



By W. Blair.

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ALEX. LEEDS,

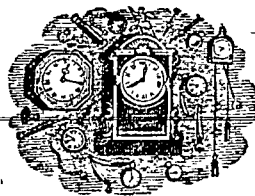
Next door to the Town Hall, has now on hand a fine assortment of

CLOCKS,



Selected by himself with great care, a large and well selected assortment of

WATCHES,



of Swiss, English, and American Manufacture;

JEWELRY

cheaper than ever before sold in Waynesboro, all the latest styles kept constantly on hand. Every variety of Cuff Buttons. A fine assortment of

FINGER AND EAR RINGS.

Solid Gold. Engagement and

WEDDING RINGS.

Silver Thimbles and sheaths, Castors, Forks, and Spoons, Salt Cellars, and Butter Knives of the celebrated Roger Manufacturing, at reduced rates.

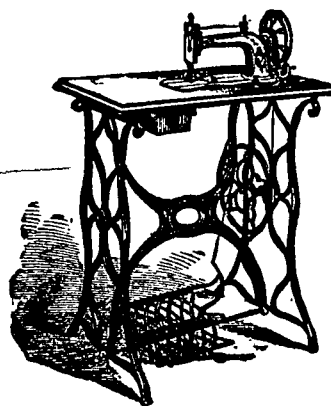
SPECTACLES



To suit everybody's eyes. New glasses put in old frames.

Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry promptly and neatly repaired and warranted. ALEX. LEEDS, Next door to the Town Hall, under the Photograph Gallery. July 31.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS.



WE desire to call the attention of the people of Waynesboro, and surrounding country to the following FACTS:—1. The

SINGER SEWING MACHINE

Is the best for Family Use.

- It has the best Hemmer ever put on a Sewing Machine; commencing at the corner of the work, and turning a very pretty hem that will not wash out. It will hem into a square corner and out; around an abrupt curve; into a scallop, and turn the work all in neatly. It will also hem the edge of unbleached muslin without trimming off the fringe.
- It has the best attachments for Hemming, Felling, Puckering, Cording, Ruffling, Braiding, Binding, and Trimming, ever put on a Sewing Machine.
- It is the fastest running Machine in the world and runs the easiest.
- It does not take six months to learn to use it. It is so simple that a child can use it.
- It will out-work any two other machines you can name, and hence the most durable.
- It does its work equally well, at fast or slow rates of speed.
- It cannot be got out of order by sewing.

With these FACTS, we invite you to come and see for yourself, and can assure you that after ten years practice with Sewing Machines, we know by practical experience which Machine to sell and which to recommend; and can say that you will find it to your own interest to see these before making a purchase. Parties will please leave their orders with the undersigned who will promptly fill them. THOS. J. FILLBERT, Agent. June 19—18.

LIME LIME!

Persons wanting fresh Lime can be supplied by calling on the subscriber. June 19—18. ALEX. HAMILTON.

POETICAL.



THE LANGUAGE OF THE HEART.

ROBERT H. BROWN

There is a love that speaketh,
But is not heard aloud;
Its sacred language breaketh
Not on the busy crowd.
'Tis heard in secret places
Its sorrow to disguise;
'Tis writ in anxious frowns,
And meditative eyes.
It ever comes to render
Kind thoughts when fond ones part,
Its tones are sweet and tender,
'Tis the language of the heart.

No art of man can teach us
'This secret speech of love;
Though here its tones may reach us,
They echo first above.
'Tis heard in gentle praises,
In pleadings soft and weak;
It tells in silent gazes,
What lips could never speak.
With strong electric fleetness,
Its holy breathings start,
No speech can match its sweetness—
The language of the heart.

Is there Room in Angel-Land?

A short time since a Methodist preacher related the following touching incident: A mother who was preparing some flour to bake into bread, left it for a few moments, when little Mary—with childish curiosity to see what it was—took hold of the dish, which fell to the floor, spilling the contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying, with anger, that she was always in the way! Two weeks after little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be no room for her among the angels. "I was always in your way, mother—you had no room for little Mary! And will I be in the angels' way? Will they have no room for me?" The broken-hearted mother then felt no sacrifice too great could she have saved her child.

Is there room among the angels
For the spirit of your child?
Will they take your little Mary
In their loving arms so mild?
Will they ever love me fondly,
As my story books have said?
Will they find a home for Mary—
Mary numbered with the dead?
Tell me truly, darling mother!
Is there room for such as me?
Will I gain the home of spirits,
And the shining angels see?

I have sorely tried you mother—
Been to you a constant care!
And you will not miss me mother,
When I dwell among the fair!
For you have no room for Mary—
She was ever in your way,
And she fears the good will shun her!
Will they, darling mother, say?
Tell me—tell me truly, mother,
Ere life's closing hour doth come!
Do you think that they will keep me,
In the shining angels' home?
I was not so wayward, mother!
Not so very—very bad,
But that tender love would nourish,
And make Mary's heart so glad!
Oh! I yearned for pure air,
In this world of bitter woe!
And I long for bliss immortal,
In that land where I must go!
Tell me once again dear mother,
Ere you take the parting kiss!
Will the angels bid me welcome
To that world of perfect bliss?

MISCELLANY.

Home Politeness.

Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your best, your very best, and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with 'your never minds—don't think of it—I don't care at all.' If a husband does it, he gets a frown! If a child he is chastised. Ah! these are little things, say you!—They tell mightily on the heart, let us assure you, little as they are. A gentleman stops at a friend's house, and finds it in confusion. He don't see anything to apologize for—never thinks of such matters—everything is all right—cold supper—cold room—crying children—perfectly comfortable. Goes home, his wife has been taking care of the sick ones, and worked her life almost out. "Don't see why things can't be kept in better order—there never was such cross children before." No apologies except away from home. Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely the golden coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound, those little words, 'I thank you,' or 'You are very kind.' Double, yes, thrice sweet from the lips we love, when heart smiles make the eye sparkle with the clear light of affection. Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of our welfare? To grow glad at your approach? To bound away to do your pleasure before your request is half spoken? Then, with all your dignity and authority mingle politeness. Give it a niche in your household temple. Only then will you have the true secret of sending out into the world really finished gentlemen and ladies. Again we say unto all—be polite.

What are you Going to Read.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The long winter nights are coming. Towns and cities are full of young men whose education has been very limited—young men of good manners, of fair business capacities, who are seeking their fortune, but who have not learned that intelligence and integrity are the indispensable conditions of influence, of happiness, and of success!

What plans have you, my friends, for this winter? Business will be attended to of course. Perhaps, in addition, the prospect of several parties, a ball or two, the skating ring; give a cheerful prospective. Or, you may be of a sober turn, and you have a winter laid out in which your leisure time is to be filled with meetings and benevolent labors.

In either case, what do you propose in regard to Reading, or Study? Are you educating yourselves? Do you regard books as necessities of life, or as luxuries?

A young man ought to arrange as systematically for reading as he does for eating.—Every year there ought to be the account of books finished and mastered.

Newspapers and magazines have their own place, and indispensable uses—but they are not substitutes for books. And books themselves are to be classified and wisely chosen. Novels and light literature, taken sparingly, furnish wholesome recreation, and sound knowledge. But history, travels, biography, works on science, criticism, art, mechanics, should be the staple of your selection.

It ought to offend the self-respect of a young man to spend a whole year without having mastered a single new book. He may be improving in business tact, and in that knowledge which comes from mingling with men; he may be growing in wealth and skill to manage riches, but these things do not reach in far enough. They do not touch the place where manhood resides.

Now is the time to consider, resolve and arrange. It will require a firm purpose and steady hand to carry you every week through an agreed amount of reading. But, if the plan is once arranged, begun, and carried forward a month, the execution of it will become easier every week, and the interest will increase at every step. Nothing increases self-respect in a young man more worthily than the habit of sound reading.

Books are shields to the young. Temptations are blunted on them which otherwise would pierce to the quick. A man who draws sufficient pleasure from books is independent of the world for his pleasure.—Friends may die; books never are sick and they do not grow old. Riches melt away; books are in danger of no bankruptcy. Our companions have their own errands to execute and their own burdens to bear, and cannot, therefore, be always at hand when we need company; but books never go out from us. They are not sensitive to our neglect; they are never busy; they do not scold us, and they do welcome us with uniform and genial delight. What are you going to read this winter?

Dread of Sudden Death.

There is an almost universal dread of sudden death. Nor can we wonder at this dread, when we consider how momentous an event death is, and how solemn the realities it involves. But after all does it not spring—does it not receive force and point—mainly in the consciousness that we have no habitual preparation for death, and the consequent "something after death?" Does it not spring from a consciousness that we are leaving something undone, which we would wish to repair in a dying hour? And yet, how rare are the instances in which death does not come suddenly! Down to the last hour of life, and almost to the last gasp, the wasting consumptive will repeat his oft-told, delusive story of 'being a little better,' thus hugging the delusive hope of life till its last sand is already falling from life's emptied glass. Who of us will die when, and where, as we suppose? Probably not one. The fact is death comes suddenly to all. It breaks in upon all the unfinished plans of life, and hurries the victim away. No startling admonition breaks upon the air.

CONTENTMENT.—There are a hundred successful men where there is one contented man. I can find a score of handsome faces where I can find one happy face—happy in all weathers, and radiant with the sunshine of the heart. I can even find a score of working, zealous Christians where I can counter a single Christian who, under the o'er brooding love of God sits as a robin does on its bough, singing and swinging, without one trouble in its heart, or one discord in its minstrelsy. A downright contented Christian is rare, and all the more attractive for his rarity. What did Paul mean when he said, 'I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be contented?' He meant that he was perfectly willing to be just where God placed him, and to do just what God told him, and to suffer just what God laid on him, and to work out, through manifold pains and persecutions, his mighty mission to his race. He knew how to be abased and how to abound—how to be full and how to be hungry. He was not content without work, but content with his work.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer and virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing displeases them they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces and words are harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones in such a way as to make them happy

Monday Morning.

Much has been written of Saturday night,—that time so welcome to the laboring man, since in it he lays aside the weekly cares and toils in anticipation of a day of rest; but who of us has ever written of Monday morning, the time in which we 'gird on our armor' for the week, and enter upon its duties with new zest, and a freshness of body and mind? And yet, is there not an importance attached to Monday morning which there is not to Saturday night? An importance of beginning the week in such a manner that Saturday night may bring to us no regretted, misspent hours, no illy completed labors?—If, on Monday morning, one sits down with folded hands, dreading the tasks before him, how easily the time glides away, until ere he is scarcely aware, the week is passing and nothing accomplished!—'Six days shall thou labor,' is quite apt to be overlooked, though it is no less a part of the fourth commandment than the words, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Then, if one suffers the beginning of these 'six days' to pass in idleness, he fulfills not all the command. May not life be compared to a single week? Childhood may be represented by the first day. As in it we rest, thereby gaining new strength for the duties of the week, so during this period the child is acquiring needed strength for his life-work. As at this period passes, the Monday morning of life dawns upon him. If then he sits idly down, dreaming of some golden future awaiting only the touch of some magic, fairy wand to reveal to him its bounteous good, or if he wastes in idle pleasures this starting-point of life, how seldom, in after years, he proves himself more than half a man! At the beginning of each new period of his life, he is less fitted to enter upon the work of Monday morning, and most likely when he reaches the Saturday night of a wasted lifetime, it will bring him naught but sad regrets, and bitter repining over a wretched life which goes down beneath the waves of time, with no hope of a glorious resurrection.

It is pleasant, we know, to muse on Saturday night—on the peaceful closing of a life brightened by 'hope beyond,'—but while our weeks come and go it is of far more profit to us that we think on Monday morning; that we think on life's beginning and its week of labor; on the good we may do here, and on our preparation for a future unmeasured by earthly weeks, leaving our Saturday nights,—the closing of our earthly labors,—with Him who metes out to us these weeks.—Then shall we find the Saturday night of life sweet to our wearied souls, but sweeter for the dawning of the long Sabbath of Eternity.

The Miseries of a Rich Man.

The New York correspondent of the Rochester Democrat is responsible for the following:

Alexander T. Stewart clears one thousand dollars per day, Sabbaths excepted, all the year round. Cornelius Vanderbilt pleads guilty to double that sum, while William B. Astor rates his income at four thousand three hundred and thirty dollars per diem. Sleeping or walking, the latter gentleman finds a three dollar bill dropping into his hat every minute of the twenty-four hours. He cannot sit down to talk with his physician without having a little more wealth, if not health; he cannot unburden his mind for ten minutes without feeling the burden increasing in his pocket, and he cannot walk Broadway, however the weather may be, without catching a shower of money. At every turn cash stares him in the face in the most insolent manner. Banks fling their dividends at his head; ruthless financiers beat him with coupons; un pitying and soulless corporations dump their filthy lucre at his door-step, and contemptuous bill stickers plaster his door with greenbacks. One might inquire what the fellow has done to merit this treatment, and the only charge that can be brought is that he was a rich man's son, and therefore must suffer.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—In his speech at Carlisle, Ohio, Mr. Stanton says: 'I have been told by those who visited their friends in Europe shortly after the close of the war, that in every household, in every place, by every fireside, there hung the portrait, more or less rude, of Abraham Lincoln.' Mr. Lincoln's portrait is found in Asia, as well as in Europe, and in parts of Asia where Americans are rarely seen. Mr. Thomas W. Knox, in his journey through Siberia two years ago, frequently saw portraits of our martyred President hanging on the walls of the wayside stations and in the hands of the wealthy citizens. At Ekaterinburg, in the Ural mountains, he was shown a bust of Mr. Lincoln that was being made to the order of a wealthy Russian. The bust was five or six inches high, and cut in topaz from a model procured in America for the purpose.

HEALTH OF FARMERS.—There are seven reasons why farmers are healthier than professional men, viz:

1. They work more, and develop all the leading muscles of the body.
2. They take their exercise in the open air, and breathe a greater amount of oxygen.
3. Their food and drinks are commonly less adulterated, and far more simple.
4. They do not overwork their brain as much as industrious professional men do.
5. They take their sleep, commonly during the hours of darkness, and do not try to turn night into day.
6. They are not so ambitious, and do not wear themselves out so rapidly in the fierce contest of rivalry.
7. Their pleasures are simple and less exhausting.

One hour lost in the morning will put back all the business of the day; one hour gained by rising early will make one month in the year.

Babes in the Woods.

A correspondent of the Portsmouth (N. H.) Times says that the town of Atkinson, in that State, was thrown into excitement on Monday afternoon by the announcement that two little children of Rufus Marse, aged three and four and one-half years, were missing since early that morning, and though dozens of persons had searched for them several hours, no trace could be found of the missing babes. Before dark nearly all the inhabitants of Atkinson were engaged in the search, young and old, rich and poor, all turned out. The moon set that evening about eight o'clock, but until about eleven the search was continued, but was fruitless. The parents were nearly distracted, but all efforts made failed to bring the slightest clue to the lost ones. When nearly all had given up, and no hopes were entertained of their being found that night, a Hampstead man, named Tristram Little, plunged into a swamp about one and a half miles from the home of Marse, and there, in about a foot of mud and water, found the little ones exhausted and almost dead. The three-year-old was about half immersed in the water, and was sleeping with its head resting on a log. How they came there they cannot tell, except that the four-years old says he kept going and thought he saw a light which he tried to reach.

How to Succeed.

One of the largest and most successful shoe manufacturers of Lynn worked seven years upon his seat to get a capital of one thousand one hundred and thirty-five dollars, with which he commenced business.—His earnings during these years were just five dollars a week—two hundred and fifty dollars a year. He paid two dollars a week for board, and made one dollar to pay all other expenses, thus saving one hundred and four dollars each year, which, with the interest added and small amounts gained in trade, amounted in seven years to the sum above named. The first year in business he cleared five hundred dollars, the second a thousand, and the third two thousand—all the time cutting his own shoes, and keeping his personal expenses down to the old sum—three dollars per week. As his means increased his operations enlarged, and for several years past he has done a very large and successful business, and is known as one of the best and most liberal of the citizens of Lynn, giving large sums to charitable purposes. During the year 1867 he did a business of \$300,000, the profits of which were \$40,000 and the total loss, by bad debts, one case of boots worth \$150.

DRUG STORES ON WHEELS.—A party from Frankfort went down to Louisville to see Zoastre last week. After the close of the theatre they took a look at the elephant generally. While standing on the corner of Walnut and Hancock streets, conferring about the wonders of Louisville, a street car with colored lights came in sight.

'George,' said one of them to his mate, 'let us go right home in the morning.'
'What makes you in such a hurry Jim?'
'It's too sickly here. Do you see those red and blue lights coming up the street?'
'Yes, I see them, but what of that?'
'Why, darn my oats if I am going to stay in a place that is so sickly that they have to haul their drug stores around on wheels.'
Jim left for Frankfort in the morning.

A machine for harvesting corn, by taking the ears from the stalks while standing in the field, was exhibited at the recent State fair in Illinois. The apparatus is constructed so as to strip two rows at once. The stalks are taken between projecting metal fanged fingers, and as the machine advances the butt of the ear is brought in contact with a short sickle, playing at the rear of the fingers, cutting it off, while the stalk passes under the machine without being pulled up; the ears are received into a large hopper at the rear of the machine, and discharged when it is full.

A Sheriff's officer was once asked to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at his house he saw the Quaker's wife, who, in reply to the inquiry whether her husband was at home said 'no was, and at the same time requesting him to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him. The officer waited patiently for some time, when the fair Quakeress coming into the room, he reminded her of her promise that he might see her husband. 'Nay, friend; I promised that he might see thee. He has seen thee, he did not like thy looks, therefore, he avoided thee, and hath departed from the house by another path.

Near the village of M——, there lived a farmer who had engaged a son of the Emerald Isle to work for him. One morning in the spring Pat was sent to harrow a piece of ground. He had not worked long before all the teeth—except two or three—came out of the harrow. After a while the farmer went out in the field to see how Pat proceeded, and asked him how he liked harrowing.
'Oh,' replied Pat, 'it goes a bit smoother now since the pegs are out.'

Who are the Happiest men.—They who live to benefit others—who are always ready with a word to encourage—a smile to cheer—a look to persuade, and a dollar to assist. They are never fearful least a good trade or an excellent bargain should fall into the hands of a poor neighbor, but they more rejoice when such an one meets with encouragement.

There cannot be a pleasant smile upon the lips of the hopeless. The blow which crushes life will shatter the smile.

Brevity of speech is sure to give comprehensiveness of thought.

EXTRAORDINARY FISHING.—I was once on Lake Winnepiseogee, in the winter, fishing for pickerel, says Brown. 'It was awful cold, and the ice was four and a half feet thick. Father was with me, and while I was thrashing my hands to keep them warm, I noticed that dad had an all-fired bite. It was so hard that it jerked the old fellow into the hole in the ice, and I thought he was a goer, but just then, I remembered that dad was awful fond of rum and tobacco, so I out with a piece of nigger head and soaked it in rum for a minute, and then baited my hook with the weed, and drops it in the hole what the old gentleman went into, and in less than ten minutes, gentlemen, I had a bite, and up I hauled the old man as fresh as ever. But, gentlemen, he kept the tobacco.'

A prolonged whistle on the part of the audience, as though the yarn was not believed.

'It's a fact, gentlemen continued Brown,' and that reminds me of another story, which I don't mind telling. 'One winter I was crossing the lake on the ice, and as I was going to a raso! I had an itch awg in my hand. All at once I thought I'd like to see how thick the ice was, so I bored a hole, and found it was about two feet. Then I thought I'd find out how deep the water was, so I dropped my carpenter plumb through the auger hole, and hang me if I didn't have a savage bite before the lead touched bottom.

'I pulled up, and landed a seven pound pickerel.'

Another prolonged whistle and some one asked Brown how a seven pound fish could get through an auger hole.

'That's something I have nothin' to do with,' replied Brown. 'All I know, the fish was caught and carried home, and I ate my share of him, and the old gentleman took his part. I don't bother my head about matters that I don't understand. And who'll stand the liquor?'

A clerical correspondent, writing from Philadelphia, relates that not long since, at the breaking ground for a railroad in a certain town in the southwest, a clergyman, being called upon to open the proceedings with prayer, took from his pocket a manuscript supplication, prepared for the occasion, which he read. A colored brother present, leaning upon his shovel, noticing the movement, remarked with a grin, 'Golly! dat's de fast time dis darkey ever know do Lord written to on the subject of a railroad.'

The eloquent preacher of Scotland, Rev. Dr. Guthrie, thus speaks of his advancing years. 'They say I am growing old because my hair is silvered, and there are crow's feet upon my forehead, and my step is not firm and elastic as of yore. But they are mistaken—that is not me. The knees are weak, but the knees are not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. This is the house in which I live. But I am younger than ever I was before.

The finest idea of a thunderstorm extant is when O'Fogarty came home tight. He came into the room among his wife and daughters, and just then tumbled over the cradle and fell heavily to the floor. After a while he rose and said: 'Wife are you hurt?' 'No.' 'Girls are you hurt?' 'No.' 'Terrible clap, wasn't it?'

At the 'wickedest man's' prayer meeting, in Water street, New York, the other day, an old sailor cried out, 'Presbyterians for discipline, Baptists for water, and Methodists for fire. I am a Presbyterian when on duty, a Baptist in hot weather, and a Methodist in winter.'

A lady went out with her little girl and boy, and purchased the latter a rubber balloon, which escaped him and went up into the air. The girl, seeing the tears in his eyes, said: 'Never mind, Neddy, when you die and go to heaven you'll dit it.'

Woman is composed of two hundred and forty-three bones, one hundred and nine muscles, and three hundred and sixty-nine pins. Fearful and wonderfully made, and must be handled with great care to avoid scratches.

A Western editor describes the scene at a popular lecture thus: 'Three thousand ladies were hanging on the lips of one man.' A pretty strong way that!

A Mr. Lion has just married a Miss Lamb. Scripture will assuredly be illustrated in this case—the lion will lie down with the lamb.

What is the only thing that can live in the midst of fire? A piece of coal.

Four shall not enter Paradise, the scowler, the liar, the hypocrite and the slanderer.

The women of this country wear 351,000,000 yards of calico a year.

Smoothness says the best way to arm one's self is to embrace a lady.

Time on the jump—leap year.