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By W. Blair.

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PORTICAL.



SUMMER.

BY MARY LOUISE.

The gay, glad time of roses,
The summer days have come,
When with the twilight closes
The honey maker's hum;
The time when amber sunsets
Light the heavenly fields,
And when the purple clover,
Richest fragrance yields.

When the leafy tree-bands
Weave a verdant roof,
With golden threads of sunshine
Running through the roof;
When twilight sinks in darkness,
And fits the fire-fly light;
When roses scent the zephyrs
That murmur through the night.

When sunlight hours are jewels
Stung on threads of time,
When weeks are stanzas of poems,
Versed in sweetest rhyme;
When the nights are magical
In the time of June,
And fairy feet are dancing
To harp-strings in tune.

Roll slowly, Earth, that summer
May linger with us long—
We'll revel in her bounty
And bless her in our song.
Ye winds, O join our chorus
Of gratitude and praise
To Him whose mercy giveth
The soft, sweet summer days!

SEED-WORDS.

'Twas nothing—a mere idle word
From careless lips that fell;
Forgot perhaps, as soon as said,
And purposeless as well.
But yet as on the passing wind
To borne the little seed,
Which blooms unheeded as a flower,
Or as a noisome weed.

So often with a single word,
Unknown its end and fruit,
And how, in seed, the flower and fruit
Of actions good or ill.

MISCELLANY.

THE PATRIOT'S STRATAGEM.

Night had set in deep and dark, and in a small log cabin, situated a few miles from Trenton, New Jersey, sat five men, four of whom were seated around an old oaken table in the centre of the room, engaged in playing cards, while they frequently moistened their throats with larger draughts from an earthen jug that stood on the table. They were heavily bearded, coarse looking men, and from their dress, which somewhat resembled the British uniform, they were evidently Tories. The other, a stoutly built young man, in continental uniform. He sat in a corner of the room with his face buried in his hands. "Tom," said one of the Tories, rising from the table and seating himself near the prisoner, "for such he evidently was, 'Tom' you and I were school boys together, and I like you yet. Now why can't you give up your wild notions and join us? You are our prisoner, and if you don't we shall hand you over to headquarters to-morrow; while if you join us, your fortune is made; for with your bravery and talents you will soon distinguish yourself in the royal cause, and after this rebellion is crushed out you would be rewarded by knighthood and promotion in the army. Now there are two alternatives; which do you choose?"

"Neither," said the young man, as he raised his head and looked the Tory steadily in the eye; "I am now, as you say your prisoner, but when that clock strikes twelve I shall leave you. I shall disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke, and neither you nor your comrades, nor even myself can prevent it. You may watch me as close as you please, tie me hand and foot if you will, but a higher power than yours or mine has ordained that I should leave you at that time."

"Poor fellow, his mind wanders," said the Tory, "he will talk differently in the morning," and he returned to his seat at the table, leaving the youth with his head resting on his hands.

When the clock struck eleven, the young man took a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and asked the Tory leader if he had any objections to his smoking.

"No one in the least," said he, adding with a laugh, "that is if you'll promise not to go off in a cloud of smoke."

The young man made no reply, but immediately filled and lighted his pipe having done which he arose and commenced pacing the floor. He took half dozen turns up and down each side of the room, approaching nearer to the table each time, when having exhausted his pipe, he returned to his seat and refilled it. He continued smoking until the clock struck twelve, when he arose from his seat and slowly knocking the ashes from his pipe said, "There, boys; it is twelve o'clock, and I must leave you good-by."

Immediately all around the room strokes of fire went hissing and quizzing, and the cabin was filled with sulphurous smoke, amidst which was heard a crash like a clap of thunder. The Tories sat in their chairs paralyzed with fright.

The smoke soon cleared away, but the prisoner was no more to be seen. The table was overturned, the window smashed to pieces, and one chair was lying on the ground outside the building. The Tory leader, after recovering from his stupor, gave one glance of terror around the room, and sprang out of the window, followed by his comrades. They ran through the forest at the top of their speed, in the direction of the British encampment, leaving their muskets, and other

arms to the mercy of the flames which had now commenced to devour the cabin.

The next day two young men, both dressed in the Continental uniform were standing near the ruins of the old cabin. One of them was no other than our hero of the night previous.

"Let's hear all about it, Tom," said the other.

"Well," said our hero, "last evening as I was passing this place two Tories ran out and took me prisoner before I could make any resistance. They took me and who do you suppose I saw as the leader of the party, but John Barton, our schoolmate. He talked with me and tried to get me to join them but I told them I could not do it, that at twelve o'clock I was going to escape, disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke, but he laughed at me, and said I was out of my head. About eleven o'clock I asked if I might smoke. He had no objections, so I filled my pipe and lighting it commenced walking the floor. I had about a pound of gunpowder in my pocket, and as I walked I strewed it all over the room. When the clock struck twelve, I bid good-by, and when I had to go, and then knocked the ashes from my pipe. The powder ignited, and a dazzling blaze of fire shot across, around and all over the room, filling it with suffocating smoke. Before it cleared away, I hurled a chair through, sprang out and departed. You know the rest."

Big Words.—A clergyman while composing a sermon, made use of the word "ostentatious man." Throwing down his pen, he wished to satisfy himself before he proceeded, as to whether a great portion of the congregation might comprehend the meaning of those words, and he adopted the following method of proof. Ringing the bell his footman appeared, and he was thus addressed by his master: "What do you conceive to be implied by an ostentatious man? An ostentatious man, sir," said Thomas; "Why sir, I should say a perfect." "Very good," observed the vicar; sent Ellis (the coachman) here; "Ellis," said the vicar; "What do you imagine an ostentatious man to be?" "An ostentatious man, sir," replied Ellis; "why, I should say an ostentatious man means what we call (saying your presence) a very jolly fellow." It is hardly necessary to add that the vicar substituted a less ambiguous word.

WORTH TELLING AND WORTH IMITATING.—As a number of our sick and wounded soldiers were returning to their homes from New York via the New York and New Haven Railroad, the cars stopped a few minutes at Stamford, when a lady belonging to that town (name unknown), accompanied by a servant girl and a young man, all laden with refreshments, entered the train, and began the work of distribution, giving to each man a bottle of port wine, in addition to other delicacies. To this welcome gift the angelic lady added a hearty "God bless you," and an assurance that each one of them had doubly earned all the kindness the praises of their benefactor, as sick and wounded soldiers only can. Some of them observed that there was a decided difference between the ladies of Yorktown and the good lady of Stamford Connecticut.

OLD HUNDRED.—If it be true that Luther composed that tune, and if the worship of mortals are carried on the wings of angels to heaven, how often has been heard the declaration, "They are singing Old Hundred now."

The solemn strain carries us back to times of reformers—Luther and his devoted band. He, doubtless, was the first to strike the grand old chords in the public sanctuary of his own Germany. From his stentorian lungs it rolled, vibrating not through the vaulted cathedral roof alone, but along a grander arch—the eternal heavens. He wrought in each note his own sublime faith and he stamped it with that faith's immortality. Hence it cannot die. Neither men or angels will let it pass into oblivion, but its melodious notes will continue to be chanted as the heavenly dome is open to receive them.

How SOON FORGOTTEN.—So lately dead; so soon forgotten. "Tis the way of the world. We flourish for a while. Men takes us by the hand, and are anxious about the health of our bodies, and laugh at our jokes, and we really think, like the fly on the wheel, that we have something to do with the turning of the earth. The sun does not stop for our funeral; everything goes on as usual; we are not missed in the streets; men laugh at new jokes; one or two hearts feel the wound of affliction, one or two memories still hold our names and forms; but the crowd moves in its daily circle; and in three days the great wave of time sweeps our steps and washes out the last vestige of our lives.

The little vexations and minor miseries of life can only be met with patience and philosophy. They can't be put down like an insurrection, nor expelled like a bad church member. The best that can be done with them is to pay as little attention to them as possible, and not to double their power by fretting over them. As the immortal Shakespeare says, we don't remember exactly where—

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there's none;
If there is a remedy, try and find it;
If there isn't—never mind it!

He who gains the victory over great insults, is often overpowered by the smallest; so it is with our sorrows. The firm, steadfast bosom, upon which a past full of torture has weighed in vain; will many a time, like a piece of ice that has been overflooded, break down beneath the gentlest footsteps of destiny.

STUDY A CHILD'S CAPACITY.

If some are naturally dull, and yet strive to do well, notice the effort and do not censure the dullness. A teacher might as well scold a child for being near-sighted, as for being naturally dull. Some children have a great verbal memory, others are the reverse. Some minds develop early, others late. Some have powers of acquiring, others of originating. Some may appear stupid, because the true spirit of character has never been touched. The dunce of the school may turn out in the end, the living, progressive, wonder-working genius of the age. In order to exert the spiritual influence we must understand the spirit upon which we wish to exert that influence. For with the human mind we must work with nature and not against it. Like the leaf of the nettle, if touched one way, it stings like a wasp, if the other, it is softer than satin. If we would do justice to the human mind, we must find its peculiar characteristics, and adapt ourselves to individual wants. In conversation with a friend on this point who is the principal in one of our best grammar schools, and to whose instruction I look back to with delight—"your remarks," said he, are quite true; let me tell you a little incident, which bears upon this point. Last summer, I had a girl who was exceedingly behind in all her studies. She was at the foot of the division, and seemed to care little about her books. It so happened that as a relaxation, I let them at times during school hours unite in singing. I noticed that this girl had a remarkably clear sweet voice; and I said to her, "Jane you have a good voice and you may lead the singing." She brightened up, and from that time her mind seemed more active. Her lessons were attended to, and she soon gained a high rank. One day I was going home, I overtook her with a school companion.

"Well Jane," said I, "you are getting a long very well, how happens it, you do so much better now than at the beginning of the quarter?" "I do not know why it is," she replied. "I know what she told me the other day," said her companion.

"And what was that?" I asked. "Why, she said she was encouraged." "Yes, here we have it—she was encouraged: She felt that she was dull in everything—She had learned a self-respect, and she was thus encouraged."

Some twelve or thirteen years ago there was in Franklin school an excessively dull boy. One day the teacher wishing to look at a word, took up the lad's dictionary, and on opening it found the blank leaves covered with drawings. He called the boy to him. "Did you draw these?" said the teacher. "Yes sir," said the boy with downcast look.

"I do not think it is well for boys to draw in their books," said the teacher, "and I would rub these out if I were you; but they are well done. Did you ever take lessons?" "No sir," said the boy, his eyes sparkling. "Well, I think you have a talent for this thing. I should like you to draw me something when at your leisure at home and bring it to me. In the meantime see how well you can recite your lessons."

The boy felt he was understood. He began to love his teacher. He became animated and fond of his books. He took delight in gratifying his teacher by his faithfulness to his studies. The boy became one of the first scholars, and gained the medal before he left school. After this he became an engraver, laid up money enough to go to Europe, studied the works of the old masters, sent home productions from his own pencil, which found a place in some of the best collections of paintings, and is now one of the most prominent artists of his years in the country. After the boy gained the medal, he sent the teacher a beautiful picture as a token of respect, and I doubt not, this day, he feels that the teacher, by the judicious encouragement he gave to the natural turn of his mind, had a great moral and spiritual effect on his character.—*Gospel Messenger.*

Parson Brownlow handles Northern sympathizers without gloves. Said he: "If I owed the Devil a debt to be discharged, and it was to be discharged by the rendering up to him of a dozen of the meanest, most revolting and God-forsaken wretches that ever could be culled from the ranks of depraved human society, and I wanted to pay that debt and get a premium upon the payment, I would make a tender to the Satanical Majesty of twelve Northern men who sympathize with this infernal rebellion."

[Great cheering.] If I am severe and bitter in my remarks—[Cries of "No, no; not a bit of it!"]—If I am, gentlemen, you must consider that we in the South make a personal matter of this thing. [Laughter.] We have no respect or confidence in any Northern man who sympathizes with this infernal rebellion—[Cries of "good, good!"]—nor should any be tolerated in walking Broadway at any time. Such men ought to be ridden upon a rail out of the North—[Cries of "Good, good!"] They should either be for or against the "mill-dam," and I would make them show their hands. [Laughter and applause.]

THE GRAVE OF ABRAHAM.—A correspondent, who met the Prince of Wales while traveling in the East, says: "The Prince was at Hebron, while we were there. He and suit obtained permission to visit the Cave of Machpelah, the burial place of Abraham—They are the first Christians who have been allowed to enter it since the Crusaders, nearly 700 years ago. Dr. Stanton says every thing is kept in the most beautiful order, and nothing could be more satisfactory than the state in which the tombs are preserved. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Sarah Rebecca, and Leah are buried there."

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

MORNING, I've watched the closing day,
I'll in the west it did away;
And when I could not see the sun,
The stars came peeping one by one,
To shed the twinkling light,
To guide poor travelers on by night.
The cows are milked, and gone to rest
Upon the meadows verdant breast;
And all around is calm and still,
Except the little rippling rill.
Mother, before I go to sleep
I must ask God my soul to keep;
Pardon my sins for Jesus' sake,
And guard my body till I wake.
Dearest mother, then of you
I must ask forgiveness too,
For every naughty word to-day
You've heard your little darling say.
Forgive, dear mother, and believe,
I'll try no more your love to grieve.

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

BY GIPSY.

CHAPTER I.

It was a beautiful evening in the dawn of summer. Two forms were sitting in close proximity to one another by the window of a twelve thousand dollar house—heavily mortgaged—in the upper part of the city. The hand of the one rested lovingly on that of the other, and the arm of one described a semi-circle round the other's waist. It is hardly necessary to say that they were lovers, and that this was as far as the young man could go in geometry. There was no light in the room, but there was no occasion for any, with her taper waist and sparkling eyes, and his flaming words. This is a small sample of their small talk.

"Dearest Flora, tell me what I can do to make myself more worthy of your love. Bid me undertake any mission you please, and I will obey. Aye, even though it be to cut my hair short—sacrifice my moustache—wear large boots, or work for my living—anything you may command me."

"O Charles! calm yourself. Do not speak in this terrible strain; you make me shudder. No, Charles, I love you for yourself alone." Then placing her hand gently upon his brow, she murmured, "soft, my love, speak soft, my own, and tell me do you love me now as much as ever, and will I ever be the same to you as I am now?"

"Hear-ah me swear!" cried the ardent youth, dropping upon his knees for the first time in his life, but suddenly rising with a troubled expression of countenance, as something put him in mind of the tightness of his nether apparel.

"Oh Flora, there is not a coat that adorns any tailor's window on Broadway, that has so high a place in my affections as yourself! You are to me what slanders and gossip are to young church members, or funerals to married women—my life, my ambition, my hope, my all! A few days more and we shall be united forever. I can scarcely realize my happiness."

The fair one blushed and nestled closer to the vest-pattern of the happy youth. So we leave them.

CHAPTER II.

It was a dark and gloomy night, two days before the time appointed for the nuptial ceremonies of the young pair. Charles bent his way, full of hope and supper, to the mansion of his beloved. He rang the bell and was ushered into the parlor. Flora was not there, and after waiting a few moments, he resolved to descend the stairs to the dining-room, ostensibly to seek for her, but most probably with visions of spoons dancing through his ever-teeming brain. With stealthy steps he approached the door and suddenly opened it, when there burst upon his astonished gaze a sight which froze the blood within his veins.

Upon the dining-room table lay many dishes and other articles of crockery. Before it with dishevelled hair and tuckered-up gown, stood Flora, a huge carving-knife in her hand, which she was in the act of plunging into a pan of hot water.

She had been caught in the act of doing house-work! With one loud shriek she fell to the floor while her distracted and bewildered lover rushed from the house.

It is needless to add that of course the engagement, along with several brittle cups, was broken on the spot. Thus were two fond and dotting hearts irreversibly separated! If my story, dear reader, will be the means of persuading one young woman never, under any circumstances, to do any work about the house, but always to let her mother and other servants, do it my object is more than accomplished. Farewell!—*New York Atlas.*

STRETCH IT A LITTLE.—A little girl and her little brother were on their way to the grocer's the other morning. The roofs of the houses and the grass on the common were white with frost, and the wind was very sharp. They were both poorly dressed, but the little girl had a sort of a coat over her which she seemed to have outgrown.

As they walked briskly along she drew her little companion close up to her, saying, "Come under my coat, Johnny."

"It isn't big enough for both," he replied. "I guess I can stretch it a little," she said, and they were soon as close together and as warm as two birds in the same nest.

How many shivering bodies, and heavy hearts, and weeping eyes there are in the world, just because people do not stretch their comforts a little beyond themselves.

A young gentleman, of acquaintance, a little witty in his way, was at a party a few evenings since, where Miss Marshall was one of the guests. In the course of the evening she was requested to favor the company with some music on the piano, which she modestly declined doing.

"Please do," exclaimed our friend, addressing her; "I am extremely fond of Marshall music."

When are glasses unsaleable? When they are kept on hand.

Who feels love in his heart feels a spur in his limbs.

If slander is a snake, it is a winged one: it flies as well as creeps.

The romantic lover hunts a wild flower, and vows it is a star.

The greatest abuse of the faculties God has given us, is their misuse.

You may fill a thousand chests with wealth but never an avaricious man's heart.

Trouth death is before the old man's face he may be as near the young man's back.

Noble actions are best seen when looked at with an eye to emulation.

The more we have of some kinds of knowledge, the more ill-formed we are.

Don't confide your secrets to an inordinate laughter—he might "split."

Pride is generally ignorant because less ashamed of being ignorant than of being instructed.

Those who walk most are the healthiest; the road of perfect health is too narrow for wheels.

Where wishes are fathers to thoughts, there are generally dishonest sires and bad children.

It is well to be among men, and not a dreamer among shadows.

The Bible is a window in life, through which we look into eternity.

There is in the heart of a woman such a deep well of love that no age can freeze it.

Nature preaches cheerfulness in her saddest moods; she covers even forgotten graves with flowers.

The ancient Greeks buried their dead in jars, hence the origin of the expression, "He's gone to pot."

A man had better commit sin than perform his duties, if his sins made him humble and his duties vain.

The bigot thinks that to enlighten a man's mind, it is absolutely necessary to make a faggot of his body.

Virtue reads pretty upon a tombstone, but it is a losing quality with bare walls, an empty cupboard, and a quenched hearth.

The men who deserve, if they do not find the greatest favor among women are husband men.

A lady whose dress was too dirty to wear and not dirty enough to be washed, had a matter of serious import to decide.

The reward of villains is various: some of them are hung, others whipped and branded—others elected to office.

Some persons would seem to have a right to spend their lives in trifling, since nature set the example by trifling when she made them.

The man whom you saved from drowning, and the man who never pays you what he owes, you may consider as alike indebted to you for their life.

As for the moon, whether visible or invisible, has power over the tides of the ocean, so the face of the loved one, whether present or absent, controls the tides of the soul.

Ladies, prepare an extreme change of habit! for the Paris correspondent says the ladies are coming out without hoops, bustles, wadding, or anything else!

I shall be at home next Sunday night, a young lady said, as she followed her beau to the door, who seemed to be somewhat wavering in attachments. "So shall I," was the reply.

Talent and worth are the only eternal grounds of distinction. To these the Almighty has fixed his everlasting patent of nobility, and these it is which make the bright immortal names to which all may aspire.

HARSH JUDGEMENTS.—If you must form harsh judgements, form them of yourself not of others; and, in general, begin by attending to your own deficiencies first. If every one should sweep up his own walk, we should have very clean streets.

RICHES AND POVERTY.—There is no fortune so good but it may be reversed, and none so bad but it may be bettered. The sun that rises in clouds may set in splendor, and that which rises in splendor, may set in gloom.

What a world this would be if all its inhabitants could say with Shakespeare's shepherd: "Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn what I wear; I owe no man a hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of no man's good, content with my farm."

A sharp nose and thin lips are considered by physiognomists certain signs of a shrewd disposition. As a criminal was once on his way to the gallows a proclamation was made that if any woman would marry him under the gallows, with the rope around his neck, he would receive a pardon.

"I will," cried a cracked voice from the midst of the crowd.

The culprit desired the eager candidate for matrimony to approach the cart, which she did and he began to examine her countenance.

"Nose like a knife, lips like wafers. Drive on hangman."

HUMOROUS.

A PROMISING young man may do very well, perhaps—a paying one is much better. The wild bear is one of the most dreaded animals in nature—except the tame bear.

Most young fellows, when whiskey is at hand, make rye mouths.

A common mode of renovating an old hat is to wear it to an evening party.

The uttermost parts of the earth are the parts where there are most women.

Why are shawls like husbands? Because every woman should have one.

Which is the most inquisitive letter of the alphabet? The letter Y.

Young women hate each other from jealousy; old women hate each other from habit.

CURE FOR LOVE.—Visit the damsel to whom you are attached, on washing day.

If you would take a peep at sunshine, just look in the face of a young mother.

The strongest minded woman shrieks from being caught in her night-cap.

Who would make the best spider? Dry goods men; they have the most drillings.

A lady in Bangor has invented a dustless broom—a broom that raises no dust.

"Shocking times!" said an old woman as the lightning knocked her over the wash-tub.

A medical writer speaks of two old maids, "so dry they rattled." The fellow ought to be indicted.

Punch says the end of a man's life is glory. The end of woman's life is about two-and-thirty.

HUSBAND.—Stop that nonsense—I hate the dirty bait, he looks like Jones across the way, and I do detest Jones.

Why should you suppose fish did a great deal of weighing? Because they always carry scales.

What is the difference between a sleigh driver and a butcher? One steers the sleigh, the other slays the steer.

The rebels talk loudly about beating the Union armies, but lately it seems the only thing they can beat is a retreat.

If you wish to dream of fruit cake, waltz with a book muslin dress, well hooped, and stuffed with health and happiness.

Why are a hundred and sixty square rods like a decayed tooth? Because it is an "aker." Let go my hair Bill Jones.

Tom says the other day he saw a walking match, and Bill says that's nothing, for he saw a candle run.

Mrs. Lucy Cupps of B—, Illinois, recently gave birth to three fine boys. This is having her Cupps to some effect.

The seceding States are sadly in want of ice. We presume Congress will mete out just-ice enough for them this summer.

Mrs. Partington says that "nothing despises her so much as to see people who profess to expect salvation, go to church without their purses when a collection was to be taken."

An Irishman being asked in court for his marriage certificate, showed a big scar on his forehead, about the shape of a shovel, which was satisfactory.

The most intense mode of expressing contempt in Milwaukee, is to exclaim, "Go I have no more to say! I scorn you as I do a glass of water!"

A wounded Irishman wrote home from the hospital, and finished up by saying, "I'm for this country, I've bled for it, and I shall soon be able to say I've died for it."

If you wish to know the exact time in which you can do a "mile," tell a red-haired thin lipped woman that her baby is ugly, stub nosed and squints.

WOMAN.—An article manufactured by milliners and dressmakers: "Who wants but little in her head. But much below to make her spread."

If you wish to know the exact time in which you can do a "mile," tell a red-haired thin lipped woman that her baby is ugly, stub nosed and squints.

WANTED.—A situation by a retired clergyman. He is well qualified for a baker's assistant, having been employed for many years in looking after the loaves.

The Woonsocket Patriot thinks all public assemblies might be broken just by smashing all looking glasses. Gentlemen and ladies would never go abroad if they could not see how they looked.

A pious minister, after lecturing a ragged Sunday School class in a most edifying manner, proposed to close the exercises by singing "Jordan," meaning the hymn, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand." The whole school struck up; "Jordan am a hard road to travel, I believe."

Judge Mattocks, while in the court, requested one of the side judges to scratch his back. After having it done to his satisfaction, he remarked that "it was a great comfort to have some one to scratch one's back when it itched," and added, "I have often wondered what side-judges were elected for but at last I have found out their use."