



By W. Blair.

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 22, 1870.

NUMBER II

MEXICAN ROW!

W. A. REID

HAS received a fresh stock of goods, and is daily making addition to his stock. He has

PURE SPICES,

Prime Rio Coffee, Brown Coffee, Brown and Crushed Sugar, Loaf Sugar, Powdered White Sugar, Carolina Rice, Syrup, superior in quality and low in price, P. Rice and N. Orleans Molasses, Corn Starch, Chocolate, sweet do., Pickles, Catsup, Mutton's Crackers and Cakes, G. A. Salt, Fine Salt, Sugar cured Hams.

Call and examine. No trouble to show goods. I offer the above at reduced prices, notwithstanding they are on the "rise" in the East.

Cove OYSTERS in 1 and 2 lb. cans, always on hand, sold by the "dozen" or "dozen." He warrants them good.

When you go to Pic-nics, or to the mountain, come where you get good oysters and crackers, cheese &c.

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY. - Layer Raisins, French Currants, Candies, Oranges, Lemons, Dates, Citron, Peaches, Apples, nuts of several kinds.

FOR BAKING AND ICE CREAM. - We have good and pure extracts of Lemon, Orange, Vanilla, Strawberry, essence of Lemon, Cinnamon, &c. Get the Eng. Soda for making Biscuit.

GLASSWARE. - Look at our cheap glass, fish, castors, tumblers, flasks, molasses cans, lamp chimneys, &c. We have the best and cheapest in town.

QUEENSWARE. - An unrivaled assortment full stock, lower in price than ever. Tea sets, cups and saucers, meat plates, soup do., Tea, Dinner, and Breakfast do. We have the real granite, no deception in the quality. We have the common ware, new stock.

HOUSEKEEPERS

Are invited to look at our knives and forks, butter-knives, large spoons, common alibots and silver plated tea and table spoons, clothes baskets, buckets, tubs, market baskets, school do.

NOTIONS. - Toilet Soaps, perfumery, combs, pocket books, pencils, ink, cap letter and note paper

Superior Whale-Oil, Best Kerosene Oil, Chemical Oil Soap, Barlow's Blue Indigo, Wick Yarn.

Country produce and "greenbacks" taken in exchange for goods. I am thankful for past patronage and solicit a continuation of the same at the FAMILY GROCERY store. W. A. REID. Waynesboro, June 2, 1870.

SECOND ARRIVAL!

RECENTLY OPENED BY

PRICE & QUALITY.

A large assortment of very cheap goods, bought at the low decline in prices, and consequently will be sold correspondingly low. The price of all kinds of goods having declined in the Eastern Markets, the subscribers assure their friends that they can offer their superior inducements this season. With a large stock to select from, and prices and qualities to please, they invite all to come and see and judge for themselves.

LOOK AT THIS

A R R A Y

of articles and see if you are not in want of some herein specified. Light and Black Alpacaes, Hosiery, Delaines, Alpaca Lustre, Debonzies, Jaunets, Gingham, Chintzes, Poplins, Fantomines, Brizes, Poicalles, Gingham, Prints, Checks, Coltonades, Denims, Chambray, Sheetings, Buttons, Drapes, Grass, Napkins, Towels.

Hoop Skirts direct from the manufacturers, Arnie's beautiful wrappings, Prints at 6, 8, 10, 12 1/2, Hosiery and Gloves, Feathers by the pound, Old Cloth for Table, Stand and Floor, Tubs, Churns and Buckets, Boxes, Kegs and Ke-ers, Wire law Shades and fixtures, Cheese—a good article, Mackerel in 2, 3 and whole Barrels, Cottonades—a fine assortment, Leather Mitts for garden making, Hoes, Spades and Shovels, Forks and Brooms, Poles, Jams, Ermine, Cloths.

OLD IRON WANTED.

The highest cash price will be paid for Cast Iron Scrap delivered at the works of the GEISLER M. CO.

POETICAL.



SUMMER DYING.

BY MRS. MARY CLEMMER AMES.

On the scarlet mountains yonder, Summer lies down to die, She gathers her robes of splendor, Around her royally. Her tender, purpling mosses Pillow her royal head; Her myraid, gentle grasses Are weeping about her bed.

It failed, the precious promise Other beauty's golden reign, It cam, the loss, the longing, The silence, and the pain. She was cruel in her splendor, She mocked us in its reign; She held her careless carnival Above our idol slain.

'Tis not the hand that crowns us, The hand held out to bless; 'Tis the hand that robs and wrongs us, That we esteem excess.

MISCELLANY.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

The Newark Advertiser tells this startling story of an adventure in that place: St. Patrick's Cathedral has a steeple surmounted by a ball, on which is a cross. The top of the cross is two hundred and fifty feet above the surface of the ground, the height being but five feet short of that of Bunker Hill Monument. The steeple is of wood, square at the base and tapering to a point. Along each angle, from the base to the point, are nailed, at the distance of four feet apart, ornamental knobs of wood. All this wood-work, being weatherbeaten, in the course of time rots; especially the knobs and cross, which present many small angles; so that it becomes necessary to attend now and then to the repairing of these parts. To erect a steeple for the purpose when a man of sufficient daring and coolness might climb and do the work, would not be the most economical method; such men are rare, but they are to be found. The price charged for each ascent is usually about twenty five dollars. The risk does not consist merely in the danger of becoming dizzy and demoralized while clinging in mid-air to the outside of a steeple, and while the neighbors and passers-by are collecting in groups below and gazing upward with bated breath and trembling knees at the climber. He must go up by clinging hand and foot to what he finds; and what he clings to are these very knobs, rotting and weakening in the weather, and finally to the cross, already decayed and almost ready to drop. The man who does this sort of work in Newark is Mr. Frank Jacobus.

One day last month he was engaged to make an ascent of the cathedral steeple for the purpose of removing the old cross and replacing it with a new one. Going up inside the steeple to the highest admissible point, he reached out of the narrow window and felt one of the knobs to test its strength. Judging it to be strong enough, he swung himself out by it, and scrambled up, caught the next higher knob and rested his feet upon the lower one. So far all right. He placed around him and then looked up along the line of knobs that reached far up to the ball and cross, making his hazardous way. It was something of an experiment. Were the other knobs, too, strong enough? Carefully and quickly he scrambled up and felt the knob next higher. It seemed to have sufficient strength. He pulled upon it. It bore his weight and up he went. Gathering confidence, he made his tests and drew his conclusions rapidly. He went up more and more quickly, at last scarcely caring to try the strength of the knobs before trusting his weight to them. Already two thirds of the steeple was climbed. A few more efforts and his hand would be clinging to the cross.

He reached forth to raise himself. A slight scraping sound reached his keen ears in the breeze blowing strongly about his ears. The knob had moved under his pull—was giving away. A mist sprang before his eyes. He felt himself falling backward. With a convulsive effort that lamed his back he clung at something and brought himself forward again, and down he slid. His presence of mind had not once left him. He even tested the knobs as he slid over them, to see where he might trust to stop himself with the momentum of his falling. Gradually he even loosened the momentum. Then he fastened his grip upon a knob. It held him, and he was safe. The thought that went up from the observers in the street below almost reached his quickened ears, and it grew into a shout. He was not demoralized. He might have come down and given up the job. Not so. His purpose to go up to the cross was not changed. But he could no longer trust himself to the knobs on the angle of the steeple. He must get across to the next angle. He tried to reach; but the knob was just beyond his utmost stretch of foot or hand.

The observers below were looking on in breathless suspense. They saw him go up higher and higher, almost to the very spot whence he had fallen, and then at last reach out and swing himself across. He was now on another angle, clinging to an untried place and looking up at the long line of untried knobs. He went up more carefully, less rapidly than before, trying every knob well before trusting his weight to it. Soon he was at the ball. Grasping that he slid himself up over it and sat himself down on it with his feet on either side of the cross. There he waited awhile, though he seemed still to be busy. Then raising himself to his feet, he stood beside the cross. With his hand he broke it in peace and threw the pieces down, and they fell into fragments as they touched the stone walk. Then he descended and in a few minutes was on the ground again to be surrounded by some of the observers.

'A little frightened, eh, Frank,' quizzed one of them, 'when you slipped there?' 'Not a bit, just as cool as I am here, now, at this minute.' 'Risky, though, wasn't it?' 'Well, yes, it was risky, but the worst of it was I tore my pantaloons.' 'I don't see where.' 'But I mended them.' 'While you were sitting on the ball there?' 'Yes; I wasn't coming down with such a rent as that in them. The wind was blowing hard and things flapped, but I happened to have a self-threader that Billy Withers had given me this very morning, and I stuck it in my vest. I threaded the needle without looking at it, and sewed up the tear in a hurry.' 'Well, Frank, you're a cool one.' 'I have to be,' he said, and he glanced around at some ladies who were grouped a few yards off, looking at him.

Two Ways.

'There are your month's wages,' said Mrs Steele, tossing some bills into the lap of a young girl whom she employed in her kitchen, 'and if I should do justice to myself, I should keep back full half of it. I hope next month, you will try and be a little more help to me—not move about so slowly as you are accustomed to, and take a little more pains in handling dishes. Many housekeepers would have taken the price of that pitcher you cracked out of your wages, and I am not sure but I shall adopt some such plain in future.'

The young girl took the money with a moody look, and went about her task with a heavy, resentful spirit. These hard words, she felt, were undeserved, as she tried to please by doing her work faithfully. But, all through the house, the system reigned. It was one continued scene of fault-finding from morning till night. No wonder that the angels of peace and happiness spread their white wings and fled away. In a rue-wreathed cottage just over the way, it was also Bridget's pay day. 'Here are seven dollars, Bridget, and may they do you a great deal of good. You are getting on nicely now, and learning very fast to do work in my way. Mr. Howard thought you had quite exceeded yourself in yesterday's bread and pies.'

Bridget's face was all glow with pleasure as she opened her hand to receive the money. 'Indeed, ma'am, it's all from me patient teaching I've had. My last mistress called me a dolt and a blockhead, and I didn't much care for to please her. But, if you please, ma'am, I would like your advice on a little matter. Would you wait till I get money enough for a shabby silk dress, or would you just spend your money now for what you please?' 'By all means, get you a good, comfortable pair of shoes, Bridget, and I would advise a neat delaine dress also. A cheap, poor silk, is not nearly as nice as a pretty, fresh calico.'

'These followed some excellent advice to the young girl, which was listened to with the deepest respect, and which gave her some new and valuable ideas on the subject of what was tasteful and becoming in dress. Little by little she moulded and wrought over the plastic mind into something far better than the early promise gave her reason to hope for. For five years, the young woman labored faithfully in the service of her kind employer, and only left her to enter a home of her own. How much better was she fitted for that position by the kind and judicious training of those five years! How much better, too, was Mrs. Mason served, than her neighbor, Mrs. Steele, who looked upon her help as only machines, out of which to get the greatest-possible amount of labor.'

It takes time and long patience to do this, but it is part of the work, depending household, that God has given you to do. 'Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well.' Angels shall hasten the story to tell.

Napoleon I.

History, in recording the march of Empire, names no rival to this child of fate. When the reign of Robespierre had deluged with human blood the streets of Paris, when anarchy and confusion reigned, and every town and hamlet felt the dark forebodings of the future, the star of Napoleon shone resplendent o'er the storm.

Commenting his career as a Lieutenant of Artillery, he rose, step by step, until he reached the highest round. Of all men of fame around him clusters the most pleasing recollections. His success in life is due to industry, keen foresight through knowledge of men and the promotion of all who were worthy.

The feat of Napoleon which eclipses all others, was his escape from Elba, the capture of an army without the firing of a shot, and the taking of Paris without shedding one drop of French blood.

Until all Europe rose to combat one, his life was a continued scene of triumph; but genius holds no place against numbers, and the star of Napoleon, whose glory illuminated the world, sank forever on the field of Waterloo.

On Wednesday, the 5th day of May, 1821, six hundred miles from the nearest point of land, within the tropics, on the storm-drenched rock of St. Helena, the soul of Napoleon lifted the eternal veil and passed to the spirit land.

DARK HOURS.—There are dark hours that mark the history of the brightest years. For not a whole month in any of the thousands of the past, perhaps has the sun shone brilliantly all the time. And there have been cold and stormy days in every year. And yet the mists and shadows of the darkest hours were dissipated, and fitted headlessly away. The cruellest of the ice fetters have been broken and dissolved, and the most furious storm loses its power to alarm. What a parable is all this of human fear, of our inside world, where the heart works at its destined labor! Here, too, we have the overshadowing of dark hours, and many a cold shiver chills the heart to its core. But that matters it? Man is born a hero, and it is only by darkness and storms that heroism gains its best and greatest development and illustration; then it kindles the black cloud into a blaze of glory, and the storm bears it rapidly to its destiny. Despair not, then, disappointment will be realized. Morning's failure may attend this effort and that one; but only be honest and struggle on, and it will all work well.

A young man in Randall county, Indiana, was waylaid by two girls and thrashed until he got down on his knees and swore he would never, never do so again. He had promised to marry both of them, the scamp. Arrived him perfectly right.

Nasby's Psalm for Friends South.

SAINT'S REST, (which is in the)

Stat of New Jersey) Sept. 12. } A B A M U V A G O N Y.

On the street I see a nigger; On his back a coat of blue, and he carryeth a mu-kit. He is Prove Gard, and he haltheth me, or wuz hevvin authority.

And my tender daughter spit on him, and lo he arrested her, and she languisheth in the gard house. My eyes doth dwell on him, and my sole is a arteshen well uv woe; it languisheth with greet.

For that nigger wuz my nigger!—I bought him with a price. Alas! that nigger is out uv his normal condition, he is a star out of its sphere, wich sweepeth thro the politikal hevves enashin things.

'Normally he wuz wath gold and silver, now he is a niteamer. Wost I wuz rich, and that nigger wuz the basis thereof. Woz he I I owned him, sole, body, sinocs muskels, blood, boots and brichis.

His intellek wuz mine, and his body wuz mine, likewise his labor and the fruts thereof. His wife wuz mine, and she wuz my concubine.

The normal results of the conkebinage I sold, combining pleasure and profit in an eminent degree. And on the price thereof I played poker, and drank mint goulpis, and road in gorgous charats, and wore purple aud hum every day.

Was this mitequashuv or nigger equality? Not any. For she wuz mine, as my ox or my horse, or my sheep, and her increase wuz mine even ez wuz theirs.

Abushin mitequashuv elevates the nigger wench to her level—I did it for gain wich degraded me muchly.

And when the wite uv my huzzum lifted her voice in complaint sayin, 'Lo I am abused—this little nigger resembleth thee!' Half the price uv the infant chattel wood buy a diamond pin wich to stop her yawp.

And my boys followed in my footsteps and grate wuz the mix, but profitable. But my dream bustid.

The nigger is free, and demans wages whether she'll cleave to her husband, or be my concubine.

I yestaday I bede her come to me, and lo! she remarkt, 'Go' way white man, or I bust yer head!'

And I gode. Her children are free—they are mine, likewise; but I can't sell 'em on the block to the highest bidder.

Theirin Lincoln sinned—he violated the holiest instike of our nature; he interposed a proclamareshen atween father and child.

We took the hethorn 'from Africa, and wuz a making Christians 'av' em. Wo to him who stop us in our mishary work.

It is written—'Kin the Ethiope change his skin?' I wuz a changin it fur him, and my fathers, and we had mellered it down to a brite yaller.

Dark is my fucher. I obeyed the grate Law uv Labor, ez I served in the army, by substitution—now shall I have to stand my hands wath labor, or starve?

In what am I better than a Northern mud-sill? I kin git no more diamond pins for the wite of my huzzum, and she yawpeth continually.

Arrayed in homespun she wrastles wath pots and kittle in the kitchen Weighed down wath woe, she dips snuff in silence.

She asks uv me comfort—wath kin I say, whose pockets containe only confederate skript. Save us from Massachusetts, wich is onery and cussid.

Protect us from nigger sojers, wich is gittenen feends. Shelter us from the gobst uv John Brown, wich is marshin on.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, Lait pastor uv the church uv the Noo dispensashun.

Josh Billings says: The effeminate man is a peak pindie. He is a cross between root beer and ginger pop, with the cork left out of the bottle over night. He is a fresh water mermaid lost in a cow-pasture with his hands filled wath dandelions. He is a teacup full of whipped sily bub—a kitten in pantalones—a sick monkey wath a blonde moustache. He is a vine without any tendrils—a fly drowned in sweet oil—a paper kite in a dead caldm. He lives like the butter-flies, nobody can tell why. He is as harmless as a cent's worth of spruce gum, and as useless as a shirt button hole. He is as lazy as a bread pill, and has no more hope than a last year's grasshopper. He is a man wath-out any gall, and a woman wath-out any gizzard. He goes through life on tip-toes, and dies like cologne water spillt on the ground.

A WONDERFUL PLANT.—A specimen of the wonderful plant, 'the flower of the Holy Ghost,' has been successfully raised in Norwich, Conn. The flower is a creamy white cup, nearly as large as half an egg, and extremely beautiful, and its winder as a natural floral growth is the fact that in this flower is a little pure white dove, with pink bill and eyes, and its head turned as if looking over its back. It wings, feet, bill, etc., are absolutely perfect as those of the living dove, whose counterpart the wonderful mimio bird is.

A Hibernian, entering a menagerie, was asked if the pony he saw there was not a very small one. 'Ah, faith,' said Pat, 'I've seen many a one to swate Ireland as little' as two of him.'

Jackson's Mother.

An anecdote relative to his parting from his mother in his outset in life illustrates this as prominent in the attributes of his nature at that time. The writer heard him narrate this after his return from Washington when his last term in the Presidential office had expired.

When about to emigrate to Tennessee, the family were residing in the neighborhood of Greensboro, North Carolina.

'I had,' said he, 'contemplated this step for some months, and had made arrangements to do so, and had at length obtained my mother's consent to it. All my worldly goods were a few dollars in my purse, some clothes in my saddlebags, and a pretty good horse, saddle and bridle. The country to which I was going was comparatively a wilderness, and the trip a long one, beset by many difficulties, especially from the Indians. I felt, and so did my mother, that we were parting forever. I knew she would not recall her promise; there was too much anger in her for that, and this caused me to linger a Jay or two longer than I had intended.

'But the time came for the painful parting. My mother was a little dumpy, red-headed Irish woman. 'Well, mother, I am ready to leave, and I must say farewell.' She took my hand, and pressing it, said 'Farewell,' and her emotion choked her.

'Kissing at meetings and partings in that day was not so common as now. I turned from her and walked rapidly to my horse.

'As I was mounting him she came out of the cabin wiping her eyes with her apron, and came to the getting-over place at the fence. 'Andy,' said she (she always called me Andy) you are going to a new country, and among rough people. You will have to depend on yourself and out your own way through the world. I have nothing to give but a mother's advice. Never tell a lie, nor take what is not your own, nor sue anybody for slander nor assault and battery. Always settle them cases yourself! I promised, and I have tried to keep that promise. I rode off some two hundred yards to a turn in the path, and looked back, she was still standing at the fence and wiping her eyes. I never saw her after that.' Those who knew him best will testify to his fidelity to this last promise made to his mother.

'Gentlemen of the jury,' said a Western lawyer, 'I don't want to insinuate that this man is a covetous person, but I will beg five to one that if you should bait a steeltrap with a new three cent piece, and place it within three inches of his mouth, you would catch his soul! I wouldn't for a moment say that he would steal, but, may it please the Court and the gentlemen of the Jury, I wouldn't trust him in a room wath red mill stones, and the angel Gabriel to watch 'em.'

When the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry entered the town of Dawson, Georgia, in the spring of 1865, among those who welcomed them was a negro woman whose appearance denoted extreme old age. Impelled by curiosity, one of the boys rode up to her and asked: 'How old are you, aunty?'

'Well, child,' she replied, 'I don't 'actly know how old I is, but I was here when Columbus come!'

A bachelor on ——— threst had the blues, and applied to a doctor for some medicine. The doctor inquired into his case and wrote a prescription in Latin, which the bachelor took to a drug store. Translated, the prescription read, 'Seventeen yards of silk, wath a woman in it.' The bachelor proposed to a lady that evening, and was married in two weeks.

I would not give much for your religion unless it can be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet far over its waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrious.

A story is told, illustrating how fast cities are built in the West, to the effect that a traveler laid down on a vacant lot in Chicago to sleep, and in the morning found himself in the cellar, with a fire story building built over him. Occasionally you will find an old foggy who doubts that story.

The largest house in the world is to be built in St. Louis. It will be 'twenty-one stories high above ground and five stories deep under ground, and is to occupy four blocks.' So an exchange says, and we guess it's 'some story.'

An Indianapolis German had occasion recently to bury a large wife, and so equabbled with the sexton about the fee. 'Dat ish not a pig grafe,' said the disconsolate husband. 'Not a big grafe,' indignantly responded the sexton, 'why, hang it, that's a cellar.'

A basket of ripe tomatoes bro't into a family will drive out a box of doctor's pills.—Exchange.

Well, give the pills the same chance and they'll drive a basket of tomatoes out of the same family on a 'double quick.'

A single hour in the day given to the study of some interesting subject brings unexpected accumulation of knowledge.

The door between us and heaven cannot be opened if that between us and our fellow men be shut.

Poor pigs, they are doctored the wrong way round—killed first, cured afterwards.

Why is the letter A like a 'hoonyuckle? Because a B follows it.

Troubles are like babies; they grow bigger by nursing.