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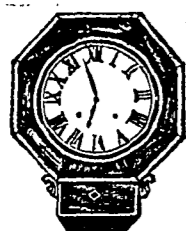
WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 16, 1899.

NUMBER 1

### ALEX. LEEDS,

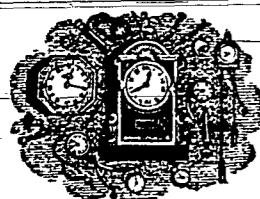
Next door to the Town Hall, has now on hand a fine assortment of

### 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 shields, 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.

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,

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&c. &c.

Physicians dealt with at 20 per cent. discount.

Waynesboro Hotel Building,

WAYNESBORO, PA.

March 27, 1898.

### POETICAL.



#### THIS WORLD.

We here have gleams of happiness,  
Though it is hardly bliss;  
And, till we reach a better world,  
We'll be content with this.  
We'll make the best of what is bad,  
Enjoy the really good;  
Not onward press to meet our woe,  
Nor o'er past sorrows brood.

A lovely, pleasant world is this,  
In fair sunny weather—  
And, but for sin's corrupting power,  
A good world altogether.  
Still, beat here loving human hearts,  
And sympathy is ours;  
Why grope then, hidden thorns to find,  
And thrust aside life's flowers?

Blest are the martyred dead who lie  
In holy graves for freedom won,  
Whose storied deeds shall never die,  
While coming years their circles run.

Blest be the ground where heroes sleep,  
And blest the flag that o'er them waves,  
Its radiant stars their watch shall keep,  
And brightly beam on hallowed graves.

While Freedom lives, their fame shall live  
In glory on her blazing scroll,  
And Love her sacrifices shall give,  
While anthems round the altar roll.

Year after year our hands shall bear  
Immortal flowers in vernal bloom,  
Till God shall call us home to share  
Immortal life beyond the tomb.

Our Father! all the praise be thine!  
Thy grace and goodness we adore;  
Bless our dear land with love divine,  
And shed thy peace from shore to shore!  
WM. OLAND BOURNS.

### MISCELLANY.

#### Give all Such Your Penny.

Occasionally, in going his weary and homesick rounds up and down the earth, a crippled soldier—unslinging his organ for a few hours here in Trenton, to dispose of a penny's worth of music to the passerby. We never see one of these maimed relics of the bloody era of the rebellion, without a feeling of sadness that tells us we are a better man than we supposed ourselves to be. These are those who escaped death in our behalf, and saved the heritage of a country to our children. Give all such a nickel, you mean Copperhead crew, without growling! And you, poor smart fool of suspicion, don't pass by with a pitiful internal exclamation of "simper." Occasionally a poor devil may be playing soldier to win a meal for which he might otherwise have to beg, but such are sinless in the sight of good men and angels. The homeless one-legged brother in life and death, whose little box silently pleads for your penny as you pass, is no impostor, though he wears the old blouse of army blue without having been in blouse or battle. No helpless cripple who thus appeals to your patriotic sympathies should be turned empty away. Shall we rivet the clasps of our purse against all the afflicted because here and there one may be a knave as well? No, no, old fellow! In these cases your suspicion is generally a suggestion of your damnable meanness. The Lord knows you like a book. Speaking of one-legged soldiers reminds me of a little incident that will here bear relating. Last fall an Irishman in an army overcoat and a wooden leg halted at the corner of State and Warren, and commenced shouting for Seymour and Blair. A crowd of delighted Democrats soon gathered around him, tickled to death to find a "Boy in Blue" so vociferous a Democrat. His hat was soon half filled with stamps. Ex-Mayor Mills, who was on his way to a Democratic meeting, and drew about eight inches plumb whiskey that morning, was hilariously elated over the soldier. His Honor hailed us in the distance and beckoned us toward him. When we reached the spot, says the Mayor:

"See here, Mr. Sentinel, you say the soldiers are all for Grant. Look at this poor crippled Boy in Blue, and blush for shame. He is Seymour and Blair up to the hilt!"

"We at once approached the soldier, as near as it was safe on account of his breath, and after throwing a ten center in his hat, the following conversation ensued:

"Friend, how did you lose your leg?"

"And he jabbers I lost it in a stone quarry!"—*Trenton (N. J.) Sentinel.*

A HUGE WHEAT FIELD.—A gentleman who passed through Roanoke county a few days since informs us that he saw, on Tuesday, on the Dropmore farm, near Salem, the most magnificent sight he ever beheld. This was a single field of seven hundred acres in extent, on which the most beautiful wheat was growing, its purple and golden heads waving in the wind, and ever presenting new aspects of Kaleidoscopic beauty. In this single field one reaper and eighteen cradles were operating, and the ripe grain was falling fast and far before the sharp touch of these shining blades. The proprietors, Messrs. Chapman and Green, were endeavoring to cut one hundred acres per day, which gives some idea of the power of their machines. Our informant states that the entire area of seven hundred acres was thick with the finest wheat he ever saw.—*Lynchburg (Va.) Republican.*

If a man has any religion worth having, he will do his duty, and not make a fuss about it. It is the empty kettle that rattles.

#### Skip—But Don't Skip This.

A year or two since, a small farmer in the upper part of Maine, one morning found a homely-looking sorrel-colored dog hanging about his house. His tail had recently been cut off, and the animal, altogether, presented a sorry appearance. The farmer paid little attention to the animal, not wishing to be troubled with him. For two or three days the friendless dog lay around the premises, with a piteous look, until at length the farmer, moved with compassion, called the dog to him and fed him. He was almost famished. That settled the whole thing. The dog overflowing with joy and gratitude in having secured a new friend, stuck to his benefactor like a courtier. He would not leave him. The farmer soon after ascertained that the dog's former master had cut off his tail, and the animal immediately left him in disgust and dudgeon. The new master did not wish to keep him, and a friend that lived seven miles away carried the animal home in the box of his chaise. But the dog found his way back again as soon as he was released. The farmer then made up his mind to keep him. He turned out to be an excellent watch-dog and a hunter.

One night after tea the farmer missed his dog. "Where is Skip?" No one had seen him since he had started with his master into the woods that morning. At last the farmer thought him of his gun, which he laid down on the ground whilst he loaded his sled with wood. He had come off and forgotten it. It was then snowing. If he left it all night, it would be covered up, and it would be difficult to find it. He returned to the woods for his gun, and there found it, with the faithful dog beside watching it.

On Sunday Skip would go to meeting with the family. When they rode the dog would stay in the wagon and watch it; but if they went on foot he would go into church with them, which they could not well prevent, and by which they were annoyed.

One Sunday, when the family were going to meeting on foot, the farmer shut the dog up in the house. Skip did not fancy such treatment, and every Sunday morning he would invariably get upon a little knoll near the house, and there await the departure of the family for church, and then cross lots at full bound, always keeping ahead of the family until they arrived at the meeting-house. How did the dog know when Sunday came? He must have kept the record of time somehow.

#### A Singular Case.

A great deal of talk has been excited in Houston, Texas, by the following singular circumstances which occurred in that vicinity. On Tuesday night, of last week, at an early hour, a carpenter, who had been ill for some time, to all appearance, died. There was not a sign of animation left; he was pronounced dead by his attendant physician; was dressed in his grave clothes laid out for burial. His friends in Galveston were telegraphed to attend his funeral. It was about 8 P. M., when he was pronounced dead and preparations began for his burial.

About day break the following morning he suddenly rose in his bed, without giving up to that time, a single indication of life. He was unable to speak, pulseless, cold and with the exception that he was able to sit up right and move his arms and hands, still appeared a corpse. Not the faintest respiration could be discovered, nor did the eyes, though open, give any indication of anything but death. His physician sent for, who, on entering the room, was utterly befuddled at the singular case. Restoratives, stimulants and everything else likely to be of service were applied; but the breath refused to return, the pulse to beat and the body to grow warm. The muscular power to rise in bed and move his limbs continued, and was exercised during the five hours, when they also ceased forever, and the carpenter was left as perfect a corpse as could possibly be. Has such a case as above related ever been heard of before. About mid-day he was buried. Was he alive when he rose in his bed? Probably not.

A TOUCHING STORY.—The Hon. A. H. Stevens, of Georgia, in a recent address, at a meeting at Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan's Asylum and free school of that city, related the following anecdote:

"A poor little boy on a cold night, with no home nor roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the home of a wealthy planter, who took him in, fed and lodged him, and sent him on his way with a blessing. These kind attentions cheered his heart and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round; Providence led him on, and he reached the legal profession; his host had died, the Cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estate. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy long before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easy to be resisted, he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity, and Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent an electric thrill throughout the house, 'That boy stands before you.'

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.—The same God who mounded out the sun and kindled the stars watches the flight of the insects. He who blanches the clouds, and hung the earth upon nothing, notices the fall of the sparrow. He who gave Saturn his two rings, and placed the moon like a ball of silver in the broad arch of heaven, gives the rose leaf its delicate tint. And the same Being notices equally the praise of the cherubim and the prayers of the little child.

A correspondent who has an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, wants to know if the wheel of time is ever tired.

#### Joining the Masons.

Knobs has joined the Masons, and here is his experience in getting into a lodge: I must tell you of the perils and trials I had to undergo to become a Mason. On the evening in question I presented myself at the door of the lodge room, No. 36,666, sign of the skull and cross bones. I was conducted to an ante room, where five or six melancholy chaps, in shabby and embroidered napkins, were waiting to receive me. On my entrance they all got up and turned back somersaults, and then resumed their seats. A big fat fellow who sat in the middle, and who seemed to be the proprietor, then said: "Sinner from the other world advance?"

"Will you give up everything to join us?"

"Not if I know it," I said; "there are my wife and fourteen fine—"

"Another party here told me to say 'yes,' as it was merely a matter of form. So I said 'Yes, I would give up everything.'"

The fellows in the towels then groaned and said: "Tis well. Do you swear never to reveal anything you see or hear this evening to any human being, or to your wife?"

I said, "Pon my word, I will not." They then examined my teeth and felt my tongue, then groaned again.

I said, "if you don't feel well, I have got a little bottle here." The fat man here took the bottle from me and told me to shut up. He then, in a voice of thunder, said: "Bring forth the goat!"

Another fellow then came up with a cloth to bind me.

"No you don't, Mr. Mason," I said; "No tricks on travelers, if you please, I don't believe in playing blindman's buff with a goat. I'll ride the devil if you like but I don't go to it blind. Stand back, or I'll knock you into smithereens." They were too much for me, however, so I had to submit to being blind-folded. The goat was then led in, and I could hear him making an awful racket among the furniture. I began to feel that I was urgently wanted at home, but I was in for it and could not help myself.

Three or four fellows then seized me, and with a demonic laugh pitched me on the animal's back, telling me at the same time to look for squalls. I have been in many scrapes, Mr. Editor; I have been in election fights, I have been pitched out of a four-story window; but this little goat excursion was ahead of them all. The confounded thing must be all wings and horns. It bumped me against chairs and the ceiling, but I held on like a Trojan. I turned front somersaults and rolled over. I thought it was all over with me, and I was just on the point of giving up, when the bandage fell from my eyes and the goat bounded through the window with a yell like a wild Indian giving up the ghost. I was in a Lodge of Masons. They were dancing a war-dance around a big skull, and playing leap-frog and turning hand-springs, and the big fat fellow of the ante-room was standing on his head in the corner.

#### Cant Clothed in Silks.

In the course of a late sermon on the ministry, Dr. Guthrie related an incident that had come under his notice. The remark was made by a lady to the wife of a poor minister who keeps boarders, to take out a living that some of the merchant princes in his congregation could have paid out of their own pockets and never missed it. The lady, rustling in silks, and in a blaze of jewels went to visit her minister's wife, more a lady than herself, with the exception of the dress. She confided with her on the straightened circumstances and means of ministers; looking into the pale, careworn face of the excellent woman, said, as she turned up the white of her eyes: "But, my dear, your reward is above!" From the bloodless lips of some poor sinner in a cold, unfurnished garret, where the man of God facing fever and pestilence, has gone to smooth the dying pillow and minister consolation in the last dark hour, I have been thankful to hear the words, "Your reward is above"—but from silks and satins—disgusting!—cant, the vilest cant, and enough to make religion stink in the nostrils of the world! Does that saying pay the minister's stipend? Will it pay his accounts? Fancy the worthy man going to his baker or his butcher, and instead of paying down money, turning up the white of his eyes to say, "Your reward is above." I fancy they would say, "Oh no, my good sir, that will not pay the bill." And I say what does not pay bills, does not pay minister's stipends as they ought to be paid.

SINCERITY.—In the long run, sincerity pays; and this, in all the relations of life—social, political and commercial. Out-spoken, flatfooted people very often offend refined taste in their lack of policy—their persistent way of stating unpalatable truths upon inopportune occasions—but after all, there is real comfort in knowing that you have heard the worst of it, and that there is nothing covered up. The man who impudently ran his hand into the woodchuck hole and got bit for his rashness, uttered the elements of a great principle when he drew his bleeding hand out and exclaimed, "I am awful glad the critter bit me, for now I know he's there!" Very few people like to be bit, even by a woodchuck, but if the knowledge which comes through such sufferings is worth the price paid for it, nobody can honestly say that the being bitten is a calamity.

The fact is, we all like to know he is there, and we feel very uneasy and dissatisfied until we do know. Only have it distinctly understood that a person says just what he thinks, and all questions of taste and policy will disappear as vapor before the great sunlight of SINCERITY.—*Packard's Monthly.*

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#### A Love Letter.

The following letter is sublimely splendid, and we recommend it to dealers in tender lines:

"MY DEAR MISS C.—Every time I think of you, my heart flops up and down like a churning-handle. Sensations and unutterable joy caper over it like young goats on a green pasture. As a gosling swimmer with delight in a mudpuddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture thicker than the hair on a parrot's plumes, visit me in my slumbers; and, borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like a pointer dog snapping at a blue-bottle fly. When I first beheld your angelic perfections I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a tumble-bug under a glass tumbler. My tongue refused to wag; and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet infection of love as a thirsty man swallow a tumbler of beer. Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself by my suspenders to the top of the steeple, and pull the bell-rope of the churoph. Day and night you are in my thoughts. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron couch; when the chaunticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakened pig arises from his bed and grunts, and goeth for his morning refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels his drooping flight at sultry noon; and when the lowing cows come home at milking time, I think of thee—and, like a piece of gum elastic, my heart seems to stretch clear across my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse, powdered with gold. Your fine forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat—Your eyes are glorious to behold. When their fire hit me upon my manly breast it penetrated my whole anatomy, as a load of small bird shot would go through a rotten apple. Your nose is as from a block of Italian marble, and your mouth puckered with sweetness. Nectar-lingers on your lips, like honey on a bear's paw; and myriads of unfledged kisses are there ready to fly out and light somewhere, like birds out of a parent's nest. Your laugh rings in my ears like the wind-harp strain, or the bleat of a stray lamb on a bleak hillside.

I am dying to fly to thy presence and pour out the burning eloquence of my love, as thrifty housewives pour out hot coffee. Away from you, I am as melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear the May bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirits; and my soul is pierced with doubts, as a cheese is bored by a skipper. My love for you is stronger than the kick of a young cow, and more unselfish than a kitten's first caterwaul.

As the song bird hankers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap—as a lean pup hankers for new milk, so I long for thee. If these few remarks will enable you to see inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a sparrow in a cherry-tree, or a dray-horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I shall pine away from the flourish vine of life, an untimely branch; and, in the coming years, when the shadows grow from the hills, and the philosophic frog sings his cheerful evening hymns, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and catch a cold upon the last resting place of JOHN JONES.

#### A Very Sick Student.

Some of the students of the Indiana State University, were supposed to be in the habit of drinking brandy; where they obtained it was a mystery. Dr. Huff determined to ferret out the secret. Calling into a small drug store, the proprietor asked him how that sick student, Mr. Carter, was coming on.

Smelling a rat, the Doctor answered in an evasive manner, and soon drew out of the apothecary that the students under suspicion had been in the habit of purchasing brandy for a sick student by the name of Carter; that they said he was quite low, and was kept alive by stimulants; and that the young gentlemen seemed very much devoted to him. Now the secret was out. This Carter was a notorious character, and the Doctor had the secret.

However, he kept his counsel. The next time the students assembled in the chapel for prayers he cast his eyes over the crowd, and satisfied himself that Carter's nurses were all present. The devotees were duly conducted; and then he called their attention; remarking that he had a mournful task to perform—as President of the University it became his duty to announce the death of their fellow student, Mr. Carter.

After a lingering illness of several weeks, a portion of which he was kept alive by stimulants, he had breathed his last. He had no doubt that this announcement would fall evenly on the ears of those who had so faithfully attended to his wants, but he hoped they would bear it with resignation—he hoped they would reflect on the oft-repeated words "Memento mori"—that he would now no longer detain them, to their own reflections. The result of this announcement was startling. None of the professors, and few of the students had ever heard of Carter. "Who is he?" was whispered. None knew but the kind friends who attended him, and they wouldn't tell; and the president seemed so deeply affected; that they didn't like to ask him.

If Colfax had Nellie Wade, why don't he have her unole weighed, also? Because he's Ben Wade.

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"How CAN I COOM?"—The following story is good because it is true. We had it from the lips of a good woman, who was told it by the principal actor herself. "You I first come to Filadelfy to serve, I was very unwell," said Katrina, now a tidy servant in a respectable family; "I laugh moom, and I feel ashamed to remember how I behave—en I know so little. Schon—tat was my beau—Schon he took me to that theatre one night, ven I bin in Filadelfy but tree weeks. We sits in the gallery, and we not see good, and Schon said he would get a better seat.—So he puts his leg round der post, and schlies down mit der pit, and looks up and calls out: 'Katrina! Katrina! coom down; tish a good place here!' and I leasened over, and said I: 'How can I coom down, Schon?' and he said: 'Schnat schlide down!' So I put my leg round der pillar, and schlies down. Dander! how dey people laughed. Dey laugh so dey play no more dat night upon the stage. Everybody laugh and yell, and whistle all over der house. I was much ashamed then, tought I knew not any harm. But now I plughes red every time I think mit it."—*N. Y. Star.*

THIS IS FOR THE JUVENILES: A lovely boy of three and a half years, whose father had bought a house requiring some additional furniture, being brought into it, when all the arrangements had been completed and the rest of the family were there, remarked: "Why, mamma, you have got some new carpets, eh?" Then, after a further examination of the furniture, "And you've got some new chairs, too; ain't you, mamma?" Being placed at the tea-table soon after, and told to keep still while his father asked a blessing, he exclaimed as soon as it was finished: "Why, that is the same old blessing, papa."

A fellow in New Orleans, affected with mania a potu, conceived the idea that he was a goose, and procuring straw for a nest, and bricks for eggs, pretended to "set on the latter. His mother interfered. "Why don't you let me alone? Don't you see I am setting?" "But Oliver, you ain't a goose," the mother replied. "I ain't?" "No; you are my poor, dear son." "I know better." "Why, yes, you are. These are not eggs—they are bricks." "Don't I know? Didn't I lay 'em?" and I mean to hatch 'em or die."

A clergyman was one day esteeming a class of children belonging to his congregation, and coming to a little boy who was something of a rogue, asked him why he was so "I know something," replied the urchin with a significant look.

"Well, my son, what do you know?" replied the pastor.

"I know where there's a bird's nest," said the boy, "but I shan't tell you for fear you will steal the eggs," answered the juvenile.

The verdict of the Presiding elder of one of the Maine families of Shakers, upon a velocipede which had been made by one of the younger brothers, was that a Shaker upon a velocipede could ride only in one direction, and that would be straight to destruction.—Thereupon the Elder smashed the machine with an ax, and the velocipedist shook off the Shaker restraints and went out to the wicked world, where velocipedes can be made and ridden.

A very fat man being measured for a pair of pantaloons, gave directions that they should be tight and full, as he liked them loose. When he came to try them on they stuck tight to his legs, whereat he remonstrated: "I told you to make these pants full." After some obligatory expressions of a profane nature, the tailor ended the controversy by declaring, "I think des pants is full enough; if da was any fuller they would split!"

A wag says it is folly to expect a girl to love a man whom everybody speaks well of. Get up a persecution, and their affections will cling so fast that a dozen guardians can't begin to remove them.

He who goes to bed in anger, has the devil for a bed-fellow. An old bach on our elbow says he knows a married man, who, though he goes to bed as gentle as a lamb, is in the same predicament as to the bedfellow.

A lady whose family were very much in the habit of making condoumns, was one evening asked by her husband in an excited tone, "Why was this door left open?" "I give it up, instantly replied the lady.

A man carrying a cradle was stopped by an old woman and thus accosted: "So, art you have some of the fruits of matrimony?" "Softly, old lady," said he, "you mistake, this is merely the fruit-basket."

A rowdy intending to be witty, thus accosted a lady in the street. "Madam can you inform me where I can see the elephant?" "No, but if I had a looking glass I'd show you a very large monkey. The rowdy sloped.

"How many children have I?" asked a woman of a spirit rapper.

"Four."

"And how many have I?" asked her husband.

"Two," was the astonishing reply. Mistake somewhere.

Many people imagine that to be dressed gaudily is to be dressed well. It is a great mistake. Brilliant colors and quantities of jewelry are evidences of the worst possible taste.

Many a good kiss has been nipped in the bud by a four-year-old nuisance bringing a light into the room.