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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



THE DYING STUDENT'S SOLILOQUY.

To die! 'tis but to cease from pain, To sink and never rise again...

Miscellaneous Reading.

FORTUNATE BLUNDER.

"What's that you say, Hayden? The Bolton Bank broke? It can't be possible."

Woman like Ellen Neal," was the indignant response. "Then so much the better for her, that I should leave her to be appropriated by some one that is—you, for instance..."

"Sir—Mr. Hayden," faltered Ellen, deeply wounded at language so different from what she had anticipated. "I am at a loss to understand why you should rejoin over my misfortune..."

to show him that I, too, could look elegant in plain clothes. But all was in vain. My hopes waned steadily, and the mortifying certainty was announced to me by Lucy herself, when she asked me to be her bridesmaid...

THE FRIEND FOR ME. When you find a faithful friend Keep him, trust him to the end...

Some return your love, and seem Joyous as a sunlit stream, Clinging to you while in health...

Things to be Remembered. Edward Everett became over-heated in testifying in a court room, went to Faneuil Hall, which was cold, sat in a draught of air until his turn came to speak...

Force of Imagination. An esteemed friend of ours heard much of the medicinal properties of the waters of a certain spring some distance from where she resided...

WHAT EDUCATION DOES.—The primary object of education is as the word implies, to develop and unfold the powers of the mind, to culture and discipline those powers to call forth in the spring time...

Go on the cash system. It makes you independent, you can dictate your own terms, and almost make your own bargains. If a merchant wants to ask you more than a piece of cloth is worth, tell him you don't want it...

My Ugly Cousin. I hate ugly girls. They are the slyest, most artful creatures. You never know what to expect of them, or how to circumvent them...

SELF RESPECT.—Teach a man to think meanly and contemptible of himself, to cast off all sense of character, and moral persuasion can no more act upon him than if he were dead...

WHY IS A NEGRO'S LIMB LIKE A GAMBLER'S? Because it is a black-leg.

WHY IS A GREENHORN IN A LARGE CITY LIKE GOOD BUTTER? Because he is liable to be sold.

A FASCINATING GENTLEMAN OF WILLIAMSBURG, Mass., dining upon a tough fowl in a Boston hotel, asked the landlord where the fowl came from...

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TERRIBLE CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA. The Pittston (Pa.) Gazette gives the following particulars of a most distressing case of hydrophobia...

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Wit and Humor.

How to get a good wife—take a good girl and go to the parson.

An ass may bray a good while before he shakes the stars down.

When is a woman like a sparrow? when she's in earnest (in her nest).

A single woman has generally a single purpose, and we all know what that is.

Why is a negro's limb like a gambler's? Because it is a black-leg.

Why is a man that has been knocked down like a newly finished house? Because he has been floored.

Why is a greenhorn in a large city like good butter? Because he is liable to be sold.

A Crusty old bachelor in Congress, proposes to levy a tax of 25 per cent. on corpses, whereupon a down east paper remarks—"Since there is no tax on men getting tight, why should not ladies have the same privilege?"

A fascinating gentleman of Williamsburg, Mass., dining upon a tough fowl in a Boston hotel, asked the landlord where the fowl came from. She replied that it came from Williamsburg. "Impossible!" exclaimed the gentleman, "for the town hasn't been incorporated over fourteen years."

A Green County farmer recklessly publishes the following challenge: I will bet \$42 25 that my hired man can take longer to go to the harvest field, get back to dinner quicker, eat more, do less, and bear down harder on a pannel of the fence, than any other hired man within fifteen miles of the flag-staff in Jefferson.

"My son," said a good mother to her young hopeful, "did you wish your teacher a happy New Year?" "No, ma'am," responded the boy. "Well, why not?" "Because," said the youth, "he isn't happy unless he's whipping some of us boys, and I was afraid if I wished him happiness, he'd go for me."

Two colored preachers were in the same pulpit together. While one was preaching he happened to say, "When Abraham built the ark." The one behind him strove to correct his blunder by saying out loud, "Abraham wasn't there." But the speaker pushed on heedless of the interruption, and only took occasion to repeat, still more decidedly, "I say, when Abraham built the ark." "And I say," cried out the other, "Abraham wasn't there." The preacher was too hard to be beaten down in this way, and addressing the people, exclaimed with great indignation, "I say Abraham was there or thereabouts."

"Look here, squire, whar was you born?" said a persistent Yankee to a five minutes' acquaintance. "I was born," said the victim, "in Tremont street, No. 44, left hand side, on the 1st of August, 1810, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon; physician, Dr. Warren, nurse, Sally Benjamin." Yankee was answered completely. "For a moment he was struck. Soon however, his face brightened, and he quickly said: "Yes; wa'al, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or a brick house, dew ye?"

A newly fledged Philadelphia doctor recently settled in Havana, Ill., and the first case he had was a boy, while he was shelling pop-corn, got a kernel in his wind pipe. The doctor examined the case carefully looked at the patient's tongue and then told the father of the boy to build up a hot fire. When the fire was done the doctor told them to take the boy and hold him over the fire until the kernel got hot enough to "pop out." The old man went up stairs and got his shot gun, but while he was loading it, the doctor escaped.

A DECIDED NON-COMMITTAL.—Old Lady—"Can you tell me, my good man, where I can find Mr. Jones?" "Pat—There, ma'am I expect it would be at his house you would find him."

Lady—"Does he live anywhere in this street?" "Pat—Sure, no indeed; it's not for the like of his to be livin' in the street at all."

Lady—"You stupid fellow, I mean what number does his family stop at?" "Pat—"Now, ma'am, you have me; he has six boys and four girls already, but whether he means to stop at the number"

Lady—"Oh, you blockhead!" "Exit old lady in a tremor of indignation"

"We venture to give the following receipt for the selection of a wife: A place for everything in and everything in its place. Select not an old man to his daughter. Select not a young man, who will ever step over a broomstick."

The son was obedient to the lesson. "Now," said he, pleasantly, on a May day, to one of his companions, "Appoint this broomstick to choose me a wife. The young lady who will not step over it, shall have the offer of my hand."

They passed from the splendid saloon to the grove. Some tumbled over the broomstick, others jumped over it. At length a young lady stooped and put it in its place. The promise was fulfilled.—She became the wife of an educated and wealthy young man, and he the husband of a prudent, and industrious loving wife. He brought a fortune to her, and she knew how to save one. It is not easy to decide which was under the greatest obligations, both were rich, and both had ed the other.

"Reform, O Lord, the heart of thy handmaid here before thee, we beseech thee; and wilt thou enable her to count forty?"

The "meanest man" in Central Illinois is a farmer living near Decatur. He discourages his laborer, Saturday night, and charges them for board over Sunday.

Every fourth year is set apart as being peculiarly the woman's year, because she has one more day to talk than any other.