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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



A MODERN LOVE STORY.

HE.
"Although no fame
Exalts my name,
And far from rich I am,
If you'll have me
We'll be happy,
As happy as a clam."
SHE.
"Pray dry your tears
And calm your fears,
For you shall marry me;
And you and I
Will go and try
A cottage by the sea."
HE.
"Don't tell your dad I
He'd be so mad,
He'd lock you up—on honor!
Fly with me,
And 'spiced' we'll be
In 'the church round the corner.'"
SHE.
"All right—my boy!
My hope! my joy!
That's just what we will do.
Papa may rage,
But 'm of age,
'I'll paddle my own canoe."
HE.
"Prepare for flight
This very night
While your 'stern parent' dozes.
I cannot wait
I want my mate,
And 'love among the roses.'"
SHE.
Come up the walk
At twelve o'clock,
And bring a rope-ladder, too.
But dear, look out!
If Pa's about
He'll 'put a tin ear on you.'"
HE.
"When all is done
And we are one,
My angel with golden locks!
We will—Egad!
Soft-sap your dad
Till he 'come down with the rocks.'"
SHE.
"Alas! dear Joe!
You no not know
What Papa told me this noon.
His wealth, I fear,
Has gone 'up in a balloon.'"
HE.
"The deuce! then we
Can't married be,
There'd be no 'grub' on the shelf.
I love you so!
But still—you know—
'You know how it is yourself.'"
SHE.
"You loved I see,
My wealth—not me;
Now take your 'tittle' and go.
I told you a lie,
Your love to try;
My money is 'not for Joe.'"
MORAL.
"When on a maid
A game you've played,
Just look out for 'tit for tat.'
'As sure as a gun,
The innocent one
Knows a trick worth a couple of that!"
—Salem Observer.

Miscellaneous Reading.

PHILOPENA.

ITS ORIGIN—A BEAUTIFUL STORY.
There was once a beautiful princess who had a great fondness for almonds, and ate them constantly, but nothing would induce her to marry, and in order to rid herself of her suitors, of whom there were a great number, she invented the following device: To every prince who sought her hand, she presented the half of a double almond, while the other half she hid, and said: "If your lordship can succeed in getting me to take any thing from your hand before I say the word 'I remember,' then I am ready to become your bride. But if, on the contrary, you receive anything from me, without thinking to speak these words, then you must agree to have your hair shaven entirely off your head and leave the kingdom."
This, however, was an artful stratagem, for, according to the court custom no one dared to hand anything directly to the princess, but first to the court lady who then offered it to her. But if, on the other hand, the princess should desire to give or take anything—who could refuse her? So it was useless for her suitors to make the trial, for when they seemed likely to be successful, and had diverted the princess so that she was about to take something from them, the court lady always stepped between, and spoiled the best laid plan.
When the princess wished to dispose of one of them, she would appear so charming and encouraging to him, that he would be entirely fascinated, and when he sat at her feet, overcome with joy, she said as though by accident: "Take this as a remembrance of me," and when he had it in his hands, before he could think

or speak the necessary words, there would spring out at him, from it, perhaps a frog or a hornet, or a bat, and so startle him that he would forget the words. Then, upon the spot, he was shaven, and away with him. This went on for some years, and in all the palaces of the other kings came the princess wore wig. Thus it came to be the custom from that time.
Finally it happened that a foreign prince came upon some peculiar business. He thought her very beautiful, and at once perceived the stratagem. A friendly little gray man had given him an apple that once a year he was privileged to smell, and then there came in his mind a very wise idea, and he had become much renowned on account of his deep wisdom. Now, it was exact y time for him to make use of his apple. So, with the scent from it came this warning:
"If thou wouldst win in the game of giving and taking, under no circumstances must thou either give or take anything." So he had his hands bound in his belt, and went with his marshal to the palace, and asked to be allowed to eat his almond. The princess was secretly much pleased with him, and immediately handed him an almond, which his marshal took and placed in his mouth. The princess inquired what this meant, and moreover, why he constantly carried his hands in his girdle.
He replied that at his court the custom was even more strictly enforced than at hers, and he dared not to give or take anything with his hands, at the most, with only his head and feet. Then the princess laughed and said:
"In this case we will never be able to have our little game together."
He sighed and answered:
"Not unless you will be pleased to take something from my boots."
"That can never happen!" exclaimed the whole court.
"Why have you come hither?" asked the princess angrily, "when you have such stupid customs?"
"Because you are so beautiful," replied the prince, "and if I cannot win you I may at least have the pleasure of seeing you."
"On the other hand, I have no similar gratification," said she.
So the prince remained at the palace and he pleased her more and more, but when the humor seized her, she tried in every manner to persuade him to take his hands from the girdle, and receive something from her. She also entertained him charmingly, and frequently offered him flowers, bonbons and trinkets, and finally her bracelets, but not once did he forget and stretch out his hand to take them, for the pressure of the girdle reminded him in time. So he would nod to his marshal, and he received them, saying: "We remember."
Then the princess would become impatient and would exclaim: "My handkerchief has fallen! Can your lordship pick it up for me?" Whereupon the prince would fasten his spur into it and wave it carelessly, while the princess would have to bend and remove it from his foot, angrily saying, "I remember."
Thus a year passed away, and the princess said to herself:
"This cannot remain so. It must be settled in one way or the other."
She said to the prince:
"I have one of the finest gardens in the world. I will show your lordship over it today."
The prince smelt his apple, and as they entered the garden, said:
"It is very beautiful here, and in order that we may walk near each other in peace and not be disturbed by the desire to try our game, I beg my lady that for this one hour you may take upon you the custom of my court and let your hands also be fastened. Then we will be safe from each other's art, and there will be nothing to annoy us."
The princess did not feel very safe about this arrangement, but he begged so strongly that she could not refuse him this small favor. So they went on alone together, with their hands fastened in their girdles. The birds sang, the sun shone warmly, and from the trees the red cherries hung so low that they brushed their cheeks as they passed. The pin es saw them and exclaimed:
"What a pity that your lordship is not able to pick a few for me?"
"Necessity knows no law," said the prince, and he broke one of the cherries with his teeth from a branch, and offered it to the princess from his mouth.
The princess could not do otherwise than receive it from his mouth, and so her face was brought close to his. So when she had the cherry between her lips, and a kiss from him besides, she was not able to say that instant, "I remember."
Then he cried joyfully, "Good morning, much loved one, and drew his hands from his girdle and embraced her. And they spent the remainder of their lives together in perfect peace and quietness.
FIGHT ON.—Will you ask from the soldier thrown into the heat of the battle to explain the plan of the general?—If he has done his duty, if he has thrown himself into the struggle, he has only seen the disorder of the charge, the flashing of arms, the clouds of smoke and dust; he has only heard human cries mixed with the deafening sound of artillery. To him all was disorder and chaos; but upon the neighboring heights one eye followed the combat; one hand directed the least movement of the troops. Now, my brethren, there is a battle which is pursued through the ages. It is that of trust, of love and justice against error, egotism and iniquity. It belongs not to us obscure soldiers thrown into the fight to direct the contest—it ought to suffice us that God conducts it; it is for us to remain at the post he assigns us, and to struggle there firmly, even to the end.

A Gushing Epistle.
The Reading Eagle publishes the following as a sample of the style of letters which some of the girls of that city receive. It says the letter was written by one George H. Steward, a drummer stopping at Harrisburg, and is dated May 13. It reads: My Sweet Darling Alice, I just received your loving letter a few moments since and I hasten to answer it. How happy I was to get your darling missive and know that you were well and happy. Your dear kind words made quite an impression on me, for you know how dearly and tenderly I love you, my own precious darling Alice.
You speak of me forgetting you. Why how absurd to entertain such an idea for a single moment! You know I can never forget you, no, not while life remains. You are the bright particular star that leads me out to fame and fortune. May your star never fade, but always remain bright and beautiful as it now is for your loving George. Oh, my sweet, darling angel Alice! how I have learned to love you! and how I would love to be near you, that I might look up into your smiling face and imprint a host of kisses on your pouting lips. Oh, Pet, I am so sorry I left you at all! I do wish I had brought you with me, for I am lonely and melancholy without you, and often sigh for your bright, cheerful company, and your sweet, clear laugh so childlike, artless and full of innocent mirth and happiness, which made me feel so happy to be in your charming society.
You say my Pet that you would like to have my photograph, well my angel, you shall have it, for you are the only one I truly and faithfully love; and I will do or dare anything in this world for you my sweet pet. I wish you were here. The city is beautifully decorated with flags and arches and wreaths of evergreen. It looks lovely and I know that your young and loving nature would appreciate all such grand sights. There is a military reunion here, everything is full of life and the procession was grand and imposing. 5 bands of music.
Well my own Sweet Darling send me your picture in your next letter. Get that one you were speaking about some one having and send it to me, do you, my charmer? I know you cannot say no to one you love so dearly as you do your darling George. O dearest! how I love you and long to see you. Write a long letter; tell me all the news, won't you sweet Alice? Well, Darling, I must say good-bye for the present. Dear, it is so hard to part from you that I feel almost sad when I write to you and have to stop and stretch out my hand to take them, for the pressure of the girdle reminded him in time. So he would nod to his marshal, and he received them, saying: "We remember."
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Then he cried joyfully, "Good morning, much loved one, and drew his hands from his girdle and embraced her. And they spent the remainder of their lives together in perfect peace and quietness.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.
My mother's voice! how often creep
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While pleasure's pulses merrily fly,
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by,
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.
The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give still to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness has drunk up tears,
And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years:
But nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lesson writ.
I have been out at eventide,
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring
When earth was garished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing;
When bursting buds and diamond grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that make the pulses pass
With fleetness, thronged the night,
When all was beauty, then have I,
With friends on whom my love is flung,
Like myrrh on wings of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung—
And when the beautiful spirit there
Flung over me its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air
Like the light dropping of the rain;
And resting on some silver star,
The spirit of a benediction,
I've poured her deep and fervent prayer,
That our eternity might be—
To rise in heaven like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light.

The Mother in Heaven.
In turning over some old papers in a country attic some time since, I came across the following sentiments, which, from some hints by the author accompanying, I think he intended eventually to put into verse. They struck me even in prose, expressing the cry from so many hearts, that I have ventured to copy them and send them to you, hoping that they may find a place for them in your paper.
When the heart is oppressed with anxious cares, when the world looks cold and dim, when black disappointments hang heavy round our necks, and we hunger after a love that seems ever to recede, whither do our souls turn for succor? To that mother in Heaven who never failed us while here.
When our hearts ache to find ourselves no longer needed to partake in the pleasures of our children—scarcely welcome even to share in their sorrows, when cold duty takes the place of the heart's offerings in sickness or suffering, to whom do we cast our eyes upwards, thinking, oh, were she here whom should we find ever at our side? Our mother in Heaven.
When those we love have gone a-stray, and language fails to express the bitter shame, when the little feet whose first tottering steps we have up'd, or watched through the firmer strides of youth and manhood, have turned into devious paths, heedless of entreaty or prayer, whither do we turn, longing to rest our weary heads on the bosom that ever answered our cry for sympathy? The mother in Heaven.
When years have passed, and we are left alone, children gone, some separated by seas and mountains, others by the greater distance of coldness or forgetfulness, whose voice then comes back to us with the loving tones we vainly long to hear once more? The dear mother in Heaven.
Is not the wish wrung from us, that once again we were children to be clasped in that warm embrace? Do not the bitter tears come as we remember how unmindful we were of the rich motherly blessings while we had them?
Oh, ye who still have mothers to feel for you in your joys or your sorrows, remember, however your hearts may change, their never do; the mother's heart is the one thing that never grows old. Amid the trials that must be our portion in this world, a good Being has sent to all one blessing—one love purer than all others. Happy are those who, with anguish and remorse, do not have to say—it is our mother in Heaven.
LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.—If discontented farmers, farmers' wives, sons and daughters, who think the delights of city life something worth realizing could walk through our streets to-day and read one thousandth part of the misery and apprehension that haunt the hearts of all classes and are making lines on their faces, they would thank God for the peaceful seclusion and abundance gathered in the gardens of their homes. Thousands of men and women are at the beginning of winter suddenly thrown out of employment. Few, comparatively, of these have taught laid up in store. Young women flock through the streets with restless, eager, anxious eyes, with lips quivering with fear lest they fail to obtain employment that shall give them food and shelter. Boys and girls of the country, who will, perhaps, never know how to value it until they want and cannot get either. How many of these in the city are country born; and how many would gladly go back to the homesteads for refuge, and yet may not have the means to get there! Farmers! thank God for the harvest, and that you have unsold food for your families! You have reason!
LO! THE POOR INDIAN.—There was something touching in the allusion made the other day by Colonel Boudinot (an Indian) in his speech before the House Committee on Territories in advocacy of the organization of the Territory of Oklahoma. After referring to the franchise granted to the blacks, and to the remarkable spectacle recently exhibited in the House of Representatives, when an enfranchised African was called by the Speaker to preside, temporarily over that body, Colonel Boudinot said, "What a commentary upon the doctrine of equality and civil rights. Everybody seems to be invested with the legacy of equal rights in this 'Land of the free and home of the brave,' except the original owner of the country. He alone is an alien in the land of his birth."
SEA-BIRDS.—Passengers on ocean steamers find considerable amusement in watching "Mother Carey's chickens." The birds invariably follow in the wake of the vessels for the refuse that is thrown overboard, and often, in their greediness, come near the screw. They have been known to follow steamers for hundreds of miles, rest occasionally on the top of the water or at night on the sea-head. Sometimes passengers attempt to shoot them, but no one has ever been known to hit the awkward-looking but graceful birds. Sailors consider them ominous, and are opposed to the shooting. They have a peculiar cry and beautiful wing which many a young lady passenger has wished she had in her hat.
The popular superstition regarding the days on which it is unlucky to cut finger nails is expressed in an old rhyme thus: Cut them on Monday, cut them for wealth; Cut them on Tuesday, cut them for health; Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for power; Cut them on Thursday, a new pair of shoes; Cut them on Friday, you'll cut them for woe; Cut them on Saturday, a journey to go; Cut them on Sunday, you'll cut them for evil. For all the next week you'll be ruled by the devil.
Pay your debts when you have money.

WIT AND HUMOR.
What were the first words Adam said to Eve? Nobody knows.
When people begin to turn their dead will they require the dead to earn their retributions.
If a man is murdered by his hired man should the coroner render a verdict of "killed by his own hand?"
Why is a Waynesboro' milkman like Pharoah's daughter? Because he takes a little profit out of the water.
A New Jersey paper boasts of a new subscriber one hundred and three years old. We shouldn't call him very new.
Why is a room full of married people empty? Because there's not a single person in it.
What trees are those which, when the fire is applied to them, are exactly what they were before? Ashes.
What relation is that child to its father who is not its own father's son? A daughter.
A German being asked how much sugar he had put up for winter use, replied: "I've not much; let me more's tea parcels, shus for sickness."
An observing man has discovered a similarity between a young ladies' seminary and a sugar-house, as both refine what is already sweet.
While witnessing a game of base ball out West, a boy was struck on the back of his head, the ball coming out of his mouth.
"Digby, will you take some of this butter?" Thank you, ma'am, I belong to the temperance society—can't take anything strong," replied Digby.
A Western paper says of the air in its relations to man, "It kisses and blesses him, but will not obey him." Blobs says that the description suits his wife exactly.
Coleridge, when lecturing while a young man, was once violently hissed. He immediately retorted: "When a cold stream of truth is poured on red hot prejudices, no wonder they hiss."
When a man nearly breaks his neck trying to get out of the way of a "lightning bug," supposing it to be the head light of a locomotive, it is time for him to sign the pledge.
If you wish to live to eighty-five, in the full enjoyment of all your faculties, go to bed at nine o'clock, eat twice a day moderately of plain food, and drink accordingly.
A gentleman having a deaf servant was advised by a friend to discharge him. "No," replied that gentleman with much good feeling, "that poor creature would never hear of another situation."
The Philadelphia Star thinks that genuine love is played out. Hamph! the old sinner ought to travel through Michigan and see the sparkle of the eyes as two lovers hold the same peppermint lozenge between their teeth.
A clergyman being invited to open a legislature with prayer, uttered the following ambiguous petition: "May corruption and sin of every form be as far from every member of this legislature as Thou art."
A zealous but ignorant negro preacher in expounding to his flock as to the astounding nature of miracles, got a trifle confused. He said: "My beloved friends, the greatest of all miracles was 'bout de loaves and fishes—dere was 5000 loaves and 2000 fishes and de twelve 'postles had to eat dem all, and de miracle is they didn't bust."
"Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?" asked a teacher in a commanding voice.
"Joshua knows," said a little girl at the bottom of the class.
"Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows he may tell."
"In the fire," replied Joshua, looking very grave and wise.
Our Devil says he always gets mad when he goes along the street about ten o'clock at night, and passing a shaded porch where a young man is bidding his beloved good-night, hears the girl exclaim, in a loud whisper, "Oh, stop, Charles! you haven't shaved."
The wind was damp with coming wet, when James and blue-eyed Lizzie met; He held a gingham o'er his head, and the maiden thus he said: "O! lovely girl, my heart's afe with love's unquenchable desire; Say, dearest one, will you be mine, and join me in the grocery line?" The maid, in accents sweet, replied, Jim, hold the umbrella more on my side; My braa new bonnet's getting wet—I'll marry yer, yer needn't fret.
A German who had not paid much attention to learning English, had a hot-stolen from his back one night, whereupon he advertised as follows:
"Von nite de oder day, ven I vas bin a wake in my sleep, I hear something vat I tinks vas not just right to my barn, and I yust out stumps in bed and runs mid de barn out; and ven I vas dere com; I see dat my pig grey iron mare, vas ben tid loose audrun mid de stable off; ever who will him back bring, I yust so much pay him as vat bit customary."
If a tree were to break a window, what would the window say? Two men—us.

Woman's Inhumanity to Her Sex.
There is much food for reflection in the following questions and answers: "Who hits a woman when she is down?" "Why, another woman." "Who keeps her down?" "Why, another woman." That's so. If women were as severe upon men who transgress the bounds of morality and decency as they are upon transgressors of their own sex, we should have speedily inaugurated a reform in society that would be worth a thousand midnight missions or Rosine Associations. Women are like crows—we hope the ladies will pardon us for this comparison—but it is a truthful one, even if it is not tasteful. We say women are like crows. One of their number falls wounded by sin, and she is immediately set upon and torn to pieces. The doors of respectable associations are closed upon her. The virtuous female turns from her with loathing and disgust. Even the common sympathy of human nature is denied her. No help for the sinning woman. No help!
But what of the man who has wrought this poor creature's ruin, and who has led her steps into the paths of folly and sin? Is he tabooed by women generally? There are noble women who would seem to meet on any terms the man through whose instrumentalities an unsuspecting sister has fallen. But, alas, how rare such instances! The most licentious men we ever knew—and with their licentiousness well known to the world—we hope the men upon whom we have seen virtuous women lavish their sweetest smiles. They had ready access to the very heartstombs of households where the presence of a woman would have been regarded with as much alarm and horror as that of one plagues-stricken. Oh, the cruelty and injustice to woman.—"Man's inhumanity to man make countless thousands mourn." What of woman's inhumanity to woman?
Good Thoughts.
To wipe all tears from off all faces is a task too hard for mortals; but to elevate misfortune is within the most limited power.
Six things temper the harshness of this life—good diet, a kind friend, a faithful wife, an obedient tongue, and a wise head.
Fleas are necessary reciprocal; no one fleas who does not at the same time give it. To be pleased one must please.
What please y u in others will in general please them in you.
He who would pass the declining years of his life with honor and comfort should when young consider that he may one day become old, and remember when he is old that he has once been young.
If any man thinks it a small matter, or of mean concernment to bridle his tongue, he is mistaken, for it is a point to be silent, when occasion require, and better than to speak, though ever so well.
It is a mistake to expect to recover help, or hospitality, words of cheer and welcome over rugged and difficult passes in life, in return for cold selfishness which cares for nothing in the world but self.
THE LESSON ON THE AGE.—The one lesson that Young America needs to-day more than all others, is to check his desires for wealth and power. The country has passed its speculative period when large fortunes are made in a day or year, and when large incomes are obtained. The next generation must expect smaller incomes and consequently must adapt itself to more frugal expenditures. Hereafter, bread must be won by work, and no field offers so sure a return for toil as intelligent agriculture. We do not declare that a general rush to the desolate farms of our State will afford a complete solution of the present business crisis, but if the tide of people rushing cityward could be turned back to feed themselves and others from the farm, the result would give new life to all branches of industry.

Wanted—"STAMPS" at this office.