

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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## Select Poetry.

### HEAVENLY RAININGS.

Each human heart doth fondly look  
Back to the long ago;  
To childhood scenes, by field and brook,  
Where yet the heart would gladly look,  
For youthful joys to flow.

How years the heart to view again  
The scenes of childhood's days;  
The murmuring brook, the waterfall,  
The hazel glen, the ancient wall,  
The spot of merry plays.

And when viewed, how sadly changed,  
That atmosphere of joy;  
Time hath deranged the longed-for scene  
No mark is left of what has been,  
Of playhouse, book, or toy.

The fading eye will sadly gaze  
Upon the childhood scene;  
And strive to reproduce again,  
The grape vine swing, the weather vane,  
And scenes that once had been.

But that sad glance is but a dream,  
For youthful joys have fled;  
The hopes that kindled in the soul,  
And each sweet draught from pleasure's  
bowl  
Are buried with the dead.

Yes, it is written on the trees,  
And on the sky's blue dome,  
And zephyrs waft it through the vale,  
Wherever time's rude shafts assail,  
That "Earth is not our home."

### THE LAST TIME.

BY EMILIE RYLE.

There's a time for all things; there's a time  
to be gay;  
There's a time for dark night, and a time  
for bright day;  
There's a time when the heart should be  
happy and free;  
There's a time when light laughter no longer  
should be;  
There's a time for sweet youth, and a time  
for old age;  
There's a time when the infant will turn to  
the sage;  
There's a time when the past will a mock-  
ery seem;  
There's a time when the past will appear  
but a dream;  
There's a time that all dread—there's a last  
time in store;  
When the soft smile of loved ones can wel-  
come no more;  
There's a time when at peace in the grave  
we shall lie;  
There's a time when the noblest and brav-  
est must die.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### MARY MOORE.

All my life I had loved Mary Moore;  
all my life I had loved her.  
Our mothers were old play-mates, and  
first cousins. My first recollections are of  
a boy, in a red frock and morocco shoes,  
rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sun-  
ny haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a  
year old. That boy was myself—Harry  
Church; that baby was Mary Moore.

Later still, I see myself at the old school-  
house, drawing my little chair up to the  
door that Mary might ride home. Many  
a beating have I gained on such an occa-  
sion, for other boys besides me liked her,  
and she, I fear, was something of a flirt,  
even in her pinafore. How elegantly she  
came tripping down the steps when I cal-  
led her name; how sweetly her blue eyes  
longed at me; how gaily rang out her  
merry laugh. "No one but Mary could  
ever bring her heart so soon to her lips.  
I followed that laugh from the days of  
my childhood till I grew an awkward  
blushing youth; I followed it through the  
heated noon of manhood; and now when  
the frosts of age are silencing my hair,  
and many children climb upon my knee,  
and call me "father," I find that memo-  
ries of youth are strong, and that, even  
in gray hairs, I am following the music  
still.

When I was fifteen, the first great sor-  
row of my life came upon my heart. I  
was sent to school, and was obliged to part  
with Mary. We were not to see each other  
for three long years. This, to me, was like  
a sentence of death, for Mary was like  
life itself to me. But hearts are tough  
things after all.

I left college in all the flush of my nine-  
teenth year. I was no longer awkward or  
embarrassed. I had grown into a tall,  
slender stripling, with a very good opinion  
of myself both in general and particular.  
I thought of Mary Moore it was to im-  
agine how I could dazzle and bewilder me  
with my good looks and wonderful man-  
ner, and never thinking she might  
dazzle and bewilder me still more.  
I was a cockcomb, I know, but as youth  
and good looks have fled, I trust that I  
may be believed when I say that self-con-  
ceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made  
me at that time, and accepting it, I gave  
up all idea of a profession, and prepared  
to go to India. In my hurried visit home  
two days, I saw nothing of Mary Moore.  
She had gone to a boarding school some  
distance, and was not expected home un-  
til the following May. I uttered a sigh  
to the memory of my little blue-eyed play-  
mate, and then called myself "a man" a-  
gain.

In a year, I thought as the vehicle  
whirled away from our door—in a year,  
or three at the very most—I will return,  
and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be,  
why then, perhaps, I may marry her.

And thus I settled the future of a young  
man whom I had not seen for four years.

I never thought of the possibility of her  
refusing me—never dreamed that she would  
not condescend to accept my offer.

But now I know that had Mary met  
me then she would have despised me.—  
Perhaps in the scented and affected stu-  
dent she might have found plenty of sport;  
but as for loving me, I should have found  
myself mistaken. India was my salvation,  
not merely because of my success, but be-  
cause my laborious industry had counter-  
acted the evil in my nature, and had made  
me a better man. When at the end of  
three years I prepared to return, I said  
nothing of the reformation of myself,  
and they shall find out for themselves whether  
I am better worth loving than former-  
ly.

**SOCIAL HONOR.**—Every person should  
cultivate a nice sense of honor. In a hun-  
dred different ways this most fitting ad-  
junct of the true lady or gentleman is often  
tried. For instance, one is the guest of a  
family where, perhaps, the domestic ma-  
chinery does not run smoothly. There is  
sorrow in the house unsuspected by the  
outer world. Sometimes it is a dissipated  
son, whose conduct is a shame and grief  
to his parents; sometimes a relative, whose  
eccentricities and peculiarities are a cloud  
on the home. Or, worst of all, husband  
and wife may not be in accord, and there  
may be bitter words spoken and harsh  
reminiscences. In any of these cases the  
guest is in honor bound to be blind and  
deaf, as far as people without are concern-  
ed. If a gentle word within can do any  
good, it may well be said; but to go forth  
and reveal the shadow of an unhappy ac-  
cident to any one, even your nearest friend,  
it is an act of indelicacy and meanness al-  
most unparalleled. Once in the sacred  
precincts of any home, admitted to its pri-  
vacy, sharing its life, all that you see and  
hear is a sacred trust. It is as really con-  
fidential to gossip of such things as it  
would be to steal the silver or borrow the  
books and forget to return them.

I picked up many a token from that  
land of romance and gold for the friends  
I hoped to meet. The gift for Mary  
Moore I selected with a beating heart; it  
was a ring of rough, virgin gold, with my  
name and her's engraved inside—that was  
all, and yet the sight of the little toy  
strangely thrilled me as I balanced it up-  
on the tip of my finger.

To the eyes of others, it was but a small,  
plain trinket, suggesting thoughts perhaps,  
by its elegant form and a beautiful white  
hand that was to wear it. But not to me  
—how much was embodied there—all these  
delights were hidden within that ring of  
gold.

Tall, bearded and sun-bronzed, I knock-  
ed at the door of my father's house. The  
lights in the parlor window, and the hum  
of conversation and cheerful laughter,  
showed me that company was assembled  
there. I hoped that sister Lizzie would  
come to the door, and I might greet my  
family when no strange eye was carelessly  
looking on.

But no, a servant answered the sum-  
mons. They were too merry in the parlor  
to heed the long absent one who asked for  
admittance. A bitter thought like this  
ran through my mind as I heard the sound  
from the parlor, and I saw the half sup-  
pressed smile on the servant's face.

I hesitated a moment before making  
myself known or asking for any of the  
family. And while I stood silent a strange  
apparition grew up before me; from be-  
hind the servant, peered out a golden head,  
a tiny, delicate form and a sweet childish  
face, with blue eyes, so like to those of  
one who had brightened my boyhood, that  
started me with a sudden feeling of pain.  
"What is your name, my pretty?" I  
asked, while the wondering servant held  
the door.

"Mary Moore." "And what else?" I asked quickly.  
She lifted up her hand to shade her eyes.  
I had seen that very attitude in another,  
in my boyhood, many and many a time—  
and answered in a sweet, bird-like voice:  
"Mary Moore Chester," lisped the child.  
My heart sank down like lead. Here  
was an end to all the bright dreams and  
hopes of my youth and manhood. Frank  
Chester, my boyish rival, who had often  
tried in vain to usurp my place beside the  
girl, had succeeded at last, and had won  
her away from me. This was the child—  
his child and Mary's.

I sank, body and soul, beneath this  
blow, and hiding my face in my hands I  
leaped against the door, while my heart  
wept tears of blood. The little one gazed  
at me, grieved and amazed, and put up  
her pretty lips as if about to cry, while  
the perplexed servant stepped to the par-  
lor and called my sister out to see who it  
was that conducted himself so strangely.  
I heard a slight step, and pleasant voice,  
saying:

"Did you wish to see my father, sir?"  
"I looked up. There stood a pretty,  
sweet faced maiden of twenty, not much  
changed from the dear little sister I had  
loved so well. I looked at her for a mo-  
ment, and then stilling the tempest of my  
heart, by a mighty effort I opened my  
arms and said:

"Lizzie, don't you know me?"  
"Harry! oh, my brother Harry!" she  
cried, and threw herself upon my breast,  
and wept as if her heart would break.

I could not weep. I drew her gently  
into the lighted parlor, and stood with her  
before them all.

There was a rush, and a cry of joy, and  
then my father and mother sprang toward  
me, and welcomed me home with heartiest  
tears. Oh, strange and passing sweet is  
such a greeting to the way-worn traveler.

And as I held my dear old mother to my  
heart, and grasped my father's hand, who  
Lizzie clung beside me, I felt that all was  
not yet lost; and although another had  
secured life's most choicest blessing, many  
a joy remained for me in the dear sanctu-  
ary of home.

There were four other inmates of the

room, who had risen on my sudden en-  
trance. One was the blue-eyed child  
whom I had already seen, and who now  
stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to  
his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore,  
Mary's oldest sister, and in a distant cor-  
ner to which she had hurriedly retreated  
when my name was spoken, stood a tall  
and slender figure, half hidden by the  
heavy window curtains that fell to the  
floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was  
over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid  
grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.  
"Welcome home, my boy," he said, with  
the loud, cheerful tones I remembered so  
well. "You have changed so that I never  
would have known you; but no matter  
about that, your heart is in the right place,  
I know."

"How can you say he is changed?"  
said my mother, gently. "To be sure he  
looks older, graver, and more like a man  
than when he went away; but his eyes  
and smiles are the same as ever. It is a  
heavy heart which changes him. He is  
my boy still."

"Aye, mother," I answered, sadly, "I  
am your boy still."  
Heaven help me! At that moment I  
felt like a boy, and it would have been a  
blessed relief to have wept upon her bos-  
om as I had done in my infancy. But I  
kept down the beating of my heart, and  
the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly  
as I looked into her full handsome face so  
well.

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I  
think for the better."  
Oh, yes—thank you for the compliment,"  
he answered with a hearty laugh, "My  
wife tells me that I am getting handsom-  
er every day."

His wife! Could I hear that name and  
keep silent still.  
—And have you seen my little girl?" he  
added, lifting the infant in his arms, and  
kissing her crimsoned cheek. "I tell you,  
Harry, there is no such other in the world.  
Don't you think she looks very much like  
her mother used to?"

"Very much," I faltered.  
"Hallo!" cried Frank, with a sudden-  
ness which made me start violently. "I  
have forgotten to introduce you to my  
wife; I believe you and she used to be  
playmates in your young days—yes,  
Harry," and he slapped me on the back.

For the sake of old times, and because you  
were not at the wedding, I will give you  
leave to kiss her once, but mind, old fel-  
low, you are never to repeat the cere-  
mony. Come, here she is; for I want to  
see how you will manage those ferocious  
moustaches of yours in the operation."

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blush-  
ing, towards me. A gleam of light and  
hope almost too dazzling to bear came  
over me, and I cried out before I thought.  
"Not Mary!"

I must have betrayed my secret to ev-  
ery one in the room. But nothing was  
said; even Frank, in general so obtuse,  
was this time silent. I kissed the fair  
cheek of the young wife, and hurried to  
the sitting-room looking out of the window.

"Mary—Mary Moore!" I said in a low,  
eager tone, "have you no welcome to give  
the wanderer?"  
She turned, and laid her hand in mine,  
and said hurriedly—

"I am glad to see you here, Harry."  
Simple words, and yet how blessed they  
made me. I would not have yielded her  
up that moment for an emperor's crown.  
For there was the happy home group and  
dear home fireside, and with sweet Mary  
Moore. The eyes I had dreamed of day  
and night were falling beneath the ar-  
dent gaze of mine, and the sweet face I  
had so long prayed to see was there beside  
me. I never knew the meaning of hap-  
piness until that time.

Many years have passed since that hap-  
py night, and the hair that was dark and  
gay is fast turning gray. I am now  
grown to be an old man, and can look  
back to a happy, and I hope a well spent  
life. And yet, sweet as it has been, I  
would not recall a single day, for the love  
that made my manhood so bright, shines  
also upon my white hairs.

An old man! Can this be so? At heart  
I am as young as ever. And Mary, with  
her bright hair parted smoothly from a  
brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is  
still the Mary of other days. "To me she  
can never grow old or change. The heart  
that held her in infancy and sheltered her  
in the flush and beauty of womanhood,  
can never cast her out till life shall cease  
to warm it. Not even then, for love still  
lives above."

**SPEND WISKEY.**—Look well to your  
spending. No matter what comes in,  
more goes out you will always be poor—  
The art is not in making money, but keep-  
ing it; little expenses, like mice in a barn,  
when they are many make great waste—  
Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by  
straw the thack goes off the cottage; and  
drop by drop the rain comes into the  
chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the  
tap leaks but a drop a minute. When  
you mean to save, begin with your mouth;  
there are many thieves down the red  
lane. The all-jug is a great waste.

In all other things keep within compass.  
Never stretch your legs further than the  
blankets will reach, or you will soon be  
cold. In clothes, choose suitable and last-  
ing stuff, and not tawdry fancies. Do be  
warm in the main things. Never mind  
the looks. A fool may make money, but  
it needs a wise man to spend it. Remem-  
ber, it is easier to build two chimneys  
than to keep on going. If you give all  
to the saving bank. Fare hard and work  
hard while you are young, and you have  
a chance of rest when you are old.

Out in Iowa kisses are sold at fairs by  
the fair. A man pays a certain sum to  
the general fund, and then selects the girl  
or woman he desires to kiss.

## TRAINING.

BY HARRY FERN.

O, who would wed a dry-goods store?  
Not I so foolish be,  
For in life I think there's something more,  
Than being seen and to be seen.

"That's so," as they say out West—  
There is something more in life than to  
follow after fashion. This trailing the  
streets for display, that they may show  
off their silk dresses, is far from becoming  
in ladies. They should be in better busi-  
ness, especially if they covet the regard  
and admiration of the other sex. I tell  
you what it is, ladies, the men care not  
for your costly finery, but look upon your-  
selves to see if they can discover aught  
that is lovely or desirable in your person.  
You sit disconsolate in your houses, while  
the rain comes pouring down, and you  
long for the storm to cease, that you may  
once again sail along in sunshine upon  
the crowded pave, and spread out your  
many colors. Now, dear ladies, don't be  
snuffy with me, and put your aside lips,  
and think that I misjudge you, or wish to  
depreciate your worth. Not so—I ever  
would be the friend of woman, and while  
I would build up her virtue and the no-  
ble traits of character she evinces, still I  
must not fail to expose her points of weak-  
ness and folly, else I should be untrue to  
my mission. I would speak the truth in  
its simple plainness, and when I tell you  
that a man, intelligent and educated,  
when selecting a companion for life, enters  
not the ball-room to choose from its gay  
assemblage a partner of his joys and sor-  
rows; but seeks by the fireside of some  
peaceful home for his object. I hope you  
will agree with me that he obtains the  
pure gold while the dross is left behind.  
I speak for your highest good, therefore  
I hope you may be inclined to heed my  
advice and profit by it. Lay aside your  
robes of ornamental mockery and prove  
yourselves true women, such as true men  
adore. Home is a far superior place to  
the street promenade. If you are indus-  
trious you will show yourselves worthy  
the friendship of every high minded per-  
son, and though your trappings are laid  
aside yet you will not be forgotten, but  
your memory will be pleasant.

Lay aside the little jockey hat—leave  
behind your sashes and embroideries, and  
appear as God created you, and you will  
be considered by all whose opinion is wor-  
thy of acceptance, far more prepossessing  
than when topped off with the baubles of  
vanity. Do you believe all this, ladies?  
You cannot do otherwise, for your good  
sense must teach you all, and even more  
than is here asserted. You must know  
that another's good is not your own. Life  
is real, life is earnest, single blessedness  
is a fib; "Man thou art, to man returneth";  
has been spoken of the rib. Not enjoy-  
ment and not sorrow is our destined end  
or way, but to act that each to-morrow  
finds us nearer marriage day. Life is  
long and youth is fleeting, and our hearts  
throb with light and gay, still like pleasant  
drums are beating wedding marches all  
the day. In the world's broad fields of  
battle, in the bivouac of life, be not like  
dumb driven cattle—be a heroine—a  
wife! Trust no future, however pleasant;  
let the dead past bury their dead; act—  
act in the living present, heart within  
and hope ahead. Lives of married folks  
remind us we can make our lives as well  
and, departing, leave behind us such ex-  
amples as shall "tell"—such examples  
that another, reading time in the space of  
a forlorn, unmarried brother seeing, shall  
take heart and court. Let us, then, be up  
and doing, with a heart on triumph set;  
still pursuing, and each one a husband  
get.

**HOW TO BUILD A LIFE.**—Baskin, in  
one of his Oxford lectures, says: "I pray  
you with all earnestness to prove, and  
know within your hearts, that all things  
lovely and righteous are possible for those  
who believe in their possibility, and who  
determine that, for their part, they will  
make every day their work contribute to them.  
Let every dawn of morning be to you as  
the beginning of life, and every setting  
sun: be as its close; then let every one of  
these short lives leave its sure record of  
some kindly thing done for others—some  
godly strength gained for yourselves; so  
from day to day, and strength to strength,  
you shall build up indeed, by art, by  
thought, and by just will, an ecclesia of  
England of which it shall not be said—  
"See what manner of stones are here," but  
"See what manner of men."

**THE READY RECKONER.**—"Father, do  
you remember that mother asked you for  
two dollars this morning?"  
"Yes, my child, what of it?"  
"Do you remember that mother didn't  
get the two dollars?"  
"Yes. And I remember what little  
girls don't think about."  
"What is that, father?"  
"I remember that we are not rich, but  
you seem in a brown study. What is my  
daughter thinking about?"  
"I was thinking how much one cigar  
costs."  
"Why, it costs ten cents—not two dol-  
lars, by a long shot."  
"But ten cents three times a day is  
thirty cents."  
"That is as true as the multiplication  
table."  
"And there are seven days in the week."  
"That is so, by the almanac."  
"And seven times thirty cents are two  
dollars and ten cents."  
"Hold on, I'll surrender. Here, take  
the two dollars to your mother, and  
tell her that I'll do without cigars for a  
week."  
"Thank you, father, but if you would  
only say a year, it would save more than  
a hundred dollars. We would have shoes  
and dresses, and mother a nice bonnet,  
and lots of pretty things."  
"Well, to make my little girl happy, I  
will say a year."  
"Oh! that will be so nice! But would  
it not be about as easy so say always  
then we would have the money every year,  
and your lips would be so much sweeter  
when you kiss us."

**A BIT OF POETICAL PROSE.**—Tell us  
not in idle jingle "marriage is an empty  
dream" for the girl is dead that's single,  
and things are not what they seem. Life  
is real, life is earnest, single blessedness  
is a fib; "Man thou art, to man returneth";  
has been spoken of the rib. Not enjoy-  
ment and not sorrow is our destined end  
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## The Age of Our Earth.

Among the astounding discoveries of  
modern science is that of the immense pe-  
riods that have passed in the gradual for-  
mation of the earth. So vast were the  
cycles of the time preceding even the ap-  
pearance of man on the surface of our  
globe, that our own period seems as yester-  
day when compared with the epochs  
that have gone before it. Had we only  
the evidence of the deposits of rocks, heap-  
ed upon each other in regular strata by  
the slow accumulation of material, they  
alone would convince us of