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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



A THOUGHT.

How many wish their lives away,
All fraught with care and woe,
Bearing burdens day by day,
But wishing still to go,
-Troubled one, pray tell me,
Has the youthful heart grown cold?
Has joy and pleasure left thee
Since the happy days of old?

Has nature, with all her beauty,
No power to move the soul—
Must we only do stern duty
As the time will onward roll?
Is there no pleasure in thee
For the blue and changing sky,
No charms of flowers to stay thee
As thou art passing by?

Does the bright and shaded river
Flow on unloved by thee—
No love for all earth's beauty
God made, for you and me?
What matters, if though hearts are sad,
And dark hair silver white—
There's enough in life to make us glad
In the path of love and right.

Hope, with its fairy finger,
Is pointing us onward ever—
To something bright in the future,
Which we could love forever—
With its golden halo o'er us,
To brighten our dark way,
With our loved ones all around us
Let us pass our lives away.

BE CAREFUL.

Do carefully, ye whose wedded hearts
Are lovingly united;
Be heedful lest an enemy
Steal on you uninvited.
A little wily serpent form,
With graceful, lurking poses;
Or, coming in a different guise,
A thorn among the roses.

Be careful, ye whose marriage bells
Now merrily are ringing;
Be heedful of the bitter word,
The answer keen and stinging;
The sharp retort, the angry eye,
Its vivid lightning flashing,
The rock on which so many hopes
Are daily, hourly dashing!

"Bear and forbear," the only way
To tread life's path together,
Then come, and welcome, shining sun
Or come dark, cloudly weather.
Two loving hearts dissolved in one,
That cannot live asunder,
Have but Love's golden armor on
Oh, world, look on and wonder.

Miscellaneous Reading.

That Awful Ugly Horse.

Sam Varney was a Green Mountain boy away "down" in New Hampshire. He had worked as a hired man on different farms, and had laid up some money. He had frequently been employed in bringing loads of produce to the Boston market, and had made sales quite satisfactory to his employers. On several occasions he had made little speculations of his own which was quite profitable.

On one of his visits to Boston, Sam had fallen in with a sailor who was a native of the same town where he himself was born, and they had a conversation. One of the interesting facts which Sam learned from his townsman was that sailors were occasionally permitted to take out a small venture, as it was called, of their own, a little package of goods, a barrel of mackerel, or something of that sort, which would not take up much room in the vessel; this they sold and brought home the proceeds in the produce of the country they visited.

On his return home, Sam meditated profoundly on this subject; and finally concluded to make a voyage to the West Indies and take a venture with him. The next question was what should the venture be. He had nothing on hand at the time but a small horse, which he had won at a raffle, and had not yet been able to dispose of. He was not a beautiful horse. On the contrary, he was generally pronounced by the neighbors "an awful ugly horse." His neck was too short, his head was too long. His body was lean and scraggy, his mane was rough and refractory, and persisted in standing up too much in spite of trimming and grooming, and his tail looked like a mop. But Sam had ridden him repeatedly and found that he was capable of great speed in running.

The sailors had told Sam that whole cargoes of horses were frequently sent from Connecticut to the West Indies, and disposed of at large profit. So he determined that his horse should be his venture. Accordingly he mounted him, rode down to Boston, put him in a stable, and went in search of his sailor friend. He soon found him, and communicated his plan. His acquaintance, Tom Standish by name, was afraid he would not be able to carry it out, but promised to lend all the assistance in his power. He had just shipped in a vessel bound for Jamaica, and more hands were wanted. He introduced him to the Captain, who made no objection to shipping him as a green hand. When the question of the venture came up there

The Boy on the Farm.

A great deal has been said of late about woman's rights, the rights of dumb animals, etc. Nearly every class of persons have had their champions, and boys, too, have had theirs, but I propose to turn aside from boys generally, and talk for boys on the farm. I mean the youngest boy on the farm "is endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights;" there, don't that sound like a Jefferson cry? You acknowledge that is so, but how do your actions speak? Here, boy, you go to bed now—just as he gets settled to read the paper, which all the rest have read—you go to bed so that you can get up and build the fire in the morning. Boy, you wait, the seats at the table are full without you, with an emphasis on the word, which plainly means that you are of no account. Boy, go drive those cattle out of the corn, and away he goes as fast as his legs can carry him, while you and a half dozen others stand still and watch him; he must go on all the errands; he must carry all the water, must do all the little man, nasty jobs, that neither you nor the men will do. He must get the cows every time afoot, while there are three or four horses lying still in the stable; and he must not be do all these things, but he must be blamed for doing them as he does. If the men have a little bile they want to work off, they scold the boy. If your supper does not rest well on your stomach, you accuse the boy of leaving the gate open last week, or of some other ancient fault of his. If the gate gets off its hinges, the boy did it. If the old rooster dies, that careless boy fed him corn from the salt dish. If a sheep gets its leg broken, that ugly little boy did it throwing stones at it. If the pig is lost, the boy dropped it in the well. If any tool is lost, the boy—the boy is the cry—left it out of place.

He is the boy that steals all the pease, breaks all the forks, kills all the geese, founderall the horses, eats all the preserves, and gets all the blame; and not only does all the wrong things, but he never does anything well. If he turns the griststone two hours at a time, he does it too slow. If he increases the speed, he turns too fast; no matter if he works like a little steam engine, he is still that lazy boy. If he works till he faints away, he is good for nothing, always getting sick.

He never has a toy unless his cousin from the city gives him a cast-off fish line or broken kite; but that matters little, for he is never allowed a moment for play. He never has any clothes of his own. His shoes are some his older brother outgrew, but which there is little danger of his outgrowing. His hat is one you wore out first. He never has but a very few new things, and would not have these but for his mother.

He is generally tough—you say on account of your admirable training. The world looks at him and says he is tough, because Providence has seen fit to prepare him for your tyrannical rule.

Now, Mr Farmer does this mean you? Is this, or is it not, a fair picture of the boy on your farm? If not, then you can finish this article without a troubled conscience; but if it is, just consider one moment; run back in your mind thirty-five, forty or fifty years, and ask yourself were all those accusations just? Was it my fault always when I was blamed? Think a while—it won't hurt you; then come back from your reverie to the present moment; ask yourself if you have been as careful as you might in your judgment? Have you done to the boy as you would be done by? Answer these questions, friend, as you are a just man.

Consider that your boy is the embryo man. Do by him as you would have him do when he grows up to manhood. If you would have him generous, do not be so stingy with him. If you would have him one whose disposition is lovely, be not churlish and sour to him, for he may in many things—most assuredly in some things—be the photograph of yourself.

DRINKING IN HOT WEATHER.—Drinking is a habit. Some people drink little not because their constitutions require less than others; it is their habit. These people never perspire so much as those that drink more. The more that is drunk, the more water passes away, or the system would suffer. As it is, the strain affects it. The skin, the kidneys, bowels, lungs, are all drawn upon. The result is, as may be expected, exhaustion. For this reason the man who drinks much water, particularly during the summer and in the hottest weather, is less able to endure fatigue. The water is of no benefit to him—that is, the excess. It must pass away, and this requires an effort of the system, which is in the sweating process. It is a bad habit to drink water so much; a false thirst is created. We should drink only what is needed. The habit of drinking more will soon be overcome, and the person will feel much stronger and more capable of bearing fatigue. In winter, little fluid is needed beyond what our food furnishes; in summer, some more, but not much.

SOMETHING TO HOLD ON BY.—A woman who had been a prominent lecturer on infidelity came to her dying pillow.—Being much disturbed in her mind her friends gathered about her and exhorted her to "hold on to the last."

"Yes, I have no objection to holding on," said the dying woman, "but will you tell me what to hold on by?"

These words so deeply impressed an infidel standing by that he was led to renounce the delusion.

False doctrine may satisfy the heart when in health and vigor, but it will do "to hold on by" in the solemn hour of death.

A Maiden's speech—"Ask papa."

A Mid-Air Compromise.

Not many years ago, and not far from the city of Elmira, at a locality known as the "Female College," the circumstances were about to relate took place. It seems that the principal of the college overheard a plan among a number of his young lady students for drawing a young gentleman up to one of the third story rooms, "in a basket, at night," as no gentlemen suitors were permitted to visit their college lady loves, and see them alone, under strict rules of the institution. The principal acted accordingly, and at the appointed time was on the designed spot, and when the basket was let down took the lovers place, gave the signal, and commenced going up toward heaven, drawn by a trinity of angels. When two-thirds up, the angel expectant, on looking down from the window, discovered to her terror and dismay that instead of her lover she had another man in the basket, and nearly frightened out of her wits, made the facts known to her fair helpers in mischief, with the pertinent inquiry of "What shall we do? what shall we do? Oh! girls, girls, what shall we do?" Whereupon one of their number, noted for her coolness and presence of mind in trying emergencies, said:

"Here! you hold on to this cord. Now, do just as I tell you, and I'll take care of the man, no matter who he is or where he comes from."

Then taking out her pocket-knife and opening it, she leaned out of the window and, in a low voice, said—"Who are you there in that basket?"

No response.

"I say who are you, there in that basket? Do you hear? I have a knife in my hand, and unless you answer this in less than ten seconds I will cut this rope."

"Why, it's your principal; don't you know me? Don't for mercy sake, cut the rope! Keep your knife further away from it!"

"Well, you are in a pretty fix, indeed, and hanging between heaven and earth, between life and death. What do you think ought to be done with you? A principal of a female college, who thus endears, at night, to clandestinely reach the room of a lady student, ought to be severely punished and also exposed."

"Oh! I beg of you not to harm me nor expose me; but let me down again carefully, and don't let the rope slip!"

"Professor," said the shrewd beauty, "on one condition only will we comply with your request."

"Name it! name it!"

"You must solemnly promise that none of us who have been engaged in this little romance shall be disciplined for it, and that you will make no mention of it to a living soul while we are inmates of the college with the understanding that we are to observe the solemn promise. What say you?"

"I promise—solemnly promise."

"Very well. Hold up your right hand! You do solemnly swear that you will faithfully keep and observe that promise, so help you God?"

"Do!"

"Enough, girls! He has taken the oath! Lower away!"

The Professor was soon carefully and safely landed on terra firma, greatly to his relief and greatly to the joy, no doubt, of the other party to the compromise, and he lived up his oath. In after years, however, when time had absolved him from it, and the lover, whose basket he "monopolized" on that eventful night, had as the story goes, married the girl who on that occasion was so "far above him"—the Professor used to tell the adventure to his particular friends and laughed over it till the tears ran down his cheeks, as the most ludicrous scrape he ever got into in all his college life, and as the only one he was let out of under an oath administered.

PEARLS.—Charity is an eternal debt, and without limit.

Have a calling in which it is worth while to be busy.

Do not throw mud into a well from which thou hast drawn water.

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.

Religion is a thousand voiced psalm from the heart of man to his invisible Father.

All the little paths and isles toward the light of the great love open into each other.

Wholesome sentiment is rain, which makes the field of daily life fresh and odoriferous.

Opinions grounded upon mere prejudice are always sustained with the greatest violence.

Genius has limits; virtue has none, every one pure and good can become purer and better still.

True courage is cool and calm. But what is done in anger can never be placed to the account of courage.

Life's firmest ground is insecure, its strongest fortress powerless, against the touch of the great destroyer.

If doing what is to be done be made the first business, and success a secondary consideration, is not this the way to exalt virtue?

The true character of a man is revealed when his glass is before him, when his purse is to be opened, and when he is in a passion.

The perfection of wisdom, and the end of true philosophy, is to proportion our wants to our possessions, and our ambition to our capacities.

Sleep soothes and arrests the fever-pulse of the soul, and its grains are the quinine for the cold fit of hate as well as the hot fever of love.

There is nothing that needs to be said in an unkindly manner.

Peace at Home.

It is just as possible to keep a calm house as a clean house, an orderly house, as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weakness, as well as other's wants—each other's tempers, as each other's characters?—Oh, it is by leaving the place at home to chance, instead of pursuing it by a system, that so many homes are unhappy.—It deserves notice, also, that almost any one can be courteous and patient in a neighbor's house. If anything goes wrong or is out of time, or is disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show it is not felt, or, if felt, it is attributed to accident, not to design; and this is not only easy, but natural, in the house of a friend. We will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another is impossible at home, but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic societies. A husband, as willing to be pleased at home and as anxious to please, as in his neighbor's house, and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family, as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make their own home happy.

Let us not evade the point of these remarks by recurring to the maxim about allowances for temper. It is worse than folly to refer to our temper, unless we could prove that we have ever gained anything good by giving way to it. Fits of ill humor punish us quite as much, if not more, than these they are vented upon; and it actually requires more effort, and inflicts more pain to give them up, than would be requisite to avoid them.

The sweetest, most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate rings and tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blooms in summer. An unkind word from one beloved often draws blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred, and the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These, in the elegant words of the preacher, Keed, are the little thorns which, though men of rougher form may make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn in their journey through life, and make their traveling irksome and unpleasant.

How careful ought we to be not to darken over and mutilate the sweet images of hope, and joy, and peace, that might gild the current of our own, and of our companion's life, by suffering these spots to mingle with them—these shadows of ills to be reflected in the stream! Of all cruel words or deeds, the word or the deed that would darken hope is the most cruel. Upon old Latin models we see Hope delineated in the act of drawing back her garment, that her footsteps may not be impeded; and it is also worth remarking that she is always drawn in the attitude of motion—she is always advancing. Sweet traveler, who would have the heart to stop thee, albeit, in this world thou wilt never find the garden to which thou art journeying? Go on, with thy flower in hand, and may the blessing of God go with thee.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—We find the following advice to young men in the *Altoona Tribune*: Young men get married; you will never be worth a last year's robin's nest unless you do. The fruits of disobedience are misery and misfortune, and you will never be truly happy while in disobedience to God's commandment to our first parents in the Garden. Remember that there are seventy five thousand more marriageable ladies in the United States than gentlemen, and three hundred thousand more females than males. Imagine yourself at the bar of judgment, with seventy-five thousand spinners with toothless jaws, and tongues sharpened on the grindstones of temper, and honed on the strap of unrequited affection of your accusers; surely your chances for eternal bliss would not be very flattering. And furthermore, remember that unperformed duties always come home to roost, so you will be likely to go through the world with holes in the end of your stockings, and your elbows out, and finally die unregretted and be forgotten like any other brute.

A MEDICAL MISER.—An anecdote is related of Velpau, the eminent French surgeon who was a miserly, disagreeable man, and died some few years ago. He successfully performed on a little child five years old, a most perilous operation. The mother came to him and said: "Monsieur, my son is saved, and I really know not how to express my gratitude. Allow me, however, to present you this pocket-book, embroidered by my own hands." "Oh, Madame," replied Velpau, sharply, "my art is not merely a question of feeling.—My life has its requirements like yours.—Dress, even, which is a luxury to you, is necessary for me. Allow me, therefore, to refuse your charming little present in exchange for a more substantial remuneration do you desire? Fix the fee yourself!" "Five thousand francs, Madame." The lady very quietly opened the pocket-book, which contained ten thousand francs in notes, counted out five thousand, and after politely handing them over to Velpau, retired! Imagine his feelings.

An exchange says that a friend, who worketh like an adder, estimates that not less than 8,000,025,000,000,072 flies will lose their lives by falling into molasses and things this summer.

Features without grace are like a clock without a face.

Typhoid Fever.

"The time is coming," says a distinguished physician, "when it will be as disgraceful to have the typhoid fever as it is to have lice or the itch." Everybody ought to know that the fearful sickness is directly caused by taking into the body excrementitious matter. These almost always declare their presence to the olfactory nerve, and the instant they are detected measures should be taken for their suppression. Fresh earth is a complete disinfectant and in the country the cheapest. Next to this is copperas water. Let it be sprinkled about drains and sewers, left standing in shallow earthen dishes in sick rooms, and all unpleasant odors will be quenched. Care should be taken in using it not to touch any garment that will receive stain. Lime and plaster of Paris are excellent absorbents, and carbolic acid and chloride of lime will sweeten the foulest gutter.

With all these resources at command there is no excuse for vile odors.

Coffee is a deodorizer but not a disinfectant. A handful, parched and ground, when thrown on a hot shovel, will quickly remove disagreeable smells, but will not neutralize their poison.

Great care should be used, especially during this hot weather, as to the water one drinks. A few years since a picnic party found some very cool, clear and fine-tasting water in an old well near their lunch ground. Most of them drank freely of this water. Every one of them was prostrated by typhoid fever and only two or three recovered.—On investigation the skeleton of a lamb was found in the bottom of the well. All surface water should be carefully abstained from and assurance be made sure that no sewerage contaminates the cooling draught.

Sleeping-rooms should be aired daily, bed and body linen changed frequently, and the sun permitted to search and cleanse those apartments in daily use. No pits, or sink-holes, or open drains, should be permitted around our dwellings, for deadly are the sublimations that rise from them.

Dutch Justice.

An enterprising butcher of Cattaraugus county, New York, some time ago bought of a German farmer a calf, with the understanding to come for it on a certain day. Being for some reason detained he did not go for the calf at the stated time. Meantime a butcher from Olean came along and bargained for the calf, but could not take it just then. It happened they both went for the calf on the same day and both were determined to have it. The little butcher of Alleghany was not an equal for the big butcher from Olean, and therefore didn't get the veal. So he goes to sue "the Olean feller or somebody hit the laws by the Justice."—A brother German hearing the difficulty takes it upon himself to arrange things amicably—they agreeing to leave it to him.

Now, shake, you says you buys him first?

Yaw.

You gets him not?

Nein.

Rudolph, you buys him second?

Yaw, I buys him all the time.

Well, then, you gets him?

Of course, he bees mine all the while. I kills him and sells him in mine shop.

So you gets more ven you sells him as ven you buys him?

Of course—yaw. I makes no monish less I do not.

How much you make on dis calf?

O, from two ash three dollars.

Well, then you must pay dis man for his calf. Den you shust give Shako one half what you make on dis veal. Dats what I say.

So that law suit wes tried without swearing a witness, and equal justice rendered.

We believe it has not been definitely determined "where the pins all go to," but a question quite as interesting is looming upon the social horizon, and that is, "Where do the flies all come from?"—There are experts who catch the persistent nuisances in scores by a dexterous turn of the wrist; small boys impale them upon pins; vigorous women slash them mercilessly with dusters; thousands lose their lives in milk pails, molasses jugs and apple pies; while tens of thousands are deluded to their death by besmeared paper, tumblers, of water covered with a piece of bread with a treacherous hole therein, and a hundred other fatal devices of men and women, and yet the force seems undiminished. Who shall tell whence they come?

Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.

Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out faculties of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious.

He who does evil that good may come, pays a toll to the devil to let him into heaven.

In the march of life don't heed the order of "right about," when you know you are about right.

If brooks are as poets call them the most joyous things in nature what are they always murmuring about?

Old truths are always new to us, if they come with the smell of heaven upon them.

How many an enamored pair have counted in poetry and lived in prose.

Wit and Humor.

What stands and goes without legs?—A clock.

When is a lover like a tailor?—When he presses his suit.

When did the greatest rise in milk take place?—When the cow jumped over the moon.

When is a young lady like a wagon?—When she is tired (which don't often occur from work.)

Pat wants to know why his pipe is like the figure 19. Because it comes just after nine.

Why is a man who walks round a green horn, like a garter?—Because he goes round the calf.

What is that which never asks any questions, but requires many answers?—The street door.

A California lady was made insane by tight lacing, and several California gentlemen have been made crazy by being otherwise tight.

The colored people of the South believe in baptism. During the ceremonies in Memphis the other day one old lady, after she got out, exclaimed, in ecstasy: Bress de Lord, this is five times I've been baptised, bress de Lord!

Lake Chogogogogogomanchogogogogog, Michigan, is a good place to go for the summer. The place is particularly recommended for people afflicted with stammering; by the time they can tell where they are, they're wholly cured.

Two sons of Erin were standing by a hydraulic press superintended by a friend of mine, when one called out to the other: "Jim I'd like to put you under and squeeze the devil out o' ye."—Would you, indeed, my boy? was the answer. "Squeeze the devil out o' you, an' there'd be nothing left!"

At the opening of a breach of promise case in Kentucky, the court asked the counsel for the plaintiff how long the trial would probably last. "I can't say exactly," replied the counsel, "but will mention as one item that I have three hundred and eighty-four love letters written by the defendant to my client, to read."

A German thus bewails the loss of a favorite horse: "You night, do oder day, when I was awake in my sleep, I hear something vat I thinks not yust right in my barn, and I yust out shumps to bed and runs mid de barn out, and ven I was dare come, I seez that my pig gray iron mare, he var bet loose and run mid de stable off; and ever who vill him back bring, I yust so much pay him as vat been kustumary."

The healthiest town ever known was in Illinois last summer, when the doctors went east to attend a medical convention, neglecting to return for several months. The doctors found that when they did get back their patients had all recovered, the drug stores had busted, the cemetery had opened dancing schools, the cemetery was cut into building lots, the undertaker had gone to making fiddles, and the village horse had been gaudily painted and sold for a circus wagon.

Bridget came up to her mistress, and asked for a needle and thread.

"Do you want it fine or coarse?" asked the lady.

"Sure, an' I don't know, mum," said Bridget.

"What do you want it for?" said her mistress. "If you tell me that, I may know what to give you."

"Well mum, the cook has jist towid me to string the beans, an' sure an' I want a neydle an' thrid for that."

LYING AND SWEARING.—Old Parson S., of Connecticut, was a particular kind of a person. One day he had a man ploughing in his field, and he went out to see how the work was going on. The ground was very stony, and every time the plough struck a stone the man took occasion to swear a little.

"Look here," cried Parson S., "you mustn't swear that way in my field."

"Well, I reckon you'd swear too," said the man, "if you had to plough such a stony field as this."

"Not a bit of it," said Mr. S. "Just let me show you."

So the parson took hold of the plough, but he very soon had great trouble with the stones. As stone after stone caught the ploughshare, Mr. S. ejaculated: "Well, I never saw the like."

And this he repeated every time a stone stopped his onward way. When he had ploughed around once he stopped and said to the man:

"There, now! You see I can plough without swearing."

"But I guess it's pretty near as bad to lie," said the man, "and you told a dozen o' lies. Every time the plough struck a stone, you said, 'I never saw the like,' when the same thing had happened the very minute before."

The laziest man lives in Alabama.—Armed with a fish-line, a dog and a piece of meat, he proceeds to business. He ties the line to the hind leg of the dog, casts the line into the water, lies down in the shade, and when the line trembles, he means of the meat he coaxes the dog to haul out the fish.

White blackberries are announced a Forsythe, Georgia.