



By W. Blair.

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 21, 1870.

NUMBER 41

MACHINE SHOP
AND
LUMBER YARD!

The subscribers having enlarged their shops and added the latest improved machinery for making 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; Gibsons' Champion Washing Machine; John Riddleberger'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; Corbels, Sillings, 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 just attention to Business to merit a continuance of the same.

Also agents for the sale of Dodge & Severson's Kirby Valley Chief, and World Combined Reaping and Mowing Machines, and the celebrated Upper Mower.

LIDY, FRICK & CO.
May 7, 1869

GROVER & BAKER
FIRST-PREMIUM
ELASTIC STITCH
FAMILY
SEWING MACHINES,
435 Broadway, New York.
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POINTS OF EXCELLENCE.
Beauty and Elasticity of stitch.
Perfection and simplicity of Machinery.
Using both threads directly from the spools.
No mending of seams by hand and no waste of thread.
Wide range of application without change of adjustment.
The seam retains its beauty and firmness after washing and ironing.
Besides doing all kinds of work done by other Machines, these Machines execute the most beautiful and permanent Embroidery and ornamental work.
The Highest Premiums at all the fairs and exhibitions of the United States and Europe, have been awarded the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines, and the work done by them, wherever exhibited for competition.
The very highest prize, THE CROSS OF THE LION OF HONOR, was conferred on the representative of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines, at the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1869, thus attesting their great superiority over all other Sewing Machines.
For sale by D. W. ROBINSON, Waynesboro.

NOTICE.
The undersigned having had 17 years' experience as a practical operator on Sewing Machines would recommend the Grover & Baker Family Machine as the cheapest and best machine for family use. The simplicity of construction and elasticity of stitch made by these machines are two very important points in their favor. \$25,000 of these machines are to day bearing witness to the truth of our assertions and the demand is steadily increasing.
We have also shuttle machines on hand for Tailors and Coach-trimmers. D. W. ROBINSON, Main st., Waynesboro, Pa.
17 1/2

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', Boy's and Children's
BOOTS, GAITERS, SHOES

and Slippers of every description. Ladies and Misses

BONNETS,
Bonnet Frames, Trimmings, Sundowns and Hats
Dress Trimmings, Hoop Skirts, Hair Nets, Hair
Bells, collars, Gloves, Parasols, Sun Umbrellas,
&c. &c.
School, Blank and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery
of all kinds; Notions and Fancy Goods.
All of which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest.
Sept 20 J. R. WELSH

SOAP-MAKING.
CONCENTRATED LYE, a full pound in a
box at 20 cents. SAL SODA in large or small
quantities, sold low by W. A. REID.
Feb 3

WANTED.—I will exchange goods at a fair market price for Bacon, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Cotten Rags, small Onions if delivered immediately,oup Beans, &c.
W. A. REID.

POETICAL.



SPRING'S FIRST GIFT.

BY MARGARET E. SANOSTER.

Oh! Spring, if thou hadst nothing brought
Save thy sweet self to win us,
If only thy fair hand had wrought
A spell of beauty in us,
Need were that we should sing thy praise,
Who thrill to thy caresses,
And feel the gladness of the days
That all our being blesses!

For we had thought thy coming slow,
And had no heart to wait thee!
Forgive us, love, since long ago
We all went out to meet thee.
We went by each untrodden way,
We sought in silent places,
For well we knew our patient faith
Should find thy flower traces!

And, hidden half by sore dead leaves,
We saw a vine-like growing;
Sure never fullest Autumn sheaves
Awaken joy so glowing.
Hereafter Summer's roses may
In red or white salute us,
But this is Memory's crowning day,
The day we found arbours!

Oh! clover on the meadow slopes,
Oh! daisies by the river,
Oh! little buds to light that open,
Oh! cedar green forever!
Not one so wins our hearts to-day
As this, whose brown disques gray
Of withered leaves and languisies
Gave us such glad surprises.

So shy and sweet beneath our feet,
Green leaves and waxen flowers,
The snow-white, blushing pink to meet
Such looks of love as ours!
And spring no more may hide away,
Nor shun our smiling faces,
Since, linger whereso'er she may,
We know her trysting places.

MISCELLANY.

WASHINGTON'S TEMPTATION

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

There are many days to winter when the air is very cold and balmy, as the early days of summer, when glad maiden May seems to blow warm breath to the grim face of February, until the rough old warrior laughs again.

It was one morning like this that the sunshine was streaming over a high rock that frowns far above the Wisahikon.
A high rock, attainable only by a long and winding path, fenced in by the trunks of giant pines, whose boughs in the coldest day of winter form a canopy overhead.

And near the rock—the chamber in the forest, for it was nothing else—sat an old man, separated from it by the trunks of the pines, whose boughs concealed his form.
That old man had come here alone to think of his two sons now freezing at Valley Forge; for, though the father was a tory, his two sons were continentals.

And now, on this morning in February, he had come here to think the matter over.
While he was pondering this deep matter over, he heard the tramp of a horse out far off, and looking between the trunks of the pines, he saw a man dismount and advance into the quiet nooks of the moss-covered rocks.

Leaving this aged man to look upon the intruder himself, let us look upon him with our own eyes.
As he comes through those thick boughs we behold a man over six feet, with his manly form enveloped in a coarse gray overcoat; a chapeau on his bald forehead—and beneath the coat you may see the military boots and also the end of a scabbard.

And who is this man of kingly presence, who comes here alone to pace this moss-covered recess with drooped head and folded arms? Washington!
As he meditates upon the awful condition of his starving army at Valley Forge, another form, equally tall as his own, emerges from the boughs, and unperceived gazes upon the warrior.

A moment passes, and as Washington turns and meets the stranger's gaze, a strong resemblance is noticed. The same height, breadth of chest, limbs, say, almost the same faces; save that of the stranger in outline, and only lacks that calm consciousness of a great soul, which stamps the countenance of Washington.

That resemblance is most strange, they are clad in the same coarse gray coat, their countenances are alike—yet hold—
The stranger throws open his overcoat, and you behold that hangman's dress, that British uniform, flashing with gold and stars. Washington starts back, and lays his hand upon his sword.

And as those two men, so strangely alike, met there by accident, under that canopy of boughs, one wandering from Valley Forge, one from Philadelphia, let me tell you that at once that the stranger was one other than the Master Butcher of the idol king, Sir William Howe.

Yes, there they met, the one the imperiousness of freedom, and the other the tinsel-lucky of a tyrant's will.

The Touch of Kindness.

One Monday forenoon, Mr. Murray, the Methodist minister of Arlington, sat in his study, engaged in counting money which had been taken up by contribution at his church, on the previous evening, for benevolent purposes. Before this work was done he was called away; and upon his return he found a boy in the act of taking a handful of the silver from the table. Mr. Murray knew the boy as the son of a poor widow who lived not far away, and knew that his name was John Landers. The little fellow dropped the money, and started back, trembling in every joint. He had come in by the window and could not easily make his escape; but it was evident, from the look of dogged resolution which gradually settled upon his ruddy face, that he was prepared to defend himself should violent hands be laid upon him.

'John,' said the kind-hearted minister, 'I am sorry for this. That money is not mine. It has been collected for the poor and needy of our church. If you had taken it, you would have robbed those who are poorer than you are. Can you read?'

The boy stammered out a faint and quivering 'Yes, sir.'

The minister turned to his library, and took down a small book, neatly and prettily bound.

'Here, my son, is a nice book, which I give you as a present. It is the story of a poor boy who was once tempted as you have been, and who afterwards grew to be a good man. It will be worth more to you than the money. Take it, and may God bless and guide you!'

The boy took the book, and burst into tears. He tried to say something, but sobs choked his utterance, and with more kind words the minister led him to the door, and dismissed him.

That very season the Conference assigned Mr. Murray a new pastorate. Twelve years passed away, at the end of which time he was placed in charge of the church at Auburn; and he found one of the leading members of his new society to be the foremost lawyer of the place, and a man of sterling worth and influence—his name, John Landers—'Could it be the boy of the other years? Aye,—it was even so.'

'Ah,' said the prosperous, happy man, as he held the old minister by the hand, 'those kind words of yours, and the kinder act, in the darkest hours of my life, touched me to the heart, and awoke me to a new existence; and from that time I girded on the armor of righteousness, and stood up to the battle manfully. The result you see. And now I say to you, as you once said to me,—'God bless you! I have blessed you ever since that time, and will bless you while I live.'

THE FIRST THOUSAND DOLLARS.—The first thousand dollars a young man earns and saves will generally settle the question of business life with him. It is the fruit of personal industry. He gives his time and his labor for it. While he is thus earning and saving it, he must earn two or three, or perhaps four times as much to pay his current expenses. He is consequently held steadily to the task of industry for a very considerable period. The direct consequence to him is a steady, continuous, and solid discipline in the habits of industry, in patient, persistent, forecasting and self-denying effort, breaking up all the tendencies to idleness and frivolity, and making him an earnest and watchful economist of time. He not only learns how to work, but he also acquires the love of work; and, moreover, he learns the value of the whole sum which he has saved out of his earnings. He has toiled for it; he has observed its slow increase from time to time; and in his estimation it represents so many months or years of practical labor.—*Rev. S. T. Spear.*

EVERY CHRISTIAN A TEACHER.—A Christian is an instructor. He has been taught, and he becomes a teacher; he has found the preciousness of knowledge, and he seeks to impart it. He feels that what he formerly needed so much was teaching, and so he becomes a teacher. Not as if setting up for superior powers or knowledge, but simply as one who has had a treasure imparted to him, and who therefore longs to impart to his poorer fellow creatures his divine gold and silver. He sees that the great good of humanity is teaching, true teaching, teaching in the things pertaining to the true God, and he sets himself fervently to teach an untaught world. He does not confine himself to a small inner circle, but he has his eye on everybody; not with one or two he is content. He remembers the words of commendation to Levi: 'He walked with me in peace and truth, and did turn away many from iniquity.'

QUESTIONS FOR WOMEN BY A WOMAN.—Can we not—since, while the power of the world is with men, the influence lies with women—can we not bring up our girls more usefully and less showily—less dependent on luxury and wealth? Can we not teach them from boyhood that to labor is a higher thing than merely to enjoy, that even enjoyment itself is never so sweet as when it has been earned? Can we not put into their minds, whatever be their station, principles of truth, simplicity of taste, hopefulness, hatred of waste, and those being firmly rooted, trust to their blossoming up in whatever destiny the young maiden may be called to.—*Miss Mulock.*

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says the widows that cry easy are the first to marry again. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

Fritz says that at the lecture the other evening the audience were so quiet that you could hear a bed tick.

BE SQUARELY HONEST.—Never try dirty dodges to make money. It will never pay you to lick honey off of thorns. An honest man will not make a dog of himself for the sake of getting a bone. He needs to have a long spoon who would eat out of the same dish with Satan. Never ruin your soul for the sake of pelf; it is like drowning yourself in a well to get a drink of water. Take something in hand that may bring you repentance.

Behavior in Church.
Here is a paragraph on behavior in church, which has a secular application:
We may classify the petty inconvivialities of church life thus:
1. *Smells.*—Violent perfumes, especially those containing musk, are disagreeable to most persons, and to some positively distressing. There is no smell so universally pleasant as *no smell.* Never scent yourself when going into a crowded assembly. The same is true of the residuary smell of tobacco which hangs about the garments and affects the breath of those who habitually smoke. But tobacco almost invariably makes men self-indulgent and regardless of others' convenience. More brutal yet are they who go to church reeking, like a Dutchman's soup, with smells of onions. There are scores of people who have lost all profit of a Sunday service by the sickening smell which surrounds them.

2. *Sounds.*—Whispering in church during the service is an affront to politeness. Much of the coughing which goes on in church arises from the poisonous gases and personal effluvia which exist in unventilated churches. But the power of the will over the muscles which do the coughing is very great. A heedless person will cough twice as much as needful—will cough at the worst times possible, will cough plump upon necks of those before him, instead of embalming the sound in his handkerchief as, with a little skill and politeness, he might easily do. We would not forbid men who cannot sing to 'make a joyful noise'—but it should be a softly noise. In all cases when it is a man's duty to sleep in church, it is his duty also to snore with the soft pedal down.

3. *Sight.*—Every one likes to see the minister. It cannot be done through your body. True, you cannot help being before somebody unless you are on the back seat. But, with a little thought you may very much help those behind you. And conduct which shall divert the attention of others from the service, such as ostentatious playing with a watch or opening and shutting it, reading books or papers, looking about inquisitively, is impolite.

Many churches have the Ten Commandments set upon the wall, in sight of the whole congregation; although not one of the sins reprobated therein is likely to be committed in church time. Would it not be well to have another tablet enumerating the sins which men are prone to commit in church time?

GOLDEN GRAINS.—We do not want precepts so much as pateros.

Our reputation depends greatly on the choice of our companions.

The best consolers of human hearts may be broken hearts in their own bosoms.

Life is but a trust; let us be careful in our dealing, that our account may be approved.

He who never gives advice, and he who never takes it, are alike unworthy of friendship.

The good man's life, like the mountain top, looks beautiful because it is near to heaven.

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

God writes the gospel, not in the Bible alone, but on trees and flowers, and clouds and stars.

Gratitude is the music of the heart—when its chords are swept by the gentle breeze of kindness.

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

BATHING.—A daily bath for the whole body is not too much. Health may not absolutely require this, but there are few persons who would not be benefited by a complete washing of the skin, from head to foot, at least once every day. The feet need washing as much as the head, as perspiration upon them is very abundant. Feet that are cased in wool and leather are not excepted from this necessity of cleansing. Digestion is freer when water is applied above the organs of digestion; and the washing of the chest helps one to breathe more freely.—Bathing makes the limbs supple, and it opens the muscles to breathe from, if such an unscientific statement may be permitted. All will agree that in the second month of summer a daily bath is a luxury not to be omitted, but in winter it is hardly less necessary, and the reaction which follows makes it a luxury even in the most inclement season.—*Herald of Health.*

The following good and truthful story is told by a gentleman who went to visit some old Indiana friends in Boone county, Iowa:

The family consisted of the husband, his wife and two grown sons. The good old lady was the only one of the family who did not take a little of the 'O be joyful.' Sitting by the fire a few minutes the old man tipped him a wink, and the visitor followed him out. Stopping by a tree, he pulled out a long necked bottle, remarking, 'I have to keep this hid, for the boys might get to drinking, and the old lady would raise the d—l. They took a drink and returned to the fireside. Soon Tom, the eldest son, asked the visitor out to see a colt, and taking him behind the barn, pulled out a flask, remarking, 'I have to keep this hid, for the old man will get it and the d—l is to pay; they both took a drink and returned. Soon Bob stepped on the visitor's toe and walked off, the visitor following. As they reached the pig pen, Bob drew out a good-sized bottle, remarking, 'You know the old man and Tom will get drunk and I have to hide this.' The visitor concluded he couldn't stand it to drink confidentially against the whole family, and started for home.

Look before you leap.

Will You Take a Sheep?

An old farmer, about the time that a temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence in the country, said to his hired man:
'Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you when I hired you that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to do without?'

'Oh, I don't care much about it,' said Jonathan, 'you may give me what you please.'

'Well,' said the farmer, 'I will give you a sheep in the fall, if you will do without;'

'Agreed,' said Jonathan.
The oldest son then said:
'Father, will you give me a sheep, too, if I do without rum?'

'Yes, Marshall, you shall have a sheep if you do without.'

The youngest, a stripling, then said:
'Father, will you give me a sheep if I do without?'

'Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep also, if you will do without rum.'

Presently Chandler spoke again:
'Father, hadn't you better take a sheep, too?'

An Irishman came into this country, and soon after his arrival hired out to a farmer in western Vermont. The farmer lived near a sluggish stream of water and kept geese. The geese had their goosings in or near the water, when a large black turtle came in sight, took one of the goosings and swallowed it—then hauled in his head and went under water. The Irishman, on seeing this, went to the house and reported as follows: 'O, Mistress! the geese was playing by the water, when a great black beast, as flat as a pancake, came up out of the water and swallowed it, and then swallowed his head, and all went over in the water and drowned himself, he did!'

'If ever I'm married,' said Ike, looking up from the book he was reading, and looking at the stove door to, 'if ever I'm married—'

'Don't speak of marriage, Isaac,' said Mrs. Partridge, 'till you are old enough to understand the bond that binds cooing souls. People mustn't think of marriage with impunity. It's the first thing children think of now-a-days; and young boys pianofortes, and young girls with their heads ironed into spittle curls, are talking of marriage before they get into their cantones. Think of such ones getting married!'

A negro preacher in Louisiana recently got off the following for the benefit of his hearers: 'You think de Lord ain't bout beat all de time! If you dex, you is mistaken. One time He met de dubble walkin' round like a torin' lion, and de Lord say, 'I gwine to put you into de pit for a thousand years, an' I got a great mind to put you in dar for two thousand years, after dat, if I catch you roun' again I'll put you in dar forever, if I got to do it at de point ob de bayonet!'

That was not a bad reply given recently at a barn raising in Pennsylvania to a young man who had been relating his more than wonderful exploits in various quarters of the globe. At the close of one of these narratives, he was not a little set back by the remark of an old codger: 'Young man, ain't you ashamed to talk so when there are older tars on the ground?'

'Do you mean to challenge the jury?' whispered a lawyer to his Irish client.—'Yes, he jabsers,' was the answer, 'if they don't acquit me, I mean to challenge every spalpeen of em; I want ye to give 'em all a hint of it, too!'

A lawyer and a doctor were walking arm-in-arm. A wag said to a friend, 'these two are just equal to one high-wayman.' 'Why?' was the response, 'because it is a lawyer and a doctor—your money or your life!'

A little boy, some six years old, was using his slate and pencil on a Sunday, when his father, who was a minister, entered, and said, 'My son, I prefer that you should not use your slate on the Lord's day.' 'I am drawing meeting houses, father,' was the prompt reply.

During the examination of a witness as to the locality of stairs in a house, the counsel asked him:
'Which way do the stairs run?'

The witness very innocently replied:
'One way they run up stairs, but the other way they run down stairs.'

'Father, what does the printer live on?'

'Why, child?'

'Because you said you hadn't paid him for four years, and still take the paper.'

'Wife, spank that child.'

A German being required to give a receipt in full, after much mental effort produced the following: 'I ish fail. I wants no more moosish.'

A little girl sent out to hunt for eggs came back unsuccessful complaining that 'lots of hens were standing around doing nothing.'

When is a marriage ceremony decidedly fishy. Answer. When the bride receives her ring (barring)

Why is a prosy preacher like the middle of a wheel? Because the fellows around him are tired.

It is fortunate for a man that he is 'too deaf to hear thunder,' if he has a scoldish wife.

Who is the largest man? The lover; he is a man of tremendous sighs.

When is a boys detoured? When it is all on one side.