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Select Poetry.



ROBERT B. FINE.

BY J. MONTGOMERY.

The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream.
Around us each discolored chain
In sparkling ruin lies;
And earthy hand can ne'er again
Unite those broken ties.

The parent of our youthful home,
The kindred that we loved,
Far from our arms perchance may roam
To desert seas removed.
We have watched their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes;
And sighed to think how sadly death
Can sever human ties.

The friends, loved ones of our youth,
They too are gone or changed,
Or worse than all, there love and truth
Is darkened or estranged,
They meet us in the glittering throng,
With cold averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep their wrongs,
And mourn our broken ties.

Oh! who in such a world as this
Could bear their lot of pain;
Did not our radiant hope of bliss
Uncolored yet remain?
That hope the sovereign Lord has given
Who reigns above the skies;
Hope that unites our souls to Heaven,
By faith's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above,
And every pang that rings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A BOLD RECEPTION.

It was my first visit North since I had taken up my abode and entered on the practice of my profession in New Orleans. In the city of New York I had a very dear friend—my old chum and classmate—George Dickson; and, as he was the only person in the great metropolis, of course I lost no time in looking him up.

Three years had passed since our last meeting, but ten could scarcely have produced a change more marked than had taken place in the appearance and manner of my friend.

Our first greeting and friendly inquiries over, I longed yet forbore to ask the cause of my friend's melancholy. I felt sure, in due time, of being the confident of his secret, provided that no motive of delicacy prompted its concealment.

That evening, in my room at the hotel, George told me his story. He had formed an attachment for a young lady, whose grace of mind and person he portrayed with all the fervor of a lover's eloquence. She had returned his affection, but the father had opposed his suit, having set his heart on the marriage of his daughter to a nephew of his.

This nephew was a young physician of prodigious character, my friend assured me—but that may have been prejudice—whom had long but unsuccessfully wooed his cousin, to whom his proffers were as repugnant as to her father they were acceptable.

Some months since Mr. Parsons—the young lady's father—had gone South on business, accompanied by his nephew. At New Orleans he had been seized by sudden illness, which terminated fatally in three days.

On the day preceding his death he had executed a will (which had since been duly proved by the deposition of the attesting witnesses) containing a solemn request that his daughter, to whom he had left the whole estate, should accept the hand of his nephew in marriage, coupled with a provision that in case the latter refused within a specified period to enter into the proposed union, the entire estate devised to the daughter should be forfeited to the nephew.

To sacrifice her fortune to her heart's choice would not have cost Julia Parsons a moment's hesitation, and nothing could have more delighted George Dickson than so fair an opportunity of showing how superior his devotion was to all consideration of personal advantage. But her father's dying request, in Julia's eyes, was sacred. It had surprised and stunned her it is true, for in her many conferences on the subject he had never hinted anything like coercion.

Young Parsons had not the magnanimity to forego his ungenerous advantage. He might have been content with his cousin's fortune alone, but his right to that depended on his offer and her rejection of an alliance which she felt in conscience bound to accept. The brief season of grace which she had been compelled to pass even with tears, had already almost passed, and a few more days would witness the consummation of two hearts to hopeless misery.

At the conclusion of my friend's narrative, in which, by reasons that may hereafter be developed, I felt a peculiar inter-

How to Get the Best Place.

I saw a young man in the office of a Western railway superintendent. He was occupying a position that four hundred boys in that city would have wished to get. It was honorable, and "it paid well," besides being in the line of promotion. How did he get it? Not by having a rich father, for he was the son of a laborer.

The secret was his beautiful accuracy. He began as errand-boy, and did his work perfectly. His leisure time he used in perfecting his writing and arithmetic. After while he learned to telegraph. At each step his employer commended his accuracy, and relied on what he did because he was sure it was right. And it is thus with every occupation. The accurate boy is the favored one. Those who employ men do not want to be on the constant lookout, as though they were rogues or fools. If a carpenter must stand at his journeyman's elbow to be sure his work is right, or if a cashier must run over his book-keeper's columns, he might as well do that work himself as employ another to do it in that way; and it is very certain that the employer will get rid of such an inaccurate workman as soon as possible.

I knew such a young man. He had a good chance to do well, but he was so inaccurate and unreliable that people were afraid to trust him. If he wrote a deed, or a mortgage, or a contract, he was sure either to leave out something to make it an imperfect paper. He was a lawyer without business, because he lacked the noble quality of accuracy. Just across the street from him was another young lawyer, who was proverbial for accuracy. He was famous for searching titles, and when he wrote out the history of a title to a piece of property, it was taken for granted as just so. His aim was absolute accuracy in everything. If he copied a conveyance, or cited a legal authority, or made a statement, he aimed to do it exactly. The consequence is, he is having a valuable practice at the bar, and is universally esteemed.

"But," says some boy, "when I become a man, that is the way I shall do. I mean to be very accurate."

Perhaps so. I could tell better if I knew just how you do your work now. There are several ways of getting a lesson. One is, to get it "tolerably well," which does not cost much labor; the other way is, to get it faultlessly well, which costs a great deal of labor. A boy can get a general idea of his lesson "in a jiffy," but to get it with accuracy is very hard, and requires both time and industry. If you, my boy, to-day are getting your lesson in the slipshod way; but if to-day your habit is to get every lesson with perfect accuracy, I warrant you will do it when you become a man. How is it?—*Frederic Tustin.*

Next afternoon found me in the office of Dr. Parsons. "Dr. Parson, I presume?" were the words with which I accosted the gentleman I had seen at the theatre. "Yes sir."

"You may not remember me, Doctor, but I believe we have met before."

"I beg your pardon for not recollecting the occasion."

"You were in New Orleans last winter, were you not?"

"I was," he answered with embarrassment. "I am the gentleman on whom you called to draft a will."

He turned pale and made no reply. "I saw the record of that will in the Surrogate office this morning," I resumed; "and—"

"You speak of my uncle's will," he hastily interrupted.

"And yet," I continued, "you said it was yours when you applied to have it written. You presented yourself as desirous of executing such a document preparatory to embarking on a perilous voyage. The paper was drawn in accordance with your instructions, leaving the date to be filled at the time of signing. Your locks were gray then, and you certainly looked old enough to have a marriageable daughter; but your disease was not perfect, and I noticed to the mutilated paper."

"What do you mean?" he shouted, in defiant tones, springing to his feet. "Simply that your uncle's signature to that paper is a forgery." I answered, rising and confronting him. "He died on the 23d of December. Your own telegram to that effect is in existence. It was on the 24th, the day before Christmas, that you called on me to prepare the paper now on record as his will. The inference is plain; you undertook to manufacture this spurious testament after your uncle's death, and, wishing to clothe your villainy in legal form, you procured through me the required draft. You, or some one at your instigation, imitated the signature of the deceased. The witnesses, who have since perjured themselves in their depositions, were procured in some manner best known to yourself."

"Enough, sir!" he ejaculated, placing his back against the door; "you have shown yourself in possession of a secret the custody of which may prove dangerous to me."

"I am not unprepared for your threat," I replied. "In the first place I did not come here unarmed; in the next, I have prepared a full written statement of the facts to which I have alluded, with information, besides, of my present visit to yourself. This paper will be delivered to the friend to whom it is directed, unless within a half an hour I reclaim it from the messenger, who has been instructed for that length of time to retain it."

His face grew livid. His frame quivered with mingled fear and rage, and his eyes gleamed like those of a wild beast at bay. "What is your purpose?" he exclaimed, in a voice hoarse with suppressed passion. "To keep your secret while you live," I answered, "on one condition."

"Name it."

Rules For Business Men.

Take advantage of modern facilities, and accomplish as much in a single day as required weeks, months, or years formerly.

Use the means within your reach; there is something for everybody to do; and a place for every one who is willing to work.

Don't depend upon your own lungs alone; use the lungs of the Press. Don't depend alone upon your own hands, or the labor of other men's hands, use steam-power if possible.

Make it known by printers' ink that you are prepared to do business. Confess ignorance in regard to subjects on which you are uninform; listen and learn.

Be silent when a fool talks; he will cease the sooner; you cannot gain by his converse.

Be ashamed of nothing but your own errors.

Calculate the probabilities of the future; increase and multiply the means of information.

To compete successfully with a neighbor, participate in the facilities afforded to go ahead.

The door to wealth, respectability, influence and honor, is thrown wide open to all.

Establish yourself on the broad and sound basis of integrity; conduct your business with intelligence and judgment.

Trifle not with serious matters, and be not serious about trifles.

Wisdom and virtue make the poor rich and the rich honorable.

Find recreation in looking after your business, and your business will not be neglected in looking after recreation.

Buy fair, sell fair, take care of the profits, and be economical.

Consider the cause of the good standing of some, and the decline and fall and want of success of others, and regulate your conduct accordingly.

The tricky, deceitful, and dishonest are rarely prosperous, for when confidence is withdrawn, poverty is likely to follow.

Resolve to perform what you ought; and perform without fail what you resolve.

Be civil and obliging to all; it costs nothing, and is worth much.

Angry Without Cause

One morning an enraged farmer came into Mr. M's store with very angry looks. He left a team in the street, and had a good stick in his hand.

"Mr. M.," said the angry farmer, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half-walnuts; and that's the young villain that I bought 'em of," pointing to John.

"John," said Mr. M., "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the answer.

"You lie, you little villain!" said the farmer, still more enraged at his assurance.

"Now, look here," said John, "if you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found that I put in the walnuts gratis."

"Oh, you gave them to me, did you?"

"Yes, sir. I throw in a handful for the children to crack," said John laughing at the same time.

"Well, now, if that ain't a young scamp!" said the farmer, his features relaxing into a grin.

Such hard talk and bad blood would be saved if people would stop to weigh before they blame others. "Think twice before you speak once," is an excellent motto.

SLEEPING TOGETHER.—The Laws of Life says: "More quarrels arise between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between school girls, between clerks in stores, between apprentices, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes, through which their nervous systems go by lodging together night after night, under the same bed-clothes, than by any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will de-range the nervous system of a person who is eliminated in nervous force like lying all night in bed with another person who is almost absorbent in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest, while the eliminator will be tossing and tumbling, restless and nervous, and wake-up in the morning fretful, peevish and discouraged. No two persons no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will lose and one will thrive. This is the law, and in married life it is defied almost universally."

"I'M HIS MAN."—The death of the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge reminds us of an amusing incident in his life, which we believe has never been printed. Some member of a presbytery—a county brother—complained that the city clergymen dressed too well, and thus made an undue distinction between them and their country brethren. Dr. Breckinridge, always ready for debate, straightened his tail, lithe for up, and indignantly denied the charge. "In a burst of eloquent anger he declared that he was ready to change clothes with any brother on that floor."

In an instant a short, fat brother—as broad as long—waddled into the aisles and called out weakly: "Mr. Moderator, I'm his man!" The vision of Dr. Breckinridge's arms and legs protruding from the baggy clothes of the other upset the dignity of the presbytery and spoiled the eloquence of the orator.

LEARN TO WAIT.—Of all the lessons that humanity has to learn in life's school, the hardest thing is to wait. Not to wait with the folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but having struggled, and crowded the slow years with trial, see no such result as effort seems to warrant, nay, perhaps, disaster instead. To stand firm at such crises of existence, to preserve one's self-poise and self-respect, not to lose hold or to relax effort,—this is greatness, whether achieved by man or woman,—whether the eye of the world notes it, or it is recorded in that book which the light of eternity alone shall make clear to the vision.

A law recently introduced into England, providing for the appointment of public analysts in town and country, produces considerable agitation in sugar-producing and milk-watering circles. The penalty for adulterating food or drugs is a fine of \$250 for the first offence, and six months imprisonment at hard labor for the second. The penalty for selling an adulterated article is \$100, and, after a second offence, the judge may have the culprit's name advertised at his own expense. Any purchaser may have an article analyzed by paying a small fee, which is returned and charged to costs of court if the examiners report is adverse.

As a judge was delivering his decision in a case the other day, he was interrupted by the braying of a donkey under one of the windows of the court-room. "What is that?" testily asked the judge, whereupon the lawyer against whom he was deciding the case, arose and remarked: "It is merely the echo of the Court, your honor."

An Illinois hen has laid an egg containing a button in its centre. It is supposed that she was incited thereto by hearing that the "patent yokes," which make shirts set always have buttons attached.

A veteran observer says, "I never place much reliance on a man who is telling what he would have done had he been there. I have noticed that somehow this kind of people never get there."

Will and Humor.

Does it follow that a man dislikes his bed because he turns his back upon it?

A young lady being asked which party she was in favor of, replied—a wedding party.

If you wish to get rich get married.—Honey is not made with one bee in the hive.

To get at the real complexion of some ladies take soap and water.

Why is a stick of candy like a horse? Because the more you lick it the faster it goes.

Why do hens always lay eggs in daytime? They are roosters at night.

A backyard spring can be produced by presenting a red hot poker to a man's nose.

Why might carpenters really believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

Let a young woman take the degree of A. B., that is, a bride, and she may hope in due time to be entitled to that of A. M.

Some subscribers to the Record act as if their debts were like coffee, and would settle themselves in time by long standing.

A Californian reports a snake with a head as large as a milk pan and eyes like apples. He saw twenty feet of the snake and didn't stay for the rest.

Rich women, however ugly, can have no difficulty in getting married if they will paint themselves and look as if they would not live long.

If the Grecian bend is achieved by throwing the chest forward and the trunk backwards, what is done with the rest of the baggage?

A grocer had a pound of sugar returned to him with a note stating, "too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

Says an Irishman writing home from Chicago, "Shoor, there are no people at all in the densely populated districts, and the side walks is in middle of the street."

The editor of a cotemporary writes that "the woman who has smoothed his ruffled bosom for years called to say she could not do it hereafter under nine shillings a week."

Miss Ellen L. Fletcher, of Charleston, N. H., having learned the trade, has opened a jeweler's shop, and the watches of all young men in town are out of order in consequence.

The Austin (Tex.) Gazette says: "A bride in this county advised against making bridal tours across the Gulf. She says it causes sea sickness—months after the trip is made."

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