



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 Twines, etc.

Fresh OYSTERS and fresh FISH regularly received throughout the proper season. Canned Oysters, Corn, Peas, Jellies in tumblers...

WE hope by fair dealing and keeping a full and fresh stock of goods to largely increase our sales. Try us! Try us!!

THE "GREEN DRUG STORE," WAYNESBORO, PA., DR. J. BURNS AMBERSON, PROPRIETOR.

SONG: Auld Lang Syne, My true love was sick to death, Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la...

DRUGS - THE BEST AND PUREST AL - ways on hand. PATENTS, CHEMICAL AND MINERAL. Paint, White Lead and Colors...

FIRST "FALL 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 boys...

HATS AND CAPS, Men's, Women's, Misses, Boys' and Children's BOOTS, GAITERS, SHOES and Slippers of every description.

BOYS' BONNETS, Bonnet Frames, Trimmings, Bandboxes and Hair Dress Trimmings, Boy's shirts, Hair Nets, Hair combs, Hair Pins, Hair Brushes...

POETICAL

ON GUMBLING.

This world has its roses and thorns Made up both of pleasure and sorrow. And often the saddest to-day Is found to be joyful to-morrow...

Don't always depend on your friends, Who fly at the tidings of sorrow; But rather your purse touch with care...

CLING TO THOSE WHO CLING TO YOU. There are many friends of summer, Who are kind while flowers bloom...

MISCELLANY

THE LADY IN DRAB.

In an elegantly furnished room in one of the handsomest mansions of a far famed city two young girls were, as the younger of the two expressed it, 'killing time'...

*I say, Billings, who's that young lady dressed in drab—she puts one in mind of a Quakeress; at least her dress does? 'Oh, it will be nice, come, let us dress; I long to don my drab.'

'Yes; very much,' was the quiet reply. 'Are you fond of dancing, and if so, may I have the pleasure of your company for the set that is just forming?'...

The morning after the party the cousins were again in their sitting room, but this time chatting on the pleasures of the previous evening, when Blanche's mother entered the room, saying: 'Blanche, you will have to hurry and go down to your papa's office-rooms with a very important message he forgot this morning; I have ordered the carriage for you.'

'Thank you, Florence,' returned Mrs. Barclay. 'I wish you would, and if you go, I will feel quite easy about the matter.' Florence felt quite fresh after her long walk, as she reached the townhouse buildings in which was situated her uncle's office...

The gentlemen who were none other than Billings and Harry, scanned Florence for a moment, when the former gentleman, supposing her to be some poor client, raised his hat in mock courtesy, and inquired: 'How much would you give to know?'...

A quick step sounded behind her, and in a gentlemanly, polite voice, she heard Clarence Raymond exclaim: 'This way, madam,' and in another moment she stood before the door on which she recognized her uncle's name...

But Florence said she had a better idea than that, and it was to appear at a ball they were going the next evening in her real character. The following evening Mr. Barclay felt a glow of pride as he entered Mrs. Armatage's well lighted drawing room with his daughter and niece...

There was a haughty look about her beautiful lips for a moment, and then in silvery accents and with a peculiar emphasis, she returned: 'How much would you give to know?'

Mr. Billings gave Florence one look and he knew all. Without one word the poor fellow shrunk out of sight. Not many minutes had elapsed ere Mr. Florence found herself chatting gaily with Mr. Barclay...

'Have you been in the city very long?' he inquired. 'Not very?' 'How far from here to your home, Miss Leslie?'

'Just as far again as half, Mr. Barclay.' In another moment Florence stood alone, while her companion took one of the back streets towards her boarding-house...

Mr. Raymond had recognized Florence the moment she entered, but soon stood aloof from the reigning belle. As soon as she got the opportunity she went towards him with the question—'Have you forgotten me this evening?'

Florence returned to her own beautiful home, and as she sat one morning in her drawing-room, Mr. Raymond was announced. The house flew swiftly by, and when he rose to go, there was a happy smile on Florence's face, and as she extended both her hands to him at parting, there flashed on one of her tapering fingers, her engagement ring; and as Clarence bent over and whispered some questions in her ear, she laughingly answered: 'Yes, Clarence; yes, the heiress loves you just as well and better than the young lady in drab did.'

TRAGEDY IN NEW YORK.

On Thursday evening a week, Albert D. Richardson, a correspondent of the New York Tribune, was host in the abdomen by David McFarland, a lawyer. The ball had not yet been extracted, but his chances for recovery are favorable. This is the second time Mr. Richardson has been shot by the same man. It appears that Richardson had been paying marked attentions to McFarland's wife...

Richardson had been plotting for years to rob me of my wife. On the 27th of February, 1867, she left my house at 72 Amity street. I found her on the day previous in Richardson's room, who boarded in the same house, and I spoke to her of the impropriety of the act, I found them there under suspicious circumstances; but we then made up our quarrel, for I could not deign to believe she was unfaithful to me. On the 9th of March following, however, Richardson sent her a letter, and it fell by accident into my hands. In it he acknowledges to have written twelve letters previously, and at the close of it he calls her his own 'darling wife,' and longs for the moment when he can fold her to his arms. He also confessed in the letter that his love was not the growth of a week but of years.

'She then left me, and Richardson took her to the residence of Mr. Sinclair and sent my youngest child to Boston, and I have not seen him for more than two years, and I know not where he is. Since that time I have pleaded earnestly with Richardson to give me back my wife and cease to interfere in my family affairs, but he has steadily refused to do so. Instead of giving back my child and wife he sent his friends to offer me \$10,000 and a consulship for both. But I scorned the proposition. It is not for the absence of my wife that I care so much, but for the fact that she has dishonored me and her children by living in the embraces of another man. Death would have been preferable to me at any time during the past three years, but I have lived for the sake of my children. I have heard that Richardson surreptitiously procured a divorce but they served no papers upon me. I heard that from his friends who live near him at Woodside, N. J., where he purchased a house some time ago for \$11,000, but which he is now trying to sell that he may move to Wyandotte, Kansas, with my wife, because he knows he can't live in peace with her here while I live. She stopped recently at Mrs. Calhoun's, in Jersey City, and Richardson used to visit her there every night. When I discovered the fact that the guilty pair left the house, leaving some of their clothing behind. I don't know where she is now, but I suppose this affair will bring her to light.'

Walking Erectly.

Walking erectly not only adds to manliness of appearance, but develops the chest and promotes the general health in a high degree, because the lungs, being relieved from the pressure made by having the head downward and bending the chest in, admit the air freely and fully down to their very bottom.

If an effort of the mind is made to throw the shoulders back, a feeling of awkwardness and tiredness is soon experienced, or forgotten. The use of braces to hold up the body is necessarily pernicious, for there can be no brace which does not press upon some part of the person more than is natural, hence cannot fail to impede injuriously the circulation of that part. But were there none of these objections, the brace would adapt itself to the bodily position, like a hat or a shoe, or new garment, and would cease to be a brace.

To seek to maintain an erect position or to recover it when lost, in a manner which is at once natural, easy and efficient it is only necessary to walk habitually with the eyes fixed on the object ahead a little higher than your own, the ears of a house, the top of a man's hat, or simply keep your chin a little above a horizontal line, or, it will answer to walk with your hands behind you; if either of these things is done, the necessary, easy and legitimate effect is to relieve the chest from pressure, the air gets in more easily, develops it more fully, causing a more perfect purification of the blood, imparting higher health, more color to the chest and compelling a throwing out of the toes. To derive the highest benefit from walking, hold up the head, keep the mouth closed, and move briskly.—Journal of Commerce.

A LONG NAR.—One of our most respectable citizens called into the establishment of a joking druggist last summer, and overcame by the sultry weather, sat down in a chair and was soon enjoying a sound slumber. Observing that the sleeper had on a new hat, the druggist gently removed it, substituting in its place an old one, with a sadly dilapidated and rusty crown. The drowsy citizen at last awoke, and after a few 'thumps,' felt for his hat, which was rather a tight fit. Removing it from his head, and taking a steady gaze at the battered relic, he turned to the druggist and inquired: 'Did I sleep a long time?' 'Yes,' replied the joker, 'a very long time.' 'Well,' continued the first, 'a very long time, for which I came into your store this here dirty old hat was bran new.'

How People Take Cold.

Not by tumbling into the river and dragging horns wet as a drowned rat; not by being plunged into the mud, or spilling out in the snow in sleighing time; not by walking for hours, over shodden mud, not by soaking in the rain, without an umbrella; not by scrubbing the floor until the unnamable sticks to you like a wet rag; not by hoisting potatoes until you are in a lather of sweat, these are not the things which give people cold; and yet they are all the time telling us how they caught their death-cold by exposure.

The time for taking your cold is after your exercise; the place is your own house, or office, or counting house. It is not the act of exercise which gives the cold, but is the getting cold too quick after exercising. For example, you walk very fast to get to the railway station, or to the ferry, or to catch an omnibus, or to make time for an appointment; your mind being ahead of you, the body makes an extra effort to keep up with it, and when you get to the desired spot, you raise your hat and find yourself in a perspiration; you take a seat, feeling quite comfortable as to temperature, you read a newspaper, and before you are aware of it you experience a sensation of chilliness, and the thing is done; you look around to see where the cold comes from, and find an open window near you, or a door, or that you have taken a seat at the forward part of the car, and it moving against the wind, a strong draft is thus made through the orifice.

After any kind of exercise do not stand a moment at a street corner for anybody or anything, nor at an open door or window. When you have been exercising in any way whatever, winter or summer, go home at once, or to some sheltered place; and, however warm the room may seem to be, do not at once pull off your hat and cloak, but wait awhile—some five minutes or more, and lay aside one at a time; thus acting, a cold is impossible. Notice a moment.—When you return from a brisk walk and enter a warm room, raise your hat and your forehead will be moist, let the hat remain a few moments and feel the forehead again, and it will be dry, showing that the room is actually cooler than your body, with your out-door clothing on, you have really cooled off full soon enough. Many of the severest colds I have ever known men to take were the result of sitting down to a warm meal in a cool room after a long walk; or being engaged in writing, have left the fire go out, and the first admonition of it was the creeping chilliness, which is the ordinary forerunner of a severe cold. Persons have lost their lives by writing or reading in a room where there was no fire, although the weather outside was rather comfortable. Sleeping in rooms long un-used has destroyed the life of many a visitor and friend. Our splendid parlors and our nice 'spare rooms' help to enrich many a doctor.—Hall's Journal of Health.

STUNS UPON WOMEN.

The American Odd-Fellow has the following very true reflections: 'Of all the evils prevalent among young men, we know of none more blighting in its moral effects than to speak a lightingly of the virtue of women. Nor is there anything in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken, as the low estimate they form of the integrity of woman—not of their own mothers and sisters, but of others, who, they forget, are somebody else's mothers and sisters. As a rule, no person who surrenders to this debasing habit is to be trusted with any enterprise requiring integrity of character. Plain words should be spoken on this point, for the evil is a general one, and deep-rooted. If young men are sometimes thrown into the society of thoughtless or low women, they have no more right to measure other women by these, than they would have to estimate the character of honest and respectable citizens by the deportments of crime in our Police Courts. Let our young men remember that their chief happiness depends upon their utter faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization can cover this fundamental truth. It stands like a record of God itself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are wont to speak slightingly of women.'

HOW WE SHOULD LIVE.

Everybody should live on the sunny side of their houses as much as possible, and allow the sun's genial rays to penetrate the rooms. Darkened parlors are fashionable evils. True, it is gloomy enough to be ushered into a touch-like apartment, where one can scarcely grope his way to a seat; and to discover, when his eyes become accustomed to the dim light, that every chair and sofa has on its linen 'muster,' apparently equipped for traveling to some unknown land. But ladies must have their carpets kept bright and fresh, even if their cheeks are the paler for it! And so the shutters are tightly closed, and the heavy curtains drawn. But for the sake of health and beauty, ladies, let this be done only in the 'best parlour,' if it must be done at all. Let the rooms where the family live be cheerful and sunny. No lady would expect her house-plants to send out fresh, blooming blossoms, unless she placed them at a window where the sunshine would invigorate them. No more she should expect her children to show fresh, rosy complexions, or to develop genial dispositions, unless they live in light, sunny airy rooms.

The irrepressible George Eranois Train

is the recipient of some 'bank loaded' compliments from Western papers. One designates him as an 'admirable windbag,' another bids him a 'gentle adieu' after this style: 'Good bye, old windy; good bye, old gas pipe; go home and soak your head with whisky, so as to get the same strength to your apoplexy for brains.'

LANGUAGE OF THE CANE.

As there has been a language of the handkerchief and one of the fan, it is only right that the language of the cane should be understood by our gents. An ingenious, and no doubt ingenious, invents the following: 'Throwing it around the fingers in the right hand—I wish to speak to you. Throwing it around the fingers in the left hand—desire an acquaintance. Putting the head in the mouth—I love you. Knocking with great force upon the ground—I hate you. Holding it top and bottom in both hands—wait for me. Putting it on the right shoulder—follow me. Putting it on the left shoulder—I'm engaged. Dragging it behind on the ground—we will be friends. Holding it to a person by the lower end—I will accept you. Holding it to a person by the head—I reject you. Holding it in both hands and bending it—I love another. Holding it bottom upwards, in front of you—my heart is thine. Holding it in both hands across the shoulders—look at me.'

SCENE ON THE OHIO.

Our boat had stopped to take in wood. On the shore, among the crowd, was a remarkably stupid-looking fellow, with his hands in his pockets, and his under lip hanging down. A dandy, ripe for a scrape, nods and winks at all around, saying: 'Now I'll frighten the greenhorn!' He jumped ashore with a large drawn bowie knife, brandishing it in the face of the 'green'un,' exclaiming: 'Now I'll punish you—I've been looking for you for a week!' The fellow stared stupidly at his assailant, he evidently did not know enough to be scared, but as the bowie knife came near his face, one of his huge fists suddenly vacated his pocket, and fell hard and heavy between the eyes of the dandy, and the poor fellow was floundering in the Ohio. Greeny then jumped on board our boat, put his hands in his pockets, and looking around, said: 'Maybe there's somebody else that's been looking for me for a week.'

CORN AND HOGS.

From carefully conducted experiments by different persons it has been ascertained that one bushel of corn will make a little over ten and a half pounds of pork, gross. Taking the result as a basis following deductions are made: When corn costs 1 1/2 cents per bushel, pork costs 1/2 cents per pound. When corn costs 17 cents per bushel, pork costs 2 cents per pound. When corn costs 25 cents per bushel, pork costs 3 cents per pound. When corn costs 33 cents per bushel, pork costs 4 cents per pound. When corn costs 50 cents per bushel, pork costs 5 cents per pound.

The following statements show what the farmer realizes on his corn when in the form of pork:

When pork sells at 3 cents per pound, it brings 25 cents per bushel in corn. When pork sells for 4 cents per pound it brings 33 cents per bushel in corn. When pork sells for 5 cents per pound, it brings 45 cents per bushel in corn.—Exchange.

NEVER CEDE MALTS.

'Do not yield to misfortunes'—How many destroy themselves, and in a great measure the happiness of others, by yielding to trouble. Some, through a mixture of fortune's wheel, lose property or friends, or may be, get their honor wounded, and dwell upon their troubles with such intensity that the mind abates, and soon they become raving maniacs. Others fly to the 'wine cup' to drown their sorrows, but instead of drowning sorrow, they drown their mental and moral powers in the 'flowing bowl;' and at length the great 'mammoth'—will swallow them, soul and body, forever. Others resort to suicide, and reach the same end. The best antidote for a troubled mind is the grace of God.—Rev. A. W. Holden.

The following capital story is credited to Garrison, the Abolitionist:

An untucky fellow, who may as well be called John Brown, because the subject of church cesses and discipline, and a vote of expulsion was about being passed, when a messenger came in and announced that an outside meeting had been held, and that the outsiders had resolved not to receive Mr. Brown back among them, unless returned in as good a condition as when the church took him away.

Nature is a book of sweet and glowing purity, and on every illuminated page the excellence and goodness of God are divinely portrayed.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself into one.

The bachelor's refrain—a 'lass! The maiden's refrain—an 'man. Let them no longer refrain.

A cranky bachelor says there are not half so many self-made men nowadays as 'self-made women.'

Better be upright with poverty, than unprincipled with plenty.

A stamp orator—dentist who talks about blighted.