



By W. Blair.

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### POETICAL.

#### I AM WAITING BY THE RIVER.

[Fresh Laurels, page 125]

I am waiting by the river,  
And my heart has waited long;  
Now I think I hear the chorus  
Of the angels welcome song.

Oh, I see the dawn is breaking  
On the hill tops of the best,  
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest."

Far away beyond the shadows  
Of this weary vale of tears,  
There the tide of bliss is sweeping  
Through the bright and changeless year.

O! I long to be with Jesus,  
In the mansions of the blest,  
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest."

They are launching on the river,  
From the calm and quiet shore,  
And they soon will bear my spirit  
Where the weary sigh no more;

For the tide is swiftly flowing,  
And I long to greet the blest,  
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest."

#### LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"Let us love one another—not long may we stay,  
In this bleak world of mourning, so brief is life's day;  
Some fade ere 'tis noon, and few linger till eve;  
Oh! there breaks not a heart but leaves some one  
to grieve.

And the fondest, the purest, the truest that met  
Have all found the need to forgive and forget,  
Then, oh! though the hopes that we nourish decay,  
Let us love one another so long as we may;  
There are some sweet affections that earth cannot  
buy,

That cling but the closer when sorrows draw nigh,  
And remain with us yet though all else pass away—  
To love one another so long as we stay."

#### MISCELLANY.

##### CAUGHT IN MY OWN TRAP.

Dora and I had been silent fully fifteen minutes—an unusual occurrence for us—when she suddenly broke out into one of her gayest, sweetest peals of laughter. The cars were going at the rate of forty miles per hour, but Dora's laugh rung out above all their noise and confusion.

"What is it, Dora; you witch you?" I said half piqued that she had not at first told me what pleased her, and laughed afterwards.

"Nothing, Nell, only I was thinking of something funny. Do you see that gentleman just in front of us, with the beautiful black whiskers and dreamy brown eyes?—Well, he's been watching you behind that book for the last half hour, looking as if he would like to take a bite of the red roses on your cheeks. Don't blush, but he is in love with you, I'll bet my gold thimble on it. I was just thinking of some of the stories I have read about young ladies mistaking handsome young fellows for their brothers, etc., and thought what fun it would be if you could only manage to mistake that gentleman for your brother Fred!"

I was ready for fun in a moment. "Tell you what I'll do, I broke out eagerly; 'You know I haven't seen Fred since I went to school, three years ago, and of course he's changed a great deal since then. Well, if that literary gentleman with brown eyes (he is handsome, isn't he, Dora?) should get off at our station, I'll wait 'til he gets mixed up in the crowd, see him suddenly for the first time, rush up to him in a flutter of delight, call him brother Fred, and give him such a kissing as he hasn't had since he saw his sweetheart last."

"Yes, I would, if I were you," said Dora, sarcastically. "You don't, you know."  
"Don't I dare though? wait and see."  
And so I dropped back into the cushion in silence 'til the train stopped at our station. Dora gave me a wicked look, and whispered that she knew my courage would fail me, for the gentleman was really getting off.

I was not to be triumphed over though and as we stepped out on the platform I saw the literary gentleman standing amidst the crowd, and with a little bound threw myself into his arms, and kissing him full in the mouth, hysterically exclaimed—

"Fred, you dear brother, how do you do?"  
I caught a glimpse of Dora—she was in danger of going into convulsions. I was expecting to hear the stranger say, confusedly, that there was some mistake, but, to my surprise, he gave me a hearty embrace—kissed me two or three times—said he was well—that I had grown a great deal; and inquired for my little friend Dora—who, all this time, was exciting the sympathy of the crowd, as they supposed she was insane, judging from her frantic laughter.

"Father and mother are expecting you, Nellie, and are so impatient they can scarcely wait to see you. I was afraid you would not know me, but I am really glad that my image has been treasured up so carefully in my sister's heart."

I was bewildered beyond measure. It was really Fred then, and I had not known him! I felt slightly ridiculous, and while introducing Dora to my brother whispered her to keep quiet in reference to my intended trick. I was too much confused to think of inquiring how he came to be in the cars without seeing me; so we all went to the car-

riage which was waiting for us, and drove rapidly to our home.

I had never known Fred to be so affectionate. He held my hands in his own all the time, and kissed at unnecessary intervals; but to tell the truth I had never loved him half so well before—never thought him half so handsome.

We reached the gate. Mother kissed me and cried over me; Father repeated it; and finally a frank hearty voice broke out with—  
"Hallo, sis! ain't you going to notice your sespence of a brother at all?"

And to my astonishment a handsome fellow I had not seen gave me a genuine hug, and a kiss that you could have heard across the yard.

"There is some mistake," I murmured; "are you my brother Fred? I thought that gentleman was?" pointing to the handsome gentleman I had embraced at the depot.

"Why, sis, are you crazy? Of course I'm your brother, and that fellow there is my college chum, Archie Winters, who went to the line to meet you. What are you blushing at, Nell? I didn't have time to go, but let him take your picture with him, so that he would be sure to know you. He's been playing off some of his mad pranks and passing himself for me, I'll warrant."

I looked at Archie Winters beseechingly, and as they were all going into the house, I whispered to him—

"For pity's sake do not speak of that mistake. How could it have happened?"

"I overheard you talking in the cars, and will keep your secret only on one condition. He whispered something to me that made my face blush scarlet; but I was at his mercy, and said I would think of it; and to the delight of the whole family—Dora and Fred in particular—Archie and I were married in less than six months. And Dora said to me, as I bade her good-bye, that it would give unspeakable delight to Fred and herself, if I would attend their wedding in a month to come, and I did so."

##### Backward Glances.

The mind, ever active, loves to live and wander amid labyrinthian windings of the mazy past. In those days of 'Auld Lang Syne,' the world appeared in a far different light from what it does in after years. In those happy hours of innocent childhood our gladness hearts sipped the honeyed nectar from every wayside flower; and we little dreamed that life's golden cup must be filled with more of the bitter than the sweet. We little imagined that into each life some rain must fall!

Then we pictured a life unmixed with sorrow, not knowing that future years would reveal the fact that man's days are few and full of trouble. Then we believed—our friends were all true. We knew not what false friendships meant. Trusting and confiding; we started out to thread our way along the billowy shores and across the boisterous ocean of human existence. We had full faith and implicit confidence in the monstrous prodigies of Santa Claus. We believed the story of the 'Babes in the Wood,' and our young hearts would melt with pity or bound with joy as we realized in the one case or felt in the other, for the sufferings of our fellows.

But alas! how sad the quivering heart-strings vibrate when we discover that Santa Clause is only an imaginary being, and the many things which we supposed were real were only imaginary—an *ignis fatuus* to misguide and deceive us. Friends who had gained our confidence, and in whom we had confided the secrets of our own hearts, proved recreant to every trust so lovingly confided to them. Yes the very friends who knew us best and knew best when to stab us, gave us the unkindest cut of all.

Life that seems all bright, skies that were never darkened by a cloud, the glassy lake that lay sleeping in the sunbeam and unmoved by a ripple, we fondly thought would always remain thus bright and beautiful. But no; changes that we never dreamed of came, and alas! our fond hearts almost imagined that friendship was but a name, and all things but cheats to misguide and delude us.

Sadly we watched the course pursued by false friends. Solemnly we beheld Sylvia, the 'Daughter of the Sky' walking with silvery feet the blue expanse above, darkened by clouds and lost to view in gathering storms. But our picture is a dark one. Let us brighten it a little. Life is what we choose to make it. 'Kind words never die.' The poet reasons thus, and we believe he is right. Hear what he says:—  
'A little word in kindness spoken,  
A motion or a tear,  
Hath often healed the heart that's broken,  
And made a friend sincere.'

Acting thus we can make friends who will prove true, friends who will stand by us in the hours when friends are most needed. How easily won! The tribute of a tear, or the dropping of a word and the task is done. Youth is the seed time of life. Young men, be up and doing. Sleep not late in life's morning, for it is too short a day to permit you to waste its golden hours.

**EQUALITY.**—He who expects equality of condition expects that which Providence forbids. One is endowed by nature with strength, another with weakness; one with beauty, another with deformity; one with vigor of intellect, another with mental imbecility. Diversity in the moral as well as in the physical world, is the design of Providence, as we might as well ask that the mountains and the hills should be shorn down, and the rugged surface of the globe reduced to one unvarying level, as that society should present uniformity of condition. It is a system founded in infinite goodness and wisdom.

A person having sold a horse to an Irishman, a few months afterwards, asked him how his horse answered. 'Indade,' replied Pat, 'I cannot tell, for I never thought of putting a question to him.'

### A Queer Funeral.

Yesterday afternoon before a large crowd of people, Mr. Frank Vester, the inventor of a patent safety coffin, was buried alive in the garden attached to Baier's Union Brewery, and after remaining under ground for over an hour resurrected himself in order to exhibit the working of his invention. As has been stated before, the coffin is designed to give liberty to those who may be buried during suspended animation. In appearance it differs but little from the ordinary burial casket, except that it is higher, to allow of the free movement of the body. The top lid from the head to the waist is movable, and in case of interment is left open. Over it is placed the most important part of the invention—a box about two feet square and five feet high. At the top it is perforated with holes to admit of a free passage of air, and covered with a door in which is a light of glass. This door is fastened from the inside. Near the top of the box is a call-bell, to which a string wound at one end around the hand of the deceased, is attached. Running parallel is a strong rope with which the survivor can help himself out by the assistance of cleats at the side of the upright box. If, however, he prefers to wait till the cemetery attendant answers to call bell, he can take his ease and lunch off the provisions which have been provided for that purpose at the head of the coffin. It is intended that the upright box shall be removed by the undertaker at the first signs of decomposition. The coffin lid then slips back by a spring to its place and the mound looks no different from others.

Yesterday nearly two hundred people gathered round the grave which had been dug for the exhibition. It was full six feet deep. After awhile the coffin was laid upon the cross piece, the inventor stepped out from the crowd, which he addressed in a few words, in German, stating how he came by the invention and commending it for its simplicity, and then laid himself down, folded his arms and was to all intents and purposes a corpse. The lid was placed over him and screwed down to its position, while some one arranged wreaths of flowers over it. The bearers lifted the ropes and quietly lowered the living man to his grave, the band playing a solemn dirge. The boxes were set down over the coffin, the loose dirt and stones rattled, and the earth struck with dull thuds upon the boards. Soon the grave was heaped up and the last lump of earth patted down.

The people that had pushed and crowded for a sight at the apparatus now advanced to "take their last look" down the narrow window; the band struck up a lively air, and a rush was made for the refreshment stand, leaving the inventor six feet under ground, along with his invention. Above, the busy gossips discussed its merits, and occasionally were appalled by the query easily suggested, what if it shouldn't work? But it did work, and after the crowd had made merry and drank larger for an hour and a quarter, a gentleman stated that Mr. Vester was to remain 'down below' for two hours, but that some of the spectators were anxious to return home, and consequently, if agreeable, Mr. V. would appear at once, otherwise remain the specified time. All present being satisfied, a signal was given, and a minute after Mr. Vester, unaided, stepped out of his living grave, being not in the least exhausted. His exit was received with great enthusiasm and applause. The same affair is to be exhibited by its inventor in other large cities.—*Newark Daily Advertiser, 2nd.*

### A Chapter on Old Maids.

Of old maids there are many kinds. Cuvier himself could scarcely have classed the multitude of the species. The patient, pious old maid; the brisk, busy old maid; the gaudy, the precise, the dainty, the grim, the gossiping, the spiteful, the kindly; all these, buzzing in and out of the world's great hive, may puzzle us by their variety. But one great distinction they share with the rest of their fellow creatures, married and single—there are bad and good old maids. One species, gentle, meek, useful; having no ties of their own, making ties of the very tenderness and affection of their yearning hearts; nursing sick children, looking after the poor, taking all the trouble off the hands of some overburdened mother of a family; governess, friend, house-keeper, and humble companion, all in one; women perfect in their way; women who lack nothing of being saints except canonization. But, to balance the love we might otherwise feel for the lonely race, there is another species—busy-bodies, intriguers, thrusting themselves out of their own solitary homes into the homes of others, to work mischief, like earwigs in the core of fruit; tooth-drawers, slanderers, full of flattery, full of spite; struggling to keep their ground by the meanest concessions, affecting not to perceive the most open rebuffs, ready to undermine by the grossest treachery; envious, pitiless daughters of the father of lies, and serving him perpetually.

**A STRANGE BUT TRUE STORY.**—The St. Cloud (Minnesota) Journal says: 'A young lady, living in the East, was engaged to be married some three years ago, when on the morning of the day appointed for the marriage the father of her betrothed died suddenly. The wedding was postponed for a year, and on the second occasion, when everything was prepared, and but a few hours were to elapse before the ceremony, tidings were received that the body of the lady's cousin, with whom she had lived almost as a daughter for a number of years, was being brought from the South on the next steamer. Another postponement of a year followed, when, but a few weeks since, on the very morning of the wedding day, the intended bride, after but a brief illness, was herself a corpse. This is a strange story, but a true one.'

**'THAT BOY I CAN TRUST.'**—I once visited a large public school. At recess, a little fellow came up and spoke to the master, as he turned to go down the platform, the master said, 'That is a boy I can trust. He never failed me.'

I followed him with my eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. I thought a good deal about the teacher's remark. 'What a character had that boy earned. He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city, and what is better into the confidence and respect of the whole community at large.'

I wonder if boys know how soon they are rated by old people; every boy in the neighborhood is known, and opinions are formed of him; he has a character, either favorable or unfavorable. A boy of whom the master can say, 'I can trust that boy, he never failed me,' will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness and industry which he shows at school are in demand everywhere, and everywhere prized. He who is faithful in little, will be faithful also in much. Be sure, boys, that you earn a good reputation at school. Remember, you are just where God has placed you, and your duties are not so much given you by your teacher or your parents, as by God himself. You must render an account to them, you will also be called to render an account to him. Be trusty—be true.

**SPEAK KINDLY TO HIM.**—A farmer once saved a very poor boy from drowning. After his restoration he said to him:

"What can I do for you, my boy?"  
"Speak a kind word to me sometimes," replied the boy as the tears gushed from his eyes. "I ain't got a mother like some of them."

**A kind word!**—Think of it. That farmer had it in his power to give that boy money, clothes, playthings, but the poor fellow craved nothing so much as a kind word now and then. If the farmer had ever, so little heart the boy must certainly have had his wish gratified.

**A kind word!** You have many such spoken to you daily, and you don't think much of their value but that poor boy in your village, at whom every boy laughs, would think he had found a treasure if some one would speak one kind word to him. Suppose you speak it? The next time you meet him, instead of laughing at him, speak kindly to him. Then watch him, and see how he looks. See if his eyes does not brighten, and his lips smile. Try it.

**Kind words!** They are blessed things. Speak them, children, every day. Scatter them like sunbeams everywhere. They will bless others, and then return to bless your own hearts. Kind words forever!

**SOUND VS SIGHT.**—I dare say you have often noticed, when in company, that, on being introduced to a very plain looking lady, you found it difficult to avoid saying to yourself, 'What an unattractive person!' at the same time intuitively shrugging your shoulders and expressing your belief that you will never like her. Presently, however, you hear her relating, in sweet, melodious tones, some affecting incidents. The soft intonation of her voice acts as a charm on your feelings and you think, after all, she is not so very plain looking as you at first imagined. In fact, you repeat to yourself, 'What a nice woman that person is!' Now, on the other hand, take a pretty-looking female, whose fine forehead, artistically penciled eyebrows and exquisitely small mouth strike you as being wonderfully beautiful and prepossessing. You think no human creature can be fairer. When, however, you hear her speak in a harsh and haughty strain, using bitter, scornful words where reproaches were not called for, the much prized loveliness appears to vanish, and an unfavorable impression, too frequently of a lasting character, is produced.

**OLD CLOTHES.**—Old clothes pass into the hands of two distinct dealers, and by them are turned to a valuable use. These dealers are the men who buy old clothes, and the men who pick them out of the street. There are five hundred old clothes dealers in New York who have shops, and who send men out to collect old garments. Many of these sell the old clothing for a small advance to one or two large concerns. In one of the large shops men and women work early and late for the trifling pay they receive for the stitch, stitch, stitch, by which they put in some kind of shape the old clothes that their master has bought up the day before. These clothes, after being purchased by the 'boss,' are assorted and scoured, and are then cut and sewed into shape, and made to resemble new clothes. They are then packed in boxes and sent to an agent at the West, who disposes of them to the best advantage, the advantage generally being the realization of about 70 per cent. on the original cost. The largest traffic of this kind is generally carried on by the Jews.

A preacher, not long since, discoursing to boys in the New Hampshire State Reform School, upon the fact that the good were respected, while the bad were shunned, attempted to illustrate it by saying, 'Now, boys, when I walk in the street, I speak to some and not to others, what now makes the difference?' supposing of course they would say, 'Because some are good and some are bad.' But he was much astonished to hear one little fellow sing out, 'Because some are rich and some are poor.'

One watch set right will do to set many by; but, on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood; and the same may be said of the example we individually set to those around us.

### Preparing the Southern Youth.

Gen. Lee's Washington College at which Southern youth are being educated, and for the endowment of which Henry Ward Beecher raised money in his congregation, is as truly Southern as the most ardent 'chivalry' could wish. At the recent alumni supper the fourth regular toast was as follows:

'The fallen heroes of the war! Noble men! The story of their martyrdom adds fresh lustre to a motto too often sneered at. 'Dulce decorum est pro patria mori!'

General Hampton, in response, said he did not believe the Confederate heroes had fallen in vain—the cause for which Jackson and Stuart fell cannot be in vain, but in some form would yet triumph. The eighth toast was:

'The true men of the South! Having courage without rashness, prudence without timidity, they neither quail before the frown of power nor fawn upon the hands that have manacled the liberties of their country!'

General Walker in responding, said that during the war he tried to do his duty in seeking the real interests of Virginia; and that since the surrender he had never bowed the knee to Baal. He never meant to acknowledge higher allegiance than that he owed his native State.

'The college is merely a rebel nursery in which the young men of the South who might otherwise be tolerably loyal to the Government, are indoctrinated with the most vicious hatred of it.'

A large spot is now visible on the disk of the sun. A lithographic sketch of the appearance of this spot has been made by a gentleman of New Haven, who observed the sun with a telescope, having a magnifying power of two hundred and ninety. The length of the spot is 5,500 miles, the black portion extending for 24,000 miles; or, to give a more familiar idea of its magnitude, two planets, each as large as our earth, could be engulfed within this chasm. The periphery of the central spot is mottled, with black and gray dots. The lithograph, it is stated, presents a very curious figure, somewhat resembling a capital Q or a comet with a curled tail, surrounded by an infinite number of small specks of a grayish tint. The greater diameter of this sun spot extends nearly due east and west, that portion spoken of above as the tail curving round to the north. Altogether, it is reported as presenting a remarkable and unusual appearance.

In a school recently, a teacher took occasion to relate an anecdote of a little girl who tried to overcome 'evil with good' by giving a new Testament to a boy who had ill treated her. The story was appreciated, for in a few moments one boy struck another, and being asked the reason, he said he was 'trying to get a Testament.' This was a practical bearing altogether unexpected.

We like to hear people tell good stories while they are about it. Read the following from a Western paper: 'In the late gale birds were seen hopping about with all their feathers blown off. We have heard of gales at sea where it required four men to hold the captain's hair on.'

If your mother's mother was my mother's sister's aunt, what relation would your great grand-father's uncle's nephew be to my elder brother's first cousin's son-in-law?

There is a law suit going on in Lancaster for the possession of three goslings claimed by two different persons. The costs already amount to twenty dollars per gosling, and the case has only got through the Alderman's jurisdiction.

**SEARCH.**—Politicians who don't want offices, and maids who don't want husbands.

Dr. Johnson, at a late period of his life, observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds: 'If a man does not make new acquaintances as he passes through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.'

Is he an inhuman man who puts his horse to the rack?

**FOR PURE**

**DRUGS**

AND

**MEDICINES,**

**OILS**

AND

**PAINTS,**

&c. &c.

Go to Fourthman s

**DRUG STORE.**

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Real Estate and Insurance Agent,  
Office in Walker's Building,  
Waynesboro, Penna.  
My 8—11.