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NUMBER 24

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. 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 by C. N. BEAVER. 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, by C. N. BEAVER. HOSIERY, of every kind, for sale by C. N. BEAVER. 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. 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, 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, -Pills Oil, at C. N. BEAVER'S. LAMP CHIMNIES also, 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 IS

Drs. D. Fahrney & Son's CELEBRATED PREPARATION

FOR CLEANSING THE BLOOD. WILL CURE

SCROFULA, CUTANEOUS DISEASES, ERY- SIMPLAS, BOILS, SORE THROAT, SCALD HEAD, PIMPLES, AND BLEMISHES ON THE FACE, TETTER AFFECTIONS, OLD AND STUBBORN ULCERS, RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS, DYSPEPSIA, COSTIVENESS, SICK HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, JAUNDICE, GENERAL DEBILITY, CHILLS AND FEVER, POUL 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 no humbug Sold by all Druggists.

CAUTION. Drs. 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 Drs. D. Fahrney & Son's Preparation for Cleansing the Blood, Boonsboro, 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; at 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. B. Fahrney, Keyesville, Md

Be sure to get the genuine. None genuine unless signed D. FAHRNEY & SON. Sold by Dr. J. B. Anderson, Waynesboro; Dr. J. Buckholzer, Ft. Winton; Quincy; Frazier; Dr. S. S. G. Shady Grove. June 30, 1870.

POETICAL.



'TIS SWEET TO BE REMEMBERED.

O! 'tis sweet to be remembered In the merry days of youth, While the world seems full of brightness, And the soul retains its truth-- When our hopes are like the morning beams That flash along the sea, And every dream we know of life Is one of purity-- 'Tis sweet to be remembered, As the spring remembers earth, Spreading roses in our pathway, Filling all our hearts with mirth. O! 'tis sweet to be remembered In the summer, time of life, Ere we reach the burning summit With our weight of weal and strife-- To look backward through the shadows, Where our journey first began, And the golden flowers of memory Turn their faces to the sun-- 'Tis sweet to be remembered As the breeze remembers day, Floating upward from the valley O'er the weary pilgrim's way. O! 'tis sweet to be remembered When our life has lost its bloom, And every morning run we meet May leave us at the tomb-- When our youth is half forgotten, And we gaze, with yearnings strong, From a world where all are dying, To a deathless world beyond-- 'Tis sweet to be remembered, As the stars remember night, Shining downward thro' the darkness, With a pure and holy light.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

When plenty is smiling Around thy bright door, Amid pleasures beguiling; Oh, pity the poor, The blessing God sends us, In basket and store, Are the riches he lends us To succor the poor. Each gift of this kindness Shall increase more and more, Unless in our blindness We turn from the poor. To each cord ascending Their gab he once wore, And to him we are lending When aiding the poor. Earth's vanishing treasure May thus be secure, By large hearted measure Of love to the poor. In Heaven's high journal The record is sure, Giving blessing eternal To the friends of the poor.

MISCELLANY.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. Those two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goddess and power of God, who made the lovely world. They used to say to one another sometimes, 'supposing all the children on the earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry. They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of waters; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more. There was a star that used to come out on the sky before the rest, near the church spire about the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand by the window, whoever saw it first cried out, 'I see the star! And often they both cried out together, knowing so well when it would rise and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that before lying down in their beds, they looked out again to bid it good night, and when they were turning round to sleep, they said, 'God bless that star! But while she was still very young, oh, very, very young, the sister drooped and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night, and then the child looked sadly by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round to the patient pale face on the bed, 'I see the star! and then a smile would come upon her face, and the little weak voice used to say, 'God bless my brother, and the star! And so the time came all too soon, when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him he saw it through his tears. Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a beautiful way from

A Fast Story.

An Englishman was bragging of the speed on English railroads to a Yankee traveler, seated at his side in one of the cars of a fast train in England. The engine bell was rung as they neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of taking down his companion a peg or two. 'What's that noise?' innocently inquired the Yankee. 'We are approaching a town,' said the Englishman, 'they have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard. Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they have not invented bells in America, yet?' 'Why, yes,' said the Yankee, 'we've got bells, but cannot use them on our railroads. We run so taral fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound. No use, whatever, the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by.' 'Indeed,' said the Englishman, 'horrified. 'Fact,' said the Yankee, 'had to give up bells. Then we tried steam whistles, but they would not answer either. I was on a locomotive when the steam whistle was tried. We were going at a tremendous rate; hurricanes were nowhere; and I had to hold my hair on. We saw a two horse wagon crossing the road about five miles ahead, and the engineer let the whistle on, screeching like a trooper. It screamed awfully, but it was no use. The next thing I knew I was picking myself up out of a pond on the roadside, amid the fragments of the locomotive, dead horses, broken wagon, and smashed engineer lying beside me. Just then the whistle came along, mixed up with some frightful oaths that I heard the engineer use when we first saw the wagon. Poor fellow! he was dead before his voice got to him.' 'Astounding,' ejaculated Ball. 'True as gospel,' replied Jonathan. 'After that we tried lights, supposing they would travel faster than sound. We got some so powerful that the chickens woke up along the road, and crowed when we came by, supposing it to be morning. But the locomotive kept ahead of it still, and was in darkness with the light close on behind it. The inhabitants partitioned against it, they could not sleep with so much light in the night time. Finally we had to station electric telegraphs all along the road and station signal men to telegraph when the train was in sight, and I have heard that some of the fast trains beat the lightning fifteen minutes every forty miles. But I can't say as that's true; the rest I know to be.'

Pasture Lands of the Continent

Mr. Clapp, of Pittsfield, who has just passed for the third time over the Pacific Railroad, writes thus enthusiastically concerning the great grazing fields which flank the Rocky Mountains: 'Sixty miles east of Cheyenne we enter what the plains men call 'the best grass country in the world'. The valley, bluffs and low hills are covered with a luxuriant growth of bunch grass, one of the most nutritious grasses known. Stock thrive in this section all the season without care excepting what is necessary to prevent them straying beyond reach. Old work oxen that has traveled 2,500 miles ahead of the freight wagon during the season, have been turned out to winter by their owners, and by the following July they were rolling fat, fit for beef. This country is destined to become, and the day is not far distant--the great pasture land of the continent. There is pasture room for millions of cattle in this unsettled country, and then have grazing land enough to feed half the stock in the Union. This grazing section extends for about 700 miles north and south on the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, with an average width of 200 miles. From the base of the mountains nearly across this grazing belt, cattle find abundant water. Springs abound in various sections, so that no very large section of land is devoid of natural watering places. The grass grows from nine to twelve inches high, and is naturally nutritious. It is always green near the roots, summer and winter. During the summer the dry atmosphere cures the standing grass as effectually as though cut and prepared for hay. The nutritive qualities of the grass remain uninjured, and the stock thrive equally well on the dry feed. In the winter what snow falls is very dry, unlike that which falls in more humid climates. It may cover the grass to a depth of a few inches, but the cattle readily move it, reaching the grass without trouble. The cost of keeping stock in this country is just what it will cost to employ herdsmen--no more. With the railroad to transport cattle and sheep to the eastern market what is there to prevent immense fortunes from being realized by stock raising? Already Colorado contains over a million of sheep and vast herds of cattle. I conversed with a prominent stock owner, who resides at Cheyenne, and who furnished most of the beef to the railroad company during the construction of the road. He informs me that he is prepared to sell 5,000 head or more of beef cattle, at the present season (the fall months), for three cents a pound, gross weight. The cattle are now feeding on the bottom lands of the Platte river. No drought which has been experienced in these territories has ever seriously affected the pasturage owing to the peculiar qualities of the grasses.'

Late Hours.

If you want to make the ruin of a child sure give him liberty after dark. You cannot do anything better to insure his damnation than to let him have liberty to go where he will without restraint. After dark he will be sure to get into communication with people that will undermine all his good qualities. I do not like to talk to parents about their children. Their child cannot, will not lie, when his tongue is like a bound bow; he will not drink when there is not a saloon within a mile of his father's house where he is not as well known as one of its deacons; he never does iniquitous things when he is reeking in filth. Nineteen out of every twenty allowed perfect freedom by night will be ruined by it. There is nothing more important than for a child to be at home at night, or, if he is abroad you should be with him. It is to be seen any night, or take any pleasure, there is nothing that he should see that you should not see with him. It is not merely that the child should be broken down, but there are thoughts that never ought to find a passage into a man's brain. As an col, if he wriggle across your carpet, will leave his slime which no brushing can ever efface, so there are thoughts that never can get rid of if once permitted to enter, and there are individuals going round with obscene books and pictures under the lapels of their coats that will leave ideas in the mind of your child that will never be effaced. There are men who have heard a salacious song, and they will never forget it. They will regret having heard it to the end of their lives. I don't believe in a child seeing life, as it is called, with its damnable lust and wickedness, to have all his imagination set fire with the flames of hell. Nobody goes through this fire but they are burned, burned, burned, and they can't get rid of scars.--Decker.

Drunkenness.

A new philosophy of inebriety, and the way to cure it, is put before the public at short intervals. The subject, in view of the misery and crime produced by alcoholism, may well excite thoughtful attention. But in all the views taken of the disease, and the course necessary to cure it, too much stress appears to us to be laid upon the assumed helplessness of the drunkard. The assumption is pretty general that the drunkard can do nothing to help himself; but must be isolated from temptations, and be subjected to a course of drugs, in order to obtain relief from the thralldom of the appetite. But how many have ever been permanently reclaimed by such means? Not one in ten thousand. The cure of drunkenness rests mainly, we may say wholly, with the victims of the vice. It is total abstinence at once and forever. The man who voluntarily abstains four weeks, can abstain for all time to come if he likes. He may need a service during the struggle nature makes to recover her normal condition; but after the system has secured its healthy tone, it is in the patient's will to let it remain in that state. And any man can exercise that will with success, if he chooses. Our schedule of drunkenness would diminish one half at least, if the victims of strong drink were assured that they can by their own effort, break the chains which bind them, and that they can make the effort without going into an asylum or an hospital.

Debt.

Scorn it; flee from it; shudder at it; avoid it; hate it, escape from it; despise it; know it not, touch it not; meddle not with it; let it tempt you in no form, at least do all this if you would know what happiness is, and the way to a competence. There is no mercy in debt. It enslaves the hands and feet, the soul and body. Therefore, we urge prudence and economy in all personal, domestic and business expenditures. No man who is prudent, temperate and industrious need run in debt, nor can any such man fail to save a little margin on every day's earning. It is these little margins that do the work. If they are not saved they will go into loss, and so make a weight and drawback on every attempt or desire to get ahead. If the debt is only a cent have the same detestation for it as if it was a hundred dollars. 'Pay as you go,' is a good maxim--but that, with a fair minded man, does not mean that one shall spend all he has or earns. The whole saying properly rounded on would read thus: 'Never buy what you can't pay for, and never spend all you earn.'

WOMANLY MODESTY.

Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky, the fall 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. Modesty is to merit what shade is to figure in painting--it gives it boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty; it sheds around the countenance a halo of light, which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the white rose the name of 'maiden blush'. This pure and delicate hue is the only paint Christia virginis should use; it is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower diffusing an unwholesome odor which the prudent gardener will throw from him. Her destiny is melancholy, for it terminates in shame and repentance. Beauty passed like the flowers of the alba, which bloom and die in a few hours; but modesty gives the female charms which supply the place of the transitory freshness of youth.

THE NOBLEMAN'S JEWELS.

A rich nobleman was once showing a friend a great collection of precious stones, whose value was almost beyond counting. There were diamonds and pearls, and rubies and gems, from almost every country on the globe, which had been gathered by their possessor with the greatest labor and expense. 'And yet,' he remarked, 'they yield me no income.' His friend replied that he had two stones, which cost him but ten dollars each, yet they yielded him an income of two hundred dollars a year. In much surprise, the nobleman desired to see the wonderful stones; when the man led him down to his mill, and pointed to the two toiling gray mill-stones. They laboriously crushing the grain into snowy flour, for the use of hundreds who depend on this work for their daily bread. Those two dull, homely stones did more good in the world, and yielded a larger income, than all the nobleman's jewels.

Italy once more possesses her capital.

Her armies now drill in the streets of Rome, and the last vestige of the Pope's temporal power has passed away. The old man faced the inevitable as long as possible, and even fired a few parting shots at the advancing columns of Victor Emanuel. He declares that he will not leave the holy city in person, but will continue to thunder his bulls from the Vatican. This privilege will of course not be interfered with, as it is not the purpose of Italy's King to meddle with the religion of his State.

Dr. J. 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.

A. A. Hays, M. D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, pronounces Hall's Sialian Hair Restorer an efficient preparation for cleansing the skin of the head, promoting the growth, and restoring the original color of the hair when it has become gray.

There is a foundryman in New Orleans who is so pious that he will only make upright boilers.

We heard of a boy the other day who accidentally swallowed a silver half dollar.

They have given him warm water, tartar emetic, and antimonial wine, and poked their fingers down his throat, until the boy thought he would throw up his toe-nails. After a while along came the doctor who understood these cases. He gave the boy a small dose of patent medicine, and in less than ten minutes he threw up the half dollar in five cent pieces. Science is a big thing!

A foreigner who heard of the Yankee propensity for bragging, thought he would beat the natives at their own game.

Seeing some very large watermelons on a market-woman's stand, he exclaimed, 'What don't you raise larger apples than these in America?' The quick-witted woman immediately replied, 'Anybody might know you'r a foreigner, them's gooseberries!'

A young lady noticing a young man in the seat behind her in an Indianapolis church

thought she would faint away and let him catch her. She did so and was carried out into the entry; when she opened her eyes to thank the young man, but found that the sexton and an old colored man had carried her out. To say that she was mad would be too mild.

'Shut your eyes and listen first night, Uncle Van Hlyde. 'Vell, de first night I opens door I counts de monies, and finds him six right. I count him and dere be tree dollar gone, and vot does yer tink I does den?'

'I can't say.' 'VY, I did not count him enny more, and be comes out shoost right ever since.'

Truth will ever be unpalatable to those who are determined not to relinquish error; but can never give offense to the honest and well meaning; for the plain dealing remonstrances of a friend differ as widely from the raucous of an enemy, as the friendly probe of a physician from the dagger of an assassin.

'Father,' said a lad, 'I have often read of persons being poor but honest; why don't they sometimes say, rich but honest?'

'Tut, tut, my son,' replied the father, 'nobody would believe them.'

We hear of a farm in a neighboring town where the grasshoppers have eaten up all the crops above ground, now set on the stumps and fences with hoes over their shoulders, waiting for the next potato crop.

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. Forthman.

A man warned his wife in New Orleans not to light the fire with kerosene. She didn't heed the warning. Her clothes fitted his second wife remarkably well.

A fellow in Indiana put one end of a gun barrel in the fire, and looked down the muzzle to see whether it was loaded. A coroner's jury decided that his suspicions were correct.

An Ohio youth, who desired to wed the object of his affections, had an interview with her paternal ancestor, in which he stated that, although he had no wealth worth speaking of, yet he was 'chuck full of day's works.' He got the girl.

Great crimes ruin comparatively few. It is the little meanness, selfishness and impurities that do the work of death on most men; and these things march not to the sound of fife and drum. They steal with wuffled tread, as the foe steals on the sleeping sentinel.

An Illinois postmaster gives notice as follows: 'After this date everybody must lick their own postage stamps, for my tongue's give out.'

A New England apistser, who went out to Nevada about a year ago, writes home that she has already a husband and pair of twins, and hasn't really got acquainted yet.'

An Irishman dropped a letter in the post-office the other day, with the following memorandum on the corner, for the benefit of all indolent post-masters into whose hands it may fall. 'Please hasten the delay of this.'

Quite a laugh was raised in one of the courts by an official, who, when the chairman called out for the erier to open the court, said, 'May it please your honor, the erier can't cry to-day his wife is dead.'

When is iron like a band of robbers? When it is united to steel.

'What is home without a mother?' as the young girl said when she sent the old lady to sleep wood.

A man in Illinois, was bitten by a rattlesnake seventeen years ago, and is still taking whiskey to cure the bite.

Among the premiums offered at a county-fair in Kentucky is one of \$10 for the neatest patch put on an old garment by an unmarried woman.

If you once ask the devil to dinner, it will be hard to get him out of the house again; better to have nothing to do with him.

The painter wasn't more than a mile out of the way when he made the druggist's sign read, 'Physicians prescriptions carefully con-founded.'