

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

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By W. BLAIR.

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LOCALS.—Business Locals Ten Cents per line; first insertion, Seven Cents for subsequent insertions.

Professional Cards.

DR. M. L. MILLER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Quincy and vicinity. Office near the Burger Hotel.

ISAAC N. SNIVELY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2-17.

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

VETERINARY SURGEON.
DR. HENRY BOWLS (formerly of Virginia) announces to the citizens of Waynesboro' and the public generally that he is prepared to treat the different diseases to which horses are subject, including lock-jaw. Thorough study and many years practice are the best recommendations he can offer. Persons requiring his services will find him at Minto's Hotel. may 21-17

DR. A. H. STRICKLER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office at his residence, N. E. Cor. of the Public Square, Waynesboro', Pa. apr 9-17

REMOVAL!
DR. BENJ. FRANTZ has removed to the new Office building, adjoining his dwelling on West end of Main street, where he can always be found, when not engaged on professional visits.

Office Hours:—Between 8 and 10 o'clock, A. M., and 12 and 2 and 6 and 9 P. M. Special attention given to all forms of chronic disease. An experience of nearly thirty years enables him to give satisfaction. The most approved trusses applied and adjusted to suit the wants of those afflicted with hernia or rupture. apr 23-17

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

Organs always on exhibition and for sale at his office.
We being acquainted with Dr. Branisholts socially and professionally recommend him to all desiring the services of a Dentist.

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Produce Commission Merchants
No. 77 NORTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.
Pay particular attention to the sale of Flour, Grain, Seeds, &c.
Liberal advances made on consignments. may 29-17

THE BOWDEN HOUSE
MAIN STREET,
WAYNESBORO', PENN'A.
The subscriber having leased this well known Hotel premises, announces to the public that he has refurnished, re-painted and repapered it, and is now amply prepared to accommodate the traveling public and others who may be pleased to favor him with their patronage. An attentive hostler will at all times be in attendance. may 23-17 SAM'L P. STONER.

BARBERING AGAIN.
The subscriber announces to the public that he has again commenced the barbering. Shop in the Walker building formerly occupied by Dr. Benj. Frantz. New Razors, Brushes and outfit in general. A share of the public's patronage is solicited. He also is prepared to shave torpedoes. may 21-17 JOHN H. HERR.

LIVERY! LIVERY!
The subscriber informs the public that he has opened a new Livery Stable, on West Main Street, at the Sanders' stable. Specially bred and first class conveyances furnished at all times. An attentive hostler will always be found at the stable. A share of the public's patronage is respectfully solicited. JOHN S. FUNK. July 30-17

TAILORING.
The subscriber announces to his old customers and the public that he has again taken up his residence in Waynesboro' and will be pleased to receive a share of public patronage. His place of business is on Leitchburg street, nearly opposite Belle Pottery. J. OS. ANDERSON. may 1-17

CINNAMON, allspice, mustard, cloves and other spices whole or ground.

Select Poetry.



THE OTHER SIDE.
We are nearer than we seem
To that land beyond the tide;
And are closer than we dream
To the River's "other side."

For this earthly world of ours
Is not very far away
From the world invisible,
And its never-ending day.

And the distance is not great,
And the journey is but brief;
No halting-place between, to wait,
One moment's strife, the next relief.

For we are so very near
To that land beyond the tide;
There is but a step between,
Ere we reach the "other side."

What is on that "other side?"
Shall we ever, never know?
When will the waters round us close,
And at last behind us flow?

Glimpses reach us on our way,
And our restless spirits yearn
Of that twilight mystery
More completely yet to learn.

And we walk with weary feet,
And shadows deeper grow,
As our life-load leathens on
Where the silent waters flow.

And the thought comes quick and sweet,
As the hours and days depart,
Thrilling into my life
—Each faint throbbing of the heart.

We are drawing very near
To that land beyond the tide;
And not long this waiting here,
Ere we reach the "other side."

We are nearer than we seem
To that land beyond the tide!
And are closer than we dream
To the River's "other side."

Miscellaneous Reading.

DELLA DORAN.
It was at the close of a sultry day about the first of May, 1864, that a single horseman might have been seen riding along the turnpike a few miles west of Chambersville.

He was apparently about forty or fifty years of age, large powerful frame, bold open countenance, and possessed of a daring, restless eye. His attire being semi-military and semi-civilian, it would be hard to determine to which of the opposing parties he belonged.

He wore the blue cap of the Yankees, the grey blouse of the Confederates, and the remainder of his apparel was that of an ordinary citizen.

His horse, a large powerful bay, swept along with an easy rapid pace. By making an abrupt turn he left the main road, and entering a bridle path was soon in a dense forest.

The sun had already gone down, when he emerged from the forest, and riding up to a large farm-house, asked lodging for the night.

The farmer who was a perfect "Southern Fire-eater," eyed him a moment suspiciously, and then in multifarious tones said:

"Well, yes, I reckon stranger, as you might say; though the country is so torn up that one can't tell who to take in.—Who are ye anyway?"

"Simply a weary and benighted traveler, who will leave with the morning's dawn."

The traitorous looking farmer called to a negro who was near, and bade him put the traveler's horse in the barn. The stranger accompanied him and had the horse put in the stall nearest the door with the saddle on.

"Debbilish strange," muttered the negro. "Must be afeared some one's comin' to gobble 'um up."

As soon as the negro had a chance to speak privately with his master, he informed him of the manner he had left the horse at the stable.

"I'll watch him, Jake, and you remain handy for I suspect that he's Mead's Scout GORCIOUS. If he should be, I want you to go to the forest after Hawkers."

The negro's eyes sparkled greedily, as he replied:

"Golly, Massa, only find dat out and I'm off to de woods in no time."

During this short conversation the subject of it was in the sitting room quietly smoking a short black pipe, while he seemed buried in thought. He had unbuckled his sabre and leaned it against the wall, but his pistols were still in his belt, around his waist.

His blue cap was placed on his knee, and his iron grey hair fell upon his shoulders in profusion while his keen, restless eyes kept constantly in motion. As he sat there he looked what he really was, a desperate character.

His reverie was at length broken by the entrance of a pretty, black-eyed girl, who announced supper.

"Very glad," said the stranger, "in fact I am very hungry, Miss. What may I call you?"

"Della?"

"Della? A very pretty name. You are the gentleman's daughter?"

"No sir."

"His niece, then?"

"No sir."

"A relative then, anyway?"

"I think no relation at all. I am sim-

ply an orphan girl—Della Doran—whom Mr. Biswick has taken to raise; but supper waits."

The stranger started up at the sound of the name, bent a keen glance on the lovely girl; but said not a word.

The landlord, his foster daughter, and the stranger were the only occupants of the supper table.

Mr. Biswick being somewhat talkative, intimated that the fair girl was not his child, but the daughter of a scamp who had deserted her at her mother's death, gone to California, and he had kept her merely out of gratitude.

The stranger seemed almost to struggle as the farmer still continued to degrade the girl.

He raised his hand to brush a cold sweat from his brow, and as he did so a small slip of paper fell from his blouse pocket to the floor.

It was unnoticed by any save Mr. Biswick.

"When supper was over they all arose from the table, and the planter passing around, adroitly slipped the note in his pocket.

Conducting the stranger to the sitting-room he left him, and going into a private room lit a candle, and glanced at the note. It was brief as follows:

"Forward to the front, GORCIOUS. GENERAL MEAD."

"Ho, ho! I know him now," chuckled the farmer. "He is Glorious, the famous scout. There's a reward for him, and I am a fool if I don't get it."

At a signal the negro entered.

"It's as I expected, Jake; he is Mead's scout. Go at once for Hawkers. The reward is ours."

"I'll go, Massa, I'll go," said the negro and pulling on his cap ran out into the night air. Once out he muttered to himself:

"Golly, if it am Glorious, debble be to pay when they catch um. Dis chile be skeer-den."

Having dispatched the negro for the Confederates, the wicked, traitorous farmer returned to the room, in which the object of his betrayed sat, and entered into conversation with him.

The eyes of Glorious rolled suspiciously around, but he otherwise evinced no apprehension of danger.

Complaining of *ennui* from the effect of his day's travel, he proposed to retire.

This was what Biswick desired, and he cheerfully led the way to the bed chamber.

As soon as the Confederate left the room, the scout buckled on his sabre, instead of retiring to bed, and remained at the window in a listening attitude.

He had not been long in this position when a tap at the door aroused him. With revolver in hand he opened the door cautiously.

Pale and trembling, the girl, Della Doran, entered, making frantic gestures for him to keep silence. Seizing the frightened maiden by the hand, the brave old scout said:

"What is it, my dear, that frightens you?"

Seeming to gain strength from his kind words, she replied:

"Oh! sir, fly from here; you are in deadly peril! Each moment you remain increases your danger!"

The scout received this startling announcement as coolly as if it had been an order from his General, and merely said:

"You will give me some information as to the nature of my danger if you wish me to avert it."

"Mr. Biswick thinks you are the great scout Glorious, and has sent for guerrillas to arrest you."

"For Masby?"

"No, worse. Masby has some humanity and power; but he has sent for the wretch Steve Hawkers."

"Never fear, said the scout."

"But you will go nevertheless?"

"I will not be taken; but you must answer some questions first."

"Ask them quick."

"Is your name really Della Doran?"

"It is."

"Do you remember anything of your parents?"

"Not a great deal. My mother died when I was young, and I can just remember my father leaving me with Mr. Biswick and going to California."

"Do you love your foster father?"

"No, sir, I cannot. He is very cruel, and swears I shall marry Captain Hawkers."

"That is sufficient, I shall go now, but I will return soon and tell you something."

Arising, he glided out of the room, and Della having accomplished her errand of mercy, retired.

The famous scout managed to reach the stable unperceived, and securing his horse, led him to the rear of the house and hitched him to a tree. Then holding a revolver in each hand, he crept over the wall and walked up the garden path.

All flashing lights and confused voices told him that the Confederates had come. A heavy tread of feet was heard coming down the garden walk, and he distinguished the voice of the negro saying:

"Let 'um kill 'im; but golly, don't catch me near; might get a stray bullet!"

In an instant the scout leveled a pistol at the head of the treacherous black and fired. Without a groan the negro fell dead in the garden walk.

With yells of vengeance the guerrillas rushed towards the scout, who nimbly leaped the garden fence, vaulted into the saddle, and amid flashing swords and whizzing shots, dashed off into the forest.

"To horse, after him," shouted Captain Hawkers. "Five thousand to the man who brings him down."

Then there was mounting in hot haste, and the Confederates thundered at him. The scout having reached an open spot

about three miles from the farm-house, paused on the opposite side in a thick growth of underbush, with a cocked pistol in each hand, the rein in his teeth, and thus waited for his pursuers to come up.

In the course of half an hour the guerrillas, seven in number, rode into the open spot, and paused for consultation.

Various conjectures were made as to the whereabouts of the scout, and the rebel captain vowed he would give a good round sum to know just where he was.

His speech was cut short by the crack of a pistol, and Captain Hawkers fell from his horse.

Two guerrillas drew holsters and returned the fire, but now pistol shot after pistol shot came from an unseen quarter, and three Confederates fell. The remainder terror stricken, fled.

The scout rode out to examine his fallen. Three were quite dead, and the fourth was dying. Leaving the field of carnage, he made his way back to the farm-house. Fastening his horse near the gate he entered it. As he was passing across the hall he heard a voice, in a room on the right, begging for mercy.

"Don't plead to me for mercy," said the harsh voice of Biswick. "You know you told the Union scout that Hawkers was coming. Now take that!"

A blow and a scream followed.

"Hold!" thundered the scout, bursting into the room.

"What right have you to command me to hold?" cried the astonished rebel.

"The right of a father!"

"A father?"

"Yes, James Biswick. I am *Albert Doran*, who years ago trusted my infant daughter with you while I went to California to amass a fortune. I made it in an obscure mine, and concealed it in a cache, but was at that time captured by the savages and kept a prisoner for years. I made my escape, secured the hidden treasure, and returned to the States just as the war broke out. I joined Mead's corps under the assumed name of Glorious. My experience in Indian warfare has made me the great scout I am. I am now here to claim my child."

With the beautiful Della behind him on his powerful horse, he rode into Mead's camp the next morning at sunrise. It was in the midst of the terrible battle of the Wilderness, that Glorious met and struck Biswick dead with his vengeful sword.

"This," said he, "is for your cruelty to my child."

Drinking Water.
Dr. Hall is opposed to the immoderate use of water as a drink. He says:

The longer one puts off drinking water in the morning, especially in summer, the less he will require during the day; if much is drunk during the forenoon, the thirst often increases and a very unpleasant fullness is observed, in addition to a metallic taste in the mouth.

The less water a man drinks the better for him, beyond a moderate amount. The more a man drinks the more strength he has to expend in getting rid of it, for all the fluids taken into the system must be carried out—and there is but little nourishment in water, tea, coffee, beer and the like, more strength is expended in conveying them out of the system than they impart to it. The more a man drinks the more he must perspire, either by lungs or through the skin, the more he perspires the more carbon is taken from the system; but this carbon is necessary for nutrition, hence the less strength he has.

The more liquids used the greater must be the amount of urination, but this detracts a proportional amount of albumen from the system, and it is the albumen in the food that strengthens us. Drinking water largely diminishes the strength in two ways, and yet many are under the impression that the more water swallowed the more thoroughly is the system "washed out." Thus, the less we drink at meals, the better for us. If the amount were limited to a single cup of hot tea or hot milk and water at each meal, an immeasurable good would result to all.

Many persons have fallen into the practice of drinking several glasses of cold water or several cups of hot tea at meals, out of a mere habit; all such will be greatly benefited by breaking it up at once; it may be well to drink a little after each meal, and, perhaps, it will be found that in all cases it is better to take a single cup of hot tea at each meal than a glass of cold water, however pure.

It is easier to be wise for another than for one's self.

A three months old oyster is about the size of a split pea.

Suspicion and distrust are the greatest enemies to friendship.

There is no fault in poverty, but the minds that think so are faulty.

A WOODLAND STORY.
Through pleasant paths and flowery ways,
Through leafy woodlands colonnades,
Where 'e'en at noon the sun's keen gaze
Could scarcely reach, we two had stray'd.
All left behind the glare and strife—
The din and babel of existence;
Save us no trace of social life
In that enchanting silvan distance.

And then besides a giant tree,
The remnant of some ancient race,
Whose gnarled roots your throne might be,
We made awhile our resting-place.

Here lichen moss and fern and flower,
Their carpet soft as velvet spread;
Forget you, love, that happy hour?
Would you recall the words you said?

The throstle pour'd his liquid lay;
The vagrant bee pass'd tuneless by;
And there along its pebbly way,
The gleaming brooklet murmur'd nigh.

I heeded not the throstle's tone,
Nor saw the brooklet's silver shine;
I held your hand, your heart, my own;
I only knew that you were mine.

I cared not else to know; for while
We rested in that woodland place,
My sun, my love, was in your smile,
And heaven itself within your face.

So what for me was bloom or flower,
Or arching branches over head?
Can I forget that happy hour?
Do you regret the words you said?

Bascumb's Baby.
She brought it over to our house Mrs. Bascumb did. It was their first—a wee little red-faced, red headed, pug nosed, howling infant. It was the hottest day in July, but she had it wrapped up in three shawls and a bed quilt, and was in agony ever moment for fear it would smother.

"Do see his darling, darling little face!" she said to me as she unwound him about forty times, and looked to see which end his feet were on.

I looked. I have been the father of eleven just such howling little wopsies, and didn't see anything remarkable about Bascumb's baby.

"See those eyes—that firmness of mouth, that temper in his look!" she went on. I saw them.

The little sun of a gun began to get red in the face and beat the air, and his mother shouted:

"He's being murdered by a pin!" she said to me as she unwound him about forty times, and looked to see which end his feet were on.

"Such a head! Why every one who sees him says that he is going to be a Beecher, a Greeley or a Bismark; do you notice that high forehead?"

I did. I thought he was all forehead, as his hair didn't commence to grow until the back of his neck was reached, but she assured me that I was mistaken.

"Wouldn't I just left him once?" I left him.

I told her I never saw a child of his weight weigh so much and she smiled like an angel; she said that she was afraid I didn't appreciate children, but now she knew I did.

"Wouldn't I just look at his darling little feet—his little red feet and cunning toes?"

Yes, I would.

She rolled him over on his face and unwound his feet, and triumphantly held them up to my gaze. I contemplated the hundreds of little wrinkles running lengthwise and crosswise, the big toes, and the little toes, and I agreed with her that so far as I could judge from the feet and the toes and the wrinkles, a future of unexampled brilliancy lay before the pug nosed imp.

He began to kick and howl, and she stood him up and set him up, laid him down and trotted him until she bounced the wind out of the middle of October.

"Who did he look like?"

I bent over the scar-faced rascal, pushed his nose one side, checked him under the chin, and didn't answer without due liberation. I told her that there was a faint resemblance of George Washington around the mouth, but the eyes reminded me of Daniel Webster, while the general features had made me think of the poet Milton ever since she entered the house.

That was her view exactly, only she hadn't said anything about it before.

"Didn't I think he was too smart to live?"

I felt of his ears, rubbed his head, put my finger down the back of his neck, and told her that in my humble opinion, he wasn't, though he had a narrow escape. If his nose had been set a little to one side, or his ears had appeared in the place of his eyes, Bascumb could have purchased a weed for his hat without delay. No; the child would live; there wasn't the least doubt about it, and any man or woman who said he wouldn't grow up to make the world thunder with his fame would steal the wool off a lost lamb in January.

She felt so happy that she rolled the imp up in his forty-nine bandages shook him to straighten his legs and take the kinks out of his neck, and then carried him home under her arm, while my wife made me go along with an umbrella, for fear the sun would peel his little nose.

A house keeper sent bridged out one morning to buy some heads of lettuce. She returned with postage stamps. When asked how she made the mistake, she pertly answered, "An' sure, was'n't told to get heads of lettuce?"

Courtesy Compensated.
A young editor of a theatrical journal called lately on an actress living in a third-story in the Rue Richelieu. Leaving her rooms, he descended the stairway. At the first floor landing, a door suddenly opened, and a black coated gentleman stepping suddenly out, ran against the young man; begging pardon, he abruptly asked:

"Monsieur, have you half an hour to lose?"

"For what, sir?"

"To tender me a service which will bring you in a trifle, say a hundred francs?"

"Do you call that losing half an hour? What is it you wish?"

"To serve as a witness to a will. One witness has failed to come; the sick man is dying. Will you serve?"

The journalist consented, and following the notary, found himself in a sumptuous chamber, near the bed of the moribund, and seated himself with the other witnesses. The old man had no relatives, and made short work with his will. It was ready for him to sign.

They opened the curtains to give him light. A ray fell across the journalist's face. The sick man saw him, and motioned him to approach.

"Sir," he said, in a feeble voice, "do you know me?"

"I have not that honor, sir."

"Do you not recall seeing me at the Theatre Francais?"

"No, sir."

"I can refresh your memory. Did you not attend the first representation of 'Fire in a Convent'?"

"I was there, certainly."

"And I too. You had a good orchestra stall; I a miserable stool right in the door-way. The draft made me ill. You gave me your comfortable seat, and took my poor one."

"I but did my duty, sir, toward an old man and an invalid."

"Ah! They are rare—these people who do their duty. Allow me to give you evidence of my acknowledged debt."

And turning the ear of the notary, the old man added a codicil to his will. The witness signed, the notary countersigned, and the former, each noted for a hundred francs of legacy, retired. The next day the journalist revisited the actress. Coming away he rang at the old man's door, and asked after him. He died during the night. In due time the young man attended his funeral. After it the notary said to him:

"To-morrow we open the will. Be there. You are interested."

"Our editor did not neglect the invitation. He attended the reading of the will.

The old man had bequeathed him a hundred thousand francs.

An orchestra seat well paid for.

Varieties.
Have always the best confidence in God and fear nothing.

Simplicity is one of the striking characteristics of real genius.

What a man does is the real test of what a man is.

Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues.

A hypocrite is one that neither is what he seems nor what he is.

Good qualities are incomprehensible to those who have them not.

The Ohio river is going into a decline. It keeps its bed and is quite low.

Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched by noble virtues.

How canst thou be a judge of another's heart that does not know thine own.

Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.