



By W. Blair.

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 26, 1869.

NUMBER 20

LET THE PEOPLE COME! REID & WAYNANT HAVE just opened a well selected and fresh stock of Family Groceries...

PURE SPICES: Brown and White Sugars, Prime Rio Coffee, Black and Green Tea, Carolina Rice...

Glassware & Queensware, Tumblers, Goblets, Dishes, Lamps and Lamp goods, good assortment, and low in price...

Buckets, Tubs, Brooms, Baskets, Brushes, Ropes Twine, etc.

Fresh OYSTERS and fresh FISH regularly received throughout the proper season...

We hope by fair dealing and keeping a full and fresh stock of goods to largely increase our sales...

February 4, 1869. REID & WAYNANT.

THE "CORNER DRUG STORE," WAYNESBORO, PA., DR. J. BURNS AMBLESON, PROPRIETOR.

SONG! AIR—Auld Lang Syne. If my true love was sick to death, Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, I'd tell her at her latest breath...

DRUGS—THE BEST AND PUREST ALWAYS on hand at PAINTS, CHEMICAL AND MINERAL Paints, White Lead and Colors, the best assortment in town at...

FIRST "FALL ARRIVAL!" WELSH has just received a full assortment of Goods, in his line of business...

HATS AND CAPS, Men's, Women's, Miss's, Boy's and Children's BOOTS, SAILERS, SHOES and Slippers of every description...

POETICAL.



FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

Farewell! thy moon is on the wane, Thy last bright day is near its close; On rosy lips that thimble for rain, Heaven not a drop bestows...

LOVE.

Love! I love! thou art a feather, Blown about by every weather. Now a breeze will give thee breath; Then anon 'twill be thy death...

MISCELLANY.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

It was six o'clock in the afternoon. At this time the great wholesale warehouse of Messrs. Hubbard & Son was wont to close, unless the pressure of business compelled the partners to close later...

LETTERS TO HIM?

He is worth a hundred thousand. Still Edward was not satisfied. Whether Mr. Hubbard could spare it or not, was not the question. It was rightfully his, and must be given back to him...

VAGRANT CHILDREN.

Twenty thousand vagrant children in New York! What a terrible state of things! Yes, it is terrible for the sake of the children and for the sake of the public...

Habit is everything.

We have all heard of the man who slept in a bake oven for twenty years, then changed his lodgings, but had to go back to the oven before he could sleep...

THE RIGHT KIND OF RELIGION.

Alexander Clark, in his 'Gospel Trees,' says: 'Unless your religion changes you from a mummy to a man, makes you honest in business, pious behind counters, temperate at dinner tables, loyal to your country, affectionate to your family, neighborly at the ballot box, patient in affliction, humble, cheerful and helpful everywhere and always; unless it links you in brotherhood to the poorest of God's children, unless it leads you on errands of mercy to hovels and hospitals and prisons, as well as to cushioned pews and sacramental boards, unless you live Christ on week days as well as worship him on Sabbath days—then your religion is a spurious, hypocritical, and abhorrent—refuge of lies! Its sounding brass and tinkling cymbal entice but the giddy-hearted, and warn the wise to beware.'

A WELL SPENT LIME.

Ah! how sweet it is when manhood's summer day is merging into the glorious evening of old age, to look from the shadow of the dark valley, which will soon be dispersed by the sunlight of the morning in a glorious world, and contemplate a spent life where no intentional mis-step can be recalled, and when we can remember no time when we have stood between the sun and those we love!

Hundred Year Almanac!

The following is an extract from the Centennial Almanac for 1870, published by John Baer's Sons, Lancaster City, Pa. For sale at the Grocery of Reid & Waynant, Waynesboro:

The sun is the Ruling Planet this year. This Planet is moderately good, warm and dry, a kind Planet; it has good aspects, makes persons handsome, causes curled hair, strong, magnanimous, thoughtful, peevish, great, honored, and imparts long life.

Autumn and Winter—Are agreeable, dry and pleasant. Frost sets in and it freezes early, but with a moderate degree of cold; commences with rough and unpleasant weather, but will soon become pleasant.

Cultivation of Summer Grain.—It must be commenced early, and as much as possible sown under. Barley and oats will grow much, but will be good in the grain, peas and other leguminous plants will not produce much, unless sown on moist ground; where the manure is already decayed.

Autumn Seeding.—The Autumn seeding should be well sown under, so that in the following wet spring it may not grow out, it is not necessary that it be sown early.

Wine.—It in the last year there was no principal wine, it will grow this year: for Mars, the Sun and the thereupon following Venus constitute every seven years, the right wine year.

Reptiles and Vermin.—There will be an abundance of toads, snakes and grasshoppers; worms will be apt to grow in the grain.

Diseases.—At the close of the winter pleurisy, internal ulcers and inflammatory fevers will prevail; also often apoplexy, quincy, cramp, palpitation of the heart, inflammation of the liver, headache and pains in the spine.

Be Thankful and Content. If there are any grumblers among our boys and girls, it will do them good to be told how much better off they are than many friendless and overworked little ones, the poorest of the poor.

In New York city, a short time ago, there was a bright and intelligent, but homeless and friendless boy of fourteen, named William— who became at length an inmate of the Lodging House, under the care of the Children's Aid Society.

CONSCIENCE SMITTEN.—Treasurer Spinner received a letter a few days ago from an anonymous source, accompanied by two packages or forty books of gold leaf. The writer says: 'The gold you find within belongs to the government, to whom I think it my duty to return it. Receive and use it for the government, and you will oblige a Lover of Jesus.'

The world is a sea of glass; affliction scatters our path with sand and ashes, in order to keep our feet from slipping.

When Socrates was asked why he had built himself so small a house—'Small is it,' he replied, 'I wish I could fill it with friends.'

The Herold in Common Life.

In a recent lecture Grace Greenwood gave the following incident, said to have occurred at the time of the burning of a steamer on one of our Western lakes. It is one among the thousand of the beautiful incidents which reveal the heroic in common life:

'Among the few passengers whose courage and presence of mind rose superior to all the horrors of that night, was a mother who succeeded in saving her two children by means of a floating cottee. For hours till help came, she cheered and comforted the shivering, frightened little creatures, sustaining herself meanwhile in the water, by merely resting her chin on the frail support. This mother related that once, as they were floating near the burning wreck a man swam toward them, looking spent and desperate. Seeing him about to grasp the cottee, she cried, 'Oh, do not take it away from my poor children!' The man made no answer, yet the appeal struck home, for, by the light of the flames, she could see that his face was convulsed, as with a fierce struggle between the mighty instinct of nature, and something better and manlier. It was but a moment. He threw up his arms with a groan of renunciation, flung himself overboard, and went down.'

THE DEACON AND THE WAGES.—A worthy deacon in a town of Maine was remarkable for the facility with which he quoted Scripture on all occasions. The Divine word was ever at his tongue's end, and all the trivial as well as important occurrences of life furnished occasions for quoting the language of the Bible. What was better, however, the exemplary man always made his quotations the standard of action.

One hot day he was engaged in mowing with his hired man, who was leading off, the deacon following in his swath, counting his apt quotations, when the man suddenly sprang from his place, leaving the swath just in time to escape from a wasp's nest.

'What is the matter?' hurriedly inquired the deacon. 'Wasps,' was the laconic reply. 'Pooh!' said the deacon, 'the wicked fella when no man paraveth, but the righteous are bold as a lion;' and taking the workman's swath, he moved but a step when a swarm of brick insects settled about his ears, and he was forced to retreat with many a painful sting, and in great discomfiture.

'Ah!' shouted the other, with a chuckle, 'the prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished.'

The good deacon had found his equal in making applications of the sacred writings, and thereafter was not known to quote Scripture in a moving field.

A white man, not long since, sued a black man, and while the trial was before the judge the litigants came to an amicable settlement, and so the counsel stated to the court. 'A verbal settlement will not answer,' replied the judge, 'it must be in writing.'

'Here is the agreement, in black and white,' responded the counsel, pointing to the reconciled parties; 'pray what does your honor want more than this?'

A few days since Captain Joseph W. Copping, while ploughing in a field near Naples, Illinois, turned up a pot of gold coin. He stopped his team, examined the glittering metal closely, counted it, and found it amounted to \$3,000. He took in to Winchester and sold it to one of the banks for \$5,000 in greenbacks.

A sensible cotemporary says: 'The women ought to make a pledge not to kiss a man who uses tobacco, and it would soon break up the practice.' A friend of ours says, 'they ought also to pledge themselves to kiss every man that don't use it—and we go for that too.'

'It is a standing rule in my church; said one clergyman to another, 'for the sexton to wake up any man he sees asleep.' 'I think,' replied the other, 'that it would be better for the sexton, whenever a man goes to sleep under your preaching, to wake you up.'

An old criminal was once asked what was the first step that led to his ruin, when he answered: 'The first step was cheating a printer out of two years' subscription.—When I had done that, the devil got such a grip on me that I never could shake him off.'

A little six-year-old was walking with his father and asked: 'What house is that?' 'That is the Dutch church,' was the reply. 'People go there to be good so they may become angels.' 'Will they be Dutch angels, pa?' returned the young hopeful.

A darky's account of a sermon.—Well, sabb, de sermon was apou de miracles of de loaves and de fishes. De minister said: how de 7000 loaves and de 5000 fishes divided between de twelve apostles, an de miracle was dat dey didn't buss.

An exchange says: 'Any person wishing to take this paper can do so by bringing us potatoes, apples, or anything to keep us from starving to death.'

Why do young ladies white their faces? Because they think the powder will make them go off.

Speaking of romance in marriage, a writer says he never knew it to last beyond the first baby.

Above all things, always speak the truth. Your word must be your bond through life.

Never relate your misfortunes, and never grieve over what you cannot prevent.