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BY W. BLAIR

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Select Poetry.



WAITING BEYOND.

BY JAMES F. STEARNS.

O, some one is waiting for me,
In the beautiful realms above,
On the shores of Eden's domain,
Where all is perfection and love.
Life's river will soon bear me there,
Uniting the earth-broken bond,
O, what would I give to be there,
When some one is waiting beyond!

When earth has so little to charm
And heaven so much to bestow;
When some one is waiting there still,
O, why should I shudder to go?
How often I long to be there—
To meet with that heart true and fond;
For why should I wish to remain
When some one is waiting beyond?

The beggar, the homeless, the poor,
That worship at poverty's shrine—
Will some one be waiting for them?
Will they have a welcome like mine?
Yes, tatters and rags are unknown;
And unto each call will respond
Some other as soft and as sweet,
From some one that's waiting beyond.

I know not how soon death may come,
Perhaps a few dips of the oar
May carry me into that port;
I may not be far from the shore—
But though I am near or afar,
Still ever by faith I can see,
A loved one just over the tide,
That's watching and waiting for me.

If heaven is bathed in a flood
Of splendor, of grandeur, of gold;
If one never longs for repose,
And never grows feeble and old,
Then why should I tremble at death?
O, why should I ever depend?
Why blanch at the thought of the grave,
When so much awaits me beyond?

Miscellaneous Reading.

Caught in His Own Trap.

Lennox Ray sprang from the train just as the June sunshine was dropping down the west in a flood of golden glory, and the air was fragrant with the perfume of new-mown hay, and dewy with approaching twilight.

"Well, this is rather purer than London air!" sighed Lennox, drawing a deep breath of delight as he hastened up the green lane to the wide, old-fashioned farmhouse, carrying his valise in his hand. "I wonder if Nannie got my note and is looking for me. Hello!"

This last exclamation was drawn from Mr. Ray's lips by a big, ripe cherry, which, descending from above somewhere, came into sudden contact with his nose. He looked up, and there perched like a great bird upon the bough of a huge cherry tree, and looking down at him, with dancing eyes and brilliant cheeks, was a young girl, pretty and wilful enough to set a man crazy.

"How do, Lennox? Come up and have some cherries!" was her mischievous greeting, with saucy dimples playing about her crimson lips.

"Nannie! Is it possible?" exclaimed Lennox, sternly.

"What! that the cherries are ripe? Yes, and splendid, too! Have some!" returned the nymph, coolly holding out a great ruby cluster.

"Nannie, will you come down from there!" said Mr. Ray, not seeming to notice the cherries.

"Yes, to be sure, now you've come, and I have had all the cherries I wanted."

And while Mr. Ray looked on in stern disapproval, the young witch swung herself lightly down from her perch, and lit on the grass at his feet.

"Now don't look so serious, Lennox, dear!" she said, slipping her little hands into his with a coaxing motion. "I know it's tom-boyish to climb the cherry trees, but then it's such fun."

ped down on her knees beside it, letting her glossy curls fall in a great shower on the window sill.

"Now don't do that!" exclaimed Mr. Ray, drawing a chair near his own. "Come here, and sit down like a rational being."

Nannie gave a rueful glance at the stiff-backed chair, but giving her curls a toss backward, obediently went and sat down.

"I wish you would put up those fly-away curls and dress your hair as other young ladies do," said Mr. Ray. "And see here, Nannie, I want to have a talk with you. You know I love you; but in truth, my dear, my wife must have something of the same."

"How long are you going to remain the unventured creature you are?"

"I believe you wished me to come here to improve my manners, Mr. Ray; to acquire the elegance of society," she said, idly.

"But Nannie—"

"Your sister thinks I have been an apt pupil."

"Yes, too apt, by heavens!" cried Lennox.

"Well, if you ain't pleased with the result of your own advice, I am not to blame. You must excuse me, Mr. Ray; I am going to ride with Count de Beaupaire."

And with her sweetest, hollowest smile, she made a graceful gesture of adieu, and if him sick at heart, puzzled and disgusted.

That afternoon, as Laura and Nannie were about dressing for the evening, Lennox walked, unannounced, into Laura's little parlor, where they sat alone.

"I thought I'd drop in and say good-bye before you went down stairs," said he. "I leave for London to-night."

Laura elevated her eyebrows a little.

"Sudden isn't it? But since you are going, I will give you some commissions."

"You needn't. I shall only stay in town for a day."

"Indeed! Where are you going?"

"To-morrow, I shall see more of Nannie!" he thought.

But to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow it was always the same, and "that elegant Miss Irving," as they styled her, was always in demand. She played the role of an accomplished lady, icy-hearted coquette to perfection; and poor Lennox, from the distance in which she kept him, looked on almost heart-broken, varying between wrath, jealousy, pride and despair.

"Nannie!" said he, one morning when he found her alone, "how long is this to last?"

"How long is what to last?" asked Nannie, innocently.

"How long are you going to remain the unventured creature you are?"

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Published by Request.

OPEN THE DOOR.

BY T. O'KANE.

Open the door for the children,
Tenderly gather them in—
In from the highways and hedges—
In from the places of sin.
Some are so young and helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children,
And gather them into the fold.

Chorus.—Go, gather them in—
Go, gather them in—
For our blessed Savior
Bids them come to him.

Open the door for the children,
See! they are coming in throngs;
Bid them sit down to your banquet,
Teach them your beautiful songs!
Pray you the Father to bless them,
Pray that His grace may be given;
Open the door for the children—
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Open the door for the children,
Take the dear lambs by the hand;
Point them to Christ, the Redeemer,
Welcome them into your band.
Jesus will gladly receive them,
Quickly their tender hearts win;
Open the door for the children,
And hasten to gather them in.
Delaware, Ohio.

The Habit of Fretting.

SOME WHOLESOME ADVICE BY A LADY.

Fretting is both useless and unnecessary; it does no good, and a great deal of harm; yet it is almost a universal sin. More or less we are all given to it. We fret over almost everything. In summer because it is too hot, in the winter because it is too cold; we fret when it rains because it is too wet, and when it doesn't because it is dry; when we are sick or anybody else is sick. In short, if anything or everything does not just to suit our particular whims and fancies, we have one grand general refuge—to fret over it.

I am afraid fretting is much more common among women than among men. We may as well own the truth, my fair sisters, if it isn't altogether pleasant. Perhaps it is because the little worries and cares and vexations of our daily life harass our sensitive nerves more than the extended enterprises which generally take the attention of men. Great wants develop great resources, but the little wants and worries are hardly provided for, and like the nail which strikes against the saw they make not much of a mark, but they turn the edges terribly.

I think if we looked upon all the worries of one day as a great united worry, self-control to meet it would be developed. But as they generally come only one or two little things at a time, they seem so very little that we give way, and the breach once made in the wall soon grows larger.

Now, I don't believe in the cant that a woman must always, under all and a variety of circumstances, wear a smiling face when her husband comes home, or that she need take her hands out of the dough or drop the baby on the floor, or to meet him at the door. But I do believe—my, I know, for I have seen it with my own eyes among my friends—that many a woman has driven a kind husband away from her, away from home and his sacred influences, and caused him to spend his time at a billiard table, or in a drinking saloon, amid their profane influences, simply by her ceaseless fretting over trifles which were not worth a word, much less the peace and happiness of a home.

I know that many a mother has turned her son against her own sex, and made him dread and dislike the society of women, by her example set constantly before him. I know that many a mother has brought up and developed a daughter just like herself who in turn wreck and ruin the comfort of another family circle. And knowing all this, my sisters—and brothers too, if they need it—I know that we ought to set our faces like a flint against this useless, sinful, peace-destroying and home-disturbing habit of fretting.

"John, look at you—is you fat?"

"No," said the Judge; "decidedly not."

"Well, look at old miss" (Mrs. Marshall)—"is she fat?"

"Den look at me—is I fat?"

"No."

"Den look at yo' horses—is dey fat?"

"No."

Scolding Women.

BY SWEETBRIAR.

It's a dreadful thing for a woman to swear, but it's worse to be forever scolding. And if I were a married man, and must choose between swearing and scolding habits in my wife, I should choose an occasional swear to a continual scold.

But the pity is the men don't get the privilege of choosing. Instead of this nine married women out of every ten are habitual scolds.

It isn't the cares of wifehood, nor the trials of motherhood that steal the roses from the cheeks. Oh, no! It's the habit of scolding and fretting that nine out of every ten wives indulge in.

Of course you'll say that this is a monstrous falsehood, and call me a sour old maid, envious and jealous of my more fortunate married sisters.

I'll not deny that I'd rather be a married woman than a single one, but as heaven is my witness, I'd rather live an old maid to the end of my days than do as so many of my sisters do, marry and become fretful, scolding wives.

No wonder the men learn to forsake their homes, and gradually grow indifferent to the charms that won them, when so many wives forget to be charming, and fret and scold whenever they can secure a listener.

There's care and vexation enough in the busy life of any man to make him long for rest and quiet at home.

But to be met with a fretful complaint of his Mary Ann's daily trials every time he steps into his comfortable home is almost enough to drive any reasonable man to distraction.

Oh! of course I know there is another side to this question, but it's not my purpose to present it at this time.

And in conclusion I've only to declare it to be the result of careful observation that I have discovered the truth.

The chief cause of so many married men ceasing to devote their spare moments to wife and home, is that the wives first cease to be attractive, and actually drive their husbands from their sides by their own unlovely behavior.

And scolding and fretting at little things is the most common and most unlovely of all.

Blood will Tell.

When Judge Marshall lived in Richmond, his opposite neighbor was Colonel Pickett, father of the Confederate General George E. Pickett, of Gettysburg fame. Colonel Pickett was a man of wealth lived well and was not content unless everything about his household bore the marks of good living. His horses were his pride, and were conspicuous everywhere for their splendid appearance, being sleek, fat and highspirited as abundant food and excellent grooming could make them. Judge Marshall's horses, on the other hand, were notoriously lean and unkempt. Everybody but the Judge had long remarked this. At last it was brought to his notice, with the suggestion that his carriage driver neglected the horses, sold much of their food, and appropriated the money to his own use, a good deal of it going, no doubt, for liquor.

The Judge called him up without delay.

"Dick, what is the reason Col. Pickett's horses are in such splendid condition, while mine are almost skeletons? I am afraid you neglect them, don't half curry them, and don't half feed them."

Dick, not expecting an attack, was fairly poised. He hemmed and hawed awhile till he could gather his negro wits about him, and then said:

A Story of President Grant.

BY SWEETBRIAR.

Gen. Grant is said to be a bad man. Perhaps he is; I don't know. If he is he has changed wonderfully since he left the army. As proof of this I will give an incident which came under my observation:

While our army lay at City Point, on the James River, at the mouth of the Appomattox, in Virginia, my duties, as assistant Adjutant-General of U. S. volunteers, called me there to consult with General Grant. One afternoon while walking out with the General (he being in military uniform with nothing to indicate his rank) we passed a boy of 10 or 12 years of age, fishing.

Grant—Have you good luck to-day?
Boy—Not very; they don't bite to-day.
Grant—You have got a few here; won't you give them to me?
The tears started in the little boy's eyes, as he said: "I have had no breakfast, and no dinner, to-day, and if I don't sell my fish I shall have nothing to get a supper."

General Grant inquired as to his history. The boy was a native of Michigan, and his mother was a widow. To obtain money to support his widowed mother, he went into the army as a waiter for a Captain of the Michigan troops, whose name I cannot recollect. The Captain was dead, and he had not a friend left.

Grant—Do you know where Grant's headquarters are?
Boy—Yes, sir.
Grant—Bring your fish up there at ten o'clock, and he will buy them.

Practically at the time the boy was on hand, with his string of fish, but was promptly stopped by the orderly in front of the quarters. Gen. Grant, over-hearing the order, stepped out, took the little fellow by the hand, led him into his quarters, and becoming satisfied with the truth of his story, procured for him a suit of clothes, a hat, a free pass on the railroads home, and gave him \$50 in money.

Now Grant may be a bad man—I'm not going to argue the question—but I don't believe you can make the mother of that boy believe it.—*Ravenna (O.) Democrat.*

Varieties.

Kindness is stronger than the sword.
Oil and truth will get uppermost at last.
Imaginary evils make no small part of the troubles of life.

Grace and beauty are flowers from the rock of utility.
Every one in some point hath seen clearer than his fellows.

What ought not to be done, do not even think of doing.
Passions are the racks that urge men to confess their secrets.

No man has a right to do as he pleases unless he pleases to do right.
A ship should not be held by one anchor, nor lie by a single hope.

Liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery.
Gratitude is a duty none can be excused from, because it is always at our disposal.

The hand is the instrument of instruments, and the mind is the form of forms.
Indolence is to the mind like moss to a tree; it bindeth it up so as to stop its growth.

Life is the voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes.
Every branch of knowledge that a good man possesses, he may apply to some good purpose.

The world would be more happy if persons devoted more time to an intercourse of friendship.
Courage, the commonest of the virtues obtains more applause than discretion, the rarest of them.

Wait for others to advance your interests, and you will wait till they are not worth advancing.
Little wrongs done to others, are in their ultimate consequences, great injuries inflicted upon ourselves.

Wit and Humor.

When does a lawyer work a miracle?—When he turns his horse to grass.

"What are you doing?" said a father to his son who was tinkering at an old watch. "Improving my time, sir."

Josh Billings says he never knew a dog of any breed whatsoever to take hydrophobia after he had been thoroughly vaccinated with buckshot.

It was once said of a penurious money lender that he kept the trunk containing the securities near the head of his bed, and laid awake to hear them draw interest.

A gentleman who had been arguing with an ingenuous until his patience was exhausted, said he didn't wish him dead, but he would be glad to see him—know more.

It is rare that an open field is struck by lightning; yet it is no unusual thing, in harvest time, for a farmer to find that his entire crop of grain or corn has been shocked.

A New England pick pocket has recently accomplished the most astounding feat of light fingering on record. He has picked a Methodist minister's pocket and realized \$100 therefrom.

A Debating society discussed the question, "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" After a full discussion and mature deliberation, the decision was, "not wrong but too difficult to pay for the trouble."

A gentleman met another on the street who was ill of consumption, and accented him thus: "Ah, my friend, you walk exceedingly slow."—"Yes," replied the sick man, "but I am going very fast."

A lady who asserts that her opinion is based upon a close observance, says that men, as a rule, regard their wives as angels for just two months, namely: a month before marrying her, and a month after burying her.

A King's fool condemned to die was allowed to choose the form of death, he chose old age. An Iowa girl being asked the same question, remarked that if she must die she preferred to be smothered—with kisses.

A gentleman was fretting about the loss of an overcoat and umbrella that had been stolen from his hall, and petulently said, "Besides, it's such a waste of the articles, for the thief is pretty sure to go at last where he will need neither of them."

Once on a time a Dutchman and a Frenchman were traveling in Pennsylvania, when their horse lost a shoe. They drove up to a blacksmith shop, and no one being in, they proceeded to the house to inquire. The Frenchman rapped, and called out: "Is desmitty wittin'?" Shtand back," says Hans, "let me speak. Ish der blacksmith's shop en der house?"

At length it is proved that a man has more vanity than a woman. This is the way it came to pass: A curious investigator watched while a thousand men passed a looking-glass used as a sign on the sidewalk in Broadway. The result of his observation showed that nine hundred and ninety-nine men glanced complacently at their image as they passed. The other man was blind. Four hundred and fifty-two women passed during the same hour and a half, and none of them looked in the mirror—all being engaged intently examining each other's appearance and dress.

An Irishman who was known to have a wholesome dread of the infernal fire, was taken by some of his friends, while intoxicated, to the glass-house, where they left him until about midnight to sleep off the liquor. The foreman at that time happened to spy him sleeping in the corner, and thinking he was one of the workmen, he walked over to him and waking him up, asked what he had worked at.

Patrick, having been waked up so suddenly, and seeing the light of the fires in full blast, thought he was in hell, and replied to the foreman: "Howly mother of Moses, it's in limbo I am at last; well, Mr. Devil, I used to work at shoemaking in the other world, but as long as you have me here you can put-me-at what you like."

A Frenchman, who knew very little of our language, unfortunately got into a difficulty with a countryman, and fight he must, and that, too, rough and tumble. But before he went at it, he wanted to know what he should cry if he found himself whipped. After being informed that when satisfied all he would have to do, would be to cry out "enough," at it they went; but poor Monsieur, in his difficulties, forgot the word, and finding his eyes likely to be removed from their sockets, he began to cry out, but instead of saying what was told him, he commenced bawling lustily:

"Hurrah! hurrah!"
To his astonishment, the countryman kept pounding harder; when Monsieur, finding there was no use in hallooing, turned and went to work in such good earnest, that it was not long before the countryman sang out in a stentorian voice:
"Enough!"
"Say that again," said the Frenchman, "Enough! enough!" the countryman sang again.
When the Frenchman in his turn exclaimed:
"Begar, dat is do vere woad I was tryin' to say long time ago."