



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



BEREAVEMENT AND CONSOLATION.

It is not the parting hour, when those we fondly love,
Have breathed to us their last farewell, and winged their way above;
Nor yet, when in the darkness grave we lay them to their rest,
The sharpest pang of sorrow rends the stricken mother's breast.

'Tis when we seek our lonely home, and meet no more the smile,
Which could the darkest cloud dispel, and every care beguile;
And when we meet around the board, or at the hour of prayer,
'Tis then the heart most feels its loss—the loved ones are not there.

And thus while days and months steal on, as memory brings to view
The vision of departed joys, our grief is stirred anew;
Though faith may own a Father's hand, yet nature will rebel,
And feel how hard it is to say, "He hath done all things well."

O mournful memories of the past! ye wear our lives away;
Ye haunt us in our dreams by night, and through each weary day;
The home which late like Eden's bower, in blooming beauty smiled,
Ye make a barren wilderness, a desert waste and wild.

But why thus yield to fruitless grief! are they not happier far?
The sainted ones for whom we mourn, then those who linger here?
Our hearts should glow with grateful love to Him whose wondrous eye
Saw dangers gathering round their path, and called them to the sky.

Not long shall we their loss deplore; for soon the hour will come
When we, with those we fondly love, shall slumber in the tomb;
Then let the remnant of our days be to his service given,
Who hid our idols in the grave, lest we should fall to Heaven.

Not willingly the Lord afflicts, nor grieves the souls of men;
'Tis but to wean our souls from earth, and break the power of sin;
He saw us wandering from His paths, and sent the chastening rod,
To turn our feet from error's way, and bring us home to God.

Shall we defeat His wise design, and waste our days in tears,
Ungrateful for the numerous gifts that Heaven in mercy spares?
Let faith and hope be cherished still, and brighter days shall dawn,
And plants of peace shall spring anew, from seeds of sorrow sown.

MISCELLANY.

DEATH OF A GREAT MORMON.—A telegram announces the death, on the 23d inst., of Brigham Young's right hand man, Heber C. Kimball, and next to the prophet, the chief man among the Mormons. The rank he held was First Prophet, and he has been identified with this polygamous people ever since Joseph Smith started them on their nomadic and multifarious career. Of his early life little is known, till 1837, when he became a convert at Kirkland, Illinois, and was soon after sent with Orson Hyde, since assassinated, as missionaries to England for the new faith. On his return, a year afterward, he joined his fortunes with the Mormons in Ray county, Missouri, and with that peculiar people bore persecutions and expulsions from that State and from Illinois till the pilgrimage to Salt Lake inaugurated for the society comparative peace and decided prosperity. At this place Kimball arrived in the autumn of 1847, and since then has been the head priest of the order of Melchisedek, with the religious title of elder. Kimball, since then, to his death, has been expounding Mormonism, inculcating by precept, and more particularly by example, the duty of the godly to be much married, and has advanced in real estate and personal power to a degree greater than any man except Young. He had sixty-seven "sealed" to him, and to-day, as at Chey Chase, will come as many widows their husband to bewail. He was a man of talent for organization, of considerable address, and a profound demagogue, yet of a temper severe and an aspect forbidding.

The most dangerous parts of a dwelling during a thunder storm are the fire-place, especially if the fire be lighted, the attic and the cellar. It is also important to sit close by the walls, to ring the bell, or to bar the shutters during a thunder storm.

Fire-places are dangerous, because heat, air and soot especially when connected with a stove or grate, are conductors. Attics and cellars are dangerous, because the electric fluid often passes from the earth to the clouds, so that in the middle story must be the safest place. It is dangerous to lean against a wall, because the lightning, passing down the wall, would leave it and go into the body, which is a better conductor.

SCIENTIFIC DARING.

One dull day in autumn, just after noon, a balloon rose in the air at the foot of Cleet Hills, on the western edge of the great central plain of England. It was inflated with the lightest of gases which chemical skill could produce; it rose with amazing velocity. A mile up, and it entered a stratum of cloud more than a thousand feet thick. Emerging from this, the sun shone brightly on the air ship; the sky overhead was of the clearest and deepest blue; and below lay cloudland—an immeasurable expanse of cloud, whose surface looked as solid as that of the earth, now wholly lost to view. Lofty mountains and deep, dark ravines appeared below; the peaks and sides of those cloud-mountains next the sun glittered like snow, but casting shadows as black as if they were solid rock.

Up rose the balloon with tremendous velocity. Four miles above earth! A pigeon was let loose; it dropped down through the air as if it had been a stone. The air was too thin to enable it to fly. It was as if a barque laden to the deck were to pass from the heavy waters of the open sea into an inland unsaline lake; the barque would sink at once in the thinner water. Up, up, still higher! The spectrum, opposed to the sun, showed marvelously clear; lines appeared which are invisible in the denser atmosphere on the earth's surface; but as the car swung round in its upward gyrating flight, the moment the direct rays of the sun passed off the prism, there was no spectrum at all. The air was so pure, so free from the comparatively solid aqueous matter, that there was no reflected light; the air was too thin to retain or reflect any portion of the rays which fell upon it. And what a silence profound! The heights of the sky were as still as the deepest depth of the ocean, where, as was found during the search for the lost Atlantic cable, the tide mud lies as untroubled from year to year as the dust which imperceptibly gathers on the furniture in a deserted house. No sound, no life—only the bright sunshine falling through a sky which it could not warm. Up—five miles above earth—higher than the inaccessible summit of Chimborazo or Dewagiri. Despite the sunshine, everything freezes. The air grows too thin to support life, even for a few minutes. Two men only are in that adventurous balloon—the one steering the airship, the other watching the scientific instruments, and recording them with a rapidity of long practice.

Suddenly, as the latter looks at his instruments, his sight grows dim; he takes a lens to help his sight, and can only mark, from the falling barometer, that they are still rising rapidly. A flask of brandy lies within a foot of him; he tries to reach it, but his arms refuse to obey his will. He tries to call his comrade, who has gone into the ring above; a whisper in that deep stillness would suffice—but no sound comes from his lips—he is voiceless. His head drops on his shoulders; with an effort he raises it—it falls on the other shoulder; once more, with a resolute effort, he raises it—it falls backward. For a moment he sees dimly the figure of his companion in the ring above; then sensation fails him—he lies back unconscious.

Some minutes pass—the balloon still rising upward. Seven miles above earth! The steersman comes down into the car; he sees his comrade in a swoon, and feels his own senses failing him. He saw at once that life or death hung upon a few moments. The balloon was still rising rapidly; it must be made to descend at once, or they were both dead men. He seized, or tried to seize the valve, in order to open it and let out a portion of the inflating gas. His hands are purple with the intense cold—they are paralyzed—they will not respond to his will. It was a fearful moment. In another minute, in their upward flight, he would be senseless as his comrade. But he was a bold, self-possessed man, trained in a hundred balloon ascents, and ready for every emergency. He seized the valve with his teeth; it opened a little—once, twice, thrice. The balloon began to descend.

Then the swooned marksman heard a voice calling to him. (Come, take an observation—try!) He heard as in a dream, but could neither see nor move. Again he heard, in firmer and commanding tones, "Take an observation—now then, do try." He returned to consciousness, and saw the steersman standing before him. He looked at his instruments; they must have been nearly eight miles up; but now the barometer was rising rapidly—the balloon was descending. Brandy was used. The aeronauts revived. They had been higher above earth than mortal man, or any living thing, had ever been before. But now they were safe.

Such are the perils which science demands of her votaries, and which they encounter bravely and cheerfully. Such was the memorable balloon ascent of Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher, from Wolverhampton, on the 5th of September, 1862. A madman, thousands will say, a perilous absurdity, a tempting of Providence, a risking of life for no adequate purpose. One minute more of inaction—of compulsory inaction—on the part of the steersman, whose senses were failing him, and the air-ship, with its intensely rarified gas, would have been floating unattended with two corpses in the wide realms of space. What would have become of it? How far it would have ascended with its lifeless freight; how long it would have floated all unseen to the empty ocean, who shall say?—Once a Week.

One man wagered another that he had seen a horse galloping at a great speed and a dog sitting on his tail. It seems an improbable feat for a dog to accomplish; but the man was right and won the money. The dog was sitting on his own tail.

A German genius has recently invented a watch which runs a year without winding.

Eternal Justice.

We never forget that we have been children, and who has not in those misty far-off days cast pebbles into the water and watched with childish glee the rippling and curling of the waves. Then pause a moment, busy active manhood, and look upon the ceaseless motion of the broad and shoreless waters surrounding the little island of Humanity, the surface of which is perpetually disturbed by graceful whirling eddies, huge foaming, boiling waves, tiny bubbles and aeroseo perceptible dimples. But instead of children dropping pebbles into the brook it is Death casting life into the uncertain, dreadful tide of the future.

A knell, deep toned and solemn, sounds upon the air, mighty rushing and boiling of the waters, and a soul passes into eternity! The man was wealthy, powerful and distinguished. His money had built up churches and founded schools, and the wretched had received his gold, yet with it no word of sympathy or compassion. Friends were zealous in sounding his praise abroad, and numerous were the tributes of homage and admiration offered his memory. Truly, it is not wonderful that the death of this man should disturb the surface of the water for leagues around, and the created waves stand aloft like monuments of earthly glory.

But death, never satisfied, selects another victim. This time a pauper, homeless, friendless—a stranger to the rich man's door. And he had given alms to one more wretched than himself, only a cup of water and a tear of sympathy, but his heart was in the deed.—There was a sigh at his death—a sigh of relief. A rattling of clouds and a little dimple on the beam of the waters as if a grain of sand had sunk beneath, and a pauper and a rich man stood before the eternal throne.

The name that had flourished proudly at the head of the church subscriptions and charity lists, was not written in the Book of Life, and he to whom the doors of the proud had always opened was a stranger at the gates of heaven. But the rushing tide of countless angel wings, a joyous burst of music and a fadeless crown welcomed the pauper to the realms of Paradise.

On earth there is a stately tomb where rare and lovely flowers blossom, and an unmarked lonely grave where rank weeds flourish. Among the flowers that deck the rich man's tomb there floats a whisper, silent yet audible to the listening heart; perhaps it is the voice of the dead. "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them; otherwise ye receive no reward from your Father which is in heaven."

EARTH'S FASHIONS.—Earth's fashions never change. Glorious too, the sky above her, in its vesture of fadeless blue and studding of blazing brilliants. The race runs mad after new fashions, and brains are racked for new styles. But earth wears the ones she wore six thousand years ago. It annually fades, and leaf and bloom drop from its field, but the mysterious alchemy of the season re-touches the garment with the same varied and beautiful coloring. Not a leaf, or blade, or flower has changed. The sky has the same blue, and the stars are as bright as when they sang together on the morning of creation. The lilies of the valley—they toil not neither do they spin—yet the creation of art cannot vie with their beauty. How calmly and how grandly nature marches on to the music of the winds, the streams, the songs of birds, and the falling of the rain, her night journeys lit by the lamps on high, and the sunbeams of the days, glistening her peaceful armor of flowers and foliage, and the shimmering waters. Her banners rustle in the winds of summer, and the resaper's song, and the dreary piping of the cricket in the fields. We are glad that earth's fashions never change.—Wisconsin Chief.

PAY YOUR SMALL DEBTS.—Pay your small debts. You do not know how much good is frequently accomplished by adopting this principle. It was honest old Ben Franklin, we believe, how, as a matter of experiment, followed up a small amount which he paid to a tradesman. In a very little while he ascertained that the money paid the tradesman had passed from hand to hand until the number of bills of nearly similar amount settled with it reached some fifteen or twenty. It may not be possible to do as Franklin did, and trace up the history of a small amount of money in the way of debt paying; but it may be set down as a fixed fact that the prompt payment of small debts is the initiative step towards paying cash for everything. Generally speaking these small debts are due to persons who need all the little capital they can command. To such, they are of immense importance; and it may be said of the person who allows these trifling obligations to remain unpaid while having the means to discharge them, that he is not, in the true sense of the word, an honest man, unless, by express contract, a time for payment has been fixed, and that time not arrived. Pay your small debts, and your big ones too. If you would be happy and comfortable, sleep soundly, eat heartily, and enjoy the peace of mind which only men with good consciences are supposed to enjoy, pay your small debts.

A SMART FELLOW.—A Dutchman in West Penna. township, Schuylkill county, Pa., the other day purchased several pounds of blasting powder at one of the mills in that neighborhood. Upon taking it home he found it too coarse for the purpose for which he intended it. Why it must be made finer, of course, so he procured a coffee mill, and emptying in the powder, proceeded to grind it! He had not made many revolutions of the crank before there was a noise heard, and the room was filled with flying fragments of coffee mill, window glass, furniture, crockery ware and Dutchman. The ingenious experimenter was not killed, but he was badly hurt.

Anecdote of Gen Grant.

During the Petersburg campaign of 1864 several privates were engaged in unloading barrels of salt horse from a transport at City Point, and were in charge of a Lieutenant of a New York Regiment, who took every occasion to show his authority. To one of his abusive remarks one of the privates made reply whereupon the Lieutenant administered severe kicks to the offender, who offered no resistance, but continued on with his work. A short, thick-set man, wearing a slouched hat, and a rather seedy officer's cloak, who had been standing by for sometime, hereupon threw off his cloak and coat and proceeded to help to unload the transport.

After the task was accomplished, the officer donned his coat and asked the Lieutenant, in very civil terms, his name and regiment.

"Lieutenant—of the—New York Volunteers. By what authority do you dare ask such a question?"

"Report yourself immediately to your Colonel under arrest, by order of General Grant for cruelty to your men, and remember that a abuse of privates by officers is not tolerated by the present commander of the army," replied the "thick-set" officer, lighting a cigar, and walking slowly away.

Sojourner Truth

This old colored woman, now living in Michigan, recently visited Milton, Wisconsin, where she was the guest of a Mr. Goodrich, who is an out-and-out temperance man and a noted hater of tobacco. One morning she was puffing away with her pipe in her mouth, when her host approached her, and commenced conversation with the following interrogatory:

"Aunt Sojourner, do you think you are a Christian?"

"Yes, Brudder Goodrich, I speak I am."

"Aunt Sojourner, do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, Bradder Goodrich, I believe the Scriptures, though I can't read them as you can."

"Aunt Sojourner, do you know that there is a passage in the Scriptures which declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"Yes, Brudder Goodrich, I believe it."

"Well, Aunt Sojourner, you smoke and you cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?"

"Why, Brudder Goodrich, I speak to leave my breath behind me when I go to Heaven!"

GOING TO HEAVEN BY LAND.—Two Irishmen, having resolved to embrace the Baptist faith, made known their intentions to a minister of that denomination. It was in winter, and consequently the clergyman was at first inclined to delay baptizing them until warm weather should set in, but fearing the dangers of delay, and thinking that the converts might forget all about their good resolutions before summer, he resolved to baptize them at the earliest opportunity.

The following Sunday the congregation went to the river to see the new members baptised. While endeavoring to pull one of them up, the Irishman slipped from his hands, and went under the ice. The minister coolly raised his eyes to Heaven and exclaimed:

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away! Blessed be the name of the Lord! Deacon, bring me another convert."

"No, he jabbars!" said Pat, sticking his head above water, and grasping the edge of the ice. "I'm thankful for your prayers; but I'd rather go to heaven by land than by water!"

WEDDINGS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—It may be of interest to know how they arranged marriages a hundred years ago. An old paper has the following description bearing upon the subject:—Married in June 1790, Mr. Donkin, a considerable farmer of great lesson (near Rothbury), in the county of Cumberland to Miss Eleanor Shotton, an agreeable young gentlewoman, of the same place. The entertainment on this occasion was very grand, there being no less than 120 quarters of lamb, 44 quarters of veal, 20 quarters of mutton, and a great quantity of beef, 12 hams, with a suitable number of chickens, &c., which was concluded with 8 half ankers of brandy made into punch, 12 dozen of cider, a great many gallons of wine, and 90 bushels of malt made into beer. The company consisted of 550 ladies and gentlemen, who concluded with the music of 25 fiddlers and pipers, and the whole was conducted with the utmost order and unanimity.

Educating children is money lent at an hundred per cent.

Good fences always pay better than lawsuits with neighbors.

Thorough culture is much better than two or three mortgages on a farm.

In plowing or teaming on the road in hot weather, always rest the horses on an eminence, where one minute will be worth two in a warm valley.

A poor emaciated Irishman having called a physician in forlorn hope, the latter prescribed a large mustard plaster, and immediately clapped it on the poor fellow's lean breast. Pat, who, with a tearful eye looked down on it said: "Doother, it strikes me it's a dale of mustard for so little that."

Some writer expresses the belief that a certain miser would take the brass out of his own eye if he knew he could sell the timber.

The exceedingly short coats worn nowadays might be called petty-coats.

PROTESTANT COW.

Paddy Murphy and his wife Bridget, after many years of hard labor in ditching and washing, had accumulated a sufficiency (besides supporting themselves and the "children") to purchase a cow, (of course they had pigs!) which they did at the first opportunity. As it was bought of a Protestant neighbor, Paddy stopped on his way home at the house of the priest, and procured a bottle of water with which to exorcise the false faith out of her.

"Isn't she a foine creatura?" asked Pat of the admiring Bridget. "Jest hold her till I fix the shed."

To save the precious fluid from harm, he took it into the house and set it up in a cupboard until he had "fixed" things. Then he returned and brought the bottle back again, and while Bridget was holding the rope, proceeded to pour it on her back.

But poor Paddy made a slight mistake. Standing in the same place was a bottle of AQUAFORTIS, that had been procured for a far different purpose, and as it dropped upon the back of the poor cow, and the hair began to smoke and the flesh burn, she exhibited decided appearance of restlessness.

"Pour on more, Paddy," shouted Bridget, as she tugged at the rope.

"I'll give her enough, now," quoth Pat, and he emptied the bottle.

"Up went the heels of the cow, down went her head, over went Bridget and half a dozen 'children,' and away dashed the infuriated bovine down the street, to the terror of all the mothers and delight of the dogs.

Poor Paddy stood for a moment breathless with astonishment, and then clapping his hands upon his hips, looked sorrowfully, and exclaimed:

"He jabbars, Bridget, but isn't the Protestant strong in her—the baste!"

"EVERYBODY BUT BOB."—A very little boy after giving everybody a good night kiss knelt down at his mother's side to say his evening prayer. He repeated, "Now I lay me down to sleep, &c.," and continued, "God bless papa and mamma, and make them good Christians; God bless little Jamie and make him a good boy." His mamma added, "God bless everybody."

At this sentence he was silent. His mother repeated a second and a third time, when he raised his head, opened his beautiful eyes and said:

"Everybody but Bob, mamma. Bob drowned my cat to-day."

Are there not some older children who can pray for everybody but 'Bob'? Remember that the Saviour has taught us to pray, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

A gentleman who had carefully trained up his servant in the way he should go; so that when his wife was present he might not depart from it, sent him with a box ticket for a theatre to a young lady. The servant returned when the gentleman and his wife were at dinner. He had of course been told that in giving answers to certain kinds of questions, to substitute the masculine for the feminine pronoun in speaking of the lady.

"Did you see him?" said the gentleman, giving him the cue.

"Yes sir," replied the servant. "He said he'd go, with a great deal of pleasure; and that he'd wait for you sir."

"What was he doing?" asked the wife carelessly.

"He was putting on his bonnet," was the reply.

There was 'fat in the fire' immediately.

A poor fellow protested to his girl in the hay-field that his two eyes hadn't come together all night for thinking about her.

"Very likely they did not," replied the sweet plague of his life; "for I see your nose is still between them."

"Humble as I am," said a bullying spouter to a meeting of the untrifled conservatives, "I still remember that I am a fraction of this magnificent republic." "You are, indeed," said a bystander; "and a vulgar one at that."

Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the moment you become cool your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach, nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the vapor.

"How many feet long was the snake?" asked a person of a traveler who had just related a story of his encounter with a boa killed by him. "192 inches," was the reply, "snakes have no feet."

There is said to be a great similarity between a vain young lady and a confirmed drunkard, in that neither of them can ever get enough of the glass.

An editor, sneering at the stupidity of a contemporary, says,—

"The best thing he has got off this week was a dirty shirt."

"Mister, I say, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want to hire nobody to do nothin', don't you?"

A woman isn't fit to have a baby who doesn't know how to hold it; and this is as true of a tongue as of a baby.

Mrs. Partington has come to the conclusion that there is no use trying to catch soft water when it rains so hard.

The difference between a cook and her lover is, one cooks the meat and the other meets her cook.

The more a woman undresses herself, the more she is supposed to be dressed.

The minister who boasted of preaching without notes don't wish to be understood to refer to greenbacks.



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AND

MEDICINES,

OILS

AND

PAINTS,

&c. &c.,

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To which we invite the attention of all who want to buy cheap goods.
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April 10—11.

JOSEPH DOUGLAS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent,

Office in Walker's Building,

Waynesboro, Penna.

May 8—11.