82.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXII.

## WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 24, 1868.

NUMBER 5



## **MEDICINES**

AND

# PAINTS,

&c. &c.,

Go to Fourthman s

DRUG STORE.

Waynesbero', May 24, 1867.

#### **NEW SPRING** AND

SUMMER GOODS. AT THE FIRM OF

> STOVER & WOLFF (SUCCESSORS TO GEO. STOVER)

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, NOTIONS, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES, CUTLERY,

CEDERWARE,

OTL CLOTHS, &C., &C.

To which we invite the attention of all who want

May 8-tf.

STOVER & WOLFF.

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 Waynesbore'. The ladies are invited to call and examine her goods. Residence on Church Street, East April 10-tf.

JOSEPH DOUGLAS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Real Estate and Insurance Agent,

Office in Walker's Building. Waynesbaro', Penna.



They tell me human love was made Awhile to bloom, and then to fade Before the autumn chill: They tell me human love is sold-A thing of traffic, bought with gold, And subject to the will-

No falsehood this; and yet I own, -There is a love, one love alone, With luster ever bright. It runs through all my changing years. Forsakes me not in smiles and tears, And fills my soul with light.

That love, beyond all other love, Unselfish, puré as heaven above, Is thine, dear mother, thine. What, then, if clouds around me break! The fount of joy they cannot taks -- From out this heart of mine.

Earth's merry throng may pass me by; Its honors from my grasp may fly-As leaves upon the blast : I care not, if thou lov'st me still Thy love alone my heart can fill, And hold it to the last.

I'll love thee till my latest breath; I'll love thee when I'm clasped in death; I'll love thee still on high. While on my tide of life shall flow, My love for thee no end shall know; Twill never, never die.

#### SWEET SIXTEBN.

Dear lady, when I look at one . So lovely and so loved as you, From whose young life has not yet gone The rose's blush, the morning's dew, I sigh to think of all the years .... Whose fading memories rise between This and the time when, long ago, I lost my heart to sweet sixteen.

Prate as they may of wiser thought, Of cooler blood and steadier brain, Of earnest wisdom, dearly bought By anxious care and saddening pain; In all the years Old Time can bring, In all the longest life has seen, There are no hopes, no joys, no loves, So sweet as those of Sweet Sixteen ! - ...

And though the charm may wear away, As roses fade and dews exhale; And fairest cheeks grow wan and pale; Yet who can doubt those dearly loved. In lands by mortal eye unseen. Beyond the stars, shall all regain The angel hues of Sweet Sixteen!

### MISCELLANY.

The Author of the "Raven." 'My best friend would be he who would take a pistol and blow out my brains, and thus relieve me of my misery.'
So said Edgar Allen Poe. His lips curl-

ed bitterly. These were his dying words. ments of life, and brought to hopeless ruin. of political life. He had been reared in the most elegant society and educated in the most polished schools. at the sparkle of the intoxicating cup. He treasures of the heart.

itudes of domestic bliss.

met old companions, jelly fellows with whom lence. depicted in his dreams.

found lying in the street stupified with drink- Saturday night. ing, covered with dirt, and his face distorted with horror. His jovial companions had de-NEW MILLINERY GOODS! serted him. He was taken to a hospital .- sen by a young man during the five years MRS. C. L. HOLLINBERGER bis brain. Delirium, with her thousand de- instance determine his character for life .with airy thought and poetic fancies. May improvident, industrious or indolent, truthnia a Potu ensues. A clergyman is sent for. full or dissimulating, intelligent or ignorant, as though the word was a mockery, 'my best his chances in life. friend would be he who would take a pistol and blow out my brains, and thus relieve me of my misery!"

We hear men cavil at religion. What a treasure, beyond all estimate, early piety education of a child! would have been to the soul of poor Edgar Allen Poe .

A Victim of Warning.

We clip the following from an old New Orleans Delta, which vouches for its truth.-We give it place in our columns as it embodies a good lesson for the times, and may have some weight with the young men of

Happening in Recorder Baldwin's court a few days ago, just as his honor was getting through his usual list of vagrants, peacebreakers and petty larceners, our notice was attracted by the piteous entreaty of an elderly individual, who stood in the dock, earnestly begged his honor to let him off this time, promising that the "old man would never trouble him again?

And who are you pray?, inquired his honor, with his customary phlegm

Judging by the looks of the prisoner, it was not an impertinent inquiry. His appearance was quite that of an 'old sinner.' His face, though not devoid of intelligence and a certain expression of gentility, was bloated and seasoned with all the marks of a long course of dissipation and destitution, His eye did not, altogether, lack the lastre that betokened the spirit of a man, and he still possessed the ease of manner, tinged with maudlinism, and the bearing of a broken down gentleman. An eld seedy blue cloth coat, covered a shirtless body, whilst a braceless pair of black pants that had seen better days, scarcely protected his limbs from the pitiless peltings of the storm.

-- Who am I, honey?" responded this for loru individual; 'don't you know the old man, or are you ashamed to recognize him in his present plight? Ive been a greater man in my days than you, honey, ever will be in yours. I was in the Legislature of North Carolina when Nat Macon was a member of it, and I have been President of the Secate of that old State; and I reckon if I had ever tried I could have been Governor or Congressman. I used to drive my carriage, had my race horses, and never went to Court without my man Bob riding behind me with a gold band around his hat.'

-'And what-has-brought-you-down so low?' inquired his honor.

Politics, sir. Some people say it was whiskey; but whiskey was only one of the effects not the cause of my downfall. When I entered\_upont the estate my father left me, which was quite a snug property, I was a moral and industrious young man; but unfortunately, I had a law suit that carried me frequently to court, and there I met some jolly fellows, who invited me to drink with them, and there to I got too talking politics and hearing speeches, and finally the boy's persuaded me I had a gift for speaking, and made me mount the stump. And so when I once got on the political track, you couldn't any more stop me than you could stop a locomotive with your big toe. I became very popular-that cost me all my fortune; I became a provincial legislator—that cost me all my morality and good habits; and, final ly, from a great politician, I became a gambler-a drunkard-and now I am here, a houseless vagrant, in the dock with the very vilest of this great wicked city.'

'It is all true; alas ! too true,' remarked a lawyer in court. 'I knew Col. D .when he still occupied a high position in North Carolina; he was one of the most prominent men of the time.'

'You can go,' remarked the recorder, and the old man hobbled out of the dock and went off, not knowing as he said, whither to direct his tottering steps-a melancholy example of the dangers which beset the path Such was the unhappy state of one whom of those who abandon the peaceful pursuits dissipation had robbed of the pure enjoy. of private, to engage in the corrupting scenes

## Saturday Night.

He possessed poetic gifts of unwonted beauty and brilliancy. The production of his many a curse—how many a caress—how many a caress—how many a caress—how many a kind word—prophecies of what he might have been—how many a promise has been broken—how but they made him a marked man among the many a heart has been wrecked - how many lovers of poesy throughout the world. He a soul lost -how many a loved one lowered lacked symmetry of character, and with all in the narrow chamber-how many a babe of these advantages that he possessed over has gone from earth to heaven—how many a others, he was wayward as a youth, passion- little crib or cradle stands silent now, which ate in maturer years, and always unmanned last Saturday night held the rarest of all

blazed awhile in the literary firmament the A week is a life; a week is a history; a "comet of a season," but he left behind him week marks events of sorrow or gladness worth a dime. He sheds his shell but once an unworthy influence, a reproachful memo- which people never heard. Go home to your ry, and the admonition of a fearful end.

He was making a journey when his death

family, man of business! Go home to your hours, when a new shell is again formed.

But few soft crabs are seen, owing to the occurred and he was occupied with the prep- you love, man of toil, and give one night to difficulty of finding and capturing them in aration for his wedding day. Better im- joy and comforts flying by! Leave your the 'nick of time.' This difficulty it is propulses warmed his heart and mollified his books with complex figures—your dirty shop passions at the thought of his nuptials, and —your busy store! Rest with those you and the sunlight of the future gladdened a- love; for God only knows what the next again the vision of his mind. Golden days filled his fancy—days of the ten- world of care and battles with life that have and as last as a crab is found with his coat off, he is captured as a soft crab and market. derness of conjugal love and the sweet hab- furrowed the week! Draw close around the tudes of domestic bliss.

He stopped at the city of Baltimore. He your coming in sadness, in tears, and in si-

he had passed convival hours. The intoxi- Go home to those you love, and as you cating our glittered before him. The tem- bask in the loved presence, and meet the retation was too great. He would spend one turn of the loved embrace of your heart's more revel ere he entered that purer sphere pets, strive to be a better man, and bless God for giving his weary children so dear a That cheerless November night he was stepping stone in the river to the Eternal, as

CHOOSE WELL -The line of conduct cho-A fearful dream rose upon him, and fired from fifteen to twenty, will, in almost every mons, darkened his intellect, once beautiful As he is then careful or careless, prudent or 'Shall I send for your friends?' asked the so will he be in after years; and it needs no pious man. 'Friends ?' said the dying man prophet to cast his horoscope, or calculate

> Bishop Bevridge has truly and strikingly said: 'Who knows but the salvation of ten thousand immortal souls may depend on the

The hardships of the ocean-ironelads.

The Reason for Refusal. Mr. Pops paid his two hundred and sixtyseventh visit to Miss Clarissa Cooler, a dam-

sel of about two hundred and fifty advoirdurocker, alone in the parlor; stole his arm around her alabaster neck, and sipped in the nectar of her cherry lips,— a proceeding there was not the least harm in, considering that has but one thing which she really gives or they had come to an agreement, and were refuses her heart? Her beauty, her wit, generally reported to be on the high road to her accomplishments she may sell to you-but

use of her fan, and her exclamation of something between a heigh-ho and ha-hum. followed a silence broken only by Mr. Pops, slapping at the mosquitoes, and Miss Clarissa fanning herself unceasingly,

At length Pops proposed a promenade and poses, her love remains to console you.

You look to the tree for strength 'I wish to stay at home, for I have some-

thing particu<u>lar to</u> tell you.' 'Indeed!' said Pops. What is it dear?' 'You expect our wedding to take place in three weeks, don't you?'

'To be sure I do.' 'Well, I am sorry to disappoint you but must do it. I cannot marry-Good heavens, Clarrissa, what are you

saying?" 'Don't interrupt me, I mean I can't marry you just yet awhile—not for some months to

Why, Clarrissa, what's the meaning of all this? You gave me your positive promise, and said nothing stood in the way. I am all Why do ready, and worried with waiting. you put it off. dear?

That you will have to excuse my telling you. I have a good reason for it, and my mind is made up. Will that satisfy you?'

Pops mused awhile. Clarrissa, kept her

fan going. Finally Pops spoke.
'No, Clarriesa, it won't satisfy me. You postpone your wedding, and refuse to tell me why. It you have a reason for it, you ought to let me know it, and maybe it would satisfy me; but I wont't be satisfied without a reason.

'Well, then you'll have to remain unsatisfied. I tell you I have a reason, and a good

one; what more do you want!
'I see how it is. I've courted you too long. I didn't strike when the iron was hot, se ze it. You are tired of me, and wish to get rid of Well, if that is your wish, go ahead." 'Mr. Pops, you're a dunce. You're a fool,

Mr. Pops.' 'Maybe I am, and maybe I ain't,' said why you postpone the wedding for a few months, you may postpone it forever, so far as I am concerned. Tell me, Clarissa, or I swear that, when I leave this house to night, I will never set my foot in it again.'

'Well, then you'd better go.' 'Very well. Good night, Miss him, and seeing that he was in earnest, cried to him to stay. Pops came back, and Clar- cle is broken. Death has entered and claimissa put her head upon his shoulder and cried. Pops spoke first.

'Well, dear, what's the matter?' Oh, I don't want to tell; I can't tell you why I want our wedding put off.' 'You must tell me,' said Pops; 'or I'll leave

you this instant, and never return !" 'Well, dear, if I must, I must.' And Clarissa laid her head upon Pop's shoulder, and faintly whispered in his ear:

'The Weather is to hot.' The thermometer was up beyond the nineties. He understood her, and consented to a postponement with a perspiring sigh that showed how much he wished for cold weath-

CRAB RAISING .- A gentleman at Anapolis, Md., has tenced in a cove near the mouth of the Severa river and commenced the cul tivation of crabs on a large scale. He has put in about 4,000 and feeds them on coarse fish and any kind of refuse meat. A squad of them will attack a catfish, devour it in one night, and pick the bones as clean as a pack of wolves would pick a deer. The soft grab is only the hard crab with his coat or shell years old. off. Before shedding his shell he is worth only half a cent in market; without it he is a year, and remains a soft crab but a few posed to obviate by the herding process, where the stock can be examined every day and as fast as a crab is found with his coat ed accordingly. The location of the crab pasture is at a point where the tide regularly son informs me that you have whipped him.' ebbs and flows, giving the crabs a pientiful 'Yes,' rejoined the landlord, excitedly. I supply of their natural element.

stood some stormy day upon a sea cliff, and marked the giant billow rise from the deep to rush on with foaming crest, and throw it. self thundering on the trembling shore, did if he ever told a he. you ever fancy that you could stay its course, and hurl it back to the depth of the ocean? killed. Did you ever stand beneath the leaden lowenng cloud and mark the lightning's leap, as it shot and flashed, dazzling athwart the like a beau. gloom, and think that you could grasp the bolt and change its path? Still more fool- drink. ish and vain his thought who fancies that he can arrest or turn aside the purpose of printer. God, saying to himself: "What is the Al- To as mighty that we should serve him? Let us break His bands asunder, and cast away His cords from us? Break His bands asunder! How He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh !" Guthrie.

We should never forget that life is but a flower, that is no sooner fully blown than it | . TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE-A man who begins to wither.

COURTSHIP AND LOVE .- There's a bit of sentiment uttered by the heroine in the play the Union soldfers caught an old country-"Under the Gas Light" on the subject of man near Midison Courthouse, Va and in-Courtship and Love that seems to reach ev- formed him one of two things- either take pois, the other evening. He found her in a ery womanly heart, which may be as welcome to readers as to hearers.

'Let the woman you look upon be wise or vain, beautiful or homely, rich or poor, she matrimony. The lady took it all quietly, even indifferently, to judge from the lassi without price. She only asks in return that tade of her attitude in the rocker, her lazy when you look upon her your eyes shall speak a mute devotion, when you address her your voice shall be gentle and loving. That Common-places were disposed of. Then you shall not despise her because she cannot minutes.' understand all at once your vigorous thoughts and ambitious designs, for when misfortune and evil have defeated your greatest pur-

> You look to the tree for strength and grandeur-do not despise the flowers because their fragrance is all they have to give .-Love is the only earthly thing that God permits us to carry beyond the grave."

That man who pays more for his rent than for his advertising does not know his business.' This maxim of an experienced and successful merchant is incontrovertible. It matters less to have a fine store than that everybody should know where it is and what is in it. It is poor policy to put a couple of hundred thousand dollars in a building and then stop. One store is no better than a-nother except so far as more customers enter it, and it is advertising which brings customers to one merchant or dealer rather than another. The time is coming and coming soon, when advertising will be the heaviest expenditure in carrying on any business, and it will be the most remunerative,

If advertising is thus the scul of business it will not take a very long argument to prove to a clear brain that the very hour business begins to flag, then is the moment to apply the stimulus of increased and more vigorous advertising.

The tide in the afture of men

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to for tune, Omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows.

They are the successful men—the kings of of trade-who see the fortunate moment, and

TWILIGHT .- O, how I love twilight hours! When the last rays of the setting sun have disappeared behind the far off western hills, and all nature is hushed to rest, then will Pops, rising with his temper. But this our minds wander back to our happy child-hood, when our hearts were as the evening dews - when we knew no sorrow, and all was joy, with no thought for the future. Again,= our youthful homes, its old halls ring again the fond friends of our youth? The answer is borne upon the passing breeze, Scatter-Pops reached the door. Clarissa followed ed l' Beloved parents, brothers, sisters—all a gentleman, sneeringly. the golden chain that bound the family cired for its own, while others dwell in a strange land; and thus it is. Change is the pass. word from the morning of youth to the twilight of old age.

> THE DIFFERENCE - One young lady rises early, rolls up her sleeves, and walks into the kitchen to get breakfast, or insists upon doing so, and afterwards, with cheerful and sunny smiles, puts the house in order without the assistance of 'mother' She will make a good wife and render home a paradise. Young man, 'get her.'

> Another young lady is a parlor beautypallid from company dissipation and want of exercise-reads novels, and almost dies of laziness-while her poor old mother does her washing. She is a useless piece of furniture -an annoyance to her own household-and a curse to the husband she may chance to rope in,' and will go whining to her grave. Young man, 'let her alone !'

In Wisconsin, an Indian woman died recently at the age of one hundred and twentythree. She left a son who is ninety-seven

The above 'reminds us of a little story' lately narrated in our hearing, of a gentleman, who, in the course of his travels in the West, one day emerged from a neck of timber, and suddenly descried a country tavern, upon the porch of which, sat one of the oldest, white haired men he had ever seen, and crying like a child. In answer to an inquiry as to the cause of his trouble he sobbed, out that 'his father had just licked him.'-Upon entering the bar room, the traveler discovered another and much older man, behind the bar, whom he addressed: You seem to have some trouble here stranger; your

'Yes,' rejoined the landlord, excitedly, I could not avoid it- the young rascal was CERTAINTY OF PUNISHMENT.—As you and stoning him. I had to interfere stranchasing his grandfather round a ten-acre lot.

IMPUDENT QUESTIONS .- To ask a lawyer

To ask a doctor how many persons he had To ask a negro if he is black.

To ask a young lady whether she would To ask a minister to take something to To ask a subscriber if he has paid the

To ask a merchant if he has ever cheuted oustomer.

To ask an editor the name of any of his correspondents. To ask a mun to lend you his pocket-book. The man who was brought up standing

must have wore out many shoes and boots. marries happily.

Go ON WITH YOUR FUNERAL -In 1863 the oath of allegiance to the United States Government or prepare to be buried alive .--He declined to take the oath, when his captors deliberately proceeded in his presence to dig a grave, and when it was finished they

led him to it, and said: Will you take the oath ?!

'No!' responded the prisoner.

'You had better.' 'I won't!'

'If you don't take the oath von will be buried alive in this grave in the next five

The old fellow approached nearer, and looked with attention in the yawning pit before him, and then turning around, with his hands in his pockets, calmly replied:

'Well, go on with your funeral.'

A VERY RICH FARM: - The narrator says: 'I went over last summer with two friends, and Jones took us up on a four acre lot he had just prepared for planting. We all went to the centre of the lot, and he here made a single hill and showed us a cucumber seed. 'Now, boys,' said he, 'when I put this seed into the ground you must run for the fouce\_ and get out as soon as you can.' No sooner had he dropped the seed than be and the others started off as if a bull dog had been after them. I was so surprised that I forgot the warning until I saw a vine pushing up from the ground and making for me. Then I ran as if for dear life, but before I got to the fence the vine caught me and began to wind around me like a snake. I was very much alarmed, and put my hand to my pocket for my jack knife with which to cut myself loose; but to my horror could not get it on account of a cucumber which hung there and which was growing like blazes; it took four men with scythes to cut me loose.

"Well, Mr. Saw, I want to ax you a question."

'Propel it, den, 'I' 'Why am a grog shop like a counterfeit."

'Well, Ginger, I gibs dat up.' 'Does you gib it up? Kase you can't Yah! yah, nigger, you talk so much about your counterfeit dollars, just succeed to

deform me why a counterfeit dollar is like an apple pie!" O, I draps de subject, and don't know

nothin' 'bout it.' 'Kase it isn't current.'

A traveler, among other narrations of wonders of foreign parts declared he knew a cane in tancy, we tread the well known paths of a mile long The company looked incredulous, and it was evident they were not prewith childish mirth, and we ask where are pared to swallow it, even if it should have been a sugar cane.

'Pray, what kind of a cane was it?' asked

It was a hurrycane, replied the travel-

A glutton of a fellow was dining at a hotel, and, in the course of the battle of knives and forks,' accidentally out his mouth, which being observed by a man sitting near by, he called out: 'I say, friend, don't make that ar hole in your countenance any larger, or the rest of us will get nothing to cat.

Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?"

'Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Snobbs.' Poob, nonsense! say right out. Which do you like the best l'

'Well,' putting her finger in her mouth and dropping her head, 'I like U best.' A Chap went to a pork house to buy pork on credit. First he bargamed for a lot of hog's ears; next, the olerk seeming willing to trust, he bought a hog's head; then growing bold, he said, 'I believe I'll take that ham.' 'No you won't,' replied the clerk; 'you are head and ears in debt now.'

a hurry,' declared a certain pompous policician, one day lately on the steps of the City Hall. 'How about caching fleas?' asked a wag at his elbow. The politician was floor-An editor out west says he would as soon

'Nothing can be done well that is done in

try to get to sea on a shingle, make a ladder of fog, chase a streak of lightning through a crab apple orchard, or set Lake Erie on fire with a wet match, as to stop lovers get-ting married when they take it into their heads to do so. A Miss Rose was married to a Mr. Furn-

aco the other day. This is a quick method of consuming a pretty flower. It is the work of a philosopher to be eve-

ry day subduing his passions, and laying aside his prejudices. Conscience, be it ever so little a worm

while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on the death bed. Youth writes hopes upon the sand, and age advances like the sea and wipes them

Lightning can be seen by reflection a distance of two hundred miles, and thunder

heard thirty miles. To start a bulky horse, fill his mouth with

Let the honor of thy neighbor be to these

When a man is saddled with a very had wife there are sure to be stir-ups in the fam-

Three in one- ice, snow and water.