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NUMBER 8

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 C. N. BEAVER...

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

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

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

Oh! is this not as sweet a sound As ever ear has heard, Or ever, dying lips could breathe For those who may have erred? From that last prayer upon the cross Come christian, come and learn, When others may inflict a wound, Forgiveness in return. Along the rugged ways we tread, Where brother was with brother, There would be many a lighter heart, If one forgave the other; How ill compares a scornful look, Or coldness to a friend, With those kind words which died That every strife might end. Though 'tis not outward forms alone Display affections' powers, And many a face that coldest seems, Conceals the sweetest flowers; Perchance these pine for one kind word From gentle hearts and true, As those within the forest shade Are languishing for dew. Yet oft a word forgiveness breathes, To many a life would bring, As sunny rays warm the leaf, To gayer bloom in spring. Oh! try to bless the heart that wrings, The little time we live, 'Twill not be much the soul can lose, By learning to forgive.

MISCELLANY.

GOING DOWN HILL.

That looks bad, exclaimed Farmer White, with an expressive shake of the head, as he passed a neglected garden and broken down fence in one of his daily walks. 'Bad enough' was the reply of his companion. 'Neighbor Thompson appears to be running down hill very fast. I can remember when everything around his place was trim and tidy. He always appeared to be a steady industrious man, rejoined the second speaker. 'I have a pair of boots on my feet at this moment of his make, and they have done me good service.' 'I have generally employed him for my family,' was the reply, 'and I must confess that he is a good workman; but nevertheless, I believe I shall step into Jack Smith's this morning, and order a pair of boots, of which I stand in need. I always make it a rule not to patronize those who appear to be running behind hand. There is generally some risk in helping those who won't help themselves.' 'Very true; and as my wife desired me to look at a pair of shoes for her this morning, I will follow your example and call upon Smith. He is no great favorite of mine however—an idle quarrelsome fellow.' 'And yet he seems to be getting along in the world,' answered the former, 'and I am willing to give him a lift. But I have an errand at the butcher's. I will not detain you.' At the butcher's they met the neighbor who was the subject of their previous conversation. He certainly presented a rather shabby appearance, and in his choice of meat there was the observation of Farmer White. After passing remarks, the poor shoemaker took his departure, and the butcher opened his account book with an anxious air, saying as he charged the bit of meat: 'I believe it is time neighbor Thompson and I come to a settlement. Short accounts make long friends.' 'No time to lose, I should say,' replied the farmer. 'Indeed! have you heard of any trouble, neighbor White?' 'No, I have heard nothing; but a man has the use of his eyes, you know, and I never trust any one with money who is evidently going down hill.' 'Quite right; and I will send in my bill this evening. I have only delayed on account of the sickness the poor man has had in his family all winter. I suppose he must have run behind a little, but still I must take care of number one.' 'Speaking of Thompson, are you?' observed a bystander, who appeared to take an interest in the conversation. 'Going down hill is he? I must look out for myself, then. He owes me quite a sum for leather. I did intend to give him another mouth's credit, but on the whole I guess the money will be safer in my own pocket.' Here the four worthies separated, each with his mind filled with the affairs of neighbor Thompson, the probability that he was going down hill, and the best way to give him a push. In another part of the village similar scenes were passing. 'I declare,' exclaimed Mrs. Bennett, the dressmaker, to favorite assistant, as she hastily withdrew her head from the window, where she had been gazing on the passers by, 'if there is not Mrs. Thompson, the shoemaker's wife, coming up the steps with a parcel in her hand. She wants me to do her work, but I think it would be a venture.—Every one says they are running down hill, and it is a chance if ever I get my pay.' 'She has always paid us promptly,' was the reply. 'True; but that was the days of her prosperity. I cannot afford to run any risk. The entrance of Mrs. Thompson prevented any further conversation.

She was evidently surprised at the refusal of Mrs. Bennett to do any work for her; but at great pressure of business was pleaded as an excuse there was nothing to be said, and she took her leave. Another application proved equally unsuccessful. It was strange how busy the village dressmakers had suddenly become.

On her way home, the poor shoemaker's wife met the teacher of a small school in the neighborhood, where two of her children attended.

'Ah! Mrs. Thompson, I am glad to see you,' was the salutation. 'I was about calling at your house.—Would it be convenient to settle our account this afternoon?' 'Our account!' was the surprised reply.—'Surely the term has not yet expired?' 'Only half of it, but my present rule is to collect at any time. It is a plan which many teachers have adopted of late.'

'I was not aware that there had been any change in your rules, and I have made arrangements to meet your bill at the usual time. I fear that it will not be in my power to do so sooner.'

The countenance of the teacher showed great disappointment, and as she passed on in a different direction, he muttered to himself: 'Just as I expected, I shall never see a cent. I must get rid of the children in some way. Perhaps I may get a pair of shoes in payment of the half quarter, if I manage it right; but it will never do to go on in this way.'

A little decomposed by her interview with the teacher, Mrs. Thompson stepped into a neighboring grocery to purchase some trifling articles for family stores.

'I have a little account against you; would it be convenient for Mr. Thompson to settle this evening?' asked the polite shopkeeper, as he produced the desired article.

'Is it his usual time for settling?' was a gain the surprised inquiry.

'Well, not exactly; but money is very tight just now, and I am anxious to get all that is due. In the future I intend to keep short accounts. There is the little bill, if you would like to look at it. I will be around this evening. It is but a small affair.'

'Thirty dollars is no small sum to us just now,' thought Mrs. Thompson, as she pushed her way towards home, musingly. 'It seems strange that all these payments must be made just now, while we are struggling to recover from the heavy expenses of the winter. I cannot understand it.'

Her perplexity was increased by finding her husband with two bills in his hand; and of a countenance expressing anxiety and concern.

'Look, Mary,' said he, as she entered, 'here are two unexpected calls for money—one from the doctor, and the other from the dealer in leather, from whom I purchased my last stock. They are both urgent for immediate settlement, although they have always been willing to wait a few months, until I could make arrangements to meet their claims. But misfortune never comes singly, and if a man gets a little behind-hand, trouble seems to pour in upon him.'

'Just so,' replied the wife; 'the neighbors think we are going down hill, and everyone is ready to give us a push. Here are two more bills for you, one from the grocer, and the other from the teacher.'

Reply was prevented by a knock at the door, and the appearance of a lad who presented a neatly folded paper and disappeared.

The butcher's account, as I live!' exclaimed the astonished shoemaker. 'What is to be done, Mary? So much money paid out, and very little coming in, for some of my best customers have left me, although my work has always given satisfaction. If I could only have as much work as usual, and the usual credit allowed me, I could satisfy these claims, but to meet them now is impossible, and the acknowledgment of my inability would send us still farther on the downward path.'

'We must do our best and trust to Providence,' was the consoling remark of his wife, as the second knock at the door aroused the fear that another claimant was about to appear.

But the benevolent countenance of Uncle Joshua, a rare but welcome visitor, presented itself. Seating himself in the comfortable chair, which Mary hastened to hand him, he said in his characteristic, but friendly manner: 'Well, good folks, I understand that the world does not go on as well with you as formerly. What is the trouble?' 'There need be no trouble,' was the reply, 'if man would not try to add to the afflictions which the Almighty sees to be necessary for us. The winter was a trying one. We met with sickness and misfortune, which we endeavored to bear with patience. All would now go well if those around us were not determined to push us in the downward path.'

'But there lies the difficulty, friend Thompson. This is a selfish world. Everybody, or at least a great majority, care only for number one. If they see a poor neighbor going down hill their first thought is whether it will effect their own interest, and provided they can secure themselves, they care not how soon he goes to the bottom. The only way is to keep up appearances; show no signs of going behind-hand and all will go well with you.'

'Very true, Uncle Joshua, but how is this to be done? Bills which I did not expect to be called upon to meet for the next three months are pouring in on me. My best customers are leaving me for a more fortunate rival. In short, I am on the brink of ruin, and ought but a miracle will save me!'

'A miracle which is very easily wrought then, I imagine, my good friend. What is the amount of your debts which now press so heavily upon you, and how soon could you discharge them?' 'They do not exceed one hundred dollars,' replied the shoemaker; 'and with my usual run of work, could make it all right in three or four months.'

'We will say six,' was the answer. 'I will advance you one hundred and fifty dollars for six months. Pay every cent you owe and with the remainder of the money, make some additions or improvements in your shop or house, and put everything around in its usual neat order. Try this plan for a few weeks, and we will see what effect it has upon your worthy neighbors. Never mind thanking me, I am only trying a little experiment on human nature. I know you of old, and have no doubt that my money is safe in your hands.'

'Weeks passed by.—The advice of Uncle Joshua had been strictly followed, and the change in the shoemaker's prospects was indeed wonderful. He was now spoken of as one of the most thriving men of the place, and many marvelous stories were told to account for the alteration in his affairs.'

It was generally agreed that a distant relative had bequeathed him a legacy, which had entirely relieved him of his pecuniary difficulties. They had never before realized the beauty and durability of his work. The polite butcher selected the pieces of meat for his inspection as he entered, and was totally indifferent as to the time of payment. The teacher accompanied the children home to tea, and spoke in high terms of their improvement, pronouncing them among his best scholars. The dressmaker suddenly found herself free from the great press of work, and in a friendly note expressed her desire to oblige Mrs. Thompson in any way in her power.

'Just as I expected,' exclaimed Uncle Joshua, rubbing his hands exulting, as the grateful shoemaker called upon him at the expiration of six months with the money which had been loaned in the hour of need. 'Just as I expected. A strange world! They are ready to push a man up hill when he seems to be ascending, and just as ready to push him down if they find his face is turned that way. In the future, neighbor Thompson, let everything around you wear an air of prosperity, and you will be sure to prosper.'

And with a satisfied air, Uncle Joshua placed his money in his pocket-book, ready to meet some other claim upon his benevolence, whilst he whom he had befriended, with a cheerful countenance, returned to his home.

The Cure of a Drunkard.

A man long noted for intemperate habits was induced by Rev. J. Abbott to sign a pledge in his own way, which he did in the following words: 'I pledge myself not to drink no more intoxicating liquors for one year.'

Few believed he could keep it; but at the end of the year he again appeared at a temperance meeting not having touched a drop. 'Are you going to sign again?' asked Mr. Abbott.

'Yes, if I can do it in my own way,' replied he, and accordingly he wrote: 'I sign this pledge for nine hundred and ninety-nine years; and if I live till that time, I intend to take out a life lease.'

A few days after he called upon the tavern keeper, who welcomed him back to his old haunt. 'O! landlord,' said he, as if in pain, 'I have such a lump on my side.'

'That's because you've stopped drinking,' said the landlord. 'You won't live long if you keep on.'

'Will drinking take the lump away?' 'Yes, if you don't drink you'll very soon have a lump on the other side. Come let's drink together,' and he poured out two glasses of whiskey.

'I guess I won't drink,' said the former inebriate, especially if keeping the pledge will bring another lump, for it isn't very hard to bear, after all; and with this he drew out the lump—a roll of greenbacks—from his side pocket, and walked off, leaving the landlord to his sad reflections.

SLANDER.—If you had a person circulating malicious reports about his neighbor, it may be set down as an inviolable rule that any such person is dishonest. Not only dishonest, but from his infamous disposition, dangerous to all with whom he may be acquainted. He circulates false impressions, and sets people upon an erroneous course of judgment and conduct in respect to others which may frequently be ruinous to their prosperity. It does a general injury to society, more than to the party slandered, as it destroys confidence. The person who is guilty of circulating malicious reports must necessarily be deceitful and therefore dishonest, he must be abandoned to every principle of moral feeling. In ancient times when a man was convicted of being a slanderer, he was stoned to death as a danger and a curse to the whole community. In modern times there is even a better remedy than this, to cause all associations with such characters. Treat them like lepers, abandon them to their kind which is social death, use by which they serve as an example to others. This is observed among all intelligent people, and should be carried out all the desired object is accomplished.

TIME AND MONEY.—Many people take no care of their money till they have come nearly to the end of it and others do just the same with their time. Their best days they throw away—let them run as sand through the fingers as long as they think they still have an almost countless number of them to spend; but when they find their days flying rapidly away, so that at last they have very few left, then they will at once make a very wise use of them but, unluckily, they have by that time no notion how to do it.

PATIENCE is always crowned with success. This rule is without an exception. It may not be a splendid success, but patience never takes anything in hand that it does not succeed with in some kind of form.

A Strange Sort of Cemetery.

Travelers in South America have made many strange discoveries there—as strange, indeed, as those occasionally reported in the fabled and interesting East. One of the latest is described as a sort of cemetery above ground. It is in the desert of Atacama, a plateau in the wonderful Andes, at an elevation of about four thousand feet above the sea. The only evidence that men ever existed there, is that human bodies, as well as those of mules and horses, are scattered about on the waste, dried and shriveled to mummies by the parching atmosphere. A recent traveler in that region gives a graphic account of what he saw, from which we select this description of the cemetery without grave:

'Two days' journey from Calama, over the dazzling sand and through the stifling dust, brought the traveler to Chin-Chin, an ancient Peruvian burying place still within the bounds of Atacama.

'And here in reserve for him is a spectacle which one might safely affirm has not its like upon the face of the earth. It is called a cemetery, by which we understand a place for the interment of the dead. But here the dead are not buried. Seated in a large semicircle, one beside another, are the mummified remains of an assemblage of human beings—men, women and children—to the number of five or six hundred, all apparently in the phases and attitudes which they first occupied, and which they have kept perhaps for ages. There they sit in the said, immovable, as in a solemn council, gazing vacantly, with sunken and dried eyeballs, into the arid waste before them. Nearly all are in the same position, though some have fallen down and are partly covered with the sand. The hot dry air has preserved them as imperishable as the embalming art of the bodies of Egypt.

'What is the explanation of so strange a scene? Who are these that now constitute this ghastly company? Where, and how, and why did they first take their places in this vast semi-circle?

'A thousand questions may be asked but few answered. The inhabitants of the country who live nearest to the spot have no knowledge on the subject. Some think that the bodies were brought hither and placed in this position after death, and that such deposit was to serve the purpose of burial. But where could the people have lived who brot their dead to this spot? There is no habitable region at any convenient distance, and no place of similar design is known to exist, to prove that it was a custom common to the aboriginal population.

'Others believe this may have been the remnant of a native tribe, hunted and pursued by enemies, and driven to a desperate choice between two impending evils: to die by their act or the weapons of their foes.—There are mothers with infants in their arms among the mummies, and it is even thought that the dried and shrunk countenances retain sufficient expression to indicate that some grievous calamity had overtaken or was about to befall them. It may be their fancy, but travelers aver that grief and despair may be traced upon their shriveled features, and they are ready to believe that their possessors might have been retreating before the conqueror of their country (perhaps from Pizarro himself) and that sooner than submit tamely to the rapacious and cruel invaders, they preferred to hide themselves in the dreary and inaccessible spot, and to suffer the agonies of a voluntary death, sustained by such comforts and hopes as their own simple faith could afford. We cannot tell, but there is a spot on the border of this desert called Tuacama, which in the Indian language means 'All is lost.' Perhaps the name commemorates the heroic resolution of these united people as they sought the desert for self immolation.

'It is said, too, by those who have studied the religious ideas of the ancient Peruvians, that they believed in self sacrifice for their country; that thus dying they would be speedily removed to a better land toward the West.'

REPENTANCE.—There is an old legend of a hermit who was led by an angel into a wood, where was an old man cutting down boughs to take away. When he had a great many he tied them up and tried to lift the burden, but could not, so he laid it down, and added more sticks, and then tried to raise it. This he repeated several times, to the astonishment of the hermit, who turned to inquire the meaning of this strange conduct. 'This,' said the angel, 'is a representation of those who feel the burden of sin, and resolve to repent, but they soon tire of it, and go on again adding to the burden every day. The task of repentance grows constantly heavier, and they as constantly put it off, in the hope that it will grow easier. Turn again, my son, and behold the old man.' The hermit turned and saw the old man tottering over his burden, trying with his last remnant of strength to lift it, but sinking down at last, with the dews of death on his brow. 'So,' said the angel, the penitent man may turn to God in his last agony, and will long to get off his burden of sin, but will find it too late.'

The longer I live, the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great and insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, an honest purpose once fixed, and the victory. That quality will do any thing that can be done in the world; and no talent, no circumstances, no opportunity, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.—Goethe.

Some alarmingly stupid fellow wants to know if there was ever such a thing as an eclipse of the honey-moon.

A widower was recently rejected by a damsel who didn't want affections that had been warmed over.

Paganism in Rome.

If we are to believe recent accounts from the Continent, we must believe in the infallible power of the Pope to work miracles, as well as to teach the truth, and pronounced dogmas of unerring certainty. We learn from the *Garibaldi*, that soon after Easter an event occurred which throws an interesting light on the state of things in the Eternal city, and on the views of the Pope regarding his own person and office. The scene is at Monte Mario, in the neighborhood of Villa Melini. Leaning heavily on the arm of an attendant, the Pope climbed to the steep ascent, the impersonation of corporal weakness and decrepitude. Among a troop of mendicants there was one lame of both feet, who seemed to have a particular claim on the compassion of the benevolent. As his lolliness drew near, the withered countenance of the beggar brightened up, he raised his hand, and every feature seemed to say, 'Master have pity on me! Pope Pius went up to him, and when he recollected his very decided penchant for miracles and his firm conviction that he himself is a wonderful instrument of Divine Providence, he could not easily comprehend the sequel. Proudly agitated he raised his hand and said to the infirm mendicant, 'Arise, take up thy bed and walk! It is hardly possible for man to do the effect produced on the poor sufferer by these words, issuing from the mouth of infallibility. He stood a moment as if electrified; and then, with sparkling eyes; sprang up, and advanced two or three paces. The countenance of the Pope flamed with rapture, but in a few seconds the seemingly healed beggar fell heavily to the ground. Like a soldier pressing forward with desperate energy to the attack of an impregnable fortress, the Pontiff's second time, 'Arise, and walk! but when the patient sprang up again only to fall down a second time, the hands of the Pope trembled, his voice became hoarse, and he repeated the command the third time stammering. Yet another convulsive effort, and the eyes of the half-savage and filthy Lazarus revealed all his sufferings and his disappointment. The face of the Pope Pius became deadly pale, and he was borne, half fainting, to his carriage. In another moment the vehicle was rolling away at a furious pace, while the unfortunate mendicant lay writhing on the street and groaning.

During the trial of a case recently at Louisville, a witness persisted in testifying to what his wife told him. To this of course the attorneys objected, and it was ruled out by the judges. He would proceed again to tell what he saw, when the attorney would cut, 'How do you know that?' 'My wife told me,' was the answer. This was repeated several times. Presently the Judge becoming unable to contain himself any longer, interrupted: 'Suppose your wife were to tell you the heavens had fallen, what would you think?' 'Well, den, I dinks dey was down.'

One of our friends had company a few evenings since, when the euphony of different languages—particularly the German—was discussed. A little ten-year old boy put in his oar thus: 'Ma, I can talk Dutch; 'You talk Dutch, George?—let us hear you. The young hopeful promptly gave a specimen of his lingual quality as follows: 'Who's pin here since I see pin gone?'

A couple of ladies passing a barber shop one Saturday evening, and seeing a pale looking man in the chair, with a large towel around him, and one of the operators engaged vigorously in fanning him, were concerned to know what was the matter with him, but appeared relieved when they discovered he was only getting his moustache dyed.

TIT FOR TAT.—An elderly lady, telling her age, remarked that she was born on the 23d of April. Her husband, who was present, observed: 'I always thought you were born on the 1st of April.'

'People might well judge so,' responded the lady, 'in the choice I made of a husband.'

'Sam, what fish in de salt water weighs de least?' 'Why, Jullious, what ignoramus questions you ax your bredder! Minius weigh de least, ob course.'

'No, no, Sam—dats wrong now; it am de porpus weighs nothing—oes he's got no scales.'

Word was sent to the city marshal of Augusta, that a fellow was selling *lickers* from a wagon in Market Square. He went to arrest him and confiscate his stock, and found himself the victim of an atrocious pun. The man was peddling *horse whips*.

A gallant was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of anything to say, asked her why she was like a tailor. 'I don't know,' said she, with a pouting lip, 'unless it's because I'm sitting beside a goose.'

The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to your child, a good example; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

The principal occupation of the 'girl of the period, is said to be to sit at the front door and watch for the 'coming man.'

Little Susan wished her father to buy her some hose for her ears, so that she could wear ear-rings.

One swallow does not make a summer, but two million swallows make a fall.

The hardships of the ocean—the iron class.

Swish-tenders—hair pins.