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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



ROBERT BRYAN.

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 disordered 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
Uncultured 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— who 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 their 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-

est, I prevailed upon him to accompany me to a place of amusement to which I had previously procured tickets.

When we reached the theatre the performance had already begun; but we succeeded in finding seats which commanded a fair view of the stage and the audience. In a few moments George touched my elbow.

"Observe the gentleman neatly opposite, in front of the parquette, seated next the column, leaning his arm on his cane," he whispered.

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw the face whose striking resemblance to one I had seen before caused me to start with surprise.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Eldridge Parsons," was the reply. "The nephew of whom you spoke?"

"The same," answered my friend. "Dose he resemble his uncle?" I was on the point of enquiring, but just then the stranger drew the glove from his right hand, and I saw that the first joint of the middle finger was wanting, a circumstance which, for sufficient reasons, absorbed my attention.

"Do you know the exact date of Mr. Parsons' death?" I asked, when we had gained the streets, at the close of the performance.

"Yes," said George; "it was the 23d of December. His daughter received a telegram from her cousin announcing the fact the same day. But why do you ask?"

"I have a reason which may or may not prove a good one," I returned. Stating that I had business engagements for the whole of the next day, I parted with my friend, promising to meet him on the following evening.

Next afternoon found me in the office of Dr. Parsons.

"Dr. Parsons, 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.

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?—*Frank Tustin.*

Life's Brightest Hour.

Not long since I met a gentleman who is assessed for more than a million. Silver was in his hair, care upon his brow, and he stooped beneath his burden of wealth. We are speaking of that period of life, when we have realized the most perfect enjoyment, or rather, when we had found the happiness nearest to being unalloyed.

"I'll tell you," said the millionaire, "when was the happiest hour of my life." At the age of one-and-twenty I had saved up \$800. I was earning \$500 a year, and my father did not take it from me, only required that I should pay for my board.

At the age of twenty-one I had secured a pretty cottage, just outside of the city. I was able to pay two thirds of the money down, and also to furnish it respectably. I was married on Sunday— a Sunday in June—at my father's house. My wife had come to me poor in purse, but rich in the wealth of her womanhood. The Sabbath and the Sabbath night—we passed mornning my father's roof, and on Monday morning I went to my work, leaving my mother and sister to help in preparing my home.

On Monday evening, when the labors of the day were done, I went not to the paternal shelter, as in the past, but to my own house—my own home. The holy atmosphere of that hour seems to surround me even now in the memory I opened the door of my cottage and entered. I laid my hat upon the little stand in the hall, and passed on to the kitchen—our kitchen and dining-room were all one thing. I pushed the kitchen door open and was in heaven. The table was set against the wall—the evening meal was ready—prepared by the hands of her who had come to me by my help—meet in deed as well as in name—and by the table, with a throbbing, expectant look upon her lovely and loving face, stood my wife. I tried to speak, and could not. I could only clasp the waiting angel to my bosom, thus showing to her the ecstatic burden of my heart.

The years have passed—long, long years—and worldly wealth has flowed in upon me, and I am honored and envied; but as true as heaven—I would give it all—every dollar—for the joy of the hour of that June evening in the long, long ago.

—*New York Ledger.*

WISDOM IN SMALL LOTS.—We've got lots of men with towered intellect and brilliant genius and all that, but then, you see, we need just a few men of good common sense like.

There may be some sweet sadads in chewing the bitter end of adversity; but the most w' em in this section would rather have tarbacker, you know.

It don't take as much sense to pick a lock or forge a check as it do not to do it. It don't take a smart man to be a fool. A man that don't know anything will tell it the first time that he gets a good chance.

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 uninformd; 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.

SPEAK GENTLY TO THY WIFE.

Speak gently, kindly to thy wife,
She knows enough of sorrow;
Oh, seek not from each little ill
An angry word to borrow,
The early light of household love,
Has more than golden worth,
Which from her heart-onesome of thine
Can call in beauty forth.

When thou art distant, stern and cold,
And through harsh words of thine,
Its sunny rays of gentleness
At home may never shine.

Upon the heart such cold words fall
And chill's love's tender life;
Oh! ever when home trials come,
Speak gently to thy wife.

Far nobler in life's battle scene
Is he who gives them to me, did you?
With manly courage when abroad
And loving words at home,
Than he, who, groveling all his days
A traitor to his kind,
A petty tyrant proves at home
The meanness of his mind.

A Strange Story

About five years ago a youth, apparently fifteen or sixteen years of age, called at the publishing house of John E. Potter, & Co., in Philadelphia, and offered a manuscript story for publication.

Mr. Potter the head of the firm, who happened to be in at the time, smiled at the idea of one so youthful aspiring to appear in literature as the author of a book, but finally, at the urgent request of the boy, consented to keep the manuscript a few days and look it over.

When he had done so he was convinced that the story while evincing a lack of polished education on the part of the boyish author, possessed considerable merit as an excellent novel, some of the scenes being described with wonderful power, and after consulting with the other members of the house, decided to publish it.

When the youth called a few days afterward he told him of his conclusion, and it was agreed that the author should receive a royalty of ten cents a copy on all sold. The story was duly published in book form under the title of "White Rocks," and since that time one hundred and seventy thousand copies have been sold.

But what is singular about it is that the youthful author has never been seen or heard of since, and there is now due him the sum of \$17,000 as copyright on his story.—*Boston Times, 25th.*

WHINING.—There is a class of people in this world—by no means small—whose prominent peculiarity is whining. They whine because they are poor; or, if rich, because they have no health to enjoy their riches; they whine because they have "no luck," and others prosper; they whine because they are aches and pains, and they have aches and pains because they whine, and no one can tell why. Now we would like to say a word to these whining persons.

First, stop whining—it is no use, this everlasting complaining, fretting, fault-finding and whining. Why, you are the most deluded set of creatures that ever lived! Do you know that it is a well-settled principle of physiology and common sense that these habits are more exhausting to nervous vitality than almost any other violation of physiological law?

And do you not know that life is pretty much as you make it? You can make it bright and shiny, or you can make it dark and shadowy. This life is only meant to discipline us to fit us for a higher and purer state of being. Then stop whining and fretting, and go on your way rejoicing.

FRUIT CULTURE.—1. Instead of "trimming up" trees according to the old fashion to make them long limed, trim them down, so as to make them even, snug and symmetrical.

2. Instead of manuring heavily in small circles at the foot of the tree, spread the manure, if needed at all, broadcast over the surface.

3. Instead of spreading small circles about the stem, cultivate the whole surface broadcast.

4. Prefer a well pulverized clean surface in an orchard with a moderately rich soil, to heavy manuring, and a surface covered with a hard crust and weeds of grass.

5. Remember that it is better to set out ten trees with all the necessary care to make them live and flourish, than set out a hundred trees and have them all die from carelessness.

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 eliminated 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 tall, lithe form 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."

Wit 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."

The following congratulatory telegram was received from Cincinnati by a wedding party in Nashville: "Congratulations on your nuptials; may your future troubles be only little ones."

A western editor says they have no velvet cushions in their church pews. The fattest person has the softest seat, and he takes it out with him at the close of the services.

A man down south recently died from the effects of a bath. He had not washed for 17 years. The air struck his clean skin and perspiration was checked too suddenly. It is not safe to go more than 10 years without a bath.

The local of an Ill. paper says that he does not depend upon journalism for his daily bread, but raises hens. Which moves an anxious rival to ask whose hens he raises.

Why are women like churches? Firstly, because there is no living without one; thirdly, because they are objects of adoration; lastly, but by no means least, because they have a loud clapper in the upper story.

A gentleman met another in the street, who was ill of consumption, and accosted him thus: "Ah, my friend, you walk slow?" "Yes," replied the man, "but I am going fast."

SOME DISCOUNT.—One pleasant morning some two or three years ago, says the Hartford Times, a party of gentlemen were standing on the steps of the Tremont House, in Boston, enjoying their cigars, when they noticed a country looking chap riding a slim, mangy horse up and down the street in front of the hotel, apparently trying to attract the attention of the group. One of them says: "I'll bet that fellow has a horse for sale. We'll see." Presently along he came, showing his best, and was accosted with "Isay, is that animal for sale?"

"Well—y-e-s,—I might be induced to part with him; but he is a mighty likely critter." "Is he sound?" "Sound as a bugle." "Can he trot?" "Trot! Trot! he can. He can just neck a weller." "How fast can he go?" "How fast? Well, he can go in four minutes, and would go faster if he could. He'd love to." "What is your price for him?" "Five hundred." "Well, I don't want a horse, but I'll give five dollars for him." "Stranger he's young. But that's a blazin' discount."

What kind of all birds, do lovers like the best? Lap-laud.

It is better to be a man than to be a woman. It is better to be a man than to be a woman. It is better to be a man than to be a woman.