



By W. Blair.

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JAMES BELL, G. P. EDITOR.

JACOB PRICE, D. B. RUSSELL.

MACHINE SHOP AND LUMBER YARD!

The subscribers having enlarged their shops and added the latest improved machinery for working wood and iron, are now prepared to do all kinds of work in their line, and are manufacturing the

Willoughby's Gum-Spring Grain and Fertilizer Drill, Greatly Improved; The Celebrated Brinkerhoff Cornsheller; Gibbons' Champion Washing Machine; John Riddesberger's Patent Lifting Jacks.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE WAYNESBORO SASH AND

DOOR FACTORY

having furnished their shops with the latest improved machinery for this branch of business, they are now prepared to manufacture and furnish all kinds of

BUILDING MATERIAL, such as Sash, Doors, Frames, Shutters, Blinds, Mouldings, some Eighteen Different Styles; Cornices, Stairing, Porticoes, &c. &c., Flooring, Weatherboarding, and

ALL KINDS LUMBER, furnished at short notice.

We tender our thanks to the community for their liberal patronage bestowed upon us and hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

Also agents for the sale of Dodge & Stevenson's Kirby Valley Chief, and World Combined Reap and Mowing Machines, and the celebrated Clipper Mower

LIDY, FRICK & CO.

THE CORNER DRUG STORE, WAYNESBORO, PA.,

DR. J. BURNS AMBERSON PROPRIETOR,

SONG!

My true love was sick to death, Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, I'd tell her at her latest breath

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

If I was tapped to darkest dye, Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, I would not care, I would not dye,

Then three times three and tiger to, Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, For what we know that they can do,

DRUGS—THE BEST AND PUREST ALL—wholesale on hand at PAINTS, CHEMICAL AND MINERAL

BRUSHES, PAINT, VARNISH, SASH, HAIR TRUSSERS AND SUPPORTERS AT

BRANDY, WHISKY, WINES AND RUM for medicinal use PATENT MEDICINES—ALL THE STAND-

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY compounded at "The Corner Drug Store," July 16

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

HATS AND CAPS, Men's, Women's, Misses', Boy's and Children's BOOTS, GAITERS, SHOES

BONNETS, Bonnet Frames, Trimmings, Sundowns and Hats Dress Trimmings, Hoop Skirts, Hair Nets, Hair

POETICAL.



THE PASSING BELL.

BY MISS M. L. WOODWORTH.

Toll mournfully! toll mournfully! Thou lonely bell, to-day,— One of earth's beautiful has passed

Solemnly—toll solemnly! A pilgrim's work is done; These scarce-years and ten are past,

Softly toll—and tenderly! A bright-winged bird has flown, The angels bear a jewel up

MISCELLANY.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'Dear father,' said Mary Edwards, 'don't go out this evening, and the young girl, who had scarcely numbered fourteen years,

'Oh, yes, father,' urged Mary, drawing up to him again, notwithstanding her reluctance. 'But there is going to be a storm,

'Storm! Nonsense! That's only your pretence. But I'll be home soon—long before the rain, if it comes at all.'

The young girl's trials, under these painful circumstances, were great. Night after night her father would come home intoxicated,

Mary grew old fast. Under severe trials and afflictions, her mind rapidly matured; and her affection for her father grew stronger,

At last, in the anguish of her concern, she ventured upon remonstrance. This brought only angry repulse, adding bitterness to the cup of sorrow.

'Come, now, fellow,' said one, just as Edwards came in. 'Mount this table and make a first-rate temperance speech.'

'Do, and I'll treat you to the stiffest glass of whisky toddy the landlord can mix,' added another. 'Or perhaps you'd like a mint julep or gin cocktail better.'

'What do you say, landlord? Shall he make the speech?' said another who was eager for the sport.

'Please yourselves,' replied the landlord, and you'll please me.

'Very well. Now for the speech, old fellow! Here, mount this table. And two or three of the most forward took hold of his arms.

'I am not in the humor to make a speech,' said the temperance man, 'but if it will please you as well, I will sing you a song.'

Stick to Your Bush.

Mr. Morgan was a rich and also a good man. The people of the town respected him, sent him to the Parliament, and seldom undertook anything without asking his advice.

When asked how he was so successful, Mr. Morgan said: 'I will tell you how it was. One day when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to a distant pasture to pick whortleberries.

'Where are the friends that to me were so dear, Long, long ago—long, long ago? Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer,

Let me look back on the days of my youth— Long, long ago—long, long ago. I was no stranger to virtue and truth,

'Dear father,' said Mary Edwards, 'don't go out this evening, and the young girl, who had scarcely numbered fourteen years, laid her hand upon the arm of her parent.

'Oh, yes, father,' urged Mary, drawing up to him again, notwithstanding her reluctance. 'But there is going to be a storm, and I wouldn't go out.'

'Storm! Nonsense! That's only your pretence. But I'll be home soon—long before the rain, if it comes at all.'

The young girl's trials, under these painful circumstances, were great. Night after night her father would come home intoxicated, and it was so rare a thing to get a kind word from him, that a tone of affection from his lips would move her instantly to tears.

Mary grew old fast. Under severe trials and afflictions, her mind rapidly matured; and her affection for her father grew stronger, and she was about to rise from her chair, when a blinding flash of lightning glared into the room, followed instantly by a deafening jar of thunder.

'Oh, if father were home,' she murmured, clasping her hands together. Even while she stood in this attitude, the door opened quietly and Mr. Edwards entered.

'I thought you would be afraid, Mary, and so I came home,' he said in a kind voice. 'Mary looked at him in surprise. This was soon changed to joy as she perceived that he was sober.'

'Oh, father,' she sobbed, unable to control her feelings, and her face on his breast, as she spoke—'it you never would go away!'

'Wonderful is the power of music! It is the language of the soul, and speaks to it in a voice of irresistible persuasion. It is a good gift from heaven, and should ever be used in good causes.'

'Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty by a jury of your countrymen, of a crime which subjects you to the penalty of death. You say you are innocent of the charge; the truth of that assertion is known to only you and your Maker. It is my duty to leave you for execution. If guilty, you know you richly deserve the fate which awaits you; if innocent it will be a great gratification to feel that you are hanged without such a crime on your conscience; in either case you will be delivered from a world of care.'

A grape vine in Joncheby, France, fifty-four years old, yielded three tons of grapes last year. The stem is one hundred feet long and the branches cover a space of two hundred feet square.

A Lesson on Perseverance.

At a recent Sunday school concert in an Eastern city, an anecdote was related to the children which is too good to be lost. It illustrates the benefit of perseverance in a strong manner as ever did a Brevé. One of the corporations of the city being in want of a boy in their mill, a piece of paper was tacked on one of the posts in a prominent place, so that the boys could see it as they passed. The paper read:

'Boys, I only want one, and here are a great many; how shall I choose?' After thinking a moment, he invited them all into a yard, and driving a nail into one of the large trees, and making a short stick, told them that the boy who could hit the nail with a stick, standing a little distance from the tree, should have the place. The boys tried hard, and after three trials each, signally failed to hit the nail. The boys were told to come again next morning, and this time, when the gate was opened, there was but one boy, who, after being admitted, picked up the stick, and throwing it at the nail, struck it every time.

'How is this?' said the overseer. 'What have you been doing?' And the boy, looking up with tears in his eyes, said: 'You see, sir, I have a poor old mother, and I am a poor boy; I have no father, sir, and I thought I should like to get the place, and so help her all I can; and after going home yesterday, I drove a nail into the barn, and have been trying to hit it ever since, and I have come down this morning to try again.'

The boy was admitted to the place. Many years have passed since then, and now this boy is a prosperous wealthy man, and at the time of the accident at the Remberton mills, he was the first to step forward with a gift of one thousand dollars to relieve the sufferers. His success came by perseverance.

'The Bright Side.' Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes a flower. There is always before and around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times when it is black one. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them; and perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire the skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can within and without him; and above all, he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run, the great balance rights itself. What is ill becomes well—what is wrong, right—Men are not made to hang down their heads or lips, and those who do, only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore, we should, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate all that is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, and the morose.

'No Mother.' 'She has no mother.' What a volume of sorrowful truth is comprised in that single utterance, 'no mother!' We must go down the hard, rough path of life and become injured to care and sorrow in their starkest forms before we can take home to our own experience the dread reality—no mother, without a struggle and a tear. But when it is said of a frail young girl, just passing from childhood toward the life of a woman, how sad is the story summed up in that short sentence! Who shall now check the wayward fancies—who shall now bear with the errors and fallings of the motherless daughter? Let not the cup of sorrow be overflowed by the harshness of your bearing, or your sympathizing coolness. Is she heedless of your doings? Is she forgetful of her duty? Is she careless of her movements? Remember, oh remember, she has no mother.

And the poor boy, too, with none to care for him or to administer to his comfort. You see him sorrive with his companions, perhaps, rude, may be at times wicked—he has no mother to warn and chide him—no, no mother to shed her softening influence over him. And when he goes to bed strange fears creep over him, and a desolation of spirit that no tongue can express. He is turned out into the world to battle its storms alone, and when pain and weariness press upon him, no words of pitying sympathy fall on his ears—no soft hand soothes and supports him.—Remember, oh, remember, he has no mother.

'THE POISONED TONGUE.'—The snake's poison is in its teeth; but there is something quite as dangerous, says an exchange, and much more common in communities, which has its poison in its tongue. Indeed, your chances of escape from a serpent are much greater. The worst snakes usually glide away, in fear, at the approach of man, unless disturbed or attacked. But this creature, whose poison lurks in its tongue, attacks without provocation, and follows up its victim with unflinching perseverance. We will tell you its name, so that you will always be able to shun it. It is called a SLANDERER. It poisons worse than a serpent. Often its venom strikes to the life of a whole family or neighborhood, destroying all peace and confidence. We have known this evil tongue to work mischief in the hearts of a whole community, destroying the sweetest friendship, and causing life long bitterness. Ah! beware of this poisoned tongue. The evil speaker is most abhorrent in the sight of our Heavenly Father. They who do such things have no inheritance in the many mansions, where all is joy, and love, and blessedness.

'He who in every man wishes to meet a brother will rarely encounter an enemy.'

Locations.

At this season of the year many changes of location take place. The old man who thinks he can better himself—the young married man—perhaps the capitalist who has made money in cities and who thinks farming a good thing—are all on the look-out for some place to go to. Usually the only things thought of are good land and distance from market. Besides this, one should never forget the character of the man who sits already settled about the spot in question.

If one's object in settling on the land is a missionary one, it will be best to settle in the most beautiful old foggy district imaginable; but generally speaking, one's object is to make money first, and last to enjoy the pleasure and comforts which money brings. All of this depends as much on the surroundings, as on any advantages in the place itself. There are certain principles which govern the success of communities, which, if they prevail, make a place prosperous, and which, if known to exist, may make it worth while to go and see a place proposed for settlement. If these are known to be wanting, it will generally save time and regret in after life, to give it the 'go by' at once.

It is a remarkable fact which has been developed by social science societies, that the rate of wealthiness with the largest minded men. 'Bread cast upon the waters returneth after many days,' has a real depth of meaning which millions who have repeated the words never dreamed of. The thoroughly selfish man, who acts on principles which has only his own good for its vitalizing power, becomes at last completely individualized; and that co-operation, so necessary to make things go, dies out in his heart.

Above all, then, in choosing localities, go where the neighbors are generous, unselfish, high-toned and public-spirited; who have good moral principles, and who prove their faith by their works, and you find a place where you can not only make money, but live in a society which truly understands the real pleasures of life.

'Wouldn't he be sprinkled?' About thirty-two years ago, there resided in the town of Pebron, a certain Dr. J., who became very much enamored of a beautiful young lady, a resident of the same town.—The Doctor was a strong Presbyterian; and his lady love a decided Baptist. They were sitting together one evening, talking of their approaching nuptials, when the Doctor remarked:

'I am thinking my dear, of two events I shall number the happiest of my life.' 'And what will they be, Doctor?' remarked the lady. 'One is the hour when I shall call you wife for the first time.'

'And the other?' 'It is when we shall present our first-born for baptism.'

'What, sprinkled?' 'Yes, my dear, sprinkled.' 'Never shall a child of mine be sprinkled.' 'But mine shall.' 'They shall be, hey?' 'Yes, my love.'

'Well, sir, then I can tell you that your babies won't be my babies. So good night, sir.'

The following fish story comes from Wisconsin county: A man fishing in a river in that county found that his hook was attached to something, and pulling it up with some difficulty discovered at the end of his line a jug holding about half a gallon. Not wishing to lose his only hook, he demolished the jug, and to his great astonishment found that the hook had been swallowed by a monster catfish exactly the size and shape of the jug.

A young lady being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed to him that the only objection which she had to a union with him was the probability of his dying before her, and leaving her to feel the sorrows of widowhood, to which he made the following ingenious and delicately complimentary reply: 'Blessed is the man that hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled.'

A few nights ago a policeman, who had been appointed to watch a certain grocery in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, detected a man entering about midnight, apparently as tho' he had a perfect right on the premises. On being arrested and put on trial, the intruder explained his conduct, and the fact that he had a key, by the statement that the proprietors of the store had hired him to 'make nutcracker out of lard.'

A German in Toledo, opened a saloon for the benefit of the printers of that town. In a short time he 'busted.' On his books were found charges on the following card:—'Der laus printer; 'Der red hatted printer; 'Der Tyyvei; 'Der von eyed printer; 'Der Ben Budier printer; 'Der red nosed printer; 'Der printer mit der black eye; &c.

A genius remarked the other day, with a grave face, that however prudent and virtuous young widows might be, he had seen many a guy young widow err.

At a Sunday school meeting out West, a young lawyer made a motion that they choose a committee of ladies and gentlemen to raise children for the Sabbath school.

Words once spoken can never die; they will turn up in the day of judgment, like things of life, and will either acquit or condemn.

The dearest discovery ever yet made to perpetual motion is the tongue of an ignorant woman.

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