



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXIII.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 25, 1870.

NUMBER 7

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 by paying 20 per cent. too much for your goods elsewhere.

- HATS, all of the very latest styles and to suit all, at C. N. BEAVER'S. BOOTS, all kinds and prices, at C. N. BEAVER'S. SHOES, of every description for Men, Ladies, Misses and Children's wear, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

And many other articles not necessary to mention. We now hope that you will give us a share of your patronage.

The World Renowned MEDICINE IS Drs. D. Fahrney & Son's CELEBRATED PREPARATION FOR CLEANSING THE BLOOD.

TRY ONE BOTTLE OR PACKAGE

CAUTION. Dr. D. Fahrney & Son's Preparation for Cleansing the Blood is COUNTERFEITED.

PREPARED BY Drs. D. FAHRNEY & SON, BOONSBORO, MD.

N. O. MOLASSES. The subscribers have just received a prime lot of New Orleans Molasses.

POETICAL.



A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

The sun went down in red and gold I watched it from the hill; With purple clouds like banners rolled,

A linnet perched upon the bush, And sang with thrilling strain, Duetting with his neighbor thrush,

Where are they—all those beating hearts That lived and throbbed like ours, Who acted out their separate parts,

Where are they?—haply over some The "dust to dust" was said, Who slumber each in hollow tomb,

But all their souls, we must be sure, The grave can never hold— The immortal essence will endure

I doubt not but they mark with signs Our faults and follies all; Oh! to think some spirit's eyes

But all their souls, we must be sure, The grave can never hold— The immortal essence will endure

MISCELLANY.

BREAD ON THE WATER.

'Please, sir, will you buy my chestnuts?' 'Chestnuts? No!' returned Mr. Ralph Moore,

'Indeed, sir, we are,' sobbed the child, 'mother sent me out, and—'

'Nay, little one, do not cry in such a broken-hearted way,' soothing her hair down with careless gentleness.

He did not stay to hear the delighted incoherent thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears,

'That cuts off my supply of segars for the next twenty-four hours. I don't care though, for the brown-eyed object did cry as if she hadn't a friend in the world.

'Mary, back already? Surely you have not sold your chestnuts so soon.'

Years came and went. The little obstinate girl passed as entirely out of Ralph Moore's memory, as if her pleading eyes had never touched the soft spot in his heart,

The crimson window curtains were closely drawn to shut out the storm and tempest of the bleak December night—the fire was glowing cheerfully in the well filled grate,

waiting for the presence of Mr. Audley. 'What can it be that detains papa?' said Mrs. Audley, a fair matron of about thirty,

'There's a man with him in the study, mamma—come on business,' said Robert Audley, a pretty boy twelve years old, who was reading by the fire.

'I'll call him again,' said Mrs. Audley stepping to the door. But as she opened it, the brilliant gaslight fell full on the face of an humble looking man in a threadbare garment, who was leaving the house, while her husband stood in the door-way of his study, apparently relieved to be rid of his visitor.

'Charles,' said Mrs. Audley, whose cheek had paled and flushed, 'who was that man—and what does he want?'

'His name is Moore, I believe, love, and he came to see if I would bestow that vacant messengership in the bank, upon him.'

'And you will?'

'I don't know, Mary, I must think about it.'

'Charles, give him the situation.'

'Why, my love?'

'Because, I ask it of you as a favor, and you have said a thousand times you would never deny me anything.'

'And I will keep my word, Mary,' said the lover husband, with an affectionate kiss.

'I'll write the fellow a note this evening. I believe I've got his address somewhere about me.'

An hour or two later, Bobby and Frank and Minnie were tucked snugly up in bed in the spacious nursery above stairs, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was interested in the case of a man whom she had not seen for twenty years.

'That's right, my little wife,' said her husband, folding her fondly to his breast, 'never forget one who has been kind to you in the days when you needed kindness most.'

Ralph Moore was sitting that selfsame night in his poor lodgings by his ailing wife's sick bed, when a servant brought a note from the rich and prosperous bank director, Chas. Audley.

'Good news, Bertha,' he exclaimed joyously, as he read the brief words, 'we shall not starve—Mr. Audley promises me the vacant situation.'

'You have dropped something from the note, Ralph,' said Mrs. Moore, pointing to a slip of paper that lay on the floor.

Moore stooped to recover the stray. It was a fifty dollar bill neatly folded in a piece of paper on which was written:

'In grateful remembrance of the silver quarter that a kind stranger bestowed on a chestnut girl twenty years ago.'

Ralph Moore had thrown a morsel of bread on the waters of life, and after many years it had returned to him.

Flowers.

Flowers teach us the tenderness of God's character. If he had made nothing of this kind, if his works had been for bare utility, and had consisted of coarse and more substantial creations only, the tender side of the Divine character would have failed of the revelation it now has in nature.

Following the same idea, the sleep of the flowers touches our sympathies. Many of them at night will fold their petals closely together, and, like the darlings of a kind mother, repose trustfully in the care of their Creator.

God has given to man an intellect through which he may be taught to know the difference between good and evil, right and wrong; and a moral sense to fortify and strengthen him against yielding to temptations.

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The Power of Habit.

What is there in nature more wonderful than the various and extreme changes and conditions to which the human system is capable of adapting itself?

Man can endure extremes of heat—thriving under the equator with the thermometer at 115° or 120° Fahr;—and of cold at 30° below zero! It can subsist on fish, flesh or fowl, on nuts, roots, fruits, vegetables—yea, on insects, snails, frogs, lizards, blubber, oil, hogs, and on elephants! It can eat opium, tobacco, clay, calomel, and strychnine, and live!

Man can outwalk and outrun—a long stretch—the fleetest animal. He can live in caves, huts, tents, wigwags, cabins, or houses, He can live if you cut off his hands, feet, and scalp; if you break his bones knock out his teeth, and a part of his brains, and riddle his body with shot; and he has lived ten days with a bullet in his heart—instance Bill Pool, and many years with a large opening in the stomach, as large as the palm of a lady's hand—instance St. Martin, described by Dr. Beaumont. It will be conceded from these statements of fact that the powers of human endurance and tenacity of life are indeed remarkable.

But what of the force of habit? This, although capable of almost inconceivable permanent changes and modifications, we are, by the lives we lead, daily casting the moulds of our characters. Thro' the food we eat, the air we breathe, the blood we make, tissue, nerve, muscle, and bone are formed. We grow into comely or into uncomely form, feature, character. And although we are not actually stereotyped the natural tendency of matter—earth, tree, and man—is to a certain degree of fixedness.

For example, if we live regularly—as is the custom of men—we retire at a certain hour, sleep a certain length of time, and rise within ten minutes of the same hour. We take our meals with the same regularity, and pursue our avocations day after day, week after week, for months and years, with the same uniformity. Is it singular that we take on fixed expressions by these regular habits?

Feed a child for years on certain kinds of food,—say beef, pork, or mutton,—and then if you suddenly change his diet to that of fruits and vegetables, will he not be liable to "hanker after flesh?" Or to go back of this: suppose a nursing mother to indulge freely in wine, porter, beer, "bitters," or other-alcoholic stimulants, will not her milk be largely impregnated with them? And will not the babe acquire an appetite for the same? And will not the "habit" become fixed for life, with both-mother-and-child? And as it is with this, so it is with other things in which we indulge. If the father chews, snuffs, or smokes tobacco, the odor associated with his practice pervades all things with which he comes in contact—breath, clothes, rooms, railways, steamboats, hotels, parks, streets, etc. Go where you may, the users of tobacco carry the pollution with them, and neither woman, children, or babes can escape the tobacco stench. Is there any wonder that the nastiness becomes wrought with the very marrow of our bones? and that young boys steal every opportunity to indulge, and to imitate the example of their noble papas? If the "habit" be thus formed early in life, it sticks tighter than a brother, requiring the greatest self denial to break it off.

Habitual opium eaters are in the same category, and drag out miserable lives of intoxication and excitement. Oh, for a little more manly fortitude and Christian self-denial.

God has given to man an intellect through which he may be taught to know the difference between good and evil, right and wrong; and a moral sense to fortify and strengthen him against yielding to temptations. But if he becomes perverted, either through inheritance or through self-indulgence, he will surely be punished. Physical transgressions are punished by physical sufferings, and moral transgressions by mental anguish; sin, in any form, inevitably begets sorrow, suffering and punishment.

In forming our "habits," let us see to it that they be in keeping with the laws of our being, and in harmony with the Divine will, that we eat only healthful food; that we regulate our tempers; cultivate and discipline our social affections, our intellects, and our religious sentiments. By these means we shall resist temptations, and escape those sufferings which follow transgressions.

"The tissues of the life to be, We wear with colors all our own, And in the field of destiny We reap as we have sown."

—Phrenological Journal.

NEITHER HOPE NOR FEAR.—Mr. Owen visited Alexander Campbell, at Bethany, to make arrangements for their dissonance on the evidences of Christianity. In one of their excursions about the farm, they came to Mr. Campbell's family burying ground; when Mr. Owen stopped, and addressing himself to Mr. Campbell, said, 'There is one advantage I have over the Christian; I am not afraid to die. Most Christians have fear in death; but, if some few items of my business were settled, I should be perfectly willing to die at any moment. Well,' answered Mr. Campbell, 'you say you have no fear in death; have you any hope in death?'

After a solemn pause, 'No,' said Mr. Owen, 'Then,' rejoined Mr. Campbell (pointing to an ox standing near) 'you are on a level with that brute. He has been fed until he is satisfied, and stands in the shade, whisking off the flies, and has neither hope nor fear in death.'

A German inventor is exhibiting a talking machine at Bremen. It is made of wood and caoutchouc and is of life size, in the form of a woman. It chatters away like any living member of the sex.

FALL OF METEOR.

A letter from Freedom, Missouri, gives an account of a recent fall of a meteor near that place. The substance of the letter is that on the 4th of July, the family of Joseph Young were startled by the appearance of a column of flame in the air, which extended many hundred feet upward to a point, and rapidly approaching the earth. It was attended with a rushing noise which became almost deafening as it drew near, and ended with a report like the loudest thunder. From the commencement of the light until the report, was scarcely more than a second. Soon after the occurrence at a distance of some two hundred yards from Mr. Young's house, was found a body of metallic characteristics and irregular form. From its position and the appearance of the ground it must have fallen from the south. Its weight is about as much as a man can readily lift. Its color is dark brown, almost black and in one spot it shows a metallic tint. When struck with a hammer it gives a sonorous ring and indicates a good degree of elasticity. It also bears evidence of having been subjected to intense heat. This strange visitor from the regions of the air is attracting much attention in the neighborhood.

A CHILD'S OPINION.—Pa, said a little boy, as he climbed to his father's knee, and looked in his face as earnestly as if he understood the importance of his subject, Pa, is your soul insured?

What are you thinking about, my son, replied the agitated father.

Why, Pa, I heard uncle George say that you had your houses insured, and your life insured; but he didn't believe you had the 't of your soul, and he was afraid you'd lose it; won't you have it insured right away?

The father leaned his head on his hands, and was silent. He owned broad acres of land that were covered with a bountiful produce, his barns were even now filled with plenty, his buildings all covered by insurance, but, as if that would not suffice for the maintenance of his wife and only child in case of his decease, he had, the day before, taken a life policy for a large amount; yet not one thought had he given to his immortal soul.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.—It is a curious fact that few women are competent judges of what is essentially a quality of their own—female beauty. It is not easy for any one to define it, tho' we all recognize its presence. It depends so much on expression and action, which are essentially mobile, that it is almost impossible to grasp and fix it into a definition. Many have taken an entirely materialistic view of the matter, and attempted to measure it by the arithmetic of proportion, or weigh it according to avoirdupois. Brantome, one of the most decided of these; has the presumption to count on the ends of his fingers the qualities of a female beauty. He enumerates them thus:

Three white things—the skin, teeth, and hands.

Three dark—the eyes, eyebrows, and eyelashes.

Three red—the lips, cheeks, and nails.

Three long—the body, hair and hands.

Three short—the teeth, ears, and feet.

Three broad—the chest, forehead, and space between the eyes.—Olive King.

INDUSTRY.—Man must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The whole world does not contain a brier or thorn which Divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility, which we can overcome by industry, than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasures which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them—no indolence can taste them. They flow only from the exertions which repay.

TIME.—"When I look upon tombs of the great," said Addison, 'every emotion of envy dies in me. I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must so quickly follow. When I see kings lying over those who deposited them; when I see rival wits placed side by side, or holy men that divided the world with their contest and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of tombs of some that died yesterday, and of six hundred years ago I consider the great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.'

'My landlady,' said the man, 'makes her tea so strong that it breaks the cups.' 'A dead mine,' said another, 'makes her's so weak that it can't run out of the pot.'

Mrs. Hugg, of Chicago, has applied for a divorce from Mr. Hugg. There was too much hugging done in the family by Mr. Hugg to suit Mrs. Hugg.

A driver of a coach stopped to get some water for the young ladies inside, being asked what he stopped for, replied, 'I'm watering my flowers.'

'Isn't my shirt clean?' quoth one Bohemian to another. 'Well, yes,' was the answer, 'it's clean for brown, but it's awful dirty for white.'

It is said that there is a great many old girls down at Long Branch. They use a great deal of powder, but they won't go off.

A man who loves his family will always take a newspaper, and a man who respects his family will pay for it.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because, though first in pity he is the last in help.

Why is the root of the tongue like a dejected man? Because it's down in the mouth.

Why is a dull and plausible man like an unflinching? Because he is a smooth bore.

When is money damp? When it is dew in the morning and mist at night.

A store in Denver City has a sign as follows: FyNeKUT 2 bakO.

'You see' said the old darkey, 'dis parrot belonged to a baker in Richmond. Now, each baker is 'lowed to make a certain number of loaves of bread every day and no more; cause if dey will be servin' out stale bread to the customers. Well, dis baker had baked more dan his usual share per day and had the surplus under the counter. De parrot was hangin' in his cage, and seen it all. Bimeby in comes de inspector and finds de bread all right, and is going out again satisfied, when de parrot cocks his eye at him and sings out, 'Dere's more bread under de counter.' So the inspector grabs it 'cording to de law and carries it off. Well, den de baker goes to the parrot an' bery mad takes him by the head, fetches him a twitch or two an' flings him in de gutter for dead, 'longside a pig just dead ob de meassies.' Bimeby de parrot begins to crawl about, his feddens stickin' out and his head lopped on one side, and den stop and looks at de pig bery pitiful, an' says, 'Did you say anything about de bread?'

Old Johnson once lost half of a hog, and the next day in telling his misfortune he insisted that it was some darkey who had stolen it. How do you know it was a darkey, said his friend.

'Because,' said Johnson, 'I know it was. I can tell certain.' But how do you know it? 'Why if it had been a white man the fellow would have stole the whole of it,' replied Johnson.

We heard a joke recently on two Portsmouth drummers. While passing a house in Virginia, observing a very peculiar chimney, unfinished, and it attracting their attention they asked a flaxen haired urchin standing in the house, if it 'drew well,' whereupon the aforesaid urchin—gave them the stinging retort: 'Yes, it draws the attention of all the d—d fools that pass this road.'

It is told of John Wesley that when he saw some of his hearers asleep, he stepped in his discourse and shouted 'Fire! fire!' The people were alarmed, and cried out, where, 'Where, sir? where?' To which Wesley earnestly and solemnly replied, 'In hell, for those who sleep under the preaching of the word.'

A Dandy, strutting about a tavern, took up a pair of green spectacles which lay on the table, put them on his nose, and, turning to the-looking-glass said, 'Landlord, how do these become me? Don't you think they improve my looks?' 'I think they do,' replied the landlord, 'they hide part of your face.'

Hubbard—'If I were to marry you I would never be such a fool as to lose you again.'

Wife—'If I were to lose you, I would marry again directly.'

Hubbard—'Then my death would be regretted by at least one person.'

Wife—'By whom?'

Hubbard—'My successor.'

Two Irishmen were traveling, when they stopped to examine a guide board. 'Twelve miles to Portland,' said one. 'Just six miles apiece,' said the other. 'And they trudged on apparently satisfied at the small distance.'

'Pappa,' said a small urchin with a mischievous eye; 'I say, pappa ought the master to flog a feller for what he didn't do?' 'Certainly not my boy.' 'Well then he flogged me to-day when I didn't do my sum.'

Peter Schurtz, a farmer, living in Clinton, N. Y., has in his barn, hay that was out fifty-four years ago. It is said to be as bright and sweet as any out this summer.

A couple were recently married in Coventry, New Hampshire, the lady being twelve years old and the gentleman fourteen. They are now keeping house.

Bashfulness is more frequently connected with good sense, than we find assurance; and impudence, on the other hand, is often the effect of downright stupidity.

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