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BY W. BLAIR.

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## Select Poetry.



### CONYEN.

BY "AXLE."

Wonder of Wonders! in my stroll,  
I met to-day  
A woman with a loyal soul  
And deeply read in wisdom's scroll;  
And I will try to tell the whole  
This queen did say.

"This true no carpet decks my floor,  
But what of that?  
God's warmest sunbeams on it pour,  
With love spots fleck it o'er and o'er;  
And small feet through the open door  
Come pit-a-pat.

No silken webs of rare design  
And tints grotesque  
My windows shade; but clinging vine  
And flowering plant there intertwine,  
And sun, and leaves and stem combine,  
Sweet arabesque.

No gleaming jewels richly glint  
Within my hair;  
No silks and laces without tint  
My husband's downfall darkly hint,  
But, friend, you'll find my gown of print  
Is far more rare.

Our frugal heart knows not the storm  
That makes a part  
Of many lives; our true loves form  
Our brightest joys and homes sweet charm,  
No fribble o'er so large can warm  
A lonely heart.

Of no great deed my mind to test  
You'll ever find  
Who seeks for fame seeks not the best,  
Who toils for wealth gains but unrest;  
A babe's soft lips upon my breast  
Were far more dear.

Too many children—spoke your mirth—  
To me are given?  
Thank God, I'm of such honor worth,  
I gladly say with each new birth,  
Not men alone we bear on earth,  
Angels for heaven.

A slave? No, friend, you cannot see;  
You do not know.  
I'd give him all; he'd all give me,  
Our wills must each the other's be.  
When we love not then we'd see free,  
This must be so.

No sweeter, nobler lot in life  
For you or me;  
To be a good man's loving wife,  
To guard him when temptation's rife,  
Rest on his strong arm when the strife,  
Shall forest be.

And, leaning on his faithful breast,  
Look calmly out;  
Secure no evil can molest,  
No jealous fens thy peace molest;  
For perfect love is perfect rest  
And dead is doubt."

I gazed upon this woman bright  
In mute surprise.  
I felt a coward in her sight.  
I knew her glowing words were right,  
Of truth the everlasting light  
Was in her eyes.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

One evening, while in the billiard room of a Paris hotel, a young man invited me to join him in a game. I consented, and we played for an hour or so, after which he went up to his room, smoked, and played piquet. He remarked while playing that we looked so much alike we might be taken for brothers. I had not especially remarked the likeness between us till now, but it is not very great. The similitude merely consisted in both of us wearing a rather long red beard, and hair the same color; but, then, his eyes were blue, mine gray, and he had a scar over his left eye. Still one of us might be taken for the other at a distance.

We played till midnight, and I left him, going to my room; but an indescribable feeling came over me, and I could not sleep. I tossed about my bed, then got up, lit a cigar, and sat at my window, looking down on the "Quai Henri Quatre," smoking.

I had just struck two from the church of St. Jacques, when I saw a carriage drive up to the door, and three men got out and entered the hotel. I wondered where they could have come from in a carriage at that time of night. I sat smoking and thinking, when a light tap came at the door; I unlocked it; it was my friend with whom I had been playing billiards. He had a valise in his hand and appeared in a hurry, but not the least excited.

"I have just sent a carriage for me, my father is not expected to live till morning; take care of this for me until tomorrow," he said, leaving the valise in my room.

All passed so quickly I had not time to think, and he had passed down stairs, and I did not dream of following him, being undressed. I went back to the window and saw the carriage drive off rapidly. Then I said to myself, "Why did he not take the valise with him, as he had a carriage?" but then, I thought, he had

needs travel quickly, and did not wish to be bothered with baggage. I was not long smoking and thinking when another rap was at my door. I opened it, and a tall, military-looking personage walked in, while another had come in my window from the balcony. I was handcuffed almost before I had time to speak; and another gentleman walked in. The tall gentleman said: "Sir, you are arrested on the charge of murder, so please keep as quiet as you can."

I nearly fainted. The idea of my being arrested as a murderer! I sank in my chair while one of them said to me: "I'm glad you fetched your luggage with you, sir; much obliged to you; for you've saved us a heap of trouble. Why, we've been following that leather valise at the door for the last few days; but we always come up with our game."

"That is not my valise," I said; "that belongs to a gentleman down stairs."

"See here, young man," said the tall detective, "the less you say about that, the better. You may tell us what you like now; but you'll be contradicting yourself by-and-by."

"But I tell you it is not mine; I am not a murderer; and protest against this arrest and outrage upon my liberty," I said. The other detective interrupted me.

"Young man," said he, "it is a pity you were not brought up to the law business; you would have made a first-class lawyer. We'll give you a chance to talk to the judges when we get back to Paris, but you can't talk to us."

In the meantime the tall detective forced open the valise, and after some searching found three diamond studs, very like those I had seen on the young man in the gambling saloon. I felt myself growing pale.

"I say, Henri, I thought we were on the right track," said he. "Let us search him now."

Then they commenced to search my clothes, took out everything from my pockets, and at last came to the watch.

"Young man, I'm afraid it will go hard with you," he said.

I tried to explain, but it was of no use. They made me dress myself, took everything they could find belonging to me in the room, and I was marched down stairs between them. They brought me into the parlor of the hotel, and two of them stayed with me, while the other went out to see if the carriage was all right, as he said. A sudden thought struck me. I said that was the young man's carriage—he who left me the valise. The detective only smiled. I told him what had passed and how I had seen the carriage driven away. A thought seemed also to have struck him. The detective who went after the carriage now came in; the other whispered something hurriedly to him and he went quickly out again.

After this I was brought up stairs to my room. They bolted the windows and locked the door. All this had been done so quickly, and in such a short space of time, that no one but the hotel keeper and a few waiters knew anything was passing.

They then procured paper and ink, and the tall agent said: "Now if we are mistaken, or if it should happen that you are only an accomplice, tell us all you know truthfully, and you may get off much easier. I have my own opinion about the valise," he added, "but tell me truly how you came in possession of the watch?"

I told him all. He smiled significantly, and when I had finished, said "Well, you may be innocent, but I suppose you are aware that the young man who was found with his throat cut is the same who pledged you that watch, and whose diamond studs, which you must have remarked that night, have been found in your valise, or that of your friend, as you call it. Now, why did you not make it known that you had the watch, when you must have guessed it belonged to Mariette Gaudoin, the former mistress of the murdered man, to whom he had made it a present, but who returned it?"

I told him I had thought of doing so; but I had seen by the papers that she had been arrested as an accomplice, and I had no particular wish to get myself mixed up in the affair.

The truth now flashed across my mind. The man who had left the valise sought to shift the murder on my shoulders; and he was the murderer.

I shuddered.

The agent now told me he had sent after the other man, and that he would no doubt be arrested before morning. I asked him how he would find out where the carriage went to. He replied: "Why you see it is a frosy night, my agent will get on a horse, follow the tracks of the carriage, and will probably overtake it before two hours, if he has left the town, as there is but one road leading to Rouen, and no trains leave here before 6 o'clock tomorrow morning, at which hour you and I will start for Paris; so if you have an inclination to sleep you can do so."

I left alone to reflect.

I slept but little that night. The next morning we left for Paris. I was allowed the privilege of a newspaper, and could not help smiling as I looked over the news, rumors and facts of the great murder, which editors had hashed up for their morning readers. After reading I slept most of the way, dreaming of diamond studs, prisons, hotels, valises, and agents de police, and wondering the reality when I awoke, only to find the gray eyes of the agent fixed upon me—those eyes that looked so bright, though they had not closed in sleep for perhaps two nights before he had arrested me.

We arrived in Paris at last, and I was at once conveyed to prison.

The very day a young lady came into my cell, accompanied by an agent de police, in whom I recognized the one with

## Broken-Hearted.

A few evenings ago, amid the rushing, ringing crowd of eastern and western travelers at the Union Depot was an old man whose appearance spoke louder than the words of a hard fate and misfortune.

He was aged—not more than fifty years of age, though his appearance betokened at least three-score and ten—bent th age, alone, ragged and apparently a condition of abject poverty, he at once attracted and enlisted the sympathy of those whose hearts are susceptible to the misery of others. His destitute condition and childish actions attracted the attention of a philanthropic citizen, from whom an outline of the old man's story was obtained. His name he declined under every consideration to give, saying his fate of little interest to any one, and his miserable condition, if made a matter of notoriety, would only prove a source of pain to those bearing the same name, who were in no way to blame for his misfortunes.

He was at one time a resident and farmer in Western Pennsylvania, and by a rare and curious freak of fortune became an oil king; that is, he suddenly became wealthy by the discovery of a rich vein of petroleum. In 1864, he left his home, together with his wife and two sons, and became a resident of Philadelphia, where for several years he continued to move upon the crest of fortune's wave. The death of his wife left him free to enjoy with his sons the fullest license in the way of pleasures of that kind that money only will purchase. The boys left to themselves soon became confirmed rakes and "fast men," and for a time made their father's duets fly.

About one year after his wife's death, the father made the acquaintance of a gay and fascinating widow, who, with her daughter, had created quite a furore at the national capital as a "pardon broker," and it is said for any of our noble Senators were proof against her pleading when she had a "friend" to be pardoned or a boon to be granted.

The Oil King was no exception to the general rule. The widow went for him and got him. The result was a grand marriage and a trip to California, where the happy pair settled down, and for a time were very happy. Intent only upon happiness, the father turned over his business and property to the care of his two sons who, to gratify their inordinate extravagance, devised means to prove their father's death, and, as his heirs, proceeded to administer upon the estate, at the same time keeping his father supplied with money and false information.

The result was that in less than one year the wealth of the father was exhausted, and he returned home to find himself ruined and dishonored man. Leaving Philadelphia the old man started for California, and with his wife and daughter, located at or near Golden City, but his wife, disliking the discomforts of the mountains and the changed circumstances of her husband, deserted him within three months after settling at Golden City. Stricken with grief and saddened at his lonely condition, the old man sought the solitudes of the Texas cattle range, where he attempted, by hard toil and constant effort, to retrieve his fortune in the mining and stock raising business.

He was successful, and was able to make himself another home and (foolish old man) perhaps regain his lost but dearly beloved wife. He was very successful in his trading operations, and last season brought into Kansas City two small but profitable herds of cattle, and started to Colorado in the fall with a herd of horses and cattle, where he expected to winter them, and this spring realize his expectations of another home, and perhaps happiness. But fate still worked against the old man. The hard pelting storms of last winter, which scattered all the immense herds of Colorado out upon the plains, spared not the old man's ranch and herd.

His five hundred cattle melted away before the long and terrific storms; what remained escaped the fury of the elements were driven and scattered in the buffalo range south of the Arkansas; his horses either perished or were stolen by the red or white thieves, so that when the spring brightened for a brief period the wild expanse of hill and plain, when the deep snows melted and left the hillsides green and beautiful, the old man found himself again a ruined man—this time an old, helpless, and broken-hearted man.

He says that he has wandered for nearly three months upon the plains, aimless and alone. Without money, without hope, disheartened and tired, the old man took the train at Ellsworth, and was brought to this city. He appeared to be meek and heart-broken, care less as to what became of him, but manifesting a desire to be sent to Cowanshannock, Pa., where he has friends. He was well taken care of by some railroad employees, and will be sent by them on his way to his old home in Pennsylvania.—*Kansas City Times*, of 20th.

A Minnesota wood-chopper hewed down a tall tree, the other day, and upon splitting up the trunk with an ax and wedge, found imbedded in the wood, at the point where the trunk diverged into branches, a leather bridle of antique pattern, with bit and buckles attached, and all in a remarkable state of preservation. It has been fully thirty feet from the ground, and its presence there can only be accounted for by the supposition that some passing horseman had used the crotch of a sapling as a rest for his bridle, and led from the place in pursuit of his straying horse, had been unable to find it again, and abandoned the bridle to be carried up and entombed by the slow growth of the tree. It is believed that the tree must have been as much as fifty years in hiding its treasure. This is no cunningly devised fable, but said to be true.

A social glass to which ladies are admitted—the mirror.

## REPROOF.

Whisper it softly,  
When nobody's near,  
Let not those accents  
Fall harsh on the ear;  
She is a blossom  
Too tender and frail  
For the keen blasts  
Of the winter gale.

Whisper it gently,  
"I'll cause thee no pain;  
Gentle words rarely  
Are spoken in vain;  
Threats and reproaches  
The stubborn may move,  
Noble the conquest,  
When aided by love.

Whisper it kindly,  
"I'll pay thee to know  
Penitent tear-drops,  
Down her cheeks flow,  
Has she from virtue  
Wandered astray,  
Gulf her feet gently,  
Rough is the way.

She has no parent,  
None of her kin;  
Lead her from error,  
Keep her from sin;  
Does she lean on thee?  
Cherish the trust—  
God to the merciful,  
Ever is just.

## A True Love Story.

From a train of the Pacific Railroad, eastward bound, there came into the City of Council Bluffs, Iowa, a fortnight ago, a fine-looking woman, slightly past the first bloom of life, but still not very matronly in manner—who upon registering at the Pacific House, complained that she felt unwell and desired that a doctor should be called. She was an English lady, she told the hotel clerk, she was on her way homeward to England from a trip by sea to San Francisco, and, finding herself attacked by alarming indisposition in the cars, had decided to pause on her journey until assisted by medical skill.

It not being supposable the custom of English ladies of rank to travel across continents without masculine escort, the clerk was skeptical as to the exact veracity of this explanation and troubled not himself to consider whether a medical practitioner of the highest professional grade should be summoned in such a case. Amongst the guests of the house at the time was a certain traveling doctor, of some reputation for "wonderful cures," and him the young gentleman recommended with off-hand fluency as the physician to be called with the least trouble to himself. Accordingly when the lady had been conducted to the room, the aforesaid itinerant was notified to pay his respects, and skillful enough to discover that his patient's ailment existed more in imaginary than reality.

This he frankly told her, in effect, and prescribed some trifling nerve; but the lady who gave her name as Mrs. Fitch, persisted in thinking herself an invalid, and demanded a course of treatment. She was, she said, a spiritualist and a clairvoyant, and knew her own condition better than any doctor could tell her, and she must take such and such drugs for the restoration of her health. Believing that he had a hypochondria to deal with, the man of nostrums made no strenuous protest against the involved prospective profit to himself of such a case, but being rather drawn to the time with the general callers busy at his room by his advertisements, deputized his "secretary," a young Englishman named Stanton, to render the professional services desired by Mrs. Fitch.

The latter at her second interview with the young deity, astonished him greatly by asking if he believed in "Spiritualism." His polite evasion of a direct answer subjected him to a still greater surprise at a first interview when, upon confessing that he was an Englishman, the eccentric lady secretly told him that he was the person selected by the spirits for her husband! He thought her mad, and would have retreated without further conversation, but his patient begged him to stay and hear her story. Her father, she declared, is an English bishop, and her family one of the most respectable and wealthy in England. Although but thirty-five years old she had wedded and buried three husbands already, losing the last one in California; and on her way from San Francisco was "spiritually impressed" with the conviction that she should very soon meet a fourth country man destined to be her fellow helpmate. At first sight of Mr. Stanton she had known him to be the person appointed for her by fate and now offered him her hand and fortune, as commanded by the spirit. Overwhelmed by the oddity of the affair, the charlatan's secretary managed to express his sense of the honor designed for him by immaterial parties in another world, yet requested time for consideration for his answer.

This was granted, and Mrs. Fitch made no other effort to influence his judgment than by a display of what he deemed satisfactory proofs of her fortune and respectability of family. He poor in a strange country, and in an unpromising employment, while the widow, with all her eccentricity and spiritual delusions, was both rich and homely. In short, if the Omaha *Bees* is to be credited, Mr. Stanton finally concluded to accept the destiny thus curiously thrust upon him, was married to the lady in a parlor of a hotel a few days ago, and is now on his way to Europe with his bride.

The wretch that can stand in a pair of slippers worked for him by his wife, and sold her, is a brute, and deserves the gout in both feet.

## Forty Years a Squaw.

The Akron (Ohio) *Daily Beacon* publishes the following interesting narrative: In the year 1834 Mr. John M. Armstrong, residing near Detroit, Michigan, sent his little daughter Mary, a girl of seven years of age, unattended, off to school. On the way to school she was kidnapped by the Indians, who at that time were found in large numbers about Detroit.

The stricken parents could scarcely be consoled for the loss of the child, and finally gave up all hopes of her recovery. When she was taken by the Indians she was carried off to Texas, and suffered untold hardships and privations at their hands. In Texas she lived for five years, and when she had reached her 12th year was compelled to marry "Yallery," an Indian warrior. The tribe with which she lived then removed to Nebraska, were twelve months, the length of the Indian's married life, having passed away, she was no longer the wife of Yallery, and was sold to an Irishman named David Ward. David was a Catholic, and was buried at the stake because he refused to abjure his religion, after which Mary was carried into another tribe, and there after some years married an Indian chief called Big Son. Big Son soon got tired of his new spouse, and sold her to a Mr. Carman, a pale face, and with him she lived until a melancholy event occurred, which at once deprived her of her husband and children.

Near San Francisco is a place called "Black Hills," which, last fall, was the scene of a bloody fight between the Digger and Snake Indians. Mrs. Carman at the time was with the Digger Indians, having been sold to them, together with her husband and children, a short time before by the Snake Indians. In the battle between the Snake and Digger Indians, Mrs. Carman's eleven children and husband were killed. She alone escaped, and remained with them a short time until an opportunity presented itself, when she fled to San Francisco.

From San Francisco, in company with four others, she was sent by General Sheridan as far as St. Joe, Mo., from which place she is now going on her journey to Columbus, where her aged father and mother are residing.

About ten years ago her father heard of her being yet alive among the Indians, and immediately opened a correspondence with parties in the West to see if he could find any information which would lead to her return to her parents. After long waiting the intelligence was conveyed to him that she was found and would soon be in her home, after forty-one years of wandering among the savages. She has made her way from town to town, and a day or two since reached Kent. Until this time she had worn her Indian costume, but the Mayor of Kent compelled her to exchange her half civilized garb for one which accorded more with Kent tastes.

Yesterday she reached Akron, and has been here soliciting aid to complete her journey. Such, in brief, is her tale. Whether or not she is an impostor, we are unable to tell. Certain it is that she tells a straightforward story, and the most rigorous questioning could not cause her to change the least portion of her narrative. She is very intelligent looking, and answers all questions very readily, and with an appearance of truth and simplicity.

When Marshal Parker told her he had been among the Indians she commenced talking to him in the Indian language, but the Marshal, not wishing to show his ignorance of the language by inability to reply, "vamoosel," much to the amusement of the crowd which had gathered about her.

Rev. J. B. Dunn, writing to the Boston *Traveler*, gives the following description of Nazareth:—

The situation of Nazareth is very pleasant, the people are better dressed, and the women have more than any we have yet seen in the East. What a pity we must add the streets are the dirtiest, an open sewer running through many of them. We of course visited the house where it is said Jesus and his parents lived; also, Joseph's workshop, where we saw pictures of Mary and her son, dressed in modern costume, and Joseph at work before a carpenter's bench, on which lay tools of modern invention. Toward sunset we ascended the hill, from the top of which are to be had the finest views of any in Palestine. On reaching our tent we found our favorite mulcteer, Sa'id, and his brother Francis, both of whom are Mohomedans, had given an Arab a severe thrashing because the Arab cursed the christians and our party.

One of the most interesting sights to be seen at Nazareth is the crowd of young women and girls that between the hours of five and eight in the evening flock to the public fountain with their pitchers on their heads, to draw water.

The night spent here was a memorable one, for, scarce had we retired to our tents when a small army of big mosquitoes came down upon us and hidged to our persons, nor could we drive them away till morning called us forth to begin our other day's journey—a day during which we rode through part of the valley of Esdras, crossed the Kishon, where Baal's prophets were slain, ascended Carmel to the supposed point of sacrifice, where we spent some time in trying to reconcile the Bible and our guide books, but failed, and putting the latter in our saddle bags, and taking the former in our hands, we continued our explorations. Leaving Carmel, we rode across the plain to Halfa, where, after bathing in the Mediterranean, we passed the night under wet tents and on borrowed beds, as our baggage mules on crossing the Kishon had their feet taken from under them, the baggage unspaced and thoroughly soaked, as some of my things to-day testify.

## Wit and Humor.

Georgia girls use none but religious papers for Sunday bustles.

A thoughtful young man was asked if he took the habit from his father. "No," was the indignant reply, "father has got all the laziness he ever had."

A Texas Judge lately decided that had cooking on the part of a wife was a good reason for granting the husband a divorce.

It is said that a green tartan dress contains arsenic enough to kill a man, and yet men do not seem to be afraid to go near green tartan dresses.

The Indianapolis Journal says a bull dog with sound teeth is the only thing lightning-rod peddlers, will not tackle and try to persuade into buying a rod.

A Southern paper says in its local column: "A negro and two fine mules were drowned in the river yesterday. The mules were remarkably fine animals and cannot be easily replaced."

A "woman of business" in Arkansas has just tarred and feathered her husband. If a fellow is to be a Kluklud, how much nicer it must be to have it done by the wife of his bosom, than by the cold rough hand of a hooded stranger.

A Yankee on being told that a person to whom he was introduced was a self-made man, said he was glad to hear of it. On being asked why, he answered, "I reckon it relieves the Creator of a pile of responsibility."

Some years ago a Lazy Man's Society was organized in London, and one of the articles required that no man belonging to the society should ever be in a hurry. If he violated this article he was to stand treat to the other members. Now it happened on a time that a member, a doctor, was seen driving post-haste through the streets to visit a patient. The members of the society saw him, and chuckled over the idea of a treat, and on his return reminded him of his fast driving and violation of the rules. "Not at all," said the doctor, resolved not to be outdone, "the truth is my horse was determined to go, and I felt to lazy to stop him." They did not catch him that time.

HARD WORK.—The late James T. Brady was very fond of the ready natural wit of his countrymen. One day, speaking of this to a friend he said, "I'll show you a sample. I'll speak to one of these men at work, and you'll see that I get my answer."

Stepping up to the men who were at work on a cellar near by, he spoke to them cheerfully.

"Good day, good day to you, boys. That looks like hard work for you."

"Faith and it is," was the answer, "or we wouldn't be here." "Well, what are you doing?" "Pleased with this, he asked the man what part of Ireland he came from."

"Ah!" said Brady on hearing the name, "I came from that region myself."

"Yes," said the man, with another blow of the pick, "there were many nice people in that place, but I never heard that any of them left it."

JUST SUCH NEIGHBORS.—A man stopping at a tavern for rest and refreshments began to talk about his journey. He had come from a neighboring town; he was moving away, and glad enough to get away too. Such a set of neighbors as he had there—unkind, disobliging, cross and contrary, it was enough to make any one want to leave the place, and he had started and was going to settle in another region, where he could find a different set of inhabitants.

"Well," said the landlord, "you will find just such neighbors where you are going. The next night another man stopped at the inn. He, too, was on a journey, was moving. On inquiry it was found that he came from the same place from which the former traveler had come. He said he had been obliged to move from where he lived, and did not mind moving so much as he did leaving his neighbors; they were so kind, considerate, accommodating and generous, that he felt great sorrow at the thought of leaving them and going among strangers, especially as he could not tell what kind of neighbors he could find.

"Oh, well," said the landlord, "you will find just such neighbors where you are going. Does it not seem possible that men will generally find about such neighbors as they are looking for? Some people are always in trouble, others follow peace with all men." Who knows but we can have just about such neighbors as we wish for simply by treating them as we ought to?

An Oregon correspondent says: This is a lovely country, as it lies unrolled before us—the green fields and forests glowing, and the wide river sparkling under the bright light of a June sun. All of the Oregonians feel its influence, and all praise the beauty of their land, which to their minds is without a peer. They are never tired of talking about it, and when away from it, sigh to return to its shades, and for a view of its landscapes, which are really magnificent, and which possess for them a wonderful charm, found not elsewhere in this broad land. There is a sort of dreamy quiet about it, that seems the perfection of contentment; and one says to himself, "This is happiness, sure enough. Let the world go as it may, here I am in this glorious clime, and here I am willing to remain until I am gathered to my fathers."