming month, after which they both looked forward to an engagement in mercantile pursuits. 'Harry it is already two o'clock, and we might as well be on our way to Mrs. Smith's,' exclaimed Arthur as he met his friend in the old College yard. 'Yes,' answered Harry, 'dinner will be at three, and I suppose they are looking for us, so let us be on our way,' and the two started in the direction of Mrs. Smith's house, pleasantly conversing. 'Arthur, I think you have forgotten the promise you made me,' exclaimed Harry when they had proceeded but a short way down the road. 'What promise do you refer to?' asked Arthur somewhat surprised. 'Ah, you have forgotten all about it then; just as I thought, are you not in love with Gertrude Smith?' 'Well, I suppose I might as well acknowledge the scorn Harry, I am somewhat partial to her; but you know she is such a lovely bewitching creature that I could not help it, so I hope you will excuse me for breaking the resolution which I made when I commenced my course at Linwood College.' 'Certainly I will Arthur, and I wish you abundant success, and much happiness in your matters of love, for I suppose, now that you expect to graduate in a few days, you will not be satisfied till you change her name; as for me, I know little about love, and take no interest whatever in such matters.' 'I thank you Harry, for your good wishes, and in return I hope that you may ere long find the lady whom you think worthy of your affections, and having wooed and won her, may enjoy a life of perfect happiness in her union.' 'Such things are not impossible, but in my case it is not very likely; however, the future reveals many mysterious events which are not even dreamed of at the present, and we shall see,' added Harry pleasantly. 'The two students were not long in reaching the house of Mrs. Smith, and were soon admitted into the large parlor where Minnie Seydon and other friends of Gertrude were already assembled. The formal introductions took place and the company were at once engaged in pleasant and lively conversation. The announcement was soon made that dinner was in waiting, and the little party were soon partaking of the rich feast which had been provided, conversing all the while on pleasant and interesting topics. Dinner being over the company retired to the parlor, and enjoyed themselves in conversation, music &c. for the remainder of the evening much to the happiness of all present, and especially was Arthur most happily entertained, for he had become fairly enamored of the lovely Gertrude, and the conduct of that lady herself had given him strong grounds for a hope that his love was not lost. The day being well past, Arthur and Harry, after having bid the ladies good evening, and having been kindly invited to call again, politely bowed, and started for Linwood College, apparently well satisfied with the past events of the day. Gertrude had become quite intimate with Arthur and being aware that he loved her she was ready to place all her affections upon him, for Arthur was handsome and possessed many good traits. Gertrude knew that Arthur's father was wealthy, but she did not love him for that, like too many foolish girls of our day, but for his heart which she knew must be true and noble. The evening of the 6th had come, the examination had taken place and Arthur and Harry had both graduated and received diplomas. The students who had graduated were making preparations to depart for their homes on the following morning, and Arthur had determined that before he left Linwood he would declare his love to Gertrude and ask her to be his wife; in this intention he was ere long on his way to the home of his love. Gertrude was expecting such a movement as Arthur contemplated, having learned that he had graduated, and accordingly prepared herself to meet him. Arthur having reached the house and rung the bell, a servant appeared and conducted him to the parlor where Gertrude was sitting all alone; he bowed gracefully and Gertrude approaching him held out her snow-white hand; Arthur took her hand in his and fondly pressing it, imprinted upon it a loving kiss. 'Dearest Gertrude,' exclaimed Arthur at length 'I love you passionately—with all my heart, and I have come to ask you to be mine.' 'Arthur Wesley, you have done me a favor which I can never repay; I love you devotedly, and I am yours.' 'My own dear Gertrude may you never regret having given your heart to one who will ever be true to you replied Arthur passionately, as he clasped her to his heart, and impressed upon her sweet rose lips a loving kiss. Arthur spent the whole evening with Gertrude, and he thought it the happiest he had ever passed in his life, and consequently it seemed very short to Arthur, and he was quite surprised when a glance at his watch informed him that it was the hour in which propriety demanded him to take leave of his beautiful intended bride and return to the college; therefore he bade her a sad farewell, and gave her a parting kiss, and bent his steps unwillingly toward the College. Gertrude was quite sad to part with him for she loved him in all the innocence of a tender hearted, confident woman, yet, hoping to see him soon again she comforted herself, and after shedding a few tears, and breathing a prayer to heaven for his safety, she was soon wrapped in tranquil slumber. The morning had come and Arthur and Harry were soon on the first train homeward bound; they left light-hearted and gay that they had obtained the long wished for diplomas, and were going home to their dear friends. 'Harry when are you coming to see me? you know you promised to spend a few weeks with me when we were through our course.' 'Yes,' answered Harry 'I will come next week if nothing prevents me.' 'Very well do not forget,' replied Arthur, and Harry reached his stopping place, and his friend a pleasant 'good bye' and jumped off the train. 'Pittsburg papers' cried a newsboy as he passed through the car about half an hour after Harry had left the train. 'Let me have the Commercial,' replied Arthur as the boy was passing, at the same time handing him the price of it. The boy gave him a copy, and he reclined in his seat and scanned its pages closely until the following item caught his eye: 'Machine shop of Andrew Wilber near the city limits were totally destroyed by fire last night; the loss is estimated at \$200,000; no insurance.' 'Is it possible soliloquized Arthur, indeed I am sorry that Harry's father sustained such a heavy loss, the shops were lately erected too, and Mr. Wilber must have had nearly all invested that he had continued Arthur quite sorry for his friend. Andrew Wilber had indeed sustained a heavy loss, for he had but lately enlarged his business, and invested in it all that he possessed save perhaps a few thousand dollars besides the

richly furnished home in which he resided. Arthur Wesley having arrived at Cincinnati hurriedly bent his steps toward the fine mansion on H Street, where his friends, expecting his arrival, awaited his coming, and the usual happy greeting took place when Arthur entered. Arthur enjoyed himself very much in the company of his parents and sister, but he did not forget his Gertrude, and quite often his thoughts would wander back to Linwood, and dwell with his fair intended bride. Harry Wilber came to Cincinnati at the appointed time to spend a few weeks with his friend Arthur, who received him kindly and introduced him to his parents and sister. Harry had, however, remained with Arthur but one week, when he accepted a situation in a large dry goods house, as first-class book keeper in which capacity he realized a large salary and grew in favor with all who knew him. Arthur and Harry still continued to be warm friends, and were constant companions. It is only necessary to add that Gertrude and Arthur celebrated their nuptials at the house of James Wesley on Christmas day; and Harry, having become enamored of the fair Edith, another loving couple soon followed them into the holy state; and neither of the happy party have ever had cause to regret having taken upon themselves the solemn vows of marriage.

To THE FRONT AGAIN, PHIL.—We find the following prospect floating uncredited in our exchanges: To the front again, Phil! they are threatening your line! To the front, as it were, when from Winchester town. To rally the rout you came thundering! Ride fearless and fast! there are perils to brave—there are pledges to keep, there's a company to save. How they'll start when they catch the sharpening of your tramp! Ride for life, ride for death! there are traitors in the camp! He springs to the saddle—springs with disdain the treacherous counsel that seeks to detain—he will can discern 'twixt the false and the true, for the gray shows too plainly 'neath the blue. He's off to the rescue o'prejudging the wind, and the Cabinet's crest he has left behind. What rider comes galloping fast from afar, his charger's hoof ringing above the wild war? head eagerly forward—eyes fixed to the front—teeth set and lips parted. What means the wild hunt? They see him—they know him—they feel his strong hunt—the columns reform that were scattered in flight—then echo the shout from the legions of blue; 'Phil. Sheridan's with us, and victory too. STRIKE THE KNOT.—'Strike the knot!' said a gentleman to his son, who tried and weary, was leaning on his axe over a log which he had in vain been trying to cleave. Then looking at the log, the gentleman saw how the boy had hacked and chipped all around the knot without hitting it. Taking the axe he struck a few sharp blows on the knot, and split the log without difficulty. 'Smiling, he handed the axe to his son, saying: 'Always strike the knot! That was good advice. It is good for you children, as it was for the boy to whom it was given. It is a capital maxim to follow when you are in trouble. Have you a hard sum to do at school? Are you leaving home to live for the first time? Strike the knot! Look your trouble in the eye, as the bold hunter looks in the face of a lion—Never shrink from a painful duty, but step right up to it and do it. Yes, strike the knot! Strike the knot, boys and girls, and you will always conquer your difficulties. A SWEET TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable in a woman than a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home weary and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the mind of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feeling of a bad heart. Smiles and kind words characterize the children and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper! It is more valuable than gold; it expiates more than beauty; and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power. BEAUTIFUL.—When the summer day of youth is slowly wasting away into the twilight of age, and the shadows of the past year grow deeper and deeper as life wears to a close, it is pleasant to look back through the vicinia of time upon the joys and sorrows of early years. If we have a house to shelter or rejoice with us, and friends who are gathering around on fireside, then the rough pieces of our way faring will be worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the bright sunny spot we have passed through will glow brighter and more beautiful. Harry, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the course of their holier feelings, or broken those sacred chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and so bracing in the evening of age. A Scotchman put a crown into the plate in an Edinburgh church on a late Sunday morning instead of a penny, and asked to have it back, but was refused. 'In once, in forever.' 'Aweel,' granted he, 'I'll get credit for it in heaven.' 'Na, na,' said the collector, 'you'll get credit only for the penny you meant to give.' An ingenious Frenchman has patented an illuminating cone for bachelors who return home late at night.



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Sept. 20 1867.

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