

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper; Independent upon all Subjects.

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VOLUME XX

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 9, 1886.

NUMBER 19

LATEST ARRIVAL OF GROCERIES.

LIDY & DICKEL

HAVING just received from the Eastern market a fresh supply of Groceries, etc., they are now prepared to sell at reduced prices. Their stock embraces in part the following:

Syrups: Cheese, Tea—Young Hyson
Sugars: Coffees, Imperial, Oolong,
Molasses, Chocolate, Oolong,

Spices, ground and unground, Baking articles of all kinds, warranted fresh and of the best quality. Kerosene Lamps, shades, wicks and chimneys. Also No 1 Kerosene Oil.

TOBACCO.

H. B. Navy, No. 1 Leaf, Fine Cut, and all the best
" " " " Brands of Chewing and Smoking
" " " " Spoons, Tobacco of sixteen different kinds.
" " " " Oys. shell.

Salt and Fish.

G. A. Salt, Dairy, large and small sack, Mackerel No 1 and 3 by the barrel.

Confections. Sundries.

Cakes and Candies, Shoo Baking, Brushes,
Water and Su. Crackers, Horse
Oranges, Wh' wash brushes,
Lemons, Was' boards,
Raisins, Figs, Corn Brooms,
Prunes, Hickory
Almonds, Paint d Buckets,
Walnuts, Bruised Hoop
Cream Nuts, Husel Baskets,
Pea Nuts, Pepper
Tunato Catsup, Ladies Trav. Baskets
Pepper Sauce, Chip baskets, &c.
Brown's Troches, Serravallo's
Babbitt's Soap, Envelopes,
Harrison's, Note Paper,
Dublin's Electric Soap, Fools Cap,
Custile Soap, Fancy Soap,
Barlow's Indigo, Gallager Soap & Oil
Paper Colars, Pre-pard Coffee,
Rocet's Imbrocation, Essence
Hoover's Ink, Fry's H. Powders,
Maches, Fryet T. che,
Gun Caps, Powder and Shot,
Machine Twist, Sewing Silk, S. S.
Black Cotton Thread, Spool Cotton,
Needles and Pins, Darning Needles,
Singer Machine Needles, Hair Pins,
Shoe Strings, Lead Pencils,
Steel Pens, Pocket Combs,
Pen Holders, Lilly White,
Long Combs, Mean Fun,
Ladies' Dress Combs, Perfumeries,
Hair Oils, Peru berries,
Nerpe and Bone Liniment, Cocoa Nuts.
And connected with the Grocery we have Flour and Feed which we sell at Mill prices.
We have the highest prices paid for Butter and Eggs and all kinds of Country Produce.
We are thankful for past favors, and by strict attention to business and a desire to please all, hope to receive a liberal share of the public's patronage, for we feel confident that our goods and prices will compare favorably with those of any other house.
LIDY & DICKEL.
May 11—11.

NEW STORE.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

COON & STONEHOUSE

WOULD respectfully inform the public that they have just opened at their new room, on the south-west corner of the Diamond, in Waynesboro', a large and well selected stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware and Cutlery.

Iron, Steel, Nails, Coach-makers Goods of every description, Queensware, Cedarware, Shoes, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Paints, Glass, Oils, Varnish, Brushes, Fish, Salt, and all kinds of Goods kept in a well regulated store. Our goods are all new and fresh and have been bought for cash at the late decline in prices.

We better ourselves that from our long experience in business, and a determination to sell goods at small profits, we shall be able to offer unusual inducements to all buyers who desire to save money. Please call and see for yourselves.

We have a large and well assorted stock of staple and fancy Dry Goods, embracing

Cloths, Cassimeres,

Battinets, Jeans, Tweeds, Cottonades, Corda, Denims, Stripes, Checks, Ginghams, Linin and Cotton Table Dapers, Crash for Towels, Calicoes, Delains, Alpaccas,

FANCY DRESS GOODS,

Trimmings, Shawls, Brown and Bleached Sheetings and Shirtings, Tickings, Linens, Flannels, White Goods, Gloves, Hosiery and Notions. We are receiving new goods every week and will supply any article wanted that we have not on hand in a few days.

We pay the highest market price for all kinds of country produce such as Bacon, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Dried Fruit, Raisins, &c.
May 25, 1886.

EAGLE HOTEL.

Central Square, Hagerstown, Md.

THE above well-known and established Hotel has been re-opened and entirely renovated, by the undersigned, and now offers to the public every comfort and attraction found in the best hotels. THE TABLE is beautifully supplied with every delicacy the market will afford. THE SALOON contains the choicest liquors, and is constantly and skillfully attended. THE STABLE is thoroughly repaired, and careful Outlets always ready to accommodate customers.

JOHN FISHER, Proprietor.
Hagerstown, June 3—11.

NEW MACKEREL—New Shro Mackerel at Hagerstown, Kane & Co's.
September 11.

POETICAL.



CHILDHOOD.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis sad, but sweet, to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood loved so well;
To gaze out on the eve,
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel again our boyhood's wish,
To roam like angels there;
There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past,
And from the tomb of foiling
Old thoughts come thronging fast;
The forms we loved so dearly,
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens,
Who seem'd so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this!
Whose dark soft eyes seem'd swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright.

Like the brightest buds of summer
They have fallen from the stem;
Yet, oh! it is a lovely dream,
To fade from earth like them.
And yet the thought is saddening,
To muse on such as they,
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing swift away!

THE LIGHT AT HOME.
The light at home! how bright it beams
When evening shadows round us fall,
And from the lattice far it gleams,
To love, and rest, and comfort all
When wearied with the toils of day,
And strive for glory, gold or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
Where loving lips will lip our name,
Around the light at home!

When through the dark and stormy night
The wayward wanderer homeward flies,
How cheering is that twinkling light
Which through the forest gloom he spies!
It is the light of home. He feels
That loving hearts will greet him there,
And safely through his bosom steals
The joy and love that banish care
Around the light at home!
The light at home! how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door—
The weary laborer to greet—
When the rough toils of day are o'er!
Sad is the soul that does not know
The blessings that the beams impart—
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,
And lighten up the heaviest heart
Around the light at home.

MISCELLANY.

LOST AND FOUND

Thirty Years' Captivity Among the Indians
[From the Jackson, Michigan, Citizen, October 13.]
Thirty years ago, when Jackson was a little hamlet of two or three hundred persons, a young woman might have been seen, one sultry day in August, accompanied by a little boy five years old, wending her way toward a grove in the neighboring town of Blackman, for the purpose of engaging in the then common pastime of picking berries. The young woman, after toiling away for awhile, became annoyed with the ceaseless importunities of the child, and sent him home. She thought nothing more of the matter till, upon her return in the evening, she was surprised to find that the boy had not returned. In reply to the queries of the anxious parents, the girl related the circumstances narrated above, and added that she knew nothing of the whereabouts of the child. Day after day passed and still the missing member of that distracted family did not return, nor could any tidings of him be heard by his agonized parents. Finally, after every searching party who went out to find the missing one had returned and reported their mission fruitless, and after all hope of ever seeing their darling boy again had vanished from the minds of the afflicted parents, suspicion began to fasten upon the young woman, who was a servant in the family. She again asserted her innocence, and stated that she knew nothing of the missing boy from the time she had sent him homeward. In spite of her protestations, however, she was arrested for the murder of the boy, and incarcerated in the rude lock-up which had been erected by the early settlers. Here she was kept for a time till it became apparent that no evidence could be obtained, when she was discharged from custody, still asserting her innocence to the parents of the child, who longed for some tidings that would dispel the uncertainty which hung over them like a cloud. Their hopes, however, were doomed to disappointment, as nothing could be heard from the missing one, and he was finally numbered with the dead, and the parents giving up all hopes of ever hearing of their lost boy again.
Years passed, and the little hamlet became

a large and flourishing city. The solitude which formerly reigned on the bank of the grand river was broken by the mechanic and the artisan, and the air resounded with the busy hum of industry. Nearly all the old settlers had passed away, and another generation succeeded them. Among the many new comers was a son-in-law of the afflicted Mr. J. Z. Ballard, our fellow-townman, who was greatly surprised, a few days since, to learn that the boy who had long been numbered with the dead, had arrived in the southern part of the State and was making inquiries after his family. The boy had grown to be a stalwart man of thirty-five. His countenance had become bronzed by continuous exposure to the elements, and his sinewy frame hardened by repeated adventures in the Western wilds. He states that he had but a dim recollection of his former home, but vividly remembered the time when two stalwart forms with red visages crossed his path, snatched him up in their arms, and carried him off amidst his piteous cries for his loving mother. Since that time he has been constantly with the Indians, joined them in their hunting expeditions and followed their trail as they journeyed toward the setting sun. He learned to speak the language of the Pottowatomies—for that was the name of the tribe with whom the greater part of his life had been spent—and in answer to his repeated inquiries, his captors told him they had stolen him from Jackson county, and that his name was Willey. The Indians confounded the name with Filly, which is the real name of his father. Mr. Ballard went in quest of the missing one, and upon arriving at the place where he had been making inquiries, was told that he had gone away, but would return in a few days, when he will return to the home of his aged parents, to make glad the hearts of an afflicted father and mother.

STAND BY THE FLAG.

We know of no incident in the war more touching, and more consolatory than the following, which occurred at the battle of Petersburg, July 16th, 1864. It tells the story of the morals of our army:
In the Fifty-seventh Massachusetts, was a soldier named Edward E. Scheider. When the regiment was formed he was a student in the Phillips Academy, Andover. From motives of patriotism, against the wishes of his friends, he left the literature of the ancients and the history of the past, to become an actor of the present, and to do what he could for future good. His father is the well known missionary of the American Board at Anah, Turkey.

On the march, from Anapolis, though but seventeen years old, and unaccustomed to hardship, he kept his place in the ranks, from the encampment by the waters of the Chesapeake to the North Anna, where he was slightly wounded. The surgeon sent him to Port Royal for transportation to Washington, but, of his own accord he, returned to his regiment, joining in at Cold Harbor. While preparing for the charge upon the enemy's works, he said to the Chaplain:
"I intend to be one of the first to enter their breastworks."
The young soldier tried to make his words by leading the charge. He was almost there—not quite near enough to be covered with clouds of sulphurous smoke from the cannon, when he fell shot through the body. He was carried to this hospital, with six hundred and fifty of his division comrades; but lay all night with his wound unaddressed, waiting his turn without a murmur. The chaplain looked at the wound.
"What do you think of it?"
Seeing it was mortal, the chaplain was overcome with emotion. He remembered the last injunction of the young soldier's sister: "I commit him to your care."
The young hero interpreted the meaning of those tears—that there was no hope.
"Do not weep," said he, "it's God's will. I wish you would write to my father and tell him I tried to do my duty to my country and to God."
He disposed of his few effects, giving ten dollars to the Christian Commission, twenty dollars to the American Board, and trifles to his friends. Then in the simplicity of his heart, said:
"I have a good many friends, school-mates and companions. They will want to know where I am—how I am getting on. You can let them know that I am gone and that I die content. And chaplain, the boys in the regiment—I want you to tell them to stand by the dear old flag! And there is my brother in the navy—write to him and tell him to stand by the flag and the cross of Christ."
The surgeon examined the wound.
"It is my duty to tell you that you will soon go home," said he.
"Yes, doctor, I am going home. I am not afraid to die. I don't know how the valley will be when I get to it, but it is all bright now."
Then, gathering up his waning strength, he repeated the verse often sung by the soldiers, who, amid all the whirl and excitement of the camp, never forgot those whom they left behind them—father, mother, brother and sister. Calmly, clearly, distinctly he repeated the lines—the chorus of the song:
"Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my country fallen—
Who will care for sister now?"
The night wore away. Death stole on. He suffered intense pain, but not a murmur escaped his lips. Sabbath morning dawned, and with the coming of light he passed away.

Why is the inside of everything unattractive? Because we can't make it out.
Why are most pieces of villainy like a candle? Because they are brought to light.

Eloquent Appeal.

Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than is usually furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where's the liquor?"
"There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the double spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth.

"There!" he repeated with a look as terrible as the lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet; "there is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all his children.
"Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening orders and rank corruptions, does our Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure cold water; but in the green and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play—there God brews it; and down, down, in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing, and high up the mountain tops; where naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm cloud broods and the thunder storms crash; and away, far out on the wide, wide sea, where the wind howls music, and the big waves roar the choros, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it—that beverage of life—health giving water.

And everywhere it is a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dew drops, shining in the gem, till the trees all seem to turn to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon, sporting in the cataracts, dancing in the hail showers, fold its bright snow curtain softly about the world, and weaving the many colored iris, seraph's zone of the sky, whose roof is the subcanop of Heaven, all checked over with the celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction, still always it is beautiful—that blessed life water. No poison bubbles on its brink; its form brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass, pale widows and orphans, weep not burning tears in its depths, and no drunkard's ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair. Speak out, my friends, would you ever change it for the demon's drink—alcohol?
A shout, like the roar of the tempest answered "No!"

Conversion of Senator Wilson.

The religious conversion of Senator Wilson, which some have affirmed and others have denied, is announced by the Senator himself in the following remarks made by him at a revival meeting at Natick, Mass., last week. The recent converts being invited to speak, Senator Wilson was one of the first to rise, and he spoke in substance as follows:
"He told me over it to himself, to his friends about him, and to the cause of his Redeemer, to say a few words, though he did it with some reluctance. For more than thirty years he had attended the services of God on that spot, and listened to hundreds of sermons. He had been convinced of the truths thus set forth, and had no excuse to offer for so long delaying to give his personal attention to this subject. He had never shielded himself by infidelity, or defended his position by that poorest of all excuses—the faults of professing Christians. Whenever addressed personally on the subject, as he had often been by friends from various parts of the country, he had always felt himself guilty before God, and yet he had lived more than fifty years rejecting God.—He had seen the Christian die in the triumph, and had often stood by dying soldiers and longed to speak some word of Christian comfort and cheer in their ears, and he could not. He had stood by the graves of those he loved best, and thought how often those lips, now cold in death, had breathed his name to Heaven. He trusted that in answer to the prayers of a dear wife of those he had departed ones, and of other dear friends, he had now found abiding peace. He would not exchange the hope he had for any earthly honors. He had enjoyed more peace and assurance during the past week than in any other period of his life. He gave himself, all he had and all he hoped for, to his Lord and Master, and if anything had been kept back, he prayed that it might be revealed to him. The Senator was particularly glad to see so many young men coming forward in this good work, and called upon his neighbors and friends not to delay in making their peace with God. Scared and seamed as we all are by sin, or at any rate as he felt himself to be, he rejoiced that they were mercy and salvation at the foot of the cross."

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—A party of gentlemen digging in the mountains of Broek's Gap, Va., have discovered a bed of platinum, whose outcroppings are of a delicate bluish tint. The material has been ground up in a mortar, worked in oil and applied to wood, and is found to be a most capital paint. It is pronounced by painters who have seen it a very valuable article of paint. It mixes readily, even with fish oil, and dries well.—The bed seems to be an extensive one. The exploration has gone but a short distance below the surface.
The material seems to grow whiter as the work goes lower. There is plenty of yellow ochre on the surface near where this was discovered.

An old minister enforced the necessity of difference of opinion by argument. Now if everybody had been of my opinion they would all have wanted my old woman. One of the deacons, who sat just behind him, responded; "Yes, and if everybody was of my opinion, nobody would have her."

THE WORKER.

Murmur not, my fellow worker,
To thy sentence meekly bow;
'Twas not all in anger spoken
By the sweating of thy brow
Thou shalt earn thy daily morsel,
Mid the thistle and the thorn.
Joy comes not unto the idle,
Wretchedness from sloth is born;
All the wise are busy workers,
Work is the best cure for strife;
And our doing is but working
Upward to the perfect life

The Methodists and President Johnson.

The Illinois Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which met at Bloomington, on the 24th ult., adopted a report from the committee on the state of the country, containing the pointed arraignment of the President:
"While we disclaim any right in ministers to undertake the work of statesmen, or to decide in matters of public policy, yet as ministers we deem it our duty to ourselves, to God, and to humanity to utter our convictions, on moral and religious obligations, whether in private or public life, whether by individuals or by social and political organization. Whilst we reverence the office of Chief Magistrate, and feel it our duty to obey the President in the exercise of all legal authority, and to pray that he may be guided in the ways of all truth, and to approve what is commendable in him, yet we would be unworthy of our station did we not expose and denounce what we believe to be wrong.
"Since the assembling of the last Congress the President has awakened the deepest anxieties.
"He has refused to acquiesce in the will of the people as expressed by their legal representatives. He has committed a grave offense by unwarrantably censuring the American Congress.
"He has refused to execute the laws because they were not in accordance with his policy.
"He has insinuated the overthrow of the loyal Congress of the United States, and the substitution of his rebels and sympathizers in its place.
"He has refused protection to loyal men.
"He has approved the legislation which makes freedmen little better off than slaves.
"He is responsible, through his policy, for the massacre at New Orleans.
"He has removed thousands of loyal men appointed by the great and good Lincoln, and put in their places men whose hands were lately imbued in the blood of loyal men; and he is supported by the disloyal press and by disloyal leaders chagrined with late defeat. These convince us that if his policy prevail the wicked will rule, and the people will mourn.
"Following this arraignment are resolutions disapproving the course of the President, and strongly supporting Congress."

Equality.

The Sacramento Bee has the following just remarks upon different sorts of equality:
"There is an equality of natural rights.—Every man, who has not forfeited it by crime, has a right to life, liberty, property, and the pursuit of happiness. This leads to a second—legal equality, or equality before the law. That is, every man is entitled to a hearing in courts of justice, to establish or maintain his natural rights.
"Next in order come political rights, or privileges. Here, practically, there is no strict or exact equality. No government in the world is based upon an equality of political rights, privileges, responsibilities or duties. The privilege of a voice in the government, or a vote in the choice of lawmakers, or rulers of any sort, is nowhere equally distributed or bestowed. It is a matter of agreement, custom or law among those who have the power to enforce their will.—Some States have given the privilege of voting impartially to all native-born males over twenty-one years of age. Others, to all white males of that age, and to others on conditions. Some States have demanded educational or property qualifications. For foreigners, Congress has provided a uniform rule. But in no State in the Union is there perfect political equality. In some there is manhood suffrage, but in none, human suffrage.
"But the word equality is most abused when applied to social life. The nearest approach that can be made to social equality is to invite a man to your house and entertain him to the best of your ability. Do you, therefore, endorse him as your equal in any respect? Far from it. You may have him there for a hundred different reasons, none of which hint at any kind of equality.—He may be a stranger, whom hospitality compels you to receive. He may be a poor man; and you may wish to help him. He may be a garrulous opponent, whose mouth you wish to stop with pudding. Some may wish to fulfill the command, 'when thou makest a feast, call not thy rich neighbors, but the poor, lame, blind and halt.' Men are constantly meeting socially who are unequal as possible. Merchants are sociable to get customers; politicians to get votes; girls to get husbands; bachelors, wives. Neither poverty, nor riches, nor talents; nor the want of them, good breeding, nor bad manners; nothing in the world, can fix us on a standing and lasting equality. Least of all does the desire to see all men secured in their natural rights, lead, by any necessary, logical sequence, to so called social equality.
"It is so hilly in some parts of New Hampshire that the people look up the chimney to see when the cows come home.

A Lesson in the Woods.

Some sixty years ago their lived on the borders of civilization a man who had an aged, infirm and blind father. The old man frequently broke the crockery on which his food was served. His son's wife complained of it; and the son at last determined to take a block of wood and hew out a trough, or trough, on which to feed his father. Accordingly he took his ax and went to the forest, followed by his little son. He found a poplar that looked as if it would suit his purpose, and he began to cut out a block of the desired size. Having swung his axe a few moments he became weary, and his son said:
"Father, what are you going to make?"
The father replied:
"I am going to make a trough for your grandfather to eat out of."
"The little boy loved his grandfather very much, and supposed it all very kind, and said:
"I am so glad, won't it be nice? Father, when you get to be old and blind, I will make a trough for you."
The father conscience stricken, and fearing sorrow for himself, took up his ax, returned home, and ever-after seemed to treat his aged parent kindly.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

During the time President Johnson was in Pittsburg, a box was sent to him at the hotel where he was stopping. Just about the time the President was going to open it, the idea that it was an infernal machine was suggested, much to the alarm of the party. The President ordered Gen. Custar to examine the box. The illustrious general, in company with others of the party, took the box to the courtyard of the hotel, and turned a stream of water from the hydrant upon it, completely saturating the box and contents. The crowd then hastily secured such bomb-proofs as they could get up, and the box was thrown upon the ground and burst open. There was no explosion, but an examination of the box showed that it contained—a dead duck

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

The Norfolk (Va.) Old Dominion has the following: Southern ladies do not talk to anything like the same extent as in former years—What does it mean? Are we wrong in classing this phenomenon among the signs of the times? We believe it is the result of a mysterious solemnity that has in the last few years of trial and mighty events crept over the world: Levity is not as widespread—Men and women look more in earnest, and work harder; do more carrying out the end of their being. We may be wrong, but such are our convictions, in spite of the wickedness abroad in the land.
A great Philosopher says in one of his letters: "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they might look the bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little compass as I can, and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."
At the table of one of the New York hotels, lately, a rough-spun individual was annoyed by the voracity of his nearest neighbor, who monopolized all the good things he could reach. After witnessing his operations for some time the blunt customer tapped the gormandizer on the shoulder, and said—
"Look a here, old fellow, I wouldn't advise you to go to Ohio right away."
"Why not?"
"Because they've got the hog cholera out there!"
Railway Official.—You'd better not smoke, sir.
Traveler.—That's what my friends say.
Railway Official.—But you musn't smoke sir.
Traveler.—So my doctor tells me.
Railway Official.—(Indignant)—But you shan't smoke sir.
Traveler.—Ah! just what my wife says.
A Canadian paper makes the following appeal: "To those indebted to us we make our appeal for assistance. Job's turkey was a millionaire compared with our present depressed treasury. To-day, if the price of salt was two cents a barrel full, we could not buy enough to pickle a jay-bird."
"What are you doing there, June?"
"Why, pa I am going to dye my doll's dress red."
"But what have you got to dye it with?"
"Beer."
"Who on earth told you that beer would dye red?"
"Why, ma said it was beer that made your nose look so red and I thought—Here, nurse take this child."

A correspondent wishes to know how much the waste of time measures around.