



By W. Blair.

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NUMBER I

OH! HO! JUST THE THING WHICH ALL MUST HAVE!

NOW is the time to economize when money is scarce. You should study your interest by supplying your wants at the first class store of G. N. BEAVER...

EXPLODED. RUINED. Call and examine our fine stock and don't be RUINED

by paying 20 per cent. too much for your goods elsewhere. We will challenge the community to show forth a more complete stock of

- HATS, all of the very latest styles and to suit all. BOOTS, all kinds and prices. SHOES, of every description for Men, Ladies, Misses and Children. CLOCKS, every one warranted and sold. TRUNKS, of all sizes, the very best manufacture, also warranted and sold. VALISES, of every kind, also very cheap. HATS, for Ladies, Misses and Children, a fresh supply received every week and sold. NOTIONS, a full line as follows: PAPER COLLARS, for Men and Boys wear, the most complete and finest assortment in town. Hosiery, of every kind, for sale. GLOVES, for Men and Boys wear. SUSPENDERS, for Men and Boys wear. CANES AND UMBRELLAS, a complete stock. BROOMS AND BRUSHES, of the very best kind. TOBACCO, to suit the taste of all. CIGARS, which cannot be beat, for sale. SNUFF, which we challenge any one to excel in quality, for sale. INK AND PAPER, of every description. CANDIES, always fresh too, for sale. SPICES, for sale. CRACKERS, of every kind. INDIGO BLUE. CONCENTRATED LYE, for sale. KEROSINE, of the very best. LAMP CHIMNIES also.

And many other articles not necessary to mention. We now hope that you will give us a share of your patronage. We are indeed, thankful to you for past patronage, and hope a continuance of the same, and remain yours truly, CLARENCE N. BEAVER. Waynesboro, June 2, 1870.

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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. 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 or THE LEXOR 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. 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. N. O. MOLASSES.—The subscribers have just received a prime lot of New Orleans Molasses of the holidays. PRICE & ROEFLOU

POETICAL.



"WE." Oh! love is left in bygone years, Yet there has been no broken vow. "We met of yore; 'tis 'you and I' That sometimes meet each other now. A quite indifferent he and she, Though once enshrined in lover's 'we.'"

That time, 'tis now long ago— His hopes, his joys all passed away; On life's calm tide three bubbles glow, And pleasure, youth, and love are they. Hope paints them bright as bright can be— Or did when you and I were "we."

I paradised some woodland cot; I built great "castles in the air;" And pleasure was, and grief was not. In cot or castle thou wert there; Yet it was not alone for thee, For Fancy always whispered "we."

The distant isles of future years? Glean brightly through the golden haze; Time's sea a reflex heaven appears, In which the stars are happy days; At least 'twas always so with me, When lovers, you and I were "we."

My life was all one web of gold, Where thoughts of thee like gems were set; But soon the light of love grew cold, And gems and gilding faded; yet, The "glit" and "paste" seemed true to me, But 'twas when you and I were "we."

Long, long ago, with life-hope shone, These faded fancies; now they seem Wild fragments of a gladness gone, The memory of a pleasant dream, And wonder whispers, "Can it be That ever you and I were "we.""

TO-DAY. To-day the sunshine freely showers, Its benedictions we we stand; There's not a passing cloud that lowers Above this pleasant summer-land; Then let's not waste the sweet to-day— To-morrow, who can say?

Perhaps to-morrow we may be (Alas! alas! the thought is pain!) As far apart as sky and sea, Sundered, to meet no more again; Then let us clasp thee, sweet to-day— To-morrow, who can say?

The daylight fades; a purple dream Of twilight hovers overhead, While all the trembling stars do seem Like sad tears yet unshed; Oh, sweet to-day, so soon away! To-morrow, who can say?

CRADLE SONG. 'Tis night on the mountain, 'Tis night on the sea, Mill dewdrops are kissing, The bloom-covered lea; Like plumes gently waving, The soft zephyrs creep; The birds are all dreaming, Then sleep, darling, sleep. 'Tis night on the mountain, 'Tis night on the sea, Away in the distance, The stars twinkle free; O'er all of His creatures His watch He will keep, Who quarrels the sparrows— Then sleep, darling, sleep.

AN OLD TIME MYSTERY.

'I will not tell you sir!' The young head was thrown back haughtily, and the blue eyes flashed with passionate excitement. She was a beautiful creature this fair golden-haired girl. She was very young and her petite figure looked almost childish. But for the rounded, Hebe-like form and perfect outline, one would have thought her a child—a little girl indeed, with the sunny hopes and dreamed fancies of childhood—but these disclosed a womanhood full of nameless grace, rich and rare in beauty. Few knew the world as well as she, this brilliant little meteor, that had flashed upon society, turning men's heads, and making a fair lady mad with jealousy.

But a few months before she came to New Orleans, the protégée of a wealthy English lady, who had for many years spent her winters here. Her history none knew, until the events which procured me an introduction to her, none cared to inquire. It was evident to all she was loved by the lady as a daughter, but she was presented to the world as her niece.

There were just the faintest discernible accent, in the rich mellow voice and liquid speech. The fair Canadian queen in royalty over the haughtiest belles. Men said that accent charmed as none other could; rival beauties tried to imitate it. But her fascination lay in her winsome face and eyes that seemed so true; in the passionate regret that fevered there at a sense of woe; in the hand open as day to charity. As she stood before me in her fierce anger, I thought I had never seen a being so lovely. The golden curls, shaded face and brow, and the chiseled lips had assumed their haughtiest curve. Proud as a queen she looked, the indignant blood staining neck and brow, while the cheek flushed and paled alternately; but the blue eyes never lost their passionate flush nor the lips the curl of scorn.

The night before, the house had been robbed and a casket containing diamonds stolen. Myself and Mr. I had been sent for by Mrs. M— to investigate the case. It was evidently the work of an experienced burglar, and he must have passed through the room of Miss M— to reach the apartment of the lady from whom the jewels had been stolen. I asked Miss M— if she had heard nothing in the night to excite her alarm. At my question, which was somewhat abruptly spoken, she hesitated and appeared unduly excited. I felt surprised at this and repeated the question.

'Did you hear or see anything during the night?' 'I did, sir.' 'May I inquire what it was?' 'I declined to tell.' 'But why, Miss M—?' 'I cannot inform you.' 'At all events you will tell me if you saw or heard the person who committed the robbery?' 'I both saw and heard him. Sir, you will excuse me, but that I may end an interview extremely painful to me, I will say to you that I saw the person who came into the house, saw the robbery committed, but am withheld by reasons I cannot disclose from giving you his or her description.'

The avowal was made in a low, choking utterance that showed how profoundly the young creature felt the shame of the disclosure. Shocked and surprised, I scarcely knew what I said, but I remember appealing to Mrs. M— to unite her entreaties with mine to induce Miss M— to change her determination, or at least give a reason for it. But she did not hear me. Her eyes were fastened on the young girl's face with a wild entreaty that thrilled me to the heart. She seemed to understand why the girl refused to tell; and gazing for an instant, threw up her hand with a wail like one broken hearted, and sank sobbing to the floor.

'Miss M—, this is very strange.— You do not wish me to think you a confederate, and unless you tell me, what else am I to think?' It was then that her expression changed, and her face lit up with indignant excitement.

'I will not tell you, sir!' She paused for an instant, and I read her innocence to the look. Whatever the mystery, she was not criminal. 'Think what you please. I will not tell you.' Before I had time to reply, Mrs. M— rose to her feet, and, taking the young girl by the hand, turned to me. 'You are mistaken sir, in your suspicions. This is a family mystery the child is not to blame. I had known it sooner I should have dispensed with your services; but you oblige me by retiring now, and pursuing your investigations no further.'

It was impossible to resist the grave dignity of this grand old lady. We took our leave in a perfect whirl of amazement. I confess to my share of curiosity, but all the events of that morning bewildered me. I thought of nothing all that day save the mysterious burglary. I did not speak of it to others, for it was evident that Mrs. M— did not wish it canvassed, and my own powers of reflection were unable to solve it.

The next I received a note, inclosing a fee for my trouble, and enjoining the strictest silence in regard to the events which occurred. Of course I obeyed; it was nothing to lips, if she wears a sove, even her friends will consider her ill-looking; while the young lady who illuminates her countenance with smiles, will be regarded as handsome; though her complexion is coarse enough to grate unguessed on. As perfume is to the rose, so is good nature to the lovely. Girls, think of this. A New Albany editor picked up a sixteen-inch garter on the street.

'You know Mrs. —, the English lady?' 'Yes.' 'Tell her I am dead!' Unutterably surprised, I would have asked him more—would have questioned him as to how the life or death of a burglar could interest her? but he waived me off.

I did his mission carefully as I could, I imparted my intelligence. I was received in silence—a silence like death. The next day a single close carriage attended the remains to the tomb. It was not before a marble shaft rose above it, and the single inscription— "He died by violence."

tells to the observer all that is known of the burglar's grave. Long years afterward I knew he was the English lady's son, and that her mission here was to see and redeem him. She failed utterly, and both she and the fair young girl are seen no more in the brilliant society, in which the young beauty was once so admired.

Edgar A. Poe. The following incident was related by a member of the Baltimore bar, who, at the time of its occurrence, was but recently admitted to practice. The truth of the statement may be depended on, and even the conversation introduced I give, word for word, as reported to me:—

At the period referred to, there were several single-storied houses on the east side of St. Paul streets, each of which contained but two rooms. They were rather massively—according to present ideas—constructed of brick, but have been for a long time displaced by tall and stately buildings. One of these single-storied houses was occupied by my informant. The front apartment was used as a law office, the rear as a sleep room.

One calm and clear moonlight winter night, when the snow lay deep upon the city streets and roofs, Mr. — was making preparations to retire to bed, when his front door bell rung. He aroused his negro servant boy, who was nodding on his stool by the chimney corner, and sent him to open the door to the late visitor. The boy almost immediately returned alone. He said that nobody was at the door, but that a gentleman was standing in the snow in the middle of the street, talking to himself and tossing his arms about.

Mr. — now went to the front door himself. When he opened it he found one, who was evidently a gentleman—he could see by the moonlight—standing on the pavement facing him.

'Was it you who rang my bell?' he asked. 'Yes, sir,' was the reply, 'I owe you an apology for disturbing you at an hour so unseasonable. But the fact is some thoughts have come into my head which I wish to commit to paper, and seeing a light in your back window (the house stood upon the corner of an alley) and considering it a matter of course that a lawyer's office is supplied with stationary, I took the liberty of ringing your bell.'

'You are very welcome, indeed,' said the young lawyer. 'Walk in, sir.' The stranger followed him into the inner apartment, where a bright fire was burning in the grate. The manner of his guest was so impressive of intellect that Mr. — offered him his bed; but the visitor only asked the use of a chair, table and writing materials. So the negro boy laid down upon his pallet on the floor, and the young lawyer retired to his bed, leaving the stranger bending over the table writing.

When Mr. — awakened in the morning his strange visitor was sitting in a chair, with his head on the table, asleep. The motion made by the young lawyer on awakening roused the stranger. The latter seemed at once to be wide awake. He arose from his seat, thanked his host for his hospitality, and gracefully apologized for his intrusion on the previous night. He was then about to leave the room.

'You are forgetting your manuscript,' said the young lawyer, pointing to some pieces of paper on the table. 'I have a copy of what I have composed,' said the stranger, and leave the original with you as some acknowledgement of your kindness under circumstances so trying.'

The stranger left. The lawyer did not know until a long time afterward, when the 'Song of the Bells'—of which he still has the original—had been published and became famous, that his singular visitor was Edgar A. Poe.

A PRACTICAL APPLICATION.—Nicholas Wain, though a regular Quaker preacher, a great wag, was once traveling on horseback in the interior of Pennsylvania in company with two Methodist preachers. They discussed points of difference in their respective sects, until they arrived at the inn where they were put up for the night. At supper, Wain was seated between the two Methodists, and before them was placed a plate containing two trout. Each of the circuit-riders placed his fork in a fish and transferred it to his plate, after which each shut his eyes and said audible grace before eating. The Quaker availed himself of the opportunity to transfer both of the trout to his own plate, merely remarking, when the others opened their eyes, 'Your religion teaches you to pray, but mine teaches me both to watch and pray.'

To Young Men.

Young man, have a fixed, definite purpose in life. If you study Law, study the same for the love of justice and equity, to maintain, uphold and defend fidelity and truth in the land. Let this be your purpose. If you study Materia Medica, let it be your ambition to be skillful to mitigate the pains and sufferings of humanity. If you will be a common laborer, labor for some purpose. If a carpenter, blacksmith, tradesman, farmer, or whatever calling in life you may choose do so for a purpose. Strive to excel in your calling. It is noble, aristocratic, most honorable to be a sound lawyer, a skillful physician, a substantial, useful laborer, an inventive carpenter, a prompt, ready blacksmith, an honest, genial, quick tradesman, a hardy, practical farmer. Any calling in life for which you are adapted, if lawful in the eyes of God, is honorable. It is no discredit to a man to work. No disparagement to the blacksmith to have a rough, black hand, a sweaty countenance, when forging the red hot iron into horse shoes.

'Honor and shame from no condition rise; Act well your part there all the honor lies.' Without a fixed, definite purpose in life you will live and die without accomplishing anything. You will be no benefit to yourself, none to society, none to the State, and, worst of all, none to the Church. Live not an aimless, fruitless, objectless life. Have a fixed definite purpose before you and with heroic determination accomplish the same.— The grand purpose of life should be to do something. There is no excuse to live an aimless life.

If you have a vocation, love it; and let it be your pride and ambition to excel in it. To excel you must work. Perseverance, industry, earnest, hard work constitute the genius by which men excel in any vocation. Have this genius and you are bound to succeed in doing something for yourself and the world. All true success in life lies in work. Work then for it is a power—work and you can expect to succeed in any calling you have chosen.

Brigham Young's Harem.

We have a foretime given gossip extracts from the letters of visitors to Mormondom, relative to Brigham Young's domestic affairs; but the following, from a communication in the Cincinnati Gazette contains some details we do not remember to have previously seen:— The rooms of the women are very much alike, and furnished nearly alike. They are plain, but comfortable. The women live in them precisely as people do at a hotel. Each lady has her own key, and when she goes out she locks her door. There is little visiting back and forth, and the ladies behave very much as guests do at a first-class hotel. Every morning and evening, at the ringing of the bell, the inmates of the harem meet in the great parlors, to attend prayers. They sing a hymn, and Young prays fervently.— The prophet used to eat at the harem with his wives, but he seldom does so now. In the morning, on rising, each woman puts her room in order, and if she has children, dresses them for breakfast.

After prayers they all go to breakfast, the ladies with children sitting at little family tables, and those without children at the common table. The same food is given to all, and the bill of fare is by no means a poor one. Brigham, from time to time, designates some of his wives to take charge of the cooking, and they remain on duty until relieved; during the day the women walk out, sew, sing, play the piano in the parlor, or walk with the children. Most of them spin, make cloth, and color it. They are very proud of their cloth and embroidery. In the evening, all hands go to the theater, where every one of Brigham's wives has a reserved seat. It is said that Young liberally supplies his wives with money, and on fine days they drive out and go shopping. He employs a music teacher, French teacher, and dancing master for the use of his household. Brigham's women are well dressed, but still they have to work hard, and he keeps up a wholesome discipline over them.

Head's Maxims

Ben Franklin said, 'Time is money.' Now I tried to pay a note at the bank with time; I tried to pay my grocer's bill with time; I tried to pay my printer the same way; and the only satisfaction I got was that 'It was time to pay up.' They didn't see it as Ben did, at all. 'Time is money' only when it passes.

'Necessity is the mother of invention.'— Now I have known her personally all my life, but I could not invent any way to get a living without work. Going to bed is a good institution, but getting up is rough, and I am down on the man that invented it. It is said to be healthy to 'rise with the lark' if you have not been on a lark the night before—when it ain't healthy. It is said, too, that 'the early bird catches the worm,' but you don't want any worms—they ain't healthy. So you need not hurry about getting up.

By taking the various remedies for different diseases advertised in the papers, you will be a healthy invalid, and will help a healthy growth of quacks. You will also assist in supporting some doctor, and after a while the undertaker. When you are hungry it is best to eat something. If you board by the week or month, the more you eat the nearer you will come to getting your money's worth. 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' Then most people don't show much for their training, that is all! 'Contentment is riches,' perhaps; but it won't pay board and washing. A woman in Chicago recently seized a man, and before he could secure assistance, brutally married him.

A Word to Young Women.

The readiness with which American girls accept the attention of a comparative stranger is forever a matter of astonishment to foreigners. It would be as much a matter of astonishment to ourselves if we once stopped to think about it. A gentleman is usually introduced, a lively conversation follows, calls are made the next day and for a week to come, rides, flirtations, and love-making entered upon, and oftentimes, after no less than a fortnight's acquaintance, confidences are given that no less than half a year's acquaintance should warrant.

A case of this sort of eager intimacy occurred in a pretty inland town not more than three hundred miles from New York, which resulted most disastrously. A young man stopping temporarily in the town saw and fancied a young lady upon the street, ascertained her name, etc., forged a letter of introduction, presented it, with himself, and was most cordially received by the young lady and her parents. Walks, rides and excursions ensued, and in less than a month the two were married. Almost immediately the true character of 'handsome, agreeable and intelligent young man' came to light— He was a rogue, a gambler, and had a wife in a distant State. He was arrested, tried for bigamy, and sentenced to Auburn State Prison for the term of five years. The girl died of a broken heart, and her mother, overwhelmed with grief, soon followed her to the grave.

I hate distrust and suspicion, and should be the last to engender such a feeling in any body toward mankind. But I also hate to see girls die broken-hearted, or their lives blasted by the rashness of some heartless, unprincipled villain, when all the evil might have been averted by mere womanly, sensible prudence. A man, whether honorable or dishonorable, admires a girl all the more for the exercise of discretion and care in regard to her associates. It is an established fact that a man who seems to be all that is desirable and worthy, and yet in reality not so fit to step over the outer threshold of an honest man's house, much less permitted to open his abominable lips in courtly speech to an innocent, unsuspecting girl.

Now, that the summer has come, and tourists and city-bred fellows are straggling thro' the country, let the girls bear this story in mind. Be civil and courteous, but don't open the door of your heart to everybody who happens to dress well, and can turn compliments more graciously than the honest and perhaps awkward country boys of your own neighborhood. Be too proud to become a prey to these gormandizers of human hearts, who give gratuitous love lessons during the summer, and laugh all through the autumn at your wonderful aptness. It is hard and ugly to be so particular, I know, but it pays in the end; and haven't you read, time and again, that all that glitters is not gold?

A few days before the adjournment of the last session of the Legislature of North Carolina, a wealthy conservative from a distant portion of the State, happening to be in Raleigh, paid a visit to the capitol. Taking a seat in the lobby of the Senate chamber, he meditated on the degeneracy of the times which permits colored men to hold seats in that body. He was roused from his reverie by a colored Senator, who arose, and in the course of his remarks used the familiar quotation from the 137th Psalm, 'Let my right hand forget her cunning,' etc. He could contain himself no longer, and, turning to a friend, said:— 'Isn't it disgusting to hear such an ignoramus attempting to quote Shakespeare?'

AN IRISHMAN'S ANSWER.— A lawyer built him an office in the form of a hexagon or six square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by. They made a full stop and viewed the building very critically. The lawyer somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, raised the window, put his head out, and addressed them— 'What do you stand there for, like a pack of blockheads, gazing at my office? Do you take it for a church?' 'Faix,' answered one of them, 'I was thinking so, till I saw the devil poke his head out of the windy.'

A man with four wives was brought before a Dutch justice for commitment on a charge of bigamy. 'Four wives,' exclaimed the astonished Haas, 'four wives? dat was a most hincious crimo! Discharge him at once.' 'Why?' protested the prosecutor, 'why discharge him when the proof is positive? Will the court explain?' 'Yes, I explain. Eff he lift mit vier wives, he got bunishment enough. I lift mit vos, and I got too much bunishment already.'

A snobbish traveler at Baltimore, who demanded his trunk at the depot before all others, and was told by the Irish baggage-master that he must have patience and wait his turn, turned upon the baggage-master with 'You're an impudent dog.' To which he of the trunks rejoined, 'An' faith, you are a monkey, and it's a great pity that, when we two were made bastes, ye wasn't made an iliphant, so that ye could have yer blasted trunk under yer nose all the time.'

A colored lady called at a store in Chicago last week to buy a pair of 'flesh-colored' hose. The matter-of-fact clerk innocently took down a box of black stockings for her inspection. Miss Dinah indignantly left the store.

An editor, speaking of a large, fat, contemporary, remarked, 'that if the men was grass, he must be a load of hay.' 'I expect I am,' said the fat man, from the way the donkeys are nibbling at me.' An Irishman who did not know the post-office of a friend proposed to write to him and find out.