

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, OCTOBER 10, 1872.

NUMBER 18

THE WAYNESBORO VILLAGE RECORD
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
By W. BLAIR.

TERMS—Two Dollars per Annum if paid
within the year; Two Dollars and
Fifty cents after the expiration
of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS—One Square (10
lines) three insertions, \$1.00; for
each subsequent insertion, Thirty-
five Cents per Square. A liberal
discount made to yearly adver-
tisers.

LOCALS.—Business Locals Ten Cents per
line for the first insertion, Seven
Cents for subsequent insertions

Professional Cards.

J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO, PA.

Office at the Waynesboro "Corner Drug
Store," June 23—47.

DR. B. FRANTZ,
Has resumed the practice of Medicine.

OFFICE—In the Walker Building—near
the Bowden House. Night calls should be
made at his residence on Main Street, ad-
joining the Western School House.
July 20—47

C. N. SNIVELY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO, PA.

Office at his residence, nearly opposite
the Bowden House. Nov 2—47.

JOHN A. HYNSONG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO, PA.

HAVING been admitted to Practice Law
at the several Courts in Franklin County,
all business entrusted to his care will be
promptly attended to. Post-Office-Address
Mercesburg, Pa.

LEW W. DETRICH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO, PA.

Will give prompt and disinterested legal
business entrusted to his care. Office next
door to the Bowden House, in the Walker
Building. July 6

JOSEPH DOUGLAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO, PA.

Practices in the several Courts of Franklin
and adjacent Counties.

N. B.—Real Estate leased, and sold, and
Fire Insurance effected on reasonable terms.
December 10, 1871.

B. A. H. STRICKLER,
(Formerly of Mercesburg, Pa.)

OFFERS his professional services to the
citizens of Waynesboro and vicinity.

Dr. Strickler has relinquished an exten-
sive practice at Mercesburg, where he
has been prominently engaged for some
years in the practice of his profession.

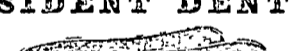
He has opened an Office in Waynesboro,
at the residence of George Besore, Esq., his
Father-in-law, where he can be found at all
times when not professionally engaged.
July 20, 1871—47.

DR. J. M. RIPPPE, DR. A. S. BONBRAKE,
RIPPLE & BONBRAKE,
WAYNESBORO, PA.

Having associated themselves in the prac-
tice of Medicine and Surgery, offer their
professional services to the public.

Office in the room on the north East
Cor. of the Diamond, formerly occupied by
Dr. John J. O'Neill, dec'd. d.
July 18, 1872—47

A. K. BRANISHOLTS,
RESIDENT DENTIST



WAYNESBORO, PA.

CAN be found in his office at all times,
where he is prepared to perform all
dental operations in the best and most
skillful manner.

We being acquainted with Dr. Branish-
holts socially and professionally recom-
mend him to all desiring the services of a Dentist.

Dr. E. A. HERING,
J. M. RIPPPE,
A. H. STRICKLER,
J. B. AMBERSON,
C. N. SNIVELY,
A. S. BONBRAKE,
T. D. FRENCH,

L. C. BRACKBILL,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
S. E. Corner of the Diamond,
WAYNESBORO, PA.

HAS at all times a fine assortment of Pic-
tures, Frames and Mountings. Call and
see specimen pictures. June 17

UNION HOTEL.
Corner of Main & Queen Sts.,
CHAMBERSBURG, Penna.

LANTZ & UNGER, Proprietors.

The UNION has been entirely refitted
and re-furnished in every department, and
under the supervision of the present pro-
prietors, no effort will be spared to deserve
a liberal share of patronage.

Their tables will be spread with the
best of the Market affords, and their Bar
will always contain the choicest Liquors.
The favor of the public solicited.

Extensive Stabling and attentive Hostlers.
Dec. 11—47

Brick for Sale.

The subscribers would inform the pub-
lic that they have now for sale a good
article of brick and will continue to have
a supply on hand during the summer sea-
son. B. F. & H. C. FUNK

June 13—47

NOTICE TO BUILDERS.

A fine lot Pine Building Lumber for sale
and will be furnished in rough, or hewed
in proper sizes to suit purchasers of
Bill. Apply at MONTGOMERY STANBACH'S
April 4, 1872—47

Select Poetry.



SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Sweetheart, good-by! Our varied day
Is closing into twilight gray,
And up from bare, bleak wastes of sea
The storm wind rises mournfully;
A mystic presence, strange and drear,
Doth haunt the shuddering twilight air,
It fills the earth, it chills the sky—
Sweetheart, good-by!

Sweetheart, good-by! Our joys are passed,
And night with silence comes at last;
All things must end, yea, even love—
Nor know we, if reborn above,
The heart blooms of our earthly prime
Shall flower beyond these bounds of time,
"Ah, death alone is sure!" we cry—
Sweetheart, good-by!

Sweetheart, good-by! Through mist
Pass the pale phantoms of our years,
One bright with spring, or subtly strong,
When summer's noon thrilled with song,
Now wan, wild-eyed, forlornly bowed,
Each rayless as an autumn cloud
Fading on dull September's sky—
Sweetheart, good-by!

Sweetheart, good-by! The vapors rolled,
Athwart you distant, darkening world,
Are types of what our world doth know
Of tenderest loves of long ago;
And thus when all is done and said
One life lived out, our passion dead,
What can their wavering record be
But tinted mists of memory?
Oh! clasp and kiss me ere we die—
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airing himself at one of the chamber win-
dows, in a state of quietude quite pleasant
to contemplate after his recent trouble.

"Haden't we better walk down to the
beach, Elizabeth? There is a fine breeze
blowing."

"Isn't the sun a little too hot," suggested
the lady.

"Not at all. I will take an umbrella
along."

So Mrs. Yorke donned her bonnet and
a lace shawl, and the portly pair slowly
transported themselves down to the beach.
It was quite too early for the fashion-
able crowd to collect, and there were only
here and there a gentleman, a nurse with
children, or some invalid, who preferred
this hour to that used by flirts and bathers;
so the old couple had the broad sand
beach pretty much to themselves, and they
sauntered away, enjoying the cool breeze
and the musical murmur of the sea as
much as people so afflicted are expected to.

As they passed along, Mr. Yorke said,
nodding his head in a certain direction to
where a lady sat in a cool dress, of pale
blue muslin:

"There's a pretty creature!"
"So she is—and an extremely lady-like
person. Quite odd to see a young lady
out on this hour. Probably, the most of
them are yet asleep, and trying to wear
away the effects of last night's dissipation.
She is very fresh and sensible looking."

"Yes—very. It's a great pity that Jus-
tin—"
"Pray don't mention that unfortunate
boy's name!"
"You are right. We will dismiss him
from our thoughts for the present. It looks
comfortable up there among the rocks.—
Supposing we should go up?"

"I dare say we would find a good seat,"
said Mrs. Yorke.

Accordingly they clambered up, as well
as age and a superfluity of flesh would
allow, and were on the point of seating them-
selves, when Mrs. Yorke, unapparently, stop-
ped on a loose stone, and fell heavily a-
mong the jagged rocks, and laid there,
very still and white, with the blood trick-
ling down from a cut on her forehead.

For a moment reason forsook her com-
panion, and then, with a wild shout, he
called for help. It came almost instan-
tly, in the person of the beautiful girl he
had observed a few seconds before, who
running up, leaned over the lady and lifted
her head, and sought to staunch the blood.

"It is only a little cut, sir, and the lady
is stunned," said she, binding her handker-
chief around the wound. "Please take
her in your arms for a moment and I
will bring some water."

The water, which the fair stranger
brought in her hat, had the desired effect,
and after a little, Mrs. Yorke opened her
eyes and sat up.

"You are feeling much better, my dear?"
"Very much. Ah! I think I have you
to thank for it," said Mrs. Yorke, looking
up at the sweet face above her.

"By no means. It was a trifling ser-
vice, I assure you. I am only too happy
to be able to remove the handkerchief, and
bring some water."

Mrs. Yorke's daughters, had died be-
fore they had reached even the dignity of
youthful girlhood; but, as the soft fingers
touched her aching head, she thought
attention might have been her own,
and God spared her dear children.

"Your mother is blessed, my dear," said
she, looking at the perfect face, "in having
such a daughter as yourself!"
"My mother is dead, madam."

"Mrs. Yorke's chubby fingers sought the
slender ones of the young lady, and closed
over them in a warm, sympathetic clasp."
"My daughters are dead, and my heart
and home are quite desolate!" said the
good woman, with a dash of tears.

"Hullo!"
The word came in a cheery cry across
the sands, and looking up, the trio espied
a tall, handsome fellow trotting toward
them, with a face as bright as a half dozen
summer days.

The Newport visit came to an abrupt
termination, for the York party left in
the first train on the following day; and
when they reached home, Mr. Yorke said:
"If we hadn't been a pair of old fools,
we would have stayed at home, and saved
our money, time and exertions. We might
have known that our son would not err in
selecting a wife."

Mrs. Yorke passed her hand lightly over
her wounded forehead, and concluded, as
I did long ago, that love and marriage are
matters beyond the control of humanity.

A Faithful Shepherd Boy.
Gerhart was a German shepherd boy,
and a noble fellow he was, although he
was very poor.

One day while watching his flock,
which was feeding in a valley on the bor-
ders of a forest, a hunter came out of the
woods and inquired:

"How far is it to the nearest village?"
"Six miles replied the boy, 'but the
road is only a sheep track and very easy
missed!'"

The hunter looked at the crooked track,
and said:
"Ay, had I am hungry, tired and thirsty,
I have lost my companions, and missed
my way. Leave your sheep and show me
the way. I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," replied
Gerhart. "They would stray into the forest,
and be eaten up by the wolves, or be
stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that? queried the hun-
ter.
"They are not your sheep. The loss of
one or more would not be much to your
master, and I'll give you more than you
have earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhart,
very firmly. "My master pays me for my
time, and he trusts me with his sheep."
"If I were to sell my time which does not
belong to me, and the sheep should get
lost, it would be the same as if I stole
them."

"Well," said the hunter, "will you trust
your sheep here, while you go to the vil-
lage and get some food and drink, and a
guide? I will take care of them for you."
The boy shook his head. "The sheep
do not know your voice, and—Gerhart
stopped speaking.

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do
I look like a dishonest man? asked the
hunter, angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, you tried to make
me false to my trust, and wanted me to
break my word to my master. How do I
know that you would keep your word
with me?"

The hunter laughed, and he felt the
boy had fairly cornered him. He said:
"I see, my lad, that you are a good,
faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show
me the road, and I will try and make it
out myself."

Gerhart now offered the contents of his
script to the hungry man, who, of course, as
it was at that time. Presently his at-
tendants came up, and then Gerhart, to
his surprise, found that the hunter was
the Grand Duke, who owned all the coun-
try around. The Duke was so pleased
with the boy's honesty that he sent for
him shortly after, and had him educated.

Honesty, truth, and fidelity, are pre-
cious jewels in the character of a child.—
When they spring from piety they are
diamonds, and make the possessor very
beautiful, very happy, very honorable,
and very useful. May you, my readers
wear them as Gerhart did. Then a great-
er than a king will adopt you as his chil-
dren, and you will become princes and
princesses royal in the kingdom of God.

Trapping An Audience.
Some years ago an eccentric genius,
the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, used to give
temperance lectures. One night he an-
nounced that he would lecture in Easton.
Now Temperance was not in favor among
the male portion of that burg. The wo-
men, however, were in for the pledge,
and consequently, on Hunt's first night,
not a man showed himself in the hall.—
The benches were pretty well filled with
women, though, and Hunt commenced,
but instead of temperance, he put them
through on the vanities of dress, etc. They
—the sleeves—caught it; and then their tight
lacing, and so on through the whole cata-
logue of female follies; not a word about
temperance. And the ladies went home
hopping mad, told their husbands about
it, and voted old Hunt down to the low-
est notch.

He had announced that he would lec-
ture at the same place the next night.
Long before the time appointed they
commenced to come, and, when Hunt
hobbled down the aisle the building was
comfortably well filled with men. The
old fellow looked about, chuckled, and
then muttered:
"Hogs, I've got you now! The audience
stared. "Aha, hogs, I've got you now."
After the crowd had got quiet a little,
the lecturer proceeded by saying:
"Friends, you wanted to know what I
meant by saying 'Hogs, I've got you now.'
I'll tell you. Out west, the hogs run
wild; and when folks get out of meat,
they catch a young pig, put a strap un-
der his body, and hitch him up to a young
sawing that will just swing him from the
ground nicely. Of course he squeals and
raises a rumpus, when all the old hogs
gather around to see what's the matter,
and then they shoot them at their leisure.
Last night I hung a pig up; I hurt it a
little and it squealed. The old hogs have
turned out to-night to see the fun and I'll
roast you; and he did, pitching into their
favorite vice with a relish and a gusto.

HOW LONG.

If on my grave the summer grass were
growing,
Or heedless winter winds across it blowing,
Through joyous June, or desolate Decem-
ber,
How long, sweetheart, how long would you
remember
How long, dear love, how long?

For brightest eyes would open to the sum-
mer,
And sweetest smiles would greet the sweet
newcomer,
And on young lips grow kisses for the tak-
ing,
When all the summer buds to bloom were
breaking—
How long, dear love, how long?

To the dim land where sad-eyed ghosts
walk only,
Where lips are cold, and waiting hearts are
lonely,
I would not call you from your youth's
warm blisses,
Fill up your glass and crown it with new
kisses—
How long, dear love, how long?

Too gay in June, you might be to regret
me,
And liping lips might woo you to forget
me;
But ah, sweetheart, I think you would re-
member
When wind were weary in your life's De-
cember—
So long, dear love, so long.

Riches and Happiness.