

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, FEBRUARY 12, 1874.

NUMBER 35.

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 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 22-4f.]

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

DR. F. W. 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 re-established an extensive practice at Mercersburg, where he has been prominently engaged for a number of years in the practice of his profession. He has secured an Office in Waynesboro', at the residence of George Beane, Esq., a Father-in-Law, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged. July 20, 1871-4f.

A. K. BRANISHOLTS,
RESIDENT DENTIST
ALSO AGENT
For the Best and most Popular Organs in Use
Organs always on exhibition and for sale at his office.
We being acquainted with Dr. Branisholts socially and professionally recommend him to all desiring the services of a Dentist.
Drs. E. A. HERRING, J. M. RIPLEY,
"A. H. STRICKLER, L. N. SNIVELY,
"A. S. BONBRIDGE, T. D. FRENCH,
July 17-4f.

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 23-4f.

DAIRY!
THE subscriber notifies the public that he has commenced the Dairy business and will supply citizens regularly every morning with Milk or Cream at low rates. He will also leave a supply at M. Geiser's Store where persons can obtain either at any hour during the day.
no 27-4f. BENJ. FRICK.

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 done by hand.
JOHN L. METCALF,
Feb 27-4f. Quincy, Pa.

J. H. WELSH
WITH
W. V. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Hats, Caps, Furs and Straw Goods,
No. 331 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
April 3-4f.

BARBERING! BARBERING!
THE subscriber having recently re-painted and repaired 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', PENN'A.
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.

Select Poetry.



FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER.

We're floating down the river,
The noiseless stream of time;
Its voyagers of all ages—
They hail from every clime,
It has its lights and shadows,
It has its hopes and fears:
Some cross it in a moment,
And some are crossing years.

We're floating down the river,
At first it seems so wide,
That our frail barques can never
Land on the other side,
The trip seems one of pleasure;
We're nothing now to fear,
No tempest can beset us
While seas are fair and clear.

We're floating down the river:
As farther on we go,
The stream appears more narrow,
The waters faster flow,
We're looking out for dangers
That lie on every side;
Our watchword it is "Onward!"
As down the stream we glide.

We're floating down the river;
When we've been on it years,
And cast our glances backward,
It but a step appears,
The waters now are deeper,
The bottom lost from view:
Where once the boats were many,
They are scattered now, and few.

We're floating down the river:
As other have before;
Of times a boat will leave us,
And strike out for the shore;
And then our journey onward
More lone and sad is found—
One comrade less to cheer us,
As we are homeward bound.

We're floating down the river:
Some time our turn will come
To launch out from the others
And set our sails for home,
And, when shall come that summons
From shores beyond our view,
Oh, may our boats be ready
To dash the breakers through!

We're floating down the river:
An excited passenger, who had stepped
up to the bar to liquor, and so suddenly
found himself without means to liquidate.
"Mine too!" chorused a dozen of us,
simultaneously clapping our hands on our
personal subtreasuries and finding them
vanish.

There was a commotion on board the
good steamer *Swiftness*, one of the best
then navigating the Mississippi. A ruel
set we were on whom this unexpected
ly dawned the fact of present insolvency.

My own case was peculiarly hard—
The money I had lost was my all. I had
just drawn it from a bank to pay for a
home I had bargained for, and to which
I was expecting soon to conduct my long
intended bride. Poor Kate—I could hardly
in justice, ask her to wait longer.

"It is evident that we have pickpockets
on board," observed a grave-looking
gentleman, who had already found time
to talk himself into a leader among us.
It was pretty evident.

"They may have gone ashore with the
booty," suggested another—"we have already
made several stoppages."
"True," replied the grave gentleman;
"still it is proper that a general search
be instituted. It will at least serve to
clear of suspicion those present."

"Very right," was the general voice.
"And, as a mover of the proposal," the
gentleman continued, "I first offer for
scrutiny my own person and effects."
For form's sake the offer was accepted.
Of course no discoveries were made in
that quarter. Beyond a decent supply of
clothing, a few religious books, a moderate
sum of money, nothing was found on
the gentleman's person or among his effects.

"At least they have left me my little
pittance," he remarked, returning it to
his pocket. "I presume they hardly
thought it worth while to rob a clergyman."

"Had we known the gentleman's calling
sooner, we were inexcusable not to have
suggested it—we certainly should have
insisted on his exemption from the test he
had just undergone."
One after another were put through
the ordeal with equally fruitless results,
till it came the turn of a slipshod little
man, who had hung back to the last, and
whom nobody seemed to have noticed until
now.

"Step forward, sir, and submit like the
rest," said the clergyman.
The little man obeyed. As he approached,
a singular change came over the
minister's countenance. He grew pale
but the feeling, whatever it was, was evanescent.

"Do your duty gentlemen," he said in
his usual tone of authority.
Those appointed to conduct the search
proceeded with it. This time results were
so barren. Every one of the missing
wallets was found in the little man's pos-

I'M WEARY.

I'm weary of life and its battles,
Tired of learning so oft
That on fairest and sweetest flowers
Perish first in the blast of the north;
That our hopes, like withered leaves,
Fall one by one, quickly and sure;
And not even our loves and our friendships
In adversity's winds will endure.

I'm tired, too, of life's envious
Its quarrels, its frauds, and its strife;
And I find in the grave would be lying
If death were the end of life.
The friends that I loved and trusted
Have failed me one by one,
And my loved ones too have vanished,
Like the mists before the sun.

I once had a darling cousin,
"With eyes that were dark and deep,"
But coldly the death shades were falling,
And she fell mid her shadows asleep.
I once loved a pretty floweret,
That lay in garden smiled;
But the winter's chill breath touched it,
And it faded and drooped and died.

Each thing that I loved and cherished
Passed from me sooner of all;
And now all that's dearest and nearest
I dare not love at all;
The robins sing in the morning,
And the lilies dance in the breeze
That, whispering, tosses the ivy,
And coquets with the laughing trees.

But into my heart steal no echoes!
The music of life has fled!
The hopes of my childhood are ended!
The hopes of my youth are dead!
So I am weary, weary and tired;
Feign would I lie asleep,
Where the grass in the churchyard swaying
With the willows forever weep.

CONNECTICUT BLUE LAWS.
The statutes copied below, from an ancient volume relating the history of the American Colonies, were enacted by the people of the "dominion of New Haven" and being printed on blue paper came to be known as the famous blue laws.

The Governor and magistrates convened in General Assembly, are the supreme power, under God, of this independent dominion.

From the determination of the Assembly no appeal shall be made.

The Governor is amenable to the voice of the people.

The Assembly of the people shall not be dissolved by the Governor, but shall consist of the freemen of the dominion.

Whoever says there is power and jurisdiction above and over the dominion, shall suffer death and loss of property.

Whoever attempts to change or overturn the dominion shall suffer death.

The judges shall determine no controversies without a jury.

No one shall be a freeman or give a vote unless he be converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the dominion.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only King.

No Quaker, no dissenter from the established worship of this dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the electing of magistrates or any other officer.

No food or lodgings shall be offered to Quaker, Advertiser or heretic.

If any person turns Quaker he shall be banished and not suffered to return but on pain of death.

No Priest shall abide in the dominion; he shall be banished, and suffer death on his return.

Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

No one to cross a river, on the Sabbath or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook vitals, make beds, or sweep houses, cut hair or shave, on the Sabbath day.

THE PROTESTANT COW.

Paddy Murphy and his wife Bridget, after many years of hard labor in ditching and washing, had accumulated a sufficiency to purchase a cow (of course they had pigs) which they did at the first opportunity. As it was bought of a Protestant neighbor, Pat stopped on his way home at the house of the priest, to procure a bottle of holy water with which to exercise the false faith out of her.

"Isn't she a fine creature?" asked Pat of the admiring Bridget. "Just hold her till I fix the shed."

To save the precious fluid from harm, he took it into the house and set it up in a cupboard until he had "fixed" things. Then he returned and brought the bottle back, and while Bridget was holding the rope, proceeded to pour it upon her back.

But poor Pat had made a slight mistake. Standing within the same closet was a bottle of *anemofortis*, that had been procured for a different purpose, and, as it dropped upon the back of the poor cow, and the hair began to smoke and the flesh to burn she exhibited a decided appearance of restlessness.

"Pour on more, Paddy," shouted Bridget, as she tugged stoutly at the rope.

"I'll give her enough now quoth Pat, and he emptied the bottle.

Up went the heels of the cow, down her head, over went Bridget and half a dozen of the children, and away dashed she infuriated by the down the street, to the terror of all mothers and the delight of the dogs.

Poor Pat stood for a moment, breathless with astonishment, and then clapping his hands upon his hips, looked sorrowful after the retreating cow, and exclaimed,—"Be jabbers, Bridget, but isn't the Protestant strong in her—the baste!"

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S FAVORITE WIFE.
How large is his little family circle? He had nineteen wives until I left, and forty-five children.

How does he support them? Well, the most of them support themselves. Brigham compels them to do it. For instance he only allows enough to each one to purchase the bare necessities of life—calico dresses! Women in Utah have the same pride and ambition about their personal appearance that they have anywhere else. If they want anything better, they are compelled to take in boarders or do sewing, or something of that sort. That is the way he treats all of them but the favorite, Amelia Fulson. She dresses in silk and satin, eats at the same table with him, and does nothing all the day. The rest eat in the same dining-room and they are compelled to look on. Fulson can do anything she likes with it.

It would be interesting to know which of the nineteen wives was able to capture Brigham, and maintain an ascendancy over him. How is she able to manage him? By her temper, she has an awful temper, and she can scold him into anything.

Is she good looking? No, she is ugly, and over forty years old. They say I am jealous, but that is not the case. Well, then, does her charms lie in her intellect? No, I ain't jealous of her a bit—she is the reverse of refined—indeed, she is the coarsest and most vulgar of all the wives of Mr. Young. Her reputation is bad—that is it was bad until she married Brigham. I don't like to repeat what is said about her all over Salt Lake. She rules him by her strong will and bad temper. How does he manage the rest of his wives? He keeps them at a distance, and no familiarity is allowed from them. They don't dare to speak to him except now and then when he is extra good-natured. Brigham has been a good deal of a flirt in his day. There is no excuse for his meanness towards his wives, because he is enormously wealthy.—*St. Louis Globe's Interview with Ann Eliza Young.*

OCCUPATION.—What a glorious thing it is for the human heart! Those who work hard seldom yield to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own fears, waving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a fit of moral rage, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you dark and heavy, toil not with waves and wrestle not with the torrent; rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you into a thousand channels, which the duties of life allow ways present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present and give birth to fresh flowers, that will be come pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all is but a selfish feeling, and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow men.

WHY FARMERS ARE HEALTHIER THAN PROFESSIONAL MEN.—1. They may work more, and develop all the leading muscles of the body.

2. They take their exercise in the open air, and thus breathe a greater amount of oxygen.

3. Their food and drinks are commonly less adulterated, and far more simple.

4. They do not overwork their brain as much as industrious professional men do.

5. They take their sleep, commonly during the hours of darkness, and do not try to turn day into night, by sleeping during the hours of light.

6. They are not, commonly, so ambitious, and do not wear themselves out so rapidly in the fierce contests of rivalry.

"Pat, you are wearing your stockings wrong side outward." "Och, and don't I know it, to be sure! There's a hole on the other side, there is."

A TOAST.—Woman—the last and best of theesities; if we may have her for a toast, we won't ask for any but her.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A marriage on a railway train may properly be termed a railroad tie.

Why is 'making motions' at an old ram like churning? Because it makes the butter come.

Which looks worst, to see a dress gathered at the bust, or "busted" at the garters?

What is that which has a mouth and never speaks and a bed in which it never sleeps? A river.

What is the difference between a temptation and eternity? One is a wife of the devil and the other is a devil of a wife.

The La Crosse Democrat says: "They may talk about this being a mild winter all they please, but it is a mighty hard winter on banks and city treasurers."

The Green Briar (Miss.) Herald, in suspending, says: "Hang this town! Hang all the men in it—throw the rest into the river; and plant the town site in cucumbers."

A young man who had just returned from a sequestered village to the city, declared that it was so still at night in the country tavern where he lodged that you could hear a bed tick.

A man was boasting that he had been married for twenty years and had never given his wife a cross word. Those who know him say he didn't dare to. But we suppose he forgot to mention anything about that.

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, on observing new red striped stockings on his only heir, "why have you made barber's poles out of our child's legs?" Because he is a little shaver," was the neat reply.

"Patrick," said the priest, "how much hay did you steal?" "Will, I may as well confess to your reverence for the whole stack, for I'm going after the rest to night."

A young gentleman at Kansas City sent seventy-five cents to New York recently for a method of writing without pen or ink. He received the following inscription on a card: "Write with a pencil."

Of all the blessings enjoyed by human beings, there is nothing better or more desirable than a cheerful, happy home.—It is therefore the first duty of all to endeavor to promote the most amicable relations in the home circle.

Said a tipsy husband to his wife, "you needn't bl—lame me!" "Was woman that first tempted man to eat forbidden things?" "Woman may have tempted man to eat forbidden things," said his wife, "but he took to drinking on his own accord."

Some jackass says, "Cheer up, cheer up! it's a long lane that has no turn." Don't we know it? Of course it's a long lane that has no turn. How perfectly absurd to expect a fellow to "cheer up" because a long lane has no turn! We decline to cheer up for any such reason.

Somebody is apprehensive that after the passage of the Civil Rights bill, we shall have to spall nigger with a big N, because Caucasian is spelled with a big C and Indian with a big I. This is of course on the principle that to spell nigger with a little n would be making a distinction on account of "race, color or previous condition of servitude."

A negro preacher at a Georgia camp-meeting told his hearers that they could never enter heaven with whiskey bottles in their pockets, and urged them to bring 'em right up to the pulpit, and he would offer 'em a sacrifice to de Lord. It was done, but the preacher was found incapable when the hour for evening service arrived.

The story is told of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins." "Brudder," said one of his friends at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got the hang of dat ar word. It's 'bessetin' not upsettin'."

"Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so, it's so. But I was praying de Lord to save us from the sin of intoxication, and if dat ain't an upsettin' sin I dunno what sin."

Poor innocent little Tommy! But his mother rather got him by the short hair for once, as side the following: "Little Tommy didn't disobey mamma and go in swimming, did he?" "No, mamma; Jimmy Brown and the rest of the boys went in, but I remembered and would not disobey you." "And Tommy never tells a lie, does he?" "No, mamma, I couldn't go to heaven." Then how does Tommy happen to have on Jimmy Brown's shirt?"

A colored man applied to a Boston savings-bank, wishing to draw one dollar. The clerk informed him that the iron rule of the institution forbid the withdrawal of less than three dollars. Our colored brother was in deep study for a few moments, and then said: "Sar, I'll take de free dollars. The three dollars were paid him, when at once he added: "Now, sar, if yer please, sar, I'll poset two dollars in de institution." The amount was duly received and credited, when, with his loose dollar in his pocket, he gave the clerk a sly wink, and walked away.