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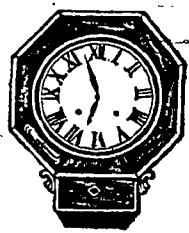
WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 25, 1869.

NUMBER 51

## ALEX. LEEDS,

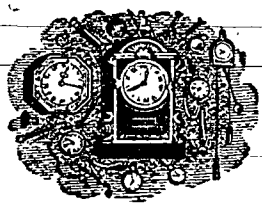
Next door to the Town Hall, has now on hand a fine assortment of

## 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 shavers, Castors, Forks, and Spoons, Salt Cellars, and Butter Knives of the celebrated Rogers Manufacture, 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.

## A. S. BONEBRAKE

DEALER IN

## DRUGS,

## Chemicals,

## PATENT MEDICINES,

## PREPARATIONS FOR THE HAIR,

## OILS, PAINTS,

## VARNISHES,

&c. &c.

Physicians dealt with

at 20 per cent. discount.

Waynesboro Hotel Building,

WAYNESBORO, PA.

March 27, 1868.

## POETICAL.



### DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

"THY SLEEP SHALL BE SWEET."

She sleeps in the valley so sweet,  
Above her the green willows wave;  
We planted the rose at her feet,  
To bloom and decay o'er her grave.  
She sleeps in the valley so sweet,  
No sound e'er disturb her repose;  
So quiet in this calm retreat,  
She rests safe, secure from life's woes.

How calmly she rested in God:  
"To thy arms, my Savior, I come;  
Come quickly, come quickly, O Lord,  
And welcome thy wanderer home!"  
She sleeps in the valley so sweet,  
Her spirit has taken its flight;  
Her form is but dust 'neath our feet,  
While she is an angel of light.

CHORUS.—She sleeps in the valley,  
She sleeps in the valley,  
She sleeps in the valley so sweet;  
She sleeps in the valley,  
She sleeps in the valley,  
She sleeps in the valley so sweet.

## MISCELLANY.

### PLAIN TALK TO YOUNG LADIES.

BY AN OLD MAID.

Now my dear girls, listen one moment, am not going to preach to you. I want to have a nice confidential chat with you about the world in general, and a few things in particular. Although I may be an old maid who has turned several 'corners' on the highway of life, does it prove my incapacity to be oracular at times? It only shows that I have better opportunities for observing men and things from my stand-point, and am, consequently better prepared to expatiate upon the subject under consideration, than your matronly friends and advisors who are encumbered with the details of house-keeping and the responsibilities of a family. During the five and forty years of my sojourning, I have neither kept my eyes shut nor been asleep.

Now, dear girls, let me begin at the beginning. There is something in the world to be thought of besides getting married!—You may open your unbelieving eyes and elevate your incredulous noses; but this is the sober conviction of a practical woman supposed to be 'in her right mind.'

Your father has spent large sums, it may be, upon your education; and your mother has striven, both by precept and example, to make you an ornamental as well as a valuable acquisition to the home circle, and a useful member of society. Truly, then, here is your sphere. It is pre-eminently a daughter's high privilege and duty to make home happy; to seek to render the house attractive to the weary father as he comes in and leaves the busy turmoil of the world behind him, and shuts the door on the face of care, to lighten the burden of the mother, and smooth from her perplexed brow the wrinkles of sorrow or anxiety, by the tender and willing sympathy which only a daughter can give; to help and encourage the wayward brothers, and keep them, by the constraining power of love, away from the temptations of improper amusements, to hold up the blessed example of a pure and womanly life before the young sisters whose gullest feet are just entering upon the untrodden borders of the mysterious future. These are some of the objects you should live for. True, a woman's heart is so constituted that she longs to love and be loved in return; but a man who would not prize a girl more highly for fulfilling faithfully the relations of daughter and sister, would not be worth the winning.

Here is another item for your consideration—never flirt! I have observed that when a young lady so far forgets her dignity and self-respect as to try to attract the notices of gentlemen, she generally fails of her object, for does she not, by so doing, publicly advertise that she has lost that sweet, maidenly reserve which constituted her chief charm? No true man, when seeking for a sympathetic sharer in his joys and sorrows, would choose one who could dazzle a crowd, for these are not the qualities which endure the wear and tear of life. Where the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit will not attract, it is hardly worth while to add the loadstone of dress and art.

A man who values only those external, superficial accomplishments which any woman of ordinary capacities may acquire, to the entire neglect of the mind; who hardly seems to care if she have a soul even, so long as she be handsome enough to gratify his vanity, may as well buy a puppet to display his wealth and add to his importance as the owner and proprietor. Let him do it, then! Let him see that you will be prized for your moral worth, your virtues, yourself!—Such a man might make a desirable escort to places of amusement, but would never make a good, practical, loving husband; and no girl of sense, or of sound principle, would desire any other, were he possessed of incalculable wealth.

Fashion and frivolity seem to be reigning supreme in too many female hearts. The love of dress has become a passion. Some ladies may argue that they have at their disposal plenty of time and money. Granted, but is it a valid excuse for leading others astray? The devotee of fashion may appear arrayed in a new and elegant suit every time there is a shadow of a change in the style,

and it may cost her comparatively little trouble, only the husband and father must economize in some other direction in order to furnish the requisite funds, and the poor, tired dress-maker be obliged to forego her necessary rest. But does the evil stop there? Assuredly not. And let us hope the fair wearer of this expensive finery does not realize the extent of the injury she is doing; we could exercise no other charity toward her. But there are other considerations.—In the first place, it festers the growth of two most noxious plants in the female heart, namely, vanity and envy. What young lady has not experienced the humiliation of being eclipsed by some more fashionably dressed person than herself? Ah! all this engenders any thing but holy emotions in the mind. I would have a lady always neatly and becomingly dressed, richly too, when she can afford it without causing others to suffer in consequence, but never gaudily, or in the extreme of the prevailing styles. Nor would I have her fall into the opposite extreme of ignoring the fashion altogether. It is a duty we owe ourselves, as well as our friends and society in general, to pay a proper regard to our apparel, and it is always safe to follow a medium course in the matter of dress, as in other things. And remember, girls, that the state of the finances, as well as the personal taste, must be consulted. And where there is harmony in all the details, there can't fail to be both elegance and beauty, a perfection and finish which always strike a well balanced mind as the 'eternal fitness of things,' and no other would be safe to trust in, either as a guide or companion through the tangible realities of life's perilous journey.

**How Small Expenditures Count.**  
Five cents each morning. A mere trifle—thirty-five cents a week. Not much, yet it would buy coffee or sugar for a small family. Eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents each year. This amount invested in a saving bank at the end of each year, and the interest thereon at six per cent computed annually, would amount to more than \$670. Enough to buy a good farm in the West.  
Five cents before each breakfast, dinner and supper, you would scarcely miss it, yet 'tis fifteen cents a day; \$1.05 per week.—Enough to buy your wife or daughter a new dress. \$54.50 a year. Enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in 20 years you would have over \$2,000. Quite enough to buy a good farm.  
Ten cents each morning—hardly worth a second thought yet you can buy a paper of pins or a spool of thread. Seventy cents a week; it would buy several yards of muslin, \$36.40 in one year. With it you could get a good suit of clothes. Deposit this as before, and you would have \$1,340 in twenty years. Quite a snug little fortune. Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner and supper—thirty cents a day. It would buy a good book for the children. \$2.10 a week—enough to pay a year's subscription to some good newspaper. \$109.20 per year—with it you could buy an excellent organ, on which your wife or daughters could produce sweet music to pleasantly while the evening hours away.  
And this moment invested as before, would, in forty years, produce the desirable fortune of \$12,000.

Boys, learn a lesson. If you would be a happy youth, lead a sober life, and be a wealthy and influential man; instead of expending your extra change, invest in a library or saving bank. If you would be a miserable man, lead a drunken life, abuse your children, grieve your wife, be a wretched, despicable being while you live, and finally go down to a dishonored grave, take your extra change and invest it in a drinking saloon, or in tobacco.

**FIFTEEN GREAT MISTAKES.**—It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.—It is a great mistake to measure the enjoyment of others by our own, to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike, not to yield in immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in a fallen world; not to aim at perfection in our own actions, to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied, not to alleviate all that need alleviation, as is our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others, to consider everything impossible which we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything.—The greatest of all mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into Eternity.

**TIME AND MONEY.**—Many people do not take care of their money till they have come nearly to the end of it, and others do just the same with their time. Their best days they throw away—let them run like sand through their fingers, as long as they think they still have in almost countless number of them to spend; but when they find their days flowing rapidly away, so that at last they have very few left, then they will at once make a very wise use of them, but, unluckily, they have by that time no notion how to do it.

Ice is now manufactured in New Orleans so abundantly that it can be afforded to families all over the city at one cent per pound, and to large consumers at three quarters of a cent. It has been tested with ice from Boston, and is found to be more compact and slower in melting. Made from filtered water, it is clear as crystal, and purer than ice naturally formed is apt to be.

Why is a room of married folks like a room that is empty? Because there is not a single person in it.

Wanted—A strong adhesive plaster, to make busybodies stick to their own business.

## Power of Religious Decision.

In the West lived a very proud, wealthy, infidel and irreligious father, who having one day called his family together, told them if they went to the prayer meeting and 'got religion,' as he called it, he would disinherit them, and banish them all from the house. The wife and children were included in the threat. The daughter, however, continued to go to the prayer meetings, and soon found peace in believing in Jesus. When an opportunity was afforded to make a profession, she meekly arose, and spoke of the 'great change' in her heart, and of her faith in the Savior.

The news was immediately carried to the father of the young lady. Having come home that night, she was met at the door by her father, standing with the Bible in his arms.

'Maria,' said he, 'I have been told that you have publicly professed, to-night, that you love religion. Is that so?'

'Father,' said the girl, 'I love you, and I think I love the Savior too.'

Opening his Bible to a blank leaf, and pointing with his finger, he said:

'Maria, whose name is that?'

'It is my name, sir.'

'Did I not tell you that I would disinherit you if you got religion?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, I must do it. You cannot come into my house.'

And tearing the leaf out of the Bible, 'there,' said he, 'so do I blot your name from among my children. You can go.'

She went to the house of a pious widow in the neighborhood, and she heard no more from her father for three weeks. But one morning seeing her father's carriage driving up to the door, she ran out, and said to the driver:

'What is the matter, James?'

'Your father is very sick, and thinks he is going to die; and he is afraid he shall go to hell for his wickedness, and for the great wrong he has done you in disinheriting you, and turning you from his house. He wants you to jump into the carriage, and come home as quickly as possible.'

She found her father sick, sure enough, on going home; but she soon saw he was only sin-sick. She talked with him, prayed with him, and endeavored to lead him to Christ. In three days, the father, mother, two brothers and a sister, making the whole family, were all rejoicing in hope.

## They All Come Back.

We have news from Winchester, Va., that James M. Mason, of the firm of Mason & Slidell, has returned to that town, where, for the future, he intends to reside. This is something to be noted. They all come back. With the collapse of the confederacy there was a pretty general stampede of disgraced Southerners to other countries to escape the pains and penalties of Yankee domination and negro emancipation. A colony of them was set up near Cordova, in Mexico, where all that the loveliest climate under the sun and the richest soil could give them was theirs; but the colony withered and soon fell to pieces, and its members came straggling home again. Several expeditions of exiles from the upset kingdom of King Cotton went down to Brazil, where they dreamed of renewing life under the blessings of the 'peculiar institution'; but those adventures found negro slavery in Brazil so strongly mixed up with negro equality that they could not stand it, and they, too, as from a shipwreck, in which they had lost everything but life, came straggling back. And so with similar expeditions to Central America, the West India Islands and elsewhere. They all failed, and the surviving parties therein all returned, 'for richer or poorer—for better or worse,' to their old places in the South, as preferable, even under the Yankee and free nigger, to any place outside.

Among the distinguished Southern exiles who, for one, two or three years after the war, continued to roam about in foreign parts, seeking rest and finding none, were Breckinridge, Soule, C. C. Clay, Lake Thompson, Toombs, Mallory, Trenholm, the Lamars and a host of others who have all returned.—Breckinridge, Thompson, Mason and a good many more under the passport of President Johnson's last and comprehensive amnesty proclamation. Of those still abroad the most prominent are Benjamin, Slidell, and last, though not least, Jeff Davis and George Sanders—the head and tail of the rebellion. But Jeff is coming, and Sanders, no doubt, will soon follow. Before the year is out there will probably not be a single Southern graduate or freshman of the Southern confederacy in any foreign land, notwithstanding the drawbacks and abominations in the 'Sunny South' of radical despotism, negro suffrage, negro office-holders, carpet-baggers, scallawags and Yankee school marms.—N. Y. Herald.

A little urchin seven or eight years old, in one of our schools where a Miss Blodgett was teacher, composed the following and wrote it on his slate at prayer time, to the great amusement of the boys.—  
'A little mouse ran up the stairs,  
To hear Miss Blodgett say her prayers.'  
The teacher discovered the rhyme, and called out the culprit. For a punishment she gave him his choice, to make another rhyme in five minutes, or be whipped. So after thinking and blinking, and scratching his head till his time was nearly out, and the teacher was lifting the stick in a threatening manner, at the last moment he exclaimed—  
'Here I stand before Miss Blodgett;  
She's going to strike, and I'm going to dodge it.'  
He was sent to his seat.

How very few of us realize that as we rise each morning, and commence our various avocations, we are one day nearer our final home.

## SCOTLAND AND MT. ALTO R. R.

A short time ago we noticed an article in the 'Record,' headed 'Query,' stating briefly, with reference to the projected railway from Scotland via Mt. Alto to Waynesboro, that its interests had been committed to us as the Executive Committee; that we had been instructed to confer with the C. V. and Penna. R. R. Co's, and secure their co-operation—and that further than this nothing was known.

To correct the mistaken inferences which may have resulted from this, as well as to advise all interested (and this is certainly the whole community) of the present status of this important enterprise, we feel impelled to intrude this communication upon your columns.

At a meeting of the general committees held at Mt. Alto in June '63—at which all the districts through which the road was to pass, were represented—it was ascertained that about the sum of \$185,000 was subscribed to the stock of the Company.—Some of the districts having been thoroughly canvassed, and others but partially. Our estimated cost of the road, exclusive of Right of Way, was \$300,000. It was then deemed advisable that the feeling of the Companies to whose interests our road would serve as a feeder, and their willingness to assist in the enterprise should be ascertained, and that if possible they should be induced to have a survey and estimate based thereon, made before further canvassing was proceeded with. To this end we were instructed. One of our number, Col. Wiestling, had already had a conversation with President Watts of the Cum. Val. R. Co., and learned from him of his cordial sympathy with us, and of his willingness to advocate the importance and necessity of the road before his Board of Directors, and urge, if necessary, their assistance by a subscription of at least \$100,000 to the enterprise. He stated that he felt satisfied that their Board would fully appreciate the matter, and that importunity would prove superfluous, to secure the desired end.

This was at least, very encouraging, and we proceeded to Philadelphia to have an interview with President Thomson of the Penna. R. Co. He listened attentively to our representation of facts, examined our subscription books and carefully weighed, and interrogated us as to the various points bearing upon the importance of the line, its feasibility and cost. He, as also Pres. Watts had done, complimented the intelligence and wisdom of our citizens who had manifested their appreciation of the great benefit which would accrue to the whole community in securing R. R. facilities, by subscribing to the stock; and finally he told us—that if we constructed the roadway and placed the crosses, he felt confident that the Cum. Val. R. R. Co. would furnish the iron and operate the road.—He further stated that in order to enable us to arrive at an approximation of the cost of the graduation, masonry etc.; he would send an Engineer Corps to survey the ground between Mt. Alto and Waynesboro, and to make such other modifications of the lines as lay out as were needed. This was on the 1st of July 1868, and we requested that the Corps should not come until our Farmers had harvested their grain, but as soon thereafter as possible. He courteously fixed the time to be two weeks from our interview or about the 15th July. This ended our mission; all that we had been instructed to do, was performed, and all that the friends of the enterprise had hoped for, was accomplished. We had the assurance of not only the sympathy, but the substantial aid to the desired extent of these two great Railway Officials, and with this we returned home.

We reported all these facts to the general committees at a regular meeting held at Mt. Alto, which adjourned subject to the call of the chairman, Col. Wiestling, who was to call a meeting on the arrival of the Engineer Corps.

This is briefly, the whole state of the case. As all are aware, the Engineer Corps has not yet made its appearance, and hence the necessity of calling a meeting has been thus far obviated.

While we deprecate the delay; while we realize that the important interests of the County are languishing on account of it, yet we see no room to reflect upon any one as being the intentional instrument in causing it. We could have had the survey made long since, by paying for it, and probably the whole matter brought to consummation; but we have forced upon us the old adage that 'Beggars should not be choosers'; and we should patiently await the convenience of our friends of the R. R. Companies. Mr. Thomson is at the head of the greatest Railway interest in the United States. Combinations are necessary; are being made and are in contemplation in order to secure to our State a large share of Pacific trade, which requires the greatest foresight and ability; and it cannot be wondered at, if temporarily, he has his mind as well as these of his coadjutors monopolized to the exclusion of the interest of this section. We have not a bated one jot or tittle, in our earnest desires for a speedy construction of our road; neither in the great importance which attaches to its early completion; neither has our confidence in the good faith of those who have encouraged our efforts been shaken.

We believe that Mr. T. will send the promised Engineer Corps, just as soon as other, to him larger interests, can be accommodated, and we hope and trust that this may be at no distant day.

We have heard it rumored from time to time that our Committees were hostile to Chambersburg as a terminus of our road and discouraged all ideas of connection with the U. V. R. R. at that point; probably no better time could be taken advantage of to contradict this than now. While all or most all the active enterprises south of Fayetteville, upon which our road would be largely dependent for tonnage, were known to have advantages in a connection at Scotland, while

all knew it would shorten the mileage to the Susquehanna, and hence preferred the route, yet no one ever made it a *sine quo non*.—We feel interested in Chambersburg as our County seat; we realize that our prosperity is affected by her well-being, and would welcome any earnest effort which she would put forth to secure to herself the great advantages which would inure to such a connection; and the more so, as it would greatly increase the probabilities of an early rail connection between her and Broad Top. But we have regretfully to add, that thus far Chambersburg has not taken that active earnest interest which her own progress seemed to demand.

Chambersburg may now hold the key to the solution of this whole matter. Let the county seat and vicinity take hold earnestly, and we feel that we hazard nothing in saying that she will be met in a proper spirit, and the completion of our road will be speedily realized.

GEO. B. WIESTLING,  
DANIEL GEISER, } Ex. Com.  
JACOB B. COOK, }

## Luckiest Man in America.

The New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times says:

At the Metropolitan Hotel are nineteen citizens of Montana, the most distant of our possessions. They came 3,000 miles across mountains, deserts, prairies and rivers in ten days, to purchase goods and supplies for Helena, now the capital of Montana. With them is the famous Quartz King, Jas. W. Whitlatch, whose history is a romance transcending the wildest vagaries of fiction in interest and incident. As a representative man he illustrates the power of energy and perseverance in conquering obstacles, interposed by pioneer life, and moulding fate to human purposes.

Jim Whitlatch, as he is called, was born in Pennsylvania, of indigent parents, and the death of his father left him to shift for himself, at the age of eight years. In 1859 he accompanied an acquaintance on the way to California as far as Kansas where his friend awed by the perils of the journey, deserted him and returned to the States.

Whitlatch hired as a cattle driver pushed on to California, and after a season of bay-making, commenced mining on his own account. By diligence and by perseverance he accumulated some \$5,000, which he lost by wild cat speculations. He spent three years in this region, with variable fortune, and moved on to Nevada, where he was more successful, and again lost all by imprudent adventures. With nothing but his rifle and mining kit, in 1865, he wandered across Idaho to the placer diggings of Montana, whose productiveness had just attracted attention. He was so delighted with the picturesque beauty and fertility of the country that he decided for the first time during his adventurous wanderings to settle and begin anew. With twenty-five cents only in his pocket, he commenced prospecting for gold, concluding that where so much gold abounded on the surface it must come from some place, he set about finding the origin. For weeks he wandered up and down the canons, built himself a cabin, and pushed his labors against the jeers of old miners, who had been discouraged in the search before. After months of labor and trials enough to discourage any less determined man, one day his experienced eye discovered in a lucky gopher hole, an unusual quantity of specimens of gold-bearing quartz. Inspired with renewed hope the young miner pried his pick and shovel, and at a distance of three feet below the surface he uncovered the long sought vein, now known as the 'Union Mine,' whence he derived 'the foundation of his fortune, and from which his successors, the New York Mining Company, to whom he sold—to enable him to prospect further—will continue to obtain untold millions. It is said that this mine alone contains ore enough to employ a thousand men in digging for a hundred years. Whitlatch, however, continued his investigations, and opened other mines equally rich, procured stamping mills and batteries, enlisted new capital and enterprise, invited emigration to Helena—then a little collection of miners' huts—and to-day, at the age of twenty-six, is worth a million of dollars.

Youngsters seem to know what's what especially when 'pap' has been taking too much overnight. The paternal, in consequence furnishes to us, had spent the evening at a convivial party, and next morning had the compensating headache.

'James,' said he to his little son, aged eight, 'go to the drug store and get me a bottle of soda water.'

The little boy proceeded to the druggers and seeming to comprehend precisely the nature of the paternal ailment, said: 'Please give me a bottle of sober water for pap.'

'Is my face dirty?' remarked a young lady to her aunt, while seated at the dinner table on a steambot running from Cairo to New Orleans.

'Dirty! No; why did you ask?'

'Because that insulting waiter insists upon putting a towel beside my plate. I've thrown three under the table, and yet every time he comes around he puts another before me.'

Two dutchmen sat quietly fishing on the bank of a river recently, when the following conversation took place in regard to the luck they were having: 'Does nothing bite you, Hans?' 'No; nothing at all.' 'Well,' replied first dutchman, 'noting bites me too.'

Fools and obstinate people make lawyers rich.

It is not enough to aim—you must hit. The woman question—'Is he rich?'