An Independent Family Newspaper.

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VOLUMK XXII.

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

NUMBER 20

THE PROPLE COME !!

REID & WAYNANT

AVE just opened a well relected and fresh stock of Family Groceries, to which they invite the attention of the public. In leading articles they have a tull line, viz:

PURE SPICES:

Brown and White Sugars, Prime Bio Coffee, Black and Green Tea, Carolina Rice,

Syrups common, good, extra fine, P. Rico and N. Orleans Molasses, prime; Corn Starch, Farina, Chocolate, Pickles, Catsup, Cheese, Fish, Mason's Water Crackers, best in town.

Glassware & Queensware,

Tumblers, Goblets, Dishes, Lamps and Lamp goods, good assortment, and low in price; Granite ware in sets, dozen, or smaller quantities, hardsome styles, and guaranteed to be of best quality; common dishes caps and saucers, cheap.

Buckets, Tubs, Brooms, Baskets, Brushes, Ropes

Fresh OYS 'ERS and fresh FISH regularly received throughout the proper season. Canned Oyszers, Corn, Peas, Julies in tumblers.

Best Family Flour, Buckwheat, Corn Meal, Country Produce bought and highest market pri-

We hope by fair dealing and keeping a full and iresh stock of goods to largely increase our sales, Try us! REID & WAYNANT.

February 4, 1869.

"LORNER DRUG STOAK,

WAYNESBORO', PA.,

DEC. J. BURNS AMBERSON, PROPRIETOK,

BONG

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 Trada, trada, trada, Her race of life could not be run,

Tra la, tra-la, tra-la, I'd buy some Drugs of Amberson Athe Dug Store on the Corner.

If I was bald without a hair, Tra la, tra la, tra la, I'd laugh at that, I would not care,

Tra la, tra la, tra la, I'd bring them back, yes, every one,

Tra la. tra la, tra la, By Drugs I bought of Amberson

At the Drug Store on the Corner.

If I was tanned to darkest dye,

Tra la, tra la, tra la, I would not care, I would not cry, Tra la, tra la tra la. For soon a bleaching would be done

Tra la, tra la, tra la, By Drugs I'd buy of Amberson At the Drug Store on the Corner.

Then three times three and tiger too, Tra ia, tra ia, tra ia.
For what we know that they can do,

Tra la, tra la, tra la, With charus loud, the vict'ry won Tra ia, tra la tra la, By Drugs, I bought of Amberson

At the Drug Store on the Corner. RUGS-THE BEST AND PUREST AL.

DAINTS, CHEMICAL AND MINERAL Paint, White Lead and Colors, the best assort-

EROSENE, OILS, VARNISHES, DYES RUSHES, PAINT, VARNISH, SASH, HAIR Dand Tooth Brushes of

Farusses and supporters at

PRANDY, WHISKY, WINES AND RUM

DATENT MEDICINES-ALE THE STAND and Potent Medicines of the day at EXTRACTS, FOR FLAVORING, PERFU-

HYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS CARE-fully compounded at "The Corner Drug Store," july 16

"PALL ARRIVAL!"

WELSH has just received a full assortment of Goods, in his line of business. His stock consists in part, of all the latest styles of Men's and

HATS AND CAPS. Men's, Women's, Misse's, Boy's and Children's

BOOTS, GAITERS, SHOES and Slippers of every description, Ladies and

BOZZZBE Bonnet Frames, Trimmings, Sundowns and Hats, Dress Trimmings, Hoop Skirts, Hair Nets, Hair Coils, Henery, Gloves, Paresols, Sun Umbetalles.

Fans, dec.

School, Blank and Miscellaneous Books, Station.

Gry of all kinds, Notions and Fancy Goods;

All of which will be sold as the chespeat.

1. P. Will are the chespeat.



FARRWELL TO SUMBER

Parewell! thy moon is on the wane, Thy last bright day is near its close; On rosy lips that thirst for rain, Heaven not a drop bestows, The cricket, Summer, sound thy knell, Queen of the season ! fare thee well.

The flowers that wreathed thy bounteous head Droop, pale and withered on thy brow-The light that made thy morning red. I- dull and misty now;

Sad voices pipe in wood and dell, To Summer and her joys farewell.

There is a Summer of the heart. That hath its mournful ending here; Delights that warmed its core depart, White all grows dyll and drear, And sadder than the funerall bell, Hope whispers to the soul- farewell, LOVE.

Love! love! thou art a feather, Blown about by every weather. Now a breeze will give thee breath; Then anon twill be thy death. Sometimes lounging in a bower, Sipping eweet from every flower, Then, when cooler fits are on, Wave a leaf, and thou art gone; Or, perchance, the sunshine may Beam too brightly on thy way; Or if it should turn to shade, Thou wilt fly the gloomy glade, Love! love! I fear thou art Of selfish temper, fickle beart; Like the changeful April shower-Storm and sunshine in an hour. Thou caust wear a smiling face, But it still bears passion's trace. Fond and fickle, light and free,

Love! what else can equal thee! MISCELLANY.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

It was six o'clock in the afternoon this time the great wholesale warehouse of Messis. Hubbaid & Son was wont to close. untess the pressure of business compelled the partners to close later. The duty of glosing usually devolved upon Edward Jones, a echoed. poy of fourteen, who had lately been en- It was with a heavy heart that Edwa anoually, He was the boy, but it he behaved himself so as to win the approbation of his employers, his change of promotion

was good. Yet there were some things that rendered this small salary a hard trial to him-circumstances with which his employers were not acquainted. His mother was a widow. The sudden death of Mr. Jones had thrown the entire family upon their own resources,

and they were indeed but slender. There was an older sister who assisted her mother to sew, and this, with Edward's salary, constituted the income of the family. Yer, by means of untiring industry, they had contrived thus far to live, using the strictest economy, of course. Yet they had wanted none of the absolute necessities of

But Mary Jones-Edward's sister-grew sick. She had taken a severe cold, which had terminated in a fever. This not only cut off the income arising from her own la bor, but also prevented her mother from accomplishing as much as she would otherwise

have been able to do. On the morning of the day on which our story commences, Mary had experienced a longing for an orange. In her fever it would have been grateful to her. It is hard indeed when we are obliged to

deny to those we love what would be a rereshment to them. Mrs. Jones felt this, and so did Edward. 'I only wish that I could hay you one, Mary,' said Edward, just as he set out for

the store. Next year I shall receive a larger salary, and then we won't have to pinch so much.' 'Never mind, Edward,' said Mary, smiling faintly, I ought not to have asked for

it, knowing how hard you and mother find it to get along without me.' 'Don't trouble yourself about that, Mary, said Mrs. Jones, soothingly, though her

beart sank within her at the thought of her empty larder. 'Quly get well, and we shall get along well enough afterward.' It was with the memory of this scene that Edward went to the store in the morning.

All around were boxes of rich goods representing thousands of dollars in money. 'Oh,' thought he, 'if I only had the wealth of those boxes, how much good it

would do poor Mary.' And Edward signed. The long day wore away at last, and Edward was about to close the warehouse. But as he passed the desk of his employ-

er, his attention was drawn to a hit of paper lying on the floor beneath. He picked it up, and to his great joy found it to be a ten dollar bill.

The first thought that flashed upon him was, How much good this will do Mary; I can buy her that orange she wants, and she tune. will have some every day; and perhaps she would like a chicken.

But a moment later his countenance fell. 'It isn't mine,' he sighed. It must be Mr. Hubbard's. This is his desk, and he ciples which had brought this great relief.

must have dropped it. know it. And after all, what are ten dol- fice he had done a kind action, confirmed a friends.

pand.

Still Edward was not satisfied. Whether as considerate as he, there would be fewer Mr. Hubbard could spare it or not, was not dishonest clerks. the question. It was rightfully his, and

must be given back to him. ward. Otherwise I will be tempted to keep

He determined to go to Mr. Hubbard's before he went home. The sight of his sister would perhaps weaken his resolution, and this must never be. He must preserve his integrity at all bazards.

was a fine looking house on a fashionable street. He had passed it several times, and wondered whether a man must not feel happy who is able to live in such style. Without unnecessary delay, therefore, he

He knew where Mr. Hubbard lived.

went to the house, and ascending the steps, rang the bell.

A man servant came to the door. ·Well?' said be. 'Is Mr. Hubbard at home?'

'Yes, but he has just come in, and I don't think he can see you, was the supercillious

'I am in his employ,' said Edward, quietly, 'and I have come to the store. I think he will see me if you mention this to him. 'Very well, you can come in.

Edward was left standing in the hall, while Mr. Hubbard was sought by the ser-'Well?' he said inquiringly, 'has anything

happened ?" 'No, sir,' said Edward, 'but I picked up this bill near your desk, and I suppose you must have dropped it. I thought I had better bring it here directly.'

You have done well, said Mr. Hubbard, and I will remember it. Honesty is a very valuable quality in a boy just commencing a business career. Hereafter I shall have

perfect confidence in your honesty.' Edward was gratified by this assurance, yet as the door closed behind him, and he walked out into the street, the thought of his sister sick at home again turned upon him and he thought regretfully how much good could have been done with ten dollars. Not that he had regretted that he had been honest. There was satisfaction in doing right, but I think my reader will understand his feelings without explanation.

Mrs. Jones brought some toast to her daughter's bedside, but Mary motioned it away. 'I thank you for taking the trouble te make it, mother,' she said, 'but I don' think I could possibly eat it.'

'is there anything you could relish, Mary ?' 'No,' she said, hesitatingly, 'nothing that we can get. Mrs. Joses sighed - a sigh which Edward

gaged to perform a few light duties, for started to the warehouse next morning. He which he received the sum of fifty dollars had never felt the cravings for wealth that now took possession of him.

two hours after he had arrived at the warehouse. Mr. Hubbard entered. He did not at first appear to notice Edward, but in about half an hour summoned him to the office, which was partitioned off from the remainder of the spacious rooms in which goods were freshing sleep though it was heavy on the stored.

He smiled pleasantly as Edward entered his presence.

'Tell me frankly, did you not feel an impulse to keep the bill which you found last night ?' I hope you won't be offended with me

Mr. Hubbard, said Edward, if I say I did. 'Tell me all about it,' said Mr. Hubbard with interest. What was it that withheld box, patient in affliction, humble, cheerful you? I should never have known it.'

'I knew that,' said Edward. 'Then what withheld you from taking it?' ·First I will tell you what tempted me, said Edward. 'My mother and sister are obliged to depend upon sewing for a living, sacramental boards, unless you live Christ and we live but poorly at best. But a fort. aight since Mary became sick, and since then Sabbath days-then your religion is spuriwe have bad a hard time. Mary's appetite is poor, and she does not relish tood, but we lies! Its sounding brass and tinking cymare able to get her nothing better. When I picked up that bill I could not belp think- the wise to beware? ing how much I could buy with it for her.'

'And yet you did not take it?" 'No, sir, it would have been wrong and I

Edward spoke in tones of modest confi-

denco. Mr. Hubbard went to his deak and wrote check.

·How much do I pay you now?' he asked. 'Fifty dollars a year,' said Edward. Henceforth your duties will be increased,

please you?" 'Two hundred dollars a year!' exclaimed

Edward, bis eyes sparkling with delight. 'Yes, at the end of the year that will be increased, it, as I have no doubt you will, you will continue to merit my confidence."

'Oh, sir, how can I thank you?' said Ed- the evening of old age. ward, full of gratitude. 'By preserving your integrity. As I pre-

is a check for fifty dollars which you can get:

Adward flew to the bank, and with his sudden tiches hastened to the market, where he purchased a supply of provisions such as be knew would be welcome at home, and then made haste to announce his good for-

A weight seemed to fall off the hearts of hurried story, and Mrs. Jones thanked God der to keep our foot from slipping. for bestowing upon her son those good prin-

And Mr. Hubbard slept none the worse built himself so small a house Small as it 'Still,' urged the templer, the will never that night that at a slight pecuniary sacri- is, he replied, I wish I could fill it with

lars to him? He is worth a hundred thou- boy in his integrity and gladdened a struggling family. If there were more employers

Be Social.-Without friends what is a 'I'll go to him this very night,' said Ed. man? A solitary oak upon a sterile rock, symmetrical indeed in its form, beautiful and exquisitely finished, outrivoling the most lauded perfection of art in gracefulness and grandeur, but over which Decay has shaken her black wing, and left its leaves blighted; its roots, rottenness, and its bloom death; a scathed lifeless monument of its pristine beauty. When the rebuils of adversity are rushing us earthward when the clouds are dark above, and the muttering thunder growls along the sky, when our frame is palsied by the skeleton hand of disease; or our senses whirled in the mælstrom chaos of insanity, when our hearts are torn by the separation of some beloved object, while our tears are yet flourishing upon the fresh turf of departed innocence—in that time it is the office of friendship to shield us from portentious storm, to quicken the fainting pulses of our sickly frame, to bring back the wandering star of mind within the attraction of sympathetic kindness, pour the 'oil and balm' of peace into the yet festering wound, and deiver the aching heart from the object of its bleeding affection.

> 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. Auburn and Sing Sing, and Blackwell's Island will not want for tenants as these children grow up. These figures look appalling, but how is the proportion? About twenty two children to a thousand of the population. How much better off is other cities and towns in this respect? It is out of this mrterial that our jails and State prisons draw their recruits. These boys grow up to be the burglars and horse thieves who alarm citizens and plunder property .--It is not a question for the parent altogether. It concerns the citizens, the tax-payer and the property-holder. And he is a short. sighted man who does not use all his influence to see that the vagrants attend school somewhere. He is a weak man who allows his store, shop or office to be a loafing place for boys who are of school age. - Exchange.

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. A case illustrating the same principle recently occurred in Ohio. A city man, accustomed to lodge on one of the noisiest streets, visited a country friend. Too much quiet destroyed his rest at night His friend telt for his discress, and said he would try and relieve it. Accordingly he went to a neighbor's and procured a bass drum, which he beat under the fellow's win-He set about his duties as usual. About dow and had his boy run a squeaking wheelbarrow up and down on the parch. while his wife played on the piano, and the servant girl pounded on the door with the tongs. In this manner the sufferer was onabled to get two or three hours of quiet re-

THE RIGHT KIND OF RELIGION -Rev. 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 and hopeful 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 on week days as well as worship him on ous, hypocritical, and abhorent-a refuge of bal entice but the giddy hearted, and warn

A WELL SPENZ LINE .-- Ah! how sweet it is when manhood's summer day is merging could not have looked you in the face after 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! Then will the rough and pueven places in our pathand I will pay you two hundred. Will that way look less uninviting in the twilight of life, and the bright, sunny spots sparkle as so | years. many diamonds in the crown swaiting us.-Huppy, indeed, are those whose intercourse their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of their heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and so touching in

CONSCIENCE SMITTEN .- Treasurer Spinsume you are in present need of money, I ner received a letter a lew days ago from an will pay you one quarter to advance. Here anonymous source, accompanied by two packages or furty books of gold leaf. The cashed at the bank. And, by the way, you writer says: The gold you find within becan have the rest of the day to yourself. it my duty to return it. Receive and use it for the government, and you will oblige

A Lover of Jesus." A dollar was also received from Kall River. Mass., with the sentence "This dollar belongs to the government."

The world is a sea of glass; offliction the mother and daughter as they heard his scatters our path with sand and ashes, in or-

When Socrates was asked why he had

Hundred Year Almanaci

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

The sun is the Ruling Planet this year. This Planet is moderately good, warm and dry, a kind Planet, if it has good aspects. makes persons haudsome, causes corled bair. strong, magnanimous, thoughtful, peacea-ble, great, honored, and imparts long life. Year in yeneral -The solar year is gen-

erally dry, less humid, and moderately warm. Spring - Is temperate, in the commence. ment pretty humid, particularly in April, which is very changeable. May is pleasant and dry, but towards the close of the month it will be cold and trosty. The sheep should therefore be kept from the grain fields, and also as much as possible from the meadows.

Summer .- July is not altogether sate from frost, and besides there will be great drought. August in the commencement will be windy, but afterwards clear and calm. The days are hot, but the nights cool, and the summer for the most part is pleasant. but closes with stormy weather.

Autumn and Winter-Are agreeable, dry and pleasant. Frost sets 16 and 1t freezes early, but with a moderate degree of cold; commences with rough and unpleasant weather, but will soon become pleasant. February commences with pleasant weather, but closes with great coldness and continues until in March.

Cultivation of Summer Grain - It must be commenced early, and as much as possible sown under. Burley and oats will not 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. Flax will not be worth much. Hemp will be short and thin. There will be but little hay. The sheep should be kept timely from the meadows. The second-math will grow well. Uabbage and turnips, on account of the drought, cannot grow well.

Cultivation of Winter Grain.- Rye will be very good, but a small crop, as also the wheat. In the spring the sheep should be kept from the grain helds.

Autumn Seeding .- The Autumn seeding should be well sown under, so that in the tollowing wet spring it may not grow out, it is not necessary that it be sown early. Fruit.-There will be more apples than

pears; and an abundance of cherries, nuts, prunes and acorns. Hops .- Although promising at first, yet there will be little or nothing of them .-Therefore timely provision should be made

for the deficiency. Wine.-It in the last, year there was no principal wine, it will grow this year : Mars, the Sun and the thereupon following judge the litigants came to an amicable set-Venus constitute every seven years, the

right wine year. Tempests and Thundergusts .- The east and north wind mostly prevail this year; at times also the west wind, but the south wind very seldom. There will be frequent storms accompanied with thunder, lightning and han, which will be dangerous to the

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

grain. Fish-Will be moderately abundant ev-

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

Be Thankful and Content.

If there are any gramblers 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. At Spitafields in England, there is a little girl, four years old, who has been earning her own living from the time she was three years of age, in making match boxes. She can make seven hundred boxes in a day, for which her parents receive less than three pence, or about seven cents of our money. This infant, as we may call her, is pule and thin; her quiet the first step that lou to his rate, when he tace looks old, for she knows little of the pleasures of infancy or childhood. She has never stepped beyond the interable street in which she was born; she has never seen a tree, or a violet, or a daisy, or even a smuoth patch of grass; and the good minister, who has landreds of families no better off than her's to visit, says she cannot live many

In New York city, a short time ago, there was a bright and intelligent, but homeless with the world has not changed the course of and friendless boy or lourteen, named Wilham -, who became at length an inmate of the Lodging House, under the care of the Children's Aid Society. His mother called A darkey's account of a sermon—Well, to see him often; and when she left, it was sabe, de sermon was upon de miracles of de observed that William would go by himself loaves and de fishes. De minister said how and cry. The supermutations wishing to de 7000 toaves and de 5000 fishes divided know the cause of her frequent visits, went between de twelve apostles, an de miracle below and overheard their conversation -'Mother,' said he, 'it you'd only do what is right, I'd give you money, and help you often; but you'll only get drunk.

The mother muttered something in reply, and moved off; and the boy ran to her, called her back, and gave her some money. Thou coming back, he sat upon the steps, and cried bitterly. William is now on a farm in Illinois, in the service of a kind hearted gentleman. Boys and girls, if you have kind parents and a home, or if you have comforts your childhood a path, in good part at least, or says he never knew it to has beyond the lies in sanshine, be thankful for it, and au first baby.

not grumble. Never relate your misfertunes, and never grieve over what you cannot prevout.

The Herole 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 moth or who succeded in saving her two children by means of a floating settee. For hours till help came, she cheered and comforted the shivering, frightened little creatures, sustaining horself 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 mun swam toward them, looking spent and desperate. Seeing him about to grasp the settee, she cried, 'Oh, do not take it away from my poor children!' The man made no auswer, 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 gross of renunciation, flung bimself over backward, and went down."

THE DEACON AND THE WASPS. - A worthy descou 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

is 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, conding his apt quotations, when the man suddenly prang from his place, leaving the awath just-

in time to escape from a wasps' nest. What is the matter?' hurriedly inquired the deacon.

'Waspa,' was the laconic reply. 'Pooh !' said the deacon, "the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the rightcous are bold as a liou;" and taking the workman's swath, he moved but a step when a swarm of brisk insects settled about his ears, and he was forced to retreat with many a prinful

sting, and in great disconditure 'Ah!' shouted the other, with a chuckle, the prudent man forseath 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 thereutter was not known to quote Scrip ture in a mowing-field. A white man; not long since, sued a black tioment, 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 while,

responded the counsel, pointing to the recon-

ciled parties; 'pray what does your honor want more than this?" A few days since Captain Joseph W. Cop. page, while ploughing in a field near Napies, Illinois, turned up a pot of gold coin. He stoped his team, examined the glittering metal closely, counted it, and found it amounted to \$4,000. 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 plodge not to kiss a man who uses tobacco, and it would soon break up the practice. A friend of ours says, they ongue aled 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

answered: The first step was cheating a printer out of two yours' 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 Datch church, was the reply. ·People go there to be good so they may become angels. Will they be Duten angels, pa? returned young hopeful. A darkey's account of a sermon-Well,

was dat dey didn t bust. An exchange says: 'Any person wishing to take this paper can do so by bringing us, potatoes, apples, or anything to keep us from

sterving to quatu.3 Why do young ladies whitea their faces? Because they think the powder will make them go off.

that you can call your own; and especially it Speaking of romance in marriage, a writand the state of the

Above all things, always speak the truth,

Your word must be your bond through life.