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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



Look not to the past for pleasure,
Nor yet to the future turn,
For the past has filled its measure
Let it lie in memory's urn.

Nor the Past, nor yet the Future,
Can we mortals call our own;
Only ours the living Present—
Here alone we have our home.

Memory throws beautiful glances
Backward o'er the path of life—
Smoothing over the roughest places,
Covering up the scenes of strife.

Little joys and little sorrows,
Woe and woe together wrought,
Make the texture of the fabric
That the past to us has brought.

Hope stands by with lifted finger,
Pointing to a future store—
Sweetly whispering that obtaining
You'll be happy evermore.

Darling Hope but cheats our fancies—
Does us wrong in doing this,
Takes us from the living Present
To the future for our bliss.

This we see not, sweetly nestling
'Round the path thro' which we tread,
Sweetest flowers of joy and gladness
Waiting but to crown our head.

Look not forward to the Future—
Look not back to the Past,
Turn you to the living Present—
Find in this your joy at last.

Miscellaneous Reading.

MONEY AT INTEREST.

BY MRS. A. E. DARR.

It is twenty-five years since my little story began, and I wonder what made me remember it to-day! Nothing in the surrounding circumstances I am sure, yet in the midst of this crowded city while the streets were yet full of light and life, all at once, as I thought of that gray cool evening, the silent sweetness of the lonely garden, and the plaintive cry of some lost lamb on the mountains. My uncle had gone nearly two hours before to see a dying child in the village; but the twilight fingers long in that northern latitude, and so, though it was nearly 10 o'clock, I put on my hat and sauntered down the little bridge-path to meet him. I had not far to go, but I was much astonished to find him accompanied by a young man known as "Dark Harry Henshaw." Both of them seemed to be under great emotion, the doctor took my hand gently, and young Henshaw neither raised his eyes nor opened his mouth. I knew that he had a very bad name in all country side, and that the shadow of a great crime hung over him, therefore, my astonishment was still greater when he followed my uncle into his study and after remaining there a few minutes went away again, without speaking a word to any of the family.

"Well!" said Aunt Mary, "after that, what?"

"Uncle to supper, I suppose; perhaps he will explain."

But he did not, until prayers were over and the servants in their room; and then he told us that Harry had demanded money from him on his way home in a way which left no doubts as to his intentions.

"What did you do, uncle? Did you give him money?"

"I said, 'No, no, Harry; what I have on me is not worth the taking; but if you will walk beside me, and tell me all your trouble, I will lend you enough to make a man of you again.'"

Aunt Mary looked injured, and her knitting needles spoke for her.

"Don't be grieved, wife! The lad has been driven to destruction by false accusation, and he's innocent; upon my word, I believe he's innocent."

"Very well. If you know better than judge and jury and all the country side, of course he's innocent."

"God often reveals to charity, Mary, what he hides from wisdom. The boy is innocent; I intend to help him to prove it."

"How? By a new trial?"

"No. By a new life. I have loaned him \$100 and he has gone to Texas."

"Not a very good reformatory school, I should think."

"Where God directs the discipline, every school is good. Come, wife, be hopeful and charitable."

Next day I heard from Aunt Mary something of the young man's history.—Three summers ago he had formed the acquaintance of a gentleman who, partly as a tourist and partly as a sportsman, had spent several months in the neighborhood. For many weeks their friendship had been a marvel, then either familiarity bred contempt or jealousy kindled hatred. They quarreled openly and furiously. Three days afterwards the body of the stranger was found terribly mauled at the foot of Barrow's Cliff, and Harry was arrested for the murder. He was eventually acquitted for want of evidence but he found every one's face dark and every one's heart hard against him; not even the woman he loved believed him innocent, and he suffered keenly from that negative punishment which is more grievous than many stripes. He sunk lower and lower, and the previous night, in a drunken brawl, had struck to the ground one of his companions. Not caring to undergo the imprisonment and suspense which would be the result, he stopped my uncle and demanded money to

From the Dead.

In a town of Northern New York a poor man went to his grave by a disease of the brain, concerning which the medical authorities differed widely and acrimoniously. In fact, two particular physicians, who had long been professional rivals, so radically disagreed as to the exact character of the case, that when he whose treatment prevailed could not save the patient, the other did not hesitate to allege that the sick man had been destroyed by ignorant mismanagement. When a respectable practitioner casts such an imputation upon a member of his own professional school he should be pretty confident of his own ability to prove it, and the accuser in the present instance was not unaware of his imperative obligation to substantiate his accusation. But now was that to be done? He had firmly maintained that the disease in question was caused by a tumor, and that the removal of the same by an operation would save the patient's life. His rival insisted that there was no tumor, and consequently did not perform the operation. Now, how was it to be practically demonstrated that the tumor did not exist, if the patient was in his grave? There was but one way of doing that, and the doctor adopted it.

On Christmas eve, near midnight, when lights shone brightly from homes far and at hand, and the snow lay crisply on the ground, the professional disputant, whose truth and standing were at stake, as he considered in the matter, took a confidential student of his with him in a sleigh to the graveyard, where he had the hapless subject of dispute, and rapidly and silently disinterred the poor body and placed it in the vehicle. Then whips were given to the horse, and away started the sleigh on the snowy road back to the surgery.

But scarcely had the desecrators of man's last resting-place got under way with their ghastly prize when the muffled beat of horses' hoofs somewhere in the darkness behind them told that they had been watched and were being pursued.—Sharper fell the whip, and the spirited young animal before the sleigh went like wind; yet still the pursuing hoof-beats sounded through the keen air, showing that the pursuer was well mounted. Turning from the main road into a by-way, or short cut, leading through a swampy piece of woods, the fugitives managed to gain enough distance to stop the sleigh a moment at the edge of a plank-bridge over a frozen woodland stream, and stretch a rope across the dark and narrow road.—This done, they were off again for the surgery close at hand, with the gallop of the pursuer coming sharply to their ears.—Pausing once again behind the bridge, to hear presently the collision of the coming horseman with the unseen rope, a crash, and a cry of wrath, the two men carried the body triumphantly depositing it upon a dissecting-table.

Then, thinking of nothing but his own disordered diagnosis of the disease, and the glory it would be to prove it true, the daring practitioner set to work with his instruments. Carefully shaving one side of his head and cutting through the spot where the principal pain had been, he bored with his trephine through the skull until a circular button of bone, about as large as a copper cent, was removed, and behold, there was, indeed, the tumor! but the strangest scene in the curious drama was yet to come, and may be best described in the doctor's own terms, as they appear in an extract from his posthumous papers lately published in the *Water-ton, (N. Y.) Dispatch*: "With no small degree of self-satisfaction, threw down my instrument and was going down stairs, when I heard a faint sigh, and I knelt by the dead man's side, and, candle in hand, gazed anxiously into his pallid features, he feebly gasped and raised his eyelids. My God! could it be a reality? Eagerly the slender thread of life was seized upon, and hour by hour, day by day, week by week, it was strengthened into a cable of perfect health."

In other words, the supposed dead man whose disinterment had occurred but a few hours after burial, had been only in a sense instead of dead, and the removal of the tumorous pressure on his brain was just in time to save his life. Another strange discovery was that on the same Christmas night, the doctor who had denied the tumor had broken his arm by falling from his horse! Suspecting what his rival intended, he too, had ridden secretly to the graveyard, and was the pursuing horseman whom the concealed rope across the road signally overthrew.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women, superior to others who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed to, and at ease in the society of men, superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversations with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivations in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart changes continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like the gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of their characters are hidden, like the character and armor of a giant by studs and knots of good and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare.

The man is a fool who will try to do as his neighbor does, when he cannot afford it.

Clean up.

SOLOMON BAY.

A hard, close man was Solomon Bay; Nothing of value he gave away; He hoarded and saved; And he pinched and shaved; And the more he had the more he craved.

The hard-earned dollar he toiled to gain Brought him little but care and pain; For little he spent, And all that he lent He made it bring him twenty per cent.

This was the life of Solomon Bay, The years went by, and his hair grew gray; His cheeks grew thin; And his heart within Grew hard as the dollar he worked to win.

But he died one day, as all men must, For life is fleeting, and man but dust; All their gold, some day, That laid him away; This was the end of Solomon Bay.

They quarreled now, who had little cared For Solomon Bay, while his life was spared; His lands were sold, And his hard-earned gold All went to the lawyers, I am told.

Yet men will pinch, and cheat, and save, Nor carry their treasures beyond the grave; All their gold, some day, Will melt away, Like the selfish savings of Solomon Bay.

The Terrible Playfellow.

One day there came into a country town in the south of Germany a man leading a big dancing bear. He was very tired and hungry, so he went to one of the inns in the town, and having tied up the bear, sat down in the tap-room to eat his dinner.

While he sat there, three little children were playing merrily, in one of the upstairs-rooms. They were quite alone, and very noisy, until one of them heard a curious noise on the stairs, to which they all began to listen. "Tramp, tramp! crank, crank, crank! What a heavy foot! Who can it be?"

Suddenly the door flew open, and in came the bear—the great shaggy bear, with its clanking chain! In a terrible fright at this unexpected visit, each of the poor little children ran into a corner to hide. But the bear found them all out, and put his cold nose quite close to them, for he was not muzzled now, snuffing at them, but did them no harm. Poor, harmless old beast! he was very much altered since the days when he hid in the forest, or climbed up the great trees to steal honey left there by wild bees.

"He must be a big dog," thought the eldest boy, and so he began to pat and stroke him. Then the bear stretched himself out at full length on the floor, and all little ones came up to him and began to play with him like a big puppy. The youngest sat down, nestled his curly head in the black fur, and the eldest boy began to thump away with all his might upon a little drum he had. Suddenly the bear stood up upon his hind legs and began to dance. Then what a cry of delight came from the children! You should have heard it. What glorious fun?

Each of the little boys had a toy musket with which they had been playing soldiers, and they had given one of these to the bear, and to their intense delight he held it tight and firm, and shouldered it just like a soldier.

So the drum was banged and they all began to march, the room shaking again with the bear's heavy feet, thump, thump, thump! bang, bang! left, right, right, left, march away.

In midst of all this noise and tramping, the door suddenly opened and there stood the poor mother. You should have seen her. Her face was white; she could not speak for fear.

But the children set up a cry of joy: "Oh, look, mamma! we are all playing at soldiers with this fine playfellow!"

While this was going on the poor man went into the yard to get his bear, and finding he had broken loose, came up stairs to look for him; and so the children lost their shaggy playfellow, although I believe their mother was not at all sorry to see him taken away.—*Children's Hour.*

"Music at Home."

There was a time when a gushing paragraph with this heading illuminated the pages of every issue of every weekly, bi-weekly, semi-weekly, monthly, and semi-monthly published all over the country. This brought down upon innocent heads an inundation of monologues and wailings from unhappy instruments, which was popularly supposed to represent music.—Boys being generally supposed to have plenty to do, and rather restive under an infliction which promises very little return, were not disturbed; it was girls, as usual, that were made the victims of this new fantasy for exhausting time, strength and patience without adequate compensation.

The piano mania is one of the most extraordinary results of psychological influence of modern times. The instrument itself is very costly; it occupies a large space; it requires separate conveyance to move it from place to place, and an expert to take it apart and put it together. It must be kept in tune by a man hired for the purpose, and at least two hours per day, and an expense for years is the price of ordinary proficiency in its use.

Yet, in the face of all these obstacles, piano pounding in its various degrees of distraction is heard in every house of every street in every city, town, village, and settlement of the Union and its territorial dependencies, from Maine to California, and Nantucket to and beyond the Rocky Mountains.

No one can object to a really good performance upon a Weber grand, or a sympathetic rendering of charming ballads in the gray of a cottage twilight. But take the number and variety of instruments, the number and variety of performers, the time and money spent, and the result attained, and let us ask, in a much abused commercial form of phraseology, does it pay?

Two hours per day, exclusive of Sundays, is in round numbers six hundred hours in a year—time enough to acquire two languages, a fair knowledge of English literature, and some idea of the art of conversation—in all of which American girls are lamentably deficient.

Moreover, facility in playing the piano is only retained, after it is acquired, by incessant practice. How many women play on the piano after they marry? And for how many might not the time have been put to infinitely better use!

A JUVENILE MONSTER.—A Kentucky paper gives the following account of a huge infant, named Derow Edward Chambers, and born two years and a half ago, in Barren co., that State:

"When about three months old he began to fatten, and soon attracted the serious attention of his parents and immediate friends. His accumulation of fat has been uninterrupted, and now he exhibits an obesity of huge aldermanic proportions. We visited him and made careful examination and measurement, which we give to the curious public. His parents are the reverse of their infantile representative, so far as physical proportion is concerned.

"The father, Smith E. Chambers, is a delicate, spare made man, of not vigorous look and weighs 127 pounds; the mother is small, delicately built and weighs 114 pounds. Derow, the young giant, stands in perpendicular measurement, 37 inches. The measurement around the wrist is 10 1/2 inches, and above the elbow 16 1/2 inches. The leg around the calf gives a circumference of 18 inches, the thigh the enormous length around of 28 1/2 while the hip take full 48 inches of tape to circuit their hugeness. Around the waist he shows a girth of 42 inches. His avoidantis pull down the scales easily at 118 1/2 pounds. The child is quite intelligent, can walk with much easier locomotion than his ponderous, unshapely form would indicate, and enjoys very good health."

"NEW EVERY MORNING."—How many bright things there are in the book of Lamentations! It has a sad title, and in our happy moods we should hardly think of turning its leaves. Our instinct would be to go to it in our grief, to find suitable utterances in our burdened hours. We open to its lines as those who walk under a weeping sky and beneath the rain of falling tears. But our walk will often, as we look up, show us a rift in the clouds, and the blue sky shining through, the blessed sunshine streaming down. Here is an utterance that has the sunbeams for its title: "The Lord's mercies are new every morning." What an assurance this is to carry with us in all our wayfaring through the world.

The future is always dark on us. The shadows brood it. A veil hides it from our sight. What is under the shadows, what is behind the veil, what is advancing to meet us out of the imperious mist, none of us can know. We have no answers of our own. This is enough for all that is coming. "The Lord's mercies are new every morning."

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher makes this sensible reply in the *Christian Union* to a query as to whether it is wicked to dance. "It is wicked when it is wicked, and not wicked when it is not wicked.—In itself it has no more moral character than walking, wrestling, or rowing. Bad company, untimely hours, and good company, wholesome hours, and home innocences, may make it a very great benefit."

Mr. Beecher takes a sensible and correct view of dancing. Shaking one's feet never yet did the harm that has been done by wagging the tongue—and it would not do to lay an embargo upon the tongue because it becomes an unpolymember now and then.

To Line the tip of a Hat With.

Breach of trust is worse than stealing outright.

Don't chew a tooth pick where any one can see you.

If you "hawk," spit right away, but not on the floor.

Hair-dye is poisonous. Keep the scalp clean with soap water.

Give full weight and good measure. That's real religion, as far as it goes.

Don't indulge in luxuries if there is a mortgage on the house you can't call your own.

It is vulgar in the extreme to make a puddle of tobacco juice in a public conveyance.

Never wear furs or any kind of wrapping close about the neck. Taking them off will induce a cold.

Don't imagine that every young lady who treats you pleasantly has ever thought of marrying you. That's quite another thing.

When you ride in a horse-car, keep your elbows to yourself, and your big feet out of the way of others who may be passing through.

When the benediction is pronounced, leave the church, and don't stop in the aisles to gossip. Others, not as chatty as you are, wish to go home.

If you go in debt, don't go in the country next Summer before you pay. Grocers, butchers, coal-dealers, etc., reasonably expect their little bills settled before you leave town.

It is as necessary to be as religious one day as it is another. To be devout on Sunday, to carry a prayer book, and bow down on that day only, will amount to but little when the day of reckoning comes.

When you stop at a crowded hotel and there are many travelers beside yourself, don't rush up to the register and demand a room. Stand back and be modest about it; the clerk will be sure to see you then and your chances are better than the foremost of the crowd.

BADLY BITTEN JUDGE.—It is a fact pretty generally known that in order to dispose of disorderly characters promptly at the New York State fairs, a justice of the peace holds court continually on the fair ground. A West Twp justice attended to the business last fall, and many offenders were brought before the "big judge." Among the number arrested was a young man having the appearance of a half-witted, overgrown country boy. He was detected in "stealing the fence," and brought up by the policeman to the office of the justice. The lubberly boy admitted the charge, but pleaded in extenuation that he had no money, and his desire to see "the show had induced him to commit the wrong. The squire quickly sentenced him to jail for thirty days or to pay a fine of five dollars.

The culprit began to cry, saying he had no money, but the squire was inexorable, and unless the five dollars were paid at once the outside would be a stranger to him for thirty days. After continuing to blubber, for some time, the boy said that his mother had sent him to the savings bank in Albany to deposit fifty dollars, and he had the money with him.

Well, said the justice, if you would avoid going to jail, take five dollars out of your mother's money, and go home and explain matters to her.

The boy finally drew off one of his cow-hide boots, and taking from it a small piece of newspaper, displayed a fifty dollar bill rolled within. With a sorrowful look and a trembling hand the bank note was handed to "his honor," who returned forty five dollars change. This done, the justice directed the policeman to take the boy by the collar and thrust him out of the gate, which was done by the blue-coat, who added, by way of emphasis, a good sound kick. As the pretended greenhorn reached the road he was laughed at by the crowd, and in reply he said:

"I have finished my business in there."

Wit and Humor.

A woman says she cannot pray; but she will shoot the first man who sells her husband liquor.

Vermont brags of a young lady so tall that her lover puts on his overcoat when he climbs up to kiss her.

Charles Lamb, when speaking of one of his rides on horseback, remarked that "all at once his horse stopped, but he kept right on."

The scientific men have settled the matter beyond all question that it is a mistake to suppose that the sun is supported by its beams.

A Danbury boy wants to know if it is right for his folks to pay \$500 for a piano for his sister, and make him pick berries for circus money.

A boy was caught stealing chestnuts near a cemetery. "What's your name?" "Tweed," blubbered the boy. "The farmer dropp'd the boy and fed."

A correspondent of a paper, having described a neighboring river as a "sickly stream," the editor appended the remark, "That's so—it is confined to its bed."

Economy is said to be carried to such an extent in a town in Michigan that the paper mills have been compelled to suspend operations for want of rags.

In Kansas hotels, if you call for a plate of Indian cakes, the waiter puts his hand to the side of his mouth, and sings out: "Modocs for one."

An old maid in Massachusetts has twenty-eight pet rabbits, and with these for pets and a hot brick for comfort she manages to get along very nicely.

A Saratoga belle who, six months ago, was so languid that she could scarcely support herself at the altar, now throws a flation fifty-five feet, and hits her husband every time.

Maryland girls won't marry in the full of the moon, believing that they would give ill-luck through life, but a Penna. girl wouldn't let forty full moons stop her ten seconds.

Two babies were shipped several hundred miles by express in Oregon, recently, and arrived at their destination all right; but the express agent was almost worn out telegraphing ahead for milk, shingles for spanking, and other purposes.

A remarkably dirty man stepped in front of a small boy sitting on a fence, expecting to have some fun by chaffing him. He answered: "How much do you weigh? The answer was: Well about as much as you would if you were washed."

A philosophical Kentuckian who had but one shirt, and was lying in bed while the garment was drying in the yard, was startled by an exclamation from his wife that the calf had eaten it. "Well," said the Kentuckian, "well, them who has must lose."

This is the way a Kentucky candidate for office greets a voter: "Howdy, howdy; howdy?" "Howdy?" "How do you do?" "Tollable." "How are you?" "Tollable." "How's all?" "Tollable." "Your folk well?" "Tollable." "How's yours?" "Tollable." "Neighbors all well?" "Tollable." "How's yours?" "Tollable." "All for me this time?" "Sorter tollable."

Under the head of "Religion" southern paper says: "Last Sunday evening as brother Slemmer was passing the hat for contributions at the Baptist Church, a graceless scamp from Possumhollow named Sikes, flung a handful of Bungtown coppers into the hat with such force as to knock out the crown, and spill the money of the Lord upon the floor. Brother Slemmer was adequate to the occasion and closed Sike's eyes so effectually that he won't see the beauties of Possum Hollow again for a fortnight. Under the little-by-play the service went on as usual."

Rev. Dr. Davis tells the following excellent story: A lady sat at a primitive Methodist Chapel close to a man who was remarkably ill shod, and whose exclamations were in inverse proportion to his shoe leather. He kept crying out, "Glory to God!" until he quite annoyed her; and on leaving the chapel the lady told him such was the case, promising him a new pair of boots if he would strain himself within due bounds. He did so for several days; but afterwards some particularly exciting news occurred, and he started up in chapel, shouting out, "Boots or no boots, glory be to God!"

A Yankee gentleman, escorting a British friend to view the different objects of attraction in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid monument, when the Yankee said:

"This is the place where Warren fell."

"Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted in local historical matters. "Did it hurt him much?"

"Hurt him?" said he, "he was killed, sir."

"Ah!" he was ch'ed" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its height layer by layer. "Well! I should think he would have been, to fall so far."