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POETICAL.



MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

How sweet it is to dwell upon Those happy days of yore, Recalling scenes that we on earth, Shall see again no more!

To think of boyhood's happy home— Oh, theme of dear delight! When memory fondly flies to thee, The past appears so bright.

Oh, often in this world of care My heart to memory flies; I think of parents dear, who're now With angels in the skies. A brother's laughing voice was there, A sister's look of love, A paradise this earth appeared, Descended from above.

A mother's kiss—a father's smile, I feel their influence yet; Time may roll on and memory fail, Yet these I can't forget.

This world to me bright offerings brought— And fortune's on me smiled; Yet, all these things I'd freely give To be again a child.

I've wandered far o'er many lands, I've mingled with the gay; I've listened to the joyous song To drive dull care away; Yet, amid these beautiful scenes of earth, Where'er I may roam, I find no pleasure to compare With boyhood's happy home.

LOOK AT LIFE CHEERILY.

BY SELWYN S. STELLIS.

Look at life cheerily, What'er thy lot be, Though ever drearily Life looks at thee, Walk not through the night-lens, Dependently, wearily, Shake off the care-trops— Look at life cheerily!

Sovereign or peasant, Whoever thou art, Darkness around thee, Night in thy heart, See sorrow's winter Vanishing verily, Spring's heralds singing, Look at life cheerily!

MISCELLANY.

THE FROZEN SHIP.

One serene evening in the middle of August, 1775 Captain Warrens, the master of the ship Greenland, while ship, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs, in about 77° of North latitude— On one side, and within a mile of the vessel, these were of immense height and closely wedged together; and a succession of snow-covered peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely locked in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time.

About midnight the wind arose to a gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, which a succession of thundering, grinding and crashing noises gave fearful evidences that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every moment, for the impetuosity of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there actually was any at all on either side of them.

It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon to the great astonishment of the crew of the Greenland. The sun shone brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blew from the North. At first some intervening icebergs prevented Captain Warrens from distinctly seeing anything but her masts; but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging.

Captain Warrens' curiosity was so much excited that he immediately leaped into his boat with several seamen, and rowed towards her. On approaching, he observed that her hull was miserably weather-beaten, and not a soul appeared on the deck, which was covered with snow to a great depth. He hailed the crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port hole near the main chain caught his eye, and on looking into it he perceived a man reclining back in a chair, with writing material on a table before him, but the feebleness of the light made everything very

indistinct. The party went upon the deck, and, having removed the hatch away they found closed, they descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Captain Warrens viewed through the port-hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained its former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green, damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his open eye balls. He had a pen in his hand, and a log book lay before him, the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus:

"Nov. 14, 1762.—We have now been enclosed in the ice seventeen days. The fire went out yesterday. Our master's wife died this morning."

Captain Warrens and his seamen hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female, reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, and a contraction of the limbs showed that her form was insensate—Seated on the floor was the corpse of an apparently young man, holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some timber which lay beside him. In the fore part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a boy was seen crouched at the bottom of the gangway-stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered anywhere, but Captain Warrens was prevented by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen, from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He therefore carried away the logbook already mentioned, returned to his own ship, and immediately steered to the southward, deeply impressed with the example which he had just witnessed.

Protect Your Eyesight.

Milton's blindness was the result of over-work and dyspepsia. One of the most eminent American divines, having for some time been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading spent thousands of dollars in value, and lost years of time in consequence of getting up several hours before sunrise, and studying by artificial light. His eyes never got well.

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of the eyesight, reading small print, and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness. Never read by twilight, or moonlight or on a stormy day. Never sleep so that on waking the eyes shall open on the light of a window. Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate. Never read or sew directly in front of the light or window or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above obliquely over the left shoulder.

Too much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment cease, and talk, walk or ride. As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tinge, the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint. The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them. If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them, but apply the saliva with the finger—it is the speediest dilutant in the world—and then wash your hands and face in warm water.

On a certain Sabbath evening, some twenty-five years ago, a reckless ill-dressed young man was idly lounging under the elm trees in the public square of Worcester. He had become a wretched wail on the current of sin. His days were spent in the waking remorse of a drunkard; his nights were passed in the buffooneries of the drinking house. As he sauntered along, out of humor with himself and mankind, a stranger tapped his shoulder, and in cordial tones said, 'Mr Gough, go down to our meeting at the town hall to night.' A brief conversation followed, so winning in its character that the reckless youth consented to go. He went; he heard the appeals there made. With tremulous hands he signed the pledge of Total Abstinence. By God's help he kept it, and he keeps it yet. The poor boot grimper, who tapped him on the shoulder (old Joe Stratton) has lately gone to heaven, but the youth saved is to-day the foremost of the reformers on the face of the globe. Sometimes when I listen to the thunders of applause that greet John B. Gough on the platform of Exter Hall or the Academy of Music, it seems to me, I am hearing the echo of that tap on the shoulder, and of that kind invitation under the ancient elms of Worcester. 'He that winneth souls is wise.'

At NIGHT—Here is one of Thackeray's pleasant touches: 'It is night now; and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great peace and calm, the stars peep out from the heavens. The silence is peopled by the past, sorrowful remembrance for sins and shortcomings, memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, but now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me that have long ceased to shine.—The town and fair landscape sleep under the starlight wreathed in the autumn mists.—Twilight among the houses a light keeps watch here and there, in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night at rest. An awful sense of thanks made the heart swell, and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as a blessing was upon it.'

Wesley's Preaching.

'It was, I believe in October, 1790, and not long before his death, that I heard John Wesley in the great round meeting-house at Colechester. He stood in a wide pulpit, and on each side stood a minister, and the two held him up, having their hands under his scruples. His feeble voice was barely audible. But his reverend countenance, especially his long white locks, formed a picture never to be forgotten. There was a vast crowd of lovers and admirers. It was, for the most part, pantomime, but the pantomime went to the heart. Of the kind, I never saw anything comparable to it in after life.' This incident was never forgotten by Robinson. He often related it at his own table, with the addition that so greatly was Wesley revereuced that the people stood in double line to see him as he passed through the streets on his way to the chapel. In a letter written at the time to one of his brothers, he gave the following particulars of the same occurrence:—'At another time, and not knowing the man, I should almost have ridiculed his figure.—Far from it now. I look upon him with a respect bordering on enthusiasm. After the people had sung a verse of a hymn he arose and said: 'It gives me great pleasure to find that you have not lost your singing. Neither men nor women—you have not forgot a single note.—And I hope by the assistance of the same God who enables you to sing well, you may do all other things well.' A universal 'Amen' followed. At the end of every head or division of his discourse, he finished by a kind of prayer, a momentary wish, as it were, but consisting of more than three or four words, which were always followed by a universal 'Amen' His discourse was short, the text I could not hear. After the last prayer he arose and addressed the people upon liberality of sentiment, and spoke much against refusing to join with any congregation on account of difference of opinion.—He said, 'If they do but fear God, work righteousness, and keep his commandments, we have nothing to object to.—Diary of H. C. Robinson.

A CAPITAL JOKE—And all the more palatable because it is true, and can be vouched for. took place a few Sundays since at one of the prominent New Jersey churches. It seems that a worthy deacon had been very industrious in selling a new church book, costing seventy five cents. At the service in question, the minister, just before dismissing the congregation, rose and said:—'All you who have children to baptize will please present them next Sabbath.' The deacon, who, by the way, was a little deaf, having as yet to sell the books, and supposing his pastor was referring to them, immediately jumped up and shouted, 'And all you who have not any can get as many as you want by calling on me, at seventy five cents each.'

The preacher looked cross-eyed at the brothers, the brothers looked at the clergyman; the audience punched the audience in the side, the bubble grew larger until it burst into a long guffaw; ladies colored up, crimsoned, blushed, and thanked the lord for the low price of peopling the earth. There was no benediction that morning worth speaking of.

The deacon, after he had found out his mistake, changed his pew from the front of church to the third from the rear; and though he cannot hear the sermon, he is consoled with the thought that the young ladies can't snicker at him.

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—By many it has been held as a theory that the Yuma desert was once an ocean bed. At intervals pools of salt water have stood for a while in the midst of the surrounding waste of sand, disappearing only to rise again in the same or other localities. A short time since one of these saline lakes disappeared, and a party of Indians reported the discovery of a 'big ship' left by the receding waters. A party of Americans at once proceeded to the spot and found imbedded in the sands the wreck of a large vessel. Nearly one third of the forward part of the ship or barque is plainly visible. The stump of the bow sprit remains, and portions of the timbers of the deck are perfect. The wreck is located forty miles north of the San Bernadine and Fort Yuma road, and thirty miles west of Los Palamos, a well known watering place on the desert. The road across the desert has been traveled for more than one hundred years. The history of the ill fated vessel can of course never be known, but the discovery of its decaying timbers, in the midst of what has long been a desert, will furnish savans with food for discussion, and may perhaps furnish important aid in the elucidation of questions of science.

THE TWO HEADED AND FOUR-LEGGED WOMAN.—There is now on exhibition at the Fair Grounds in Columbus, Ga., the most wonderful freak of nature ever presented to the world. It consists of a negro girl or as some would say, a pair of girls, aged 18 years. The person or persons has two perfectly developed heads and bodies down to the waist, where the two spines and bodies become blended into one solid body. On each body are two perfect arms and hands, of which each has full and natural use. She has four perfectly formed and well developed legs and feet, on which she moves actively. She can walk, and dance a quadrille. She was born a slave, the property of Mrs. Smith, in Columbus, Robeson county, North Carolina, who tenderly cared for and raised and educated her. She is intelligent and can and does hold converse with two persons at the same time. She is cheerful, and most devotedly attached to Mrs. Smith. What is singular, though she appears from the color of the skin to be of pure negro blood, she has straight black hair.—Columbus Sun.

A young lady having called out an ugly gentleman, at the condescension, and believing that she was in love with him, desired to know why she selected him from the rest of the company. 'Because, sir, replied the lady, my husband commanded me to select such a partner as should not give him cause for jealousy.'

'Father will settle the bill,' is a new song. It is popular with young ladies. The product of pale brandy is often a bad none. A word to the wise—Remain as

An Assassin's Story.

A murder case in California which has just been decided by the murderers being sent to the State prison for life, presents all the details of a romance. An Italian woman wished to get rid of her husband, and an Italian named Bruzza was hired to commit the act. The assassin was followed up and captured and this is the story told—Bruzza's confession revealed him to be one of the blackest scoundrels on earth. He said that before coming to America from Italy he had followed the profession of an assassin, and had put an end to the existence of more than one person, and had been forced to leave by the discovery of one of his crimes. Since he landed in San Francisco he had kept out of scrapes until Pizino broached the murder of Lozari. He was only offered \$30 at first, but by dint of hard bargaining had run it up to \$3 more, and for \$38 he agreed to murder a man who had, as he said, been a warm friend to him.

The plan of ambush was agreed upon, as well as locality, and on the appointed day he repaired to the 'Long Rock.' When the guilty wife and her husband appeared, and had reached a convenient distance, he stepped from his place of concealment, and as he did so the wife ran from the husband's side. When the unfortunate man saw how he had been betrayed, he began to plead to Bruzza for his life. Bruzza stated that he almost yielded; and was about to throw down the gun, when the woman called him a coward, and screamed, 'Shoot! shoot! you coward!' And with that he raised the weapon and fired, his victim falling dead with an agonized groan. He said that he was then treated treacherously by Pizino, who only paid him \$20 and to the end he contended Pizino was only fit to be hung because she had not paid the remaining twelve dollars.

CONQUER YOUR TROUBLES.—A great many men, whatever may have been their experience in life, are accustomed to complain of the usage they have received in the world. They fill the ears of those who have the misfortune to be their friends, with lamentations respecting their own troubles. But there is no man that is not torn into a world of trouble; and no man has ever attained to anything like the full stature of manhood, who has not been ground, as it were, to powder, by the hardships which he has encountered in life. This is a world in which men are made, not by velvet but by stone and iron handling! Therefore, do not grumble, but conquer your troubles.

Men may be more liberal and just than women, but they very rarely take a woman for a wife unless they believe her to be chaste as ice and pure as snow. Their sense of purity in respect to the woman they marry is exquisitely delicate. They are not satisfied with the natural purity and goodness of the woman, but her good name must be above reproach. If women were so careful in choosing their husbands, we think there would be fewer marriages, or less a wonderful reformation would be begun. It is presumed that the coming woman will order these things different.

'What are you disturbing the whole house with your yells in this way for,' demanded a Saratoga landlord of a guest whom he found late at night seemingly in active pursuit of invisible foes, and yelling at the top of his voice. 'I'm shouting the battle-cry of freedom,' answered the guest, as he went ahead with his search and his yells.

A man, while a collection was taking to aid the heathen, pocketed all the money on the plate. When asked to explain his conduct, he replied that he was the greatest heathen in that part of the country.

'Are you alarmed at the approach of the King of Terrors?' said the minister to a sick man. 'Oh, no! I have been living six and thirty years with the queen of terrors—the king cannot be much worse!'

The Chinese are a queer people to go to market. A friend at San Francisco writes that a neighbor of his had just laid in his wintery provisions—a hind quarter of a horse and two barrels of bull dogs.

John asked Julia if she would have him. 'No,' said she, 'I will not have you,' but before John could recover from the shock, she archly put in, 'but you may have me!'

William Rowe was arrested in a western town the other day for beating his wife with a hoe—as if a man hadn't a right to hoe his own Rowe.

The measles are in Brigham Young's family. It is unnecessary to add that there are not enough to go around, and several dozens are left without a measles.

The census taker in a certain city asked a woman the age of her oldest child, and the reply was: 'You have come around about a month too soon!'

The story of a man who had a nose so large that he couldn't blow it without the use of gunpowder, is said to be a hoax. 'Father will settle the bill,' is a new song. It is popular with young ladies. The product of pale brandy is often a bad none. A word to the wise—Remain as