

The Waynesboro Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

VOLUME 27.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1874.

NUMBER 9.

Waynesboro Village Record.

TERMS--Two Dollars per Annum if paid within the year...

ADVERTISEMENTS--One Square (10 lines) three insertions, \$1.50...

LOCALS--Business Local Ten Cents per line for the first insertion...

Professional Cards.

DR. M. L. MILLER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Waynesboro...

J. B. AMBERSON, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office at the Waynesboro 'Corner Drug Store.'

DR. JOHN M. RIPLEY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Offers his professional services to the public. Office in his residence...

ISAAC N. SNIVELY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House.

JOSEPH DOUGLAS, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Practices in the several Courts of Franklin and adjacent Counties.

VETERINARY SURGEON. DR. HENRY BOWLS (formerly of Virginia) announces to the citizens of Waynesboro...

DR. H. STRICKLER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office at his residence, N. E. Cor. of the Public Square...

REMOVAL! DR. BENJ. FRANTZ has removed to the new Office building, adjoining his dwelling on West end of Main street...

A. K. BRANISHOLTS, RESIDENT DENTIST. ALSO AGENT For the Best and most Popular Organs in Use.

J. H. FORNEY & CO. Produce Commission Merchants. No. 77 NORTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

THE BOWDEN HOUSE. MAIN STREET, WAYNESBORO, PENN'A.

THE subscriber having leased this well-known Hotel property, announces to the public that he has refurnished, re-painted and papered it...

BOOT AND SHOEMAKING. THE subscriber would inform the public that he is at all times prepared to make a large variety of Boots and Shoes...

THOS. J. HOLLINGSWORTH, LUMBER. 30,000 Feet of different grades of Pine Board Lumber for sale by FRICK & CO., S. E. & D. Works.

Select Poetry.



THINE OWN.

[The following beautiful and touching verses, by a New Orleans lady, were written as a farewell to her husband, during her illness, and in prospect of an early departure to the better land.]

Call me no more thine own! The Summer hours, So loved by me, shall never come again: I scarce shall look upon the spring's pale flowers...

The spring shall wake fresh verdure in the vale; Freed from gray winter blue shall glow the sky; But ere the sweet-breathed violets grow pale...

The shadow of the parting hour is nigh; It falls, dear one, upon my heart and mine: Alas! to leave thee when life's morning hour Is golden o'er by love almost divine...

I soon shall leave thee; thou, beloved, wilt feel A gloomy shadow o'er thy pathway thrown; And all too soon the truth will o'er thee steal...

No more thine own! To wake for thee, at eve, The chords of music sweetest to thine ear; To love thee still through joy and grief...

On these near hills, whose beauty never fades, My lingering feet shall rest. Oh! do not weep! Thou shalt dwell where sorrow ne'er invades...

With Him who giveth his beloved sleep, And I shall be thy own.

THE WIFE'S TEMPTATION. Mercenary little thing? Who could imagine that she should be so artful? said Mrs. Fulton...

He was double her age. Of course she had married him for money. Was it so? Lily Rivers herself could scarcely answer the question...

When Mr. Grant, the rich banker, asked Lily to be his wife, she was almost overpowered by the unexpected honor...

So Lily reigned like a queen in Mark Grant's stately mansion at Clapham, and felt a vivid delight in the luxury and splendor with which her husband loved to surround her...

A year passed thus, then Gerald Lacy appeared upon the scene. He was Mark's cousin--handsome, wealthy, and talented; he was one of society's idols...

Long after, when Lily had conquered all feeling of tenderness for Gerald Lacy; when she could look in her husband's eyes, and tell him she loved him with all a true wife's devotion...

Then he raised the slender white hand to his lips. 'God help me, for I am very miserable! Good-bye, Lily!' he said hoarsely...

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME. We make our best use of this world when we regard it as the basis from which to survey the other. Without heaven, poetry could have no existence...

But the best of all is when the pilgrim life draws near its close, and when the staff and sandals are soon to be laid aside to feel that our "best and largest interests are in the next world."

THE GENTLE LIFE. This is the beautiful heritage of the well-born man and the gentle woman. They may be poor or rich to-day, they may be living a life of leisure or toiling for their bread...

ANOTHER SNAKE STORY. Says the New York Tribune: In Murrayville, Cooke county, Tenn. Mrs. Kennedy has for some years suffered great pains, and 'felt something rancid up and down her stomach.'

OUT IN WISCONSIN a horse kicked and killed a book agent, whereupon the citizens made a donation party for the horse, and he now has oats enough to last him a full horse lifetime.

Rushing to Death.

Returning from an enjoyable trip to the country, accompanied by a lady friend, we had the misfortune to lose the train, arriving at the Depot just in time to see it moving off...

During the summer days, Gerald Lacy was careless no longer; his thoughtlessness had drifted into sin, and without a struggle, he yielded himself up to the fierce passion which consumed him...

One day a young wife looked from her chamber window and saw her husband leave the cars, which daily passed her home. She ran down stairs to greet him at the door, but when she reached it he was not there...

I received your note, she commenced in harsh, constrained tones; then, crying impetuously, 'Oh, Gerald! how could you insult me so?' she burst into passionate tears...

All Gerald's fine-gentleman composure forsook him; he would fain have kissed the wet, flushed cheeks, but dared not. 'Don't cry, darling,' he said, piteously...

'And I love you as a brother!' she sobbed. I trusted you so entirely, and now you ask me to leave Mark--to dishonor him!

'He cannot love me as I love you,' he pleaded. 'He cares more for his business than he ever cared for you. You never loved him. Oh, Lily, dearest, listen to me!'

'He does love me!' she cried, passionately. 'I was poor and friendless; he shared his abundance with me. You know how noble he is. You would drag me to shame. I love him, Gerald--I never knew how dearly until last night...'

'Then there is no hope for me!' said Gerald, white to the lips. 'There is every hope for you. There would, indeed, be no hope for you were I mad enough to listen to you. Could you bear to have the woman you loved pointed at by the finger of scorn...'

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I OFTEN WONDER WHY 'TIS SO.

Some find work where some find rest, And so the weary world goes on; I sometimes wonder which is best--The answer comes when life is gone...

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake, And so the dreary night hours go; Some hearts beat where some hearts break, I often wonder why 'tis so...

Some hands fold when other hands Are lifted bravely in the strife; And so thro' ages and thro' lands Move on the two extremes of life...

Some swords rest when others clash-- In tireless march a thorny way; Some struggle on where some have led, Some see when others shun the fray...

Some sleep on while others keep-- The virgins of the true and brave; They will not rest till roses creep Around their name above a grave...

Old Love Rekindled. The wedding was that of Mr. Conger, member of Congress from Michigan, with Mrs. Sibley, widow of Major Sibley, United States army...

The founder of the New York Herald kept on failing and sinking money for ten years, and then made it one of the most profitable newspapers on earth...

Stephan A. Douglas made dinner tables and bedsteads, and became, many a long year before he made himself a "giant" on the floor of Congress...

Abraham Lincoln failed to make both ends meet by chopping wood, failed to earn his salt in the galley, and failed to run a grocery, and yet made himself the grandest character of the nineteenth century...

Gen. Grant failed in everything except smoking cigars, he learned to tan hides, but could not sell leather enough to purchase a pair of breeches...

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Life's Lesson.

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." While, year after year, the beautiful, true and good, are taken from the ranks of life, it is a joy to know that the spirit world is made richer through the poverty of this...

In early life, surrounded by friends whose voices greet us on every side, and whose smiles are ever ready to welcome us, death, and the spirit world, seem far away--sometimes almost as though they were not...

We learn to think of them as not lost, but still ours--not dead, only living in the spirit world, whither we shall soon follow; and thinking of them thus takes from our bereavement half its sting...

The man who never fails in business can not possibly know whether he has any "grit" in him, or is worth a button. It is the man who fails, then rises, who is really great in his way...

Mrs. Van Cott says that at one of her prayer meetings a negro brother prayed: "O Lord, send angel to pin de wings on Sister Banco's heels dat she may fly troo de world preachin' de everlastin' gospel." And one added: "Lord, give her wings on her shoulders, too, kase her preachin' will not have effect, for she'll fly upside down."

A noted hunter of South Hero fears that he has been the victim of a "sell." He has a gun that scatters shot badly, so that it is not of much account. A while ago he saw an advertisement in a city paper, offering to send information where-by such "scattering" of shot could be effectually prevented, on receipt of fifty cents...

A Maine rogue has been selling kegs supposed to hold ten gallons of liquor each. A pint of rum was sealed up inside of each of the kegs, and so placed that taking out a small cork the purchaser could test the liquor, but while there was a pint of liquor, there were nine gallons and seven pints of water separated from it the same way...

A minister comes on trial, he preaches three or four prepared sermons, the people are delighted; they secure him. Alas! they soon learn that his good points were merely arranged for exhibition. After his pint of strength is gone it is all milk and water.

VALUABLE INFORMATION. A correspondent gives his testimony as to the value of using glue as a healing agent for cuts, bruises, etc. "I have used glue for this purpose for the last 22 years, mostly in the cabinet shop, and never employed anything else. I have received many severe cuts and bruises, and never lost any time to speak of. Often a piece of thin cloth is sufficient after glueing over the wound. I use the best imported glue. I never took cold in a wound yet, and it is the most speedy healing agent I ever employed. Last autumn an acquaintance of mine came in the shop with his head all bunched up. He had received a severe bruise on the back of his head, and took cold in it; and it was badly inflamed. I spread a glue plaster over the wound and bound a moistened cloth over to keep the glue from becoming dry. In one week his head was entirely well."

Ladies who imagine themselves martyrs to tyrannical husbands can or should pity their sisters in India. Among other restrictions, the Hindoo Bible forbids a woman to see dancing, hear music, wear jewels, blacken her eyes, eat dairy food, sit at a window, or view herself in a mirror, during the absence of her husband, and it allows him to divorce her if she injures his property, scolds his quarrels with another woman, (thinking that!) or presumes to eat before he has finished his meal.

Wit and Humor.

Colorado calls for more women. It has scarcely a single one. Mr. Berg denies the report that he is about to cause the arrest of several large grocery firms for bottling cats-up.

A stout old woman in Detroit got mad lately because a photographer wouldn't let her fan herself while she had her picture taken. 'Are there any fools in this town?' asked a stranger of a newsboy yesterday. 'I don't know,' replied the boy; 'are you lonesome?'

When the wife is detected showing unusual affection for her husband, it may fairly be expected that she will appear before long in a new bonnet. A new answer to an old question: 'Why is a ship designated as "she"?' Because she always keeps a man on the lookout.

A Philadelphia girl called a young man a thief, and when requested by the mother of the accused to prove the charge, said he had stolen several kisses from her. An old clergyman spying a boy creeping through a fence exclaimed: "What! crawling through a fence! Pigs do that." "Yes," retorted the boy, "and old hogs go along the street."

"Do you understand the English language?" said a McLean county man the other day, addressing a lightning-rod agent. "I do," replied the agent. "Then I'll be -- if I want any of your rods. The lightning man, somewhat electrified, drove on."

A land agent in Colorado remarked to an enquiring emigrant, that all that was needed to make the place a paradise was a comfortable climate, water and good society. "That is all that is lacking in hell," was the reply.

A boy was seen in the streets of St. Paul a few days ago with his cap full of green apples. He was followed half a mile by three doctors, before the first gripo seized him, and then they all had plenty of business for the next hour trying to keep him undoubled.

Peter Cooper failed in making hats, failed as a cabinet-maker, locomotive builder, and a grocer, and as often as he failed, he "tried and tried again" until he could stand upon his feet alone, then crowned his victory by giving a million dollars to help the poor boys in times to come.

Hon. Grover tried three or four lines of business before he founded the Tribune, and made it worth a million dollars. Patrick Henry failed at everything he undertook, until he made himself the ornament of his nation.

The founder of the New York Herald kept on failing and sinking money for ten years, and then made it one of the most profitable newspapers on earth. Stephen A. Douglas made dinner tables and bedsteads, and became, many a long year before he made himself a "giant" on the floor of Congress.

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THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

We make our best use of this world when we regard it as the basis from which to survey the other. Without heaven, poetry could have no existence. The key-note of the poetic is future perfection, and the heaven of the Christian is the highest perfection. I know of no better illustration of these truths than a simple expression which fell from the lips of a godly friend of mine.

Through perseverance and industry, he had been able to build himself a house. But his chief boast was, that from his fire-side he could see his father's house on the distant hill. 'No matter the weather,' said he, 'whether winter or summer, spring or autumn--no matter the sky, whether cloudless or stormy--when I sit by my east window, father's roof and chimney-top, the gleam of his lamp at night, are always visible to my sight.' His words contain the philosophy of life, and enclose, as in a nutshell, the principles of holy living.

Envidiable--yea, thrice envidiable--is the man who can pierce the clouds of social darkness which surround our earthly homes, and see his Father's house, with its many mansions, in the distant heaven.

Cowards die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once. Love rules his kingdom without a sword. Some are very busy, yet do nothing.

Nothing can be more absurd than the idea that "looking guilty" proves guilt. An honest man charged with crime is much more likely to blush at the accusation than the real offender, who is generally prepared for the event, and has face "ready-made" for the occasion. The very thought of being suspected of anything criminal will bring the blood to an innocent man's cheek in nine times' out of ten.

The sweetest pleasures are the soonest gone.