

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 32.

ANOTHER ANTICIPATED

NOT by the sons of Southern Chivalry, not by an armed foe to carry destruction and terror through a peaceable land, and frighten good people out of their homes. But what we wish to turn your attention to now, is not of horrid shape or size, but something that will gladden the heart and cheer the spirit exceedingly. Banish all thoughts of this cruel war in our land and bring peace and happiness, not to the entire country, but to your own households, which is a blessing the most important of all—and now to have this joyous feeling, produced just turn your

STEPS TO THE STORE

OF

JOSIAH BESORE

and take a look through his elegant stock of

GOODS!

and if you do not go off feeling much better than when you called, we will say that pretty goods.

HAVE NO CHARMS.

Come then and see the beautiful D'Laines, the finest Silks.

Colbarges, Lustrés, Paramontes, Bolshazzers, Mozambique, Bombazines, Alpacas, ALL WOOL

DELAINES

French Merinos, Thibet Cloths, Debaizes, Shepperd's Plaid, Killarney Cloths, Ladies Heavy Shawls, Hoods, Nubias, Sontags, Zonavo Jackets, Head Nets, Children's Hoods, Victoria Ruffling, Mignie do, Linen Collars, Embroidered do., Bonnet Ribbons, Mantua do., Croquet Braid, Skirts do.

ALSO:

MEN'S GOODS

Blk. Cloths, Blue do., Blk. Cassimers, Fancy do., Vestings, Cassinets, Jumps, Tweeds, Corduroys, Gent's Neck Scarfs, Ties, Silk Handkerchiefs, Linen do., Shirt Bosoms, Collars.

HIRTING FLANNELS,

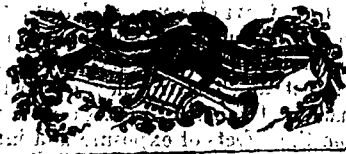
ed do., Yellow do., Plaid do., White do., Col. Flannels, Linseys, Furniture Checks, Tickings, &c., &c. He has on hand a large stock of

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, CHINA WARE, Cedar Ware.

To which he invites your special attention and thanks the community for their liberal patronage heretofore, and by strict attention business will be disposed to please in every respect; he hopes to merit a continuance of the same. Remember country produce taken in exchange for goods at the highest market rates. October 16, 1883.

POETICAL.



THIRTY YEARS.

BY S. Y. BUCHANAN.

A thousand years ago, On many an upturned brow, The moon shone bright as now, And many a heart like mine Bow'd low at beauty's shrine, Bidding the Lord for light, And the good gift of sight. A thousand years from now Where will my spirit be? In vast Eternity Will I be lost in night, Or bathed in God's pure light?

Thoughts wings grow tremulous and weak with fears, While hovering o'er that gulf—that gulf of years.

THE INTOXICATING BOWL.

Keep your spirits up, But don't pour spirits down, The drunkard's fatal cup, Man's cares can never drown.

Experience fully proves That when a man's in trouble, The drunkard's foolish moves, But make affliction double.

Look aloft, my boy, Don't oh, don't look down— Heaven is bright with joy, Hell alone can frown.

MISCELLANY.

AN ADVENTURE.

'I never attended but one temperance lecture,' said our friend B., with a peculiar smile, 'and I don't think I shall ever attend another.'

'You probably found it dry?' 'Well, yes—but that isn't it. The lecture was well enough, but I got into such an awful scrape after it was over, that I never think of temperance meetings without a shudder. I'll tell you about it. I was in Jersey City, where I was considerable of a stranger, and the night was the worst of the season. Boreas! how it blew! It was enough to take your breath away. Well, the lecture was over, and in making my way through the crowd, I lingered a moment in the doorway, contemplating the awful scene, when somebody took hold of my arm.'

'Where have you been?' said the sweetest voice in the world. 'I have been looking for you everywhere.'

Very much surprised, I turned my head and saw—but I cannot describe her. It makes me sad to think how prodigiously pretty she was.

With her left hand she leaned on my arm, and she was arranging her veil with her right, and did not notice my surprise.

'You have been looking for me,' I faltered.

'Come, let us be going,' was the reply, pressing my arm. A thrill went to my heart. What to make of my lady's address I did not know, but she was too charming a creature for me not to accompany her. We started off in the midst of the tempest, the noise of which prevented any conversation. At length she said to me with a scream: 'Put your arm around me, or I shall blow away.'

I need not describe to you my sensations as I pressed her to my side, and hurried on. It was very dark; nobody saw us, and allowing her to guide my steps, I followed her motions through two or three streets, until she stopped before an elegant mansion.

'Have you your key?' she asked. 'My key?' I stammered, 'there must be some mistake.'

As she opened the door I stood waiting to bid her good night, or to have some explanation, when, turning quickly, she said: 'How queer you act to-night, ain't you coming in?'

There was something very tempting in the suggestion. Was I going in? A nice warm house and a pretty woman were certainly objects of consideration, and it was dreading to think of facing the storm and seeing her no more.

It took me three-quarters of a second to make up my mind, and in I went. There was a dim light in the hall, and as my guide ran rapidly up stairs, why, I thought I could do nothing better than run up too.

'Lock the door, John,' said she. Now as if I had been the only John in the world, I thought she knew me. I felt for the key and turned it in the lock without hesitation, wondering all the while what was coming next.

Then an awful suspicion of some horrid trick flashed upon my mind, for I have often heard of infatuated men being lured to their destruction by pretty women; and I was on the point of re-opening the door, when my lady struck a light. Then being excessively modest man—I discovered to my dismay that I was in a bed-room—alone with a woman in a bed-room.

I cannot describe my sensations. I said something, I don't know what it was, but the lady lighted her lamp, looked at me an instant, turned white as the pillow-case, and screamed: 'Who are you? How came you here?—Go, quick—leave the room. I thought you were my husband!' Covering her face with her hands, she sobbed hysterically.

'I was petrified. Of course I was quite as anxious to leave as she was to have me do so. But in my confusion, instead of going out at the same door I came in, I unlocked the door and walked into a closet.

Before I could rectify my error there came a thundering at the door. The lady screamed, the noise impressed, and I felt peculiar,

knowing very well that now the lady's real husband was coming, and that I was in rather a bad fix.

Well aware that it would not do to remain in the closet, and convinced of the danger of meeting a man who might fall into the vulgar weakness of being jealous, I was trying to collect my scattered senses in the darkness, when the lady whispered to me in a wild manner: 'What shall I do? If you do not go, he will kill me.'

'Oh! but consider—'

The thundering at the door drowned my voice. She flew to open the door. As the wretched husband burst into the room, I thought I felt a little cold, and ere I understood some of the garments which were hanging in the closet.

The gruff voice roared and stormed. O thello was jealous and revengeful; Desdemona innocent and distressed—then I heard ominous sounds, as of some one looking under the bed.

I know he is here. I saw him come into the house with you! He locked the door! I'll have his heart out.'

'Hear me! hear me! I will explain!' As I was listening very attentively for the explanation, the garments under which I was concealed were quietly lifted, and fancy my feelings, as being discovered in such a situation and by such a husband.

'Well, B—n,' we cried, deeply interested, for we knew every word of his story was true, 'how did you get out of the scrape?'

'I used a violent remedy for so violent a complaint. Driven in a corner—my life in danger—perceiving at once that Othello was not as strong as I was, I threw myself upon him, fell with him, and held him there until I had given a full explanation of the error, made him listen to reason, and tamed him to be as gentle as a lamb. Then I left rather unceremoniously, and have never seen Othello or Desdemona since.'

School Hours.

They are now agitating in Philadelphia a change in the hours of the public schools so as to conform them to the more private schools—to wit, from 9 A. M., to 2 P. M., instead of from 9 to 12, and then from 1 to 4, or from 2 to 5, as at present. We have very little doubt that this change at no distant day will be made. Its introduction into private schools is only of late origin, yet nearly all of them have adopted it. It only reduces the time of actual confinement one hour, and then leaves the larger portion of the afternoon for recreation, exercise, or amusement. Under the old theory, which looked upon school teachers as mainly useful because they took charge of the scholars so many hours of the day, this would have little to recommend it. Those, however, who have endeavored to keep alive the attention of children, will undoubtedly agree that five hours are quite as much as can be usefully employed.

It is more important to us that our children should live and thrive, and become lusty boys and girls, than that they should be indifferently educated. In the mere matter of education, also, more will be gained by allowing children plenty of time for observation and exercise. The boy should have time to play with his kite, to attend to cricket, to skate, and swim, and row. The girl should have hours when the doll could be dressed, and guests received, and playfellow entertained at little tea parties. Then the evenings should be reserved for home intercourse, and domestic recreation. The lessons of school however, in nearly all cases, interfere with such wishes. At nine o'clock they must be in school. From twelve to two is little enough time for dinner. At five o'clock it is almost dark, and from five o'clock to nine, or perhaps ten, all the duties and amusements of the day must be attended to. No child can do this without violating the first precept of his existence. The reform proposed would obviate this. School might be dismissed at two, and the afternoon could be given to the duties and pleasures of the day. This would give five hours for study, and no human being under the age of puberty can give more without doing the mind and body an injustice.

Toward the Light.

'Learn the lesson that nature teaches you, and strive through darkness to the light.—Observe you tree in your neighbor's garden. Look how it grows up crooked and distorted. Some wind scattered the germ from which it sprang in the cloths of the rock; it sprung up and walled round by crags and buildings, by nature and by man, its life has been one struggle for the light; light which makes to that life the necessity and the principle; you see how it has withered and twisted, how meeting the barrier at one spot, it has labored and worked, stem and branches, toward the clear sky at last. What has preserved it through each disfavor of birth and circumstances? why are its leaves as green and fair as the vine behind you, which with all its arms can embrace the open sunshine?'

My child, because of the very instinct that impelled the struggle; because they labor for the light they are won to the light. So with a gallant heart, through every adverse accident of sorrow and of fate; to turn to the sun, to strive for the heaven; that it is which gives knowledge to the strong and happiness to the weak.

Mrs. Crissey, of Decatur Ill., whose husband is Chaplain of an Illinois regiment, recently related to a visitor that many years ago her little baby, while playing in the street, fell down and began to cry. A very tall young man, who was passing with a yoke of oxen, picked the child up and landing him inside the gate, said cheerfully, 'You will never make a soldier if you cry for that.' The little fellow at once banished his grief. The tall young man was named Abraham Lincoln, and Mrs. Crissey introduced to the visitor a young captain home on furlough, as her son, who had become a soldier after all.

For the Village Record. LINES TO SALLIE J. F.

BY P. S.

I have a flower of sweet perfume, And Friendship is its name, With leaves of true, enduring bloom, Will it not accept the same? 'Where is the flower?' I hear thee ask, 'The flower that gives me life?' It hath its home within my breast, And there it blooms for thee.

I have another yet more pure, And still more in its light; It dwells within my breast secure From every earthly blight. I'll twine it in my humble wreath, Its sacred name is Love. It came to bloom upon our earth From heavenly bowers above.

This wreath shall be of those two flowers, Entwined with evergreen, More bright than ever yet in bowers Of earthly bloom was seen. No lovelier garland can be wound, To grace the brow of youth; No brighter chaplet can be found Than Friendship, Love and Truth. Altoona, Pa., 1883.

The Two Revenges.

Some centuries since, the chief of the district, Maclean of Lochbu, had a grand hunting excursion. To grace the festivity, his lady attended, with his only child, an infant; then in the nurse's arms. The deer, driven by the hounds, and hemmed in by surrounding rocks, flew to a narrow pass, the only outlet they could find. Here the chief had placed one of his men to guard the deer from passing; but the animals rushed with such impetuosity, that the poor forester could not withstand them. In the rage of the moment Maclean threatened the man with instant death; but his punishment was commuted to a whipping, or scourging in the face of the clan, which in those feudal times was considered a degrading punishment, fit only for the lowest menials, and the worst of crimes.

The clansman burned with anger and fierce revenge. He rushed forward, plucked the tender infant, the heir of Lochbu, from the hands of the nurse, and bounding to the rocks in a moment stood on an inaccessible cliff projecting over the water. The screams of the agonized mother, and chief at the awful jeopardy in which their only child was placed, may easily be conceived. Maclean implored the man to give him back his son, and expressed his deep contrition for the degradation he had in a moment of excitement inflicted on his clansman. The other replied that the only conditions on which he would consent to the restitution were, that Maclean himself should bare his back to the cord, and be publicly scourged as he had been. In despair the chief consented, saying he would submit to anything, if his child were but restored. To the grief and astonishment of the clan, Maclean bore this insult, and when it was completed, begged that the clansman might return from his perilous situation with the young chief. The man regarded him with a smile of demoniacal revenge, and lifting high the child in the air, plunged with him into the abyss beneath. The sea closed over them; and neither, it is said, ever emerged from the tempestuous whirlpools and basaltic caverns that yawned around them, and still threaten the inexperienced navigator on the shores of the Mull.

Two men, living in the southern part of Africa, had a quarrel, and became bitter enemies to each other. After a while one of them found a little girl belonging to his enemy, in the woods, at some distance from her father's house. He seized her and cut off both her hands; and, as he sent her home screaming with her bleeding wrists, he said to her: 'I have had my revenge.'

Years passed away. The little girl became a Christian, and had grown up to be almost a young woman, when, one day there came to her father's door, a poor, worn-out, gray-headed old man, who asked for something to eat. She knew him at once as the cruel man who had cut off her hands. She went into the hut, and ordered the servant to take him bread and milk, as much as he could eat, and sat down and watched him eat.

When he had finished, dropping the covering that hid her handless wrists from view, and holding them up before him, she exclaimed: 'I have had my revenge!' The man was overwhelmed with surprise and humiliation. But the blessed Saviour had said: 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.'

How IT HAPPENS.—One very fruitful source of discontent and one great bar to enjoyment in this world, is the practice of comparing one's life with the life of others; utterly ignoring the fact that every one has an enemy as well as an outer life; or, in the old-fashioned words of the Bible, 'that every heart knoweth its bitterness.' How often is the remark made by superficial observers, 'How happy such and such persons must be! If I were only they, when, to one, these very persons, oblivious of their wealth, and position, are weary and heart-sore with the din and battle of life.'

Two little children were, talking of the moon the other evening. Charley said, solemnly in his imperfect pronunciation, that it was 'Dad.' 'No it isn't said Sarah, it isn't big enough.' 'Well,' replied the boy, determined not to be put down, altogether, 'it is the hole he looks through, anyhow.'

Mr. Popp, of Popville, in Pop county, fancying himself to be very popular with his lady love, popped the question under a poplar tree, when she referred him to her poppy, who, when asked for his consent, labored under the influence of popper, popped Pop out of the door under the tube of Pop. (Guests see: W. Caspell, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

A Little Difficulty in the Way.

An enterprising traveling agent for a well-known Cleveland tombstone manufactory, recently made a business visit to a small town in an adjoining county. Hearing in the village that a man in a remote part of the township had lost his wife, he thought he would go out and see him, and offer his consolation and aggravations on his usual reasonable terms. He started. The road was a horribly frightful one, but the agent persevered, and arrived at the bereaved man's house. Bereaved man was splitting fence rails 'over in the pasture' about two miles. The indefatigable agent mounted his horse and started for the 'pasture.' After falling in all manner of mud holes, searching himself with britches, and tumbling over decayed logs, the agent at length found the bereaved man. In a subdued voice he asked the man if he had lost his wife. The man, said he had. 'The agent was very sorry to hear it, and sympathized with the man very deeply in his great affliction; but death,' he said, 'was an insatiable archer, and shot down all, of both high and low degree.' Informed the man that 'what was his loss was his gain,' and would be glad to sell him a grave stone to mark the spot where the beloved one slept—marble or common stone as he chose, at prices defying competition. The bereaved man said there was a slight difficulty in the way. 'Have you lost your wife?' inquired the agent. 'Why, yes, I have,' said the man, 'but no grave stone isn't necessary for you see, the griffin ain't dead—She scooted with another man.'

The Female Heart.

Pure and unselfish as a young girl's first love, has become an adage. Aye, pure indeed is it, and unselfish as the snow flakes that fall in the gloaming. The most delicious moment of man's life is when he is blessed with the timid avowal of love from the worshipped idol of his heart. Nothing is purer than a woman's love—nothing so devoted as her affections. Be it for a lover, a husband, a child or a parent, it is the same pure flame kindled by the coals from the altar on high. Give her an assurance of love in return—a token of deathless affection, even if it be amid the gloom of poverty, or the darkness of death—and the feelings of her heart will gush forth pure as the crystal wavelets that spring from the mountain rock, despite the bonds and mercenary ties of fashion and pride. Her worshipped idol is love, and she makes it the secret Mecca towards which she bends all her energies, faithful pilgrim for life. This principle shapes all her life—a faculty that absorbs, here, betrays, and concentrates her soul. It better to be the favorite idol of one unselfish heart, than to sway the gilded sceptre over empires and kingdoms. The impassioned devotion of one high-souled and noble woman is a more peerless gem than the sycophantic fawning of millions. Who hath this gem, let him preserve it with a jealous care.

The Richest Incident of the Season.

This afternoon, on Conductor Frank Lymman's train, coming from Milwaukee to La Crosse, we saw the richest mistake of the season. In the fourth seat back of the stove, in one of the passenger cars, sat a gentleman and lady, sweet and glowing as the 'fair ones of olden times.' His arm encircled her waist in bear-like squeeze—his one hand toyed with her ribs—his other hand wandered around her amplitude and bonnet strings like a lost child in a livery patrol, seeking a place of rest, and his eyes were fixed on the face of his fair companion with all the earnestness of a Romeo. In short they were the observed of the observers.

In the first seat back of the couple alluded to sat a demure-looking lady, naturally interested in the display of affection in front of her, so natural and touching. When the cars entered the tunnel, the gentleman was standing by the stove for a moment. Which part way through, and while all was dark as night, he groped his way back, and just as the train began to emerge into the last glimmer of light, was a yell which startled the entire load of passengers. The poor fellow had gone one seat too far back, had seated himself in the wrong seat, and was trying his best to kiss the demure lady, who couldn't see it. 'He lit out in a hurry, and with the most deprecating look we ever saw, took his place beside the girl, while the spectators were convulsed with laughter.—La Crosse Herald.

Divorced.

How few, indeed, there are who, when they read the above short but significant title, realize its full import. Divorced? yes, there is a history, a sad one, too, in that one word. The dream of life blasted, the rosy leaves of hope turned to bitter ashes. Broken hearts and crushed hopes are always there; and what was once the pride of the past becomes a mocking jibe and bitter mockery.