## The cienamesboro Hillage facoro

## WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL $3,1878$.

| fith waybsboro village rbcorid Published nvery Tintasdar By W. BLaIr. <br> TEE is -Two Dollars per-Annum if paid <br> Fitity cents after the expiration of the year. <br>  <br>  tisers. |
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| IMcossrancr. |
| Against the curtained pane, beloved The snow beats thick and fast, The wild wind's sorrowful refrain Is telling of the past- |
| And in the old familiar chair, Beside the hearth fire glow, I sit and sing the tender air You loved so long ago. |
| $\Delta \mathrm{h}$, often since the springs, beloved, |

## Ah, after all these weary years, Would yon more constunt be? And would you drop these biter tears, And sing the song for me? - From the Aldine for Marech.

$\frac{\text { githisthaneons deading. }}{\text { THE BOUND BOY. }}$

| ice. "It was to-"" <br> "I don't care what it was for," interupted the farmer's wife, "Julius can behave well enough when he's a mind to, and he's got to." <br> And the farmer knew from the way his wife compressed her lips together, that she was iu unmitigated earnest. <br> Julius Kingsley went supperless to his room, but before he had begun to undress a soft knock come to his door, and Alice's voice whispered : <br> "Julius! Julius!" <br> "What is it?" <br> Open the door. I've got a piece of peach-pie for you and two rusks, and a bowl of milk. <br> "But what will your mother say, Alice." <br> She's gone to Mrs. Badger's and she |
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$\xrightarrow[\text { Expuctr Drrecrion--"Can you tell }]{\text { me the road to Greenvile ?" }}$
促", said he, hbut thre hundred yards


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An old joker who was. nerer known to
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kid the palm to any antagoiist in reel-
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