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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



PRAYER A LA MODE.

Give me an eye to other's failings blind—
(Save Mrs. Jones' new bonnet is quite a fright behind.)

Wake me in charity for the suffering poor—
(There comes that contribution plate once more.)

Take from my soul all feelings covetous—
(I'll have a shawl like that or make a fuss.)

Let love for all mankind my spirit stir—
(Save Mrs. Jones—I'll never speak to her!)

Let me in truth's fair pages take delight—
(I'll read that other novel through to-night.)

Make me contented with my earthly state—
(I wish I'd married rich. But it's too late.)

Give me a heart of faith in all my kind—
(Miss Brown's as big a hypocrite as you'll find.)

Help me to see myself as others see—
(This dress is quite becoming unto me.)

Let me act out no falsehood, I appeal—
(I wonder if they think these curls are real.)

Make my heart of humility the fount—
(How glad I am our pew's so near the font.)

Fill me with patience and strength to wait—
(I know he'll preach until our dinner's late.)

Take from my heart each grain of self conceit—
(I'm sure the gentlemen must think me sweet.)

Let wondrous visions be my daily food—
(I wonder what they'll have for dinner good.)

Let not my feet ache on the road to light—
(Nobody knows how these shoes pinch and bite.)

In this world teach me to deserve the next—
(Church out! Charles, do you recollect the text?)

Miscellaneous Reading.

SCARED OUT OF A WIFE.

The narrative which I am about to write, was told me one bleak, cold night, in a country parlor. It was one of those nights in winter, when the wind sweeps over the land, making everything single with its frosty breath, that I was seated before a blazing fire, surrounded by a jolly half dozen boys and an old bachelor, Peter Green—about forty-eight years old. It was just the night without to make those within enjoy a good story, so each of us had told his favorite story, save Mr. Green, and as he was a jolly old fellow, we all looked for him to say, "I have no story to tell, but I'll interest you, so we had to find other amusements for a while, when one of the boys told me ask him how it happened that he never got married. So I did.

Well, gentlemen, he began, it don't seem right for me to tell you how it happened, but as it is myself, I don't care much. You see when I was young we used to walk as high as five miles to church and singing school, which was our chief enjoyment. But this don't have anything to do with my not getting a wife, but I just wanted to show you that we had some trouble these days in getting our sport.

John Smith and I were like brothers or like "Mary and her little lamb."—Where one went the other is sure to go. So we went to see two sisters, and as we were not the best boys imaginable, the old gentleman took umbrage and wouldn't allow us to come near the house, so we would take the girls to the end of the lane and there we would have to take the final kiss.

We soon got tired of that sort of fun, and I told John, on our way to singing school one night, that I was going to take Saddy home, and that I was going into the house to do.

He said the old man would run me if I did. I told him I was going to risk it anyhow, let come what would.

He said "the would risk it if I would." So home we went with the girls. When we got to the end of the lane I told the girls we proposed going all the way.

They looked at each other in a way I didn't like too well, but said as the old folks would be in bed, they didn't care if we did.

They were a little more surprised yet when I told them we thought of going in a little while, but as all was quiet when we got to the house, we had no trouble of getting into the kitchen.

Then there we had our first court, and I made up my mind to ask Saddy, to be my wife the next time I came!

fore the old folks were astir. So after bidding the girls a sweet good night, and wishing them pleasant dreams, and promising them to come back on next Saturday night, we started for bed.

We didn't have far to go, as the bed stood near—the head of the stairs. John was in bed, but as I always was a little slow, and full of curiosity, I was looking around the little room; at last I thought I would sit down on a chest which was spread with a nice white cloth, while I drew off my boots. So down I sat, when, stars of the east, I went plump into a big egg-custard pie!

I thought John would die laughing, for he said I had smashed that custard all to thunder, and right in two.

You see we had to be awful quiet so that the old man wouldn't hear.

I was now ready to get into bed, so I put the light out and picked up my boots, thinking to put them in a more convenient place, when down my one foot went through a stove pipe hole, which had been covered by paper, up to my hip.

Now one part of me was up stairs, while the longest part was in the kitchen.

As my leg was very long it reached a shelf which was occupied by dishes, pans, coffee pots, etc., and turning it over, down it went with a tremendous crash.

The girls had not yet retired, and I could hear them laugh fit to split their sides.

I felt awful ashamed, and was scared until my heart was in my throat, for I expected the old man every moment.

I extracted my leg from the confounded hole just in time, for the old woman looked in from the room door, and asked, "What all that noise was about."

The girls put her off as best they could, and I went to bed, while John was strangling himself under the cover to keep from laughing aloud.

We soon went off into the land of dreams, with the hope of waking early. I wish I could tell you my dreams, but it would take me too long. One moment I would fancy myself by the side of Saddy, sipping nectar from her heaven-bedecked lips, and the next I would be flying from the old man, while he would be flourishing his cane about my head.

This all came to an end by John giving me a kick.

On waking up and looking around I saw John's eyes as big as my fist, while the sun was beaming in at the window.

What to do now we couldn't tell, for we heard the old man having family prayers in the kitchen.

John looked out of the window and said we could get down over the porch roof.

"Get out and dress as soon as possible," he said.

So in my hurry my feet got fastened in the bed clothes, and out I tumbled, head foremost, turned over, and down the steps until I struck the door, which was fastened by a wooden button, and out I rolled right in front of the old man.

He threw up his arms and cried "Lord save us!" for he thought that I was the devil.

The old lady screamed until you could have heard her a mile.

I was so scared and bewildered that I couldn't get up at once. It was warm weather, and I didn't have anything on but a narrative.

When I heard the girls snickering it made me mad, and I jumped up and rushed out of the door, leaving the greater part of my shirt on the old iron door latch.

Off I started for the barn, and when half way through the dog set up a howl and went for me.

When I got into the barn yard I had to run through a flock of sheep, and among them was an old ram, who backed off a little and started for me. With one bound I escaped his blow, sprang into the barn, and began to climb up the logs into the mow, when an old mother hen pounced upon my legs, picking them until they bled.

I threw myself upon the hay, and after John had slide down the porch into a bog head of rainwater, he came to me with one of my boots, my coat, and one of the legs of my pants.

He found me completely prostrated.—Part of my shirt, my hat, one leg of my pants, my vest, stockings, necktie, and one boot were left behind.

I vowed then and there that I would never go to see another girl, and I'll die before I will.

ADVERTISING.—To dull times—apply an advertisement to the afflicted parts. A sign board can't tell everything. It takes an advertisement to do that.

All who advertise do not get rich, but precious few get rich without it.

Wisdom Paragraphs.

Trifles often lead to serious results.

Flee pleasure and it will follow thee.

Truth fears nothing but concealment.

Do what you ought, come what may.

A guilty conscience needs no accuser.

Adversity make a man wise, not rich.

Procrastination is the thief of time.

Betray no trust; divulge no secret.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

Modesty has more charms than beauty.

Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife.

Religious contention is Satan's harvest.

Age and youth both have their dreams.

The sweetest pleasures are the soonest gone.

Some are very busy, yet do nothing.

Love rules his kingdom without a sword.

Do good whenever you can, and forget it.

Man carries an enemy in his own bosom.

The first step to greatness is to be honest.

Defile not your mouth with impure words.

Deeds are fruit—but words are only leaves.

Better be alone than to be in bad company.

Money is a good servant, but a bad master.

Articles of real merit are worth their value.

When flatterers meet, Satan goes to dinner.

The simple flowers are sociable and benevolent.

A pound of care will not pay a pound of debt.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Youth looks at the possible, age at the probable.

No one ever becomes poor through giving alms.

Report is a quick traveler, but an unsafe guide.

Drive thy business or thy business will drive thee.

A good book supplies the place of a companion.

He who despises the little, is not worthy of the great.

Many kiss hands they would fain see chopped off.

Fortune can only take from us that which she gave us.

It's a very proud horse that will not carry his oats.

Never lose your respect; if that is lost, all is lost.

Undertake nothing without thoroughly considering it.

Flowers weep, without weep, and blush.

Heers of any other nation, and probably never again will occur.

The exact number of letters are in the President's and Vice President's name—

Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin.

Every letter that is in the Vice President's name is in the President's name, is also in the Vice President's name.

The last syllable of the President's Christian name, and the first one of his surname, form the surname of the Vice President.

The first syllable of the President's surname, is the last syllable of the Vice President's surname.

The last syllable of the President's Christian name, is the same as the first syllable of the Vice President's surname, and when the surnames of both

LIN COLN
HAM LIN

are placed one above the other, they may be read in regular order, or the same reading will be rendered by separating, as above, the syllables of each, and reading them upwards.

The Scientific American predicts that the time will soon come when ice will be manufactured in all our great cities at a dollar a ton. Manufactured ice at three dollars a ton has for some time been in the markets of New Orleans.

A LA MODE.

BY ORPHEOUS C. KERR.

He bowed in loving homage to

His darling and his bride,

And vowed by all that's good and true,

She was creation's pride.

He bore him meekly in her view,

As though she was a saint;

Then whispered, "Are you satisfied?"

And she replied, "I AM!"

He bought a bonnet new for her,

Of cost o'er all beside;

He sought for satin, silk and fur,

Of pattern rich and wide,

And gave her these, with jewels rare,

Whereof not one was sham;

Then thundered, "Are you satisfied?"

And she replied, "I AM!"

What to Do for a Living.

Men make a regular business of walking the streets of Paris at break of day to pick up the "inconsiderable trifles" dropped by careless people the night previous. Here is a fellow who pursues the same vocation in New York. Being arrested on suspicion of practicing some criminal "dodge" for a living, he rises to explain that his emoluments arise from finding things.

"Well your Honor, you see the trades are too full—more men than work—and I don't want to lay down and die. So, coming from a very lucky family—don't smile, it hurts my feelings—and having very sharp eyes, start out into the street by daybreak, or earlier, if there's a good moon, and examine the streets and sidewalks when people and horses are at home asleep. I walk miles before breakfast, and always find something worth picking up, generally dropped the night before.—Say kid gloves, handkerchiefs, knives, pencils, occasionally a hat, sometimes an umbrella, now and then small parcels, possibly a pocket-book, once in a while a few stamps, frequently a horse shoe."

"How much money did you ever pick up?"

"One two dollar bill, good money, one five dollar bill, counterfeit, but no end to ten-cent scrip and nickels." People who drop gold watches are scarce. My best, hold is small sums like ten, twenty-five and fifty-cent scrip, and my best hold in goods is knives, handkerchiefs, and small bundles. I have fluctuated down as low as picking up a pin, but it was more for luck than anything else; and I have got as high as a five dollar shawl, several times dirk knives, and once a revolver.

"What do I with all these things? Why, I pawnbroke 'em or sell 'em in bar-rooms or, sometimes, call at houses and offer 'em cheap for cash—"stranger in the city," you know; "relics of a distant relative"; want money enough to get back to my good home in the country. Everybody is a stranger to a certain extent, and we are all relatives in Adam, and every poor man would like to go to his good home in the country, if he only knew where it was.

"Anybody can find things, but some are professional finders; and there are specialties in the business—dog, horse, wagon, pocketbook, watch, and even special valuable cat finders—but they are all reward men. I am, however, I think the only original, break-of-day, miscellaneous, accidental finder there is in the city, or perhaps, in the world, who finds, without hope of reward, except for what I can get for what I find. Do I make myself understood?" Perfectly. You are a wandering philanthropist and political economist; and, as you have managed to keep body and soul together for ten years in this business, I think I won't make you a burden to the State."

Mother's House.

How many happy thoughts are called up by those two beautiful words. Is there—can there be any place so full of pleasant places beneath the waving palms of sunny isles, or in the chilling shadows of icy mountains? Our heart turns with unchangeable love and longing to the dear old house which sheltered us in our childhood. Kind friends may beckon us to newer scenes, and loving hearts may bind us fast to pleasant homes, but we are not satisfied with them alone, for there is one place more fair and lovely than them all, and that is the beloved "Mother's House."

It may be old and rickety to the eyes of the stranger. The windows may have been broken and patched long ago, and the floor worn through and mended with pieces of tin, but it is still mother's house from which we looked out at life with hearts full of hope, building wonderful castles in cloudland which faded long ago, but thanks to the good Father, mother's house is left us still, and weary with the busy turmoil of life, weary with ourselves, we turn our steps towards the dear house of rest, and at its threshold lay our burdens down.

Here we have watched life come and go. Here we have folded still, cold hands over hearts as still, that once beat full for us. Here we have welcomed brothers and sisters into life, watched for the first lipping words from baby lips, guided the tottering baby feet from helplessness to manhood, and here we have watched with aching hearts to see the dear one turn from the home-nest out into a world which has proved but a snare and temptation to many wandering feet; and here we gather strength to take up our lives again and go on patiently unto the end.—But though the world calls us, and we may find friends good and true, we turn to the dear old home, when troubles come, for help and comfort. God grant that for us all there may long remain a "Mother's House!"

The Law of Accumulation.

Everybody knows that money makes money, but it is not everybody that pays attention to the *modus operandi* by which this is brought about and practical consequences which follow.

Schoolboys are taught the rule of compound interest, but nine out ten forget all about it for the remainder of their lives. Yet this principal has more to do with the accumulation of large fortunes than any other cause whatever; and it has bearings on the ratio style of expenditure both personal and natural, of which the practical character cannot be overrated.

We read in a paper a few months ago of the death of an eminent London capitalist, who left the enormous fortune of three millions sterling. This old gentleman was over ninety years of age, at his death and it is pretty evident that he was a man of quiet habits and moderate expenditure, letting his capital accumulate from year to year by its own natural force. Now, it is only when it has been in operation for a long series of consecutive years that we see what the force of compound interest is. For the first few years the augmentation is almost imperceptible, but when once the power of increase has become developed, it goes on at an augmenting ratio until the results are almost incredible. There can be no doubt that in the case just mentioned the wealth accumulated after the natural duration of life had been reached was far more than all the seventy years previous.

If money can be invested at eight per cent., and the interest reinvested at the same rate, it will double itself in five years. Allow ten years for this to take place, owing to loss of time and reinvestment, and we reach the remarkable conclusion—remarkable, we mean, to those who have not thought about it—that if a man can lay by a thousand dollars at one and twenty, and it accumulate at compound interest it will amount to the enormous sum of thirty thousand dollars if he lives to the age of seventy, to sixty thousand at eighty, and to the amount of a hundred and twenty thousand at ninety. This is the secret of the large fortunes of the great bankers, capitalists of Europe, whose money goes on accumulating for generations augmented with prodigious rapidity after thirty or fifty years have passed on.

The process, however, may be revised. A man wastes or spends a thousand dollars needlessly by the time he is two and twenty. What is the effect? If he lives till seventy he will be thirty thousand poorer for it; or we will say, he will have lost the chance of being thirty thousand dollars better off than he is.

We then arrive at the general truth, that the younger a man is more valuable money is to him. We have seen what a thousand dollars is to a man of twenty; viz: the making of a fortune; but a thousand dollars to a man of fifty would be of comparatively small amount.

Suppose a man begins life with economical habits, and rigid self-denial accumulates five hundred pounds by the time he is twenty-five. That sum will amount to a competency by the time he desires to be free from the cares of business, and he then (and indeed for years before) has the pleasure of laying out his money freely, and without fear in gratifying his tastes or in doing good.

But if he is inclined to gratify his tastes when young, to buy, we will say, expensive furniture, or to mingle freely in society, so that he never saved at all until he is five and forty what good will five hundred pounds do him then? It is of course, good in itself but as the foundation of a competency it is utterly inadequate. It would only amount to two thousand pounds at sixty-five, and not to competency till long after three score and ten.

The points of the whole matter are therefore these: Every dollar saved in youth is worth thirty dollars at old age; every hundred dollars in folly or idleness before five and twenty is simply three thousand dollars thrown away of provision for the time when work must be a burden.

Let our young men in business think of this. They are exposed on entering life, to innumerable temptations to spend. Let such be steadily resisted. The true course in youth is quick saving and careful economy. By and by a time will come when this will bear its legitimate fruits. Then is the time for open-handed freedom in expenditure, when the judgment is matured when the knowledge of the world is required, and when capital is accumulated to such an extent that even if there is no more saving, there need be no further anxiety.—*Merchant's Manufacturer and Review.*

ABOUT BEDS.—A little girl in one of the Bellefonte schools produced the following composition on "beds": "A bed is one of the comforts of life. There are different kinds of beds. There is nothing like the sick-bed for repentance. Some people become so virtuous then that they will often repent of sins that they have never committed. Some beds are always inhabited. People can't see any fun or religion in these inhabitants, their whole aim is to chase them out with shovel or tong or drive them to the brink of despair or ruin them with death. The prettiest bed, and the one most admired, is the flower-bed."

An act has passed the Legislature giving a bounty on fox and wild cat scalps in the several counties of the commonwealth. The bounty is \$2 on full grown foxes, and \$1 on half grown. This is to prevent the raising of foxes for the premium. The bounty for wild cats is \$2 each.

Why is a beefsteak like a locomotive? It's not of much account without its tender.

Our devil has graduated.

The Power of a Brake.

The fast line on Friday night, the 13th inst., which contained Senator Rutain, Graham and Anderson and other members of the Legislature, was saved from a fearful catastrophe on the Allegheny mountain by the prompt action of air brake in use on the Pennsylvania railroad. The Pittsburgh Post gives the following account of the occurrence: When the train had passed Kittanning point, or the "horse-shoe bend," as it is up grade on the Allegheny mountains, the bell rope tightened with a sudden twang, truck the top of the car, and stretched beyond its utmost extension, it snapped and slackened with a rattle that nearly brought down the lamps. A short "down brakes" signal from the engine caused a few anxious passengers to look out, when they immediately discovered that the two powerful engines had broken loose and were some three hundred yards up the mountain.

Most fortunately the train which was thought to be going up the mountain at a high rate of speed, stopped its upward progress within one length of itself, and there it stood on that fearful declivity, over six hundred feet to the ravine, and ten miles up from the foot of the grade, with Kittanning point, or "horse-shoe bend," midway, before reaching which, if the train had not been checked, would have attained the speed of a minnie ball and have left the track at that curve like a flying machine, and in all probability not one of the passengers would have been living to-day. The air brakes, however, better known as "The Westinghouse Atmospheric Brake," clasped the wheels like a vice the moment the pressure from the engine had been taken away, and the train was saved from destruction by this seemingly simple appliance.

There is nothing in the New Testament more startling than the enunciation of the responsibility which we assume whenever we speak; for every idle word we shall have to give an account at the last, great day.

There is something appalling in this, for how many idle words have we all spoken!

But there is no principle of divine law for which there is not some substantial reason; and our own observation has led us to the conclusion that no inconsiderable part of the unhappiness in this world is occasioned by hasty, ill-considered idle words.

People are more sensitive than they are thought to be, and more people are sensitive than are thought to possess any sensibility whatever. We mean sensibility to the remark of others.

A whole life may be influenced—a whole life may be changed—a whole life may be darkened, by a single observation, the maker of which never thinks of again. Words lightly uttered often sink very deep into the mind of some boy or girl to whom they are addressed; and when those words are cruel or unkind or unjust, they may rankle there for years, never losing their freshness or their force in memory, but often recurring to recollection—a lasting well of bitterness.

And grown people are often as sensitive as children. Men and women appear almost indifferent, and even callous to what is said to them, or about them, are not unfrequently deeply wounded by some thoughtless remark, to which the speaker attaches little or no importance.

If we habitually bore in mind how hurtful to others our idle words may be, we should utter less of them.

Liquor Laws of ye Olden Time.

Some of the old laws for the regulation of taverns are rather curious. The following, enacted July 11, 1677, by the "Great and General Court," held at Plymouth, will serve as a specimen:

"It is ordered by the Court and the authorities thereof that none shall presume to deliver any wine, strong Liquors or Cider to any person or persons who they may suspect will abuse the same; or to any boyes, Gerles, or single persons, tho' pretending to come in the name of any sick person, without a note under the hand of some sober person in whose name they come; or pain of five shillings for every such transgression. The one half to the Country and the other half to the informer."

Drunkennes was punished by various penalties, which will seem amusing to us, though doubtless considered otherwise by those who incurred them. Here are a few specimens:

"Sergeant Perkins, ordered to carry forty turfs to the forge, for being drunk."

"Daniel Clark, found to be an immoderate drinker, fined forty shillings."

"John Wedgewood, for being in the company of drunkards, to be set in the stocks."

"A man who had often been punished for being drunk was now ordered to wear a red D about his neck for a year."

Such entries may be found scattered through the old Court Records, and occasionally reprimands or dismissals for drunkenness may be found on the church records.

Quite a trade had sprung up between the colonies and France and the West Indies. The colonies exported fish, pipe staves, clap-boards, and received in return rum, rum and various other articles.—*Rev. Increase Mather, in a sermon preached at Boston in 1686, thus deplores the introduction and use of rum:*

"It is a common thing that later years a kind of strong Drink, called Rum, has been common amongst us, which the poorer sort of People, both in Town and Country, can make themselves drunk with.—Those that are poor and wicked too, can for a penny or two peace make themselves

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