

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC.

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

VOLUME 26.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1873.

NUMBER 28.

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, \$1.50; for each subsequent insertion, Thirty Cents per Square. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

LOCALS.—Business Local 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."

DR. JOHN M. RIPPLE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the public. Office in his residence, on West Main Street, Waynesboro', April 24-4f

DR. BENJ. FRANTZ,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE—In the Walker Building—near the Bowden House. Night calls should be made at his residence on Main Street adjoining the Western School House.
July 20-4f

ISAAC N. SNIVELY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO' PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2-4f

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.

DR. A. H. STRICKLER,
(FORMERLY OF MERCERSBURG, PA.)
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Waynesboro' and vicinity.

Dr. Strickler has relinquished an extensive practice at Mercersburg, where he has been prominently engaged for a number of years in the practice of his profession. He has opened an Office in Waynesboro', at the residence of George Besore, Esq., "118 Father-in-law," where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged.
July 20, 1871-4f.

J. H. FORNEY & CO.
Produce Commission Merchants
No. 77 NORTH STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Pay particular attention to the sale of Flour, Grain, Seeds, &c.
Liberal advances made on consignments.
May 29-4f

HORSE RAKES.

PERSONS wanting Spring-tooth Horse Rakes can be supplied with a first-class article by calling on the subscriber. He continues to repair all kinds of machinery at short notice upon reasonable terms. The Metalic excelsior Post Boring and Wood Sawing Machines always on hand.
JOHN L. MITCHELL,
Quincy, Pa.

MILLINERY GOODS!

MRS. C. L. HOLLINBERGER now located at 37 Pearl Street, Baltimore, Md., has opened a new Stock of the best and most fashionable Millinery Goods. Orders from the country promptly filled at prices which will give entire satisfaction.
Oct 30-4f

J. H. WELSH

W. V. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Hats, Caps, Furs and Straw Goods,
No. 531 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
April 3-4f

BARBERING! BARBERING!

THE subscriber having recently re-painted and papered and added new furniture to his shop, announces to his customers and the public that he will leave nothing undone to give satisfaction and make comfortable all who may be pleased to favor him with their patronage. Shaving, Shampooing, Hair-cutting, etc. promptly attended to. A long experience in the barbering business enables him to promise satisfaction in all cases.
W. A. PRICE,
Sept 18-4f

THE BOWDEN HOUSE

MAIN STREET,
WAYNESBORO', PENNA.

THE subscriber having leased this well-known Hotel property, announces to the public that he has re-furnished, re-painted and papered it, and is now amply prepared to accommodate the traveling public and others who may be pleased to favor him with their patronage. An attentive hostler will at all times be in attendance.
MAY 23-4f SAM'L P. STONER.

COACHMAKING.

PERSONS in want of vehicles of any description, new or second-hand, can be supplied at the old "Waynesboro' Coach Factory" on Church Street. The subscriber cordially invites those desiring anything in his line to call and examine his stock and learn his prices, which he feels warranted in saying will compare favorably with that of any other establishment in the county.

REPAIRING of all kinds will receive prompt attention.

Thankful to the public for past patronage he solicits a continuation of the same in the future.
JACOB ADAMS,
April 10-4f

Select Poetry.

[Written for the Village Record.]

EFFIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

BY JOHN H. BARNES.

'Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good night" had been said,
And Effie and Willie had crept into bed:
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs

For to-night their stern father's command had been given,
That they should retire precisely at seven
Instead of eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before;

He had told them that he thought this delusion a sin,
No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
And hoped after this, he should never more hear,

How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year,
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft downy beds.

Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten—
Not a word had been spoken by either till then;
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Effie, is you fast asleep?"

"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replied,
"I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
For somehow, it makes me sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus';
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,

For he came every year before mamma died;
But then, I've been thinking that she used to pray;
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here,

With the sacks full of presents he brought every year."
Well, why tant we pay dest as mamma did then,
And ask him to send him with presents a-dozen?"

"I've been thinking so, too, and without a word more,
Four little bare feet bounded on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two little hands were clasped to each breast.

"Now, Willy, you know we must firmly believe,
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive,
You must keep just as still till I say amen,
And by that you will know that your turns come then,"

"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of thee,
I want a wax-dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring

Bless papa—dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he,
Don't let him get fretful any angry again,
At dear brother Willie and Effie, amen!"

"Please Jesus let Santa Claus tum down to-night,
And bring us some presents before it is light,
I want he should give me a nice new sled,
With bright, shiny runners, all painted red;

An box full of candy, a book and a toy,
Amen, and then, dear Jesus I'll be a doxy boy."
Their prayers being ended they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful again

sought their beds,
And were soon lost in slumber both peaceful and deep,
And with fancies in dreamland, were roaming in sleep,
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Eve the father had thought of his children again;

He seems now to hear Effie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
And should not have sent them so early to bed;

But then I was troubled—my feelings found vent,
For bank-stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they forget their troubles ere this,
And then I denied them the thrice asked for kiss,
But just to make sure I'll steal up to their door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings be-

Miscellaneous Reading.

KITTY'S RUSE.

"I can't stand this any longer, Kitty; this surprise is wearing out my life. I mean to have a talk with your father this very night, and know the worst, whatever it is."

Brown-eyed, brown-haired Kitty Cline looked up in dismay at her lover's clouded and resolute face.

"Oh, Robert, pray be patient a little while longer! You know just how contrary and set in his way father is. If you do as you say, the upshot will be that he will forbid you coming to the house at all. You leave it to me. I have a plan in my head. Be to Cousin Jane's to-morrow evening, and I will tell you how it works."

As Robert Dunn left the house which he did with a lighter heart than when he entered it, he met Mr. Cline at the gate, who glared wrathfully at him in return for his pleasant greeting.

He was a short, thick-set man, with a red, uncomfortable-looking face, as tho' his collar was too tight for him.

Stumping into the house with considerably more noise than was necessary, he turned to the window where Kitty was sitting, humming a tune, a careless, unconcerned look upon her face, which belied the frightened feeling at her heart.

"What's that young fellow coming here so much for, Kitty?"
Kitty tossed her head with an air of disdain.

"For what he won't get, smart as he thinks himself. He wanted that I should let him speak to you, but I told him that it wouldn't be the least particle of use."

The old man glared at his daughter with and air of mingled astonishment and indignation that was ludicrous to witness.

"You did, hey?"
"Yes," replied Kitty, composedly threading her needle. "He seems to have got the idea into his head, some way, that you would favor his suit, but I told him it wouldn't make any difference if you did."

Here Mr. Cline fairly choked with rage, being unable to give utterance to his feelings only by an inarticulate sound.

"And that, furthermore, he needn't take the trouble to call here again," continued Kitty, placidly, apparently entirely unconscious of the storm that was gathering.

"And have you the assurance to tell me, miss," burst forth the indignant old gentleman, "that my favoring his suit will make no difference?"

"Well, papa, of course I'd be sorry to run counter to your wishes—more, I'd rather think you would be," interrupted her father; "it's an operation that you would not care to repeat—not while I'm above ground. Mr. Dunn is an intelligent and worthy young man, of whose preference any lady with the least particle of sense would be proud. I shall invite him to continue his calls here, and remember that it is my wish that you treat him with the respect and consideration he deserves."

Having thus delivered himself, Mr. Cline left the room with an air of great satisfaction; Kitty making no response, save by a subdued snifle behind the handkerchief, in which she had buried her face.

Having first made sure that her father had taken himself off down the street, she dried her laughing eyes, and as soon as it began to grow dusk, she went over to her cousin's where she knew Robert would be waiting for her, to tell him of her success, and to instruct him into his part in the little comedy that was being enacted.

At Mr. Cline's express invitation, he continued his calls with more frequency than before, being treated by Kitty, when her father was present, with a coolness which the young man took with very commendable philosophy and resignation.

Perhaps the warmth and cordiality of his host had something to do with this, or he might have been sustained by various private interviews with Kitty, and which seemed to be very pleasant and satisfactory to all concerned.

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