

W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

## WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE

**MEDICINES** 

AND

PAINT

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Go to Fourthman s

DRUG STORE.

Waynesboro', May 24, 1867.

**NEW SPRING** 

SUMMER GOODS,

AT THE FIRM OF

STOVER & WOLFF (SUCCESSORS TO GEO. STOVER.)

> DRY GOODS, CARPETS, NOTIONS, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES. BOOTS AND SHOES, CUTLERY, CEDERWARE. OIL CLOTHS, &C., &C.

To which we invite the attention of all who want STOVER & WOLFF.

**NEW MILLINERY GOODS!** 

MRS. C. L. HOLLINBERGER TAS just returned from Philadelphia and is now opening out the largest and most varied assortment of SPRING AND SUMMER MILLIN ERY GOODS she has ever brought to Waynesboro'. The ladies are invited to call and examine her goods. Residence on Church Street, East Side. April 10 - tf.

JOSEPH BOUGLAS, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent, Office in Walker's Building. Waynesboro', Penna.

N. O. Molasses just received by Teb. 14. W. A. REID.

POETICAL.

THE PLOWER OF LIBERTY.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

What flower is this that greets the morn, Its buen from heaven so freshly born ?-With burning ster and flaming band It kindles all the sunset land; O tell us what its name may be,-Is this the Flower of Liberty 1 It is the banner of the free,-

The starry Flower of Liberty !

In savage Nature's far abode Its tender seeds our fathers sowed ; The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud, Its opening leaves were streaked with blood. 'Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see The full-blown Flower of Liberty! Then hail the banner of the free.

Robold its streaming rays units. One mingling flood of braided light.-The red that fires the Southern rose, With spotless white from Northern snows. And, spangled o'er its azure, see

The starry Flower of Liberty!

The sister Stars of Liberty ! Then hall the banner of the free, The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round, Where'ere it springs is holy ground; From tower and dome its glories spread : It waves where lonely sentries tread-;---It makes the land as ocean free, And plants an empire on the sea !

Then hail the banner of the free, The starry Flower of Liberty!

The sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower, Shall ever float on dome and tower, To all their heavenly colors true, In-blackening frost or crimson dew.-And God love us as we love thee, Thrice holy Flower of Liberty! Then hail-the-banner of the free,

MISCELLANY.

The starry Flower of Liberty!

A PLEASANT STORY.

BY SHIRLEY BROWN.

Eleven o'clock-at least so said the gold en tide of sunshine, creeping over the velvety turf of the village green, and losing itself in the foliage of the big maple trees; and so said the little clock in Judge Cornell's law office on the Main street, speaking in a sharp, melodious chime.

Harry Grover glanced quietly at the, uncompromising little dial, as he entered the domain of 'Coke upon Littleton.'

'I'm late this morning,' he muttered, hanging up his hat behind the door; 'but, as good luck will have it, the Judge has not made his appearance yet."

He was a straight, handsome young fellow, with curly brown bair, limped hazel eyes, and a healthy flush on his sunbrowned heeks-a young man whom you instinctively felt you could trust at entrance, as you looked into his frank, honest face. There are not many such; more's the pity.

'Whew-whew " whistled Mr. Hary Grover, turning over his pile of legal documents in a very unmethodical sort of a way. 'Law and love were never meant to go together; of that I am certain. Pretty Ariel Brown's blue eyes are shining rogishly out at me from every bit of parchment or printed blank I touch. How lovely she looked last night-and who would ever sup pose that the old cat and her false curls and grinning porcelain teeth could be her aunt. Rich too, they say; a good match for some desperate fortune hunter, who is willing to swallow the bitter old pill for the sake of the gold coating-talking about old Experience Browne, I believe I have a business letter to write to her about that piece of land by the school-house corners that she wants me to buy. Not I! When I purchase land for a building spot, it won't be a desperare pasture, where rocks and mullen stocks fight together, to see which shall possess the staunch soil The old lady must take me for a very unsophistical character, indeed. I wonder, how if blue-eyed Ariel will ever be a wrinkled cantamarian, clutching after bargains. Pooh! I should as soon think of a white plumed little dove being transformed

into a greedy vulture !' He leaned back in his chair, with both bands clasped on top of his curly head, and looked out abstractedly into the slushing village street, humming an old tune under his breath-a tune whose burden was 'Love still

Plainly Mr. Harry Grover was very little d sposed for work that morning. And when at twelve o'clock, Judge Cornell came in. there was but a hopeless chaos of papers on the table to represent his young partner's

watutinal labors. Why, Grover, you haven't accomplished thing this morning, said the old Judge. glancing keenly around thro his antique silger bound spectacles. 'I am afraid that the pretty girls at Squire Dockthorn's party last night, were too much for your equilibri-

Well, you see, sir, I've been rather sort-

ing the papers over, said Harry a little sheepishly, and I've written two letters this morniug.

'Two letters?' Yes, sir.

'May I ask to whom?' know. May I look at it? know. Oie was to Mise Experience Browne, a bout that lot she wanted to sell me-a regu-

mind-and the-'The other-'

'Ahem-that wasn't exactly a business letter. Now, Judge, suppose you and I look over these ejectment papers together !' The Judge smiled slyly; he had an idea

as to what the other letter contained. Every one in town knew how hopelessly Mr. Harry Grover was in love with pretty Ariel Browne. Judge Cornell had been young himself not so many years ago. 'It's just as well for the lad to marry and

settle down,' thought the old gentleman, 'and Ariel will certainly make as sweet a little wife as human mortal could wish for.' Harry needn't have been so mysterious,

sealing and directing his two letters at the tall desk behind the office door. Judge Cornell knew just as well what was in them as if he had read every word with his own eyes. But young people have a mis-

thing. Miss Ariel Browne set in her room busy with a complicated piece of bright-colored web-work that ladies call 'crochet,' when Bridget tapped softly at the pannels of the

taken idea that old people don't know any

'Please, Miss Ariel, a letter !' 'A letter I and for me ! Dear me, Bridget, who can it be from ?'

'Faix, then, and it's meself doesn't know. but Lawyer Grover's office boy brought it, and an impudent young spalpeen it is forher young mistress was paying no attention rather an unpleasant style to her, and withdrew into her department of the kitchen, there to nurse her grief in solitude.

Arie'ls cheek had turned as pink as the inside of a wild rosebud, and as she read the superscription of the letter, her heart beat, perhaps a pulse or two faster than was its woot, but she broke open the missive with a resolute hand, and read:

'My Dear Miss Browne: [Rather cold becline all further negoritations with you. As you cannot for a moment seriously suppose I care to possess anything so worn down and good for nothing, it is useless to waste either they are.' of our time in any more preliminaries.

'I will call this afternoon and return to

you the papers you so unnecessarily took the trouble to send me.

'Yours very tru!y, Ariel threw down the note, and burst in-

'The cold-hearted, presumptuous villain.' she sobbed. -- 'Papers, indeed I -I suppose he means the note I wrote to him about the picnic. Oh, how foolish I have been, how absurd, and I am rightly punished for my fol-

But still Ariel wept on : when a girl of own heart, she cannot see it dashed ruthlessly into ruins without a few natural tears.

Meanwhile, Miss Experience Browne, aged fifty five well ripened autumns, was reading, with no little astonishment, the letter which Bridget's enemy, the postboy had brought as usual, then it is we begin to know what They are snage in the channel which not on-

'U-pon my word!' exclaimed Miss Experience, slowly and emphatically. 'The impertinent young fortune-hunter humbug !-Does he suppose I am a born fool, to awallow such a pack of sentimental flattery as this?" Lovely eyes—dimpler!' It he had said spectacles and wrinkles, he'd have been are his books, there his hat and cane, there of bird songs, or anything of which the air considerably nearer right. No you don't my fine fellow—no—you—don't! Experience During his sickness we had not so much no- bough on which the bird can build its nest, Brown hasn't lived fifty-five years in the ticed these things, for we hoped ever that or where it can sit to sing. It affords no world to fall into such a trap as this at last. He is to call this afternoon to receive the dreadtul vacuity is everywhere. answer that is do decide the whole current of his future life, will he? Well, let him shadows come down after the funeral. No falling rain. When the horses and plough call. I'll be ready for him, and I'll warrant moon or stars ever shone so dimly; no darkhe won't be in a hurry to call again.'

until all her false curls quivered, as she fol. all over the house. No foot-step now on the the farm must give place to the stump. Men ded the letter neatly, and put it back into stairs or overhead in the sick chamber; no want it out of the way-it is a nuisance. the hurriedly-directly envelope

'I never had an offer of marriage before,' she thought, viewing her autumnal countenance in the pier-glass, and adjusting the little puffs of ribbon in her cap-border, 'and it does make one feel kind of queer. It's something to tell of anyway. Bethuar Jones need'nt go to say now that I was an old maid because I never had an offer. I just wonder what Ariel would say -I guess I won't tell her; she would only laugh at me!'

Miss Experience drew herself up as grimly as if her spinal column were a bar of iron, that afternoon, when Bridget appounced:

'Mr. Grover, mem'!'
'Show him in, Biddy—I am quite at leisure to receive him."

And our hero, entirely innocent of the impending storm that awaited him, walked into Miss Experience's awful presence, with a bundle of title deeds in his hands, tied with the official looking red tape of his profession. 'Good afternoon, Miss Experience.'

'Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Harry Grove ? ejaculated the spinster, in a deop, stern voice. Get along with yourself, making love to an old woman more a twice as old as you be, just because she's got a little money! What do you take me for, hey? Don't stand starin there! Walk out of this room, quick, or I'll throw the big dictionary at your head ! "No, no, no, ! Now have you got your answer plain enough? I wouldn't marry you if there wash t another man inthe whole town?

Harry Grover was a little appalled apthia charge of horse and fout, but he stood his ground manfully, not even quailing at the big dictionary.
But, Miss Browns-will you hear me a

moment? I don't want you to marry me ! what put that strange fancy into your head?' 'You don't want to marry me? Then what the mischief does this letter weau, I'd like to

llarry took the letter, and glanced at it -The state of the s

far clipper, giving the old girl a piece of my its contents threw a new light on the unac-

countable state of affairs.
Good Cupid I what a blockhead -what au unmitigated, inexcusable, incomparable donkey I have been ! What could I have been thinking about?'

Hey?' demanded the puzzled spinster. Excuse me, ma'am, but there has been a

mistake-a-And without stopping to complete his fragmentary sentence, he rushed out of the room to the little bay-windowed parlor where Ariel usually sat.

Well, I never! exclaimed Miss Ex--perience, as the door banged unceremoniously in her face.

'Ariel! Miss Browne!' But Ariel turned haughtily from the

pleading eyes of her lover. 'Your letter is quite sufficient, sir; I need

no further exponent of your meaning. surd mistake: this is the letter intended for you. The other was written to your aunt on business, and by some unaccountable blunder, got into the wrong envelope. I have been a fool—a blockhead; but I love to be built, I would subscribe largely to it. you, dearest, with all my heart. Ariel, you even if I had to borrow money and mortgage those who refused it. will not send me away!

No-Ariel did not send him away, for the shy smiles and the rosy bloom were beginning to come back to her face as she read the real letter. 'But, Harry,' she said, with a roguish dim-

ple at the corner of her mouth, 'you must But here Bridget became conscious that confess that aunt Experience's note had ing on with the introduction and cultivation 'I was a careless-reprobate,' said Harry,

frankly. 'But you see Judge Cornell was watching me, and ---' And that was the end of all misunderstanding between Harry Grover and Ariel

Browne, thenceforth for ever more. Miss Experience was disappointed in two things. She would like to have sold the market and for being put into communicaschool house 'corner lot,' and she would like to have said that once in the course of her to be rewarded for having means furnished ginning,' she pouted.] 'I must beg to de- fifty five years of her life, she had an offer them for developing their manhood, and putof marriage.

'However,' said Miss Experience, 'Ariel is very happy, and may-be things are best as

After the Funeral

Of all the returnings, that one 'after the funeral' is the saddest. Who will say it is not so, who has followed a beloved one to the grave? While he was sick we went in and out, auxious, sorrowing, suffering. The solicitude to relieve, and care for, and comfort him, engrossed\_us;\_the\_apprehension\_ofour own dissolution, in case he should be removed from us, almost drove us wild.

While he lay dead under the home roof, there was a hurry and bustle in preparation for the final rites. Friends are sent for, eighteen has built up a glittering castle in neighbors are present, the funeral arrangethe air, whose foundations are laid in her ments are discussed, the mourning procured, the hospitalities of the house provided for: all is excitement; the loss is not yet perceived teachings of the gospel of Christ. Such in all its greatness.

But 'after the funeral,' after the bustle way. They are like trees blown across the has subsided and things began to move on road, impeding all travel and commerce has befallen us. I'he house seems still and ly ripple the current, but also stop the vessepulchral though in the heart of the town; sel. They are like the stumps standing on and though its threshold be trodden by the hill side; the stump silently stands for friendly feet, it is as if empty. The apart. life-as long as it can be a stump. It has ments, how deserted ! especially the room no ambition to get away, to do anything, to where he struggled and surrendered in the rise any higher, to be anything else than last conflict. There are his clothes, there stump. All the noise of business, of storms,

he won't be in a hurry to call again.'

ness ever seemed so utterly dark. The tick. the reaper comes by, it must make a detour to get out of the way. All the business of you may sleep on now and take your rest, if away and is gone. before the sweet rest you once knew will reter the funeral.'

> friends were very much alarmed about it, the circumstances, and arge his coming without delay.

The doctor was found, heard the dismal would manifest in a common headache, wrote the following laconic reply:

'Dear Sir: Don't alarm yourself. If after three weeks the bullet is not removed, give the boy a charge of powder.

Yours, &c. P. S .- Don't point the boy at anyhody."

The best plan for any one to adopt when flees soon leave.

-Some folks are prodigiously ponitent over other people's sins, and seem to think they have a special call to confess them before the er's eyes out rather than leave a single moto He come to you and say 'I will add twenty in them. At the same time they are siegularly blind respecting their own failings.

An exchange says: There is something sweet about little girls! The Louisville they grow bigger."

THE CHURCH A

On Sunday a week Rev. Washington, Pa., preached a Se the text? 'None of us liveth to h (Romans 14: 7,) in which he maintains & christians are bound to give their sympathy and assistance to enterprises calculated to the promote moral and material welfare of black a the communities in which they live. Alluding to the contemplated railroad from Washington to Pittsburg, he said :

I say this because it is a duty owed to society. I speak not of mere worldly advantage. True enough, railroads passing through or near your property, will increase its val- inefficient to a certain extent, thro ue. It will make your house more valuable. of funds. Yet selfish Christians, w It will make your forests, your orchards, this before their eyes will push away the gli o further exponent of your meaning.

your gardens, your dairies, your hemseries, of God within their reach as much as to say,
'Ariel—darling—there has been an ab- your quarries, your flocks, and all you have 'If Providence will help the world let Him to be of more worth intrinsically, and to do it; I want to be let alone!" We believe the land for security.

But apart from all this it becomes the

Christian's duty to help with such au enterprise when he can, because of the good it will do society. It will improve the people, it will develop the resources of the country, it will add largely to its efficiency and helpof all the influences necessary to make the community what it ought to be, in healthy competition and active rivalry, with that by which it is surrounded, Yet I hear of men talking about getting damages. They want to be paid for being made rich. They want to have compensation for having facilities afforded them for getting their products to tion with the rest of the world. They want ting them on a respectable equality in point of enterprise and vigor with their fellow men. They might with equal propriety fine the clouds for raining, the fountains f. z gushing, the sun and wind for sprouting their seeds, fostering their vegetation and ripening their haivests.

Besides this I have heard of others who talk in this way: 'We have our farms here, which we do not want to sell; they raise all we want and we are happy; we expect to live here, die here, and from here be carried to our graves; we do not want to be any richer; the railroad will do us no good, it will do us harm, for it will disturb our quiet and impose on us new labor.' It is almost refreshing to hear a man, in these days of avarice and cupidity, say he does not want to become richer, yet all such reasoning as this only proceeds from selfishness and want of spirit that is squarely in opposition to the men are only obstructions in the public high way. They are like trees blowd across the his ever vacant seat at the family board \_ is full fails to disturb it. It sends up no he might use or occupy them. But now the shade for the oxen. It yields no fruit for girl man or beast. It reaches out no arms to the Oh how dark and cheerless the night- winds, nor cares for the blowing clover, and nurse and watchers to come and say, 'he is not so well and ask for you.' No, indeed, to exterminate it. There it sticks till it rots

you can. Ah, poor heart! It will be long Thus do many men. They are fistened down to the soil of their farms. There visit your couch, or slumber will bring again they expect to live and die. What good the scenes through which you just have will a locomotive whistle do them? It passed, and you will start from it but to find cannot make them eat any more or sleep lings. them all too real. God pity the mourner af. any more, and that is all they want to do. They care nothing about society or business or the world-it is all themselves. They say, A lad swallowd a small lead bullet. His let us alone, and let the world take care of itself. They say let us have our sleep and and his father and mother, determined that the world may have its railroads. The no means should be spared to save the dar. whole prosperity of the country m u a t many more words. The people expected ling boy's life, sent post-haste to a surgeon stop for them. The business of the of skill, directing the messenger to tell him neighborhood must go around them. They But you didn't, and kept on preaching a will help nothing but themselves. Wrapt long while after the time was up. up in intense selfishness they are willing to see society deteriorate, business languish, the tale, and with as much unconcern as he resources of the country remain undeveloped, of a july fellow who resided in Chicago a. and that's all that's left of them. I say the a moment's reflection, I never thought to gospel of Christ abhors such Christianity. try it. Be not like stumps. Rather be like the streams that flow through your fields and meadows. Through the night they talk and sing cheerfully, pleasantly, cocouragingly to there are any insects on fouls, is to let them; the listening cars and hearts about them. sleep on pine shavings, and the turpentine They sparkle with continual joy. They will soon drive away all insects. I some fringe their borders with grasses and flowtimes sprinkle it on my dog's hed and the ais, and on every hand spread generous ben-flees soon leave. their loss would be felt as a calamity. Belike that and you will be worth something But more than this, it is the duty of evory man to get righer by railroads it he can.

whole world. They will gouge their broth. If Providence offer you a legacy take it. If dollass an acce to your land provided you will give me he you will insult His generonity and invite this displaceure if you refuse so accept it. He means it for you -it is for you to receive it. Suppose the man to whom Journal adds: 'And it grows on them as such an offer is made does not want it himbolf. His children may want it after him.

buildings. help. The go off its debt. The pled all the time for Missionary Boards are a erty, Its book depositorie books. Its whole machinery

Easily-Suited.

"The other day a young gentleman from the country stepped into Leeds' Jewelry store in Waynesboro', and informed the proprietor that his occupation was that of a carpenter, and he desired to get a bosom pin emblematical of that profession. The obliging jeweler looked over his stock, and finding nothing else, showed him a very fine masonic pin. The young man looked at it carefully, 'Yes,' he said, that is it. There is the compass and the square. I use both of them, but why didn't they put a saw in it? It's first rate as far as it goes. Hullow! there's a G there, what does that stand for?'. The ieweler didn't know.

The man studied it carefully for a moment. and a bright thought struck him. His face flashed as it he had made a discovery. 'I have it,' he said, 'it's all right, G stands

for gimlet. That will do. I'll take it. There was a little touch of sadness in his voice as he pinned the emblem on his coat and went away muttering; Square, compass and gimlet. I do wish

there was a saw, though. A decent looking Trishman, stopping at a notel to warm bimself, inquired of the land-

lord. What was the news?" The landlord, disposed to run a rig upon

Paddy, replied: 'They say that the devil is dead?' 'And sure,' quoth Pat, 'that's news in-

Shortly after, Pat stalks up to the bar, and depositing some coppers, resumed his seat. The landlord, always ready for a customer,

asked him what he would take. Nothing at all, said Pat.

'Why did you put down this money?' asked the host. 'Och, an' sure, sir,' said Pat, 'it's the custom in my own country, when a chap like you loses his daddy, to give him a few cup-

pers to help pay for the wake." Landlord stood treat all around.

masculine, feminine and neuter.

'How many genders are there, asked a achoolmaster -'Three, sir,' promptly replied blue

'Pray, give me an example of each,' said the master, 'Why, you are masculine, because you are a man, and I am a feminine, because I am a

'Very well, proceed.' 'I don't know,' said the little girl, 'but I recon Mr. Jenkins is neuter as he is an oli

Lazyness is a good deal like money-the more a man has the more he seems town wánt.

When the man proves a literary failure he generally sets up for critic; like the fox in the fable, who had lost his brush in a trap, he kant see a nice loog tail without hanker.

ing tow bob it. The devil owes most of his success tow the fact that he is always on hand .- Josh Bil-

'Father, I think you told a fib in the pulpit to day, said a little son of a clergyman. 'Why, what do you mean?'

You said, One word more and I am done, and then you went on and said a great you'd leave off cause you'd promised them

An Eistern paper says: A story is told and all its interests, left far in the rear of a bout four years, and, while on an Eastern rapidly moving enterprise around them. Af- visit, was asked how he liked the water out ter awhile they rot away as the stump did, West. By George, Mr , said he after

> A western merchant lately chalked on a big hogshead in front of his store, 'for suil.' A passing way added, 'Bor freight or passage apply at the bunghole.

> A man named Tease has married a Misa dross in St. Louis. He tersed her until she agreed she wouldn't be Cross any more

> You want nothing, do you?' said Pat -Bedad, an' if its nothing you want, you'll find it in the jug where the whiskey was."

Any man base enough to beat his wife, ought to be placed upon the back of a hard trotting horse, and made to collect the delinquent accounts of the Record

That's my impression, as one devil said when he kinsed his sweetheart.

Puzzer A rehipierare

