



By W. Blair.

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

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

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

The World Renowned MEDICINE

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

WILL CURE SCROFULA, CUTANEOUS DISEASES, ERY- SIPHELA, BOILS, SORE THROAT, SCALD HEAD, PIMPLES, AND BLOTCHES ON THE FACE, TETTER AFFECTIONS, OLD AND STUBBORN ULCERS, RHEU- MATIC AFFECTIONS, DYSPEP- SIA, CONSTIPATION, SICK HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, JAUNDICE, GENERAL DE- BILITY, CHILLS AND FEVER, FOUL STOMACH, TOGETHER WITH ALL OTHER DISEASES ARISING FROM IMPURE BLOOD AND DISORDERED LIVER.

TRY ONE BOTTLE OR PACKAGE

CAUTION. Drs. D. Fahrney & Son's Preparation for Cleansing the Blood is COUNTERFEITED. The genuine has the name "D. FAHNEY & SON" on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of Dr. D. Fahrney & Son's Preparation for Cleansing the Blood, Boonsboro, Md., blown in each bottle.

OLD IRON WANTED. The highest cash price will be paid for Cast Iron Scrap delivered at the works of GEISER M. CO.

POETICAL.

God of the Storm! 'Neath murky clouds My wandering footsteps stray, Oh, let the beam of thy pure light Flash o'er the darkness way.

God of the Earth! These arid plains Are deserts drear and dire, Thy heavens to me no moisture yield, The earth seems girt with fire.

"Stand like the anvil!" when the stroke Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast; Storms but more deeply root the oak Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

MISCELLANY.

A SAILOR'S LOVE.

One little act of politeness will sometimes pave the way to fortune and preferment.— The following sketch illustrates this fact: A sailor, roughly garbed, was strolling through the streets of New Orleans, then in rather a damp condition from recent rain and rise of the tide.

Presently our hero saw the young lady trip up the marble steps of a palace of a house and disappear within its rosewood entrance. For a full minute he stood looking at the door, and then with a wonderful big sigh turned away, disposed of his drawbridge, and wended his way back to his ship.

The next day he was astonished with an order of promotion from the captain. Poor Jack was speechless with amazement, he had not dreamed of being exalted to the dignity of a second mate's office on board one of the most splendid ships that sailed out of the port of New Orleans.

One night the young man with all the other officers, was invited to an entertainment at the captain's house. He went, and to his astonishment mounted the identical steps that, two years before, the brightest vision he had ever seen, passed over—a vision he had never forgotten. Thump, thump, went his brave

heart as he was ushered into the parlor, and like a sledge-hammer it beat again when Captain Hume brought forward his blue-eyed daughter, and with a pleasant smile, said:— "The young lady was once indebted to your kindness for a safe and dry walk home."

It was only a year from that time that the second mate took the quarter-deck, second only in command, and part owner with the captain, not only in his vessel, but in the affections of his daughter, gentle Grace Hume, who had always cherished respect, to say nothing of love for the bright-eyed sailor.

Religion in Business.

Can we carry our religion into our business with us? Yes! if we have religion.— Most people, we fear, have only a superficial or Sunday religion—a religion for an hour or two in the sanctuary, but not for the rough and tumble, the trials, temptations and business of life.

And who can estimate the value or extent of such influence? What if every banker and merchant was a Christian! What a change there would be in our dealings with our fellow-men! What a revolution in the maxims of trade now current! What a power it would be in Christianizing the world!

That God for the evidence we already see of religion among our business friends. May these few lines, under the blessing of God be the means of increasing the number. —Saturday Evening.

Is it Vulgar to Work?

An exchange complains of a numerous class of persons who have got it into their heads that it is vulgar to work. The editor thinks it is a question which should occupy the thought of our law-givers, our reformers, and all honest men, how this terrible growth of idleness, scorn of honest labor may be corrected.

A BAD BOY.—In Saratoga county, New York, last week a boy, aged 13, did something to displease his mother, who, after scolding him, said she would inform his father of his conduct. Upon this the boy went and got the Bible, picked a text from which he said he wanted his funeral sermon preached, and telling his mother that she would never again see him, went out and banged himself in the bar. His funeral sermon was preached from the text chosen.

Mohammedans say that one hour of justice is worth seventy hours of prayer. One act of charity is worth a century of eloquence. The true gentleman is always modest. He is more ready to obtain the opinions of others than to parade his own.

The Alps at Dawn.

The dawn was showing pink in the East, next morning, when we again scrambled thro' the beech scrub to the point above the lake. Like an ink-blot it lay unrippled, slumbering sadly. Broad sheets of vapor brooded over the plain, telling of miasma and fever, of which we on the mountains, in the pure, cool air, knew nothing.

It is a supreme moment, this first burst of light and life over the sleeping world, as one can see it only on rare days and in rare places like the Monte Generoso. The earth—enough of it at least, for us to picture to ourselves the whole—lies at our feet; and we feel as the Savior might have felt when, from the top of that high mountain, he beheld the kingdoms of the world and all the glory of them.

Half Educated.

The following sensible remarks we find in the Salt Lake Tribune: The last thing which men and women think of learning is how to meet the various diseases to which they are liable every hour.

Encouragement after correction, is like sunshine after a shower. Godliness has the promise of, and secures the blessings of both worlds. A man may have much of the world and yet not be much of a man.

Life Thoughts.

Godliness has the promise of, and secures the blessings of both worlds. A man may have much of the world and yet not be much of a man. Those who never retract, love themselves better than the truth.

There is hidden thunder in the stores of heaven ready to burst with burning wrath, and blast the man who owes his greatness to the ruin of his neighbor. One of the hours in each day wasted on trifles or in indolence, saved and daily devoted to improvement is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years.

A lady in Oshkosh amused herself, in church on Sunday, by counting the different styles of doing up the hair, and found fifty-one.

Is He Fat?

One of the most remarkable cases of sudden cure of disease was that of a rheumatic individual, with which is an amusing ghost story. There was a couple of men, in some old settled part of the country, who were in the habit of stealing sheep and robbing church yards of the burial clothes of the dead.

At length a man who was so afflicted with the rheumatism that he could scarcely walk, declared he would go if the man would carry him there. He at once agreed, took him on his back, and off they went. When they got in sight, sure enough it was as he said. Wishing to satisfy themselves well, and get as near a view as possible of his ghostship in the dim light, they kept venturing nearer and nearer.

Meeting with no reply, he repeated the question, raising his voice higher. "Is he fat?" Still no reply. "Then, in a vehement tone he called: 'Is he fat?'"

WOMANLY MODESTY.

Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky, the full blown rose, leaves him unmoved, but one violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon when she emerges from behind a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and pleasure.

A LIVELY TIMEPIECE.—Down in Chester county, Pa., a clock peddler was tramping a long, hot, dusty and tired, when he came to a meeting-house where sundry Friends were engaged in silent devotion.

A talented young African of the boot black persuasion observed a neighbor peering wisely over a newspaper, whereupon he addressed him thus: "Julius, what you looking at dat paper for? You can't read!"

GAINED HIS CASE.—A farmer cut down a tree which stood so near the boundary line of his farm that it was doubtful whether it belonged to him or to his neighbor. The neighbor, however, claimed the tree, and prosecuted the man who cut it for damages.

VERY GUARDED.—In one of the courts lately, a man who was called on to appear as a witness could not be found. On the judge asking where he was, a grave, elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis, said: "I've beat him."

'Who did That?'

The Pittsburgh mail tells this bitter story: "In this city there is a private boarding-house which is a kind of rendezvous for young men. Some time ago the landlady made a purchase of butter. Among the lot was a lump rather aged. It was put on the tables, but no one there took butter. The next day it was put on another table.

Going through North street, next day, where the twelve tribes do congregate, he was button holed and held by a member of them, who impertuned him to 'come and buy something.' "What are you?" said Hardriff; 'are you a Jew?'

SLAB'S SAYINGS.—Seed corn of life—babies. Motto of the world: be sharp, or be skinned. There is no shady side to the pathway of duty.

There is but one short step between righteousness and self-righteousness—and how many take it? A cat shows two peculiarities in the management of her feet that I envy: 1st. She knows how to come down on them after 'going up,' and 2d. She can always tell when to keep them in out of the wet.

Gray, the celebrated poet, greatly dreaded fire, and kept a ladder of rope in his bedroom, so that he might the more readily escape should the house take fire at night.

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Mrs. Partington has been sick, and being inspired, expressed her feelings in the following language. "La, mel here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three weeks. First, I was seized with a bleeding peroneology in the left hemisphere of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation of the borax, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There's no blessing like that of health, particularly when you're sick."

THE RESULT.—A party of respectable Chicago ladies have formed a society for reclaiming young men, and they go about the streets at night and pick up young men who show signs of dissipation, invite them to their houses, and treat them to ice cream, chicken, salad, etc., and then let them go home sober. As the result, it is reported that half the young men in town lie around the streets at night to be taken in.