



By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 12

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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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POETICAL.



SEPTEMBER.

September strews the woodland o'er, With many a brilliant color; The world is brighter than before— Why should our hearts be duller? Sorrow and the scarlet leaf, Sad thoughts and sunny weather! Ah me! this glory and this grief Agree not well together.

This is the parting season—this The time when friends are flying; And lovers now, with many a kiss, Their long-farewells are sighing— Why is earth so gayly dressed? This pomp that autumn beareth A funeral seems, where every guest A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here, On some blue morn hereafter, Return to view the gaudy year, But not with boyish laughter. We shall then be, wrinkled men, Our brows with silver laden, And thou this glea may seek again, But nevermore a maiden.

Nature perhaps foresees the Spring Will touch her teeming bosom, And that a few brief months will bring, The bud, the bee, the blossom; Ah! these forests do not know— Or would less brightly wither— The virgin that adorns them so Will never more come hither.

MISCELLANY.

A FATAL DUEL.

BY J. M. P.

'I will show them to you now.' And pro- ceeding to where his trunk stood in his room, he removed everything until he reached a somewhat old-fashioned looking pistol case; he opened it, when, with a sudden exclamation, he let it drop back into the trunk, and staggering to a chair he sat down, covering his face with his hands, and shivered as tho his whole frame was convulsed with some powerful emotion. I picked up the case and saw it contained two long duelling pistols of a peculiar fashion, and on one I observed dark stains of blood which had upon the bright barrels produced deep spots of rust. I shuddered as I looked, well remember- ing the many wild scenes through which he had passed in the last dozen years.

Carl Corrigan had in the meantime some- what recovered himself, and extending his hands he exclaimed, 'For heaven's sake George, put them up, I had nearly forgotten the last time I used them.' I obeyed him all the while wondering what had so affected him who I had known to be possessed of iron nerves, secretly wishing that he would tell me, and I suppose my countenance betrayed the wish, for a moment after he sat upright and with a look that I shall not soon forget, he asked: 'George, you saw those spots'—with a shud- der at the last words. I replied by a nod, when he continued,—

'Sit down and I will tell you all about an affair that has left deep marks upon my heart and memory. I had never spoken to any one about that terrible piece of business, and if I am somewhat affected by its recital, you will please look over it.' He paused a moment and seemed to be mak- ing a powerful effort to recover his self-con- trol, and his strong will triumphed, for straightening up somewhat after his old self, he told the following: 'George, I believe that I felt for Frank Gardner more than a brother's affection; we had been thrown together in New York, both following the beat of a restless spirit, and we found in each other's nature something, I can't tell what, that lead us to travel a long time in company. So we had spent many days together, plowing the bosom of the old ocean, sharing its dangers, and daring them a thousand times. Had been several months among the pleasant isles of the West Indies. Had been two years together on the Plains and Pampas of Brazil, and the Rio-de-la- platte. Had crossed South America, and journeying up the coast until we found our- selves in Mazatlan, Mexico, all the while thoroughly enjoying each other's company, and I never found anything about Frank that I could not admire, although there was depths in his nature that in a long intercourse I knew I had never fathomed, and I knew him for one fault, that he never forgave an enemy or one who he fancied had done him an injury, as two or three ugly affairs in South America and Mexico could give ample testi- mony. I had always found him a first-class, congenial companion, some of our tastes were similar, and both possessed spirits that would not long remain at rest anywhere. He, I knew to be brave, almost to fool-hardiness. I have seen him armed with a long Spanish knife alone, attack, single-headed, the fiercest denizens of the forest, and in every one come off victorious, merely laughing when I had expressed my fears sometimes for his safety, and in many of these encounters he had re- ceived scars that told it was no easy victory at times.

In Mazatlan, we remained several weeks, and were both intimate and welcome visitors at the residence of Senorita Prarie-L Coste, whose father possessed large estates close to the village upon one of which he resided. Both Frank and myself paid assiduous at- tention to the beautiful Prarie, I never dreaming but that it was like a dozen more affairs of the same kind, a mere time-passing one. Although I sometimes detected a faint sign of uneasiness and unrest tugging at my heart if I called upon the lovely Senorita and found that she was enjoying a ride or a stroll with a Mexican gallant, a near neighbor's son; and at these times I would notice upon Frank's fine face an expression that I had never in my companionship observed there before; it was something very like what he took on in some of his fiercest and most dan- gerous encounters, either with beasts or men. For I had seen him in both, and it occurred to me more than once that I should not fancy crossing him in love.

I found myself irresistibly drawn by the charms of the old Mexican's daughter, and I thought that I observed in her manner to- wards me a marked degree of preference.— One morning while seated with her, and in close conversation, Frank walked in and I noticed that peculiar shade upon his coun- tenance, and my heart bounded, for it oc- curred to me with a sudden flash that this man who had been my near companion for months had for the first time allowed me a glimpse of that peculiar trait in his charac- ter, the existence of which I had merely sus- pected heretofore. Our conversation that morning was for the first time constrained and uneasy. I soon took my departure.— This circumstance caused me for the first time to thoroughly analyze my feelings. I found that most imperceptibly, the lovely face of Prarie-L Coste had engraved itself upon my heart, and intuitively I learned that this was to be the cause of rupture of friend- ship between Frank and myself. I overhauled the whole of our compan- ionship from its very beginning, and I could find nothing that I could throw into the bal- ance against my love for her who I began to suspect entertained for me a more than pass- ing regard. 'Oh God had I known the depth of that woman's deception, how much would have been saved me,' suddenly exclaimed Carl as he paused again almost overcome with his emotion. After a momentary struggle he proceeded—

letters to be mailed to my fond old mother and sisters if I should fall, for well I knew his deadly shot, summoned a young Ameri- can resident as my friend, took out my pis- tols, those pistols, (with a glance towards the trunk), gave them to my machucabo to clean, and lying down tried to rest, but I could not, my brain was in a whirl.

How I passed the time I knew not, but the morning came at last, bringing my friend in an early hour, who exclaimed: 'Carl this is terrible, can it not be arranged? That is enough L—' said I, see that my pistols are in order, nothing can be done.

He saw that remonstrance was useless, so after examining the weapons, we started. Arriving at the appointed ground we found Frank, his friend, and a surgeon. I glanced towards Frank with a faint hope that even yet he might relent, but he stood with his back to me, and instructing our seconds to proceed with the preliminaries we re- mained silent. All was soon arranged, my second won choice of positions and would have placed me with my back to the sun, but I choose the other position. He looked sur- prised but said nothing. We were soon placed.

Gentlemen, is all ready? We merely bowed. You will remember to fire between the words one and three. A moment of intense silence, when with a clear steady voice my second pronounced the words: fire, one, two, three. I did not raise my weapon, but at the word two Frank raised his pistol and fired, his ball lodging with an intense burning pain in my left shoulder. I managed to appear as if I was not hit, and stepping to my second in- structed him to enquire if my antagonist was satisfied; the answer was returned, No.

The pistols were re-charged, we again took our positions, and again he alone fired, send- ing his ball through my hair at the ear. A- gain I instructed my second to enquire if the gentleman was satisfied, and he replied, I tell you No. A third time were the pistols load- ed, and we resumed our positions. My sec- ond was as pale as death, and even my an- tagonist's second and the surgeon were very much surprised at the most singular proceed- ing. I glanced towards my antagonist and saw no sign of relenting; all of the old Frank seemed to have gone, and there was written the firm purpose to kill me if he could. I have read somewhere that there exists deep down in the human heart, passions, uncal- led upon by the ordinary circumstances of our lives which would frighten us if we but caught a single glimpse of them. And I believe it, for in that momentary glance, all my love for the man standing before me was buried out of sight, and I merely saw him as one who could coolly stand there and fire at one who would have continued to love him thro' life, until he saw him fall. A haze seemed to swim before my eyes, and I scarcely heard the sharp ringing words: fire, one, two, when straightening up my arm, I leveled my pis- tol, and with a glance along the barrel, fired. I saw him fall throwing his pistol hand up to his left breast, when I fainted. I recov- ered to find myself lying some distance from the fatal spot, and the surgeon just removing the ball from my shoulder. I enquired for the result of that last shot and was told that it was fatal on the ground. Frank only lived long enough to ask my forgiveness and ac- knowledge he was wrong; and Senorita L- Coste married her Mexican suitor before the week was out.

Carl ceased and bowed his head upon the table, and feeling that I could do or say nothing to mitigate his sorrow, I left.

Our Mistakes. It is a heart-breaking thing to look back on one's own life, and count up the mistakes we have made by following out our own will, perhaps in defiance of friendly advice, per- haps in accordance with flattering counsel. The sorrows that have come to us as it were by the will of God we can submit to with as much or as little patient resignation as we have the grace for; but the sorrows which we have wrought by our own hand—the pit- falls into which we have walked by taking our own way—these are the sore places of memory, which no time can heal and no patience solve over. 'I did it by my own act and deed,' and 'if I had but listened to advice I if I had but taken to pieces that set purpose of mine, what a different life I should have had! what an infinity of trouble I should have been spared!' How many women, think you, are sitting now by the blacked ashes of a burnt-out love, heart- sick and despairing—women for whom there is no to-morrow, no future summer, no rain- bow across the dull gray sky of their endur- ing winter—all for the set purpose of a base- less love, all for the willful following at the heels of a visionary joy! They were warn- ed, they were counselled, they were besought; but they took no heed. Love, stronger than wisdom, drew them by lines of steel, while this had only ropes of tow; and the set pur- pose of their lives was as the moth's when it beats its wings into the flame—and with much the same result.

An exchange tells of a young couple who went to the city to celebrate the Fourth in style. Putting up at a hotel, they were served at dinner with ice cream for desert. Rusticus tasted the cool confection, rolled it from one side of his mouth to the other, and finally ejaculated, 'Thunder and lightning! Maria, that's the coldest paddin' I ever et.'

It would seem that the hot season extends to remote parts of the country, as a report comes from Iowa City that the catfish come out of the river and lie in the shade and fan themselves with their tails, while the dogfish flop out of the water and follow the ice-wagons all around the streets, trying to pick up a piece of ice. Either this is true, or Iowa has some of the lyliest editors in the world.

Happiness abounds most with the lowly; there are more blossoms in the valley than there are on the hills.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TULLAHOMA, TENN., September, 1870.

FRIEND BLAIR.—Well, my first year's farm operations have proved successful, rye, good, oats, fair, corn beyond all I ever saw! Apples, peaches, Irish and sweet potatoes enormous! The most delightful Summer I have ever experienced is now succeeded by an Autumn that is absolutely Eden like; the sky, balmy, radiant, heart pleasing; gentle breezes stirring the darkening verdure, like spirit-voices flowing out of Para- dise; fall flowers—blushing for their own loveliness; crystal streams purling in silvery beauty to the soft warblings of the jay, thrush, lark, mocking and other birds, whose notes are softening with the subdued spark- ings of sky and flowers. The soft repose of Autumn pervades all things in harmony with the satisfied feeling which pervades humanity at the changes of the seasons.— Well, the Yanks are, again coming; the Na- tives again starting in fresh companies for Texas. This State will be all Yankee in a few years. I bought another farm, and wish a good tenant; good farmers here have an easy time of it after the first year or two; all plowing, chopping, all hard work being done in Winter; pastures abound all Summer till frost, after which nothing is fed but shucks, unbins and fodder. Prof. Koosis, a Hungarian scholar and gentleman, bought 500 acres near here, about three years ago, and is setting out acre after acre in grapes, apples, peaches, pears, etc; two years hence his fortune will begin to roll in. This is truly a grand location for grapes and fruit. In cereals, also, skillful farming meets with great success. No spot on this Continent offers greater inducements for emigrants, or has finer prospects of a luminous future. In healthfulness, it is unsurpassed; hundreds of visitors have passed the Summer here, those afflicted with diseases arising from hepatic irregularities, or Kidney affections, find great relief in our splendid water.— Western Pa. and Ohio are sending in large delegations, who are searching for homes, to escape the rigors and trying irregularities of the climates of those States. I would like to hear from my old friend, especially the Geo. Any one desiring information, may address me as above.

Yours Respectfully,

W. T. BARNITZ.

A Western Romance.

About eight or nine months since a man living in the northern part of Virginia City, Nev., went out into the eastern part of the State to seek his fortune in the new mines of that section, leaving his wife and one child in Virginia City. Some seven months ago a gallant disciple of St. Crispin persuaded the White Pine widow to take up her abode with him in a house which he furnished for her. The new pair lived together for about seven months, when a few days since the genuine husband returned. Of course there was trouble in the camp, but after some quarreling, the two men agreed to play a game of seven-up for the woman. The game came off last Saturday night, and the first husband won his wife back by just 'two points.' The man claimed his wife, and the man of leather could not but say that he had fairly won her.

The woman preferred the shoemaker, but the husband and winner was determined to have his own. He packed up what furniture they possessed, and last Sunday evening, with his household goods and gods, left by a fast freight wagon for California.— When the wagon started there was quite a scene. A crowd of nearly one hundred persons had collected to see the husband carry away his stake, and there was much merri- ment over the romantic affair. The wo- man cried and wanted to stay with the shoemaker, and the shoemaker cried at parting with the treasure he had lost by not holding enough 'trumps.' He asked some of the crowd if they thought he would be arrested if he attempted to take the woman out of the wagon. They told him he had lost her 'on the square,' and he must bear it like a man; so the wagon moved on, and soon the fair one was 'gone from his gaze.'

Responsibilities of Parents.

A pious mother, in her prayers with her little son, was accustomed to lay her hand upon his head. She died while he was yet too young to realize the loss he had sustained. He grew up an uncorbed and wayward boy, whom none seemed to understand, and few to love. Yet in his most reckless and passionate paroxysms, something seemed partially to restrain and rule him. He said it was a 'hand upon his head, like the mother's hand.' Often he yielded to its touch, and wept bitterly. In the flush and fervor of youth, he traveled widely over foreign lands. Vice tempted him, and the virtue which should have withstood it, but had a frail footing. Still, something withheld him. It was the same 'hand upon his head,'—a soft, cool hand. He dared not utterly cast off its control.

In his old age he said to some children: 'A hand is upon my head,—upon my few hair locks,—the same hand that used to rest in prayer among the fresh sunny curls of my infancy; and if I am ever saved, it will be by that mother's hand, and my Re- deemer's mercy.'

'How heavy you walk!' exclaimed Mrs. —, on hearing her husband tumbling up stairs the other night. 'Well, my dear, was the gruff response, 'if you can get a kog of Gordon's lager up stairs with less noise, I should like to see you do it.'

Some one some time ago, seeing two or three eminent lawyers gathered together on a spot supposed to be likely to be chosen as the site of the new law courts, said that they had met there to view the ground where they must shortly lie.

Down East Courting.

A Western paper pretends to give a fair account of the manner in which down East- ers do their courting. Here is an example: Sully, the housemaid, paring apples in the corner. Enter Obadiah, who seats himself in the corner opposite Sal, without saying a word for fifteen minutes, but finally scratch- ing his head, breaks the silence with: 'There is considerable imperceptible alter- in' in the weather since last week.'

'Taint so injudicious and as dubitable cold as it was; the thermometer has lowered up to one hundred degrees higher than the zenith,' said she. 'I think it's likely for the birds of that species fly a great deal higher in warmer days than in cold ones.'

Both parties assume a grave and imposing look, and a long pause ensues. Finally, Obadiah gives his pate another barrowing scratch and breaks the silence with: 'Well, Sally, we chaps are going to raise a slight ride, it's such ininical good sleddin' to mor- row. I suppose we'll have an insatiate good time on it. I should be supernatural happy if you would disgrace me with your com- pany.—I should take it as deegratory honor; besides we are calculatin' to treat the gals well with raisins aud black trap.'

'I should be supernatural glad to disgrace you, but our folks suspect company. I can't go.' Obadiah sits awhile, and at length starts up as if a new thought had struck him. 'Well, now, I know what I'll do. I'll go home and thrash out those beans that have been lying in the barn for such a darned long while. Exit Obadiah.

MARRYING FOR SNOW.—In the following we find displayed a volume of honest and wholesome good sense unusual to such com- munities. Put a pin here, good swains and lovers: To the question often asked of young men as to why they do not marry, we sometimes hear the reply: I am not able to support a wife.' In one case in three this may be so; but as a general thing the reply would be: 'I am not able to support the style in which I think my wife ought to live.'

In this again we see a false view of mar- riage—a looking to the appearance in the world, instead of a union with loving woman for her own sake. There are very few men of industrious habits who cannot maintain a wife, if they are willing to live economically, and without reference to the opinion of the world. The great evil is they are not content to begin life humbly,—to retire together into an obscure position, and together work their way in the world—be by industry in his calling, and she by dispensing with prudences the money he earns. But they must stand out and attract the attention of others by fine houses and fine clothes.

A MISTAKE.—A certain political speaker was addressing a large audience in Virginia, and denouncing vehemently against proscrip- tion of foreigners, when his eye fell upon a little German Jew, a peddler of ready-made clothing, who seemed to be very much im- pressed with the argument of the orator, greedily swallowing everything he uttered. This was too good an opportunity not to make the best of, and looking the peddler full in the eye, he exclaimed: 'Farriner, didn't you come to this country to escape from the tyrannical, down-trodden and oppressed Europe? Didn't you flee to these happy shores to live in a land of free- dom, where the great right of suffrage is guaranteed all; didn't you, farriner?'

He paused for a reply, when the little peddler squeaked out: 'No, sir, I comes to dis country to sell sheep ready-made clothing.' The astonishment of the orator, and the shouts and roars of the multitude, cannot be described. This finished the barragane.

Ball's Journal of Health lays down the law as follows:—'Men may live long and in health who never taste meat, but they never can excel in anything which requires energy. The nations which eat no meat, as to the masses, are always inefficient or degraded. The hundreds of millions of Japan and China have failed in the centuries of the past in all that makes a nation or an individual grand in conception or magnificent in accomplish- ment. They are to-day what they were ages ago, and they live mainly on rice and other vegetables.'

'Try' is a great word, though it musters only three letters. It is the story of every achievement, from great to small, that the world has ever seen. The presence or ab- sence of its spirit is the mark which dis- tinguishes the difference in men. The lad or young man who says he will try, and mean it, is the one who by and by will succeed. The head on his shoulders is the go- ahead, the kind which all good folks admire, and which is a credit to itself.

'Sam, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes toward the South in the winter?'

'Well, I don't know, massa, unless he no stand the climate of the Norf' and so am 'bliged to go to de Souf', where he speriences warmer longitude.'

'Pompey,' said a good-natured gentlem- in to his colored man, 'I did not know till to- day, that you had been whipped last week.'

'Didn't you, massa?' replied Pompey.— 'I—I knowed it just de same time it occur- ed.'

What's the difference between a chilly man and a hot dog? One wears a coat and the other pants.

A barber is always ready to scrape an ac- quaintance.