

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC.

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THE WAYNESBORO' VILLAGE RECORD
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By W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.

HOME.

That is not home, where day by day,
I wear the busy hours away,
That is not home, where lonely night
Prepare me for the toils of light.
'Tis hope, and joy, and memory, give,
A home in which the heart can live.
These walls no lingering hopes endear;
No fond remembrance claims me here.
Cheerless, I leave the lonely night—
Ere, need I tell thee why?
'Tis where thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There are who strangely love to roam,
And find in wilds haunts, their home.
And some in halls of lordly state,
Who yet are homeless, desolate.
The warrior's home is tented plain;
The sailor's on the stormy main;
The maiden's in her bower of rest,
The infant's on his mother's breast.
And where thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There is no home in halls of pride:
They are too high, and cold and wide.
No home is by the wanderer found:
'Tis not in place—it hath no bound,
It is a circling atmosphere,
Investing all the heart holds dear;
A law of strange attractive force,
That holds the feelings in their course.
His presence undefined,
O'er-haunting the conscious mind,
O'er-love and Duty sweetly blend,
To consecrate the name of Friend.
Where'er thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

My love, forgive the anxious sigh—
I hear the moments rushing by,
And think that life is fleeting fast,
That youth with us will soon be past,
Oh, when will Time, consenting give
The home in which my heart can live?
Then shall the past and future meet,
And o'er our couch, in union sweet,
Extend their cherub wings, and show
Bright influence on the present hour.
Oh, when shall Israel's mystic guide,
The pillar'd cloud, our steps decide,
Then testing, spread its guardian shade
To bless the home which Love has made.
Daily, my love, shall thence arise
Our heart's united sacrifice;
And home indeed a home will be,
Thus consecrated and shared with thee.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A PERFECT CURE.

A contributor tells an exchange how he was permanently cured of fits. He was riding in the mining district of Nevada—one of those mushroom kind of growths common in the territories—when night came upon him. Frenzied and hungry, he drew up at a greasy, dirty shanty, which was called a tavern, and sought accommodations. He thus details his night's experience:

"The landlord could only give me a room with a bed-fellow.
'Very well, I don't object,' said I, as he led the way by the light of a miserable tallow dip, which he left with me to light me to bed.
I surveyed the room, and particularly my bed-fellow. He was a mild looking man. I thought—perhaps a class-leader in some primitive log church near by. His repose was so quiet and child-like that I thought we would sleep peacefully together for the night; but before I had blown the candle out he opened a guinea that seemed like a cross between a saw and a sawing a board, and my feelings at once became malicious toward him.
I blew out the light and turned in, and still the snore continued. The moon had risen making every object in the room visible.
I hunched my friend, and as he opened his eyes with a snip, he said:
'By jingo! how you scared me, Mister! You going to sleep here to-night?'

'Yes.'
'Well, I'm mighty glad of it. I always like company. It's kinder lonesome to sleep alone.'
'Yes, it is so. Bardon me for waking you, but I thought it my duty to tell you that I sometimes take fits.'
'What, fits? You don't say so, Mister?'

'Yes I do. I am not particularly dangerous, but I bite sometimes; so be careful that I don't get my teeth into you.'
'Well, I'll be doggoned! I hope you won't have any fits.'
'So do I.'
'I hope, Mister, you won't bite me if you do have any fits?'

'O, I hope not.'
He drew a long breath, then said:
'Well, I'm afraid I won't sleep any to-night.'
'O, don't less any sleep.'
'But how am I to know when you are going to have fits?'

'O, I grieve, and breathe hard, and foam at the mouth; and, when you hear me snap my teeth like a dog, then you had better look out.'
'Well, I'm blamed if I ain't sorry, Mister, you come in here. I'm afraid you'll be more company than I want.'
'O, don't be uneasy; I sometimes don't have any for months. Let's go to sleep; and I pretended to drop off into peaceful slumber.
My companion rolled and tumbled uneasy for some time, then dropped off into a restless sleep, and soon commenced that old snore just where he left off when I woke him up. That decided me upon

having a fit, and with a fearful, and a horrible groaning, I set my nails into his arms, and my teeth into his shoulder, just hard enough to nip nicely, but it was just enough for the purpose. With a terrible yell he sprang from the bed, and went flying down stairs exclaiming:
'Oh, dear, he's got fit's, he's got fit's!—He's bit a piece out of my shoulder!'

The landlord, with a crowd from the bar-room, came hurrying up, and found me just recovering from the effects of a fit; and giving me a hot toddy from his own private bottle he left me. He carried with him the clothing of my bed-fellow, who had thrown in an blanket down stairs, resolved to be bitten no more by men having fits.

It was delicious to have the whole bed to myself, and I luxuriated in it by stretching myself entirely across it. I had soon dropped into a slumber, peaceful and innocent as my childhood, when I was aroused by some one roughly shaking my shoulder and saying:
'Wake up, stranger, and move over.—Half this bed's mine.'

I opened my eyes on a six-foot teamster, who was pulling off his rough boots. A rough looking specimen he was; but he annoyed me most by taking up two-thirds of the bed, and crowding me to the wall. I concluded to try another fit, and said:
'My friend!'

'Oh! shut up your trap, I'm sleepy.'
'But I thought I'd tell you that I have fits.'
'Well, sit away, so you don't wake me.'
'But I bite when I have them.'
'Well, bite the bed-post, then.'

Now, this ought to have convinced me that he was the wrong customer, but it didn't; and waiting until he was sound asleep, like a fool, I buckled in, and set my teeth and nails into him in splendid style, while I began to groan fearfully.—It was the best fit I ever had, a perfect success on my part; but the way that chap jumped out of bed and mauled me around the room was the most perfect success in pugilistic treatment ever experienced. He brought me out of that fit, though. He cured me completely of it. I don't think I'll ever have another; but I didn't like his medicine.
My eyes all blacked up, my nose bled, lip split open, one ear fastened to my head, my shirt front all torn off, and to make the matter worse, the fellow was asleep in five minutes after, as though nothing had happened.

The next morning I went down late to breakfast, and all crowded around to see the man who had fits, and to tell me that my horse was stolen. The mild-looking man, my first bed-fellow, had gone off with him.

A Little Sermon.

At a railroad station, not long ago, one of the beautiful lessons which all should learn was taught in such a natural, simple way, that none could forget it. It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late, the ladies were dark and snaky, and the dozing women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, looking cross, and low-spirited, or stupid.

Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with the palsy, came in with a basket of little wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. No, body bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if refusing to go out in the storm again. She turned presently, and poked about the room as if trying to find something, and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear. I'm looking for the heat-in' place, have you any more I go out ag'n. My eyes are poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowhere."
'Here it is, and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.
'Well, now, ain't that nice?' said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. 'Thankee, dear; this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm most froze to death to-day, bein' lame and aching, and not selling much made me sort of down-hearted.'

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it to the old woman, and said, as respectfully and kind as if the poor soul had been dressed in silk and fur, 'Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this.'
'Sakes alive! You give me tea at this depot?' cried the old lady in a tone of innocent surprise, that made a smile go round the room, touching the glum face like a streak of sunshine. 'Well, now, this is just lovely,' added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. 'That does warm my heart.'

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap, pins, shoe-strings, and cheered the old soul by paying for them.
As I watched her doing this I thought what a sweet face she had, and thought I considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me, and, as I saw a look of interest, sympathy and kindness come into the faces around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out.—It was only a kind word and a friendly act; but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women; and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw my eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman, with many thanks, got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their negligence.

There were no gentleman present to be impressed by the lady's kind act, so it was not done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it, except the thanks of a poor old woman. But the simple little charity was as good as a sermon, and I think each traveler went on her way better for that half hour in the dreary station.—S. S. Workman.

A Persevering Chap.

Some years since there resided in Washington, a very lovely girl, who wished to marry a young man named Robert—, an engagement having been recently entered into between them, of that effect.

Her father, however, objected to this match with one of his clerks, and when the lady received a tempting proposal from a wealthy suitor, the paternal influence soon effected a marriage despite the previous engagement. In less than three months her husband was killed by a kick from a horse. Robert was a second time a suitor, but delayed the important question until fifteen months had elapsed, when, to his horror, she informed him that she was engaged. In three months thereafter she was married. Two years elapsed, when the married couple removed to Syracuse, N. Y., where, among the victims of the cholera, he and she perished.

He said he always felt a pity for poor, tired foot-travelers, for twenty years ago when he was a boy, traveling on foot near this place, some kind-hearted woman ordered the coachman to take me up, and paid for his seat.
I remember that very well, said she, for I am that lady; but my condition is very much changed.—Then I was very rich; but now I am reduced to poverty by the bad conduct of a prodigal son.
Then the captain shook hands with her, and said how glad he was to see her. I have been very successful, said he, and am now going home to live on my fortune;—and now my good friend I will set, 25 pounds; that is \$125—upon you every year as long as you live. God paid her back again more than a hundred fold; what she gave it pity to that poor boy.—Dr. Newton's "Best Loan."

A Good Action Repaid.

Nearly half a century ago, long before railroads were invented, a stage-coach used to run every day between Glasgow and Greenoch, in Scotland. One day a lady who was traveling in this coach, noticed a boy traveling barefooted, and looking very tired as he struggled to get along.—She asked the coachman to take him up and give him a seat, and she would pay for it.

When they arrived at the inn at Greenoch, which was a seaport town, she asked the boy what he came there for. He said he wished to be a sailor, and hoped some of the captains would engage him. She gave him a crown, wished him success, and told him to be a good boy, and try to love and serve God.

After this, twenty years passed away. One afternoon the coach was going along the same road, returning to Glasgow. Among the passengers was a sea captain. When they reached about the same spot, just above referred to, the captain observed an old lady on the road, walking very slowly, and looking very tired and weary. He asked the driver to put her in the coach as there was an empty seat, and he would pay for her. Shortly after, as they were changing horses, all the passengers got out except the captain and old lady.

As they were alone the lady thanked the captain for his kindness, in giving her a seat, as she was unable to pay for one. He said he always felt a pity for poor, tired foot-travelers, for twenty years ago when he was a boy, traveling on foot near this place, some kind-hearted woman ordered the coachman to take me up, and paid for his seat.

Would you keep your eye complexion, wear thick-soled shoes.
Would you enjoy quiet content, do away with airs and pretense.
Would you have others respect your opinions, respect and never disdain them yourself.
Would you marry and be happy, to an ounce of love add at least a grain of good sense and judgment, in choosing a companion.
Would you have good health, go out in the sunshine. Sickness is worse than froelicks.
Would you respect yourself, keep your heart and body clean.
Would you retain the love of a friend, do not be selfishly exacting.
Would you gain the confidence of business men, do not try to support the style of your employer, on a small salary.
Would you never dread to look any one in the face, pay your debts.
Would you never be told a lie, do not ask personal questions.
Would you sleep well and have a good appetite, attend to your own business.
Would you command the respect of men, never permit yourself to indulge in vulgar jokes or conversation.
Would you save yourself annoyance, do not stir up a dirty lot of scandal.
Would you deserve the name of lady, never, either to men or women, descend to obsequy or low illusions. To your face they may laugh at your wit, but to others they will speak disrespectfully of you.—Eln Orton.

Would You?

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Story of a Hotel Bill.

We find this amusing story in the New York correspondence of the Boston Herald.
We are all familiar with the frequent extortions practiced by hotel keepers in this country, upon those of their patrons who, it is supposed, will endure anything. Not long ago, a young lady who had come here from New England with her mother, with the view of taking lessons in music, went to one of the uptown houses to stay for a week or two, until she could board in a private family. The morning she was to leave she went for the bill for herself and mother, a lady of nearly sixty, who occupied a room, No. 45, adjoining that of her daughter. Miss was amazed to find that her bill amounted to \$175, because she knew it ought not to be more than \$60 or \$70 at the outside. As no times were given, she returned the account to the office with the request that the bill should be inserted. The bill went back with two or three specifications, and "sundries" set down at \$70. Once more she returned the bill, demanding to know what the "sundries" might be. The clerk explained through the servant that "sundries" was the polite term for "drinks," which so enraged the young lady that she demanded to see the extraordinary accountant in person. He made himself visible in due season, and the delicate spiritual looking girl confronted him by asking if he supposed she had drunk in eight or nine days \$70 worth of liquor. As may be imagined, he was somewhat abashed, and said with confusion: "I beg pardon, Miss; it is a mere clerical error. This is 44; the drinks should have been charged to 45—the next door, you see—a room occupied by an old fellow who drinks like a fish." "Permit me to introduce to you the old fellow," replied Miss, pushing open the door standing ajar, and revealing to his confounded gaze one of the gentlest and saintliest-looking old ladies he had ever beheld. The clerk said nothing, but dashed down the stairs, and in a minute a receipted bill was once more returned, with the "sundries" omitted.

While there is much misery and sin in the world, a man has no right to lull himself to sleep in a paradise of self-improvement and self-enjoyment, in which there is but one supreme Adam; one perfect specimen of humanity—namely, himself. He ought to go out and work—fight, fight if it must be, whatever duty calls him.

An Astonished Conductor.

"Get aboard, old limpy," said a pert conductor to an aged, plainly-dressed man, standing on the platform, waiting for the signal to depart; "get aboard, old limpy or you'll get left."
At the signal, the old gentleman quietly stepped aboard and took a seat by himself. When the conductor, in taking up the tickets, came to him and demanded his fare, he replied:
"I do not pay fare on this road."
"Then I will put you off at the next station." The conductor passed on, and a passenger, who had seen the transaction said to him:
"Did you know that old gentleman?"
"No, I did not."
"Well, it is Mr. —, the President of this road."
The conductor changed color, and bit his lips, but went on and finished taking up the tickets. As soon as he had done he returned to "old limpy," and said:
"Sir, I resign my station as conductor."
"Sit down here, young man. I do not wish to harm you; but we run this road for profit and to accommodate the public, and we make it an invariable rule to treat every person with perfect civility, whatever garb he wears, or whatever infirmity he suffers. This rule is imperative upon every one of our employes.—I shall not remove you for what you have done, but it must not be repeated a second time."
That conductor afterward never saw among his passengers another "old limpy."

A negro boy of eight, has a picture primer to teach him his letters. One of the pictures is that of a bull chasing a boy, which the little darkey watches from day to day, gleefully exclaiming: "He hasn't caught him yet."

HISTORIC PHRASES.—Samuel Adams known for many things, seldom had his name associated with the phrase first applied by him to England—"Nation of shopkeepers."

Franklin has said many things that have passed into maxims, but nothing that is better known and remembered than "he has paid too dear for his whistle."

Washington made but few epigrammatic speeches. Here is one: "To be prepared for war is the most effectual means of preserving peace."

Old John Dickinson wrote of Americans in 1778: "By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall."

Patrick Henry, as every school-boy knows, gave us: "Give me liberty or give me death," and "If this be treason, make the most of it."

Thomas Paine had many quotable epigrammatic sentences: "Rose like a rocket, fell like a stick;" "Times that try men's souls;" "One step from the sublime to the ridiculous," etc.

Joshua Quincy, Sr., said: "Wherever or however we shall be called on to make our exit, we will die freeman."

Henry Leo gave Washington his immortal title: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Charles Cotesworth Pinckney declared in favor of "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

"Cacably if we can, forcibly if we must," is from Joshua Quincy, 1811.

Andrew Jackson gave us, "The Union—it must be preserved."

A WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.—Thou shalt have no other wife but me, nor shalt thou in thy sleep dream of other women.

Thou shalt not take unto thy house any beautiful, sly, brazen imago of a servant girl to make love to when my back is turned, for I am a jealous wife.

Honor thy wife's father and mother—wear a smile when they meet thee.

Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbor, but outshine him in dressing thy wife and babies.

Thou shalt not let thy wife have the last word in every row.

Thou shalt not get drunk, nor go to bed with thy boots on.

Thou shalt not say nice words to other ladies in my presence, nor praise them in our privacy—remember I am a jealous wife.

Thou shalt not stay out, after nine o'clock at night, nor snore at my side, nor kick in my sleep.

Remember, oh thou Benedict, these commandments and keep them holy, for they are the law and gospel.

GREAT MEN.—There are no "mute Miltons." If a man has something to say he will inevitably say it. It is one of the pleasantest self-delusions to imagine that we might have been this or that had circumstances been kinder. The truth is that the man with the right stuff in him makes his own circumstances. He does not sit down at the feet of Destiny; he gets up and elbows her out of his way.

Very few of the world's great men have been born with, so to say, a gold spoon in their mouths. They have come up from toil, from penury, and become kings and princes among men by the sheer force of soul that was in them. If there be a human soul of any true and great power it will find expression. If we are weak and infirm of purpose and unsuccessful, we may be sure that it was not in use to do anything else.

FATHERS, A THOUGHT FOR YOU.—"What will you take to drink?" asked a waiter of a young lad, who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. Uncertain what to say—feeling sure he could not be wrong if he followed his father's example, he replied, "I'll take what father takes."

The answer reached the father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. And the father shuddered at the history of several young men, once as promising as his own bright lad, and ruined by drink, started up in solemn warning before him.

Rapidly these thoughts went through his mind. "If the boy falls, he will have me to blame;" and then in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said:
"Waiter! I'll take water;" and from that day to this, strong drink has been banished from that man's house.

Profanity never did any may the least good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to society; it is disgusting to the refined, and abominable to the good.

O no watch set right will do to try many by; but on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood. And the same may be said of example.

Never stand aside for trifles. Let them do that to honor you.

We should give as we receive—cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation, for there is no grace in a benefit that seeks to be repaid.

True religion shows its influence in every part of our conduct, it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates the distant boughs.

A Party of Forte Wayne young gentlemen dined sumptuously at a restaurant; and each one insisted on paying the bill to decide the matter it was proposed to blindfold the waiter, and the first one he caught should pay the bill. He hasn't caught any yet.

Wit and Humor.

The book to which reference is most frequently made—the pocket-book!

Why is the road of transgressors so hard?—Because it is so much traveled.

Why should young ladies set good examples?—Because young men are apt to follow them.

Should you feel inclined to censure?—Faults you may in others view, Ask your own life, ere you venture "If that has not failings too."

To converse with the spirits—Lay a sixpence on the table at a grog-shop, and they'll show themselves quicker than you can say beans.

A brick fell from a scaffold, on the head of a passing negro. "Ering dem dare peanut-shell another way, won't yer," was the darkey's advice, as he scratched his wool.

Mr. Garver, doing the honors of the table, said to one of the guests, a fashionable dressed girl of the period, "I see that you have plenty of breast, Miss, but do have a little more dressing!"

FOND MOTHER.—"Come here, my son, and hand me that strap. It hurts me very much to whip you." Young hopeful—"No, it don't hurt you half so much as it does me; if it did you wouldn't do it so often, too; now."

A colored debating society at Covington, Ga., lately considered the stupendous question, which is the more useful, paper or gun-powder? The president was for a long time in great doubt, as to which side had produced the strongest argument, when one of the powder side arose and very gravely said: "Mr. President, 'spose dar was a bar out at the door, and you was to go dar and shake the paper at him, you'd see what dar would do. But jes shoot a cannon at him and mark de result. I calls for de question." The President forthwith decided the favor of powder.

Rev. Mr. — had traveled far to preach to a congregation at —. After the sermon he waited very patiently, evidently expecting some of his brethren to invite him to dinner. In this he was disappointed. One after another departed until the church was almost as empty as the minister's stomach. Summoning resolution, however, he walked up to an elderly gentleman and gravely said: "Will you go home to dinner, with me to-day brother?" "Where do you live?" "About twenty miles from this, sir." "No," said the man, coloring, "but you must go with me." "Thank you—I will cheerfully." After that time the minister was no more troubled about his dinner.

In 1873 a fat man rushed into the office of a well-known New Hampshire lawyer, and told him he was drafted.

"The duce you are!" said the lawyer, "It must be a strong man that could draft a man of your size?"

"Well, I am drafted, and want you to get me off, I will pay you well for it."

"Very well; and they proceeded to the office of the provost marshal.

"Here, said the lawyer, I've got a substitute."

"He won't do," said the marshal.—"He's too fat and wheezy; he can't march."

"Cannot you take him just for me?" said the lawyer.

"No," said the marshal, "it's no use. I don't want him." This was just what the lawyer wanted.

"He won't do ch?"

"No he won't do the marshal.

"Well, then, scratch his name off the list, for he is drafted, and came here with me to be exempted."

The marshal saw they had proved too much for him, and without another word ordered the man's exemption papers.

What was His other Name.

As Artemus Ward was once traveling in the cars, dreading to be bored, and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down and said:
"Did you hear that last thing on Horlous ace Greely?"

"Greely? Greely?" Said Artemus, "Horace Greely? Who is he?"

The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said:
"George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England, do you think sir, that they will put him in a bastle?"

"Train Train, George Francis Train," said Artemus, solemnly; "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quiet for fifteen minutes then he said:
"What do you think about Gen. Grant's chances for the presidency. Do you think they will run him?"

"Grant, Grant! hang it, man," said Artemus; "You appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious; he walked up and down the car, but at last came back and said:
"You confounded ignoramus, did you ever hear of Aduln?"

Artemus looked up and said:
"What was his other name?"

Rio, Jantiro has a compulsory education law.

The report that Governor Seward is dangerously ill is untrue.

Subscribe to the "Record."

This is the first time that fifteen thousand people have organized fifteen thousand people.

Business entrusted to his care door to the Bowden House, in the Walker Building. July 6

JOSEPH DOUGLAS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WAYNESBORO', PA.

Practices in the several Courts of Franklin and adjacent Counties. N. B.—Real Estate Leased and sold, and Fire Insurance effected on reasonable terms. December 10, 1871.

D. A. STOFFER, DENTIST, GREENCASTLE, PA.

Experienced in Dentistry, will insert you sets of Teeth at prices to suit the times. Feb. 16, 1871.

DR. A. H. STRICKLER, (FORMERLY OF MERCERSBURG, PA.) OFFERS his Professional services to the Citizens of Waynesboro' and vicinity.

Dr. Strickler has relinquished an extensive practice at Mercersburg, where he has been prominently engaged for many years in the practice of his profession.

He has opened an Office in Waynesboro', at the residence of George Besore, Esq., 115 Father-in-law, where he can be found 10 times when not professionally engaged. July 20, 1871—tf.

A. K. BRANISHOLTS, RESIDENT DENTIS

Waynesboro', Pa.

Can be found at all times at his office where he is prepared to insert teeth on the best basis in use, and at prices to suit the times, each extracted, without pain by the use of nitroform, ether, nitrous oxide gas, or the new process, in a manner surpassed by none.

The undersigned being acquainted with A. K. Branisholts for the past year, can recommend him to the public generally to be a Dentist well qualified to perform all operations belonging to Dentistry in the most skillful manner.

Drs. J. B. AMBERSON, I. N. SNIVELY, E. A. HERRING, J. M. RIPLEY, J. J. OELLIG, A. S. BONBRAKE, T. D. FRENCH, sept 29tf

C. A. S. WOLF, DEALER IN WATCHES AND JEWELRY, 883 WEST BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

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BARBERING!

The subscriber informs the public that he continues the Barbering business in the room next door to Mr. Reid's Grocery