



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXIII.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 3, 1870.

NUMBER 20

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.

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's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's wear, at C. N. BEAVER'S. CLOCKS, every one warranted and sold by C. N. BEAVER. TRUNKS, of all sizes, the very best manufacture, also warranted and sold by C. N. BEAVER. VAHISES, of every kind, and every quality, at C. N. BEAVER'S. NOTIONS, a full line as follows, sold by C. N. BEAVER. PAPER COLLARS, for Men and Boys wear, the most complete and finest assortment in town, at C. N. BEAVER'S. HOSIERY, of every kind, for sale, at 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, at 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, -Fitts Oil, 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

Dr. D. Fahrney & Son's CELEBRATED PREPARATION FOR CLEANSING THE BLOOD. WILL CURE SCROFULA, CUTANEOUS DISEASES, ERY-SIPHELAS, BOILS, SORES, EYES, SCALD HEAD, PIMPLES, AND BLOTCHES ON THE FACE, TETTER AFFECTIONS, OLD AND STUBBORN ULCERS, RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS, DYSPEPSIA, COSTIVENESS, SICK HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, JAUNDICE, GENERAL DEBILITY, GOUT AND FEVER, FOUL STOMACH, TOGETHER WITH ALL OTHER DISEASES ARISING FROM IMPURE BLOOD AND DISORDERED LIVER.

TRY ONE BOTTLE OR PACKAGE

And be convinced that this medicine is a humbug. Sold by all Druggists.

CAUTION.

Dr. D. Fahrney & Son's Preparation for Cleansing the Blood is GENUINE. The genuine has the name "D. FAHRNEY & 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, Waynesboro, Md., blown in each bottle. All others are COUNTERFEITS. Recollect that it is Dr. D. Fahrney & Son's Celebrated Preparation for Cleansing the Blood that is so universally used, and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggist to induce you to take anything 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 unless signed D. FAHRNEY & SON. Sold by Dr. J. B. Amerson, Waynesboro; Dr. J. Burkhoffer, P. B. Wisner, Quincy; Frank Lee, Shady Grove. June 23-6m65.

POETICAL.



THIS AUTUMN TIME.

My heart was very light and gay The last sweet autumn time; It had no need to fly away, So perfect was its rhyme; As did the little restless birds, To seek a sunny clime!

DREAMING.

Under the silvery moonlight Sifting over the grass, See the forms of angels By my vision to pass. Oft in the mellow twilight Sit I and dream alone - Dream of the radiant angles, For my darling is one.

MISCELLANY.

A TRUE STORY OF THE WAR.

BY LAURA M. DOOLITTLE.

In the autumn of eighteen hundred and sixty-two I made the journey from Washington to New York. The excitement consequent on the war was at its height. Nothing was talked about. Men, women and children were alike eager and anxious. The whole North was at work trying to aid our brave boys in the field. We can scarcely recall even now the intensity of those days, and though only seven years have passed, are already beginning to forget. Never during the whole struggle was the loyal heart more anxious than at the period at which I speak. It felt that it had endured enough of discomfiture and defeat, and though there were no thought of failure, yet hearts were sick with hope deferred. The railroad trains were thronged with officers and soldiers. Many were returning to their regiments after sick leave, and a serious air as if girthing their spirits for the coming strife, and feeling the weight of the harness they had put on anew. Perhaps a dim premonition of Antietam, so soon to follow, oppressed their souls. Others, with light hearts and joyous faces, were on their way home. Others again, just out of hospital, were seeking health in their native air. All were objects of interest. The sight of a sick soldier touched the heart as if his suffering had been that of a brother. Our train stopped at Philadelphia, and to reach the New York depot it was necessary to cross the city in the horse cars, a distance of two miles. It was nearly dark when I arrived. As I stepped from the platform I saw two soldiers, one of whom was with difficulty bearing along an invalid companion towards the cars. There was the usual amount of the hurry and jostling of a crowd of people intent upon securing seats, yet every one gave way for the invalid soldier. When he reached the door several persons offered him their places, but his companion said, 'No, he is too weak to sit; he will have to lie down on the floor.' We folded shawls for a pillow, and he laid down. His frame was large. He had evidently been a man of great physical strength, but was now a mere skeleton. The weary expression of face, and the appealing look of those large lustrous eyes I shall never forget - eyes, too, from which hope had not gone out, for was he not going home? Home to wife and children? 'Your friend is very ill?' I said to the soldier. 'Yes,' he replied, 'he was taken prisoner at the first Bull Run, and was exchanged only a little while before the seven days' battle.

A Rascal Outwitted.

Some years ago, a journeyman saddler in New York, who by his industry and economy, had accumulated a few hundred dollars in money, resolved to establish himself in business in an adjacent village. After securing a situation for a shop, he returned to the city with about \$200 to purchase stock. He put up at the public house kept by N. W., and confiding in the integrity of the landlord, put his money into his hands for safe keeping until he should call for it. He then traversed the city in search of a favorable chance to purchase his stock, and after finding one that suited him, he returned to his quarters and called for his money. 'Your money,' said the landlord, 'you put no money into my hands.'

He had no evidence of the fact, and finding all the efforts to induce his host to give up the money were fruitless, the desponding and indignant saddler repaired to the celebrated Robert Emmet for counsel. After hearing a statement of the facts, and taking such measures as satisfied him that the saddler was a man of the strictest integrity, he rebuked him for putting his money into such hands without evidence, but said he, if you will do as I tell you I will obtain your money. The saddler very readily promised a strict obedience to his directions.

'Well,' said Emmet, 'go back to the landlord and tell him when no one is present that you have found your money and was mistaken in supposing that you put it into his hands; you will then return to me.' The saddler did so, and the landlord expressed great satisfaction at the discovery of the mistake. Mr. Emmet then gave the saddler two hundred dollars and told him to go and deposit it in the hands of the landlord, but before you enter the house procure some gentleman of respectability to go in and call for a glass of beer, and request him to take his seat and carefully pass away the time to reading the news, &c., until you arrive. You will then enter the room and in his presence tell the landlord that you now wish him to take the \$200 for safe keeping till you call for it.

This done, the saddler again returned to Mr. Emmet, who directed him to continue his lodging at the house for two days, and be regular at his meals; and then, when no one was present, tell the landlord you will take your money. This the saddler did, and the unsuspecting landlord, without hesitation, immediately refunded the money, which the saddler restored to Mr. Emmet, who directed him to take good witnesses with him, and go and demand the \$200 which you delivered into his hands for safe keeping, in the presence of the gentleman who called for beer. The saddler accordingly proceeded to the house in company with another gentleman, and demanded his money. 'Your money?' said the astonished landlord. 'I have just handed it to you.'

'No, sir,' replied the saddler, 'I have not received my money, and if you refuse to deliver it to me I shall take measures to obtain it.'

'Fetch on your Rats!'

Adam Bepler keeps a tavern in Alleghany. One rather gloomy evening, recently, when Adam was in rather a gloomy humor, a stranger presented himself about bed time, and asked to stay all night.

'Certainly,' said Adam, eyeing the rather seedy-looking stranger. 'If you take fast it will be just one dollar.'

'But I have no money,' said the man. 'I am dead broke, but if you will trust me -'

'Ah!' said Mr. Bepler, 'I don't like that kind of customer. I could fill mine house every night with that kind, but that won't help me run this house.'

'Well,' said the stranger, after a pause, 'have you got any rats here?'

'Yes,' replied Adam, 'you'd better believe we have. Why, the place isousy with 'em.'

'Well,' rejoined the man, 'I'll tell you what I'll do. If you let me have lodging and breakfast I'll kill all the rats to-morrow.'

'Done,' said Bepler, who had long been desperately annoyed by the number of old Norways that infested his premises.

So the stranger, a gaunt, sallow, melancholy looking man, was shown to bed, and no doubt had a good sleep. After breakfast next morning Mr. Bepler took occasion to remind his guest, in a very gentle manner, of the contract of the previous night.

'What! Kill your rats! Certainly,' said the melancholy stranger. 'Where are they the thickest?'

CONQUESTS OF LABOR.

When the great mathematician of Syracuse said to King Hiero, 'Give me but where to stand and I will move the world,' the hyperbole was not so very great if applied to the moral and intellectual forces of the human mind. What a wonderful, mysterious and awful thing is that immortal essence whose one conception may erect or overthrow a political system and spring over a continent the blazing arches of revolution! And what a mighty giant man was driven forth to labor; to float upon the angry surges of a world submerged; to build his heaven defying tower at the foot of the Throne; to hang the hundred gates of Thebes; to erect his imperishable columns among the lonely palms of the desert; to poise the mighty dome of St. Peter, like a Pantheon hung in the air; to drive his panting steamships through the thirsty sands of Suez; to perforate the Alps and surmount the snowy eminences of the Cordilleras; to send the fierce lightning on a mission of peace through the rocky continent of the ocean's depths and round the circumference of the globe - Figaro.

The story of Saint Patrick's expulsion of venomous reptiles from Ireland is known to every one. Some writers have supposed that the tradition should be interpreted in a metaphorical sense, and that the worship of demons or of serpents was abolished by the saint. In any case, the fact that the island was free from these creatures is mentioned by several early historians, and a native bishop says, in a Latin poem of the ninth century, that in Ireland 'no serpent creeps through the grass, and no frog clatters in the lakes.' This latter phenomenon remained true till the early part of the eighteenth century, when a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, imported some frog spawn from England, and placed it in the ditches. Since then frogs have spread over the country. Several attempts have also been made to introduce vipers and other snakes, but apparently they have not survived long. A species of lizard, however, is said to be found in Ireland. The island of Malta claims a similar immunity from reptiles.

Dr. Briggs' Throat and Lung Healer can without any exaggeration, safely be said to be the best remedy for the Throat and Lungs that is manufactured. It heals the diseased mucous surface, restores the lungs, purifies the blood, acts upon the Liver and Kidneys, and strengthens the system throughout. Sold by F. Fortman.

Dr. Briggs' Pile remedies are acknowledged by all who have tried them (and their name is Legion) to be the best, most successful and efficacious remedies ever used for that disease. Sold by Druggists.

Death a Blessing.

The following fine passage is from 'The Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition,' a new volume by Rev. E. H. Hedger, D. D. If, then, we fairly envisage the idea of a life of nine hundred years; if we picture to ourselves the intolerable burden of such a life, we can hardly believe that the men of the antediluvian world were cursed with that load. And the more we ponder this idea the more clearly we shall see the fitness of the old theological view that represents death - the death of the body - as a curse which man drew down upon himself by his disobedience. Not a curse, but a blessing, without which life itself would be a curse. Of all the angels that wait around the Throne and do the bidding of eternal Love, there is none whose ministry is more indispensable than that of the angel of death - Whosoever sorrows may attend the timing, the method and incidents of that ministration, the end is sure and supreme blessing.

In the order of nature every day of earthly existence is rounded with a sleep by which the soul dis into new and replenished life. If that sleep, which is temporary death, be long withheld, insanity ensues. The mind cannot bear the strain of a too protracted waking. And by the same order the great day of mortality must have its crowning sleep of proportionate duration. If that crowning sleep were too long deferred, the interminable day would be a burden and a curse.

And why, it may be asked, if death is a necessity for this world's use, why not also for the use of the next? If earthly life must be shortened to meet the requirements of finite nature, how, hereafter, shall finite nature bear the burden of immortality? I suppose that hereafter, also, there may be a need from time to time, of a sleep and a forgetting, as the ages accumulate their experience on the soul. Immortality may be a series of births instead of one continuous living. Successive deaths may be the risings of those 'alter states' that slope through darkness up to God; each stair a new day of spiritual life, a higher capacity of serviceable action, a nearer revelation of the infinite Love.

But all this is hidden behind the earth, among the mysteries of the unknown land whose day cannot dawn till earth declines. We only know that the 'undiscovered country' must be reached, if at all, through the night of death. And will we not welcome, when it comes, the silent guide to the 'silent land?'

O Land O Land! For all the broken-hearted - The midst herald of our fate allotted - Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand, To lead us with a gentle hand Into the land of the great departed - Into the silent land!

Self control and presence of mind are doubtless, in some measure, natural gifts; but they may be greatly strengthened and increased by culture. Young folks may learn a valuable lesson from the heroic conduct of Annie Lamb, a little girl of twelve years. She had taken passage with her mother on board the propeller Fountain City, from Chicago to Buffalo. The day after the departure of the boat, the little girl, going into the kitchen, remarked that the stove smoked, to which the cook replied that she was mistaken. The child had heard her mother often say that she dreaded going on a boat for fear of fire. With this in her mind, and taking another look at the place where the smoke seemed to come from, she saw that it did not issue from the stove. Going on deck she discovered the wood-work around the stove smoked on fire, and the flames had just eaten their way into the cabin. Without giving any general alarm, she went to the steward and told him the boat was on fire. He informed the mate, who called the deck hands out, and they extinguished the fire without one of the passengers being aware that anything of the kind had occurred. There were twenty-two ladies sitting on deck in the bow of the boat, among them the mother of Annie, while this was going on. After the work had been done Annie went to her mother, and said, 'Don't be frightened, mother; the boat has been on fire, but it is all over now.' The captain was so greatly pleased with the cool, calm and quiet manner in which the child performed her part, that he refunded the passage money of both, and offered to take them back to Chicago free of charge. Had little Annie screamed 'fire' as most children and the majority of grown people would have done, a panic would doubtless have occurred among the passengers, and disastrous consequences ensued.

A gentleman in Toronto has worn a wig twenty years, and his wife don't know it. That's the kind of a wife to have. She evidently don't pull hair - not she.

About one month since, says an exchange, a young lady living in a certain neighborhood, was discovered helping her mother-at-law housework. Within two weeks she had a dozen desirable offers of marriage, one of which she accepted. The girls are all taking to helping their mothers now in the neighborhoods.

Briggs' Alienator and Curative, the only reliable and most efficacious remedies in the world for the speedy cure of Corns, Bunions, Bad Nails, &c. Sold by F. Fortman.

A young couple had been married by a Quaker, who, after the ceremony, remarked, 'Friend, thou art now at the end of thy troubles.' A few weeks after the young man came to the minister boiling over with rage, his wife turning out a regular vixen. 'I thought you told me I was at the end of my troubles?' 'So I did, friend, but I did not say which end.'

Dyspepsia.

We clip the following from an exchange paper, which expresses much truth in a terse way. If a man wishes to get rid of dyspepsia he must give his stomach and brain less to do. It will be of no service to them to follow any particular regimen - to live on chaff bread or any such stuff - to weigh his food, &c., so long as the brain is in a constant state of excitement. Let that have proper rest, and the stomach will perform its functions. But if he pass fourteen or fifteen hours in a day in his office or counting room and take no exercise, his stomach will inevitably become paralyzed, and if he puts nothing into it but a cracker a day, it will not digest it. In many cases it is the brain that is the primary cause. Give that delicate organ some rest. Leave your business behind you when you go to your home. Do not sit down to your dinner with your brows knit, and your mind absorbed in casting up interesting accounts. Never abide the usual hours of sleep. Take more or less exercise in the open air every day. Allow yourself some innocent recreation. Eat moderately, slowly, of just what you please - provided it be not the shovel and tongs. If any particular dish disagrees with you, however, never touch it or look at it. Do not imagine that you must live on bread nor oatmeal porridge; a reasonable quantity of nutritious food is essential to the mind as well as to the body. Above all, banish all thoughts on the subject. If you have any treatises on dyspepsia, domestic medicine, &c., put them directly into the fire. If you are constantly talking and thinking about dyspepsia you will surely have it. Endeavor to forget that you have a stomach. Keep a clear conscience; live temperately, regularly, cleanly; be industrious, too, but be temperate.

During a recent fair at Nashville a live crocodile from the river Nile, was on exhibition in connection with a sideshow, while the tent, under which this creature was being exhibited, was pretty well crowded with ladies and gentlemen, a dandy dressed negro with his 'Betsy Jane' swinging to his arm some strolling in with an air of supreme indifference, which was really amusing. In reply to his fair (?) companion as to 'What's the deal with the water?' this colored gentleman, straightening himself up, peering back and raising his voice to an unusual pitch, doubtless with a view of impressing the bystanders with his great knowledge of the animal kingdom, said: 'Dat! Don't you know what dat is? Why dat's a crocodile from the Nile!'

The man with good firm health is rich. So is the man with a clear conscience. So is the parent of vigorous, happy children. So is the editor of a paper with a big list of paying subscribers. So is the clergyman in whose coat the little children of the parish hook as they pass them in their play. So is the young man, who laying his hand on his heart, can say, 'I have treated every woman I ever saw as I should wish my sister treated by other men.'

Says the Psalmist; 'He maketh my feet like hind's feet.' A negro preacher read it 'ben's feet,' and proceeded to say 'dat a ben in the henroost, when it falls asleep, tightens its grip so's not to fall off. And dat's how true faith, my brethren, holds on to do rock.'

An old lady of Connecticut, who lost her purse a short time since at New Haven, declared on its being restored to her, that she would not attempt to interfere with the reward that was stored up in heaven for the finder, by offering him money. A considerable person that.

A gipsy woman promised to show two young ladies their husbands' faces in a pale of water. They looked, and exclaimed, 'Why, we only see our faces!' 'Well,' said the gipsy, 'those faces will be your husbands' when you are married.'

A crusty old bachelor sends us the following conundrum: What is the difference between a honeycomb and a honeymoon? A honeycomb consists of a number of small cells, and a honeymoon consists of one great cell.

A poor fellow before one of the police justices recently, charged with being intoxicated. 'Well, why did you get drunk?' Here, was the reply, uttered in a hiccupped accent of a drunken man: 'what did you give license for?'

'Professor,' said student in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, 'why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way and then the other?' 'For the reason,' replied the Professor, 'that she cannot turn it both ways at once.'

A New England pick pocket has recently accomplished the most astounding feat of light fingeredness of record. He has picked a Methodist minister's pocket and realized \$100 therefrom.

CATARH - If affected a constant dull pain will be felt in the head, ambition will be wanting, a constant drowsy feeling will be present, the skin will be dry and harsh, the hair will have a dead appearance, an uncomfortable and unhappy feeling prevailing throughout the whole system. Dr. J. Briggs' Allerator, a pleasant, agreeable and positive remedy, will instantly relieve and rapidly cure Catarrh of the most severe and troublesome description, and banish all of the unpleasant attendant symptoms. Each bottle making two to four quarts for use. Sold by F. Fortman.

Subscribe for the RECORD.