

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper Independent upon all Subjects.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XX

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 16, 1886.

NUMBER 20

LATEST ARRIVAL OF

GROCERIES.

LIDY & DICKEI.

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, Teas—Young Hyscn
Sugar, Coffee, Imperial,
Molasses, Chocolate, Oolong,

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

TOBACCO.

H. B. Navy, Nat. Leaf, Fine Cut, and all the best "Con." Brands of Chewing and Smoking "Spuns, Tobaccos 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, Shoe Blacking, Water and Su. Crackers, Brushes, Oranges, Home, Wh' wash brushes, Lemons, Washboards, Raisins, Figs, Corn Brooms, Prunes, Hickory " Paints & Buckets, Almonds, Cream Nuts, Pea Nuts, Pepper, Tomato Catsup, Pepper Sauce, Bryon's Troches, Babbitt's Soap, Harrison's " Dobbin's Electric Soap, Castle Soap, Barlow's Indigo, Paper Collars, Robert's Embrocation, Hooper's Ink, Matches, Gun Caps, Machine Twist, Black Cotton Thread, Needles and Pins, Singer Machine Needles, Shoe Strings, Steel Pens, Pen Holders, Long Combs, Ladies' Dress Combs, Hair Oils, Nerve and Bone Liniment. And connected with the Grocery we have Flour and Feed which we will deliver at Mill prices. 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 & DICKEI. May 11—14.

NEW STORE.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

COON & STONEHOUSE

WOULD respectfully inform the public that they have now 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, Cane-makers Goods of every description, Queensware, Glassware, Shoes, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Pains, Glass, Oil, Varnish, Brushes, Fish, Salt, and all kind 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 flatter 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,

Satinets, Jeans, Tweeds, Cottonades, Gords, Denims, Stripes, Checks, Ginghams, Linin and Cotton Table Dapers, Crash for Towels, Calicoes, Delaines, Alpaccas,

FANCY DRESS GOODS,

Trimings, 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, Rags, &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 architect, 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 car for Outlets always ready to accommodate customers. JOHN FISHER, Proprietor. Hagerstown, June 2—14.

NEW MACKEREL.—New Shore Mackerel at Hovatt's, Reid & Co's.

September 14

POETICAL.



WHEN MY HAIR IS GRAY.

O, let me smooth this silken shred,
And listen what my heart must say;
'Tis only one, this silvery thread,
Of brown curls hurrying to grow gray.
Alas! with eyes of wistful truth,
I must recall some coming day.
The grace and glory of my youth;—
Who'll love me when my hair is gray?
Who'll love me when my hair is gray?
Who'll call me "Sweet" when I am old?
Will sunny children round me play,
With cherub cheeks and curls of gold?
Oh, may I then renew my spring,
In maiden grace, in manly form,
While to my cold lips come and cling
Sweet childish kisses, wild and warm?
May know the while my pulse grows less,
In bounteous life 'tis bounding on,
In younger veins to love and bliss,
And make life fair when I am gone?
Or, left the remnant of my race,
Shall I behold my sinking sun,
And, gazing toward the unknown lands,
'Thank God my day is almost done?—
Then while I pray with lifted hands,
And count betwixt my failing breath
The many now no longer mine
The friends that I have lost in death;
And, counting, sigh in soul to exile
Awhile, to seek the sunny coast,
Where I may find the love I've missed,
The joy I would have treasured most.
Who'll love me when my hair is gray?
Ah! well I know that there is one
Whose eyes will see me fair and gay
When faint and slow my life-sands run;
He'll see around my faded brows,
From whence the morning flowers are flung,
The nimbus of eternal youth,
And love as if I still were young.

SABBATH.

The busy noises of the week are stilled,
—An sacred quiet rests upon the earth,
The soul is calmed that with its woe was filled,
And joy divine displaces senseless mirth.
From hearts communing with the throne above,
Prayers, like freed souls, to holy Heaven rise,
And benedictions from a Father's love
Fall vlewlessly and softly from the skies.
The eye sees not the tainted things of earth,
Lit with the Hope His joyous promise gives;
But looks beyond to the celestial birth,
Where the world is dead, and only Heaven lives.

MISCELLANY.

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE

What a dark and loathsome place! No ray of hope pierces its dense gloom. The goodly minister must not, dare not, repeat over the polluted clay, as it enters the place of sepulcher, that touchingly beautiful passage in the burial service: "We commit the body of this, our departed brother, 'dust to dust and ashes to ashes,' in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection from the dead at the last day." Hope for the drunkard in death! Alas! there is none. Inspiration inscribed upon his death tablet, in letters of fire, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." Despair eternal sits enthroned upon the drunkard's grave, and an entrance of awful truthfulness, proclaims its undisputed right to hold the prisoner as his lawful prey until he shall awake to everlasting shame and contempt; to receive his final doom. Every cloud, as it falls upon the coffin lid, declares, with terrible significance, the hopelessness of the lost man.
While kindred shed their tears of anguish, and friends perform their last act of kindness, how terrible the thought that demons are holding a festival of merriment over another soul plunged by the maddening cup into perdition's fiery depths.
Imagine, if you can, all the drunkards who have from the first transgressions until now been brought by some invisible power into one place. How vast the multitude! How immense the mound of debased humanity.—What a commingling of the great and small, the wise and the ignorant, the civilized and the rude, the rich and the poor, the honorable and the ignoble! As you gaze upon this mountain pile, this commingling of nations, of divers sects, of all classes, you see written upon every brow, by the pen of an outraged divinity, "DIED WITHOUT HOPE."
It matters not how brave, or learned, or rich, or generous, or noble, or eloquent, or influential that a drunkard was in his day, the shroud of despair covers him.
The drunkard's grave is the very citadel of eternal hopelessness. What bolts and bars and chains are here! And all the more fearful because they were forged by the miserable victim as he went forth in his day, under the sunlight of heaven. It is of no consequence to him now when or where he lived—whether in a palace or wigwam—upon a throne or in exile—in luxury or in poverty—at home or in a foreign land; the result is essentially the same. His life was spent in digging a grave, which to him is his home of despair.
Strange that the living will not take warning, but they will not. How many in this very town, and all over the land, are every night engaged in forging the chains that will ultimately bind them in this grave of ruin. With many, the business for this terrible consummation is well nigh done. A few

Afraid of the Itch.

Pete Whetstone, of Arkansas, was once traveling on horse-back through the interior of the State, and called one evening to stay all night at a little log house near the road, where entertainment and post office were kept. Two other strangers were there, and the mail rider rode up just at dusk—Supper being over, the mail carrier and the three gentlemen were invited to a small room furnished with a good fire and two beds, which were to accommodate the four persons for the night. The mail carrier was a little shabby, dirty looking wretch, with whom none of the gentlemen liked the idea of sleeping. Pete Whetstone eyed him closely, as he said:
"Where do you sleep to night, my lad?"
"I'll sleep with you, I reckon," lisped the youth, "or one of them other fellers, I don't care which."
The other two gentlemen took the hint, and occupied one of the beds immediately, leaving one of the beds and the cot to be enjoyed by Pete and the mail boy together as best they could. Pete and the boy commenced hauling off their duds, and Pete getting into bed first, and wishing to get rid of the boy, remarked very earnestly:
"My friend, I'll tell you beforehand, I've got the itch, and you had better not get in here with me, for the disease is catching."
The boy, who was just getting into bed too, drawled out very coolly—
"Well, I reckon that don't make a bit of difference—I've had it now these threen years."—And into the bed he pitched, along with Pete, who pitched out in as great a hurry as if he had waked up a hornet's nest in the bed.
The other gentlemen roared, and the mail boy, who had got peaceable possession of the bed to himself, drawled out—
"Why, you must be a set of darned fools; man and dad's got the each a heap worse than I is, and they theep in that bed lath night when they wath here at the quilton."
The other two gentlemen were in a worse predicament than Pete had been, and bounced from their nest like the old house had been on fire, stripped, shook their clothes, put them on again, ordered their horses, and though it was nearly ten o'clock, they all three left and rode several miles to another town before they slept, leaving the imperturbable mail carrier to the bliss of scratching and sleeping alone.

Southern Loyalists at Lincoln's Tomb

The delegation of Southern loyalists, during their stay at Springfield, Ill., on Wednesday made a visit to Lincoln's tomb. A deputation to the Chicago Republican gives the following account of the occasion:
The procession was a very long one, and, like an immense funeral, slowly wound its way to the tomb of the martyr. Within the cemetery, a short distance from the entrance, and on the left of the road, was stretched a large placard, on which was inscribed the following words: "The murdered President—our political party prosper under God, the fruits of whose counsels ripened in this deed? Peace Democrats, this is your only contribution to the history of an age otherwise unparalleled in glory!"
A few yards further on the right was another with the words: "In Memoriam.—Let us this day realize that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that a government by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth!"
The cortege halted at the foot of the hill, upon which stands the shrine of every loyal American heart. Clustering around the summit and on the extended sides were thousands of people, all as silent as the grave. The sunlight shone through the crimson and scarlet foliage, lighting up the tomb with golden radiance. On the brow of the hill a brilliant group of women with busy fingers had woven wreaths of dying leaves and autumn flowers to decorate the last resting place of the loved President, and there they stood, with tearful eyes, awaiting the appearance of those who, like him, had suffered all but the last extremity, for their country, and who had come to pay tribute to his memory and weep at his shrine. The decorations were plain, like the character of the illustrious martyr, but touching and suggestive. Extending over the top of the tomb, and hanging gracefully over the door, were festoons of leaves, of oak and maple, brilliant with the varied colors of autumn, and large wreaths of flowers with crosses of immortelles and daffling hung over the door. On each side of the tomb were large rustic vases filled with beautiful flowers. Immediately over the door was inscribed the words: "Abraham Lincoln. Let his name be spoken but in reverence; for, although he is dead, his great deeds live after him, and the lowly shall not hope in vain."
The procession, with the flag at its head, marched slowly up the ascent and formed in double lines near the door, leaving a space in the center where, near the door of the tomb, stood Colonel C. T. Branscomb, of Missouri, and Rev. Dr. Newman, of New Orleans. A feeling of the deepest solemnity seemed to pervade the vast assemblage, and many eyes unused to weep were filled with tears, although no word had yet been spoken. Col. Branscomb then slowly read the following oath of consecration:
"Standing at the tomb of the illustrious dead, recalling his sublime words, his heroic virtue, his unswerving fidelity to the great trusts committed to him by the American people, we here make a new consecration of our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor to the service of our country, and, with uncovered heads and uplifted hands, solemnly resolve, with the help of Almighty God, that we will never surrender the contest with despotic power until the foul spirit of rebellion shall be utterly crushed, until the right of free speech shall be maintained on every inch of American soil, and all men are established in the full possession of the inalienable rights which God has given, and to secure and protect which is the object of all Governments."
At the words "with uncovered heads and uplifted hands," the Loyalists removed their hats and raised their right hands. The entire audience then kneeled, and Dr. Newman gave utterance to a deeply impressive prayer.
The audience then slowly arose and in silence dispersed.
The pilgrimage was ended. The burial of the illustrious dead could scarcely have been more solemn and affecting. The Southern Loyalists are now to disperse to new duties, and many of them to new dangers.

That Baby.

The editor of the Atica Ledger has got a brand new baby. Hear him:
We have so many kind friends asking about that baby, that we have thought it necessary to biograph the little chap briefly, and somewhat after the current style of the day.
It's a boy.
He's a buster.
Weighs nine pounds and a quarter and old women tell that he will grow heavier as his weight increases.
He's the first baby of which we have ever been proprietor, and of course is the ONLY baby in town.
The old women before mentioned declared him the "pretty image of his pa," but in justice to the youth we must say we think him an improvement on the original—a world of progress you know.
This young America is as old as could be expected, considering the time he was born, and will doubtless be too old for his father in a few years, if he has good luck.
He is quite reticent in politics, and only wants to be let alone.
We think he favors Mrs. Winslow's policy.
We haven't named him yet. We want to give him a distinguished cognomen, but the fame of our great men is so precarious that we don't like the risk.
It is perhaps unnecessary to say, as all biographers do of distinguished personages that "the subject of this sketch" was born at an early age, of poor but respectable parents.

NOT TO BE BEAT.

An exchange says that a New York and Massachusetts regiment were encamped together on the Rapidan, and that a wholesale rivalry existed between them. A revival suddenly broke out in the Massachusetts regiment, and twelve were baptized. The New York Colonel looked savage when he heard of it; and roared out: "Adjutant, have seventeen men detailed for baptism; I'll be hanged if that Massachusetts regiment shall beat us."
Twenty dollars a week are allowed by the Government to provide the table of Jefferson Davis, at Fortress Monroe, with articles that are not furnished in the regular rations of the garrison. This is the way in which the prisoner is "starved."

A SHARP WOMAN.

In Baltimore, a few days since, a well-dressed female entered a shoe store, and after trying on several pairs of shoes, selected three which she desired to be sent to her house by the shop boy, when she would make a final selection and return the two remaining pairs, with the pay for the third. The request was complied with, and the female left the store, followed by the boy. After proceeding a few squares she discovered she had left her basket at the store, and asking the boy to run back for it, kindly volunteered to hold the bundle until his return. The boy started back, but on reaching the store, found no basket, and on returning to the spot where he had left the female, found no female.
"There is one thing sure," said Mrs. Partridge, "the females of the present generation are a heap more independent than they used to be. Why, I saw a gal go to day, that I know belongs to the historical class of society, with her dress all tucked up to her knees, her hair all frizzled up like as if she hadn't time to comb it for a week, and one of her grandmother's old caps, in an awful crumpled condition, on her head. Why, laws, honey, when I was a gal, if any of the fellows come along when I had my clothes tucked up that way, and back kivered with an old white rag, I would run for dear life, and hide out of sight. Well, well, the gals then were innocent, unconflicated, critters; now they are what the French call blasés."

What are you sitting that child on.

"What are you sitting that child on that quarto-dictionary for?" said Mrs. D. as the parent arranged his little boy at the breakfast table. "I am," replied he, "fixing the basis of a sound English education."
"Yes," said she, "but you are beginning at the wrong end."

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There never was any party or faction in which the most ignorant were not the most violent.

The Gipsies.

Excepting the Jews, no people have ever shown such tenacity of race as the gipsies. A Hindoo tribe of the Aryan race originally, perhaps of nomadic and plundering habits in their provinces on the Indus, and forced out into Europe and Asia in the early part of the fifteenth century, they have encamped or settled in almost every country in Europe, without scarcely ever changing the pure current of their Hindoo blood. Whether in the mountain villages of Norway, or on the pastures of Hungary, or in rural England, or among the wild mountains of Spain; whether under the burning heat of Africa, or on the plateaus of Asia, in Egypt, Persia, or India, the Gipsy is substantially the same, with a similar physique, with the human language, or dialect different, and with the ineradicable habits of the plundering nomad in him. Sometimes enslaved, always scorned, the victim of legislation for more than three hundred years, driven from country to country, incessantly urged by the influences of civilization and by the ministers of religion—yet always, in all countries, the same—a vagrant, a jockey, a cheat, and a heathen and stranger to each people and country. The civilization, the science and the Christianity of modern times have done almost nothing for him.
A few exceptions to this general character of the race are found in Russia, where individual Gipsies have become wealthy; but in most countries they seldom engage in any mechanics or agriculture. The only mechanical branch in which they are ever proficient is the smith's; and in Persia they have become celebrated as workers in gold and silver. While other races become absorbed in the powerful races, or mingle in endless variety with the people in contact with them, or die out and pass away, this Indian tribe keeps itself unmingled and preserves its savage vitality.
Such a tenacity, both of race and barbarian habits, seems hardly characteristic of the Aryan family; and would remind one more of the peculiar traits of the Semites. In many countries they have been supposed to be Egyptians, and their names in English, French, Spanish and Hungarian points to this belief. Most other nations have given them a name in some way connected with that of a Hindoo robber tribe on the Indus, from which they are supposed to have descended—"Tschingana."

Love at First Sight.

A capital story is told of a young fellow who on one Sunday strolled into a village church, and during the service was electrified and gratified by the sparkling of a pair of eyes that were riveted upon his face. After the service he saw the possessor of the shining orbs leave the church alone, and emboldened by her glances he ventured to follow her, his heart aching with rapture. He saw her look behind, and fancied she evinced some emotion at recognizing him. He then quickened his pace, and she actually slackened hers, as if to let him come up with her—but we will permit the young gentleman to tell the rest in his own way:
"Noble young creature!" thought I, "her artless and warm heart is superior to the bonds of custom!"
I had reached within a stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted and turned her face toward me. My heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot where she stood; she began to speak, and I took off my hat as if doing reverence to an angel.
"Are you a pedler?"
"No, my dear girl, that is not my occupation."
"Well, I don't know," continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me very sternly, "I thought when I saw you in the meeting house that you looked like a pedler who passed off a pewter half-dollar on me three weeks ago, and so I determined to keep an eye on you." Brother John has got home now, and he says if he catches the fellow he'll wring his neck for him; and I ain't sure but you're the good-for-nothing rascal after all!"
A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—At a second class hotel in Frankfort Ky., a few days since, a little girl entered the bar-room, and in a pitiful tone told the bar-keeper that her mother sent her there to get eight cents.
"Eight cents!" said the bar-keeper.
"Yes sir."
"What does your mother want with eight cents? I don't owe her anything."
"Well," said the child, "father spends all his money here for rum, and we have no bread to day. Mother wants to buy a loaf of bread."
A loafer suggested to the bar-keeper to kick her out.
"No," said the bar-keeper. "I'll give her mother the money, and if her father comes back here again, I'll kick him out."
Lunanity owes that bar-keeper a vote of thanks.
"How rapidly they build houses now," said Cornelius to an old acquaintance, as he pointed to a two-story house; "they commenced that building only last week, and they are already putting in the lights."
"Yes," rejoined his friend, "and the next week they will put in the liver."
You are a coward, if afraid to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward, when you insult the weak. You are a coward, if afraid to do right, if you shrink from defending your opinion, from maintaining that which you know to be just and good; and you are especially a coward, if you know certain things of yourself and care not to own them to yourself.
The Grand Army of the Republic which has reached a membership in the West of upwards of five hundred thousand members, is being rapidly propagated in the East.
Many a young widow wears crape upon her person when her mind is all floures and furbelows.
Just So —A good deal of the consolation offered in the world is about as solacing as the assurance of the man to his wife when she fell into the river—"You'll dud ground at the bottom, my dear."
"I've found my match," as the devil said when he met the lawyer. And when he meets Andy Johnson, he'll be over matched.
"Tilly," said a mother to her daughter, who had seen but five summers, "what should you do without your mother?" "I should put on every day just such a dress as I wanted," was the prompt reply.
A gentleman presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and, in a jocular way, said: "Do not let any one else rump it."
"No, dear," said the lady, "I'll take it off."
When a gentleman stares at a lady, and she stares at him, they are apt to mount to the station of love by a pair of stares.
It is with health as with property; we rarely value it or know how best to use or to take care of it till it is gone.
There is a chap in Philadelphia who says he never minds the hot weather, so long as he is with his wife. She is such an intense scold.
Good men have the fewest fears. He has but one who fears to do wrong. He has a thousand who has overcome that one.
The lot of man is to labor. There cannot be any good gained, or any advantage kept, without a perpetual struggle and toil.
A contemporary says that if half the young ladies of his acquaintance were to wipe their faces in their handkerchiefs, it is more than likely their good looks would go to the wash-boards.
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