

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

\$2.00 PER YEAR

VOLUME 25.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1872.

NUMBER 10

Select Poetry.



DRIFTING AWAY.

BY ROSE GERANUM.

Drifting away—drifting away!
Baby is leaving me every day,
Sailing far out on the treacherous sea
Where the bright glories of woman life be,
Yes, on the hour-ripples, day after day,
Baby, my darling, is drifting away!

Drifting away—drifting away!
Every moon loses a golden ray,
Every night twines a shade, less fair,
Over the tangles of clustering hair,
Yes, on the hour-ripples, day after day,
Baby, my darling, is drifting away!

Drifting away—drifting away!
Sailing and singing! O, bright little fay!
All the true strokes of thy silver-roped ear
Float back to echo on memory's shore,
Yes, on the hour-ripples, day after day,
Baby, my darling, is drifting away!

Drifting away—drifting away!
Wonderful words, the dainty lips say,
Wonderful tasks can the busy hands do,
Wonderful journeys go thy tiny feet true;
Yes, on the hour-ripples, day after day,
Baby, my darling, is drifting away!

Drifting away—drifting away!
Baby is leaving me every day,
Steering far out on the treacherous sea
Where the bright glories of woman life be,
Yes, on the hour-ripples, day after day,
Baby, my darling, is drifting away!

SONG.

Fly, little song, to my love,
Over the rolling sea;
Tell him how bright are stars above,
Tell him to wait not for me.

Kiss off the falling tears—
My kiss of the days gone by;
Tell him how fleet is the foot of years,
Whisper—my love cannot die.

Fly away in his heart,
Borne on the soft Summer's breath,
Sing to him "Love and love's must part
True love is stronger than death."

Fly with the dying day,
Over the start-lit sea;
Lull him to sleep in the land far away,
Bring him in dreams to me.

Miscellaneous Reading.

The Old Homestead.

There are few places so dear to us as scenes of our childhood. Around the associations of our early years our heart's best affection have twined themselves, and though we roam over the dark sea foam, or wonder in far distant lands, yet we will often fly back on memory's swift pinions to the golden moments of life's morning, and fondly linger around the sights and scenes of our juvenile rambles.

Emotions swell the heart and tears fill the eyes as we think of the old house at home. That old house may not have been a palatial structure, with its magnificent dome and gorgeous surroundings; it may have been a humble cot in which poverty had left its footprints, and where grim warts stared out from wall and floor and bed of straw. No matter how humble, still how dear to our heart is that old house at home.

"Twas not for its splendor that dwelling was dear;
'Twas not that the porch and noble were near;
O'er the path the wild rose and woodbine entwined,
And the sweet scented jessamine wayed in the wind,
But dearer to me than proud turret or dome
Were the halls of my father—the old house at home."

We love that old building, and our attachment to it increases as years roll on. We may dwell in a palace of golden brightness, the steeples of which may penetrate the very clouds, and millions of earth's richest treasures may lie in our coffers; still our heart never changes for the old house at home.

Did you ever visit the home of your childhood after years of absence? What a gush of recollections come throbbing through the heart! Every place and almost every object that merits our gaze has some associations with our childhood days. The brook flows on just as it did in days of yore. The very gurgling of the current seems familiar.

This brook wherein, when a tripping wild I bathed my burning brow,
It rapidly ran while I was a child,
And it runs rapidly now.

Here, in this brook, we had our deck yard, and here we sailed our mimic fleet. There stands the "old oak tree" under which we coned our boyish task. From burs we had rolled stones down the steep hillside and had watched them disappear in the clear waters below; on that grassy knoll we had stood at sunset and had gazed upon the golden tinted clouds which so gracefully slumbered on the bosom of the western sky.

The fields and lanes and trees are familiar, recalling old memories and scenes. Over the heaths we had wandered forth with brothers and sisters in merry mood to gather wild flowers. Under this tree we had gathered nuts; there have we plucked blackberries from the brambles;

A Tale of Pantaloons.

A Davenport legal gentleman went one evening last week to have a quiet game of billiards. He stuck to his cue for several faithful hours, convivialized with his friends still longer, and then went home. On retiring to rest he was most singularly uneasy and tossed about for some time without dropping into that peaceful slumber we usually derive from a clear conscience. His lady was annoyed and complained kindly. It was no use, however, something drove sleep from his eyelids. At this juncture his lady was taken suddenly ill (how fortunate he was awake!) and he was appealed to to hasten off to the nearest drug store in quest of a restorative. He hastily attired himself, double quickened down the street, rushed into a store, obtained the article so urgently required, and produced his pocket book. Great Caesar! what had transpired? He had never seen that wallet before; and the pants they were not his own. Could it be possible he was in his right mind? Was it not rather all a disconcerted dream? He resolved to see, and without stopping to take the remedy with him, he rushed back to the wife of his bosom. He did not flourish a revolver, he did not smash furniture, he did not strike attitudes like a gladiator—he simply took part in the following conversation:

"Jane?"
"Yes, dear."
"How are you feeling?"
"Better. Much better. I think a good sleep is all I now need. How kind of you to go to so much trouble?"
"Very kind, wasn't it?"
"Very kind, honey."
"Jane, shall I turn on the gas?"
"If you like, dear."
"The gas was turned on."
"Jane?"
"Yes, dear."
"Do they look like my pantaloon?"
"Why, what can you mean dear?"
"I mean, do these resemble the trousers I wore home this evening?"
"Why how can I tell, dear?" and Jane raised up with some reluctance, gave a quick glance and screamed outright.

"Husband," said she, with some embarrassment, "you've made a ridiculous mistake somewhere, while out with your friends. What in the world have you been doing to-night?"
"That's rather thin, Jane. We don't usually take off our pants to play billiards. When I went to bed to-night I laid my proper pantaloon on that chair. When I dressed to go out, the pair I have on first fell in my way. I put them on. I discovered at the store they were not mine. I returned at once, and now I find the pair I left on the chair are missing."

Jane began to sob, weep, and protest her innocence, while the husband paced the floor in deep reflection.
"Jane, at last he said, 'I guess you can go home to your parents to-morrow and I have gotten along very well for a year or two, but the thing's played.'"
And down stairs he went with a deaf ear to the frenzied appeals and prayers she showered after him. An investigation on the morrow disclosed the fact that the mysteriously procured pantaloon contained just \$300 more than the pair that had so mysteriously walked off. Jane left of the first train for her Illinois home. A bill of divorce has been filed, and no one has called to exchange pantaloon and pocket-books.

Stopping the Paper.
This is what an exchange says in speaking on this subject: "In the past year we have lost but one subscriber, and that one appears displeased at something which he does not clearly state. We might very appropriately quote for such persons the story about Mr. Swain, years ago, when he was the proprietor of the Ledger. By his course in regard to some public matter, he had offended a number of readers, one of whom met him on Chestnut street, and thus accosted him:

"Mr. Swain, I've stopped the Ledger."
"What is that, sir?"
"I've stopped the Ledger," was the stern reply.
"Great Heavens! said Mr. Swain; "my dear sir, that won't do. Come with me to the office. This must be looked into."

And taking the man with him he entered the office at Third and Chestnut streets. There they found the clerks busy at their desks; then they ascended to the editorial rooms and the composing room, where all was as usual. Finally they descended to the press rooms, where the engineers were at work.

"I thought you told me you had stopped the Ledger," said Mr. Swain.
"So I have," said the offended subscriber.
"I don't see the stoppage. The Ledger seems to be going on."
"Oh! I mean to say—that is, that I—ah—had stopped TAKING IT."

"Is that all?" exclaimed Mr. Swain.
"Why, my dear sir, you don't know how you alarmed me. As for your individual subscription I care very little. Good day, sir, and never make such rash assertions again."
Fortunately no one is compelled to take a paper he does not want, and that fact should set at rest the hearts of these greatly excited individuals."

Beware of the boarding-houses where you are to be "treated as one of the family."
Beware of a young lady who calls you by your Christian name the first time she meets you.
Beware of a wife who talks about her "dear husband" and "that beautiful dress" in her sleep.
Beware of the man who sells goods below cost—upon his honor.

Charge it.

I rode to town the other day with Sam Stewer. He was in a "den of a hurry." He had sold a tub of butter to be delivered at the station that day, and he had a field ready to sow with wheat. He didn't know how to spare the time, but he "needed the money," and so he harnessed his team to deliver the butter. This he did, got his cash, and, returning from the station, stopped at a store to get two pounds of tea, a pound of coffee, a pound of allspice, five pounds of sugar, and a gallon of molasses. He hustled them into the wagon, and, as he was untying the tie-trap, he shouted to the merchant, "Charge it."

"After we had started home, I said, 'Why did you not pay that bill?' You had the money in your pocket."
"Yes; but you see I had got to buy some clover seed of Peter Juniper, who only deals in cash—don't give credit.—Then I have got a bill to pay at the milliner's. My wife wants a new bonnet, so does daughter Sally, and last year's bill is not paid; and the women folks said they would not ask for any more credit there until it was, so I've got the fifteen or twenty dollars to pay up last year's bill, so they can get their head-gear. The fact is, Garrant, I'm behind time all the while. These middle-men do take the life-blood out of us farmers."

"Bah!" said I. "That is all nonsense."
"There are two words, Stewer, that you should never speak to a man or woman of whom you make a purchase; nor should you allow any one to say them for you.—If you will agree to do so, I will warrant that within two years you will be out of debt, a free, happy and independent man; and that what you buy will cost you from seven to fifteen per cent. less than it does now!"

"What words?"
"Never say 'charge it!' Never allow any one to say 'charge it.' The man who does it has to pay a good round per cent. for the use of the money he borrows—more than any farmer can afford to pay. I've tried it Stewer, and I know. You have often wondered how I always manage to have ready money. It is because I do not say 'charge it.' It is because I will not buy what I cannot pay cash for. And it is because when I do buy, I can get it cheaper than you can, because I do pay cash for it, and you say 'charge it.' That's what ails you, Stewer. And you'll always be a Stewer, and in a stew, as long as you say to anybody, 'charge it.'—*Journal New Yorker.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.—The Bible is the only guide mortal man has to rest his hope of a future life on, take it away and what remains for man to build his hope on, unless he invents some other system to gratify his natural longings for a Supreme Being to rest on. God created man perfect with all his faculties to venerate a Supreme Being; to have a conscience that prompts to justice. Man reasons, and admires all that is good. The Bible and its teaching are perfectly adapted to man's nature and all his natural wants. Without such a guide all good men would be at sea without a compass. Bad men, skeptics, infidels, are defective in their moral organization. Such men see differently, and are at least for a time willing to reject the teachings and precepts of the Bible. Such men see through glasses that are morally dark. Such men have no inspirations to lead them up to God and his teaching. They will scoff at things holy and sacred, only when death comes and when they find themselves lost to all hope, and they know not where to find rest for their souls, only then will they realize the hopelessness of their unbelief; only then will they feel themselves out at sea like the mariner without his compass. The Bible is the only hope of man when he is done with this world, and it makes men good and useful for this world. It makes society better, safer and happier. Young men and young women, think of this when the skeptics tell you otherwise. Trust not their specious arguments; they are delusive and destructive to society and your immortality. Believe it not that you are like brutes when you die. Remember you have no other moral guide like the Bible. It is your safest compass.

How to ENJOY LIFE.—It is wonderful to what an extent people believe happiness depends on not being obliged to labor. Honest, hearty, contented labor, is the only source of happiness, as well as the only guarantee of life. The gloom of misanthropy is not only a great destroyer of happiness we might have, but it tends to destroy life itself. Idleness and luxury produce premature decay much faster than many trades regarded as the most exhausting and fatal to longevity.—Labor, in general, instead of shortening the term of life, actually increases it. It is the lack of occupation that annually destroys so many of the wealthy, who, having nothing to do, play the part of drones and like them make a speedy exit, while the busy bee fills out its day in usefulness and honor.

If I were to choose among all gifts and quality that which on the whole makes life pleasant, I should select the love of children. No circumstances can render this world wholly a solitude to one who has this possession. It is a free-masonry. Wherever one goes there are the little brethren of the mystic tie. No diversity of race or tongue makes much difference. A smile speaks the universal language.
"If I value myself on anything," said the lonely Hawthorne, "it is on having a smile that children love." They are such prompt little beings, too; they require no prelude, hearts are won in two minutes at that frank period; and so long as you are true to them they will be true to you.

For the Village Record.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.
BY A. B. S.
The world is full of beauty,
Around, beneath, on high,
'Tis written o'er the earth abroad,
And painted on the sky.

The world is full of beauty,
The mountains as they stand
Show forth its power and loveliness,
O'er all the pleasant land.

The world is full of beauty,
The rippling streamlets say,
As gently murmuring on their flow
And leave a shining way.

The world is full of beauty,
The flowers softly sing,
And unto their Creator's hand
A worthy tribute bring.

The world is full of beauty,
The sun is daily shining,
White light and gladness o'er the earth
He constantly is bringing.

The world is full of beauty
To lead man to rejoice,
And praise his great Creator
With all his heart and voice.

Yes, the world is full of beauty
Around, beneath, on high,
'Tis written o'er the earth abroad,
And painted on the sky.

In the south of New Jersey, some years ago, there traveled over some of the hardest countries, a good, faithful, hardworking brother, named James Moore, or 'Jim Moore,' as he was familiarly called. He was devoted to the itinerancy. A true, loyal Methodist, plain, pointed, and sharp in all his preaching and exhortations. He had been laboring a year on one of his circuits, and before leaving for his new field, he gave his people, who dearly loved him, his farewell sermon.

At its close he said: "My dear brethren, this is my last address to you. I am going from you, and you may never hear the voice of James Moore again."
"Amen!" came loudly from the seat before him.

He looked at the man with a little surprise, but thinking it was a mistake, he went on.
"My days on earth will soon be numbered. I am an old man, and you can't not hear the voice of James Moore, but never see his face again."
"Amen!" was shouted from the same seat, more vigorously than before.

There was no mistaking the design now. The preacher looked at the man. He knew him to be a hard, grinding man—stingy and merciless to the poor.
He continued his address—"May the Lord bless all those of you who have done your duty, who have honored him with your substance, who have been kind to the poor, and—"
Pausing and looking the intruder straight in the eyes, and pointing to him with his finger, "May his curse rest on those who cheated the Lord and ground the poor under his heels.—*Say amen to that, brother!*"

The shot held. He was not interrupted again.—*Christian Weekly.*

Judge Davis' Riches.
Judge Davis, of Illinois, the Labor Reform candidate for the Presidency, is a rich man. The public may not know how he became wealthy. About thirty-five years ago, when Judge Davis was a practicing lawyer in the West, he was employed by a Connecticut man to collect \$800. Davis went to the place where the debtor lived, and found him to be a rich in landed possessions, but without a spare dollar in money. He finally settled the bill by giving a deed for a tract of land—a flat, moist and undesirable piece of land in appearance, lying close by a sheet of water, and consisting perhaps of sixty acres. Davis consequently met his Connecticut client in St. Louis, when the latter (who seemed not to have the usual Connecticut shrewdness) fell to and gave him a regular "blowing up" for taking the land, rather than insisting upon taking the \$800 in cash. He didn't want any of your western land, and he told Davis that, having accepted it in payment for the debt, he had better keep it himself, and pay over the money out of his own pocket. To this Mr. Davis agreed. Stepping into a friend's office he borrowed \$800, took the Connecticut man's receipt for the land, and held the land for a rise. That land now forms part of one of the suburbs of Chicago. Judge Davis sold two or three hundred thousand dollars' worth of it, and has nearly a million dollars' worth left. It is a striking example of what the possession of Western property has done for its Western holder; and as the story has never been printed we thought it would be interesting to publish.

"Can you tell me the road to Greenville?" asked a Yankee traveler of a boy whom he met on the road. "Yes, sir," said the boy. "Do you see our barn down there?" "Yes," said he. "Go to that—about three hundred yards beyond the barn you will find a lane. Take that lane, and follow along about a mile and a half. Then you will come to a slippery elm log. You be mighty keery, stranger, about going on that log—you may get up to the branch—and then you go on up to the brow of the hill, and there the road prevaricates; and you take the left hand road, and keep that until you get into a big plum thicket; and when you get there, why then—then—then—"
"What then?" "Then, stranger, I'll be hanged if you ain't lost!"

HOME LIFE.—One marked difference

exists between the animate and inanimate object consists in the need of the former for a home. Most of all is this necessity manifested in the human race; and the greater the civilization, the more tenacious the clinging to home, and the more profuse are the means brought to bear to perfect its arrangements.

If this need of home be so inherent in our natures, and so important to our welfare, it becomes the duty of all to see to it that contributes their share to its establishment and perpetuation. This obligation, in some of its many forms, rests upon every one. The father who maintains the household, the mother who directs it, the children, who are its joy, are all active and responsible agents in making home the centre of their truest life, the birth place of noble aspirations and generous affections, and the spot to which the memory of future years will cling most fondly.

The conception of the felicity possible to be realized by true home life fills usually far short of a true standard. The means of happiness within the reach of every household are greater than they are aware of and lie more closely within their reach. Riches may purchase luxuries, but never can buy the sweet content and satisfaction that flow over the humblest household where affection and order reign supreme. Let us, then, cherish our homes as our most sacred treasures.

"THAT'S A MAN."—A farmer in Illinois had a neighbor who the Wabash in Indiana who was keeping a pauper on contract at his house. In the corn hoeing season the Illinois man sometimes borrowed his neighbor's pauper to help in the corn field. Bill Turner had a pauper working for him, and as none of the people in the neighborhood had never seen a pauper, they were very anxious to get a peep at him. Consequently some twenty of them joined together one day, armed with their shot guns and rifles, and went over to Turner's to see the strange creature. They got cautiously over the fence, and came up to where the men were working.

"Bill," said Silas Brown, their spokesman, "we've heard that you've got a pauper working for you, and we'd like to see it."
Bill thereupon pointed out the object of their curiosity. The visitor walked around the astonished pauper and silently surveyed him from every point of view. At last Silas spoke:—
"Look here, Bill Turner," said he, "you can't fool us; that's a man!"

We wish all those in charge of charitable institutions had the same idea about paupers as Silas had.

THEY KINGDOM COME.—A poor wounded boy was dying in a hospital. He was a soldier, but a mere boy for all that.—The lady who watched by his bedside said that death was coming fast, and placing her hand upon his head, she said to him: "My dear boy, if this should be death that is coming upon you, are you ready to meet your God?"

The large dark eyes opened slowly, and a smile passed over the young soldier's face, as he answered, "I am ready, dear lady, for this has long been his kingdom!" and as he spoke he placed his hand upon his heart.

"Do you mean," questioned the lady, gently, "that God rules and reigns in your heart?"
"Yes," he answered; but his voice sounded far off, sweet and low, as if it came from a soul well on its way through the "dark valley and shadow of death."

And still he lay there with his hand above his heart, even after that heart had ceased to beat, and the soldier-boy's soul had gone up to its God.

TOO MODEST.—A young lady with a number of others, who were injured by a rail road accident near Boston, was carried to a hospital. The surgeon came round and said to the fashionable miss: "Well madam, what can I do for you?"
"Doctor, one of my limbs is broken."
"One of your limbs?" said he; well which limb is it?"
"Oh, I can't tell you doctor, but it is one of my limbs."
"One of your limbs!" thundered the doctor, out of patience; "which limb is it—the one you thread a needle with?"
"No, sir," she answered with a sigh, "it is the limb I wear a garter on."

The doctor attended to her then said: "Young woman, never say limb again in a hospital; for when a woman gets as fastidious as that the quicker she dies the better."

A Western exchange is inclined to be facetious over the verb lay. It gets off the following: "There are all sorts of lays in this world. Show me any particular lay, and I will show you any number of persons on it. Some men are continually hunting subjects to write lays about, while others lays about all their lives, and never hunt anything, except it is a drink. One man lays up a grudge, and another lays by something for a rainy day. It is one man's lay to lay a stone wall, another to lay still. A ship lays alongside, and a lazy man lays around and does nothing. One man lays down piping, and another lays down and dies, while few, alas! lay up their treasures above. There are men who lay over their fellows in every particular, and there are others who are sacrificed to be lay members of all their lives; although paradoxical as it may appear, a lay member may often be a member in good standing."

A "Patent Journal" states that the inventor of a watch that winds itself up and gives a pint of milk a day, is in Washington for the purpose of securing a patent.

Why is a needle in a haystack like grief?

Because you can easily find it—in a horn.

Why is a wife like a bad bill? Because she is difficult to get changed.

What land, of all lands, do lovers like the best? Lap-land.

Why is D, the best letter? Because it makes men, mend.

If an enemy smite thee on the cheek turn round and hit him a thundering clap for his unmanly kindness.

What did that young lady mean when she said to her lover: "You may be too late for the cars, but you can take a bus?"

Some people say that dark haired women marry soonest. We differ; it is the light headed ones.

A rural editor has lost all faith in the luck of horse shoes. He nailed one over his door recently and that morning there came by mail three duns and seven 'stops,' and a man called with a revolver to ask "who wrote that article?"

An exchange says fashionable young ladies are calling upon somebody to invent a new dance. Suppose somebody invents one wherein the young lady dances around the house and looks after everything.

A gentleman dining at a cheap restaurant the other day was heard to give the courteous order: "Waiter, let the cheese mow this way." It was a cheese very like that on the table which was awarded the prize for gymnastics at a country fair.

A sheriff who had a writ to serve ascertained that the defendant was dead, and tossing the paper over the wall of the cemetery, he made return upon the writ that he had left the summons at the last and usual place of abode.

A young married man was perfectly astonished to find two large bustles in his chamber one morning. It was not until after the adjustment of his wife's corset that he had the least idea in the world where the second one belonged.

A gentleman connected with a Boston bank as a clerk, recently robbed the bank. They called him a "fellow" and other reputable names at first, and some intimated that he was a thief, for they thought he had stolen only a few dollars. But it turns out he took \$85,000, and is not a thief at all, but a defaulter.

One of our exchanges says that a dapping boy in New York, has introduced the "Kiss Cotillon," in which the gentleman always kisses the lady as they "swing the corners." We are not much on the dance, but would like to swing a few corners most awful well.

"Shut your eyes and listen mit me," said Uncle Van Heydd. "Well, de first night I opens store I counts de monies and finds him nix right. I counts and dere be tree dollars gone; and vat does see tink I does den?" "I can't say," "Vy, I don't count him any more, and he come out shoost right-ever since."

Wit and Humor.

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