



By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 10

POETICAL.



THROUGH THE WORLD.

Some hearts go hungering through the world,
And never find the love they seek;
Some lips with pride or scorn are curled,
To hide the pain they may not speak.

FOR PURE

These know their doom, and walk their way
With level steps and steadfast eyes,
Nor strive with Fate, nor weep nor pray;
While others not so sadly wise,
Are mocked by phantoms evermore,
And lured by seemings of delight,
Fair to the eye, but at the core
Holding but bitter dust and blight.

DRUGS

AND

I see them gaze from wistful eyes,
I mark their sign on fading cheeks;
I hear them breathe in smothered sighs,
And note the grief that never speaks;
For them no night redresses wrong,
No eye with pity is imparted,
O, misconstrued and suffering long,
O, hearts that hunger through the world!

MEDICINES,

AND

O, eager eyes which gaze afar!
O, arms which clasp the empty air!
Not all unmarked your sorrows are,
Not all unvisited your despair.
Smile, patient lips so proudly dumb—
When life's frail tent at last is tumbled,
Your glorious recompense shall come,
O, hearts that hunger through the world!

AND

MISCELLANY.

THE LITTLE STRANGER.

Though a man of very strict principles—no man ever enjoyed a joke more than Dr. Byron; he had a vast fund of humor and ready wit, and with children, particularly he loved to chat familiarly and draw them out. As he was one day passing into the house, he was accosted by a very little boy, who asked him if he wanted any sauce, meaning vegetables. The doctor inquired if such a tiny thing was a market man. 'No, sir; but my father is,' was the prompt answer.

PAINTS,

&c. &c.

Go to Fourthman's

DRUG STORE.

Waynesboro, 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,

OIL CLOTHS,

&c., &c.

To which we invite the attention of all who want to buy cheap goods.
May 1, 1868. STOVER & WOLFF.

NEW MILLINERY GOODS!

MRS. C. L. HOLLINBERGER
HAS just returned from Philadelphia and is now opening out the latest and most varied assortment of SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY 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—11.

JOSEPH DOUGLAS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent,

Office in Walker's Building,

Waynesboro, Penna.

May 8—11.

idence, and above all, he thought of the child carried into Egypt, and that the divine Savior had said, 'Blessed be little children,' and he called for the wife of his bosom, saying, 'Susan, dear, I think we pray in church that God will have mercy upon all young children.'

'To be sure we do,' said the wondering wife, and what then?

'And the Savior said, 'Whosoever receiveth one such little child in His name, receiveth me.' Take this child in His name and take care of him, and from that hour this good couple received him to their hearts and home.

It did not then occur to them that one of the most eminent physicians and best men of the age stood before them in the person of that child; it did not occur to them that this little creature, thus thrown upon their charity, was destined to be their staff and stay in declining age, a protector and more than son to themselves; all this was then unrevealed; but they cheerfully received the child they believed Providence had committed to their care, and if ever beneficence was rewarded, it was in this instance.

The Coward Traducer.

The midnight assassin, who stealthily breaks in upon the securities of the private home of a family, and thrusts his scythe into the heart of slumbering innocence, is no greater villain than he who assaults his neighbor's good name—invaDES the hallowed courts of the temple of his well-earned and hard-earned fame—breathes blight and mischief upon his spotless reputation—and leaves in his tortuous track, the slime and venom of the basilisk.

The sentiment has been most truthfully and graphically enunciated, that, he who can choke the sweetest flowers of social love, and faint them with disease—and in the paradise of earthly bliss, whose plants of virtue flourish, spread the malaria of moral desolation—the poison of hatred and distrust—who gladly would, were it possible, crush his neighbor's character to dust—grind to powder every vestige of his public honor and private value, and build upon the ruins—who can write infamy upon the brow of others to prove his own purity—is neither man nor beast, but a heartless demon.

But bad as the vile defamer of the living—yet far worse, is he who exumes from the peaceful shadows of death, the departed victim of his envy, to hold up to the gaze of the world, as a target at which to aim the pestiferous shaft of his malignant hate.

In such a monster, there is to be found no trace of the image of God; but in room of this, is seen every appalling and disgusting lineament of the accursed fiend of perdition.—Rev. Z. Fuller.

LONG FACES.—What a sad mistake it is to suppose that a man should be gloomy because he is devout, as if misery were acceptable to God on its own account, and happiness an offense against his dignity. A modern writer of much wisdom and piety says:

'There is a secret of unbelief amongst some men that God is displeased with man's happiness, and so they shrink about creation, ashamed and afraid to enjoy anything!'

'These are the people of whom I read says: 'They think they're pious when they're only bitous!'

A good man is almost always a cheerful one. It is he that bad men scowl, look blue and melancholy, but he who has God's smile of approbation upon him should show his radiance in his countenance. Dr. Johnson said he never knew a villain in his life that he was not on the whole an unhappy dog. And well he may be. And so honest man—the man with good conscience—let him enjoy his sleep, and his dinner, and love of his wife and the prattle of his children, and show a beaming face to his neighbor. Surely there is no worse theology than that which teaches that He who has given such fullness of joy to beasts and birds delights in the misery of men; or, that having filled us with gladness, we ought to give the lie to His goodness, by wearing faces beclouded with woe, and farrowed with pretended happiness.

A DEATH-BED CONFESSION.—The Louisville Journal says that in 1847 a farmer named Daniel Harker, living in Vanderburg county, Indiana, was tried, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty-one years, on the charge of outrageously murdering a young girl. His wife and the girl testified positively against him. After serving ten years of the sentence, he was pardoned and released. A short time since the step-daughter, on her death-bed, sent for Harker, and, in the presence of witnesses, confessed that the testimony on which he was convicted was false in every particular, being fabricated by herself and her mother, and that the man who had thus suffered under the foul charge for twenty years, ten of them in prison, was entirely innocent.

VAIN MAN.—Whilst thou art building castles, the carpenter is building thy coffin. Whilst deceitful influences are gilding thy future prospects, the painter is leisurely putting the varnish upon the casket that is being fitted for thy reception. Whilst thou art striving hard to distinguish thyself amongst thy fellows, the marble worker is fitting the slab that shall mark thy grave. While you are querying as to the wherewithal you shall be clothed, the materials for your burial suit are upon the tradesman's shelf. You add field to field, and anxiously reach out for more; but go to the graveyard and stake out the lot to which death will soon assign you. Then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?

There are now published in Chicago nineteen daily papers, twenty-six weeklies, one semi-monthly paper, eleven monthly papers, nine monthly magazines and one quarterly magazine.

THADDEUS STEVENS' WILL.

The will of the late Hon. Thaddeus Stevens was admitted to probate on Tuesday—It is in the handwriting of the deceased, and reads as follows:

Last Will and Testament of Thaddeus Stevens, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania.
I give all my estate, real and personal, to my trustees and executors, hereinafter named, and their heirs, on condition nevertheless that they will dispose of it as hereinafter directed by the payment of the several sums mentioned. They will reduce such of the property as they deem proper to cash, and put the net proceeds at interest by investing the same in government securities at not less than six per cent per annum. I direct them to pay to the town of Peacham, State of Vermont, one thousand dollars the interest whereof at six per cent, to be applied in aid of the juvenile library association, which was formed at the Caledonia County Academy, if the same is still in existence, and continue to pay the same so long as the same continues in active operation.

I give and bequeath to the trustees or titleholders of the graveyard in which my mother and brother Alanson are buried, in the town of Peacham, Vermont, five hundred dollars, to be put at interest perpetually, and the interest to be paid annually to the Sexton, on condition that he keep the graves in good order, and plant roses and other cheerful flowers at each of the four corners of said graves, every Spring. If either of the said legacies should lapse, the same to go to the support of the Baptist Church or meeting nearest to Danville Centre, my native town in Vermont.

I direct one hundred dollars to be put at compound interest, and the aggregate amount to be paid to Thaddeus Stevens Brown, son of John E. Brown, of Philadelphia, at age.

I give two thousand dollars to my nephew, Dr. Thaddeus M. Stevens, of Indianapolis. I give to his sister, Mrs. Kauffman, one thousand dollars. I give to George F. Stevens, son of Simon Stevens, one thousand dollars, to be put at interest and paid to him by his father when he arrives at age.

I give to Mrs. Lydia Smith, my house-keeper, five hundred dollars a year during her natural life, to be paid semi-annually; or at her option, she may receive five thousand dollars. She may make her election, and then release all further claims on my estate. Mrs. Smith has some furniture of her own, used in common with mine, some bought with her own money, as well as others, which it would be difficult to distinguish. Now, she must be trusted on honor to take such as she claims, without further proof.

I give to my nephew, Captain Thaddeus Stevens, now at Caledonia, my gold watch.

I give to my nephew, Captain Thaddeus Stevens, eight hundred dollars a year, to be paid half yearly. If by reason of sickness he need more, at the discretion of the trustee. None of the legacies, except the annuities, will be paid for three years, during which time the house I now live in, and furniture and books, will remain as they are, except the miscellaneous books, which may be sold at any time. Mrs. Smith may occupy the house the first year, and if Thaddeus, son of Morrill, prefers to keep house to boarding, he may keep house there with her, or with any one else, during the three years or any part thereof. If at the end of three years, Thaddeus Stevens prefers some other mode of living, then the trustee shall dispose of said property as they may deem best. While it is occupied by my nephew, he shall be charged with three hundred dollars a year rent for it. The property occupied by Mr. Effinger, after adding two feet of the lot in width to the other lot, may be sold. As five thousand dollars have been offered for it, it should not go for less.

The Farmace and all other real estate may be rented or sold. The Farmace must not be worked longer than to consume the stock on hand. If at the end of any five years, Thaddeus, nephew, shall have shown that he has totally abstained from all intoxicating drinks through that time, the trustee may convey to him one-fourth of the whole property. If at the end of the next successive five years, he shall show that he has totally abstained from all intoxicating drinks, they may convey to him one-fourth, being one-half of the property. If at the end of another consecutive five years he shall show that he has abstained from all intoxicating drinks, they may convey the whole to him, in fee simple. If he shall get married before the house I live in is sold, he shall receive the same, and occupy it without sale.

If the life estate of my nephew, or rather the annuity of said Capt Thaddeus Stevens, of Vermont, should expire before he has enabled himself to become entitled to the corpus or fee simple of my estate, then I dispose of whatever may remain as follows:—If the aggregate sum shall amount to fifty thousand dollars, without which no further disposition can be made, I give it all to my trustees to erect, establish and endow a house of refuge for the relief of the homeless and indigent orphans. Those shall be deemed orphans who have lost either parent. I devote twenty thousand dollars to be expended in erecting suitable buildings, the residue to be secured in government securities, bearing not less than six per cent interest. I wish the buildings to be erected in the city of Lancaster, south of King street, provided sufficient ground, not less than two acres, shall be donated therefore. If not, then at the west side of said street, on some conditions. If sufficient ground is not gratuitously offered, then I direct it to be built at Columbia. The orphans who cannot be bound out, may remain in the institution until the age of fifteen years, and longer, if infirm, at the discretion of the trustees. They shall be carefully educated in the various branches of an English education, and in all industrious trades and pursuits. This must be left to the discretion of the authorities.—

No preference shall be shown on account of race or color in the admission or treatment. Neither poor Germans, Irish or Mohammedans, nor any others on account of their race or religion, or their parents, must be excluded. All the inmates shall be educated in the same classes and manner without regard to their color. They shall be fed at the same table. The dormitories to be under the direction of the authorities. The trustees shall provide an act of incorporation at some convenient time. This I declare to be my last will and testament, and name as my executors and trustees, Anthony E. Roberts, O. J. Dickey, and Edward McPherson, this thirteenth day of July 1867.

Signed, THADDEUS STEVENS.

Witnessed in presence of Edward Riley and Christopher Dice.

The Codicil to the will is as follows:
I, Thaddeus Stevens, of Lancaster, make and declare this a codicil to my last will and testament.

Item—I bought John Shert's property at Sheriff's sale, much below its value. I only want my own. All except three hundred dollars, the proceeds of it, and the interest, I direct shall be returned to the estate.

Item—If within five years of my death the Baptist Brethren should build a house of public worship in the city of Lancaster, for the purpose of worshipping according to their creed, I direct one thousand dollars to be paid towards its cost. I do this out of respect for the memory of my mother, to whom I owe what little of prosperity I had, and which, small as it is, I desire emphatically to acknowledge.

Item—If my nephew, Major Thaddeus Stevens, should get married before my decease he will be at liberty to take possession of and hold in fee the house in which I now dwell, with the furniture thereof; and I in that event remove all the restrictions which I place upon the devise of that property in the body of my will. I hereby exclude the corner property, now occupied by Effinger, from this provision.

Item—In eight years after my decease, if my estate shall have sufficiently accumulated to do it without embarrassment, I direct one thousand dollars to be paid to the Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, for the use of Stevens' Hall. I hereby request O. J. Dickey, Esq., to act as executor to this codicil.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this eleventh day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

A Caution to Practical Jokers

The following amusing story appears in the Paris Monitor: 'A ludicrous practical joke was lately played at a hamlet called Yaeron, in a mountain district near Lyons. In this hamlet there lived a harmless idiot of herculean stature, who habitually did a good day's work in the fields, but was a standing butt for village peasantry, and was commonly known as the 'innocent.' One day some young men told the 'innocent' that a neighbor was dead, and that he would have to join with others in sitting up all night to watch the corpse. He made no objection, and was introduced into a cottage where a man simulating death was stretched on a bed. The outlines of his face, seen through a sheet thrown over it, formed a ghastly spectacle, which when once seen is never forgotten. Two candles and some pots of incense were placed at the head of the bed. The party sat round for some time in solemn silence, the idiot behaving with as much propriety as any one else. But one by one the others slipped away, and the 'innocent' was left alone in the death chamber. The intention was that the corpse should jump up, walk about, and frighten him out of his poor stock of wits. The conspirators remained within a few yards of the cottage to watch the working of the plot.

In less than a quarter of an hour they heard piercing screams, and holding their sides already with anticipated laughter, they rushed to the cottage to mock at their victim. But as they neared the door, they found, to their surprise, that the howling voice was not that of the 'innocent,' but of their comrade, who had agreed to personate the dead man. When they entered they found the 'innocent' beating the 'corpse' with a broken flail, and but for timely succor the part which he had undertaken to play in joke would have been sadly earnest. When he jumped up from his grave clothes the 'innocent' instead of being frightened, said coolly: 'Dead man, lie still, and proceeded to behave him with a force which the joker was utterly incapable of resisting.'

THE WILL TO BE TRAINED.—Men often speak of breaking the will of a child, but it seems to me they had better break its neck. The will needs regulating, not destroying. I should as soon think of breaking the legs of a horse in training him as a child's will. I never yet heard of a will in itself too strong, more than of an arm too mighty, or of mind too comprehensive in its grasp or too powerful in its hold. I would discipline and develop the will into harmonious proportions. The instruction of a child should be such as to animate, inspire and train, but not to heat, cut, and carve, for I could always treat a child as a live tree, which was to be helped to grow; never as a dry dead timber, to be carved into this or that shape, and have certain grooves cut in it. A living tree and not dead timber, is every little child.

RICE.—One of the best articles of diet, at this season of the year, and a good one at all seasons, is rice. If people would eat plenty of well soaked rice, they would have fewer disturbances of the digestive apparatus. Rice is both a preventive and cure of 'bowel complaints.' The Southern crop of this excellent grain will this year reach 60,000 barrels, against 45,000 last year.

H. C. Deming, in his life of Grant, relates an incident connected with the meeting of Grant and Pemberton, which, although before narrated, was generally regarded as a poh-poh. 'While I was in Washington,' says the writer, 'I had the pleasure of hearing General Grant describe the meeting between Pemberton and himself on this memorable occasion. Immediately after listening to the account, I returned to my own room, committed it to paper, and sent it to my family at home. I transcribe his description from my own letter, now before me.'

'While one of the Illinois regiments,' he said, 'was raising its flag upon the court house at Vicksburg, I deemed it but an act of courtesy to pay my respects to Pemberton, and went in search of his headquarters. I found him seated on the piazza of a house, surrounded by his officers and staff. No one advanced to receive me, or recognize my presence in any way. I dismounted my horse, and joined the party on the porch, when Pemberton acknowledged the acquaintance by a slight nod. He offered me no seat, and I remained standing, while he and his subordinates were sitting. A Mississippi General finally arose and pushed toward me his chair. The day was oppressively warm and dusty, and to relieve the constraint of the interview I asked for a glass of water. Pemberton pointed to the interior of the house, and I groped my way through it to the well in the rear, where I found a negro, who drew up a bucket and tendered me a drink from a gourd. I returned to the party on the piazza and found my chair re-occupied; and, although I remained standing for twenty minutes, I was not offered a seat again, and I left Pemberton and went on my way. Our sole conversation was about the supply of rations for his troops, and I learned then, for the first time, the number of men who had surrendered, having presumed all along that there were but fifteen to twenty thousand men in the garrison.'

WISDOM IN SMALL LOTS.—If you air only a quarter of second to late you won't get it in time.

We've got lots of men with towered intellect and brilliant genius and all that, but then you see we need just a few men with good common sense like.

There may be sun-sweet sadness in churning the bitter end of adversity, but the most u'm in this section would rather have tacker you know.

If wise men never made mistakes this would be a hard world for fools—of whom a great many are which.

That man who's allus talking about his family, has got no family; and 'tis chaite to let him talk.

Some men gets proud mighty quick. The neerer a dominicker is to a daughill the was he knows.

It required all kinds of men to malk up the world, and so you see they had to be sun ecotistible dura fools for dry goods clerks.

It don't take as much sense to pick a lock or forge a check as it does not to do it.

When it rains pudding, you hold up your dish, but don't spend your time waiting for a shower.

You can't do bizness without sense any more than you can start a cooper shop on a buagh-hole.

A man that don't know enny thing will tell it the fust time he gets a chance.—Josh Billings.

AN IRISH VERDICT.—There was a man before an Irish jury on his trial for murder. It was a bull of a trial, for the defence produced in court, alive and well, the man who was said to have been killed. But the trial went on, and the jury went out; and not to be daunted by any such little fact as the presence, alive, of the man whose head had been dead, they brought the prisoner in guilty.

'How's this?' said the judge; 'there has been no murder; the man is alive in court.'

'Well, your honor,' said the foreman, 'the jury is convinced that the prisoner did not murder this man, but he is a dangerous person. I am sure he killed my gray mare, and we believe that hanging him is necessary for the peace of the country.'

SANDING THE SUGAR.—A resident in a certain village, having had sanded sugar sold to him, inserted in the local paper, the following notice:

'Notice.—I bought of a grocer in this village a quantity of sugar, from which I obtained one pound of sand. If the rasal who cheated me will send to my address seven pounds of good sugar, I will be satisfied; if not, I shall expose him.' The following day nine seven-pound packages of sugar were left at his residence from as many different dealers, each supposing himself the one intended.

If a young man spends two hours with a young lady every night, and her old folks don't make any fuss about it, and his old folks don't make any fuss about it, the two young folks may add to be engaged.

Sickness should teach us what a vain thing the world is, what a vile thing sin is, what a poor thing man is, and what a precious thing an interest in Christ is.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is, because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Adam was the only man that never tantalized his wife about the way mother used to eat.

Why is the letter D like a squalling child? Because it makes ma mad.

What is smaller than a mite's mouth?—That which is put into it.

Glasses of liquor are the boras of Satan.

A miracle—a woman without hoops.