

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XIX

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 9, 1886.

NUMBER 38

## NEW STORE.

HOSTETTER, REID & CO.

WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Waynesboro and vicinity that they have received a new and extensive stock of

## GROCERIES.

Embracing in part—  
SYRUPS, CHEESE,  
SUGARS, COFFEE,  
MOLASSES, CHOCOLATE,  
HAMS, DRIED BEEF.

TEAS—Hyson, Imperial and Oolong, of the finest flavor. SPICES, ground and unground, and Bakine articles, warranted fresh and pure, and of the best quality.

## QUEENSWARE AND GLASSWARE.

A very heavy stock, to which special attention is invited. Fine ware in sets or by the single piece, of the latest styles; Cut Glass Goblets, Tumblers, &c.

## KEROSENE LAMPS

of every pattern, a large assortment. Shades, (new style) wicks, chimneys; spring hinge burners, always on hand. Also No. 1 Kerosene Oil.

## NOTIONS, VARIETIES, & C.

A thousand and one fancy, useful and necessary articles, used in every family and by everybody.

## TOBACCO, CIGARS AND PIPES.

Willitt's Cong. Navy, Nat. Leaf, Mich. Fine Cut, and all the best chewing and smoking tobacco—Havana Cigars, good common do. Sanitary and Neotric Pipes, latest thing out.

## SALT AND FISH.

G. A. Salt, Liverpool, large size sacks. Pickled Shad, Mackeral, No. 1 and 3, half, quarter, &c., &c.

## MARKET CAR.

Being in connection with Hostetter & Co., of Greenacres, which firm have a Market Car on the R. R., we are enabled to supply our customers with the choicest luxuries of the Eastern markets in their proper season.

By strict attention to business, furnishing the best articles in the market, and doing all in our power to accommodate customers, we hope to receive a share of public patronage. No trouble to ship goods.

TERMS, POSITIVELY CASH. We buy our goods for cash and must sell them in the same way. Country dealers supplied at wholesale prices. HOSTETTER, REID & CO. Waynesboro, Aug. 25, '85.

## NEW FIRM AND NEW GOODS!

GEISER & RINEHART, Successors to H. Stonehouse in the Hardware and Cutlery Business.

THE subscribers having purchased of H. Stonehouse his Hardware Store they would inform the old customers of the establishment, and others, that in addition to the large stock on hand, they are just receiving a large and well selected stock, consisting in part of

## IRON AND STEEL, SHOE FINDINGS, SADDLERY AND CARRIAGE WARE, CEDAR WARE, OIL CLOTHS, HOLLOW WARE, PAINTS, GLASS AND VARNISHES, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

We invite the attention of the Farmers to the RUNDELL'S PREMIUM HAY FORK, for the sale of which we are the sole agents: Scythes, Rakes, Forks, Shovels, Grain Cradles, &c., &c.

All our goods were selected with great care and we invite an examination of them. May 25, 1885. GEISER & RINEHART.

PATENT FLASKS—Just the thing for bottling wine and champagne, at 50c per doz. Hostetter, Reid & Co.

CASH paid for Butter and Eggs. Hostetter, Reid & Co.

CORD, a heavy piece of, drab color at 10c per lb. Paici & Hostetter's.

## POETICAL.



THE MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

There's a land far away mid the stars, we are told,  
Where they know not the sorrows of time;  
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold,

And life is a treasure sublime;  
'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul  
Where ages of splendor eternally roll,  
Where the way weary traveler reaches his goal  
On the evergreen mountains of life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,  
But our visions have told of its bliss,  
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned

When we faint in the desert of this,  
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,  
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,  
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows  
From the evergreen mountains of life.

O! the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,  
But we think where the ransomed have trod,  
And the day never smiles from his palace of light  
But we feel the bright smiles of our God.

We are traveling homeward through changes and gloom,  
To a kingdom where pleasures unchangingly bloom,  
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb,  
From the evergreen mountains of life.

## THE OLD FRIEND STILL.

As Time speeds on with relentless wing,  
He is bringing a change to all.  
The daisies peep from the lap of spring,  
And the oak leaves fade and fall.  
The new grows old, and the old departs,  
And the years their cycles fill—  
The friend that's new may be kind and true  
But give me the old friend still.

The friend that I loved when the Spring was born,  
That was true when the Summer died,  
That was still unchanged through the ebb and flow  
Of my life's unstable tide.

The flower that blooms in the sun's warm ray,  
May fade when the night is chill—  
The friend that's new may be kind and true,  
But give me the old friend still.

Ah, give me the clasp of the same warm hand  
That I felt in the days of yore,  
And give me the heart that time has proved  
Is true to its inmost core.

For Time speeds on, and the friends are few  
That the void in the heart can fill—  
The friend that's new may be kind and true,  
But give me the old friend still.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE HORSE THIEVES.

A LAWYER'S ADVENTURES.

BY S. COBB, JR.

For some months there had been a pair of desperate characters prowling about the country, doing all sorts of evil deeds, but making horse stealing their special business. It was said (and the report had a foundation) that they were escaped convicts—villains who had once been sent from London to South Wales, and who had tried to make their escape and reach this country: That they were desperate characters was evident from some of their deeds, they having repeatedly attempted to kill those who thought of molesting them. But the previous scamp was at last caught and brought before a justice for examination and commitment, I was engaged as prosecuting attorney, and made my appearance accordingly, being determined that a case should be made strong enough to hold them.

I certainly never saw two more inhuman looking fellows who could lay claim to a fair share of intelligence. They gave the names of Job Gilbrand and Luman McGargan, as theirs. The first was a short, broad shouldered, bull-necked, low-browed man, with an ugly vengeful look, and a sort of tiger restlessness in all his movements. The second had all his companion's brutality of expression, without the same look of intelligence. He was taller than Gilbrand, but not so massive. As they gazed around the assembled multitude they seemed to have one feeling, that was a desire to exterminate the whole of us Blood-thirstiness was written as plainly on their faces as it ever was in the glaring eyes of the caged panther. In short, they seemed to have no moral perception at all. They were creatures of lust and fear, and knew no other governing principles.

Of course it became my duty to have them committed if possible, and I determined to probe their characters and careers as deeply as possible. I had witnesses enough to swear directly to their horse stealing; but I was not satisfied with this. They had engaged a lawyer for defence, and he set up the claim that we knew nothing against their characters previous to the making of the present charge. Here I opened my battery and fired away. I had my witnesses present, what they could not swear to, I easily arrived at my introduction. I held them up to the gaze of the multitude as the cold blooded villains they really were; I raked up their former life in England; I brought to life their transportation to Port Jackson; I told of their escape hence, and wound up by fastening upon them many

dark crimes since their arrival in this country. I knew that they had sworn to kill any man who should arrest them, and that they had on more than one occasion, tried to take life. These things made me more bitter than I otherwise might have been. Ever and anon, I brought up some strong point in rascality. I would turn my eyes upon the prisoners, and I must admit, that, even then with all the zeal of my cause to fire my soul I could not help shuddering at the glance which Job Gilbrand gave me. It was not a look of hate nor anger; but it was an expression of malevolent, demoniac triumph which seemed to imply that he was perfectly satisfied—I was having my own way now—that he would have his in his own good time.

The result of the trial was just what everybody had known it to be. The prisoners were fully committed to await the action of grand jury. As I rose from my seat I saw Gilbrand beckon to me with his finger. I went to him and he whispered in my ear. "I'll have your life as sure as there is a God in heaven! There is not a person on earth to keep me from you!"

The manner of his speaking at first startled me some, but I soon looked upon it as only a threat—not that he might not have the will to do the deed, but I did not believe that he had the power. Still I saw the jailor, and hinted to him that he had better look rather sharp after these prisoners than was usual with him, for they were old jail birds, and up to all tricks of evading bolts and bars and stone walls. He told me I need be under no apprehension of their escape.

I went away about my usual business, and two weeks had passed from the time of the trial before our justice's court. The excitement consequent upon the arrest of the horse thieves had mostly died out, and people let their horses run without fear of having them stolen. One evening just as I was leaving my office, a man came to me and informed me that the horse thieves had made their escape. They had left jail some time during the previous night, and all day various parties had been in search of them, but without effect. The villains had contrived to remove the heavy stone sill into which the sill of the iron bars of the window were fixed, the cement having been displaced by some iron instrument which they had adroitly concealed about them. I asked if any traces had been found of them, and my informant told me that two men answering their description, had been seen about ten miles off that morning, making towards the sea-coast.

I had been away all day on business and had just returned, when this information was given me, or I had heard of it before. However, I knew that every possible means were being employed to recapture the rascals and I went home with strong hopes that they might yet make the acquaintance of our superior court. At first the thought occurred to me that Gilbrand might make an effort to carry out the bloody effort sworn against me; but I was not under apprehension for I did not think he would risk his own neck. I believed he had placed as great a distance as possible between me and himself, and that he would not again visit our town except upon compulsion.

My wife heard of the escape of the two prisoners, but she knew nothing of the threat which he made against me. I did not tell her of it at the time, for I feared she might worry of it, and of course I meant that it should be kept from her now. My house was near the centre of the village, but some way back from the main street, upon a gently eminence, and surrounded by trees, my garden and park separating it entirely from other buildings.

During the evening I thought the matter over, and finally made up my mind that the idea of Job Gilbrand's coming to put his threat into execution was simply ridiculous. I knew—I knew very well—that he had just the will and disposition to do it, and I believe that it would have afforded him a sincere gratification to put a knife to my heart; but I did not believe he would risk his own life under any circumstances, for such purpose. Yet on going up to my chamber, I examined the pistol that lay in the bureau drawer. My business, as collecting agent for several heavy houses in distant parts of the country, required that I should at times have large sums of money by me, and as many people knew of this fact, I knew that my premises might hold out golden inducements to daring burglars; so I had some two years before purchased a good revolver, which I kept loaded in my chamber. I never supposed I should shoot anybody, but in case I should hear the foot-steps of intruders at night upon my premises, I should not only feel safe with such a weapon, but the possession of a "six shooter," gives a man a wonderful advantage in an argument under such circumstances. He can persuade an interloper to leave when more words might be ineffectual.

On the present occasion I thought I would examine my pistol, to see if it was all right, for there was no knowing what might happen. If any one should enter my house I felt sure that my wife or self must be awakened, and then the weapon might be an agreeable companion, if nothing more. I saw that the barrels were all loaded, the caps all sound, and then I put the pistol back into the drawer, and went to bed. My wife asked me what I meant to do, and I told her I had considerable money in the house, and the circumstance had merely reminded me of my weapon. We laughed over the idea of my killing a robber and then went to sleep.

It must have been not far from midnight when I was awakened from a somewhat uneasy slumber; I had no sense of having been aroused by anything in particular, only I felt uneasy, and wanted a new position for my body. The moon had been up an hour or more, and was shining through the window,

its beams falling directly upon the doorway on the opposite side of the room; I turned my eyes resting upon this doorway—and I saw a man standing there. He had, apparently just crept to the spot and the moonlight lay full upon him. It was Job Gilbrand! Had I met him in the broad blaze of noontide, I could not have distinguished his form and features more plainly. And I saw in his right hand, a long-bladed knife. Behind him in the hall I saw the outlines of another man, whom I took, of course, to be McGargan.

This discovery operated upon me like the shock of a powerful galvanic battery. There was a horrible, deadly fear thrilling through me, and depriving me of both sense and reason for a moment; but the very weight of the terrible circumstance served to nerve me up and in a very brief space of time I was as calm as need be. I mean my thoughts were all collected and my instinet sharp and clear. My wife slept on, for as yet there had been no noise, save that something that must have awakened me.

My chamber was a large square room, and the bed in one corner. The window through which the moonlight came, was close by the foot of the bed and another piercing the same wall, only a few feet off. Between these two windows stood the bureau, there being only the space of one window between it and the bed.

Of course I knew there would be but a few moments for reflection. My motion had caused the assassin to hesitate, but he would not hesitate long. He had come to put his threats into execution, and I knew the man well enough to know that he would do it without the least compunction, and that no occurrence would deter him. If I had only given importance enough to previous circumstances to have been thoroughly on my guard, I should have had my pistol beneath my pillow; but I was wholly unarmed, and a successful stratagem could alone save me. With this grim presence before me my thoughts ran very clear and rapid. My first thought of success—my first hope of safety—was in my pistol. I must get that, at some rate. I knew enough of Luman nature to know what even an assassin would be most likely to do under certain circumstances. Gilbrand did not know that he was discovered, and yet a slight motion of my body caused him to hesitate. He evidently felt sure of his game, and he would do his work with the least noise. It was a clear, cold night, and this circumstance helped me to a valuable thought.

"Mary," said I, speaking to my wife, in a yawning tone, as though I were not wholly awake, "I'm cold."

My wife awoke and asked me what was the matter.

"I'm cold," I replied, "Isn't there an extra blanket in one of the bureau drawers?"

She said there was, but did not seem inclined to be wakened.

As I had anticipated, as soon as I spoke the lurking assassin crouched away out of sight in the hall, and I believed he would remain so while I got up and got the quilt. If he did not suspect my knowledge of his presence he would certainly prefer to let me arise quietly, and then go to bed again, than to attack me when I might make resistance; for he had reason to suppose that my wife and self would be asleep again very soon.

And then I could not leave the room to give any alarm without passing directly by him, so he would feel safe on that score.

I leaped out of the bed and went to the bureau. I may have trembled some at the thought of a death blow while I stood there with my back to the door, but I felt pretty well assured that all would be safe until I got into bed again; and so it proved. I opened the upper drawer first and grasped my pistol. I muttered something about not finding things where they belonged, and then opened another drawer, from which I took the desired article. As I returned to the bed I allowed the pistol to drop by my pillow, and then I proceeded to spread the quilt in proper order, never once allowing my eyes to turn towards the door. After this I crept into bed again, and as I grasped my pistol and smuggled down, I remarked that I should now sleep with some comfort. By lying on my left side, my face was turned towards the hall, and when I had so arranged the bed-clothes that I could see in that direction without my eyes being seen in return and my right hand was where it could be free in an instant, I was prepared for the result.

My wife slept soundly again. As soon as I judged it judicious, I commenced to snore. The sound had hardly left my nasal organs when Job Gilbrand again made his appearance in the door, and close behind him came McGargan. They had removed their shoes, and their tread was noiseless. Gilbrand clutched his knife in his right hand, and it was half raised as he crept forward. Not a muscle in my body moved—not even my heart—and my nerves were like steel. I waited until I could catch the cat-like gleaming of his eyes—until I could hear his quick deep breathing—until his murderous knife was lifted for the death-stroke—and then I freed my right arm and raised my pistol. The movement was instantaneous, and my aim sure, for the muzzle of the weapon was within two feet of his bosom. I fired, and he started back with a sharp groan. In a moment I was upright in my bed, and more quickly than I can tell, I fired two shots at McGargan, who had stopped as his companion crept back, but who fled toward the door as I fired at him.

My wife was awake, but I paid no attention to her cries. Quickly as possible I leaped out of the bed and rushed toward the hall where McGargan had disappeared, for Gilbrand had fallen on the floor, and I considered him safe. I found him upon the floor almost lifeless. He could not speak, and believing that his weakness was real, I hurried back to my room and struck a light,

and in a few words as possible I informed my wife of what had happened, and when I told her that one of the villains lay upon the hall floor, so that she could not leave the room without passing over him, she had the good sense to hide herself under the bed-clothes.

At this point my man servant, a stout Irishman, who did the duties of a groom and gardener came stumbling over the body in the passage, and wanted to know what was the matter. I called him in and told him. And together we held an examination. Gilbrand must have died almost instantly, for the ball had passed directly through his heart. When we found McGargan he was just breathing his last. One of the bullets I had fired at him had entered his bosom, immediately below the sternum, and the other had passed through his neck, severing the right carotid artery.

By this time the household was all aroused, and for a few moments we had a strange time of it. But I managed to get my wife calm, and then I made them understand the danger was all over, the rest became quiet. Michael and I removed the bodies down into the lower porch, where we found upon examination, that the villains had gained their entrance by prying off the hasp of the back door with a crow-bar. As soon as it was day light I sent for the jailor, bidding him bring a man along with him. It so happened that the jailor had also the office of deputy sheriff and coroner, so that he was just the man for the business. He came, and in due time the bodies were removed from my premises, and he assured me as he took them away, that he would much rather act as coroner than jailor upon such customs.

## Indorsed Him.

Deacon D. was very much interested in a revival that was taking place in his neighborhood, and as a consequence, was continually urging his neighbors to "come over to the Lord's side." He had frequently implored a neighbor of his—who was not particularly noted for his profession of religion, but was, nevertheless, highly respected by all who knew him—to attend one of the evening meetings. Now the pious and honesty of the deacon was a matter of doubt among his fellow townsmen, and particularly so with the old man above mentioned, who, for convenience, we may call Uncle Josh. After repeated calls, Uncle Josh consented to accompany the deacon to one of the meetings, and accordingly attended him to the 'school house' one evening, much to the surprise of all at present. In the course of the evening the deacon arose with a penitential countenance, to tell his 'experience.' He was a prince of sinners, he said, if he got his deserts, he would be banished forever from Divine favor.

After making himself out all that his wife in man, he sat down with the sublime sense of having done his duty, and asked Uncle Josh if he wouldn't tell his experience. With some little reluctance, he meekly arose amid the breathless attention of the assembly. It was an unknown occurrence for Uncle Josh to speak in meetings. He said he had listened with great interest to the remarks of the Deacon, and could assure the brethren that, from his long acquaintance with him, he could fully endorse all the Deacon had said concerning his meanness and villainess, for he certainly was the meanest man he ever knew. The wrath of the Deacon was terrific.

## A Lesson of Trust.

Some time ago a boy was discovered in Clairborn street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who had the feeling of kindness strongly developed went to ask him what he was doing there. "Waiting for God to come for me," said he.

"What do you mean," said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer, and the condition of the boy, in whose eyes and flushed face he saw the evidence of fever.

"God sent for mother, and father, and little brother," said he, "and took them away to His home up in the sky, and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything; and so I came out here, and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said He would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told me a lie."

"Yes, lad," said the man overcome with emotion, "He has sent me to take care of you."

You should have seen his eyes flash and the smile of triumph break over his face as he said: "Mother never told me a lie, sir, but you have been so long on the way."

What a lesson of truth, and how this in itself shows the effect of never deceiving children with tales.

THE SECRET OF BAD LUCK.—The secret of bad luck, in our opinion, lies in bad habits or bad management, much more than in accidental circumstances. Generally those who complain most of Dame Fortune's frowns, are those who have done the least to merit her smiles. A writer of much experience in the world says:—"I never knew an early rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamt of. But when I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a tavern late in the afternoon, with his hands stuck in his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the epwn knocked in, I know he has had bad luck—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard a knave, or a tippler."

A CURIOSITY.—To the museum of the Medical College of the University of Pennsylvania has been added by Mr. Nash, within a day or two, a singular novelty. A curious observer would call it a picture in two colors—red and black—representing the Crucifixion, with candles and an altar at the foot of the cross, and above it, in large letters, the word "Iuri." Above this a handsome representation of the insignia of the United States, with a spread eagle perched upon the shield. The article in question is a picture, but the material upon which it is painted is the skin of a seaman's arm. In the South-seas during the watches, where the air is bland and the sea calm, a sailor may often be seen half dozing while a forecastle artist is tattooing his arm with pictures. Mr. Nash came into possession of the arm in question, and has prepared it by a process of his own discovery, as above described. The picture is varnished, like canvas, and is enclosed in a suitable frame. No one looking at it would imagine it to be what it really is. The museum of the University has plenty of specimens like this, preserved in spirits, but this is a novelty.

AIN'T YOURS?—This wicked thing is told on a bashful young man. He don't live in this neighborhood, and we don't vouch for the truth of the story: 'He invited a young lady to attend a ball with him.' The invitation was accepted, and the couple appeared at the ball. After dancing for some time, 'groovy' saw his partner sitting alone in one corner of the room. Now was his chance. He walked up and took a seat beside her. 'All well so far, but the bashful fellow was at a loss for something to say—He fidgeted about considerably, and was sweating profusely. Finally taking hold of his wilted collar, he commenced thus: 'It's powerful warm in this room. My shirt's wet; ain't yours?' His partner blushed, said nothing, but took his arm for the next dance.

THE IRISH WITNESS.—Did you see Dennis Mahoney steal the pig? 'Well, not exactly, yer honor, but I met him the day Widow Flarety lost her granter and, sez I, 'Hillo, 'Dennis!' 'Hillo, sez he; 'Ah, ha!' sez I; 'Oh, ho!' sez he; 'The devil!' sez I; 'The devil!' sez he. And that's all I know about the pig yer honor.'

The Rockingham (Va.) Register tells of a Methodist clergyman in that section who received, all told, in currency and produce, twenty-one dollars for his last year's labor. Toward the close of the year he was, so unfortunate as to have sickness in his family, he employed a brother preacher, who was also a physician, who charged him fifteen dollars for his services. The itinerant was unable to pay, when the reverend doctor took the only bedstead he had in the world as an offset to the debt. That man will go to heaven, perhaps.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—Condemn no man, says John Wesley, for not thinking as you think. Let every man enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgement; since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in every kind of degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the Judge of all.

A gentleman traveling in Southern Pennsylvania reports a good story which he heard about a worthy mechanic who aspired to legislative honors. In his printed appeal to the voters he said, with more significance than he intended, "that if they declined to elect him, he should remain at home a cooper and an honest man."

Said the wife of an ex-negro trader in Virginia to a freedman who was skinning a live catfish, 'How can you be so cruel?' 'Why,' said the intelligent contraband, 'Dis is de way dey used to do me, and I's gwine to get even wid somebody.'

A young man in Ohio recently drank twenty-three ounces of bad brandy, on a bet, and it landed him on the other side of Jordan.

There is said to be some consolation for every ill in this life. For instance if a man is bald-headed, his wife cannot pull his hair.

In a recent sermon upon the training of children, Henry Ward Beecher gave the following advice to parents: "Never strike a child on the head. Providence has provided other and more appropriate places for punishment."

Paddy's description of a fiddle cannot be beaten:

"It was the shape of a turkey and the size of a goose; he turned it over on its belly and rubbed its backbone with a stick and ooh, by St. Patrick, how it did squeal!"

"How is coal this morning?" said a man in a coal-yard to an Irishman, "Black as liver, he jabers," said Pat.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him. There is always work and tools to work withal, for those who will.

"I say, Mrs. Skinner, your milk does not pay an income tax, does it? Why not, sir?" "I don't think it is rich enough, that all."

"Shorge, why is the James river like a keg of lager beer?" "Because they both flow into the Dutch Gap Canal."

An exchange gives an account of a child being born with three tongues. We'll bet our pile that it's a gal baby.