VOLUMK XXII.

WAYNESBURO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 3, 1869

NUMBER

REID & WAYNANT

AVE just opened a well selected and fresh stock of Family Groceries to which they inwite the attention of the public. In leading syncles they have a full line, viz:

PURE SPICES:

Brown and White Sugars, Prime Rio Coffee, Black and Green Tea, Carolina Rice, Syrups common, good, extra fine, P Rico and N. Orleans Molasses, prime; Cora Starch, Parina, Chocolate, Pickles, Catsup, Cheese, Fish, Mason's Water Czackere, 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, handsome styles, and guaranteed to be of best quality; common dishes cups and naucers, cheap.

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

Fresh OVS ERS and fresh FISH regularly received throughout the proper season. Canned Oysjere, Corn, Peas, Jellies in tumblers.
Best Family Flour Backwheat, Corn Meal.

Country Produce bought and highest market pri-

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

THE "JANEA BRUG STOAK,

WAYNESBORO', PA.,

DR. J. BURNS AMBERSON,

PROPRIETOR,

BONG

Ath .- Anid Lang Syne. If my true love was sick to death, Tra-la, tra la tra la, I'd tell her at her latest breath Tra.'s, tra la, tra la, 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.

Tra la, tra la, tra la, I'd faugh at that, I would not care, Tin la, tra la, tra la, I'd iring them back, yes, every one, Tra in tra in tra ia, By Drugs I hought of Amberson

If I was hald without a bair.

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's blenching 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, For what we know that they can do, With chorus loud, the vict'ry won Tra la, (ra la tra la,

By Druga, I thought of Amberson
'At the Drug Store on the Corner. DRUGS-THE BEST AND PUREST AL-

PAINTS, CHEWICAL AND MINERAL ment in town at ERO-ENE, OILS. VARNISHES, DYES

DRUSHES, PAINT, VARNISH, 448H, HAIR

RUSSES AND SUPPORTERS AT

BRANDY, WHISKY, WINES AND RUM DATENT MEDICINES-ALL THE STANDS ard. Potent Medicines of the day at TRACTE, FOR FLAVORING, PERFU DHYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS CAREfully compounded at "The Corner Drug Store."

ELSH has just received a full assertment of Goods in his line of business. His stock consists in part, of all the latest atyles of Men's and boys

HATS AND CAPS, Men's, Wemen's, Misse's, Boy's and Children's

BUOTS, GAITERS, SHOES and Slippers of every description. Ludies and

BONNBUS. Bonnet Frames, Trimmings, Sundowns and Hate, Dress Trimmings, Hopp Skirts, Hair Nets, Hair Coile, Hessery, Gloves, Petasole, Sun Umberellas, Pans, sec. Bohool, Hank and Musclishaous Books, Station.

ary of all kinds; Dintions and Pancy Goods.

Att of which will be said as cheep as the charpest HELDER B. POETICAL.



BY THOMAS MOORE.

The harp that once through Tora's halls The soul of music shed, Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls As though that soul had fled. Thus drops the pride of former years; Thus glory's thrill is o'er; And bearts that once beat high for praise

Now feel that pulse no more. No more for courts or ladies bright The harp of fara swe is; The only chord it breaks at night Its tale of rum tells;

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes The holy chord that gives. Is when some heart indignant beaks To tell that she still lives

For passed away is Tara's charm To help poor Erin's woe; Discussions broke the Irish arm, And gave her to her foe. And now that haughty foe looks down, That ford of all the Itles, And meets entreaty with a frowr. Or coldly, proudly smiles.

Lie still poor harp! Perhaps again. Thy chords may yet be strung, When tyranny shall end her reign, And right results o'er wrong. Then may once more thy chords awake The deathless strains of yore, And freedom from her fetters break. And Frin smile once more.

NO SURRENDER.

OFyer constant, ever true, Let the word be, No surrender ! Boldly dare and greatly do! This shall bring us bravely through. No Surrender, No Surrender; And though Fortune's smiles be few, Hope is always springing new, Still inspiring me and you With a magic-No Surrender.

Nail the colors to the mast, Shouting gladly No Surrender! Troubles near are all but past-Berve them as you did the last-No Su render. No Surrender! Though the skies be overeast. And above the sicety blast Disappointments gather fast, Beat them off with -No Surrender !

Constant and courageous still, Mind, the word is No Surgender! Battle, though it be uphill, Stagger not at seeming ill. No Surcender, No Surrender ! Hope-and thus your hope in fil-There's a way when there's a will,. And the way all cares to kill Is to give them - No Surrender!

MISCELALNY. SATURDAY NIGHT.

TIRED AND WEARY.

Saturday night brings its joys, but thay are like flowers hidden under the tog in the distance, or like winter plants 'neath the snow. There is such a load of weariness on them and over them at times. Who is not weary to-night? Perhaps not weary from overwork, but tired from overwanting ! Sometimes Hope's task is a heavy one.

But the week has gone, roaring, whistling howling down the aisles of the past like a silver moon, laden with the joys it brought from us and the hopes we had last weekthe good sots and the bad sots -the past seven days-the tears, prayers, fears, tri umps and shattered anticipations we all had -with the lives of those we knew and lov-

Which will be our last Saturday night when comes our last week and call home, greater loads from lower place—so can you. may that God we adore, believe in and reverence, give those who read after we are true Shun dissipation. Be men, and guard take us as we mean, that the good inten-tions of a busy life may not full like not what wearings comes to us from over-aches, or like dead trees that hear no work and weary waiting every Saturday fruit. And may be with a glance unravel Night. the mysteries and dissect all of our life-acts each from the other, be kind of heart to all of us, writer and readers.

To night we are very weary-tired with outside, as if to wrap the heart in crape and wirtle across our paper, just as shadows

and this makes us more weary of waiting.

er place. We know them not. They do not know us. They live and die without us

We have waited all the week for this night to come. We wanted to cut loose work for others to rest.

We wanted to rest in our easy chair, to see the flower of the bud we have seven days temptations on every hand, are bumbly en attained with their means. watched to throw off the uniform of life's deavoring to walk steadily forward in the terrible battle, for its points, hurt and rest. But it is hard to rest alone? Wonder if. it is hard to die alone?

dight

No matter who it is—we know, and that one knows! If we could but feel that pres ence-watch the whispers of the soul as shadowed on the face and by the eyescould feel on our head, which at times feels Christian pastor, remember, as you stand the class of English grammar, because their like lead, het and burning like a sea on the within the sacred deak, and so elegantly de- parents refused to provide them with the from wearingss, overwork and overthicking. liver yourself of a "Sermon to young men," thus, and when this is written perhaps sleep

will bring us rest. and by you. Not for work, for passion, for good than all your furnished pulpit ele-sorrow and toil; a life long struggle for a annoyance, but to love, to pet, to caress, to quence. Thriving than of business, you bare existence; a life without hope or enjoyhold in your heart and fill the soul with, as whose ledger shows you to have reaped a ment. roses hold fragrance. How it rests one to eit in the shade! How it rests the heart to the God's pactry of the eye, the heart ewelling inspiration of that love which reaches us from heaven, as sunbeams pierce through shutter crevices, and to know that we are not alone !

There are many weary ones to night.
Oh! God, pity them all-friend or foe. Near by and far away are weary ones. Wives sitting in tears-sitting with swelling beart and eyes just ready to run over with the coming tear, straining every nerve to catch the footstep sound which comes not. There are those who walk from orib, hed or oradle, of sleepang or sigkened little ones, to wonder why he does not come, and the night almost gone! Who keeps him, what keeps him— a very easy task. If every person who where is he—why is he? Weary with the reads a newspaper could have edited it, we work of the week, many is the heart broken should have less complaints. Not unfre spark, that unseen, that uncomprehended wife of some jolly fellow who is caronsing quently it is the case that an editor looks intelligence, fled? Look upon the cold, worrying the life out of some poor, heart and yet something must be had his paper broken, faithful, devoted wife and mother, must be out with something in it, and he

tired of life and weary of waiting! struggles of a week, they go home to cross the greatest of all. Well, such is life - we wonder more men are not lost-swept over board toto the sea of dissipation than are O! the juffuence of home-the indifference which make us good or bad, sad or happy, weary or rested in heart as the case may be Let thuse who are weary rost more with each other-with those who in love and loving

each, give that rest we all need. There are those tired of work-tired of waiting-weary of life! But don't give up! The shore is just beyond ! Keep up, for it can be reached | Strive, hope-baye faith, grave is rest for all hodies!

tremble- watchers who wait-let us top from self to pity them.

week-men who are struggling bravelyand took away-the friends it has taken who are houset working men, slaves to tax. But your bag down, I will shoot you dead; ation and dissipation - men we lave like go forward in that road? brothers, who have enough to discourage The boy kept close behind him, threaten when a builer gave warning, on account of them, as we often have. For taxes up to be and was constantly propared to execute Mrs. Braxilett a sculding proposities, the paid—the wife must be cared for—the littles is threats. Thus the boy drove him into judge replied: lones must be loved and educated—the older the American camp where he was secured ed as soon will one of them go home with ones fast hastening home must be made happy as possible; and the wants cut the earnings till life is but a sigh of tired weariness chapter? This one, or another one? And Courage, brothers-others have risen with Have plack. Be brave. Fight on Be done with this weary working, hearts to your manhood, that you and your loved

GOOD DOCTHINE .- Have you enemies Go straight on and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, reour work. And somebudy is not here. The gardless of their apite. A man who has no room is very still. Genry the breeze sighs enemies is seldom good for anything, he is hopes, fears, and desires! All our happi- form but your duty, and bundreds who were the image of our departed parent with a gar- feared much a would nave to come all our misery! Those who go by once, alienated from you, will does to you, land of, grades, and girtues, which we doubt not that the packetor which we do not the packetor which we do not the packetor which we doubt not that the packetor which we do not the packetor which we do not the packetor which we do not that the packetor which we do not the packetor which we will be not the packetor which we do not the packetor which we will be not the packetor where we will be not the packetor will be not the packetor which we will be not the packeto

Wanted - Encouragement Oh ! that the cry would ring in our cars couragement for those who. despite the bitter trials and disheastening obstacles of povfrom business cares and this bead-aching erty, are struggling manfully to rise to po- than gold and silver.

sitions of neefulness and honor. Rucour-agement for those who, though beset by straight and narrow path. Encouragement spirit shown by some parents in refusing to But it is hard to rest alone? Wonder if for those who, lifting up their voices against provide their children with the needful books, it is hard to die alone? Wonder if wrong and wickedness, are subjects of the at the expense of a few dollars, that they wrong and wickedness, are subjects of the at the expense of a few dollars, that they policy with us and by us to work than hight who it is—we know, and that have not ripened into fuller maturity their useless. The following case gamp under our expense of life and its ways. Warm, observation, a short time since it hearty, earnest encouragement, that is what is wanted; and who will be so unkind, who | telligent, rather above the average; willing will be so selfish, as to refuse to give it? and anxious to learn, were forced to leave proper text book, at an expense of one dollar we should not feel so weary. But it is not that a few kind chearing words, whispered and twenty-five cents for both. earnestly in the ear of any one of your young bearers, accompanied by the warm And it is so long to be alone—to wait for pressure of your friendly hand, will cheer a coming, to hunger for that one to be night his soul, and do him a hundredfold more good reward for your toils during the past year, drop an occasional kind word of hope be with loved ones, and to forget under the and cheer to that toiling young man who at- best positions, and the ignorant plodder will gentle touch, the soft smooth touch of the tends so fairhfully to your every interest be obliged to take what is left. Fearful will palm over the weary temple, the silent kies, They will fall like the gentle dew of heaven be the account of the parent who denies his upon his often sad and weary heart; and rest assured, your sleep will be none the less sweet, and your conscience none the less the educational facilities at your command.

Selections for Newspapers.

round you.

Most people think the selection of suitable matter for a newspaper the easiest part of the business. How great an error. To look over and over fifty exchange papers daily, from which to select enough for one especially when the question is not what shall, but what shall not be selected, is not a very easy task. If every person who with his companions, while the ivy, the over all his exchange papers for something weeds, the choking vines of sadness, neglect, interesting, and finds absolute nothing. Evand despair are choking and deadening, and ery paper is drier than a contribution-box; does the best he can. To an editor who has There are many weary men, worried at the least care in what he selects, the writing powers of perception, new glories of beatithe shop; store, office or labor, who find no be has to do is the easiest part of his labor. rest at home, for the laws there are too pro. Every subscriber thinks the paper is printhibitory and the bandages too tight. Men ed for his own benefit, and if there is nothgrow weary and want rest. Tired with the ing that suits him, it must be-it is good words, cold looks, indifference-heart labor | iter has, so many tastes has he to consult. Que wants something very smart and something sound. One likes anecdotes, fun and something argumentive, and the editor is a ged, the immediate unity of the past, the there is a bone for him to pick.'

dull fool And so, between them all, the present and the future; strains of unimage. poor fellow gets the worst of it They nev. | inable harmony, forms of imperiabable beauer reflect what does not please them will ty, may then suddenly disclose themselves. please another man; but they insist that it bursting upon the delighted senses and baththe paper does not suit them it is good for ing them in measureless bliss. The mind nothing, and stop taking it immediately.

A BRAVE LITTLE YANKEE .- It happen and all will oe well. If the rest for the body ed in 1776 that the garden of a widow which comes not this week it will soon, for in the lay between the American and British camp, in the neighborhood of New York, was fre-And if the heart finds no rest here—if quently robbed at night. Her son, a more the spirit is not at rest here it will be here. buy, and small for his age, having obtained after, and as we are deserving, so will our his mother's permission to find out and sefuture joys be more. And we will not care the thief in case he abould return, canpine, for there are others more weary that cealed himself with a gun among the weeds. Instrative of the peculiarities of his characourselves. Let us pity them. There are A strapping Highlander, belonging to the ter. Calling for the lady, he said to her women who weep-wives who pray-mothers British grenadiers, came, and having filled a without preliminary remarks: then left his covert, went softly behind thought you just the person that would sait out first families was sent by the lady of the lady o who hope—maidens who fear—lovers that large bag, threw it over his shoulder, the

There are men who have toiled all the felloware my prisoner, if you attempt to

When the granadier was at liberty to throw may be thankfu' ye're no married to her. down his bag, and saw who had made him prisoner, he was extremely mortified and ex- pointment to his chair, rector of an academy claimed:

such a brat—such a brat ! The American officers were highly entertained with the adventure, made a collection for the boy and gave him several pounds.

arms, but they were of no use, as he could not get rid of the bag.

MY MOTHER -Around the idea of one's mother the mind of man chage with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant bearts, when solf and capamade of that kind of material which is so ble of receiving the most profound impres-The gaslight flickers, and shadows dance casily worked that every one has a hand in sions, all the after feelings are more or less it. A sterling quaracter-one who thinks light in comparison. Our passions and our will over the weary heart. A miller flies for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is willfullness may lead us far 150m the objects about us, singeing his wings at times, as always swe to have enemies. They are as of our filial love, we may become wild, headmen and women do in life and love. Now necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him strong, and angry at her counsels or opposit he has gone, and to morrow, will be dead or alive and netive. A celebrated character, tion, but when death has stilled her monitor forgotten, as all of us will be some day- who was surrounded by enemies, used to re- voice and nothing but calm memory remains mark: They are sparks which, if you do to recapitulate her memory and good deeds, The room seems so still. We hear tramp out blow, will go out of themselves. Let affection, like a flower heaten to the ground ling of feet and running of wheels on the this be your feeling, while endeavoring to by rade storms, raises her head and smiles atreed. Are they weary? Who are all live down the scandal of those who are bit smidst her tests. Around that idea, we trees. Are they werry! Who are all live down the scanner or those who are div. smiles begins down the scanner or those who go by? Are they fixed? Are the spines you. If you stop to dispute, you have said, the mind clings with food affect bungry and make to procure food. The shilling was given, when the begger man ton, and even when the carrier period of the shilling was given, when the begger man ton a forces memory to be silent, famoy said. You have done a mobile dead, you wall, edge must be Gud's, for he snows all our ... there will be but a reaction, if you par- takes the place of remembrance, and twines have saved me from doing something that I

A Few Words to Parents You have provided for the benedt of your

You have the opportunity of giving them an education that will be worth to them more It is the duty of the parent to give the

How foolish, how short eighted then is the

Two children, brother and sister, both in

Will people ever learn the value of educational privileges?

Be assured that if your children are denied an education, their's will be a life of

Educated labor will always take the lead in the world! It will always command the child the means of acquiring knowledge.

You cannot place too high a value upon peaceful when the last dark shadows sur- Do pot think that because they cost little they are worth little.

You may leave your children wealth but this may take wings and fly away, learning will abide with them forever. Remember, 'knowledge is power.'

On Death.

Heavens! what a moment that must be when the last flutter expires on our lips !-What a change! Tell me, ye who are deepest read in nature and in God, to what new world are we borne? Whither has that livid, ghastly corpse that lies before you! That was but a shell, a gross and earthly covering which for a while held the immort al essence that has now left it-left it to range, perhaps, through illimitable space to receive new capacities of delight, new tude! Ten thousand fancies rush upon the mind as if it contemplates the awful moment, between life and death! It is a moment big with imaginations, hopes and fears, it is the consummation that is lost in this excess of wondrous light, and dares not turn from the heaven y visions, to one so gloamy, so tremendous as the depart- ed out: 'Say, stranger, if you're a gentlement of the wicked ! Human fancy shrinks aman, you ought to out your toe nails. back appalled !

Popping the Question -Lord Justice Clerk Braziletd was a man of ten words and strong business habits. In coutting his

me. Let me have your answer, yes or no, the house one day recently to a dry goods the morn, and use maire about it. The lady the next day replied in the af-

firmative, Perhaps he repented his precipitancy, for when a builer gave warning, on account of

'Lord, mon, ye've little to complain o'; ye The late Professor D. was, prior to his apin Forfarabire. He was particularly reserve 'A British grenadier made prisoner by ed in his intercourse with the fair sex ; but, in prospect of obtaining a professorable, he ventured to make proposals to a lady. They were walking together, and the important question was put without preliminary senti-He returned fully satisfied for the losses his ment or notes of warning. Of course the mother sustained. The soldier had his side lady replied a gentle no. The subject was immediately dropped; but the parties soon

> lady, a question which you put to me when we last met?". The Professor said that be did remember, 'And do you remember my answer. Mr.

"Do you remember," at length said the

Ob, yes, said the Professor. Well, Mr. D. proceeded the lady, 47 have been led, on consideration, to change

my mind. 'And so have I,' dryly responded the Pro

He maintained his bachplorhood to the close of life.

Sir, said a sturdy beggar to a benevolent old mun, please give me a shilling; L'm

There flourishes in a flourishing village of Western New York, a Mrs. how little we amount to as individuals. every day and every hour! Encouragement children's education, facilities unsurpassed those good ustured people who linve a gerNo wander we are weary!

For the weak, the halling, the timid. Encasions in giving a good effect to their con-versation. At one of the periodic test parties to which the village is subject, she was entertaining the company, with an account child as good an education as can possibly be of a most astonishing hog which her father had fatted to the enormous weight of six thousand pounds! Quite a marmar of surprise went around the room, during which her husband suggested :

Oh, do, my dear, it was six hundred

Why, Jeremiah, said she, in disgust the skin weighed that I'.,

How many good dresses a good thought possesses. Sweet are the uses of adversity. says Shakespeare : Adversity is the Blessing of the New Testament, says Bacon; The good are better made by ill; says Bogers, When the ploughshare of suffering passes over the human heart, then also is the hand of God sowing seeds for eternity, says some exhaustive German. So, also, there is a Providence that shapes our ends: man proposes and God disposes; we do but row, we're steered by late, &o , &c., &o .- Leisure Moments in Hours at Home.

"Going-it-blind" is the dame of a game repently played: at a religious fair in the A fowl is suspended to a rone stretched between two posts, ten or twelve feet apart, and at a hight a little above a man's head. The competitors are blindfold. ed at a short distance from the fowl, and af. ter being turned around several times, are allowed to go one at a time, sword in hand, in the direction they think the prize is sue pended to cut down if they can. Not one in a hundred went anywhere near the fowl. Folks should now look out for their feet,

A pair of wetted pedals just now migh stock you in a style of cold that sticks to you until next May. The next pair of boots you order for yourself or wife, take a piece of linen duck the size of your sole, and immerse it in boiling tar or pitch. Let the bootmaker place it between the leathers of the boot sole, and you won't have a damp understanding while their covering lasts. A young man, accompanied by his lady

love, stopped at a St. Louis boarding house for dinner, the other day. Never having seen fish balls, he handed one to his lady, under the impression that it was a dough aut. After breaking his own open, he carefully examined it, then smell of it, and with a sepulchial voice said : Matilda, don't eat that doughout, there is something dead in this.

mystery, reac lyes all doubts-which removes wife, and locked her in bet room. Wishing contradiction and destroys error. Great to aggravate her, he sent their son to the God I what a flood of rapture may at once room with a bone. The youth innocently frolic, and his next-door neighbor wonders burst upon the departed soul! The un brought it, and said, 'Mother, father sent that a man of sense will put such stuff in clouded brightness of the celestial regions this up, and says there is a bone to pick. of hearts—the influences, and of his paper! Something spicy comes out, —the pure existence of ethereal being—the The gortle mother replied, Take it back, those most strange and wondrous influences and the editor is a blackguard. Next comes solemn secret of nature may then be divide and tell him I say he is not your father, and

A knowing traveler out West, who had chartered half a bed in a crowd d hotel, and was determined to have the beat naif, buckled a spur on his heel before turning in.-His unfortunate eleeping partner bore the infliction as long as he could, and at last zoar

A country girl after making some purchases at a store in New Albany, Indiana, was asked by the clerk if he could do anything more for her, Innocently replied the maiden: Oh, no, sir, unless you will be kind enough to go out and milk the old mare, for I rode her from home without the coli,

Lizzie I am looking out for a wife, and I An Irish girl in the employ of one of store, with instructions to bring home a bed comforter. She returned after a short absence with one of the clerks.

> John, said a pious uncle to his nephew. who was paying his first visit to the city, John, we're in the habit of saying something before we eat. 'All right,' said John. Go nhead! You can't turn my stomach !!

If we would have powerful minds we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles, we must labor. These include all that is valuable in life. How came such a greasy, mess in the

oven " said a flugety old spinster to her maid. of-all work. Why, replied the girl, the coudles fell into the water, and I put them. in the oven to dry, the way have be Paddy, where's the whisky I gave you to.

clean the windows with ?"

Och, master, I just drapk it; and I thought if I breathed on the glass it would be an the same." The man who travels a thousand miles in. us many hours, may be tolerably quick-foot-

ed, but he is nothing to the woman who keeps up with the tashions. A debating acciety had under considerat lawyer?" I'be decision arrived at was 'No,

but impossible. Oskuluosa, La., han a lazy club, which fines its members a dollar for speaking to a man on the street without leaning against a

A Detwois girl has theen fined \$25 for screaming murder when a fellow hugged her. The loves paid the fine