



By W. Blair.

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WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 28, 1868.

NUMBER 34

**FOR PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES, AND PAINTS,**

Go to Fourthman's

**DRUG STORE.**

Waynesboro', May 24, 1867.

**J. BEAVER,**  
DEALER IN  
Ladies, Misses, Children, Men and Boys  
**BOOTS & SHOES,**  
Hats, Caps, Trunks, etc.

Segard, Tobacco, the very same old kind of Rappee Snuff, Candies, Nuts, Cloves, Cinnamon, Pepper, Baking Soda, Ginger, Baking Mollasses, Shoe and Stove Blacking, Essence of Coffee, Paper Collars and Collis, Suspenders, Hose, Paper, Ink and Steel pens.

**THE METALIC SHOE SOLE.**  
Soaps, Lily White, Hair Oil, Perfumeries, Matches, Keroline, &c. &c. Government Blankets. Also Gum Blankets. Many more articles needed and used by everybody.

Room on the north-east Corner in the Diamond, WAYNESBORO'.

Citizens and persons living in the County will find a large and well selected stock of first class goods at as low figures as can be sold in the country.

Sept. 20 1867.

**PAINTS FOR FARMERS** and others.—The Grafton Mineral Paint Co., are now manufacturing the Best, Cheapest, and most Durable Paint in use; two coats well put on, mixed with pure Linseed Oil, will last 10 or 15 years; it is of a light brown or beautiful chocolate color, and can be changed to green, lead, stone, drab, olive or cream, to suit the consumer. It is valuable for Houses, Barns, Fences, Carriage and Car makers, Pails, and Woodware, Agricultural Implements, Canal Boats, Vessels, and Ship's Bottoms, Canvas, Metal and Shingle Roofs, (it being Fire and Water proof), Floor Oil Cloths, (one Manufacturer having used 6000 bbls. the past year) and as a paint for any purpose is unsurpassed for body, durability, elasticity, and adhesiveness. Warranted in all cases as above. Send for a circular which gives full particulars. None genuine unless branded in a trade mark Grafton Mineral Paint. Address  
**DANIEL BIRDWELL,** 254 Pearl St. N. Y.  
For sale at the Hardware store of **GEISER & RHINEHART,** who are also agents for Birdwell's Carriage Grease.  
Oct. 4—6m.

**LUMBER WANTED.**  
THE subscribers will pay the highest cash price for Lumber, to be delivered this season, and will also want a large lot for next season.  
Sept. 5-6. **GEISER, PRICE & CO.**

THE largest assortment of **CARPETS** in town at the store of  
**AMBERSON, BERNDT & Co.**

**PRIME N. O. Molasses** at the store of **AMBERSON, BERNDT & Co.**

**10 BALES** Seamless Grain Bags in store and for sale cheap by **WALKER, NILL & Co** Hagerstown.

**BIG RED HAT,** Main Street, Chambersburg, Pa., in a new sign that you are near the Cheap and Fashionable Hat Emporium of **DECHERT,**

**POETICAL.**

**A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.**

The surging sea of human life  
Forever onward rolls,  
Bearing to the eternal shore  
Each day its freight of souls;  
But though our bark sail bravely on,  
Pale Death sits at the prow,  
And few shall know we ever lived,  
A hundred years from now.

Oh, mighty human brotherhood,  
Why fiercely war and strive,  
While God's great world has ample space  
For everything alive!  
Broad fields uncultured and unclaimed,  
Are waiting for the plough  
Of progress, that should make them bloom  
A hundred years from now.

Why should we toil so earnestly  
In life's short, narrow span,  
On golden stairs to climb so high  
Above our brother man?  
Why blindly at an earthly shrine  
Our souls in homage bow?  
Our goals will rust, ourselves be dust,  
A hundred years from now.

Why prize so much the world's applause?  
Why dread so much its blame?  
A fitting echo is its voice  
Of censure or of fame;

The praise that fills the heart, the scorn  
That dyes with shame the brow,  
Will be as long forgotten dreams  
A hundred years from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall, O Time!  
Like breakers on thy shore,  
They rush upon thy rocks of doom,  
Are seen—and seen no more;  
The starry wilderness of worlds  
That gem night's radiant brow  
Will light the skies for other eyes  
A hundred years from now.

O Thou, before whose sleepless eyes  
The past and future stand  
An open page, like babes we cling  
To thy protecting hand;  
Change, sorrow, death, are nought to us,  
If we may safely bow  
Beneath the shadow of thy throne,  
A hundred years from now.

**MISCELLANY.**

**A JOKE ON A DETECTIVE.**

An accusation was made against a woman residing in — street, for the offense of theft, commonly and more clearly understood by the name of "shop-lifting." She was one, like most of her class of criminals, upon whom the eye of suspicion had never rested till the time when her guilt had plainly developed itself by some mischance of circumstances, or when, in an unexpected moment of peril, her right hand had forgot its usual cunning. This species of theft is most generally perpetrated by women of good address, of fair exterior, and always of such eminent skill that the suspicion of shopkeepers are diverted from them. In this instance the party suspected was one that had borne a reputable character, and to all outward seeming, a blameless life. She was a widow. She had, as supposed, enough worldly goods to assure a maintenance.— This belief was supported by her manner of living. She occupied a genteel house. She employed servants. She dressed in the fashion of the day, and employed all the comforts that worldly abundance supplies.

It was a severe as well as painful effort to believe that such a woman could be guilty of theft. But the relation of the prosecutor led directly, if not conclusively, to such a belief. He, too, who had been a witness of the facts, possessed a conviction upon the point that was stronger than he could give expression to by his recital of them. The character of the party complained of only strengthened the belief and anchored the conviction of the prosecutor, for because of that character he was the most hesitant in his judgment and exercised his reason more closely and thoroughly, and till it carried him beyond the verge of doubt.

The warrant of arrest was given to officer S. — to execute. He knew the accused by reputation, and from that knowledge had acquired the like opinion of her that had passed others. He was loth to execute such a process against such a party. He had a sense of admiration and gallantry for the fact that at times quite unfitted him for the rigorous discharge of the duties that his office required of him. He was appreciated among his fellows as one whose sentiments in this respect amounted to a weakness unbefitting his calling, and that impaired his usefulness, if it did not imperil his integrity. But he had, too, in an eminent degree, the usual ambition of his profession to acquire a reputation for zeal, fact and success. If the accused in this instance was guilty and should prove to have been a practical "shop lifter," the fact of her arrest would reflect some of its name upon his official reputation. He, therefore, started upon his errand with conflicting sentiments of reluctance and desire.

He found the object of his search at home, and surrounded by all those elegancies of domestic life that justly repelled the suspicion that their owner could possibly be other than honest and virtuous. The suavety of her demeanor, the cheerfulness of her address, and the refinement of her bearing

as well aided this assurance as they aroused the gallantry of the officer to a forgetfulness of his duty in the magnitude of his doubts. He would fain have receded from his mission, but the complaint and the warrant left him no choice. But he sought to give as little offence as possible to his own heart, and to the sensibility of his prisoner. He refrained, therefore, from making known the true nature of his errand. He contented himself with politely advising the lady that the magistrate desired her attendance at court that he might counsel with her about some matter, and of the character of which he, the officer, assumed to be wholly unadvised. She expressed her ready willingness to grant the favor asked for, and with a polite grace that was in happy harmony with the suave decorum of the officer. The latter was too blind in the exuberance of his gallantry to observe the pallid cheek, the quivering lips, the tremor of the body and the confusion of speech, which, to a more circumspect eye, would have given evidence that the visit had started guilt from its lair, and terrified it with all the sudden fears of detection and punishment.

The lady, after a moments pause, invited the officer to a seat while she equipped herself for the walk. The lapse of time that occurred before she re-appeared to respond to the official summons, let it have been much or little, was unobserved by the officer. It was passed by him in contemplation of the scene about him, of the improbability of the story of guilt, of the beauty and charms of the prisoner, of the renown that he should gather if, by chance, she should be guilty of what she was charged with, and of the self-satisfaction that he should enjoy, and, possibly, the reward his courtesy should secure if her innocence should be established.

When the lady announced by her presence her readiness to go, the officer broke suddenly from his reverie and the two started for the court room. The former was darkly veiled, but that might have been the fashion of her attire, or it might have been suggested by a prudent and harmless sense of delicacy. On the way the officer, somewhat proud of his position, bore himself with a mien that indicated both his politeness to his fair charge and his pride in having such a lady imposed on him. He essayed to employ the time in conversation, but his companion was significantly reticent. That was of little concern to him, and he was satisfied with a nod, or an ejaculation of approval of the many pleasant things said by him.

The court room reached, the case came on for examination. During its progress the officer was busy in thought if not in action. The case, from all its concomitants, was singular, let it terminate as it might. He felt the importance of his connection with it.— But as the facts developed themselves, and as the startling truth was exhumed that the prisoner had not only committed the theft in question, but that doubtless, this species of crime was her daily vocation, the officer saw, through the renown which the case would acquire, the gleam of that fame which would accrue to him for having made the fortunate arrest. After the prosecutor had given his narrative of the facts but one thing remained to conclude the case, and complete the proof of guilt, and that was the simple and brief identification of the prisoner as the party in question. The magistrate kindly desired the lady to remove her veil. She did not respond with alacrity. The officer, attentive as he was to every feature of the case, was prompt to aid in the denouement that was to complete the play. He stepped quickly forward, and with the lingering sense of gallantry that his prisoner's guilt had not wholly blotted out, he compassionately desired her to comply with the magistrate's mandate, and gently proffered to do it himself by removing her veil. That done, and the face of the prisoner laid bare to public gaze, the officer recoiled back from its presence, livid and speechless with surprise and chagrin. There was a calm expression of ease, mingled with a conviction of triumph, in that face, quite as well defined as Nature in its choice of color had given it ability to assume. The prosecutor looked aghast at the scene, the magistrate smiled as if such dignitaries are permitted or supposed to smile, while the whole assemblage of officers, attorneys and spectators quickly apprehending the case, united in a common outbreak of laughter at the success of the trick practiced upon the law and its officer by the cunning hand of a dusky wench, the servant of the accused, whom her mistress had, in the extremity of her peril, employed to perorate her to the officer and the court while she found time to put herself safely beyond the reach of either.—*Albany Journal.*

**HUMILITY.**—If thou art a vessel of gold, and thy brother but of wood, be not high-minded, it is God that maketh thee to differ; the more bounty God shows, the more humility He requires, those mines that are richest are deepest; those stars that are highest seem smallest; the goodliest buildings have the lowest foundation, the more God honoreth men, the more they should humble themselves; the more fruit, the lower the branch on which it grows; pride is ever the companion of emptiness. Oh how low was the apostle, yet how low was his language of himself.—least of all saints, last of all apostles, chief of sinners; no sufficiency to think, no abilities to do; all that he is, he is by divine grace.—*Regnoide.*

A Gentleman called on a rich miser and found him at the table endeavoring to catch a fly. Presently he succeeded in entrapping one, which he immediately put into the sugar-bowl and shut down the cover. The gentleman asked for an explanation of this singular sport. "I'll tell you," replied the miser, a triumphant grin overspreading his countenance as he spoke, "I want to see if the servants steal the sugar."

**A Call to Young Men.**

William W. Tyler, the son of Prof. Tyler, after graduating at Amherst in 1864 with the second highest honor in his class, commenced his apprenticeship in the Ames Company's works at Chicopee, where he now is, studying the theory of the business and learning to do with his own hands all kinds of the work. We give this fact because we should like to see the example of young Tyler imitated by two or three hundred of the graduates of our colleges. No field of labor offers such prizes of wealth and honor to liberally educated young men as the mechanic arts. None in which they can more beneficially serve with their trained intellects the community and themselves. For labor requires and the world is urgent in its demands that hereafter the men who work with their hands shall also work with their brains. As inventors, as masters of machine shops, as managers of factories, as engineers of great public works and as architects, our educated young men, if they will learn a trade, would find ample remuneration and a broad margin for the display of genius and talent. No merchant, no lawyer, no physician,—we leave out the ministry because it is a vocation which requires a supernatural call,—has such a chance for the fame which lives from generation to generation as the man who links his name with a beneficial invention or stamps it on a great public work. It is the Fulton, the Stephenson, the Brunells, the Elias Howes who now build to themselves monuments more durable than brass. No man in this country has such a household immortality as Elias Howe, for wherever the sewing machine lightens woman's work his name is known.

The great want of the day is skilled labor, that is, trained hands directed by trained brains. And the young men who, having been liberally educated, turn from the crowded professions to labor, serve an apprenticeship at some trade and become masters of their business, will find themselves before many years in positions of honor and profit.

We are entering on a new era, the era of labor. All over the world the laboring classes are seeking their emancipation. In this country, the working men, though far more advanced than those of Europe, are dissatisfied with their position and their wages, and have organized a movement for their own benefit. The movement needs the direction which only educated men can give it; men of brains, who are themselves workers, and who, from living with workmen, know their prejudices and their wants, are needed as leaders to give clear expression to the inarticulate demands of the laboring class, to adjust harmoniously their relations to capitalists and to elevate the laborers themselves from the plane where life is only a struggle for existence.

If a young man of education is a philanthropist, the broadest scope for the exercise of his vocation will be furnished to him, if he will but identify himself with the laboring class. He must not stand without and patronize them, they will not stand that; but he must be one of them, able to say, "My hand is as skillful and as hard as your hand," and then they will let his brains direct their movements.

One of the ominous signs of the times is, that culture is separating itself in thought and action from the uncultivated masses.— Even in the churches this sign is apparent. It excites uneasiness among those who believe that one of the distinctive marks of Christianity is that "to the poor the Gospel is preached."

The highest service of a young man of piety and education, if he be not called to the ministry, can render to his generation, is to enter a shop and serve a regular apprenticeship at a trade. Like the Moravian missionaries, who sold themselves as slaves that they might labor among the slaves of an island in the West Indies, and found their reward in the conversion and love of hundreds, so the young man who has the spirit to turn from the glamour of false social and professional distinctions, and identify himself with the laboring class, will find not slaves, but earnest, devoted men, who will gladly listen to his words if they be wise and follow his lead if he be a leader.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

**FAT MEN.**—Our corpulent readers will not object if we say a few words in their favor. It is said to be a fact that no fat man was ever convicted of murder. Stout people are not revengeful, nor, as a general rule, are they agitated by violent gusts of passion. To parade a fat housebreaker in the criminal dock at the quarter sessions would be a phenomenon indeed. The fellow who works skeleton keys is generally a lean and wiry individual, a s he can only force himself through holes scarcely large enough to admit a cat. Imagine a fat man doing these things, and then imagine him alarmed and running away, with a policeman after him. Corpulency is not the sign of villainy, but rather of good nature and good will to all men.

It is not great wealth or high station that makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both. But it is a radiant, sunny spirit, which knows how to bear little trials, which thus extracts happiness from every incident of life.

Life is not given to us to be frittered away in an unmeaning little satisfactory run of amusements, or in their fruitless search. There is surely a period approaching when our hopes, ambition, and even our favorite amusements, must come to an end.

A celebrated lawyer once said that the three most troublesome clients he ever had were a young lady who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted a divorce, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

**They Won't Trouble You Long.**

Children grow up—nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday, and that lad was playing with tops, a bountiful boy. He is a man, and gone now! There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made, it is like a raveling stocking; stitch by stitch gives way till all are gone. The house has not a child in it—there is no more noise in the hall—boys rushing pellmell; it is very orderly now. There are no more skates or sleds, bats, balls or strings left scattered about. Things are neat enough now. There is no delay for sleepy folks; there is no longer any task, before you lie down, of looking after any body and tucking up the bedclothes. There are no disputes to settle, no body to get off to school, no complaint, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged. There was never such peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet to clatter down the front stairs! Oh for some children's noise! What used to ail us, that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slamming and banging the doors?

We wish our neighbors would only lend us a urchin or two to make a little noise in these premises. A home without children! It is like a lantern and no candle; a garden and no flowers; a vine and no grapes; a brook and no water gurgling and gushing in its channel.—We want to be tired—to be vexed, to be run over; to hear children at work with all its varieties. During the secular days, this is enough marked. But it is the Sabbath that puts our homes to the proof. That is the Christian family day. The intervals of public worship are long spaces of peace. The family seems made up on that day. The children are at home. You can lay your hands upon their heads. They seem to recognize the greater and lesser love—to God and to friends. The house is peaceful, but not still. There is a low and melodious thrill of children in it. But the Sabbath comes too still now. There is a silence that aches in the ear. There is too much room at the table, too much at the hearth. The bedrooms are a world too orderly. There is too much leisure, and too little care. Alas! what mean these things? Is somebody growing old? Are those signs and tokens? Is life waning?—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

**Washington and Lincoln.**

Governor Bullock, of Mass., in his thoughtful and eloquent oration at Springfield on the 4th of January, set in one frame the portraits of the two men, by whose personal agency the two decisive wars of our nationality were controlled. In all the great contests of civilization a leader has appeared recognized afterward as the agent of the epoch and the victor of the ultimate arbiter. In the American Revolution the man was George Washington; in the war of vindication the man was Abraham Lincoln—raised up both, as Witherspoon said, for the great purpose. While Washington far transcended Lincoln in the majesty and dignity of personification, which wins universal applause, his successor in many particulars resembled him, and was in all respects scarcely less the personal necessity of his own time. You must remember that distance lends enchantment to the view, and that one hundred years hence it will may be, and is likely to be, that Lincoln will rise then among the shades of history as Washington rises now. Generally in the judgment of mankind, lapse of time is needed for the estimate of persons.—So Washington seems to me, was not thoroughly and religiously appreciated as an historical character, even in the United States, until the echo of the European eulogy came back to us from the lips of Lord Brougham. And if we may judge by that standard, and by preference of the European press, Lincoln is quite as sure to take the next rank in the criticisms and disquisitions of the whole Eastern world in time to come. Certainly this cannot fail to happen if Lincoln shall find in the future history half so generous a chronicle as Washington has found in Bancroft—at all events it is evident that God has raised up these two men for a control and management of the destinies of their periods. The last was as great, as important, as characteristic for his time as the former was for his own. Both were essential, because both had been not only chosen by the people, but had been appointed from above.

Mr. T. P. Barkas states that the surface of the sun has become "much" disturbed, and that there is at present upon his disc a spot of remarkable magnitude and clearness. The approximate length of the spot is 50,000 miles, and its width 20,000 and so well defined is it, that it can easily be seen by the naked eye when protected by colored glass. The spot forms a beautiful object for telescopes of very moderate power.

**SAD.**—Said a poor little girl in the fourth ward of New York, as she was dying, "I am glad I am going to die, because now my brothers and sisters will have enough to eat! Nothing could be written or thought more simply pithy than this!

**GOOD ADVICE.**—If you don't intend to marry, keep away from calico. The moth that flutters about a tallow dip when lighted, is no surer to get scorched than is a verdant youth or rash bachelor to fall into Calico flame, if he begins to circumpavigate around a bit of dry goods on a dimity little maid.

Give us not men like weathercocks, that change with every wind, but men like mountains who change the wide themselves.

**A Mystery Explained.**

If startling phenomena were properly investigated, says the *Watchman and Reflector*, by minds free from superstition and fear, occurrences that appear to have a supernatural origin would often find an easy solution. Judge Parsons used to tell with great zest of an incident in his travels, which would have furnished food for a whole company of village gossips.

His wife, who seemed much agitated, waked him one night at a village inn, and told him there was a woman sitting at the foot of the bed knitting. The Judge saw the figure as distinctly as his wife but having no thought of a supernatural origin of the vision, began to speculate on its real cause. After looking sharply for some minutes, while the woman knitted on with unruffled composure, he was confident that he could see the wall through her, and that she could not, therefore, be substantial flesh and blood. This discovery, which might have affrighted weaker men, only aroused his curiosity. He at once rose from the bed and walking to the foot saw that no one was there—the form had vanished.

Putting his head as nearly as possible in the position where he had seen the woman, the mystery was at once explained. He saw a circular hole in the shutter behind the bed through which rays of light were streaming, and going to this hole in the shutter behind the bed to look through, saw a woman in a room on the other side of the street knitting. The nerves of the wife was greatly soothed by this discovery, and the inquisitive spirit of the Judge was gratified by so simple an explanation. Many ghost stories could be easily shorn of their apparently supernatural character by a cool and careful investigation.

This is a good story of a citizen who used to go home late slightly inebriated, and take a lunch usually set out for him by his considerate wife.

"One night besides the usual dish of cabbage and pork, she left a wash bowl filled with caps in starch. The lamp had long been extinguished when the staggering set returned home, and, by mistake, when proceeding to satisfy his hunger, he stuck his fork into the wrong dish. He worked away at his mouthful of caps very patiently for some time; but finally, being unable to masticate them, he sang out to his wife—

"Old woman, where did you get your cabbage? they are so darned stringy, I can't chew them!"

"My gracious," replied the good lady, "if the stupid feller ain't eating up all my caps that I put in starch over night!"

**WHISKEY FOR RATS.**—A correspondent of the *Arkansas Conservative*, whose house was overrun with rats, says: "A servant girl, who had seen the effect of whisky on bipeds, thought she would try an experiment upon rats. Accordingly she took a small quantity, made it very sweet with sugar, crumbled in bread enough for the crowd, and set the dish in the cellar. A few hours after she went down and found several rats gloriously 'fuddled,' engaged in throwing potato parings and hauling one another up to drink. These were easily disposed of and those not killed left the premises immediately, suffering from a severe headache.

It's a sign of a storm, to tread on any one's toes that has come.

It's a sign of a storm, if you waken the baby on wash day.

It's a sign of a storm to call a baby ugly in the presence of its mother.

It's a sign of a storm, to start a yarn about your neighbor at an ale house, and some one runs and tells.

It's a sign of a storm to spit on the parlor carpet and your wife sees it.

It's a sign of a storm to speak ill of your wife's relations.

It's a sign of a storm, to tell your wife she looks horrid in that last new bonnet.

A wealthy old aristocrat being on his death bed, called his black servant and said:

"Sam, you have been a very faithful and honest fellow, and I have made a provision in my will that when you die you shall have the honor to be buried in the same tomb with me."

"All, massa!" said the negro, "poor old Sam want no such honor; money will him much better; besides, de debil comes scratching for you in the dark, and instead of massa, may be he carry off Sam in mistake."

A Virginia clergyman writes to the Post Office Department asking for a mail contract. He states that he does not know as he can take the oath of allegiance, for he has prayed in the pulpit during the war for the success of the Southern cause, but as the prayers were never answered, he is of the opinion that no aid and comfort were given, and therefore he considers himself a loyal citizen.

A certain dracon, being accustomed to snore while asleep in church, received the following polite note: "Deacon Smith is requested not to commence snoring to-morrow until the sermon is begun, as some persons in the neighborhood of his pew would like to hear the text."

At a cold party, Sambo asked Dinah if he could help her to some of the bread. "Now" aint you shamed, Sambo to say bread until the ladies? I'll take piece of turkey bosom."

It is said heeps n-around the loveliest of all things—girls and whilky.

Why is a street d or like a barrel of whisky? Because it is frequently topped.