



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 13, 1870.

NUMBER 14

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, North-east corner of the Diamond. He does business on the only successful method, viz: by buying his goods for cash. The old fogy idea of buying goods at high prices and on long credits is

EXPLODED.

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

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

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

The World Renowned MEDICINE

Drs. D. Fahrney & Son's CELEBRATED PREPARATION FOR CLEANSING THE BLOOD.

WILL CURE SCROFULA, CUTANEOUS DISEASES, ERY- SIPHELA, BOILS, SORE EYES, SCALD HEAD, PIMPLES, AND BLOTCHES ON THE FACE, BETTER AFFECTIONS, OLD AND STUBBORN ULCERS, RHEUMATISM, GONORRHOEA, GYPER- MATIC AFFECTIONS, HYPER- SICK HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, JAUNDICE, GENERAL DE- BILITY, CHILLS AND FEVER, FOUL STOMACH, TOGETHER WITH ALL OTH- ER DISEASES ARISING FROM IMPURE BLOOD AND DISORDERED LIVER.

TRY ONE BOTTLE OR PACKAGE
And be convinced that this medicine is no humbug. Sold by all Druggists.

CAUTION.

Drs. D. Fahrney & Son's Preparation for Cleansing the Blood is COUNTERFEITED. The genuine has the name "D. FAHRNEY & SON" on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of Drs. D. Fahrney & Son's Preparation for Cleansing the Blood, is blown in each bottle. All others are COUNTERFEIT. Recollect that it is Dr. D. Fahrney & Son's Celebrated Preparation for Cleansing the Blood that is so uni- versally used, and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggist to induce you to take any- thing else that they may say is just the same or as good, because they make a large profit on it.

PREPARED BY
Drs. D. FAHRNEY & SON,
BOONSBORO, MD.
And Dr. P. D. Fahrney, Kedsyville, Md.
Be sure to get the genuine. None genuine un- less signed by D. FAHRNEY & SON.
Sold by Dr. J. B. Anderson, Waynesboro; Dr. J. Burkholder, E. B. Wiggins, Quincy; F. B. B. Shively, Shady Grove.
June 30-6mcs

OLD IRON WANTED.

The best cash price will be paid for cast iron delivered at the works of the
GEISER M. CO.

POETICAL.



DON'T CROWD.

Don't crowd; this world is broad enough,
For you as well as me;
The doors of art are open wide—
The realm of thought is free;
Of all earth's places you are right
To choose the best you can,
Provided, that you do not try
To crowd some other man.

Don't crowd, proud Miss, your dainty silk
Will glisten none the less,
Because it comes in contact with
A beggar's tattered dress.
This lovely world was never made
For you and I alone;
A pauper has a right to tread
The pathway to a throne.

Don't crowd the good from out your hearts,
By fostering all that's bad,
But give to every virtue room—
The best that may be had;
Be each day's record such a man,
That you may well be proud;
Give each his right—give each his room,
And never try to crowd.

GAYLY SING.

O, gayly sing with tuneful ring,
By fostering all that's bad,
And while we sing, the live-long day
We'll merrily sing and be light any day.
A merry song will life prolong,
And thrill the heart and cheer the soul;
With voices strong sing loud and long,
Till echoes roll from pole to pole.

MISCELLANY.

THE DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.

The little village of E— was one of the many mining towns in the interior of California, and in this village dwelt Dr. Hammond and his family. They were noted for their kind hospitality, and for the interest they took in the general affairs of the vil- lage.

So it very often happened that their only daughter, Artie, was the belle of many little social parties. There it was that she repeat- edly met a young man by the name of Charles Bayey, and his fancy for Miss Artie's pret- ty face, blue eyes, and dark brown curls kept him constantly by her side.

But what I was going to tell you was this— that the Doctor had made up his mind to spend the summer near Lake Tahoe, so he could have a fine time hunting and fishing during the heated term, and, as a matter of course, he wanted to take his family with him, for he could not think of leaving them down there in the terribly hot weather of the summer.

Now Artie did not like this idea at all, so, after having a good cry about it, she came into the parlor where Mrs. Hammond sat, and said:
"Now, mamma, this is too bad; just to think of us going away off in the mountains, where we can't see anything but Indians and sage brush. I shall die mamma, I know I shall, if you take me away off up there."
"If you, my dear," said Mrs. Hammond, gently, "and to tell the truth, Artie, I shall be glad to get you off up there where you can't do so much running around. I am a- bout sick of this going all the time."
"Well, I am not," said Miss Artie, with an independent toss of her pretty head as she went off to the window. She had not stood there long before she saw some one coming up the little lane which led to the house.— Then she turned to her mother, and said:
"Oh, mamma, Charley Bayey is coming here."
"Yes, just as I expected, you can't think of anything but Charley Bayey now," said Mrs. Hammond as she left the room.
She soon heard Artie and Charley talking very low together, so she began to wonder what they were saying, and finally she went to the door to listen. She heard Charley say:
"Yes, darling, I will come with the buggy just at dark to-morrow, so we can go and get married in a short time. Your folks won't think of such a thing until it's too late."
"But, Charley, suppose papa won't forgive us," said Artie.
"Oh, there's no danger but he will; and you'll go, won't you, Artie? Only think what a heavy, lonesome life it would be with- out you, darling."
As Artie looked up into a pair of very loving hazel eyes, she smilingly said, "Yes, Charley."
"Now, good night, darling, and by this time to-morrow night you'll be my own dar- ling little wife."
Saying this Charley kissed her and was gone.
Now, as Mrs. Hammond had been listening all the time, she heard everything Charley said. So she said to herself ironically, your dear little wife by this time to-morrow night, Oh, yes, we'll see about that.

The Atheist and the Flower.

When Napoleon Bonaparte was Emperor of France, he put a man by the name of Charney into prison. He thought Charney was an enemy of his government, and for that reason deprived him of his liberty.— Charney was a learned and profound man, and as he walked to and fro in the small yard in which his prison opened, he looked up to the heavens, the work of God's fingers, and the moon and stars which He ordained, and exclaimed, "All things come by chance."

One day while pacing his yard, he saw a tiny plant just breaking from the ground near the wall. The sight of it caused a pleas- ant diversion of his thoughts. No other green thing was within his inclosure. He watched its growth every day. "How came it here?" was the natural inquiry. As it grew, other queries were suggested. "How came these delicate little veins in its leaves? What made its proportions so perfect in ev- ery part, each new branch taking its exact place on the parent stock, neither too near another, nor too much on one side?"

In his loneliness, the plant became the prisoner's teacher and his valued friend.— When the flower began to unfold, he was filled with delight. It was white, purple and rose-colored, with a fine, silver fringe. Char- ney made a frame to support it, and did what his circumstances allowed, to shelter it from the pelting rains and violent winds.

"All things come by chance," had been written, by him upon the wall, just above where the flower grew. Its gentle reproach, as it whispered: "There is One who made me so wonderfully beautiful, and he is who keeps me alive," shamed the proud man's un- belief. He brushed the lying words from the wall, while his heart felt that, "He who made all things is God."
But God had a further blessing for the er- ring man through the humble flower. There was an Italian prisoner in the same yard whose little daughter was permitted to visit him. The girl was much pleased with Char- ney's love for his flower. She related what she saw to the wife of the jailor. The story of the prisoner and his flower passed from one to another, until it reached the ears of the Empress Josephine. The Empress said: "The man who so devotedly loves and tends a flower cannot be a bad man."— So she per- suaded the Emperor to set him at liberty.

Charney carried his flower home, and care- fully tended it in his own green-house. It had taught him to believe in a God, and had delivered him from prison.
"All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures, great and small,
All things wise and wonderful—
The Lord God made them all."

A Prayer Answered.

Brooklyn may be regarded as the rendez- vous of pastors without a parish. One of this number has been doing a little business, sometimes up and sometimes down. One Saturday found himself almost cleaned out. His purse was without a penny, his larder empty, his credit exhausted. On his way home he went into a store and asked for a bill of goods on credit until the next week. The storekeeper blandly but firmly refused. The poor fellow went to his home sad en- ough. There was nothing to eat in the house. He called his wife and children to- gether, told them he was penniless and with- out food, and said:—"My dear children, there is no help for man, let us go to God!" The little household knelt in prayer, and went supperless to bed. Between 10 and 11 the family were aroused by a loud knocking at the door. The husband went down, and found a gentleman waiting to see him. He was a well known merchant of the city, and knew nothing of the distress of the family, or that the household was in want. Ad- dressing himself to the occupant of the house he said:

"You may be surprised to see me here at this time of night. I undertook to go to bed, but I could not sleep. I felt impressed that it was my duty to come here. I tried to shake it off, but I could not, and I am here to see if your family want anything." The man told his story from the fullness of his heart. His friend left with him a sum of money, and promised to see the family early on Monday morning. Late as it was, the re- lieved gentleman went out for his Sunday supply and spent the night in thanksgiving.

EQUALITY.

An old Scotch minister on being asked to preach a sermon in favor of equality, at a time of great excitement on that subject, said, at the close of his sermon, as follows:
"You ask me to preach a sermon on equality, since that time I have ranged in vision through the vegetable world, I saw flowers of unequal luster and perfume, trees of unequal height and value, grasses and weeds of different kinds, but there was no equality there.
I passed to the animal kingdom and saw the trained horse and fierce beast of prey, the innert and the hawk, the sparrow and the eagle, the sheep and the horse, each occupy- ing a relative sphere. In the sea was the mullusk and the whale, the dolphin and the shark, the timid and the fierce, each prop- erly organized and doing its proper labor, but I saw no equality.
Lastly, I entered the gate of Heaven, and on a great white throne sat the Judge of the Universe, cherubim and seraphim fell before Him, angels of lesser degree did His bidding. I found seven heavens rising above each other but no equality there. I gazed on the stars but found one star in glory, but there was no equality. So, you see that there is no equality in all God's vast kingdom."
"One day in June, a neighbor met an old man, and remarked that it was very hot.— "Yes," said Joe; "if it wasn't for one thing I should say we were going to have a thaw."—"What is that?" inquired the friend.— "There's nothing froze," remarked Joe.

Proverbs for Teachers.

The best way of making friends of parents is to make friends of their children.
A teacher who tries to please everybody will be very likely to please few or nobody. It is easier to keep out of difficulties than to get out of them.
A school which is controlled by the least government is the best governed.
The general tone of a school never rises a- bove that of the teacher.
A pleasant face in school does more than a cross one.
Teachers who cannot govern themselves cannot govern their schools.
A noisy, blustering teacher is sure to have a noisy, blustering school.
A teacher's skill is better shown by his or her success with dull pupils than with bright ones.
In teaching, quality is more important than quantity.
A thorough exposition of principles is more valuable than specific modes of opera- tion.
Explanations should be given in few words carefully arranged, and slowly uttered.
Instruction, to be valuable, should be clear and exact.
Memory and reason should be trained to- gether—not one to the neglect of the other.
Children are quick to discern a teacher's weak points.
They are prone to annoy a teacher who is easily annoyed.
They love a teacher who manifests genu- ine love for them.
They are influenced more by example than by precept.
Perpetual scolding does them much harm and little good.
They are much more effectually governed by patient kindness than by physical force.
They become worthy of confidence in pro- portion to the confidence placed in them.
Good teachers and good scholars are ne- cessarily antecedent and consequent.
A teacher's influence ought not to be lim- ited to his own school, but should be extend- ed to his or her fellow teachers and the pub- lic.
The teacher's power at home and abroad depends largely upon the extent and charac- ter of his or her self culture.
To be more than a mere pedagogue, they should know what is transpiring in the edu- cational world.
Teachers should, therefore do their part towards making, reading, and sustaining the current educational literature.
Those teachers who are unwilling to do what they can for the general cause of education, and encouragement of other teachers, fail to perform an essential part of their duty, and have no claim upon the sympathy and con- fidence of the educational fraternity.

Testing her Innocence.

The following touching scene recently oc- curred in a Parisian court of justice.
A poor pale, sad seamstress was arraigned for theft. She appeared at the bar with a boy eleven or twelve months old in her arms, her child. She went to get some work one day, and stole three coins of 10f. each. The money was missed soon after she left her em- ployer, and a servant was sent to her rooms to claim it. The servant found her about to quit her rooms with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant, "I was going to carry them back to you." Never- theless she was carried to the Commissioner of Police, and he ordered her to be sent be- fore the police for trial. She was too poor to employ a lawyer, and when asked by the judge what she had to say for herself she answered: "The day I went to my employ- er's I carried my child with me. It was in my arms as it is now. I was not paying at- tention to it. There were several other gold coins on the mantelpiece, and unknown to me, it stretched out its little hands and seized the three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to re- turn them when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for heaven's mercy."
The court could not believe this story.— They upbraided the mother for her impu- dence in endeavoring to palm off such a man- ifest lie for the truth. They besought her for her own sake to retract so absurd a tale, for it could be of no effect, but oblige the court to sentence her to so much severer punishment than they were disposed to inflict upon one so young and evidently steeped so deep in poverty. These appeals had no ef- fect except to strengthen the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most adroit criminal can never counterfeit, the court was at some loss to discover what decision justice deman- ded. To relieve their embarrassment one of the judges proposed to renew the scene de- scribed by the mother. The gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathing pause in the court. The baby soon discovered the bright coin, eyed it for a moment, smiled and then stretched forth its tiny hands and clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was acquitted.

Sharp's the Word.

"Old Judge D— was an eccentric man of prompt action, and moreover; a bachelor. Being very rich, mamma and blooming girls of the period tried to enslave his affections to Hymen's fetters, though without success. Cupid's arrows had not reached the Judge's heart with any particular love for them. One day he entered a restaurant in Philadelphia and was waited on by a very pretty girl at whom he looked so hard that she noticed it and blushed deeply. He immediately de- sired her to sit down a minute, informed her who he was, and asked her point blank to marry him, and told her he would give her all he had, and she should have a point blank to answer she would make. He then commenced his meal, the young woman waiting on him all the while. He never employed so long a time to eat his dinner before or after, nor was he ever known to dispose of so much provender at one sitting. At length he could hold no more, so getting up he called the young lady, and in his usual short way, said: "Time's up. Yes, or no, my dear?" "Yes, sir," blushed the maiden.
Without another word he slipped her arm through his, and walking up to the astonished proprietor, informed him that the young lady was to be married to him right away, and begged his company to witness the ceremony. They were speedily joined together in wed- lock, and what is most singular, they fell deeply in love with each other after marriage and made the best model couple to be found in the country. The Judge always held that at best, marriage was but a lottery, and he had drawn a prize.

LEGAL ANECDOTE.

All true Masons, we believe, despise the unworthy brother who makes use of his connection with the order for improper purposes. None will en- joy the following which we clip from an ex- change, more than our Masonic readers, who will say, "erved him right."
Some young men in the town of—, having "cut up" one night, to the detriment of certain windows and bell pulls, were lodged in the calaboose, and in due time next morning confronted before a police magis- trate, who fined them \$5 each, and gave them admonition. One of the three foolishly re- marked:
"Judge, I was in hopes you would remem- ber me. I belong to the same lodge with you."
The judge, apparently surprised, replied, with brotherly sympathy:
"Ah, is it so? Truly, this is brother J. I did not recognize you. Excuse me for my dullness. Yes, we are brother Masons, and I should have thought of that. Mr. Clerk, fine our brother \$10. Being a Mason he knows the rules of propriety better than o- ther men. Fine him \$10. You can pay the clerk, brother J., good morning. Clerk, call the next case.

DOES SIN PAY?

A little boy, to sell his paper, told a lie. The matter came up in the Sunday School.
"Would you tell a lie for three cents?" asked the teacher, of one of her boys.
"No, ma'am," answered Dick very decid- edly.
"For ten cents?"
"No, ma'am."
"For a thousand dollars?"
Dick was staggered. A thousand dollars looked big. O would it not buy lots? While he was thinking, another boy roared out, "No, ma'am," behind him.
"Why not?" asked the teacher.
"Because, when the thousand dollars are all gone, and all the things, they've got with them are gone too, the lie is there all the same," answered the boy.
It is so. A lie sticks. Everything else may be gone, but that is left, and you will have to carry it round with you whether you will or not, a hard heavy load it is.

The members of a church in one of the very rural towns of Illinois recently pre- curred a small cottage organ to aid the vocal service. This was most acceptable to most of the congregation; but one good brother was opposed to it. On the Sunday evening following its introduction he was called on, as usual, to close the meeting with prayer. Raising his head, he replied: "Call on the mershens; if it can sing it can pray. Call on the mershens." A party of belted gentlemen, about a cer- tain hour, began to think of home, and their wives' displeasure, and urged a departure.— "Never mind," said one of the guests, "fifteen minutes will make no difference; my wife is as mad now as she can be." A veteran was relating his experience to a crowd of boys, and mentioned having been in five engagements. "That is nothing," broke in a little fellow, "my sister Sarah's been en- gaged eleven times." Jenkins has discovered that Blanch But- ler had, when married, two dozen of night gowns, when there are only seven nights in a week? But the way of them are mys- terious and past finding out. No man, whether rich or poor, can make or retain a good, useful position in life, with- out the two valuable habits of punctuality and temperance. In Massachusetts the other day a man tho't he could cross the track in advance of a locomotive. The services at the grave were very impressive. A man with a scolding wife says he has less fear of the jaws of death, than the jaws of life. The reason that women cannot be econom- ical is that there is a "maid" to every dress. The man who was kind on matrimony straightened up after: said.

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