

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC. \$2.00 PER YEAR

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ADVERTISEMENTS—One Square (10 lines) three insertions, \$1.50; for each subsequent insertion, Thirty-five Cents per Square. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

LOCALS.—Business Locals Ten Cents per line for the 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. apr-17

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.
N. E. Real Estate sold, and Fire Insurance effected on reasonable terms. December, 10, 1871.

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 Minter'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

ALSO AGENT

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.
Drs. E. A. HENNING, J. M. RIPLEY, A. H. STRICKLER, I. N. SEEVER, A. S. BOSEBRAKE, T. D. FRENCH, July 17-17

J. H. FORNEY & CO.
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', PENNA.

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

LIVERY! LIVERY!

THE subscriber informs the public that he has opened a new Livery Stable, on West Main Street, at the Sanders' stable. Speedy horses 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 Leisterburg street, nearly opposite Bel's Pottery. JOS. ANDECKER, may 1-17

DAIRY

THE subscriber notifies the public that he has commenced the Dairy business and will supply citizens regularly every morning with Milk or Cream at low rates. He will also leave a supply at M. Geiser's Store where persons can obtain either at any hour during the day. BENJ. FRICK, no 27-17

WALTER GRUBBS, ginger snaps, and fancy crackers at Reid's Grocery

Select Poetry.



NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

BY O. W. HOMES.
There is no time like the old,
When you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed,
And the birds of spring-time sung.
The garden's brightest glories
By summer suns are nursed,
But oh, the sweet, sweet violets,
The flowers that open first.

There is no place like the old place,
Where you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids
On the splendor of the morn,
From the milk-white breast that warmed us,
From the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eye glistened o'er us,
That will look on us no more.

There is no friend like the old friend
That has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome,
No homage like his praise;
Fame is the scentless sun-flower,
With gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose,
With sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love
That we courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling,
And we're fading side by side;
There are blossoms all around us,
With the colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine
When the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—
They shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—
Keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends—
May heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves—
God bless our loving wives!

Miscellaneous Reading.

FARMING 80 YEARS AGO.

A great many farmers and farm laborers are greatly in the habit of complaining of hard times and low prices of farm products and labor, for the past few years they are continually harping at the old old times of our forefathers, and sighing for a return of those happy days. In our opinion farmers and laborers are a great deal better off now than they were eighty years ago. At the present time farmers live in better houses, have better furniture, live better, and have better crops. As a rule more time to ride in than they had eighty years ago. At that time it was only the very rich that could afford a riding carriage at all, common farmers rode to church on horseback with their wives or children seated behind them, or in a cart. Now every farmer has his riding carriage, and his son as soon as old enough, must have his buggy and fast horse, while in the house the daughter must have her piano, costing from \$500 to \$1000, nearly the price of a good farm eighty years ago. Perhaps a brief account of the farmers' farming, products, prices and wages of eighty years ago, when Washington was President of the United States, would be interesting to our readers. Pennsylvania was at that time one of the most populous States in the Union, and contained a population of 434,373. It was also one of the best agricultural States, a portion of its land was a rich virgin soil, the greater part heavily timbered and when cleared produced heavy crops of the different varieties of grain. It had also the greatest variety of manufactures and varied industries of any other State, made the greatest variety and quantity of manufactured goods, both for home consumption and exports to other States. Philadelphia was then the most populous, wealthy, and also the greatest commercial city in the country. Its population, including suburbs, was 42,530. New York at that time only contained a population of 33,000 and was reckoned the second State in the Union; while Boston, the intellectual "hub" of the United States, could boast only about 18,000 souls. These figures compared with those of the present day, show more forcibly than the most elaborate rhetoric of words, the unparalleled and amazing growth and rapidity of American progress. Farming in that day was indeed hard and constant work; farmers in that day cleared the land by first girdling the trees, and then as they rotted or fell down rolled them into heaps and burned them. For the hardest kind of farm work, such as clearing and grubbing land, a good hand was paid, eighty years ago, 40 cents per day and his "wittle" with a dram of whisky or rum two or three times a day. The cost of clearing timbered land was from five to ten dollars per acre, and the crops raised the first few years did not average over 12 to 18 bushels per acre; rye about the same, oats 15 to 20. The wages of good farm hands was from five to seven dollars per month; per day, 30 to 35 cents, except in harvest time, and then 40 cents per day, and extra good victuals, with a pint of whisky, to each man. In wheat harvest, on which occasion the female portion of the community turned out strong, the women received the same pay as the men, minus the whisky. Men who boarded themselves and found their own whisky, or done without it, were allowed 50 cents per day, it will thus be

seen that board and whisky were valued at 20 cents per day, just the price of two "nips" in these degenerated days, but then whisky was cheaper as well as better. Rot-gut, strychnine and Jersey lighting had not then been invented. This was the regular rate of wages paid in the agricultural districts of Pennsylvania in those days, and there was not much variation from prices in other States. Farming in those days was indeed hard and constant work. There was no winter idleness then, after working all spring, summer and fall to plant, harvest and house his crops, the farmer had to spend the greater part of the winter in threshing them out with a flail.

The accomplished farmer of eighty years ago was a man who understood the rudiments, at least, of various arts and trades. Almost everything he wore, from the top of his head to the soles of his feet, was made from the raw material in his own fields, flocks and herds. The female portion of the family worked as hard as the men in these days, spinning, weaving, bleaching, dying, and making all the various kinds of fabrics needed to properly clothe the different members of the family, also providing an abundant supply of quilts, blankets, table linen and all the numberless articles that go to make up a properly appointed domestic household. The music of the spinning wheel and loom took the place of the modern piano and organ. The farmer was, when necessary, carpenter, wheel-wright, harness maker, and often blacksmith. Sometimes he excelled in the shoemaking line, and then visited around in winter time, from house to house, making for each family a year's stock of shoes, that would wear three times as long as modern shoes. There was no winter idleness then for the farmer, the sound of the flail could be heard from fall until spring. They had no threshing machines to do up the work in a few days as we have at the present day. Their only holidays was during Christmas times, and right jolly times they were, according to all accounts. Those old-fashioned Christmas festivities, shooting matches, great dinners, &c.

Eighty years ago, as now, the productive enterprise and industries of the United States were devoted to agriculture, manufactures and commerce, the essential supports of natural wealth and prosperity; but at least two-thirds of the people were occupied in agricultural pursuit. In those days the rural youth were almost universally farm bred, and comparatively few of them became impatient of the healthy, robust and independent calling of their fathers, or sought in towns and cities, those attractions which have been so alluring during the last score of years, often fatally so, to the manhood of farmers' sons, of these were the brave, hearty, hardy, ready pioneers of our free, broad, varied and enterprising Western civilization.

A Government Clerk Reforms.

Robert J. Walker, Secretary of the Treasury from 1845 to 1849, was a constant visitor to my office. He was one of the most interesting men I ever knew; was fond of fighting over his old battles in the Treasury, and fought them eloquently. Once, as we were standing in the lower hall of the Treasury building, he related the case of one of his clerks, who was then still in office, but who, like Walker himself, is now dead.

"This clerk, sir," said the ex-Secretary, "was appointed by me some twenty odd years ago, but he had not been in office a year before it was discovered that he was given to drink. Upon looking into the case as reported to me I decided to discharge him. So I sent for him, told him the charges that had been made against him, and asked him what he had to say in his defence. Whereupon he admitted the truth of the charge, but pleaded intention to reform, and alluded to his poverty and the dependence upon him of a family, which I dare say was quite supererogatory, for the fellow was intelligent enough to know better, told him that, under the circumstances, and in consideration of his family, I would withhold his discharge for the present, and if he reformed and abstained from drink for six months, would cancel it altogether. This compact he agreed to. Some two or three months afterward the man waited on me again, and told me that, so far, he had religiously kept his agreement, but that the desire of drink was so strong, that he felt he could no longer keep his faith unless I would permit him to take 'just one,' when he thought he could go on without ever transgressing again. The case was so novel and ludicrous, and the man was so earnest about the matter, that at last I consented, not doubting that, once the barrier was let down, the cold would run wild beyond all reclamation, and that I should be obliged eventually to discharge him as incurable. Well, sir, to make a long story short, the man got awfully drunk, then recovered and went to work again, and, from that day to this, he hasn't tasted a drop. He is in the Treasury now—I won't mention his name—and is highly respected by all who know him, as an honest and faithful man and a strict teetotaler."

Saying this, the old ex-Secretary turned around and affectionately clasped the hand of a man who had been listening to his story with a face covered with knowing smiles. The ex-Secretary never mentioned the name of the reformed clerk, but I had no difficulty in guessing that it was the very man who had been listening so intently to the story. And a good and faithful man he was too.

Careful estimates put the yield of the precious metals this year in Utah, at \$5,000,000.
Do the best you can.

Daily Life.

Is our daily life what it ought to be—what it might be? Do we not allow petty vexations and trivial things to sour our temper and darken our brow—the impulsive nature to get the better of us?—That impatient just now you were fretted, but did it make you feel any more pleasant? Those light and trifling things—they have gone to give their account against you. That criticism at another's expense; you mean no harm, but was it, after all, quite right, and doing just as you would be done by?

And then the words that are unspoken, the opportunities neglected which might be productive of so much good! How much evil we do when we might do good! How much reproach we bring upon ourselves by our inconsistencies! How little we practice what we preach! How little we do unto others what we would that they should do unto us! How selfish we are, and ready to listen to the promptings of self-interest! How we permit little jealousies and animosities to rankle in our heart, and pride, vain and impotent, to fill it! How little of charity do we feel for an erring brother or sister, as if we never erred ourselves! How imperfect and incongruous are our lives!

And yet we might make of life a most beautiful thing, but it must be our daily life that will do it.

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And a pleasant land."
So loving words and deeds of kindness, tender sympathies and gentle ministrations, constantly and daily expressed, will make our lives majestic.

Did you never see those that have appeared the very embodiment of goodness, in whose presence there was an attraction irresistible, magical? They have seemed to you like an oasis in a dreary desert land, like green and fertile spots in a barren waste. You have sighed to be like them, as good and beautiful. You can be, if you will only make the endeavor; you can adorn your soul with such graces; you can make your life so attractive, that you will carry with you, wherever you go, the charm most potent.

To many, daily life seems dull and prosaic, but there are passages in it of surpassing loveliness. Did you reply kindly, just now, when spoken harshly to? Did you receive that bitter upbraiding meekly and silently? It was a beautiful thing. Did you deny yourself that others might be happier thereby? It was laying up treasures for heaven. Did you speak words of sympathy and hopeful cheer to that poor and dependent soul? You will remember and reward you. Did you lighten the burden of that weary brother or sister? Then shall assistance come down to you from above when you are "weary and heavy laden."

Would that we treasured these opportunities of doing good, and prized them more highly, for they are jewels with which we may adorn our souls with richest graces—goblets from which we quaff the delicious waters of happiness.

When you have striven earnestly, and sit at its close that the day had been made better by these strivings; when you have overcome some nightly temptation; when you have accomplished something for the good of those around you what a flood of happiness has filled your soul to overflowing! And in the still watches of the night, as we live over in thought the shortcomings of the day, we promise earnestly and with tears that we will do differently.

Let us strive to live that our "littles" acts shall have no remorseful shadows hanging over them. Life will then have a new meaning for us; it will become a reality to us, for only as we grow nobler and better do we really live; only as the heart advances in that which is good do the spirits' chariot wheels move on to ward towards the celestial city.

LIKED HER PLACE.—A good story is told at the expense of a somewhat inexact personed housekeeper in this village who found herself one morning without a servant to cook or wash, or for hours' trial, and convinced her that she must have help, and she started out in search of a girl. After calling at several places without success, she was passing one of the best residences in the town, and observed a tidy-looking woman cleaning the yard. Halting, she inquired of the woman whether she knew of a girl that could be hired. The answer was in the negative. The lady had by this time become desperate, and resolved to hire the woman before her, although she knew it was wrong to covet her neighbor's servant. In a low tone of voice she began to relate her troubles, and wound up by urging the woman to leave Mrs.—and come with her, offering her a dollar more a week than she was then receiving. The woman answered that she liked her place, and could not be induced to give it up. And she added: "Besides, I generally sleep with Mr.—, and I don't think he would allow me to go away."

The lady departed, utterly astonished at what she had heard. Her feelings may be imagined when she afterward learned that she had been talking with the mistress of the mansion, and the wife of one of our most esteemed citizens.—*Fort Plain (N. Y.) Register.*

THE STILL MOVES ON.

Time still moves on, with noiseless pace,
And we are loiterers by the way;
Few win and many lose the race,
For which they struggle day by day;
And even when the goal is gained,
How seldom worth the toil it seems,
How lightly valued, when obtained,
The prize that flattering hopes esteems.

Submissive to the winds of chance,
We toss on life's inconstant sea;
This billow may our bark advance,
And that may leave it on the lee;
This coast, which rises far to view,
May thick be set with rocky mail,
And that, which beetles o'er the blue,
Be safest for the shattered sail.

The cloud that like a little hand,
Shows fingers when the morning shines,
Expands its volume o'er the land,
Dark as a forest sea of pines;
While that which casts a vapory screen
Before the azure realm of day
Rolls upward from the lowland scene,
And from the mountain-tops away.

Oh, fond deceit! to think the flight
Of time will lead to pleasures strange,
And ever bring some new delight,
To minds that strive and sigh for change;
Within ourselves the secret lies,—
Let seasons vary as they will,
Our heart would murmur, though our skies
Were bright as those of Eden still!

A Wife's Sarcasm.

Hannah Jane Wood writes from Reynoldsville to the *Watkins (N. Y.) Express* in regard to a card which recently appeared in that paper, representing her as having left her husband's bed and board, and warning the people not to harbor or trust her, that bereaved gentleman's account. Hannah says:

"First, as to the bed, we had none except the one my father gave me, and upon which I have allowed him to lodge his poor, drunken, worthless carcass already quite too long; and as to board, he has not furnished enough for the last two years to pay for his salt. He talks of board! why the children have always assisted me in buying bread to keep his poor soul and drunken body together. He cautions people not to trust me! It would have been more fitting that I should have posted him; but that would have been superfluous, as no one who knows him would have trusted him, or possibly he could have kept the family together longer than we did."

"One thing—and only one—in his publication is true, and that is that I have left the miserable man. When, by the use of whiskey, the once Milton Wood transformed himself into everything contemptible and vulgar, forgetting every pledge of earlier life—forgetting his obligations to me and his children—forgetting himself, and at last forgetting God, and still, not satisfied with having pursued me with the malevolence of a drunken fiend—leave him I did. Oh, liquor! how many homes hast thou made desolate? How many broken-hearted wives and homeless children hast thou cast upon the cold charities of an unfeeling world? Oh, thou mighty transformer of intellectual man into everything devilish! But I am not passing too much upon your space, and will close, wishing Mr. Wood all the health, happiness and comfort he can expect to flow from his drunken carcass."

If Milton Wood is not now extinguished he certainly has given to the world what was the matter with Hannah. For a scathing and eloquent exposition of the sufferings of a drunkard's wife Hannah Jane's advertisement cannot well be paralleled.

The late John Barclay Scriven, though not a lawyer of the first class, was a very able man and in constant employment, and was brought in frequent collision with O'Connell. Mr. Scriven had the misfortune of being a very ugly man, but he was as good natured as he was ill-favored. On one occasion, after he and O'Connell had been quarreling in court for their respective clients, Scriven said, as they were leaving the court:

"Well, O'Connell, I wish you and I were better friends than we are."
"Why so?" asked O'Connell.
"Because I wish to go to Killarney."
"And what have I to do with your going there?"
"Just this, that if you found me down in your own country you would get some of your followers to throw me into the lake."
"Indeed I would not," said O'Connell, with a polite bow, "and for this simple reason, you would frighten the fish."

LIFE.—Live for something! Yes, and for something worthy of life and its capabilities and opportunities for noble deeds and achievements. Every man and every woman has his or her assignment in the duties and responsibilities of daily life. We are in the world to make the world better; to lift it up to higher levels of enjoyment and progress, to make its hearts and homes brighter and happier by devoting to our fellows our best thoughts, activities, and influences. It is the motto of every true heart and the genius of every noble life, that "no man liveth to himself"—lives chiefly for his own selfish good. It is a law of our intellectual and moral being that we promote our own happiness in the exact proportion we contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of others. Nothing worthy of the name of happiness is possible in the experience of those who live only for themselves, all oblivious of the welfare of their fellows.

Adam And Eve Over Again.

There was an old couple who earned a poor living, working 'hard all day in the fields.

"See how hard we work all day," said the wife, "and it all comes of the foolish curiosity of Adam and Eve. If it had not been for that, we should have been living now in a beautiful garden, with nothing to do all day long."

"Yes," said the husband, "if you and I had been there, instead of Adam and Eve, all the human family had been in paradise."

The Count, their master, overheard them talking in this way, and he came to them and said:

"How would you like it if I took you into my palazzo there, to live, and gave you servants to wait on you, and plenty to eat and drink?"

"Oh, that would be delightful indeed! That would be as good as paradise itself," answered husband and wife together.

"Well, you may come up there, if you think so. Only remember, in paradise there was one tree that was not to be touched; so at my table there will be one dish not to be touched. You mustn't mind that," said the Count.

"Oh, of course not," replied the old peasant; "that's just what I say when Eve had all the fruits in the garden, what did she want with just that one, that was forbidden? And if who are used to the scantiest victuals, are supplied with enough to live well, what does it matter to us whether there is an extra dish or not on the table?"

"Very well reasoned," said the Count. "We quite understand each other, then?"

"Perfectly," replied both husband and wife.

"You come to live at my palace, and have everything you can want there, so long as you don't open one dish, which there will be in the centre of the table. If you open that, you go back to your former way of life."

"We quite understand," answered the peasant. The Count went in and called his servant, and told him to give the peasants an apartment to themselves, with everything they could want, and a sumptuous dinner; in the middle of the table was to be an earthen dish, into which was to put a little bird alive, so that if one lifted the cover, the bird would fly out: He was to stay in the room and wait on them, and report to him what happened.

The old people sat down to dinner, and praised everything they saw, so delightful it all seemed.

"Look! that's the dish we're not to touch," said the wife.

"No; better not look at it," said the husband.

"Pshaw! There's no danger of wanting to open it when we have such a lot of dishes to eat our fill out of," returned the wife.

Wit and Humor.

Why is the letter S fatal to royalty? Because it makes those who reign ridiculous.

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? When it runs down.

A warning to fashionable assemblies—look out for pain.

Nebraska has an editor so lazy that he spells wife, yf.

An ugly disease in females—the wringles. Common sense is the only remedy.

Why is an old pocket handkerchief like an old ship? Because it has experienced many a hard blow.

A gentleman, describing a lady's evening dress, said it was low-necked and even "more so."

An Illinois young woman is going out as a missionary because the present style of bonnets is not becoming to her.

Why do they "do up" so much more of pears, peaches, and small fruits now than formerly? Why because they can.

An Irishman, having returned from his travels, gallantly compared his landlady to Vesuvius, because "she was a fine old crater."

An old man when dangerously sick, was urged to take the advice of a physician, but, objecting, saying, "I wish to die a natural death."

A young lady in Indiana named Nancy Pratt, was accidentally vaccinated in the nose. It took, and her bugle is a joy forever.

"There is a female student at Wooster, O., who can jump over a broom-handle held five feet from the ground." "We wonder how far her husband will be able to jump before a broom-handle."

Here is a comical advertisement: "To the credit drapery trade. Wanted: a young man to be partly out of doors and partly behind the counter. What will be the result when the door slams?"

A Good Shot.—A gentleman remarked in an hotel that he had shot a hawk at ninety yards with No. 6 shot; another replied:

"Must have been a good gun, but Uncle Dave here has one that beats it." "Ah," said the first, "how far will it kill a hawk with No. 6 shot?" "I don't use shot, or ball either," answered Uncle Dave himself. "Then what do you use, Uncle Dave?" "I shoot salt altogether. I kill my game so far with my gun that the game would spile before I could get it."

A DUTCHMAN'S STORY.—By Tang, Hans, you may talk so much as pe you aimed to, about to hogs pain to contrarist' enamel, put to hen is so much more contrary as a cool teal. Vy no lonker case as n totor day, I dry as to dunk to hen set— I poot to eggs under hen, I make to nest up so cool, poot to hen on—aubur she 'op right up. Den I make one lectle poot, poot so pig one kvay, (measuring with his hands) add 'poot so pig to toter kvay—den I put to hen on to nest, and just dakcs und poots to lectle poot right ober hen. Ven I just raise you gounber ob to lectle poot as do see as veder she 'e setting, I pe tangt if I titent flut to flang hen setten stanten!