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NOW is the time to economize when money is scarce. You should study your interest by supplying your wants at the first class store of C. N. BEAVER...

EXPLODED. RUINED Call and examine our fine stock and don't be 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 at C. N. BEAVER'S. TRUNKS, of all sizes, the very best manufacture, also warranted and sold at C. N. BEAVER'S. 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 at C. N. BEAVER'S. NOTIONS, a full line as follows, sold at C. N. BEAVER'S. 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. GAMES 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, -Pitts 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.

D. S. SMITH Has a complete assortment of Ladies, Gentlemen's, Misses' and Children's BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS. Call and see goods and get prices.

THOMSON'S "GLOVE-FITTING CORSETS, at SMITH'S.

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

HATS AND CAPS, A full stock now ready, consisting of all the latest styles, at SMITH'S.

PAPER COLLARS, Ties, Suspenders, Gloves, everything in that line, at SMITH'S Town Hall Store. nov 3.

MILLINERY GOODS! TO THE LADIES!

MRS. C. L. HOLLINBERGER has just received a full supply of new Millinery goods. Ladies are invited to call and examine her stock. nov 2-11

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

POETICAL.



TO-MORROW.

To-morrow! mortal, boast not thou Of time and tide that art not now; But think, in one revolving day, How earthly things may pass away.

To-day, the blooming spouse may press Her husband in a fond caress; To-morrow, and the hands that pressed May withly strike a widowed breast.

To-day, the gentle babe may drain The milk-stream from its mother's vein; To-morrow, like a frozen rill, That bosom's current may be still.

To-day, white hearts with rapture spring, The youth to beauty's lip may cling; To-morrow, and that lip of bliss May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day, thy merry heart may feast On herb and fruit, on bird and beast; To-morrow, spite of all thy glee, The hungry worms may feast on thee.

To-morrow! mortal, boast not thou Of time and tide that art not now; But think, in one revolving day, That 'e'en thyself may pass away.

SOWING.

Are we sowing seeds of kindness? They shall blossom bright ere long.

Are we sowing seeds of discord? They shall ripen into wrong.

Are we sowing seeds of honor? They shall bring forth golden grain.

Are we sowing seeds of falsehood? We shall reap bitter pain.

Whatsoever our sowing be, Reaping, we its fruits must see.

We can never be too careful What seeds our hands shall sow; Love from love is sure to ripen, Hate from hate is sure to grow.

Seeds of good or ill we scatter Headlessly along our way; But a glad or grievous fruitage Waits us at the harvest-day.

Whatsoever our sowing be, Reaping, we its fruits must see.

MISCELLANY.

SLEEP AS A MEDICINE.—The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food, not that it is more important, but it is often harder to get. The best rest comes from a sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy, and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain; it will build up and make strong a weary body; it will relieve the languor and prostration felt by consumptive; it will cure the hypochondria; it will cure headache; it will cure the heartache; it will cure neuralgia; it will cure a broken spirit; it will cure sorrow. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room, freedom from too much care, a clean stomach, and a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.

BLUSHING.—What is there more mysterious than a blush, that a single word or look, or thought should send the inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a summer sunset? Strange is it also that the face only—and that the human face—is capable of blushing; that the hand or foot does not turn red from modesty or shame any more than does the glove or sock that covers them. It is the face that bears the angel's impress; it is the face that is heaven. The blush of modesty that tinted woman's face when first she awoke in Eden's sunny land, still lingers with her pure daughters.—They caught it from the rose, for all the roses were first white; but when Eve plucked one of the buds, seeing her own face, more fair than flowers, blushed and cast its reflex on her rival cheek. The face is the tablet of the soul, whereon it writes its action. There may be traced all the intellectual phenomena, with a confidence amounting to a moral certainty. If innocence and purity look outward from within, none the less vice, intemperance, and debauchery make their indelible impression upon it. Lidoity, rage, cowardice, passion, all leave their traces deeper even than the virtues of modesty, truth, chastity and hope. Even beauty itself will grow more beautiful from the pure thoughts that arise within it.

A young woman at Jeffersonville, Ind., while out walking with a young man who had been loving her unwisely but too numerously, met a minister, whose she turned to the young man, pulled out a revolver and gave him his choice to marry her right there or be performed, adding that if the minister refused to perform the ceremony, she would shoot him. The nuptial knot was tied. No cards.

Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's case? Because it hurts the pupil.

OUTWITTING THE INDIANS.

It was just after the close of the Revolutionary war and the settlements of the pioneers were seldom disturbed by any serious attack of the Indians; though of course there still existed that strong hatred between the two races which will always continue as long as there is an uncivilized Indian upon the face of the globe. It was not safe to trust yourself with them unless you were fully armed and always ready to resist any attack which their treacherous nature might prompt, if they thought they had advantage of you.

It was thus that things stood when Daniel Boone, the great and renowned pioneer hunter of Kentucky, settled down in active farming life. His farm or plantation was at a considerable distance from any other, and he had to be constantly on the alert, lest the wild savages should catch him 'asleep,' and thus overmatch him. One of the principle productions of his plantation was tobacco, and though he raised large quantities he never used it himself. For the drying and stringing of this tobacco he had erected a small building of two stories or rather one story and a loft, which at this time, was full of the stalks and unsalable remains of last year's crop. Wishing to remove this rubbish before storing the new stock, he resolved to commence early one Thursday morning and finish before noon, so that he could employ his time more profitably in the afternoon. When he had eaten an early breakfast he took down his rifle and seeing that it was loaded and primed he put it behind the door, ready for instant use. As the drying house was but a few steps from the house, he did not deem it necessary to take the rifle with him as the Indians had not been seen in that locality for a considerable length of time and he had no idea that they would make their appearance for some weeks. But he made a great mistake and barely escaped being taken prisoner in consequence of his recklessness.

It was about 10 o'clock, and having cleared all the litter from the lower apartment, he had just commenced in the loft above when voices were heard below. He glanced thro' a crack in the flooring and saw four Indians each armed with a gun, who were evidently looking for him. Keeping very quiet, he hoped that they would not look in the loft for him; but the hope was vain, as he well knew. The Indians were too cunning to go away without examining the whole building, and after they had satisfied themselves that he was not in the first room, they got on some barrels which stood in one corner, and looked up into the loft, which only extended about three quarters the length of the building.—One glance was sufficient; and they saw that Boone was there and not armed. So the one who appeared to be leader spoke in his broken English.

'Big Warrior come down; you prisoner; must come with Seneca braves, who have traveled many days to fetch.' Boone now saw how foolish he had been to leave the rifle in his house, even if it was but a few steps; but he was a man who was equal to an emergency, and knowing it would be folly to resist, he tried to think of some plan of escape. He knew there was no way of getting out of the snare except by using strategy—so not wishing to have the Indians know that he was frightened at his situation, he coolly replied:

'Now see here, I know you are all great braves, and I hope you will let me finish my work first; I've only got to take out a few more of these stocks of tobacco and then I'm perfectly willing to go with you.' 'No,' answered the Red Skin, 'we in big hurry; come now, or we shoot,' and they leveled their rifles at him. There was a look on their faces which told Boone that if he was going to do anything he must do it immediately. While he had been parrying with them he had formed a plan of outwitting even the most cunning of the Seneca braves. As he talked he had continued to gather up fragments of leaves and stalks, as if to throw them out, and at the same time had advanced to the edge of the loft, the more readily to speak to the Indians, who were in a group just below him. Suddenly he leaped from the left with his arms full of dried tobacco, and flinging it in their faces, he made for the house at the top of his speed, where he arrived in perfect safety, as the pungent tobacco dust had blinded the eyes and mouths of the Indians, rendering them perfectly harmless for some seconds. When they recovered they looked toward the house and saw Boone quietly standing at a window with a rifle in his hand ready to repel any assault. Remembering the stories which they had heard about him and his rifle, they wisely concluded to let him alone, and plunging into the wood which bordered the plantation, they left Boone unmolested.

THE BIRDS.—In a few short weeks, or a month or two at most, we will have the dear little birds paying us their annual visit, and just think of it, how many wretches stand ready, with gun in hand, to welcome them to destruction! How barbarous! There is no one thing of so much service to the farmer and horticulturist as the little birds.—For a number of years fruit has been the exception instead of the rule, owing to the destructiveness of the insects, which little birds, when abundant, consume almost entirely, and yet there has been very little effort made to stay the hands of the destroyers, and preserve these useful and pretty little songsters, that cheer us in the hours of sadness and make our hearts leap for joy by their melodious songs and twitterings.

Who finds all the umbrellas that everybody loses? Every man we meet loses the umbrella he buys, but we have never met the man who finds them. Answer wanted before the next fall of rain.

Young ladies had better be fast asleep than fast awake.

Spanish Burial Customs.

The custom of burying the dead in the gown and cowl of monks has greatly passed into disuse. The mortal relics are treated with growing contempt, as the superstitions of the people gradually lose their concrete character. The soul is the important matter which the church now looks to. So the cold clay is carried off to the cemetery with small ceremony. Even the coffins of the rich are jammed away into receptacles too small for them and hastily plastered over of night. The poor are carried off on stretchers huddled into their nameless graves, without following or blessing. Children are buried with some regard to the old Oriental customs. The coffin is of some gay and cheerful color, pink or blue, and is carried open to the grave by four of the dead child's companions, a fifth walking behind with the ribbed coffin-lid. I have often seen these touching little parties moving through the bustling streets, the peaceful little face asleep under the open sky, docketed with the fading roses and withering lilies.

In all well-to-do families the house of death is deserted immediately after the funeral. The stricken ones retire to some other habitation, and there pass eight days in strict and inviolable seclusion. On the ninth day the great masses for the repose of the soul of the departed are said in the parish church, and all the friends of the family are expected to be present. These masses are the most important and expensive incident of the funeral. They cost from two hundred to one thousand dollars, according to the strength and fervor of the orisons employed. They are repeated several years on the anniversary of the disease, and afford a most sure and flourishing revenue to the church. They are founded upon those feelings inseparable from every human heart, vanity and affection. Our dead friends must be as well prayed for as those of others, and who knows but that they may be in deadly need of prayers! To shorten their fiery penance by one hour, who would not fast for a week? On these anniversaries a black bordered advertisement appears in the newspapers, headed by the sign of the cross and the Requiescat in Pace announcing that on this day twelve months Don Fulano de Tal passed from earth garnished with the holy sacraments, that all the masses this day celebrated in such and such churches will be applied to the benefit of his spirit's repose, and that all Christian friends are hereby requested to commend his soul this day unto God. These united efforts at stated times are regarded as very efficacious.

A luxury of grief, in those who can afford it, consists in shutting up a house where a death has taken place and never suffering it to be opened again. I once saw a beautiful house and wide garden thus abandoned in one of the most fashionable streets of Madrid. I inquired about it and found it was formerly the residence of the Duke of —. His wife had died there many years before, and since that day not a door nor a window was opened. The garden grew red and rank with rust. Grass grew tall and rank in the gravelled walks. A thick lush undergrowth had overrun the flower-beds and the lawns. The blinds were rotting over the darkened windows. Luxuriant vines clambered over all the mossy doors.—The stucco was peeling from the walls in great unwholesome blotches. Wild birds sang all day in the safe solitude. There was something impressive in this spot of mould and silence, lying there so green and impenetrable in the very heart of a great and noisy city. The duke lived in Paris, leading the rattling life of a man of the world. He never would sell or let that Madrid house. Perhaps in his heart also, that battered thoroughfare worn by the pattering boots of Mahille and the Bois, and the Quarter Breda, there was a green spot sacred to memory and silence where no football should ever fight, where no living voice should ever be heard, shut out from the world and its cares and pleasures, where through the gloom of dead days he could catch a glimpse of a white hand, a flash of a dark eye, the rustle of a trailing robe, and feel sweeping over him the old magic of love's young dream, softening his fancy to tender regret and his eyes to a happy mist.

'Like that which kept the heart of Eden green Before the useful trouble of rain.'

THE KIND CONDUCTOR.—It is a pleasure to say something to the credit of an individual who belongs to that much-abused class of our community, horse ear conductors, whom people like to believe dishonest. On the morning of the Fourth, a little girl riding to Boston tendered to a conductor, for fare, a tingly-looking scrip, of the denomination of twenty-five cents. He took it, looked at it, said, 'Counterfeit!' and returned it to her. Evidently judging by her appearance that it was all she had, he added, 'Never mind, let it go till next time.' But the girl was mortified by the circumstance, and her eyes brimming with tears, she turned her face away. A lady standing near remarked, 'Her Fourth of July is spoiled.' The conductor heard her, and hesitating but a moment, said to the girl, 'Let's see that money again.'

She handed it to him, and then he took from his pocket the brightest, newest twenty-five cent scrip he could find, and gave it to her in exchange. When he saw her countenance expressing the thanks she could not utter, we have no doubt that she felt amply rewarded, and we will wager quite an amount that his wearisome labors that day were very much lightened by his little act of kindness.

There is sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power.—They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, or deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

A Gentle Hint.

Old Deacon Hopkins was a worthy soul and generally respected for his outward show of piety and religious zeal; and I have no doubt that he felt at heart most that he professed.

But the Deacon had his weakness. In a certain direction he was troubled with a morbid desire. His chief employment was the making of soap from ashes which he gathered in the neighborhood, and in making his soap he was obliged to keep two or three kettles of lye boiling to which end an abundance of fuel was necessary.

Now it so happened that the Deacon's neighbor was Captain Jack Payson, whose calling kept him upon salt water the greater part of the time. Captain Jack was a great hand to keep his family supplied with well seasoned wood, and as he owned an extensive forest lot, he often had a vast pile of it cut and hauled to his house, and there worked up and stacked. It furthermore chanced that the rear door of the good Deacon's soap house opened directly upon the rear of Captain Jack's huge wood pile. The temptation was strong. Surely there could be no harm in taking a few of the scattering sticks; the Captain would never miss them.

But the disease grew upon the necessity of feeding the fire, and he fancied, kind old soul! that the Captain would never miss the abstracted fuel. But he was destined to rather an unlooked for and unpleasant enlightenment, as we shall soon see.

The question was up before the church of introducing instrumental music into the choir.—One of the singers had a bass viol, which he was willing to play if the brethren would permit, and both he and the chorister declared that it would help the singing wonderfully. But this was before the days when fiddles were tolerated in sacred places, and several of the brethren objected. Deacon Hopkins was enthusiastic and bitter in his opposition. At a full meeting of the church he expressed himself decidedly.

'Captain Jack, who chanced to be on share, was present, and favored the introduction of the viol.

'Bring it in,' cried the Deacon, 'and I will go out I won't be seen where that big fiddle is tolerated.'

'Will you stick to that pledge, Deacon?' asked the Captain.

'Yes, Sir!' replied the irate functionary. 'Then,' said Captain Jack, with a careless twinkle of the eye, 'you shan't be troubled with the fiddle in the church. I will buy it and hang it upon my wood pile!'

The poor Deacon shrank away behind his enormous shirt collar, while the friends of the big fiddle carried their point.

'Go' and 'Come.'—If you want business done, says the proverb, 'go and do it,' if you don't want it done, send some one else. An indolent gentleman had a freehold estate, producing about five hundred a year. Becoming involved in debt, he sold half the estate, and let the remainder to an industrious farmer for twenty years. About the end of the term the farmer called to pay the rent, and asked the owner if he would sell his farm.

'Will you buy it?' asked the owner, surprised.

'Yes, provided we can agree about the price.'

'That is exceedingly strange,' observed the gentleman; 'pray tell me how it happens that while I could not live upon twice as much land, for which I paid no rent, you are regularly paying me two hundred a year, and are able in a few years to purchase it?'

'The reason is plain,' was the reply; 'you sat still and said go! I got up and said come. You laid in bed and enjoyed your estate; I rose in the morning and minded my business.'—Self Help.

THE GENTLEMAN.—It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are, likewise, a great many men of honor to be found. Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent, but a true gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the luster and brightness of his imagination, so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman; everything he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that elicits the admiration and good-will of every beholder.

BEWARE OF THE FIRST GLASS.—A few years since, one of the business men of East Boston, the head of a respectable family, took to the use of ardent spirits—at first moderately, but soon descended to the condition of a miserable drunkard. His family were unable to live with him, his partner in business dissolved with him, and finally he sank so low that the colored woman who washed for his family in his days of prosperity, took pity on him and gave him food and shelter. A few days since he was removed to the care of Dr. Callis, and is now lying in the last stages of consumption, brought on by intemperance. It is the first cup that snatches, it is the last that destroys.

An old settler objects to a proposed railroad in his region in these words: 'The people is gone wild on this here railroad question. Horses that is now worth forty dollars, won't be worth five dollars a head. Waggon makers will starve to death. Oats won't be worth nothing, and we'll have to quit raising 'em. Cown skins won't be worth a cent, and the bellerin' steam wagins'll keer all the game out of the country. I'll sell off and git for Arkansas if they don't stop this here railroad.'

A horse may go blind, but its driver should not.

Too Poor.

Brother Moore, of the Rural New Yorker, was sitting in his office some years ago, when a farmer friend came in and said—'Friend Moore I like your paper, but times are so hard I cannot pay for it.'

'Is that so, friend Jones? I'm very sorry to hear that you are so poor; and if you are so hard run I will give you my paper.'

'Oh, no! I can't take it as a gift.'

'Well, then let us see how we can fix it. You raise chickens I believe.'

'Yes; a few, but they don't bring anything hardly.'

'Don't they? Neither does my paper cost anything hardly. Now I have a proposition to make to you; I will continue your paper and when you go home you may select from your lot one hen and call her mine. Take good care of her, and bring me the proceeds, whether in eggs or chickens, and we will call it square.'

'All right Brother Moore,' and the old fellow chucked at what he thought was a capital bargain.

He kept the contract strictly, and at the end of the year found that he had paid about four prices for his paper. He often tells the joke on himself and says he never had the face to say he was too poor to take a paper since that day.

A SHORT 'LEADER'—William North was once asked by the editor of a paper which he was connected, to write a leading article opposing the temperance movement which was then making a great stir in the city of New York. 'Write me a good one, and I will give you twenty dollars for it,' said the editor.

'How long do you wish it?' inquired North.

'As short as you can make it,' was the reply.

'North sat down immediately, and wrote the following:

'We would rather see the whole world drunk of their own accord than one man sober on compulsion.'

The twenty dollars were immediately handed over, and the paragraph published as a leader.

ADAM'S ALE.—The limpid stream, the tiny spring, the gurgling brook, and the mighty river, all proclaim that this is the only drink ever intended for man. The shipwrecked seaman, the weary traveler on the sandy desert, and the poor dying soldier on the battle field, all cry water! water! The rich man in the scriptures offered all of his possessions for just one drop. Man dies without it and yet for all this we are daily destroying its purity by mixing with it villainous compounds, not being satisfied with father Adam's good and wholesome drink.—How strange and incomprehensible is human nature.

'If you do not close that window, waiter I shall die from the draught,' said a lady at dinner. 'And if you do close it, I shall die from the heat in this hot weather!' exclaimed a stouter fair lady. Then there was a giggle among the diners at the dilemma of the waiter, when a literary gentleman present said, 'My good fellow, your duty is clear; close the window and kill one lady, and open it again and kill the other lady.'

A muddy stream flowing into one clear and sparkling, for a time rolls along by itself. A little further down they unite and the whole is impure. So youth, untouched by sin, may for a short time keep its purity in foul company, but a little later and they mingle.

'Jim, I believe Sambo has got no truth in him.' 'You don't know, dere an more truth in that nigar dan all the rest on the plantation.' 'How do you make dat out?' 'Why, he never lets any out.'

Mark Twain says: 'I have seen slower people than I am—and more deliberate people than I am—and even quieter, and more listless, and lazier people than I am. But they were dead.'

'Boy did you take an awful of my shingles on Sunday?' 'Why, sir mother wanted some kindling wood and I didn't want to split wood on a Sunday.'

A negro after gazing at the Chinese exclaimed, 'If do white folks is as dark as dat out der, I wonder what's the color ob de niggers.'

Josh Billings says: 'When a feller gets a gon down hill, it daz seam ez tho' everything had been greased for the kashan.'

If four men build a stone wall in nine days, how long will it take five men to build a like wall in six days?

When is Bridget like the kitchen fire?—When she's gone out; and likewise when she flares up.

A goat is as good as a milker, but succeeds better as a butter.

Why is the letter Y like a prodigal son? Because it makes pa pay!

When is water like fat? When it is dripping.

What color is a bucket? A rather pale (pail) color.

Promises made in the time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.

A lawyer in Indiana recently threw an inkstand at a presiding judge, and was sent to jail for six months.

On Devil has gone fishing—poor fish.