



By W. Blair.

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ALEX. LEEDS,

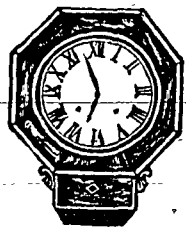
POETICAL.



CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

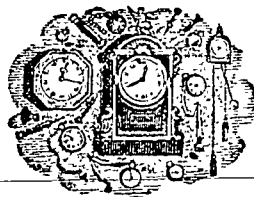
Hurrah! Hurrah!! The Carrier boy greets one and all again, On Main, Mechanic, Church, and North, with Lettersburg thrown in, And ye who live on other streets, what're they may be your name.

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, and the latest styles kept constantly on hand.

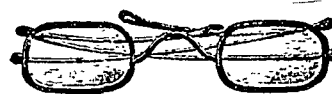
FINGER AND EAR RINGS.

Solid Gold. Engagement and

WEDDING RINGS,

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

SPECTACLES



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

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD! LONDON BLOOD PANACEA.

The Great Alterative and Blood Purifier.



Nothing can be more surprising than its invigorating effects on the human system. Persons all weakness and lassitude, by using the PANACEA, at once become robust and full of energy under its influence.

For sale by J. F. KURTZ, Druggist, Waynesboro.

Flour! Flour! Flour!

AT WONDERFULLY REDUCED PRICES!

GOOD Family Flour, warranted to give satisfaction, at the low rate of NINE and a half DOLLARS per BARREL, and 20 lbs. for \$1.00.

MILLINERY GOODS! TO THE LADIES!

MRS. C. L. HOLLINGER has just received a full supply of new Millinery goods. Ladies are invited to call and examine her stock.

down goods tend. That D. B. Russel did not come out at the biggest end.

At the last store we saw a stove, the next we see a Stove (r). Also a Wolf; and both of them seem wading through tall clover.

This far we've seen a Coon, and Wolf both civilized and tame. But here's a Beaver, and we ask will we find him just the same?

We pass across Mechanic street to where Elden keep their stand, For while there floats a boat they're sure to keep 'em off the strand.

The next we find a Miller, though he's only such in name. Then Trillie (like his "Morning" stoves) is always in a frame.

We next direct attention to the store of Wm. Reid; Geiser & Rinehart's hardware stand comes next as we proceed.

Our time will not permit, Old Town, to mention any more. Though there's many who are worthy, and we count them by the score.

MISCELLANY.

A STORY OF ARLINGTON IN TIME OF PEACE.

BY L. A. GOBRIGHT.

Arlington is beautifully located, about two miles from Washington and Georgetown. It occupies a commanding position on the Virginia shore of the Potomac.

General R. E. Lee married a daughter of Mr. Custis, by whose death he became the owner of the estate, which had been bequeathed to Mr. Custis by General Washington, who adopted him as his son.

About fifteen years ago, business of a private character called me to Arlington. I was sitting on a fallen tree to rest, when Mr. Custis, returning from his fields, stopped to enter into a conversation with me.

The old orator, who never suffered the twenty-second of February—the anniversary of Washington's birthday—to pass without making a speech or contributing his recollections of the Father of his Country to the columns of a newspaper, was interesting in his social intercourse, and spoke familiarly of men and things of the olden time, and told how Washington, who married his grandmother, placed an epaulette upon his left shoulder.

'I admire your barn,' said I; 'there is a neatness about it, though somewhat of a rude structure; and, too, it seems to be well built.'

under my direct superintendence, and there is a little history connected with it that may be interesting to you, as it is to me every time it comes into my mind.

'I should like to hear it,' I responded. 'Twenty years ago,' he continued, 'a man came here looking for work; he was of large size, and compactly built, but was somewhat shabby in his appearance.

'Wait awhile,' said Mr. Custis, interrupting me, 'and perhaps you will be pleased with the sequel. The man told me he had a wife and several children in Georgetown, and that they were in a destitute condition. This was a fact, as I soon found out by a personal visit, when I relieved their necessities.

'I am very much interested,' I said, filling the vacuum with the remark. And, after a pause, he continued: 'Well, Charley went to work, and a good carpenter he was. He required no one to help him; he picked up logs as though they were chips.

'Well, Charley went to work, and a good carpenter he was. He required no one to help him; he picked up logs as though they were chips. He now appeared determined to reform—very likely that angel wife had been talking to him. And you know that when a man has a heart and mind to work labor is lightened. So it was with Charley.

'And he found me here. With a smile upon his face, and in a manner somewhat familiar, he held out his hand and addressed me as his 'old friend,' and inquired about the former occupants of our house, including even my men servants. But, before I answered his interrogatories, I asked who it was to whom I was speaking.

'The gentleman replied, 'I am very happy to answer that question in my own person. That, sir, is my name, and I built that barn.'

'What are you doing now, Charley—where have you been?' 'He answered; 'I have traveled much. After leaving you, having determined I would reform, I quit drink, and, under the guidance of my good wife, I adopted the better life, and placed my cause in the hands of Him who is mighty to save and strong to deliver.'

'That was the last time,' said Mr. Custis, 'I saw Charley Nicholson; and God bless him. WITHOUT AN ENEMY.—Heaven help the poor man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please every body! If such an individual ever succeeded we should be glad of it—not that we believe in a man going through the world trying to find beams to knock and thump his poor head against, disputing every man's opinion, fighting and clouting all who differ with him.

'I, admire your barn,' said I; 'there is a neatness about it, though somewhat of a rude structure; and, too, it seems to be well built.'

Quaker Wedding.

A Quaker wedding is a novelty to the world's people, and as such we present our readers with a detailed description of one which recently took place in the enterprising town of Harrison Westchester county.

The ceremony was to take place at eight o'clock in the evening. Long before that hour the parlors were crowded, with the exception of a passage way left through the centre of each. The Friends in their peculiar and well known costume, were seated in the front parlor in solemn silence.

'In the presence of the Lord, and these people, I take thee, Amy, to be my wife, promising by the Divine assistance to be unto thee a loving and faithful husband, until death do part us.'

'This is indeed a very solemn ceremony, and we will need the Divine assistance in living up to its requirements.'

At this stage of the proceedings the best man with an assistant brought a small table into the room, upon which was a marriage certificate in the shape of a scroll, a pen and an inkstand, and placed it in front of the bridegroom.

Before the final performance of the ceremony, several rehearsals are gone through in private. Old friends shake their heads and say that usually the woman goes through with her part of the ceremony with more grace and correctness than the man.

California.

Few people have an idea of the extent of California. The State is 700 miles long, by about 200 wide. San Francisco and Sacramento together have a population of about 170,000, leaving about 300,000 population for this area of country—as large as all New England, New York and Pennsylvania together—an area large enough and rich enough to sustain a population of 30,000,000. It would make a large sized European kingdom. The State will have 13,000,000 bushels of wheat to spare, which will bring in from \$18,000,000 to \$20,000,000. The wool-clip is larger than ever before. The vintage promises to be the best ever gathered. Twenty-five million grapes are in bearing, and new vineyards are the order of the day. The State has just begun its network of railroads, soon to be connected by the long spider-thread across the continent.

A deluded citizen of Portland, Me., becoming impressed with an idea that the world is soon to be visited by a second deluge, has applied his whole property (6,000) to the building of an ark of refuge. The boat will be 50 feet long, 15 feet wide, flat-bottomed, square-sterned, round bows, with a house a little aft of amidships. He is sole planner and builder, and intends when it is completed, to furnish it with necessary provisions, and calmly await the rising of the waters.

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 offence against his dignity.

'They think they're pious when they're only bilious!'

'A good man is almost always a cheerful one. It is fit that had men sorrow, 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 was not, on the whole, an unhappy dog.'

AN INCIDENT.—A rather verdant youth from far up the country was lounging through the streets of a certain city the other day, hearing the music, and seeing the sights in general, bearing himself, amid all these temptations, as straight as a sapling and as independent as a wood-sawyer.

Country opened his eyes like an owl, and surveyed first the waiter and then the clerk. Finally, however, he broke out with:—'Heavens and split shingles! if this ain't a sell! I would 'at hev Bill Moony know it for a dollar. Look here, stranger, as soon as he could catch breath, 'dign things are called tea-trays up in our dignias. I reckoned you had to sell some of them fellers the papers say the English buy in China and carry to Cuba to work. These 'ere won't do.'

THE IRISHMAN AND THE NEGRO.—Governor Briggs used to relate the following, which a correspondent of Harper's avers has not been in print: In the old stage-coach days an Irishman was travelling in New England. Arriving late at the town where they were to spend the night, Pat discovered to his dismay, that the only chance for sleep was to share the couch of a colored brother. The natural repugnance of his race made him loth to accept the situation, but being very tired, he accepted with as good grace as possible.

Keep your eye open, young man, when you are after a woman. If the little dear is cross and scolds at her mother in the back room, you may be sure that you will get particular fits all round the house. If she apologizes for wiping the dishes, you will need a girl to fan her. If she blushes when found at the wash tub with her sleeves rolled up, be sure sir that she is the codfish aristocracy, little breeding and little sense.

An Irish dragoon, on hearing that his widowed mother had married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed, 'I hope she won't have a son older than me, for if she does I shall lose the estate.'

A WORD TO PRIDE.—By pulling your finger from the water, you leave no hole in the fluid; and by dying, you leave no vacancy in the world.

Cicero gives expression to a beautiful thought when he says, 'I go from life as from an inn, not as from home.'

'There is one kind o' ship I always steer clear of,' said an old bachelor sea captain; 'and that's coynship, 'cause on that ship there's always two mates and no captain.'