

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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## Select Poetry.



### BY-GONE HOURS.

There's a green little spot covered over with flowers,  
A sweet little nook, that we call by-gone hours;  
And the gems that bedeck it are the names of dear friends,  
Which shall blossom in beauty till life's season ends.

We may miss each sweet face, and the dear welcome sound  
Of names that for years most familiar we've found;  
But engraved on the heart's secret tablet they stand,  
And revive at the touch of fond memory's wand.

Some quietly sleep in the still, silent grave;  
Perhaps some repose 'neath the ocean's dark wave;  
Some have wandered afar; but, wherever they be,  
Their names are still dear to the heart's memory.

These were bright days of joy we shall never forget,  
When the cheek with the tear of grief never was wet.  
And it seemed that life's summer-time always would last;  
But we look at them now through the veil of the past.

And we speak of them now as the dear by-gone hours,  
That memory plants with the fairest of flowers,  
To waft all their fragrance down the long years,  
Causing rainbows to smile through life's showers of tears.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### THE WILL.

Toward the end of a gusty October day about the year 1830, a barrister of the Temple was sitting reading, when the opening of a door and the servant's announcement of "a gentleman" interrupted him. He rose to receive his visitor, who proved to be a perfect stranger, a person of very gentlemanly but extremely old-fashioned appearance. He was dressed in a gray-velvet suit of antique cut; a neat, even solemn physiognomy; silk stockings rolled at the knee, enormous shoe buckles of gold, a cane headed with the same metal, and a broad-brimmed and uncocked hat completed his equipment, which was in the fashion of the last years of William the Third or the first of his successor. Having stiffly bowed in the exact way prescribed by the etiquette of the era to which he seemed to belong, he took possession of the chair offered to him by his host, and, after a preparatory hem, thus began, in a slow and serious manner:

"I think, sir, you are the lawyer employed by the S— family, whose property in Yorkshire you are therefore aware is about to be sold."

"I have, sir," answered the barrister, "full instructions and powers to complete the disposal of it, which, though a painful duty to me, must be performed."

"It is a duty you may dispense with," said the visitor, waving his hand; "the property need not be sold."

"May I presume to ask, sir, whether you are any relation to the family? If so, you must be acquainted with the absolute necessity of selling it, in consequence of the claim of another branch of the family, just returned from beyond the sea, who, as heir-at-law, is naturally possessor of the estate in default of a will to the contrary, and who desires its value in money instead of the land. The present possessor is unable to buy it, and must therefore depart."

"You are mistaken," replied the old gentleman, rather testily. "You seem not to know of the will of Mr. S—'s great-grandfather, by which he not only left that real estate, to his favorite grandson, this gentleman's father, but even entailed it on his great-great-grandson."

"Such a will, sir," said the barrister, "was, indeed, supposed for many years to exist, and in virtue of it Mr. S— has, until now, peacefully enjoyed the property; but, on the claimant's application, a renewed search having been made for it, either the belief proves wholly unfounded, or it has been lost or destroyed. Cabinets, chests, every room, inhabited and uninhabited, have been ransacked in vain. Mr. S— has now given up all hope of finding it. The sale is to be completed in the course of next week, and the fine old place must pass into the hands of strangers."

"You are mistaken again, young man," said the stranger, striking his cane on the floor. "I say, sir, the will exists! Go immediately," continued he, in an authoritative tone, "travel light and day. You may save an old family from disgrace and ruin." In the end room of the left wing, now uninhabited, is a closet in the wall.

"We have looked there," interrupted the barrister.

"Silence, sir! There is a closet, in every that closet is a large iron chest; that chest has a false bottom, and underneath that is the deed. I am certain of what I say. I saw the paper deposited there, no matter when or by whom. Go; you will find it worth your trouble. My name, sir,

## Early Marriages.

There has been so many articles published in the newspapers, illustrative of the advantages always arising from early marriages, that we are tempted to give the following, on the other side of the question.

The practice of early marriages, so common in the United States, is one of the worst features of society. Under the most favorable circumstances, involves too many considerations, and entails too many liabilities on all parties to be entered into without deep and serious reflection. It is well enough when young people love each other to think that they cannot live apart; but it is not well enough for them to marry without some good provision for the future. The opinion, saying that it costs no more to maintain two than one is a fallacy, which is every day disposed to the satisfaction of its deluded dupes. Besides, the bodies and minds of the young need development in the school of experience. What could be lightly borne at thirty would be their ruin at eighteen. Nature, at that age, has not ripened, is mentally or physically, and all premature developments must be fearfully atoned for in after years. Youth does not know its own weakness. Lacking depth and sound judgment, what it adores to-day, is often indifferent to; on the morrow. Men have married on the strength of first affections and awakened from the dream to find themselves utterly and irretrievably miserable. There is a halo about youth it is not well to trust over-much. Better mistrust it altogether and depend upon manhood in the future. The affection that cannot "learn to labor and to wait," can never endure for any length of time.

Above all others the poor should avoid early marriages. In a single state, poverty is hard enough to endure; but the double poverty of marriage is next to beyond endurance. Occasionally when robust health and industry are vouchsafed these difficulties may be surmounted; but when this is not the case—and how frequently is it so in early marriages—want and distress soon rob love of its charm and life of its bloom. Affection will not make the pot boil, neither will it pay the house rent and buy new dresses. What was irksome to be borne alone, becomes doubly so when the law has bound its victim to another for life. Then there are the innocents, who should not suffer, but who do suffer, for the folly of their parents. The thousands of ragged, idle and vicious children in our streets and poor-houses are the fruits of early and improvident marriages, and half the misery of the poorer classes results from the same cause. But, rich or poor, the generality of early marriages are unhappy, and should serve as warnings to the young and ardent who contemplate such folly.

### An Infant in the Ohio River.

Returning on a steamer from New Orleans, we were especially interested in one lady passenger—a widow with one child—whose devotion to her child was very touching. Tears stood in the eyes of her black nurse, as she sought her mistress not to love her babe too much, or the Lord would take him away from her.

We passed through the canal at Louisville, and stopped a few minutes at the wharf. The nurse walked out with the child at the stern of the boat, when by a sudden effort the child sprang from her arms into the swift current that swept toward the falls, and entirely disappeared.

The confusion which ensued attracted the attention of a gentleman who hastily asked for some article of clothing, the child had worn. The nurse gave him a tiny apron she had torn off in trying to retain her hold. Turning to a splendid Newfoundland dog that was, obediently watching his countenance, he pointed first to the apron, and then the place where the child sank. In an instant the noble dog leaped into the rushing water and disappeared.

By this time the excitement was intense, and some persons on shore, supposing the dog was lost as well as the child, procured a boat and started in search of the body. Just at this moment the dog was seen far away with something in his mouth. Bravely he struggled with the current, but it was evident his strength was failing, and more than one breast gave a sigh of relief as the boat reached him, and it was announced that the child and it were still alive. They brought the child and its preserver on shore.

With a single glance to satisfy herself that her babe was really living, she rushed forward, sinking beside the dog, threw her arms around his neck, and burst into tears. Not many could view the sight unmoved; as she kissed his shaggy head, she looked up at his owner and said:

"Oh! sir, I must have this noble dog! I am rich; take whatever you will but give me my child's preserver."

The gentleman smiles, and, as he patted the dog's head, said:

"I am very glad, madam, that he has been of service to you, but nothing in the world could induce me to part with him."

The dog looked as if he perfectly understood what they said, and, giving his master a shake, laid himself down at his master's feet, with an expression in his large eyes that said plainer than words, "No, nothing shall part us."

A captive robin has just died in Troy at the age of sixteen years. For the first ten years of his imprisonment, life was very musical, singing from morning till night. Since then he has been less active and his head and neck became wholly destitute of feathers. For the last year he has been totally blind, not being able to find his perch, and he has remained constantly on the bottom of his cage.

## BEAR AND FORBEAR.

Be careful, ye, whose wedded hearts  
Are lovingly united  
Be heedful, lest an enemy  
Steal on you uninvited!  
A little, wily, serpent form  
With graceful, luring 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  
It's vivid lightning flashing—  
The rock on which so many hopes  
Are daily, hourly, dashing.

"Bear and forbear," the only way  
To tread life's paths together,  
Then come and welcome, shining sun,  
Or come dark, cloudy weather;  
Two wedded hearts, conjoined in one,  
That cannot live asunder,  
Have put Love's armor on—  
"O, world, look on and wonder!"

## The Geyser Region.

One who has visited the wonderful Geyser region in the Yellowstone National Park, near the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, expresses the belief that this collection of natural marvels will be of more importance to the revenues of the railroad in the multitude of tourists it will attract, than would be a city of 150,000 people midway on the route. Hon. N. P. Langford, Government Superintendent of the Park, says, in a recent official report:

There are 2000 hot springs, large and small, in this basin, and of this number probably 200 are Geysers. The whole basin is enveloped in steam, and seen at a distance, is like the approach to a cluster of manufactories. The Geysers project water with terrific force, and in fabulous quantities, and in every conceivable form, to heights varying from twenty to two hundred and fifty feet. These seen in the rays of a midday sun, or in the beams of a full moon, are inexpressibly grand. Unlike any other scenery in the world, they amaze the beholder by their magnitude and novelty. \* \* \* \* \*

Ten miles farther down the river are the two great cataraets, and the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, perhaps the most stupendous elements in the Park. The upper fall is 115 feet in height; the lower, which plunges directly into the Canyon, is 350 feet, and the Canyon itself, varying from one to three thousand feet in depth, is forty miles in length, and for the whole distance presents to the eye the most wonderful chasm in the world. Jets of hot vapor issue from its sides, and color them with the most brilliant dyes of nature. From its profound depths stars are visible in the day time.

Nothing has been, nothing can be said, to magnify the wonders of this national pleasure ground. It is all, and more than all, that it has been represented. In the catalogue of earthly wonders it is the greatest, and must ever remain so. It confers a distinctive character upon our most unique elements of nature are combined, seemingly to produce, upon the most stupendous scale, an exhibition unlike any other upon the globe. It should be sustained. Our government, having adopted it, should foster it, and render it accessible to the people of all lands, who, in future time, will come in crowds to visit it.

## The Art of Cousining.

A country gentleman lately arrived at Boston, and immediately repaired to the house of a relative, a lady who had married a merchant. The parties were glad to see him, and invited him to make their house his home, as he declared his intention of remaining in the city only a day or two. The husband of the lady, anxious to show his attention to a relative and friend of his wife, took the gentleman's name, and finally his visit became a visitation, and the merchant found, after the lapse of eleven days, besides lodging and boarding the gentleman, a pretty considerable bill had run up at the lively stable. Accordingly he went to the man who kept the lively stable, and told him when the gentleman took his horse he would pay the bill.

"Very well," said the stable keeper, "I understand you."

Accordingly in a short time, the country gentleman went to the stable and ordered his horse to be got ready. The bill of course was presented to him.

"O," said the gentleman, "Mr. —, my relative, will pay this."

"Very good, sir," said the stable keeper, "please get an order from Mr. —. It will be the same as money."

The horse was put up again, and down went the country gentleman to the Long Wharf, where the merchant kept.

"Well," said he, "I am going now."

"Are you," said the gentleman, "Well, good-bye, sir."

"Well, about my horse," the man said the bill must be paid for his keeping."

"Well, I suppose that is all very right, sir."

"Yes—well, but you know I'm your wife's cousin."

"Yes," said the merchant, "I know you are, but your horse is not."

## Be Always Neat.

Some folks are very charming at evening parties but surprise them in the morning when not looking for company, and the enchantment is gone. There is good sense in the following advice to young ladies:

Your everyday toilet is part of your character. A little girl who looks like a "fury" or a "loven" in the morning is not to be trusted; however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble a room may be, there are eight things it should contain; a mirror, wash-basin, soap, towel, comb, hair brush, nail brush and tooth brush. These are just as essential as your breakfast before which you should make good use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission.

Look tidy in the morning, and after dinner work is over, improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" for the afternoon. Your dress may or need not be anything better than calico, but with a ribbon or some bit of ornament you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being well-dressed.

A girl with fine sensibilities cannot help feeling embarrassed and awkward in a ragged and dirty dress, with hair unkempt, should a stranger or a neighbor come in. Moreover, your self-respect should demand the decent appareling of your body. You should make it a point to look as well as you can, even if you know nobody will see you but yourself.

## Help One Another.

This little sentence should be written on every heart—stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practice, not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove thorns from the pathway and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to a fellow creature.

A helping hand or an encouraging word is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of a little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing when perplexed with some task that is both difficult and burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder, and to hear a kind voice whispering, "Do not be discouraged; I see your troubles, let me help you." What strength is inspired, hope created, what weary will is felt; and the great difficulty dissolves as dew before the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another, by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak; and lifting the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on, and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and He, whose will is ever ready to aid us, will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be "broad up the water, to return after many days," if not to us, at least to those we love.

## A Grecian Thinker.

A Sophist wishing to puzzle Thales the Milesian, one of the wise men of Greece, proposed to him the following difficult questions in rapid succession. The philosopher replied to them all without the least hesitation, and with how much propriety and decision our readers can judge for themselves:

What is the oldest of all things?  
God—because he always existed,  
What is the most beautiful?  
The world—because it is the work of God.

What is the greatest of all things?  
Space—because it contains all that is created.

What is the quickest of all things?  
Thought—because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.

What is the strongest?  
Necessity—because it makes men face all the dangers of life.

What is the most difficult?  
To know yourself.

What is the most constant?  
Hope—because it still remains with man after he has lost everything else.

## Luther and Melancthon.

On a certain occasion a messenger was sent to Luther to inform him that Melancthon was dying. He at once hastened to his sick bed, and found him presenting several signs of the nearness of death. He mournfully bent over him; and, sobbing, gave utterance to a sorrowful exclamation. This roused Melancthon from his stupor; he looked into the face of Luther, and said, "O, Luther, is it you?" "Why don't you let me depart in peace?" "We cannot spare you yet, Philip," was the reply. Turning around, he fell upon his knees, and fervently wrestled with God for his friend's recovery for upwards of an hour; he then went from his knees to the bed, and took him by the hand. Again Melancthon said, "Dear Luther, why don't you let me depart in peace?" "No, no, Philip, we cannot spare you yet from the field of labor," was the reply. Luther then ordered some soup, and when Melancthon declined to take it, saying, "Dear Luther, why will you not let me go home and be at rest?" "We cannot spare you yet, Philip," was still the reply. He then added, "Philip, take this soup or I will excommunicate you." The sick man took the soup, and soon commenced to grow better, regained his wonted health, and labored for years in the cause of the Reformation. When Luther returned home he said to his wife, with a bounding joy, "God gave me my brother Melancthon back in direct answer to prayer."

## The Lie of a Lifetime.

A solicitor of the town of Ross, in Herefordshire, England, named J. H. Skyrme, died suddenly a few weeks ago. Few men to all appearances, are more sincerely mourned than he was. All the newspapers in the neighborhood published laudatory obituaries; societies passed resolutions of respect and condolence; the shops of the town were closed on the day of his funeral. He was reported to be rich, and had been universally respected. There was apparently no doubt, nor reason for any, that the life which had just closed had been an unusually honorable and prosperous one; and yet the necessary investigation of his affairs revealed almost immediately that he was very far from such a man as his neighbors and friends had supposed. His whole life had been a lie, and his business transactions were based on forgery. Pretending to make investments for his clients, he had appropriated their money to his own use, and imposed sham mortgages upon them as a pretended security for their loans. He had also forged other papers, had pledged his clients' title deeds, and left his bank account overdrawn to the amount of twenty thousand pounds. Almost all his neighbors were his victims, and he left no assets. He is now supposed to have poisoned himself to avoid exposure, which could not have been far off.

## Milk as Medicine.

The London *Medical Journal* says, on the authority of Dr. Benjamin Clark, that in the East Indian warm milk is used to a great extent as a specific for diarrhoea. A pint every four hours will check the most violent diarrhoea, stomach-ache, incipient cholera and dysentery. The milk should never be boiled, but only heated sufficiently to be agreeably warm, not too hot to drink. Milk which has been boiled is unfit for use. This writer gives several instances to show the value of this substance in arresting this disease, among which is the following. The writer says, "It has never failed in curing it in six or twelve hours, and I have tried it, I think, fifty times. I have also given it to a dying man who had been subject to dysentery eight months, latterly accompanied by one continual diarrhoea, and it acted on him like a charm. In two days his diarrhoea was gone, in three weeks he became a hale, fat man, and now nothing that may occur will ever shake his faith in hot milk."

## That Clergyman out in Indianapolis.

While preaching his sermon one Sunday evening, perceived a young man and young woman under the gallery in the act of kissing each other behind a hymn book, did not lose his temper. He did not fly into an unseemly rage, and call upon the sexton to rush up the aisle and disband the rioters. No! He remained calm. He beamed mildly at the offender over his spectacles, and when the young man kissed her the fifteenth time, he merely broke in his sermon short, in the middle of "thirdly," and offered a fervent prayer in behalf of the young man with the pink necktie, and the maiden in the blue bonnet and gray shawl, who were profaning the sanctuary by kissing one another in pew No. 68. And the congregation said "Amen." Then the woman suddenly pulled her veil down, and the young man sat there and swore softly to himself. He does not go to church as much now as he did.

## Bitter Bite.

A sailor went into a shop in Milwaukee and purchased goods to the amount of fifty cents. Throwing down a bill, he said, "There's a two-dollar bill; give me the change." A glance showed the storekeeper that the bill was a "V," and hastily sweeping it into the drawer, he gave back the change. After Jack was gone the man went to the drawer and found that the bill was a "V," to be sure, but a little the worst counterfeit he ever seen. Indignant at the treatment Jack was found by the storekeeper and threatened; but Jack was ready and showed by a comrade that he received but a dollar and a half in change, so he could not have given the man the bill. After a little talk the matter was allowed to drop by the storekeeper, who probably learned something he did not know before.

## The Law That is Wanted.

A well-known minister, speaking at a recent temperance convention in Boston, describing the kind of law we need on the subject of temperance, said, "We want another law passed, talked, written up, preached everywhere, and that is the law of individual self-control, which makes a man feel his responsibility to other men and to his God. When we have created that idea of self-respect we may trust a man everywhere, though grog-shops may be as thick as holes in the ice in the spring." If temperance people had bent their energies in this direction twenty-five years ago, the temperance cause would stand on a better footing to-day.

## Larry F.

Larry F. tells a good story of one of the baggage-masters at a station on the Boston and Albany Railroad, a fat, good-natured droll fellow, whose jokes have become quite popular on the road. His name is Bill. A few mornings since, while in the performance of his duty of changing baggage, an ugly little Scotch terrier got in his way, and he gave him a smart kick, which sent him over the track yelling. The owner of the dog soon appeared in high dudgeon, wanting to know why he kicked his dog.

"Was that your dog?" asked Bill.

"Certainly it was; what right have you to kick him?"

"He's mad!" said Bill.

"No, he's not mad, either," said the owner.

"Well, I should be, if anybody kicked me in that way," responded Bill.

## Wit and Humor.

"Weight for the wagon," sang the fat lady.

Spots on the sou—freckles on your boy's face.

A Maine man has put up on his land a sign reading, "No Guni'n aloud Hear."

"Develop your minerals," is the California style of asking a person to pay his debts.

A German doctor maintains that ladies of weak nerves should not be permitted to sleep alone. Who said they should?

A hotel in Grape Street, Syracuse, before which there is a large watering trough has a sign bearing the suggestive words, "Milkmen's Retreat."

An old bachelor, who supposed himself to be woman-proof, unexpectedly found himself caught the other day in the meshes of a bru-nette.

An Irishman having been told that the price of bread had been lowered exclaimed, "This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

We all need resistance to our errors on every side. Wee unto us when all men speak well of us; and wee unto us when all men shall give way to us!

"It's a very solemn thing to be married!" said Aunt Hamer. "Yes, but it's a deal more solemn not to be," said Miss Sarcient, a spinster, aged forty.

Country, greater than that of Niagara, Yosemite or Mammoth Cave, though each of these is, in itself, without parallel. But the most grandest, most wonderful, and

"What makes a little dog wag his tail?" asked one dorker of another. "Cause de dog is stronger dan de tail; if de tail was de strongest it would wag de dog would'n't it, say?"

Of all the disagreeable habits the world is tormented with, scolding is the most annoying. To hear a saw filed, or hear a peacock scream, or an Indian yell, is music compared with it.

Busy not thyself in searching into other men's lives; the errors of thy own are more than thou canst answer for. It more concerns thee to mend one fault in thyself than to find out a thousand in others.

A man assigned to a room in a hotel, at Sedalia, Mo., found a lady's night-gown that had been forgotten by the lady occupant. He sent it to the clerk with the message: "This is of no use to me empty."

"My dear sir," said a dying parishoner to his clergyman, "if I should will the church \$10,000, would it improve my prospects in the next world?" "I can't assure you it would; but there would be no harm in trying."

A stranger, seated at a table of his pious host, commenced eating; when his host, checking him, said, "We say something before taking food." To which the stranger replied, "Talk on, you can't turn my stomach now."

"Ma'am," said a little boy to his Sunday-school teacher, "is coffer-dam swearing?" "No, my dear, what makes you ask?" "Only that Uncle John said, 'Haden't it been for Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Adnat Lucy would cough-er-dam head off!'"

A lady dealer in hair goods down east, heads her advertisement in the local newspaper with this travesty by Dr. Watts: "How vain are all things here below—But if for false things you will go, Invest at once in hair."

George W. Maley, a famous Methodist preacher, once in addressing himself especially to the colored people of his congregation, cried out: "You, my dear, black brethren, God bless your black, greasy hides! when you get to heaven, you will be jappanted all over with glory."

"Papa didn't you whip me once for biting Tommy?"

"Yes, my child; and you hurt him very much."

"Well then, papa, you ought to whip sister's music teacher, too; he bit sister yesterday afternoon right on the cheek, and I know it hurt her, because she put her arms around his neck and tried to choke him."

One of the custom-house officials on the dock yesterday observed a woman coming off the boat with a bundle in her arms, and as he thought she rather sought to evade him he followed her and said, "Please unravel that bundle; it looks rather suspicious." "Perhaps it does," replied the woman, uncovering the head and face of a bright-eyed baby. "But I've got seven more of 'em on the other side."

The *Utica Herald* says: the man who thought anybody could milk a cow don't think so any more. He bought a cow yesterday, and last evening took a new tin pail and raison box, and started for the stable. He revolved out of the stable through a window in just three minutes. At the same time the tin pail was heard wandering among the rafters, and the reason box came bounding of the door. The hired girl made a reconnaissance in force, and reported that the cow was standing on her horns, so to speak, and watching her hind legs for new worlds to conquer.