



By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 47

JAMES BELL, JACOB FRICK, G. F. LIDY, 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 Colabrated Brinkerhoff Cornsheller; Gibsons' Champion Washing Machine; John Rid-demberger'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

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PER,

We tender our liberal patronage besto- rical attention to Business

Also agents for the sale of Dodge Kirby Valley Chief, and World Combined Reaping and Mowing Machines, and the celebrated Clipper Mower. LIDY, FRICK & CO. may 7, 1869]

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FIRST PREMIUM ELASTIC STITCH FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,

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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 fastening of seams by hand and no waste of thread.

Wide range of application without change of adjustment.

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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. 250,000 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' use. Call and see us.

D. W. ROBINSON, Main st., Waynesboro', Pa.

WAYNESBORO' BAKERY

AND CONFECTIONARY!

THE subscribers announce to the public that they have opened a Bakery and Confectionery on Main street, Waynesboro', opposite the "Bow-don House", where persons at all times can be supplied with fresh Bread, Rolls, Pretzels, all kinds of Sweet Cakes, wholesale or retail. A full supply of Candies, Nuts, Fruits, etc., always on hand. ICE CREAM regularly supplied during the season.

Having erected at considerable expense a first-class Bake House they feel confident that in this department of their business they can give general satisfaction. They therefore solicit a share of public patronage.

may 5-11 SLEASMAN & MORT.

MILLINERY GOODS!

TO THE LADIES!

MRS. C. L. HOLLINBERGER has just received a full supply of new Millinery goods. Ladies are invited to call and examine her stock.

April 23-11

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.

POETICAL.



HAPPY THOUGHTS.

If Manhood's waves have borne our bark Far distant from the shore, Whose pleasant scenes were dear to us When life its blossoms bore— 'Tis sweet when we come back again, To find each spot we knew, Decked in the self-same joyous garb Our youth around it threw.

If Time hath laid his hand upon The things about our home, And o'er them all the mournful shade Of deep, sad change hath come— 'Tis sweet to know that in our breasts The self-same heart beats on, And that while change rules all without, Within we're chilled by none.

Yet sweeter than all this it is To meet when we are men, The friend we parted when in youth, The self-same now as then— To feel that he brinks back, through mists By time and absence cast, The light of that same kindness That warmed the blissful past.

The roses that with garnish bloom In pleasure's garden spring, Have each within its painted leaves, Some insect that will sting— And so 'tis doubly sweet for us, Amid life's heartless joys, To catch the blush and fragrance back, Of flowers we culled when boys.

THE MOTHERLESS.

God help and shield the motherless, The stricken, bleeding dove— For whom there gushes no rich fount Of deep and deathless love! The saddest title grief confers— For who so lone as a mother, Upon whose path a mother's love Shed not its holy ray!

No gentle form above them bends To soothe the couch of pain— No voice so fond as her's essays To calm the feverish brain, Oh, other tongues may whisper love, In accents soft and mild, But none on earth so pure as that A mother hears her child!

A blessing on the motherless, Where'er they dwell on earth, Within the home of childhood, Or at the stranger's hearth? Blue be the sky above their heads, And bright be the sun within, O God, protect the motherless, And keep them free from sin!

MISCELLANY.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

On the 24th day of February, the borrowed steamship Aroostook, with Charles and J. S. Lougee, practical and experienced divers, from San Francisco, went to where the Onaida lies in one hundred and twenty-three feet of water. After the usual preparations had been concluded, and, by sounding, it had been ascertained that the deck of the Onaida was one hundred and three feet beneath the surface of the bay, after every caution had been given to eight strong sailors to keep the air pump constantly in motion, and allow not an instant of time or stoppage to occur, as thereby depended the life of the diver, after Charles Lougee had been helmeted and shut from air, except that supplied through the slender tube of rubber, with a life-line around his body, and leaden clogs to his feet, with Good-bye and 'God bless you' from all aboard, he was dropped over the side, and slowly disappeared in the blue waves, while a nervous tremor shot through our frame as we realized the fearful risk undertaken by that man, who was seeking for truth in over one hundred feet of water.

Away to the leeward, borne by the tide and wind come floating bubble to life signals from below. The men at the pump were laboring manfully, but, becoming fatigued, attempted to change for fresh hands, and there was a stop. 'Great God! you will murder my brother! Quick! for heaven's sake, quick!' And as the men remembered the revolutions of air pump, the elder Lougee, with blanched face and trembling lip, gave a signal on the life-line below. For an instant there came no response, and the fade of that brother seemed to turn to marble; but then we saw two quick motions from the submarine station, and knew it was the welcome signal of 'all right,' and then Lougee turned to the men at the wheel, who came so near sending both below, and simply said: 'My brother's life depends upon your efforts in keeping that pump in motion—stop again at your peril.' The calm face and passionate eye told these men not to stop again, and with Lieutenant Tanager close by, they kept to work until stopped by orders from Lougee.

Meantime while we were on the deck of that sand pan, counting the tedious moments which lengthened to half an hour. Charles Lougee was searching the Onaida at the tremendous depth mentioned. At last came the signal for 'surface,' and instantly the life line was put in motion; slowly came the coil- ing hemp and rubber on deck, and at last, away in the deep blue waves, came in sight the diver, shrouded and papooned in weird garments. As he came to the surface he reached Minister DeLong a sword and lac-

quered box, and then was his helmet loosed, and our party crowded around to hear of the gallant ship. Among our party were many of the survivors of the Onaida, among them William Crownshield, Captain Clark, Master Yatts, and Dr. James Suddards, who were intensely excited to learn the tidings. Said the diver: 'The water for the first seventy feet was quite clear, as the sun gave excellent light, and although my supply of air was once checked for an instant, I reached the deck of the ship just astern of the mizzen mast, and close by the mess room hatch; the tide was ebbing quite strong, and I was compelled to hold to lines from the rigging to keep from being washed forward. I first examined the side; she was out from the mizzen rigging, (at an angle of about forty degrees) across the whole stern of the ship, her timbers, far below the water line, being crushed and broken, the captain's out in two, the wheel and steering gear carried away, and, in fact, the whole side and end of the ship stove in or out away. The ship is heading south-west, and sits upright on the bottom and is making sand slowly. I hid down on the deck and peered over the broken end into the cabin, but did not dare trust my air-line-in-contact-with-the-jagged-timbers. The guns and armament, except one, are all afloat; but I did not go forward, as I was afraid of entanglement in the rigging.' Turning to Crownshield, he said: 'Your evidence, which I read, described almost exactly the injury, except that she was out deeper than you could have known.' Lougee expressed the belief that it will be impracticable to raise the ship, but that the splendid battery, personal effects, etc., can be saved if the government sees proper.

By this survey the testimony of the living is verified, and the memory of the dead without a stain, for the position of the ship as found, and the positions of the Onaida and Bombay, as testified to by the navigating officers, show that it was impossible for the captain of the Bombay to have ever seen the red light of the Onaida, and that the order of 'Port your helm,' by Captain Byre, was wrong, and the 'Starboard, hard a starboard' of Master Yates was right.—*Cor.—Sacramento Bee.*

To GIVE IS TO RECEIVE.—We must bless if we would receive a blessing. We must pour water from the cup if we would have it filled again. Life is an exchange of bounties, a transfer from one hand to another. Earth gives her portion to the flowers, they send their fragrance unto man, and man gathers them, decks the path of friendship, and makes hearts sweet with their fragrance. The sky is mellow for the passing cloud that lowers beneath it. The cloud receives its glory from the orb of day. All things are tributary to each other.—The glow-worm lights a traveller's path; the pebble turns the tide. Rills fill the river; rivers send their vapors forth and fill again the rills. If love flows from our soul unto our neighbor's, something must be dissolved within his breast. It may be envy, pride, or hate—what matter it? or it may be the sweetest strains of gratitude that will gladden some ear, though not our own. We are but workers; but not like earthly laborers, waiting for our pay. It comes in God's time, and always at the needed moment. Keep the waves in motion.—Roll the ball of love heavenward. It will strike many hearts, and gather accelerated speed. Pass the cup around. Bid the thirsty drink, for dust and mould will gather on the cup that stands unmoved, and the water it holds will become unfit for our own or another's use.—*Phrenological Journal.*

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.—There is a remarkable community living in Iowa who call themselves the 'Christian Brothers.' They have a monastery upon one of the highest Mississippi bluffs, approached by a rough and rocky road. They wear the garb which is the identical pattern of that worn by St. Bernard in the sixth century. Not a change has been made during the twelve centuries that have elapsed since the death of that saint. A great deal of time is devoted to religious exercises. At two o'clock in the morning they repair to the chapel and devote the balance of the time until daylight to prayer. They are exceedingly abstemious in their food, and observe all the rules of the society rigidly. Some of them have been there twenty and a few about thirty years. Their religious belief is the Roman Catholic, and they are forbidden to marry. Women are never allowed in their place of worship under any circumstances. After a certain time they take upon themselves a vow never to speak aloud, and a number have kept that vow for twenty years. Such is the human seclusion of this community.

When I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, and other innumerable distempers, lying in ambush around the dishes. Nature's delights in the most plain and simple diet.—Every animal but man, keeps one dish.—Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and fowl of a third. Man fall upon everything that comes in his way; not the smallest fruit or exercise of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom can escape him.—*Addison.*

An Indian woman in California, supposed to be one hundred years old recently fell into a trance, and while in that condition predicted that the city of San Francisco will be totally destroyed by an earthquake in 1873, and its site be submerged in water. She had never seen the city, but described it minutely in her trance. Real estate owners laugh at her prophecy, but evidently feel a little uneasy lest it should be realized.

We hear a great deal more of persons dead in love with each other than we do of their living in love with each other.

The Poor Old Fiddler.

One beautiful summer day there was a great festival in the large park at Vienna.—This park is called by the people the Prater. It was almost covered with crowds of people. Among the number was an old musician.—He had once been a soldier, but his pension was not enough to live on. He had a good, faithful old dog along with him, which lay at his feet and held an old hat in his mouth, so that passers by might cast coins in it for the poor old man.

On the day of the festival, which I have now mentioned, the dog sat before him, with the old hat. Many people went by and heard the old musician playing, but they didn't throw much in. He looked sad enough, as he saw multitudes pass, in their strength and youth and beauty; but whenever they laughed, it was like a dagger to his soul, for he knew that on that very evening he would have to go to bed supperless, hungry as he was, and lie on a straw couch in a little garret room. He placed his violin down by his side, and leaned against an old tree. Not far off stood a gentleman in fine clothes who had a kind heart. He listened to the old musician, and when he saw that no one gave him anything, his heart was touched with sympathy. He finally went to the dog, and looking into the hat saw only two little copper coins in it. He then said to the old musician: 'My good friend, why don't you play some more?'

'Oh,' replied the old man, 'my dear sir, I cannot; my poor arm is so tired that I can not hold the bow; besides, I have had no dinner, and have little prospect for supper.' The kind gentleman gave him a piece of gold, and said: 'I'll pay you if you will loan me your violin for one hour.'

'Very well, you can do what you like,' said the owner. The gentleman took the fiddle and bow, and said to the old man, 'Now my mate, you take in the money, and I will play. I am quite sure people will give us something.' The strange gentleman began to play, and every note was like a pearl. By and by the people began to drop money into the hat, and it became so heavy that he could not hold it any longer.

'Empty your hat, old man,' said the people, 'and we will fill it again for you.' He pulled out an old handkerchief and wrapped the money in it, and put it in his violin bag.

The stranger kept on playing, first one tune and then another—even children seemed carried away with rapture. At last he played that splendid song, 'God bless the Emperor Francis!' All hats and caps flew off their heads, for the people dearly loved their Emperor. The song finally came to an end. The hour was ended, and the musician handed back the violin to the old man.

'Thank you,' he said. 'May God bless you! And he disappeared in the crowd.' 'Who is he? Who is he?' said the people. 'Where does he come from?' A certain person sitting in one of the coaches, said: 'I know him. It is Alexander Boucher, the distinguished violinist. It is just like him. He saw that the old man needed some help, and he determined to help him in the best way he could.'

The people gave three cheers for Boucher, and put more money in the old man's hat. When he went home that evening, he was richer than he had ever been before.

Tardiness of Women.

The most difficult thing in the world for women to do is to get ready to go anywhere, and there is nothing a woman will resent quicker or more fiercely, than in intimation that she may miss the train. Our friend, Brayfogle, gives us an instance of this: Mr. Bray was supposed to take the ten o'clock train on the Bee Line, to visit some relatives in an interior town. Having suffered on previous occasions for injudicious suggestions, Bray thought that, for once, he would let things take their natural course.—So he sipped his coffee and ate his eggs and toast, while Madam curled and powdered, and danced attendance on the looking-glass, and tied back on the back of her head. Then Bray sat by the stove for an hour and read the morning paper, while the Madam still continued to get ready. At last, just as he had reached the final paragraph of reading matter, and was beginning on the advertisements, Madam tied her bonnet strings under her chin, took one long, lingering, loving look at the image reflected in the glass, and sweetly announced: 'Well, my dear, I'm ready.'

'Ready for what?' asked Bray, in well affected astonishment. 'To go to the depot, to be sure,' said Mrs. Brayfogle, tartly. 'Oh,' said Bray, 'I'd forgotten. Well, Madam,' continued he, looking at his watch, 'that train has been gone thirteen minutes. Just keep on your things and you'll be ready for the train to-morrow.'

We drew a veil over what followed. We are assured, however, that next morning Mrs. B. was ready an hour ahead of time.

THOUSAND YEARS.

A thousand years ago, On many an upturned brow, The moon shone bright as now; And many a heart like mine Bow'd low at beauty's shrine, Blessing the Lord for light And the good gift of sight. A thousand years from now Where will my spirit be? In vast Eternity Will I be lost in night, Or bathed in God's pure light? Thought's wings grow tremulous and weak with fears, While hovering o'er that gulf—that gulf of years.

The Pickled Watch.

The other day we met Wiggins, and he had a silver watch—hunting-case at that.—We had known Wiggins five-and-twenty years and never knew him to carry a watch before. We asked him where he got it. He gave us a nod and a leer, and said he would tell us.

'Last fall,' he commenced, 'I killed the old brindle cow, and put the best part of her into the beef barrel. She was fat, the beef was nice; and I had nigh onto a full barrel. I didn't want to make it very salt, so I set it out in the shed, where the frost might touch it and keep it; and you'd believe it made good eating.'

One day my wife says to me—says she, 'Wiggins,' 'pears to me our beef is going mighty fast. I went and looked, and sure enough, it was going—going rather faster'n I thought it ought to. I've noticed it lowering unaccountably this long time,' said my wife. 'Somebody is stealing it. Why don't you set a trap?'

'But my neighbors were all good hearted kind of folks, though one or two of them might be just a little inclined to poke round where they didn't belong, and I didn't want to hurt 'em. I concluded, however, that it would be best to put the barrel with what little beef was left, down in the cellar, and I did it.'

'Well, when the beef was all used up, and I went to clear out the barrel, I found this watch in the pickle. It looked to me like Tom Sherman's watch. Tom had worked for me considerable, and I have seen him have the watch, or one very much like it.—When I saw Tom I showed him the watch and he said right off it was his.

'How did you lose it?' said I. 'I carried it in my pocket without any chain, and must have dropped it out when I was stooping,' said he. 'Well,' said I, 'then ye must have been stooping over my beef barrel, for I found it in the pickle.'

'With that Tom looked kind of sheepish; and I guess he saw the twinkle in my eye.' 'Let me look at that watch again,' said he. 'He looked at it a little while and then he handed it back to me.

'On the whole, Mr. Wiggins,' said he, 'I guess that ain't my watch, arter all. It must belong to somebody else.' And with that he walked off. 'I carried the watch to our jeweler, and he found that the case had shut so tight that the works hadn't been pickled a bit, and for a dollar he cleaned it up in good shape, and set it running.' It's a first rate timekeeper, and I reckon that whoever took my beef paid all it was worth.'

A GOOD ONE FOR SMOKERS.—An aged negro, whose eminent piety has secured for her an extensive reputation, in walking her usual rounds of visits, dropped in upon a neighbor who was equally well known as a temperance man and a hater of tobacco.

After being courteously received, the negro pulled from her pocket a long pipe, and commenced smoking some very 'Union' tobacco, to the infinite disgust of her host. The man maintained his composure several minutes, but the fumes and smoke became too powerful for him, and rising from his chair he said: 'Aunt Chloe, do you think you are a Christian?'

'Yes, brudder, I specks I is.' 'Do you believe in the Bible, aunty?'

'Yes, brudder.' 'Do you know there is a passage in the Scriptures which declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the kingdom of heaven?'

'Yes, I've heard of it.' 'Do you believe it?'

'Yes.' 'Well, Chloe, you can not enter the kingdom of heaven. Because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?'

'Why I specks to leave my breff behind me when I go to heaven.'

Some individual proposes that instead of licensing liquor dealers the persons who drink should be made to take out a license. His idea is, at least, original. Hear him: 'No man should be entitled to drink unless he first gets a license; and any bar-keeper who should sell to an unlicensed party, sh'd be subject to fine and imprisonment. The license should be annual, and the sum charged should be from twenty to one hundred dollars. No young man should be allowed a license till he was sixteen, and then until twenty-one years of age, only beer license at a moderate charge. After twenty-one he should vote, drink, and chew tobacco on payment of license, and the same privilege should be extended to strong-minded women.'

A Wife at Last.

The New York special correspondent of the Cincinnati Times relates the following: I heard a droll story yesterday of a merchant in town, between forty and fifty years of age, who recently determined to become a Benedict. His choice fell upon the youngest of six sisters, all unwedded. The lady was young, pretty, and agreeable and eminently fitted, the gentleman thought, to provide over his establishment. Accordingly he proposed to her, and considerably to his surprise, his offer was delicately but decidedly declined. Being of a philosophic mind, he mourned not his failure; but offered his hand to the next older than his original choice.

She, too, declined. Nothing daunted, he repeated it to the third, the fourth and the fifth sister, with the same result. At the sixth and eldest he hesitated, for he had not the slightest desire to make her his wife.—Still, considering it impolite to refrain from asking her to share his lot in life, having given all her sisters an opportunity, he made his offer as matter of form, and was as much surprised by being accepted as in the first instance by being refused. Having gotten himself into the scrape, he made the best of it, and shortly after led his bride to the altar.

A confidential friend, rallying him upon the result some weeks after his marriage, asked, 'But how is it, my dear fellow, that out of a family of six daughters you selected the eldest and least agreeable?'

'With a sigh the merchant replied, 'Well, you see, my wife, Elizabeth, wasn't my first choice. I fully intended to marry the youngest, Louise; but when I proposed she declined. Then I tried Ada, and Mary, and Clara, and Augusta, and each one said 'no' immediately. I never particularly liked Elizabeth; but for the sake of finishing, the business promptly, I said the same thing to her; and—well, I was considerably surprised by being accepted.'

'On the whole, perhaps, Elizabeth is the best wife for me, if she isn't interesting to me, she certainly won't be to other men; so I shall never be jealous of her. And being rather dull and phlegmatic she'll never get her head full of women's rights and wrongs and bore me to death with discussions and arguments when I want to read the paper or go to sleep.'

'Besides, she never interferes with anything I want to do, and with supreme satisfaction he lighted a cigar in the front drawing-room.'

A waggish journalist, who is often merry over his personal plainness, tells this story on himself. I went to a chemist the other day for some morphine for a sick friend.—The assistant objected to giving it to me without a prescription, evidently fearing that I intended to commit suicide. 'Pshaw!' said I, 'do I look like a man who would kill himself?' Gazing steadily at me a moment he replied, 'I don't know. It seems to me if I looked like you, I should be greatly tempted to kill myself.'

A wicked old bachelor editor 'Down East,' is responsible for the following: 'A girl at Chester, Vermont, has died from tight lacing. Those corsets should be done away with, and if girls can't live without being squeezed, we suppose men can be found who would sacrifice themselves. As old as we are, we had rather devote three hours a day, without a cent to pay, as a brevet corset, than see the girls die off in that manner. Office hours almost any time.'

During a fine starlight evening, a three year old philosopher, after a silent and apparently profound scrutiny of the heavens, asked his mother abruptly where the stars came from. Mamma replied: 'I don't know, Willie.' 'Yes, you do, too.'

'No, Willie, I don't know where the stars came from.' 'Well, you bet I do. The moon laid 'em.'

During the Crimean war a lady was distributing tracts to the occupants of the ward of a hospital, and was excessively shocked to hear one poor fellow laugh at her. She stopped to reprove the wretched patient.—'Why, ma'am,' said he, 'you have given me a tract on the sin of dancing, when I have had both my legs shot off.'

Some impertinent chap advises the ladies to get their ages ready, as the census takers will soon be around. Twenty to twenty-four was the popular figure ten years ago. It will not probably range above this year.

A dandy gives the following reason why the colored race is superior to the white race; 'All men are made of clay, and like the meerschaum pipe they are more valuable when highly colored.'

Physicians warn persons to avoid the night air, but what other kind can we breathe after dark when we go to see a cousin or somebody else's sister?

A young lady, being asked by a rich old bachelor, if not yourself, who would you rather be? replied sweetly and modestly, Yours truly.

A correspondent of a paper having described the Ohio as a sickly stream, the editor appended the remark—'That's so! It is confined to its bed.'

Why is a man in a rage like a hard-baked pie? Because he's a little crusty.

Why is a field of grass like a person older than yourself? Because it is past-w-ay.

When is a lawyer strongest? When he is fee-blest.

'Dutch Handout' is the new name for pre-zi.