**B2.00** For Year

**VOLUMK XXIII.** 

#### WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 9, 1871.

JUST THE THING

# WHICH ALL MUST HAVE!

NOW is the time to economize when money is acarce. 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, wis: by buying his goods for cash. The old fogy idea of buying goods at high prices and on ingo

## EXPLODED.

Call and examine our fine stock and don't be

### RUINED

thy paying 20 per cent. too much for your goods else-where. We will chalenge the community to show forth a more complete stock of

HATS, all of the very letestatyles 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, Ladses',

Misses' and Children's wear,
C. N. BEAVER'S. at
CLOCKS, every one warranted and sold
C. N. BEAVER.

TRUNKS, of all sizes, the very best manufacture, also warranted and soll C. N. BAEVER. by VALISES, of every kind, also very cheap.
C. N. BEAVER'S. at C. N. BEAVERS. HATS, for Ladies. Misses and Children, a fresh

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.

by
HOSIERY, of every kind, for sale,
C. N. BEAVER. by
GLOVES, for Men and Boys wear,
C. N. BEAVER'S. SUSPENDERS, for Men and Bova wear, C. N. BEAVER'S.

CANES AND UMBRELLAS, a complete stock at C. N. BEAVER'S. BROOMS AND BRUSHES, of the very best TOBACCO, to suit the taste of all, C. N. BEAVER'S.

CIGARS, which cannot be beat, for sale. by ... SNUFF, which we chalenge any one to excel in aguality, for sale

C. N. BEAVER'S. C. N. BEAVER'S. at.
CANDIES, always fresh too, for sale.
C. N. BEAVER'S.

SPICES, for sale C. N. BEAVER'S. INDIĜO BLUE,

C. N. BEAVER'S. KEROSENE, of the very lest,—Pitts. Oil.

at
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', Jane 2, 1879.

# D. S. S MITH

Has a complete assortment of Ladics,

Gentlemen's,

Misses'

Children's

# BOOTS. SHOES AND GAITERS.

Call and see goods and get prices.

THOMSON'S "GLOVE FITTING COR-SETS, at

SCHOOL BOOKS

SCHOOL STATIONERY of all kinds at SMITH'S Town Hall Store.

HATS AND CAPS

PAPER COLLARS, Ties, Suspenders, Gloves, everything in that

Town Hall Store.

nov 3. Hardware! Hardware!

THE undersigned having just returned from the Leastern cities are prepared to sell Cuttery, Buil-ding Hardware, Ste,, at extraordinary low rates. Having purchased for cash they are enabled to offer inducements to customers, for cash-A full line of Builders' and Blacksmiths Goods

They are also agents for the delchrated Lemnos Bige Tool Works.
JOHN HUBER & SONS. Chambersburg, Nov. 17-1870.

POETICAL.

#### "MAKE DONE HAPPY."

More than building showy mansions, More than dress and, fine array; More than domes and lotty steeples, More than station, power, and sway-Make home both neat and tasteful, Bright and pleasant, always fair, Where each heart shall rest contented, Grateful for each beauty there.

Seek to make your home most lovely, Let it be a smiling spot

Where, in sweet contentment resting, Care and sorrow are forget. Where the flowers and trees are waving, Birds will sing their sweetest song;

Where the purest thoughts will linger. Confidence and love belong. There each heart will rest contented, . Seldom wishing far to roam; Or, if roaming, still will ever

Cherish happy thoughts of home. Such a home makes men the better, Sure and lasting the control; Home with pure and bright surroundings,

Leaves its impress on the soul.

#### MISCELLANY.

### FIFTEEN MINUTES TOO SOON.

The sun bad almost lett the eastern win. dow of Mrs. Grey's kitchen as she sat on a low seat, with a willow basket on the floor beside her, patiently assorting a bure pile of carpet rage, and putting the pieces of red, vellow, blue and black in separate heaps, ly? Was not their every need supplied?ready to be tied up in bundles. On the floor sat the two-year old baby, watching the proceedings with great interest, and sometimes working away as busily as mamma herself. but whose tiny fingers were, unfortunately, more of a hindrance than a help. Over the fire the kettle and dinner pot were boiling briskly while from the oven a savory odor issued forth of the good things within.

As the forenoon waned, Mrs. Grey glanced anxiously at the clock, from time to time, but kept steadily at work, overseeing the cooking of the dinner at the same time. A lock of satisfaction rested on her countenance as the great pile of rage gradually diminished in size and finally disappeared, and the pieces of different colors were all ready to be tied up and put away.

Just a quarter to twelve, she said to herself. 'I shall have time to put these away, set the table, and have dinner precisely at twelve'

This had been a busy forenoon with Mrs. Grey. She had risen earlier than usual, had CRACKERS, of every kind, performed her household duties with more at C. N. BEAVER'S usual dispatch, and by a good deal of C. N. BEAVER'S. Work of a family is to be done by one pair of at C. N. BEAVER'S. hands, she thought that a little extra effort work. As every moment counts where the hands, she thought that a little extra effort in making a carpet would save a vast deal of time now epent in scrubbing and cleaning, and then too, the room would look so much more tasteful and pleasant. So it was with morning's work, as being the first step to. ward such a desirable end.

But just as she rose from her seat she looked out of the window and saw her husband coming up the path to the house. 'O, dear,' said she, 'Heary has come, and

dinner is not ready. What shall I do?' Now, to most wives the coming of the husband a few moments before dinner is not a matter of such fearful import as to cause a disarrangement of the whole household cooncross his wishes and thus offend him.

So she burried to the stove, lifted the places that they might boil faster, and gave make the man, we admit, and should never the fire a vigorous stirring, which, by the be taken into account in our judgment of way, was all unnecessary, for the fire was men, but competence abould always be seburning before just as brightly as it could, and the dinacr was already cooked; then hastily brushing the carpet-rags all up to- tent. It should be secured, not so much gether, she Crammed them into the basket, for others to look upon, or raise us in the as she passed, and her mether being in too faction which is derived from its acquirement great burry to notice her she was dragged a. and possession. long a step and fell over backward, hitting

her head against a chair.

now it is twelve." Mrs. Grey made no reply. but resolutely A Cedar Rapids, Iows, man, lately lost a patting Annie, who was still sobbing and pocket-book containing about thirty deliags. as truly thankful.'

crying, down in a chair, turned away and It was found by a neighbor to whom he sent.

commenced taking up the dinner. In a few a note telling him to keep what he thought resolution was reported and laid over for the

Mr Grey's stern features relaxed a little an he looked over the table. Everything was just right, and had evidently been cooked with a view to pleasing his own particular appetite. The roast heef was juicy and tender, the potatoes white and mealy, the fra-grant coffee, light, spongy bread and golden butter could not well be improved, while his favorite apple-pudding had turned out a perfeet success. A good dinner naturally puts one in a good humor with one's self and the world generally; thus it was with Mr Grey. He was disposed to be quite social and communicative, and to chat about the little affairs that had taken place during the fore-

But not so with the weary wife. The consciousness that fear of her husband, had caused her to undo in a moment the toilsome work of the last hour, the uncomfortable reflection that one idea was uppermost in all our do. mestic arrangements, and that idea the gratification of all his whims at the expense of everything besides, roused up rather rebollious feelings for the time, while the nervous excitement she had felt for the lat half hour caused a violent headache, which disinclined her to talk much. Henry, being unable to austain the con-

versation alone, hastily finished his meal and hurried off to work, thinking all the way how dull and commonplace Mary had become, and wondering what had changed the brighteyed, light hearted girl he had wooed and won three years before, into such a sober. mopieh woman. Then he settled it in his mind that it was the way with all married people. Of course their cares would make them grave and sedate. But just then his memory served to remind him of Mrs. Morris, an intimate friend of his wife, who was married about the same time they were. She looked not a whit older or sadder than on her wedding-day, and seemed to enjoy life just as well as in her girlhood. It was atrange; did he not provide bountifully for his fami-He could not understand why it was, and it not being a very pleasant subject on which to reflect, he put it out of his mind.

Mrs. Grey still sat by the table with weary, desponding look on her countenance that would pain you to witness. The tide of angry feelings had rolled away, and now the poor, tired heart ached for sympathy; for a word, a look of tenderness and love; and unbided tears streamed down her cheeks. Long, long she sobbed, but gradually the intensity of her feelings, were away, and she became calmer. Then her woman's heart pleaded for her husband, and she said, 'Henry is not so considerate as some, but he doesn't 'mean to be unkind,' and she tried to forget self in the absorbing interest in what she felt to be for me now. May the blood of Christ wash the day, trifling though it seemed, was helping, with many others, to steal the bloom.

But tears will avail nothing pitals where French volunteers were tending of both. Without industry and frugality ing German wounded. That night there was nothing will de, but with them everything.

When you are disposed to be vain of your forming amputations, and there were 200 magnetic acquirements, look up to those who from her cheek, the lustre from her eye, and the joy from ber heart.

Ah, husband, it is not the great, heartcrushing sorrows that imbitter life so much as the little, selfish exactions, the petty unkindness, the thoughtless neglect; and the calculation had gained an hour for this asmall, sweet courtesies' of life are far more potent in their power to smooth the roughness of the way, than all the wealth of the Indies unaccompanied by them. =

LIVE WITHIN YOUR MEANS. - We don' like stinginess. We don't like economy when it comes down to rage and starvation. much satisfaction that she looked upon her We have no sympathy with the notion that a poer man should hitch himself fast to a post, and stand still, while the rest of the world moves forwards. It is no man's duty to deny himself every amusement, every recreation, every comfort, that he may get rich. It is no man's duty to make an iceberg of himself, to shut his eyes and ears to the sufforings of his fellows, and deny himself the enjoyment that results from generous setions, mirely that he may hoard wealth for his herrs to quarrel about. But there is an eomy, but Mr. Grey always expected dinner conomy which is every man's duty, and to be ready at the moment of his coming, which is especially commendable in the man whether before or after the usual hour, and who struggles with poverty-an economy his wite, who was a timid woman, stood great which is consistent with happiness, and ly in awe of her husband, and deemed it the which must be practiced if the poor man most awful thing in the world in any way to would secure sudependence. It is almost every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty to live within his means—not up to heavy dinner-pots, somewhat changed their them, but within them. Wealth does not cured, wifen it can be, by the practice of econemy and self-denial to only a tolerable exand rushed with it into the bed room. Lit- estimation of others, as to secure the concioustle Annie playfully caught hold of her dress ness of independence, and the constant satis-

A QUESTION .- Which will you do, smile ner head ngainst a chair.

A QUESTION.—Which will you do, smile

Now followed a scene of confusion. Baland make others happy, or be crabbed and by's loud screams mingled with the mothers's make everybody around you miserable? exclamations of pity and regret as the vain- You can live among flowers and singing ly tried to soothe her, and in the midst of it birds, or in the mire surrounded by fogs and A full stock now ready, consisting of all the latest styles, at

SMITH'S.

S just as soon as I can take it up. But see looks, cross words, and freeful disposition how Annie has hurt herself. you can make other's unhappy almost before 'Never mind her; she'll soon get over cry-endurance. Which will you do I Wear a ing. I am in a hurry. It seems to me I nev-pleasant countenance—let joy and love beam er have my meals when I want them, ' in your eye? There is no joy so great as O, yes, Henry, sometimes you do, for yes-that which springs from a kind act during terday I waited a full hour for you; but it the day whereby some fellow mortal has isn't quite twelve yet; I didn't expect you been made bappy, you will feel its glerious before twelve. . influence at night when you rest, the next 'The clock is too slow, I know,' said he, morning when you rise and throughout the going to it and moving the bands. There, day when about yourdaily business.

A Warning to the Young. Henry Welcome, the boy murderer, the day before his execution at Windsor, VI.

wrote the following ADDRESS TO YOUNG MEN: MY DEAR Young FRIENDS :- With refrom God that I should give you some inci-

six sisters and four brother, and am the only lately been engaged in, and it is to be feared burg. When I was sixteen years of age I tegic movement' of retreat; and fighting alleft my happy home and went to visit a sis-ter in Stowe. When I returned I was bound severest weather of the month. Both armies to leave home, but my parents wished me to have been strained to the uttermost, and stay at home and go to school. I would not have had no time to look behind them. The mind them, but went to Boston. I got an horrible consequences has been that the excellent situation, but fell in with bad com- wounded have practically been left as un-pany going to a billiard hall, and learning al- cared for as the dead. They have in some

my hand at 'seven up' At first I refused but being unchecked by some influences and

this horrible situation!

GLEANINGS .- Take your standard of man from his mind, and not his dress. Act uprightly and fearlessly, and you may

defy the devil and all his works. Let the bent of thy thoughts be to mend thyself, rather than the world. Many have been victorious in great temp-

tations, and ruined by little ones. Life becomes useless and insipid when we have noflonger either friends or enemies. If the best man's faults were written on

his forehead, it would make him pull his hat This was on Thursday. How many more his own mind. over his eyes. Innocence is a flower which withers when

touched, but blooms not again, though wash-The repentence that is delayed until old

age, is but too often a regret for the inability to commit more sins. Tale bearers and tale hearers are alike

guilty; the one hath the devil in his tongue, the other in his ear. Dare to change your mind. confess your error, and siter your conduct, when you are

convinced you are wrong. He that thinks himself the happiest man really is so, but he that thinks himself the

wisest is generally the greatest fool. Self-love is at once the most delicate and the most tenacious of our sentiments; a mere breath will wound it, but nothing on earth

The small stones which fill up the crevices, have almost as much to do with making the fair and firm wall as the great rocks, so at her faded shawl, her thin stooping form

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT -- We know not the author of the following, but it is one of the most beautiful productions we ever read: -'Nature will be reported. All things are for whose comfort the tea and the butter, from a crimson and purple setting of northengaged in writing their own history. The and the fine French roll were bought with ern lights, and whose opulent garments. plant and pobble go attended by their own much sacrifice. And I saw him sip the tea, swept away from a corsage of eternal snow. shadow. The rock leaves its scratches on and tast the dainty bread; and praise the to golden sandals of eternal summers the mountain side, the river its bed in the flavor of the sweet butter, and the fine soil; the animal leaves bone in the stratum, French roll, and turn with brightening eye the fern and the leaf their modest epitaph in to the golden fruit. And I heard him sek conversing on age, when one of them put . the coal. The falling drop makes its epitaph her, kneeling at the smoky hearth, to taste the home question : Which of us do you in the sand or stone; not a footstep in the them with him. And as she set the broken thick is the clder, Mr. H.?' Sure," replied snow or along the ground but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march; heard her say : By and by, When I am er than each other. every net of man inscribes itself on the mem- hungry.' And by and by, when the white orice of its followers and in his own face. lide of the sufferer were closed in sleep, I A wealthy backelor married off-hand, a memoranda signatures; and every object is her heart. covered over with hints which speak to the

A gentleman whose custom it was to entertain very often a circle of friends, observed that one of them was in the habit of eating something before grace was asked, and determined to ours him. Upon the repetition of the offence, he said : 'Ror what we are about to receive, and for what James Taylor has alread received, the Lord make

At the late women's Right Convention, a that he might be known of men. moments the called her husband to the table, was right, on account of finding it, and send next meeting, that if justice was not fully and, with the child again in her arms, say him the test. The finder returned five, dol-done to the ladies, and soon, than, that they of her son in arithmetic said: 'He's in the down to pour out the coffice.'

The finder returned five, dol-done to the ladies, and soon, than, that they of her son in arithmetic said: 'He's in the would stop the population of this country!'

Move to pour out the coffice.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

GHASTLY SCENES ON THE LOIRE.

From the London Times, December 29.]

As the war is prolonged its horrors increase. The litter winter under which we spect Heary Welcome takes this as a last gift are shivering in this country would alone involve a terrible aggravation of misery. In dents of my life, hoping they will instruct this respect it is long since such sufferings you. Allow me to thank all for the kind- have been inflicted, even in war. But such ness manifested towards me, unbappy pris- horrible scenes as were described by 'A Miloner; and it is out of respect to you that I itary Correspondent' are but too probable in think it my duty to write this sketch. I have such operations as the Army of the Loire has bad sinner among them. I always attended they have been many times multiplied with-Sabbath school, and my father and mother in the course of the present month. That are members of a Methodist church at flines. army has been executing a continuous 'atraseverest weather of the month. Both armies so the use of liquor, I was persuaded to try instances been gathered off the field of battle, though there must be numbers who have been left to perish of cold on the spot where exposed to all the desires of my corrupt heart, they fell. But ever when carried under I gambled and plunged into all kinds of wick- shelter they have simply been beaped togethedness. The story of my transgression and er in aninhabited houses, and have some sins would fill a large volume. Finally, af- times lain there for days unattended, unfed, ter one of my times, I went to thinesburg and almost uncovered. The scene at Beaug-the last of October, 1868; but my friends if easy, described by 'A Military Correspond-I had listened to my mother's pleading voice, int, is one even more horrible, because a what a happy young man I should have been more prolonged scene of agony. In a house to day; and oh ! my friends, how many heart- which had once been a Pension de Jeunes rending, earnest prayers has my kind moth - Filles, 'every room from collar to root was er offered to the Throne of Grace for mercy crowded with dead and starving men, lying to me. She never upbraided me, but strove so thick it was impossible to move among to restrain me by kindness, urging me to ab- them. It was Saturday, and many of them stain from the size I was committing daily. had been there since the Wednesday, some This was Thursday, my mother gave this since the Tuesday. All that time 'not one advice, and I went from her arms with a kiss drop of water, not one atom of food, had passon my lips, plunging into all sorts of crime ed their lips, nor had any comforting hand and sin, and on Saturday of the same week approached them. If a broken legged ser I committed the crime, so great, that it will geant had been able to throw his own coat our action, when we reflect that had and leave a stain on the land forever, and when over his more severely wounded officer that good ones are never shildless; and that, in committed broke the heart of my mother and was the utmost relief any of them had obtain both cases, the offspring goes beyond the hung millstones around the necks of my ed. Moreover, the yindows of the houses parent—every good begetting as better, every

friends, and robbed them of all joy and com- were all broken, and all these days and ery bad worse. fort on earth. And only think, I, Henry nights of almost Arctic cold they had been It is cheap a Welcome, at the age of 19 years, placed in lying on the bare floor with their wounds his horrible situation! undressed.' All the agodies of wounds, of ant with fine purposes of duty, in all the To-morrow, I shall suffer the sentence of cold, of hunger, and thirst, with all the hor- streets full of eager and rosy faces, but a death. I think, my friends, this is a bard rors of death, were endured for days togeth. cynic can chill and dishearten with a single lot for a young man to be sent into the pres- or by these belpless sufferers. The battle, word. Despondency comes readily enough ence of his Maker on the gallows, but I am in fact, had been raging for three days a to give my life for the life I have taken. Pardon me; my friends, for saying so much to
you. My heart is full and my words for you
are a warning that you may not come to the desperately wounded men in one building

alone The dead lay thick among the dy ing, and as the former were dragged out their places were instantly filled. Missrable objects, with broken jaws or faces half shot away, wandered about pointing to their dreadful wounds and making piteous signals for can utter rose from that heap of agony.'scenes like the one we have just described might there have been seen in Beaugency Vendoma?

The Poor Customer.

'How much better?'

'One half pound if, if you please.'

'And sugar ?' 'Hulf a pound.'

'And these oranges?' 'Haif a dozen, sir.' 'You go by the halves to-day; well, what

else? Be apeady, ma'am, you're keeping better customers waiting.' 'Half a peck of Indian meal and one fine

French roll, said the woman; but her lip taken from the cloquent speech of Hou. quivered, and she turned to wipe away a Thomas Fitch: . trickling tear.

I looked at her straw bonnet, all broken,

whose pale lips longed for a cool fresh orange whose jewels were stars, which gleamed pan on the edge to bake her course loaf, I the gallant Hibernian, 'you both look young-

And she laid the remnant of the feast carefully, and ate her bread unmoistened. I started from my reverie; the grocer's girls. hard eve was upon mo.

'You are keeping better customors wait-

Oh, how I longed to tell him how poverty and persecution, contempt and scorn could | the next room. not dim the beart's fine gold, purified by many a trial, and that woman, with her little sacrifice, was better in the night of God than day, that she was a boy so that she sould many a trumpet-tongued Dives, who gave swear when she dropped her books in the

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Words of Wisdom. To be a merchant, the art consists mere: in getting paid than making sales,

Never desire humble services; when large ships run aground little boats may pull them.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of a happy and virtuous

Destitution is better than dependence.

since it is, perhaps, easier to endure the cold than to find one's patron so. We don't like to show ingratitude. Their

s something in it sharper than a serpent's Habit too often does away with admira-

tion, and we lose appreciation through knowl-It is of little moment to restrain oriminals by ponalties, unless you make them honest

men by discipline. If certain people had to work as hard for their daily bread as they do for their amusements, they would surely starve.

Value the friendship of him who istands by you in the storm; swarms of parasites will surround you in the sanshine.

He who refuses to do justice to the defenceless will often be found making unreasonable concessions to the powerful.

We should do our utmost to encourage the beautiful, for the useful encourages is-He who calle in the aid of equal under-

standing, doubles his own; and he who profits by a superior understanding, raises bis powers to a level with the beight of the superior understanding be unites with. Nothing is so contagious as enthusiam;

t is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheda: it moves stones, it charms brutes. Bathusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and Truth accomplishes no viotories without it.

With a double vigilance should w watch

It is cheap and easy to destroy. Their is not a joyful boy or an ianocent girl buoy-

to the most sanguing. The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market ; it depends eliefly on two words -industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use

mental acquirements, look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation; but when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances. look down on those beneath you, that you may learn contentment.

It is a good practice to read with pen in water, which it was impossible for them to hand, marking what is liked or doubted. It swallow. Officers and men, veterans and rivets the attention, realizes the greatest ahand, marking what is liked or doubted. It boys, all lay in one undistinguishable mass mount of enjoyment, and facilitates referof misery. Every mean that the human voice ence. It enables the reader also, from time to time, to see what progress he makes with

Who shall we say in gratitude to the men who remove from thousands and tens of on Saturday? And how many mere in the thousands of eyes that worst of all films-ignumerous villages over which the storm of norance? who lay open to our sight a world conflict has passed between Boaugency and as new to us as if it had been just created, or as if it had been born blind and now for

the first time saw. Language is the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning flashes of geniue, which unless lived and arrested, might have been as bright, but would have also been as quickly passing and perishing as the light.

Bing.

What a beautiful description of the wedding of civilization to nature is the following

Here was a mighty continent, unknowed to civilized man for nearly 15 centuries after Christ come upon the earth; with its the right and wise use of spare moments con her course garments, and I read poverty on rich dower of forest, and field, and mine it tributes not a little to the building up, in them all-extreme poverty. And the pal- waited through all long ages, in virgin simgood proportion with strength, a man's mind. lid pinched tentures, the mournful, but once plicity, the wolling touch of the ruling races. beautiful face, told me that the luxuries of earth. They deno from the other shore, were not for her. An invalid looked out from his window Buptial veil was the lace of falling waters,

Two young ladies and so Irishman were

then, you can't get within forty rods of the stove department, for the crowd of metty

'It's forty years, my old friend John, since we were boys together.' 'Le it?-well, don't. speak so loud : there's that young widow in

A little girl was heard to wish the other mud." ~

Uigars are now made by machinery.
What a capital thing is would be if that were all smoked by machinery tob-