

# VILLAGE RECORD

By W. Blair

A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

VOLUME XVII

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1865.

NUMBER 39

## LATEST ARRIVAL

OF NEW  
FALL & WINTER  
**DRY GOODS**  
AT  
**GEO. STOVER'S,**  
Waynesboro, Pa.

THANKFUL for kind favors and patronage here before bestowed upon him, again appears before the public to solicit a continuance of the same. He having just returned from the eastern cities with a fine and well selected stock of new

## FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Which he intends selling at very low rates, which he knows he can do to the satisfaction of all will call and examine his stock. Below you will find enumerated a few articles which will be found among his stock to which he calls your attention.

## FOR THE LADIES.

He has a large assortment of Dress Goods consisting in part of  
Challies,  
Printed and Plain Delaines,  
Blk. Fig'd and Col'd Silks,  
Plain Mohair,  
Silk Warp Mohair,  
Bergeres,  
Madonna Cloth,  
Laceilles,  
French and Domestic Gingham's  
Poplins,  
Pongee Mixtures,  
Cloth for Ladies,  
Wrappings,  
Gloves,  
Hosiery, in great variety.

## GENTLEMEN'S WEAR,

Broad Cloths,  
Black and Fancy Cassimeres,  
Union Cassimeres,  
Duck Linens,  
Cottonades,  
Summer Coatings,  
Tweeds,  
Velvet Cord,  
Marselles,  
Silk Vesting,  
Silk Vesting, of all kinds; in fact a full assortment of goods for Gentle men wear. Also a larger and well selected stock of

## DOMESTIC GOODS,

Merlin, Tickings; and a complete assortment of Notions. It's no use trying to enumerate. If you want anything at all in the Dry Goods line just call in and you will find him ready to wait on you with pleasure.  
To persons having country Produce to sell, they will find it to their advantage to bring it to Stover's, as he always gives the highest market price. So give him a call, and he will sell your goods as cheap as they can be purchased elsewhere.  
Nov. 11, 1864.

## FRESH ARRIVAL

AT  
**FOURTHMAN'S DRUG STORE!**

**F. FOURTHMAN**  
WOULD tender his thanks to the community and still solicit the patronage of a generous public who want anything in his line. Inasmuch as he has enlarged his stock so as to be enabled to answer all calls for anything and everything usually found in a Drug Store, and has a thorough acquaintance with the business, he hopes to gain the confidence of the Community. He will pay particular attention to filling physicians' Prescriptions, and more care and precaution used in waiting upon children than adults.

## FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRUGS,


Choice Wines and Liquors for medicinal and sacramental purposes, Patent Medicines in endless variety, including all that have been made up to this date and some that are yet in embryo. Also White Lead, Zinc, Taint, Whiting and Vermilion, or house building or inside work, besides all sizes of Glass, Commercial Note, Paris Cap and Letter Paper always on hand, with a variety of Envelopes of different sizes and colors. Brushes, Combs, Pomade, Fancy Soap, Hair Oil, Colognes, Essences, Flavoring Extracts, and numerous articles in the Fancy line on hand and offered for sale, cheap and otherwise.  
Also a large assortment of Kerosene Oil Lamps, Chimneys, Shades and Wicks, and Kerosene Oil to fill them. A general assortment of Fruits and Confectionaries, Tobacco and Cigars.  
September 4, 1863.

## Mentzer's Horse & Cattle Powder.

M. STONER having purchased of Mr. Mentzer, the recipe for making the above mentioned Horse and Cattle Powder, for Pennsylvania and Maryland, takes this method of informing the farmers, drivers, &c., that he has on hand and intends keeping a good supply always on hand. Country merchants and others keeping such articles for sale, would do well to supply themselves with a quantity. He will sell on commission or for cash cheap. Orders will be punctually attended to.  
January 8, 1865.

H. PUTNAM'S Patent Cloth Winger for sale at the sign of the Big Red Horn 15. Bt. Howard.  
Agent for Franklin County. (July 11 '62.)

## POETICAL.



### LIFE'S PATHWAY.

BY JOSEPH B. BUTLER.

O'er on life's wild path a flower,  
Ye that have one to spare;  
To cheer the pilgrim on his road,  
And lessen human care.

Some little gift we all may give,  
However poor or low;  
To cheer a brother in distress,  
And mitigate his woe.

A kindly word will never make  
The giver sadly poor;  
And now that even there are sweet  
To hearts that much endure!

Yes, many a kindly office we  
May for each other do;  
That, in the calm hours of times,  
May prove refreshing dew.

Refreshing to our weary souls,  
When earthly things shall pass;  
And all our lofty plans shall fall  
To dust, and break like glass!

If ye have gold enough to spare,  
Let not the widow sigh,  
Amid her little orphan ones,  
But all her wants supply.

God, with an overruling hand,  
Dispenses wealth to some;  
Yet such are only stewards here,  
For earth is not our home.

Bind up the broken heart with love,  
And cheer each fainting one;  
Yield kindness unto all who need—  
This duty should be done.

It will repay thee seven-fold;  
Such gentle deeds shall be  
Undying as the deathless soul,  
In bright eternity!

## FUNERAL HYMN.

How mildly on the wandering cloud  
The sunset beam is cast!  
'Tis like the memory left behind  
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dew of night,  
The yellow star appears,  
So faith springs in the hearts of those  
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light  
Its glory shall restore,  
And eyelids that are sealed in death  
Shall wake to close no more.

## MISCELLANY.

### A WONDERFUL DREAM.

#### The Skeleton in the Well.

It was during the year 1861, in the thriving little town of Argenteire, near the foot of the Cevennes Mountains, in France. The day was charming. Many of the inhabitants were traversing the highway, enjoying the agreeableness of the weather. Among the number there was a tall young man, apparently not more than twenty-five years of age. In his right hand he carried a cane, and his left a small carpet bag. His gait was quick, and from his expression he appeared to be bent upon some important errand. In this manner he went along, occasionally glancing around to view the surrounding objects. He had hardly gone more than a quarter of a mile when he came to a small street, which was in the suburbs of the town. He turned and proceeded up this. Presently, after walking but a short distance, he arrived at an inn. Here he hesitated; and, after viewing the exterior, he mattered to himself the following words:

"It is very singular that this is the first inn I have seen throughout my route. However I will put up here."

So saying, he entered the building, and having registered his name, he was shown to a room. After ordering his dinner, he went into his apartment to rest himself. His order was immediately responded to; and after eating he prepared to retire, intending to partake of a long and hearty sleep, so that early the next morning he might visit the various merchants of the town. He accordingly went to bed, and was soon wrapped in slumber. While thus sleeping he had a dream that made the strongest impression on him. We will give it as from the lips of the dreamer.

"I thought that I had arrived at the same town, but in the middle of the evening, which was really the case; that I had put up at the same inn, and gone immediately, as an unacquainted stranger would do, in order to see whatever was worthy of observation in the place. I walked down the main street into another street apparently leading into the country. I had gone no great distance when I came to a church, which I stopped to examine. After satisfying my curiosity, I advanced to a by-path which branched off from the main street. Obeying an impulse which I could neither account for nor control, I struck into this path, though it was winding, rough, and unfrequented, and presently reached a miserable cottage, in front of which was a garden covered with weeds. I had no great difficulty in getting into the garden, for the hedge had several wide gaps in it. I approached an old well that stood solitary and gloomy in a distant corner; and looking down into it, beheld, without any possibility of mistake, a corpse which had been

stabbed in several places. I counted the deep wounds and wide gashes. There were six.

At this moment he awoke with his hair on end, trembling into every limb, and cold drops of perspiration bedewing his forehead. He awoke to find himself comfortably in bed, his carpet bag lying near him, and the morning sun beaming through his curtain. What a difference! He sprang from his bed, dressed himself, and, as it was yet early, sought an appetite for breakfast by a morning walk.

He went accordingly into the street, and strolled along. The farther he went, the stronger became the confused recollections of the objects that presented themselves to his view.

"It is very strange," said he to himself; "I have never been in this place before, and I would swear that I've seen this house, and the next, and that other on the left."

On he went, till he came to a corner of a street crossing the one down which he had come. Before long he arrived at the church, with the architectural features that had attracted his notice in the dream; and then the high road, along which he had pursued his way, coming at length to the same by path that had presented itself to his imagination a few hours before—there was no possibility of doubt or mistake. Every tree and every turn was familiar to him. He hurried forward, no longer doubting that the next moment would bring him to the cottage; and this was really the case. In all its exterior appearances it corresponded with what he had seen in his dream. Who, then, could wonder that he determined to ascertain whether the coincidence would hold good in every point? He entered the garden, and went directly to the spot where he had seen the well; but here the resemblance failed; there was none. He looked in every direction, examined the whole garden, and even went round the cottage, which seemed to be inhabited; but nowhere could he find any signs of a well. He then hastened back to the inn in a state of excitement hard to describe. He could not make up his mind to allow such extraordinary coincidences to go unnoticed. But how was he to obtain a clue to the awful mystery? He went to the landlord, and asked him directly to whom the cottage belonged that was on the by-road, near to him.

"I wonder, sir," said he, "what causes you to take such particular notice of that wretched little hovel? It is inhabited by an old man and his wife who have the character of being very unsocial. They scarcely ever leave the house, see nobody, and nobody goes to see them. Of late, their very existence appears to have been forgotten, and I believe you are the first, who, for years, has turned your steps to the lonely spot."

These details, instead of satisfying his curiosity, only roused it the more. Breakfast was served, but he could eat none; and he felt that if he presented himself to the merchants in such a state of excitement they might think him mad. He walked up and down the room and looked out of the window, endeavoring to interest himself in a quarrel between two men in the street; but the garden and cottage preoccupied his mind; and, at last snatching up his hat, he made his way to the street. Hastening to the nearest magistrate, he related the whole circumstance briefly and clearly.

"It is very strange," said the officer, "and after what has happened, I don't think it would be right to leave the matter without farther investigation. I will place two of the police at your command; you can then go once more to the hovel, and search every part of it. You may, perhaps, make some important discovery."

He allowed but a very few minutes to elapse before he was on his way, accompanied by the two officers. After knocking at the door and waiting for some time, the old man opened the door. He received them somewhat uncivilly, but showed no mark of suspicion when they told him they wished to search the house.

"Very well; as fast as you can get out your water from a spring about a quarter of a mile distant."

They searched the house, but discovered nothing of any consequence. Meanwhile the old man gazed upon them with an impenetrable vacancy of look, as if he could not understand why they were intruding on his property. Finally, they forsook the cottage, without finding anything to corroborate their suspicions. By this time a number of persons had collected together outside, having been drawn to the spot by the sight of a stranger with two policemen. They were asked if they knew anything of a well in those parts. They replied they did not; the idea seemed to perplex them. At length an old woman came forward, leaning on a crutch.

"A well?" said she. "Is it a well you are looking for? That has been gone these thirty years. I remember it as if it were yesterday; how I used to throw stones into it; just to hear the splash in the water."

"Do you remember where that well used to be?" asked the gentleman.

"As near as I can recollect," replied the woman, "it is on the very spot where you now stand."

He suddenly started, as if he had trodden upon a serpent. They at once commenced digging up the ground. At about twenty inches deep, they came to a layer of bricks, which, being broken up, revealed some rotten boards. These were easily removed, when they beheld the dark mouth of the well.

"I was quite certain that was the spot," said the old woman. "What a fool you were to stop it up, and then have it tried so far for water!"

A sounding lance, furnished with hooks, was let down into the well—the cryd hard

## GO TO CHURCH.

There is no other thing which helps to establish a man's character and standing in society, more than steady attendance at church, and a proper regard for the first day of the week. Every head of a family should go to church as an example of parents who have loved them and watched over their best interests. Lounging in the streets and bar rooms on the Sabbath is abominable and deserves severe reprobation, because it lays the foundation of habits which ruin the body and soul.

Many a young man can date the commencement of his dissipation, which made him burthen to himself and friends, and an object of pity in the sight of his enemies, to his Sunday debauchery. Indulgence in the moth or of drunkenness—the Sabbath is generally an idle day, therefore if it were not properly kept, it were better struck out of existence. Go to church! If you are young and have just entered upon business, it will establish you a credit. What capitalist would sooner entrust a new beginner who instead of dissipating his time, his character and his money in dissolute company, attended to his duties of God? Go to church with a contrite heart. And bending a knee at the throne of your Maker, pour out a sincere thank offering for the mercies of the past week.

Everywhere there is death. Is it not a remarkable fact that there is nothing that you can plant, or build, or lay aside, that death in some of his formulas does not instantly set upon? Build walls of granite, and they decay; and what is decay? The breath of death will instantly begin to act upon them. Build your Houses of Parliament of stone selected by the best judges, and death with its fangs is already gnawing into dust the fabric that cost millions of the nation's wealth. The sweetest flowers that burst into bloom will no sooner reach their full bloom and beauty than death will breathe upon them, and they will wither and be resolved into earth again. All that man builds, all that nature throws up from her bosom; all that is beautiful in the heights, all that is fragrant in the depths, all are under the regime of decay, disease and death.

## A Kind Act and its Reward.

The Cleveland Plaindealer sketches an incident that lately occurred on one of the railroads running through Ohio. The sketch is interesting, though it is impersonal.

The train is running at a rapid rate. The car is filled with well-dressed aristocratic passengers. The conductor enters and proceeds to collect the accustomed fare. Presently he comes to a lady dressed in deep mourning, travelling with three children, and calls for a ticket. The lady quickly put her hand into her pocket for the same, but it was gone, with the wallet containing all her money, within which the ticket had been placed for safe keeping. The lady is of an exceedingly modest, retiring disposition, and in an agitated manner explains why she cannot pay the fare.

The conductor is one of those hard-hearted kind—of those men without a particle of the good feeling—and without taking into consideration any of the palliating circumstances of the case, rung the bell, stopped the train, and the young woman and her little ones were ordered from the car. The engineer had not been an uninterested spectator of the scene. He had left the engine, and advanced to where the lady was standing, so distressed and friendless. The engineer had a big, warm heart. Putting his hand into his pocket, he produced a fifty-dollar gold piece, and handing it to the lady remarked:

"Here, madam, take this, got into the car. It is shameful that you should be thus treated."

The lady hesitated about receiving it, but was in a desperate strait; and after showering numberless thanks upon the noble engineer, she insisted upon receiving his name and address, and then returned to her seat in the cars and went on her way.

About a month after this time the engineer received a note requesting him to call at the express office, and take from thence a package addressed to him. He did so. Upon opening the package, he found that it contained fifty dollars, and an elegant gold watch, seals and chain. Upon the inside of the case was inscribed the golden rule, the substance of which is—"Do unto others as you wish others to do unto you."

## LIFE AND DEATH.—How brief the distance between life and death! Life is but the vestibule of death, and our pilgrimage on earth is but a journey to the grave.—The pulse that denotes our life-stay beats our death-march; the blood, which circulates through our bodies, while it flows with the tide of life, flows then onward to the deeps of death. O how closely allied is death to life! Trees do but grow that they may be felled. Empires rise and flourish but to decay; they rise to fall. Death is the black seraph who rides behind the chariot of life. Death reaches far throughout this world; and has stamped all terrestrial things with the broad arrow of the grave. But blessed be God there is a place where death is not life's equal, following hard its track: an evening shades the sun's meridian, nor life's companion like a brother striking fast and cleaving close. There life rings alone; there death knells are never tolled. Blessed land above the skies! To reach it we must die; but after death we obtained a glorious immortality, then "to die is again." —O. H. Spurgeon. BLAZING THOUGHTS.— The following came out of the mass electioneering shell in California: "There is not a grain of desert sand upon which the sun shines, not a valley sited from which springs a spear of grass—not a mountain peak from which the stalwart pine rears its majestic form, whose fee simple is not in liberty." Motto for an army tailor.—Tie her up!

## A BAD PRACTICE.

Many persons who use kerosene lamps, are in the habit of going to bed, or when leaving a room for a short time, turning the wick down by an order to save the consumption of oil. The consequence is that the air of the room becomes vitiated by the unmeasured oil vapors, by the gas produced by the combustion, and also by the minute particles of smoke and soot which are thrown off. Air thus polluted is deadly in its effects, and the wonder is that more persons are not immediately and fatally injured by breathing it. Irritating and inflammation of the throat and lungs, headache, dizziness, and nausea are among its effects. —Boston Journal.

## THE BEST PRESENT.

The three sons of an eastern lady were invited to furnish her with an expression of their love, before her long journey. One brought a marble tablet, with the inscription of her name; another presented her with a rich garland of fragrant flowers; the third entered her presence and thus accosted her: "Mother, I have neither marble tablet nor fragrant flower, but I have a heart: here your name is engraved, here your memory is precious, and this heart full of affection will follow you wherever you travel, and remain with you wherever you repose."

## A LOVE LETTER.

Och, Paddy, swate Paddy, if I was your daddy, I'd kill ye wid kisses intirely; if I was your brother, and likewise your mother, I'd see that ye went to bed early. To taste of your breath, I'd starve like to death, and lay off me hoops altogether. To jess have a taste of yer arm or me wasty, I'd lart at the meanness of weather. Dear Paddy, be mine, me one swate valentine; ye'll find me both gentle and civil; our life we'll spend to an illegant ind, and care may go dance with the devil.

## A SOLEMN THOUGHT.

It has been observed with much significance, that every morning we enter upon a new day, carrying still an unknown future in its bosom. How pregnant and stirring the reflection! Thoughts may be born today, which may never die. Feelings may be awakened today which may never be extinguished. —Hopes may be excited to-day which may never expire. Acts may be performed to-day, the consequences of which may not be realized until eternity.

## AN ORIGINAL IDEA.

One of our good friends, in writing us concerning the condition of our men when they return from Southern prisons, suggests that when exchanges are made, they should be by the pound. We fat our prisoners; the rebels starve theirs; and our friend thinks that by exchanging pound for pound we should get on an average, about five of our men for two rebels.

A lady passing through New Hampshire, observed the following notice on a board:—"Horsen taken in to grass. Long tails three shillings and sixpence, short tails two shillings." The lady asked the owner of the land the reason for the difference of the price. He answered: "You see me am the long tails can brush away the flies; but the short tails are so tormented by them that they can hardly eat at all."

## KNOWLEDGE MAY REMEMBER IN THE MEMORY,

but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ived, tower that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

There is a deal of humor in San Francisco politics. A woman in that city, finding her husband was to vote for McClellan, removed all his clothes on election day, and refused to deliver the first garment until the polls were closed. This was certainly a very naked attempt to deprive a man of elective franchise.

## THE HABITS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Rev. Mr. Adams, of Philadelphia, in his recent Thanksgiving discourse, speaking of an early morning call upon Mr. Lincoln, made the following interesting statement:

"Morning came and I hastened my toilet, and found myself at a quarter to five in the waiting room of the President. I asked the usher if I could see Mr. Lincoln. He said I could not. 'But I have an engagement to meet him this morning.' 'At what hour?' 'At five o'clock.' Well, sir, he will see you at five. I then walked to and fro for a few minutes, and hearing a voice as if in conversation, I asked the servant, 'Who is talking in the next room?' 'It is the President, sir.' 'Is anybody with him?' 'No, sir, he is reading the Bible.' 'Is that his habit every morning?' 'Yes, sir, he spends every morning from four o'clock to five in reading the scriptures and praying.'

Women grow old, and are worse than men, because the corruption of the best turns to the worst.

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