



By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 31

A. S. BONEBRAKE

DEALER IN

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Chemicals,

PATENT MEDICINES,

PREPARATIONS FOR THE HAIR,

OILS, PAINTS,

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at 20 per cent. discount.

Waynesboro' Hotel Building,

WAYNESBORO, PA.

March 27, 1868.

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH!"

SECOND ARRIVAL OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS, just received by HITESHEW & GERH.

We sell them as cheap as the cheapest and discount five per cent all cash bills of \$1.00 and over. Call and examine our stock and receive interest for your cash by purchasing a bill.

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Carpets, floor and table Oil Cloth for sale by HITESHEW & GERH.

N. B. We also have about 20,000 feet of seasoned poplar timber, which we will sell at reasonable prices. jan 1. H. & G.

CORNUCOPIA.

THE

Waynesboro' Bakery, Confectionary

AND

OYSTER SALOON.

THE well known and popular Restaurant and Saloon formerly kept by Wm B. Crouse, has been leased by the undersigned. They are devoting their entire time and attention to the business of catering for their friends and the public, and ready to supply the luxuries of the season. OYSTERS, CRABS, LOBSTERS, TURTLES, TURKEY, CHICKENS, &c., &c., will be served up at short notice and by the best of cooks. In fact and in short, we aim to keep a first class Eating House and to please the appetite of all who may favor us with a call. At all times the best ALE can be had on draught, for proof of which call and try the article. We have a saloon fitted up expressly for the Ladies.

Thankful for the encouragement we have received thus far, we hope to merit a still greater share of public patronage. nov 20] HENNEBERGER & HOOVER.

MILLINERY GOODS! TO THE LADIES!

MRS. C. L. HOLLINBERGER has just received a full supply of new Millinery goods. Ladies are invited to call and examine her stock. GOOD TEMPLAR REGALIAS supplied or the material to make them furnished. oct 23 if

POETICAL.



MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

The sounds that fall on mortal ear,
As dew-drops pure and even,
That soothe the breast or start the tear,
Are mother, home and heaven.

A mother—sweetest name on earth,
We kiss it on the knee,
And idolize its sacred worth
In manhood's infancy.

A home—that paradise below,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Where hallowed joys perennial flow
By calm, sequestered bowers.

And heaven—that port of endless peace,
The haven of the soul,
When life's corroding cares shall cease,
Like sweeping waves to roll.

O weep not then, though cruel time
The chain of love has rivin;
To every link, in yonder clime,
Re-union shall be given.

Oh, fall they not on mortal ear,
As dew-drops pure and even,
To soothe the breast, or start the tear,
A mother, home and heaven!

MISCELLANY.

A GOOD STORY FOR LAWYERS

It is probable that every lawyer of any note has heard of the celebrated Luther Martin, of Maryland. His great effort in the case of Aaron Burr, as well as his displays in the Senate of the United States, will never be forgotten. Trifles in the history of genius are important, as we hope to show in this story.

Mr. Martin was on his way to Annapolis, to attend the Supreme Court of the State. A solitary passenger was in the stage with him; and as the weather was extremely cold, the passengers soon resorted to conversation to divert themselves from too much sensibility to the inclement weather. The young man knew Martin by sight, and as he was also a lawyer, the thread of talk soon began to spin itself out of legal matters.

"Mr. Martin," said the young man, "I am just entering upon my career as a lawyer; can you tell me the secret of your great success? If, sir, you will give me from your experience, the key to distinction at the bar I will—"

"Will what?" exclaimed Martin.

"Why, sir, I will pay your bill while you are at Annapolis."

"Done. Stand to your bargain now, and I will furnish you with the great secret of my success; it is contained in one little maxim which I laid down early to guide me. If you follow it you cannot fail to succeed—It is this: 'Always be sure of your evidence.'"

The listener was very attentive—smiled—threw himself back in a philosophical posture, and gave his brain to the analysis, with true lawyer patience, of—"Always be sure of your evidence."

It was too cold a night for anything to be made peculiarly out of the old man's wisdom, and so the promising adept in maxim learning, gave himself up to stage dreams, in which he was knocking and pushing his way through the world by the all powerful words, "Always be sure of your evidence!"

The morning came, and Mr. Martin with his student took rooms at the best hotel in the city. The only thing peculiar to the hotel, in the eyes of the young man, was that the wines and the *et ceteras* of the fine living, seemed to recall very vividly the maxim about the evidence.

The young man watched Mr. Martin—wherever eating and drinking were concerned he was a man indeed to be watched, especially in the latter, as he was immoderately fond of the after-dinner, after supper, after everything luxury of wine. A few days were sufficient to show the incipient deal that he would have to pay dearly for his knowledge, as Mr. Martin seemed resolved to make the most of his part of the contract.

Lawyers, whether young or old, have legal rights, and so the young man began to think of the study of self-protection. It was certainly a solemn duty. It ran through all creation. Common to animals and men, it was a noble instinct not to be disobeyed, particularly where the hotel bills of a lawyer were concerned. The subject daily grew on the young man. It was all absorbing to the mind and pocket. A week elapsed, Mr. Martin was ready to return to Baltimore. So was the young man, but not in the same stage with his illustrious teacher.

Mr. Martin approached the counter in the bar room. The young man was an anxious spectator near him.

"Mr. Clerk," said Mr. Martin "my young friend, Mr. ———, will settle my bill, agreeable to the engagement."

The young man said nothing, but looked everything.

"He will attend to it, Mr. Clerk, as we have already had a definite understanding on the subject. He is pledged, professionally, to pay my bill," he hurriedly repeated.

"Where is your evidence?" asked the young man.

"Evidence?" sneered Mr. Martin.

"Yes sir," said the young man demurely. "Always be sure of your evidence, Mr. Martin. Can you prove the bargain."

Mr. Martin saw the snare, and pulled his

pocket book, paid the bill, and with great good humor assured the young man: "You will do, sir, and get through the world with your profession without advice from me."

Good and Bad Luck.

Henry Ward Beecher once remarked: "When I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a grocery late in the afternoon, with his hands stuck in his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had luck—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard and a tippler." In that remark he struck the key note of all the croaking about bad luck. The bad luck men meet with, is a consequence of their own acts and mismanagement. Who ever heard of an early-rising, hard-working, honest man complain of bad luck? A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of.

We once knew a man who lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time in fishing, when he should have been in his office. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence in the affairs of other people instead of his own.—Another, who was honest and constant at his work, erred by misjudgment; he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing, by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudulent men, by dishonest gains.

A man never has good luck who has a bad wife.—The lives and successes of such men as Stewart and Peabody were not governed by any such thing as 'good or bad luck.' They rose to their positions of power and influence by pluck instead of luck; indomitable perseverance, continuity of purpose, honesty of intention, integrity of character, were the stepping stones, the Jacob's ladder of their success.

Something to Set Us Thinking.

Ninety years hence, not a single man or woman, now twenty years of age, will be alive. Ninety years!—Alas! how many of the lively actors at present on the stage of life will make their exit long ere ninety years shall have rolled away! And could we be sure of ninety years, what are they? 'A tale that is told'; a dream; an empty sound, that passeth on the wings of the wind away, and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advances in age. Like the degrees in longitude, man's life declines as he travels toward the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point and vanishes forever. Is it possible that life is of so short duration? Will ninety years erase all the golden names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in their stead? Will all the new, blooming beauties fade and disappear, all the pride and passion, the love, hope and joy, pass away in ninety years and be forgotten? 'Ninety years,' says Death, 'do you think I shall wait ninety years? Behold, to day and to-morrow, and every day or nine When ninety years are past, this generation will have mingled with the dust and be remembered no more!'

DISAGREEABLE WOMEN.—A disagreeable woman is like a vacuum; there is no place for her in nature. She is a parody upon herself. If there is a touch of beauty about her, she gives these she meets the sort of shock one would feel on taking what appears to be wine, and is in reality vinegar. Fortunately she very seldom is beautiful, in the true sense of the word Nature does not lend itself to ehams. It is pitilessly exacting. Sweetness of face must result from sweetness of disposition. The face is not a mask, but a mirror. It reveals everything with terrible ingenuousness. Amiability is not to be simulated to the observant eye.—You cannot stamp the marks, the lines, the flowing curves of the agreeable on your face, unless you have the quality in your breast. For this reason the disagreeable woman is never really beautiful. Her features, at their best, remind you of etchings; the effects have been 'bit in' by acids. The forms of the disagreeable in woman are infinite, but the effect of all is the same. In place of attraction there is repulsion; in place of love, pity—if not scorn; in place of happiness, sour discontent. The disagreeable woman is in some to every created thing, including herself. There is positively only one way to deal with her—turn her into a joke. In that way she may be made tolerable like the Frenchman's slippers—useless, but just available as the basis of a gagout.

There is a curious bill now pending in the Legislature of Kentucky. It is to legalize the marriage of Dr. M. H. Thorp and Josephine Harvey, although the lady has a former husband still living from whom she has never been divorced. This former spouse was a Confederate officer, and was universally believed to have been killed in the battle of Stone River. Some ten months after that event the lady was married anew to Dr. Thorp, and was living in felicity with him, when suddenly the dead husband reappeared upon the stage of life. Like a perfect gentleman, he made no disturbance, but offered the lady the choice between herself and her second and newer partner. She chose the latter, and Mr. Harvey gave his consent and blessing. But this did not suffice to render the marriage legal, and for this purpose the parties have gone to the Legislature.

The son of John Sears, who died ten years ago in Boston, is fourteen years old and the richest young man in America, the assessed value of his real estate being \$20,000,000. He receives \$2,500 yearly until he is 21, then \$4,000 until 24, then \$6,000 until 30, and after that \$20,000 per annum. The three trustees have a salary of \$5,000 each, and the commissions received from rents equal in amount the salary of the President of the United States. Young Sears is now studying in Europe.

Perils of the Young.

Young people, says the Philadelphia Ledger, cannot be too careful to avoid bad habits. If a young man be idle, he will make others idle. If he be dishonorable in business, or extravagant, or does not pay his debts, he saps that credit, confidence and honor which is the life of business prosperity. Where these or others vicious principles prevail among the youth of a nation, it may sink into degradation, and eventually be destroyed. On the other hand, where an industrious, orderly, just, and honorable character prevails to the youth of a people, it insures the welfare and progress of the nation at large. In youth comes the crisis of life. Those who choose well, rise like the morning sun, higher and higher, but those who fail at this crisis, sink among the perils that surround them, often to rise no more. At no time are passions and energy so strong, and experience so weak, as at the point where parents and guardians relinquish authority, and the young man assumes the responsibility of directing himself. It is then that the mind and the body are strong, courage, hope and enterprise ardent and the appetites and inclinations powerful. Passions, when latent in the breast, need but a spark of temptation to inflame them. If they were all pure, and properly harmonized, the young man would perhaps find in them that which would give strength to his virtue, and an instinct, which, supplying the place of experience, would guide him aright. But it is not so. He may have inherited the moral delinquencies of the parent as much as his physical disorders.—The currents and fashions of prevailing wickedness make it difficult for a young man to keep clear of them. What avails the skill of the mariner in the midst of the whirlpool? He may steer by his compass, and set his sails, and seem to be moving aright, while he is really drifting in the fatal current. The young man, led by his youthful associates into the haunts of dissipation, and vice, is being insensibly drawn into the fatal current. He may be amiable and even innocent at first, but after a time his face is flushed, and his brow contracted with anxiety; for he feels that he is rushing into the whirlpool of guilt that may end in his destruction.

Good habits firmly fixed are the best thing to guide the youth through the journey of life in a wise and honorable manner. Money cannot do it; nor talents or education, nor powerful connections and fashionable manners. Neither can philosophy, or even innocence and amiability do it. All these may fade before temptation, like snow before the sun. Earnest and active devotion to duty, to virtuous principles, and the practice of honor, honesty, morality and justice, are necessary to combat the dangers by which the young are surrounded. Some habits should be checked; others stimulated, some need pruning, and others weeding out root and branch. If taken in time, it will be a pleasant duty to keep the garden of the mind in order, but if the weeds get the upper hand, the task will be one of increasing difficulty. Prince Talleyrand took part in thirteen revolutions, and was always the acknowledged leader. His plan was to watch the tendencies of public opinion, and always to take his stand a little way before the foremost, so that he would seem to be coming up to him. He once said that the secret of his success in life was to set his watch ten minutes ahead of the rest of mankind. So, if a young man in his business keeps a little in advance of what his employer could reasonably expect of him his reputation will be assured.

NO MONEY FOR THUNDERING ROD.—At a parish meeting in one of the towns in the interior of Pennsylvania, where a new meeting house had just been erected, the question was agitated with respect to having a lightning rod put up. Opinions were freely interchanged, and the project seemed to meet with general favor, until an influential and wealthy old German thus let himself swing, giving utterance to a rather novel statement, one not in accordance with the generally received opinion of the established laws of Nature and providence:

"Now, gentlemen, I tell you what I think. I think we have been too much troubled and expensed, and none has got tolls more as I to build a church for to Lord, and next Sunday we gives it to him and if he will do under away—I gives no vote nor month for doundering rod!"

This *mulier in parvo* speech proved a settler of the question, the enterprise was abandoned, the meeting was adjourned *sine die*, and the worthy parishioners harmonized beautifully over a glass of lager at the village inn.

A MAN'S INDUCEMENT TO MARRY.—Although enlightened men generally do not stop to think about the reason why they have married, and continue to maintain the family union, if they will look at the subject closely they will find it is a longing for happiness, to build for themselves a home in the bosom of which they may settle down and bide from the deceit, cold heartedness and ceremony of the world; where nothing but love enters, where there is no strife, no jealousies, heart burnings, envy or selfishness, nobody to cheat, defame or deceive them but all is love and unity.—Dr. Buford.

An Irishman who was engaged to cut ice, when handed a cross cut saw to commence operations with, pulled out a copper coin, and turning to his comrade, exclaimed: "Now, Pat—fair play! head or tail, who goes below!"

Too Much Work.

An insane and insatiable passion for accumulation has seized upon the public mind. Money is literally the god of many of our people, and the god of their families. For this they rise up before the sun in the heavens, and labor long after his going down. For this the ponderous wheel of business rolls round, like the wheel of day and night, from January to December, with no pause to cool its fiery axle. Is it any way surprising that under an increasing pressure of labor a large proportion of Americans break down early in life, and often, when just in sight of the goal, sink into premature graves?

It is not, however, the hard work we do, so much as the fretting, care and anxiety we cherish, that exhausts our vital energies, and puts an early period to our lives. We fully believe that, with the exception of a few Indian tribes, Americans are the most solemn people under the sun. There is no other community on the whole face of the earth who carry about so habitually their business cares, or who, amid so many circumstances of comfort, have so little enjoyment in their lives. It is even hard for many of us to laugh; or if we do occasionally join in merriment, our laughter is not of the free and easy, unrestrained kind, which Milton has painted, as 'holding both its sides,' or like Puck's without intermissions; but rather like that which Tom Davis described Johnson's to be, 'a kind of good natured growl.' By day and by night we can think and dream of nothing but the iron realities of life. Anxious, perplexing thoughts sit on the business man's brow as he rubs his eyes at daybreak; the duties of the toilet are rushed through with a splash, a wipe and a brush; breakfast is swallowed as if a fiery chariot were waiting at the doorstep; the place of business is flown to on the wings of steam; the day is spent in straining to overtake complicated details of business too extensive for the mind's grasp; it costs a race to be in time for dinner, even when it is postponed till night; and dinner is curtailed of its fair proportion of time, that he may solve some knotty problem of business that could not be solved during the day. The hour for sleep arrives, but tired nature's restorer refuses to flit up the raveled sleeve of care; the over-excited and jaded brain keeps up its throbbings, and thus things go on till the poor bond-slave of Mammon finds his constitution shattered, the coffin-maker soon takes his dimensions in his mind's eye, and he descends at last to his everlasting rest, with the glorious satisfaction, perhaps, of having gained for all his auld toil—his joyless days and sleepless nights—more money in funds than any other men on Change.—Exchange.

Primitive Book-keeping.

The Macon Telegraph relates the following:

"We have been just handed an African butter and milk account for a month, on a slip of paper as narrow and as long as our pencil. Long marks, we are told, mean quarts of milk, and short ones, in the same line, mean pounds of butter. The account shall be squared, and a receipt be taken, by throwing the bill into the stove. This kind of accounting puts us in mind of the Tar River merchant's bookkeeping. We dare say some of our old readers can tell the man's name, for the story is a true one. Tar River did a heavy mercantile business for that country—he was rich—he kept his own books, but could never read nor write. His manner was to put the outlines of the debtor's face at the top of the ledger, and underneath were pen pictures of the articles purchased, or, where that was impossible, some calligraphic sign which the maker understood.

"One day there was a disputed account.—Purchaser was charged with a cheese which he denied buying.

"What should I want with a cheese, when we make more at home than we can out?"

"It was a poser, and Tar River could only insist in reply upon the accuracy of his books.

"If there's anything I do value myself upon, it is the accuracy of my books."

"Impossible," says the debtor.

"It must be," says Tar River; "now think over what you have had of me."

"Well, I have had a saddle, trace chains, hoes, axes, and a—grindstone."

"Good heaven," says Tar River, "is it possible that in charging that grindstone I forgot to make a hole in the middle, and so took it for cheese? I can hardly credit such an error in my books!"

The Chinamen, who walk over bridges built two thousand years ago, who cultivated the cotton plant centuries before this country was heard of; and who fed silk worms before King Solomon built his throne, have fifty thousand square miles around Shanghai which they call the Garden of Shina, and which have been tilled by countless generations. This area is as New York and Pennsylvania combined, and is all meadow land raised but a few feet above the river—lakes, rivers, canals—a complete network of communication; the land under the highest till; three crops a year harvested; population so dense that, wherever you look, you see men and women in blue pants and blouse, so numerous that you fancy some fair or muster is coming off and all hands have turned out for a holiday.

A young gentleman, very conceited and vain of himself, but who, by the way, was rather despised, with a face much pitted by the small pox, was not long since addressed by a chap, who, after admiring him for some time, said—"When carved work comes in fashion, you'll be the handsomest man I ever put my eyes on."

To dispel darkness from about you, make light of your troubles.

A Small-pox Remedy.

A correspondent of the Stockton (California) Herald writes as follows:

I herewith append a receipt which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure the small-pox though the pittings are filled. When Jenner discovered cowpox in England the world of science hurled an avalanche of fame upon his head; but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published the receipt as a panacea for small-pox, it passed unheeded. It is as unfailing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever—Here is the receipt as I have used it, and cured my children of scarlet fever; here it is as I have used it to cure the small pox; when learned physicians said the patient must die, it cured; Sulphate of zinc, one grain; foxglove (digitalis), one grain; half a tea-spoonful of sugar; mix with two table spoonful of water. When thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every three hours. Better disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child smaller doses according to age. If counties would compel their physicians to use this there would be no need of pest-houses. If you value advice and experience, use this for that terrible disease.

Logic.—A man who was up to a thing or two once offered to bet that he could prove that this side of the river was the other side. His challenge was soon accepted, and a bet of ten dollars made; when, pointing to the opposite shore of the river he shrewdly asked: "Is not that one side of the river?"

"Yes," was the immediate answer.

"Agreed," said the man; "and is not this the other side?"

"Yes," said the other.

"Then," said the man, "pay me my ten dollars, for by your own confession I have proved that this side of the river is the other side." The dumb founded antagonist overcome by this profound logic, immediately paid the money.

AN ATTEMPT TO RAISE THE WIND.—An ingenious Yankee who got out of money resorted to a novel expedient for replenishing his purse. He announced that he would give lessons in whistling. Having collected a considerable number of pupils, he proceeded with his instructions. "Prepare to pucker," was his first command, and every mouth was put in order. "Now pucker!" At this point his scholars fell to laughing so violently that there was no getting their faces straight for further exercises; whereupon the Yankee, well suited, poked his pay and dismissed his class.

'Terms are things,' was once said by John Wilkes, and the remark has come down to our day. A new, and it seems to us satisfactory definition of the difference between two prominent religious societies of the day, comes from a Buffalo correspondent, that occurred between two five-year old misses:

"Anna, you are a Unitarian."

"Yes; and you are a Presbyterian."

"Now, I should like to know what is the difference."

"Oh, I don't know. All the difference I can see is, one is a 'arian, and the other is a 'arian."

Such is the wisdom of children!

A Sunday school teacher asked a little girl who was the first man. She acknowledged she did not know. The question was then put to an Irish girl, who answered, "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction.—"La," said the first child, "you needn't feel so grand about it, he wasn't an Irishman."

"My son," said an anxious father once, "what makes you use that nasty tobacco?"—Now the son was a very liberal sort of person, and, declining to consider the question in the spirit in which it was asked, replied, "To get the juice, old codger."

Beaver, Pa., has the meepest woman in America. She compelled a servant girl to walk two miles in the rain to get change to pay a washerwoman one-dollar and ninety-nine cents.

The following is Aunt Betsey's description of her milk man: "He is the meanest man in the world," she exclaimed. "He skims his milk on top, then turns it over and skims it on the bottom."

What thing is that which was born without a soul, and when it got it could only keep it three days, and when it died, it went neither to Heaven or Hell?

Answer.—The whale that swallowed Jonah.

"Mike," said a bricklayer to his hod-man, if you meet Patrick tell him to make haste as we are waiting for him." "Sure and I will," replied Mike; "but what will I tell him if I don't meet him?"

An editor, in noticing the proposition to light a certain town with red headed girls, says—"If we lived there we'd play tipsy every night, and hug the lamp-posts."

There is a man in New York in possession of a powerful memory. He is employed by the Humane Society to 'remember the poor.'

There is only the difference of a toss between some vegetables. Throw up a pumpkin and it will come down squash.

Unjust riches curse the owner in getting, in keeping, and in transmitting. They curse his children in their father's memory.

We think that a man carries the borrowing principle a trifle too far when he asks us to lead him our ears.

'Necessity is the mother of invention,' but it has never been accurately ascertained who is the father.