

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion.

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NUMBER 40.

NEW GOOD! NEW GOODS!

JEFF. DAVIS

AND HIS

CONFEDERACY!

sucked in. His attempts to close out

JOSEPH PRICE

PROVE

UNSUCCESSFUL!

NOTWITHSTANDING the heavy drains by "Let me alone" Quartermasters in July, I am happy to inform my customers and the public generally that I am on hand again with a large supply than ever of NEW and FRESH

FALL AD WITHE

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

BOOTS,

SHOES,

HATS, &c.

Which I can and will sell as cheap as the cheapest "or any other man."

LADIES WEAR.

Blk. and Fancy Silks, All Wool Delaines, Turin Cloth, Figured Delaines, Poplins, French and English Merinos, Alpines, Shepherd Plaids, Cloaking Cloths of every quality, color and description.

MOURNING GOODS

Blk. French Merinos, English do., all Wool Delaines, Bugathera Cloths, Turin Cloths, English Crape, Prints, French Gripe, Plush lined Caunitels, Gripe Ribbons, Hoods, Nubias, Balmorals, and everything to make the sad mourner look beautiful in all her sorrow.

GENTS' WEAR,

Broad Cloths, Blk. and Fancy Cassimeres, Beaver Cloths, Silk and Velvet Vesting, Merino Shirts and Drawers, Fancy Flannel Shirts, Linen materials and Cash. Shirt Fronts, Neck Ties, Collars, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Suspenders, and anything and everything to cause him to break a lady's heart, or make him presentable at the house of Queen Vic.

WOOLEN GOODS,

All colors, Day State Flannels, Grey, Blk., Brn., Solferino, Red Twilled Flannel, Gray do. do., Green do. do., Yellow do. do.

DOMESTIC GOODS,

Bro Muslin, Tickings, Jeans, Denims, Bursts, Sheetings, Pillowcase muslin, Hickory Stripes, Canton Flannels.

GROCERIES

AND

QUEENSWARE.

We have a full and complete stock and will sell very low, come and see for yourselves. To see is to buy. Remember the place. Northeast corner of the Diamond. Oct. 23. JOS. PRICE

NOTHER lot of Beautiful Balmorals just received at (Nov 27) Price's

POETICAL.



UNDER THE LEAVES.

Oh have I walked these woodland paths,
Without the blest foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest buds are growing.

To-day the south wind sweeps away
The types of autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus flower,
Spring's children, pure and tender.
Oh! prophet-souls, with lips of bloom
Outliving in their beauty
The purest tints of ocean-shells—
Ye teach me Faith and duty.

Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say,
With love's divine foreknowing
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees the sweet flowers growing.

LOVE.

Oh the lark is singing in the sky,
A bonny, bonny song;
But there's a bird in my heart, love,
A-singing all day long.
The soaring lark sinks back to earth—
His song will soon be o'er:
But the bird in my heart, love,
Shall sing for evermore.

Oh the rose is blooming in the sun,
The sweetest flower that grows,
But there's a honey flower, love,
Blooms faster than the rose.
It fills life's summer air with joy,
Nor droops when storms come o'er,
'Twill flourish in its beauty,
When roses bloom no more.

FAREWELL AND WELCOME.

BY BARRY CORNWELL WILSON.

Go! Winter, go!
Thy frozen locks and tresses white,
And looks that kindle not delight,
And breath that chills the young heart's glow,
And frown that makes the tear-drop start,
No bliss, no pleasure can impart;
Go! Winter, go!

Come! Summer, come!
With genial skies and budding flowers,
And balmy gales and fragrant showers,
And smiles that clothe the earth in flowers,
Come! with thy bright and fairy band,
And scatter gladness o'er the land;
Come! Summer, come!

MISCELLANY.

LAW AND ROMANCE.

"Act as my representative in all respects; I delegate you full and entire authority?" That was what Jack Clermont said as he leaned out of the carriage window to light his cigar from the tip of mine. Of course, I understood the responsibilities, and accepted them very good humoredly; for, though I had never been in love myself, still I had a general idea that it was my duty to afford every possible facility to a young man who was going to see his sweetheart and fix the wedding day.

So I turned with a sigh of resignation, away from the fresh, exhilarating air, the vivid March sunshine, into the close little den lined with law books, and perfumed with the odor of Russia leather, which Jack denominated his "office." On the whole, I felt rather as if I were an amiable sacrifice on the altar of disinterested friendship. Damon and Pythias were great cronies; no doubt if we were to put faith in the records; but I never heard that Damon stayed at home to keep "office" for Pythias, when he would a great deal rather have been out in the breezy March woods, tramping down the first blue violets under the drifts of dry leaves, with a gun over his shoulder!

Then I began to consider seriously what a lazy fellow I was to spend my days in this Robin Hood kind of life, while my old college mate, Jack, was working away at the law and pocketing snug little fees, and getting to be a justice of the peace, and delegate to all the conventions, and school trustees, and everything he could think of; "some day," resolved I, wheeling lazily round on Jack's old leather chair, "I'll go to work too."
All day long I sat there, exacting Jack to my own unbounded admiration, and considerably to the astonishment of the sober old farmers, whose preconceived idea of "Squire Clermont" was widely different from the splendid moustached young fellow who occupied his seat of judgement, and pronounced solemn edicts with all the dignity of Chief Justice Taney himself! What was the use of telling them all that I was not Jack, and that I never had graduated at any law school, and that my whole knowledge was confined to a single reading of Blackstone? Jack had given explicit instructions to act as his representative, and was not I doing it to the best of my ability?

Well, on the whole, I didn't succeed badly at first—whenever there was any mistiness about the transaction, I took the broad ground that law was nothing more nor less than common sense, (a mistake, that experience has since rectified for me.) I nipped three promising lawsuits in the bud by the conscientious equity of my opinions; persuaded several honest fellows to put their grievances in their pockets, not in mine, and speaking in round numbers, must have done poor Jack out of nearly fifty dollars in retaining fees.

"Squire Clermont in?" demanded a shock-headed rustic in a swallow-tailed blue coat, who made his appearance about noon.

"Yes—what's wanting?"
"Well, sir," answered the rustic rather awkwardly twirling his hat round and round: "We'd like to have you come up to Shilohville next week and deliver a lecture for our Young Men's Association, and—"

"Twenty five dollars and expenses paid," remarked I, at a venture, with an air of such exquisite assurance that the negotiator was completely at my mercy.

"Very well sir. The secretary of the association will forward you a regular invitation, and—"

"Good day, sir," I said briskly, rubbing my hands as another individual came in, and he edged out—"Jack can't complain at this way of transacting business," was my internal reflection, while my last visitor was hawking and hemming preparatory to introducing his business.

"You are Mr. Clermont, sir, I s'pose?"
"What's your business with me, my friend?" said I, amiably.

"Well, I'm real glad I've caught you at home for once," was the answer with feignish satisfaction. "I'd be very much obliged if you'd pay this 'ere little bill."

And he extended a crumpled piece of paper—a bill for something or other, I didn't know or care what, except that the sum total was twenty dollars, which I paid with my exultation considerably toned down—Why couldn't I have said that I wasn't Jack, and didn't know when Jack would be at home.

My most interesting adventure was yet to happen, however.

Just as I was beginning to yawn, and contemplate the propriety of shutting the little office up for the day—just as the level brightness of glorious spring sunset was streaming in long bars of gold through the dusky panes of glass beside me—the silence was broken by a tiny tap on the office door.

"Come in!" I said expecting to see a little boy with a letter, or some preternaturally bashful client, as I laid down the poker, and wheeled my chair round. What was my astonishment, on the contrary, to behold a tall slender young lady, with healthy fresh, brown complexion, just tinged with healthy pink, that somehow made me think of the wild honeysuckles in my favorite woods, and hazel eyes, that appeared perfectly ready either to sparkle into brilliant laughter, or melt into misty tears.

There she stood, and there I sat! I never had heard of Jack's having any female clients, and consequently it took several seconds for me to recover, as it were, my mental equilibrium. Then I sprang up, and politely proffered her the only chair in the office, while I enthroned myself on the wood box.

"Mr. Clermont?" she asked softly—a very sweet, musical sort of a voice, I noticed, even through all my perturbation.

"I shall be happy to be of service to you ma'am."

Who would have supposed it! The young wood nymph didn't want a divorce from her husband, (that is, taking it for granted she had happened to have such an appendage,) nor did she desire to quarrel with her neighbor's boundary fence, or stray bovine animals, which had depredated the paternal cornfields. Not at all; she merely wanted a certificate to teach a district school, and the other trustees had sent her to Mr. Clermont to be examined.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish for a bashful young man who was sailing under false colors! How was I to know whether she was qualified to be a school ma'am or not? And how, in the name of all that was desperate, was I to get myself out of this highly embarrassing business, unless I confessed my inequality to the emergency, by running away and beating an ignominious retreat through the back office door into the pine woods beyond?

"Never!" quoth I to myself. "I'll die at my post sooner, even if forty thousand school ma'am's come after certificates!"
"What is your name, ma'am?" I demanded, in a business like manner, drawing a sheet of paper towards me and dipping my pen in the ink stand.

"Jessie Gray, sir."
I knew I could not stand the arch, half-mischievous twinkle of those brown eyes if I looked at her too often; so I proceeded on firmly:

"How old are you?"
"Eighteen this month."
"Eighteen, hey?" I wrote it down, and hesitated a minute. What next to ask her I had no more idea than the "tongs in the corner." I wished Jack would come home, catch his own brown-eyed school teacher—no I didn't either!

"What do you know?"
"O plenty of things," responded the candidate demurely. (Confound these women—how quick they discover when you are at a disadvantage!) "I can sew, and knit, and mend stockings, and make pies and—"

I tried hard to frown magisterially, as I saw the roguish dimples around Jessie's rosebud mouth, and interrupted her catalogue with the stern query:

"I mean what are your educational qualifications?"

Jessie looked at me like a startled bird, the mouth beginning to quiver, and the hazel orbs to melt and swim. I moved uneasily on the wood box, and two or three knotty pine logs rolled around my ankles.

"Come, now, don't be frightened," I expostulated, rubbing my bruised extremities. All I want to know is, can you say the multiplication table, and cast interest, and all that sort of thing?"
"Yes," faltered Jessie.

"At Elm Grove, sir," said Jessie mockingly.
"Elm Grove; why my child, there are scholars there twice your height and size, and unruly as aboriginal savages! Have you duly considered the consequences of the step you are about to take?"

"I have, sir," she answered, the long wet lashes weeping her flashed cheek; but I am very poor, and it is necessary for me to earn my daily bread!"

I set my teeth grimly together at the idea of that young creature, in the tumble-down hovel at Elm Grove, at the mercy of dog-eared spelling books and dinner baskets!

"Miss Gray," I commenced emphatically. There—it inevitably happened so in my case! What possessed Jack Clermont to drive up to the door at that identical moment? Why couldn't he have stayed away just five minutes longer?

"Please favor me with your address, Miss Gray," I stammered hurriedly; "the certificates are not printed yet. I will call and see about them in a day or two."

And when the quiet brown dress had fluttered from the room, I discovered, all at once that the crimson glory was fading gloomily from the west, and the fire was dying out, and things were dismal enough to welcome the noisy entrance of my friend Jack and his cigar.

"Well, my boy, what luck have you had keeping office to-day?"

I informed him briefly of my experiences, laying particular stress on the twenty-five dollar lecture engagement, and slurring over the affair of the crumpled bill for which I had a receipt in full.

"All right," said Jack, in a merry, jovial voice, that sounded like a cheerful gale of wind in a pine forest. "Why you'd make a splendid lawyer, Campford. But you have not told me about the pretty girl who was coming out as I drove up—what did she want?"

"Oh, she was after a certificate to teach school—up in Elm Grove you remember. I say, Jack, this school marm branch must be rather a delicate kind of business in your sphere of duties."

"Not generally," said Jack. "But what did you do with this one? Give her a certificate?"

"No," said I thoughtfully.

"And why not. Didn't I invest you with limitless powers?"

"Because," said I deliberately rising from the wood-box, and stretching my six feet of humanity to their full attitude, "because Jack, I mean to marry that girl."

"Campford are you insane?"

"No—I think not."

"But you never saw her before?"

"Well, what then? She suits me exactly—I never knew before what sort of a wife I wanted, and now I am fully convinced."

"But suppose she don't have you?"

"She will or I'll know the reason why," Clermont burst into a laugh.

"Well, Campford, all I have to say is go, and may Cupid speed you!"

I acted upon his recommendation and called on Miss Jessie the next day, to tell her that the certificate would certainly be ready at a certain date. So that it was well into April before I strode up the walking leading to the widow Gray's cottage one golden evening, with a bunch of wild azaleas in my hand, and the tardy piece of parchment under my arm. Of course Jessie had long since discovered that I was not the trustee, but it did not materially affect our friendly relation.

"Well, Miss Jessie, here is the certificate!" She uttered a little exclamation of delight and held out her hand.

"I wouldn't avail myself of it, Miss Jessie—I believe you can do better!"

"How?"

"Marry me?"

Do you ask what answer she made? I have no distinct recollection of the precise words—I only remember a sunset more goldenly radiant by far than I have ever seen before and since—the faint odor of spring blossoms in the air, and my head bent down to catch the low whispers of the lips that were hid against my beating heart.

I think, however, his general bearing was favorable, for Mrs. Campford—the pretty young woman, who is wondering why I don't come to breakfast—has never regretted that she did not take charge of that school at Elm Grove.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—A man who had struggled with a malignant disease approached that crisis in its surge on which his life seemed to depend. His anxious wife, scarcely daring to breathe, was sitting by his bed, her servants, exhausted by constant watching, had all left her. It was past midnight, a door was open for air, she heard, in the stillness of the night, a window open below stairs, and soon after approaching footsteps. A moment more, and a man with his face disguised entered the room. She instantly saw her husband's danger; and, anticipating the design of the unwelcome intruder, she pointed to her husband, and, pressing her finger upon her lips to ensure silence, held out to the robber her purse and her keys. To her great surprise, he took neither—Whether he was terrified or charmed by the courage of her affection, cannot be known. He left the room, and, without robbing a house sanctified by such strength of affection, he departed.

The witty Sheridan, while visiting at a country house, was asked to take a walk by a rather undesirable lady companion, but excused himself on account of the bad weather. She soon after caught him trying to escape without her. "Well," she said, "I see it has cleared up." "Why, yes," he answered, "it has cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two!" This was too plain to be misunderstood and Sheridan was relieved of her trouble some attentions forever thereafter.

Your Evenings, Boys.

Great boys and little boys, here is a question which concerns you all. How do you spend your evenings. If your parents or guardians allow you to go home in the evening, where do you go, and how is the time spent by you? Read this little account, and think of the lesson it teaches:

Joseph Clark was as fine-looking and healthy a lad as ever left the country to go into a city store. His cheek was red with health, his arm strong, and his step quick. His master liked his looks, and said "that boy will make something." He had been a clerk about six months when Mr. Abbott observed a change in Joseph. His cheek grew pale, his eye hollow, and he always seemed sleepy. Mr. Abbott said nothing for a while. At last finding Joseph in the counting-room one day, he asked him if he was well.

"Pretty well, sir," answered Joseph.

"You look sick of late," said Mr. Abbott.

"I have the headache sometimes," the young man said.

"What gives you the headache," asked the merchant.

"I do not know as I know, sir."

"Do you go to bed in good season?"

Joseph blushed.

"As early as most of the boys," he said.

"And how do you spend your evenings, Joseph?"

"Oh, sir, not as my pious mother approves," answered the young man, tears standing in his eyes.

"Joseph," said the old merchant, "your character and all your future usefulness and prosperity depend upon the way you pass your evenings. Take my word for it, a young man's evenings will make or break him."

How Near are we to Death.

A writer in the Independent thus discourses on our nearness to death:

"When we walk near powerful machinery, we know that one single mistep and those mighty engines would tear us to ribbons with their flying wheels, or grind us to powder in their ponderous jaws. So, when we are thundering across the land in a rail car, and there is nothing but half an inch of flange iron to hold us upon the track—So, when we are at sea in a ship and there is nothing but the thickness of a plank between us and eternity. We imagine, then, we see how close we are to the edge of the precipice. But we do not see it."

Whether on sea or land, the partition which divides us from eternity is something thinner than oak plank or half an inch of flange iron. The machinery of life and death is within us. The tissues that hold these beating powers in their place are often not thicker than a sheet of paper, and if that thin partition were pierced or ruptured it would be just the same with us. Death is inseparably bound up with life in the very structure of our bodies. Struggle as we will to widen the space, no man can at any time go further from death than the thickness of a sheet of paper.

The First Gray Hair.

This night, when the last days of the year are ebbing away, a fair hand playing with my dark locks has discovered a gray hair—the first gray hair! I had never seen such a thing—never dreamt of such a thing! At my age I could not believe it. It was laid upon a band of black velvet, and placed before me. I can resist conviction no longer. There it lies blanching and white—white as the driven snow! And it is my hair. It seems but yesterday that I was at school, wishing I were a man. And now to-day I am gray and growing old. What have I done in all this? Have I fulfilled a man's mission upon earth—have I made any step towards it? Have I done any good in the most infinitesimal degree, for which the world is wiser or better? I cannot answer my own questions. I am dumb, and sitting here contemplating that white hair, with the sense that another year is gliding away, I feel that it is time in right good earnest to turn over a new leaf. I have made the resolution of one before, but never under the sense of obligation which now weighs upon me.—London Society.

FAMILY COURTESY.

Family intimacy should never make brothers and sisters forget to be polite and sympathizing to each other. Those who contract thoughtless and rude habits toward the members of their own family will be thoughtless and rude to all the world. But let the family intercourse be true, tender and affectionate, and the manner of all uniformly gentle and considerate, the members of the family thus trained will carry into the world and society the habits of their childhood. They will require in their associates similar qualities; they will not be satisfied without mutual esteem and the cultivation of the best affections, and their own character will be sustained by that faith in goodness which belongs to a mind exercised in pure and high thoughts.

SUMPTUARY LAWS.

Mr. Stevens, in a recent debate on the whiskey tax, remarked that he "should be glad if legislation could cure intemperance, but he had seen it tried, and tried in vain. He did not believe that sumptuary laws ever had any effect to stop abuses in any country. When he was a young man, and he would not object to being so again, he was in a State legislature, and moved that the sale of liquor should be prohibited in his district, and the motion was carried. He did not find that there by made one drunkard the less—they would only drink the more when they had chance. There is no other way than by moral suasion for the reformation of the world on the subject of drunkenness."

Fortune and the sun make insects shine.

Boots and Shoes.

For the "benefit of posterity," as well as for the information of the people of the present day, we put upon record the following schedule of prices for making and repairing boots and shoes, charged at an establishment in this city which is generally overrun with orders:—For making boots, \$2.25; for foot-ing boots, \$1.50; for ordinary cavalry boots, \$2.50; for gaiters, \$1.10; for high lace shoes, \$1.00; for Oxford ties, \$99; for fixing, half soling and healing boots, \$62; for half soling and healing boots, \$20; ditto shoes, \$18; for new gores to gaiters, \$10; for half-soling boots or shoes, \$12; for healing do., \$8. If calf skins are furnished the charge will be for making boots, \$120; shoes, \$60. Where it will not be possible to fill an order in the course of four weeks from the time it is taken no price will be set, but the price will be fixed at the time of delivery.—Richmond Enquirer.

INDOLENCE.—None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only truly have the relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labor, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us. The idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or calling which engages, helps and cultivates all our powers, let those bear witness who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to enjoy themselves—they are a burden to themselves.

THE PATH AND ITS ENDING.—Every end has a path leading to it. Many a pleasant lane have I traveled, little thinking that the end was a ditch or a quagmire. Little things are near relatives to greater ones.—An angry taunt is the first milestone on a road the end of which is murder. An un-dorband trick is a bypath to fraud, imposition and robbery. A spark of conceit is the germ of silly pride and disgusting topery. A sly glance at tempting evil is often a seed of reckless impurity. Sculptors chisel their most precious stroke by stroke, and the worst of men make themselves so by degrees.

WHAT U O.

The above enigma, says the Portsmouth Journal, which should be studied out and practiced by all who wish to begin the year aright, we saw posted in one of the stores in the city. That no one may lose the benefit of it, we give the explanation:—"Lund over what you owe."

Sometimes a girl says no to an offer when it is as plain as the nose on her face that she means yes. The best way to judge whether she is in earnest or not is to look straight into her eyes, and never mind her nose.

A jockey lord met his old college tutor at a great horse fair. "Ah, doctor," exclaimed his lordship, "what brings you here among these high-bred cattle? Do you think you can distinguish a horse from an ass?"—"My lord," replied the tutor, "I soon perceived you among all these horses."

A country editor, praising a successful politician, called him "one of the cleverest fellows that ever lifted a hat to a lady, or a boot to a blackguard."

RIGHTS.—Misery assails riches, as lightning does the highest tower; or as a tree that is heavy laden with fruit breaks its own boughs, so do riches destroy the virtue of their possessor.

Do your duty, however dangerous. Death comes to all, and the world does not need your bodily presence so much as it does your moral heroism.

To some persons the thunder of the watchman's rattle, waking him out of the deep sleep of sin.

Men often attempt, by the light of reason, to discover the mysteries of eternity. They might as well hold up a candle to see the stars.

The source of the best and holiest, from the universe up to God, is hidden behind a night, full of too-distant stars.

At a christening, while a minister was making out the certificate, he forgot the date, and happened to say: "Let me see, this is the 30th." "The thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed, it is only the eleventh."

Swearing is fearfully prevalent among the teamsters of the Cumberland army. The last achievement in this way was "swearing the hair off a mule's back"—time, nine minutes from the work "go."

The soul of a young woman is a ripe rose; as soon as one leaf is plucked all its mates easily fall after. And a kiss may sometimes break out the first leaf.

A FELLOW FEELING.—A young doctor counting a maiden's pulse.

The voice gets hoarse from long talking, but speaking eyes can speak on forever.

There may be counsels too weighty for women to bear; he knows little who tells his wife all.

We have no professional court-fools in these times, but we have thousands of court-fools.

The greatest miracle ever wrought by love is the reformation of a coquette.

There are women who, without the gift of genius, fill our vase with wine and roses to the brim, so that the wine runs over and the house is filled with perfume.