

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXII.

W. A. BEID. A. R. WAYNANT.

LET THE PEOPLE COME!

REID & WAYNANT

HAVE just opened a well selected and fresh stock of Family Groceries, to which they invite the attention of the public. In leading articles they have a full line, viz:

PURE SPICES;

Brown and White Sugars,
Prime Rio Coffee,
Black and Green Tea,
Carolina Rice,
Syrups common, good, extra fine,
P Rico and N. Orleans Molasses, prime;
Corn Starch, Farina, Chocolate, Pickles,
Catsup, Cheese, Fish, Mason's Water
Crackers, best in town.

Glassware & Queensware,

Thimbles, Goblets, Dishes, Jams and Lamp
glasses, glass assortment, and low in price;
Quaint ware in sets, dozen, or smaller
quantities, handsome styles, and guaranteed
to be of best quality; common dishes
cups and saucers, cheap

Buckets, Tubs, Brooms, Baskets, Brushes, Ropes,
Twine etc.

Fresh OYSTERS and fresh FISH regularly re-
ceived throughout the proper season. Canned Oys-
ters, Corn, Peas, Jellies in tumblers.
Best Family Flour, Buckwheat, Corn Meal.
Country Produce bought and highest market pric-
es allowed.

We hope by fair dealing and keeping a full
and fresh stock of goods to largely increase our sales.
Try us! Try us!

REID & WAYNANT.

February 4, 1869.

THE "CORNER DRUG STORE"

WAYNESBORO, PA.,

Mrs. J. BURNES AMBROSEON,
PROPRIETOR,

SONG:

Auld Lang Syne.
If my true love was sick to death,
Tra-la, tra-la tra-la,
I'd tell her at her latest breath
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
Her race of life could not be run,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I'd buy some Drugs of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

If I was bald without a hair,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I'd laugh at that, I would not care,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I'd bring them back, yes, every one,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
By Drugs I bought of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

If I was tanned to darkest dye,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I would not care, I would not cry,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
For soon a bleaching would be done
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
By Drugs I'd buy of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

Then three times three and tiger too,
Tra-la, tra-la tra-la
For what we know that they can do,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
With chorus long, the victory won
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
By Drugs I bought of Amberson
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DRAUGHS—THE BEST AND PUREST AL-
WAYS ON HAND AT

PAINTS, CHEMICAL AND MINERAL
PAINT, White Lead and Colors, the best assort-
ment in town at

KEROSINE, OILS, VARNISHES, DYES

ALL KINDS AT

BRUSHES, PAINT, VARNISH, SASH, HAIR

Band Tooth Brushes at

TRUSSES AND SUPPORTERS AT

BRANDY, WHISKY, WINES AND RUM

FOR MEDICAL USE OR

PATENT MEDICINES—ALL THE STAND-

ARD PATENT MEDICINES of the day at

EXTRACTS, FOR FLAVORING, PERFU-

ME, and toilet articles generally at

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS CARE-

fully compounded at "The Corner Drug Store."

JULY 16

FIRST FULL ARRIVAL.

WELSH has just received a full assortment of
Goods, in his line of business. His stock
consists in part, of all the latest styles of Men's and
Boys' suits.

HATS AND CAPS,
Men's, Women's, Miss's, Boy's and Children's

BOOTS, GAITERS, SHOES.

and Slippers of every description. Ladies and
Misses.

BOOKS, FRAMES, TRIMMINGS, SUNDOWNS and HATS,
Dress Trimmings, Hoop Skirts, Hair Nets, Hair
Curls, Hosiery, Gloves, Parasols, Sun Umbrellas,
Fans, &c.

SCHOOL, BLANK and Miscellaneous Books, Station-
ery of all kinds; Novels and Fancy Goods.

All of which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest.

Sept. 20 J. H. WELSH

POETICAL.



BUILDING ON THE SAND.

BY ELIZA COOK

'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,
For so the world has done
Since myrtle grew and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun.
But have a care ye young and fair,
Be sure you pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the years of youth!
For if ye give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the unwise part,
And built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have,
A godly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff,
For charity is cold

But place not all your hope and trust
In what the deep mind brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust
Unmixed with other things;
And he who piles up wealth alone
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffin chest, and own
'Tis built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe where'er we can;
Fair speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man

But stay not at the gentle words
Let deeds have language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds,
Should scatter crumbs as well.
The mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand,
For those who talk, yet fail to do,
But build upon the sand."

BE GENTLE, FORGIVING AND KIND.

Oh, why are we always so ready,
To hear what another may say,

To canvass the faults of a neighbor,
Forgettings our own by the way.

We know not the heart that we censure,
Be gentle, forgiving and kind.

One drop from the fountain of pity
A wound that is bleeding may bind.

A word, like an angel of mercy,
The sun of gladness may bear;

May cheer a lone spirit forsaken,
Or add to the weight of its care.
A word! do we think of its import,
Tho' uttered perhaps with a smile.
A heart may be wretched beneath it,
Or breaking with anguish the while.

A word that in coldness is spoken
May serve the friendship of years,

The flowers of feeling may wither,

And leave them sorrow and tears.

Then why should we always be ready,
To hear what another may say,

To canvass the faults of a brother,
Forgettings our own by the way.

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