

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

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NUMBER 31

1866. FOR SUMMER, 1866.

Hostetter, Reid & Co.

WOULD respectfully announce to their customers and the public generally that they have just received a new and complete stock of goods in their line, purchased at the last decline, and which they offer at panic prices. Their stock of

GROCERIES,

Embracing in part

RIO COFFEE,

P. R. SUGAR,

SUGAR @ 10, 12,

WHITE SUGAR,

PULV. DO,

BEST SYRUPS,

PRIME BAK. MOLASSES,

MOLASSES @ 50 CENTS,

TEA—H., IMP., BLK,

SUGAR CURED HAMS,

CHEESE—MASON'S CRACKERS.

Queensware

and
Glassware

of the newest and most beautiful patterns, in sets and otherwise. Common ware, good assortment and prices reasonable.

SPICES, &c.—Ground Ginger, Pepper, Allspice, Cloves, Cinnamon, Cayenne Pepper, Mustard, &c. These are all pure and ground expressly for ourselves. B. Soda, Cr. Tartar, Raisins, Dried Currants, and other baking articles of best quality. Pepper Sauce, Tomato, Catsup, Pickles, Cider Vinegar.

WOODEN WARE.—Buckets, Tubs, Boxes &c. FISH.—Mackerel, all grades, Whisk, P. Herring.

VEGETABLES,

FRESH FISH, FRUITS, &c. Everything in this line in their proper season. We will order goods of this class for parties and deliver them at shortest notice. Country Produce bought and the highest market price paid. Terms positively Cash. N. B. Thankful for the liberal share of custom we have received, we trust by fair dealing, and earnest efforts to please and accommodate, to increase our trade still further. HOSSETTER, REID & CO. May 1st

NEW FALL

WINTER GOODS!

GEORGE STOVER

HAS RETURNED FROM PHILADELPHIA WITH A SUPPLY OF

DRY GOODS!

NOTIONS, QUEENSWARE

GROCERIES,

To which he invites the attention of his patrons and the public generally. October 21, 1866

POETICAL.



SUMMER IN THE HEART.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Let grim Winter blow his trumpet
On the mountains snowy steep;
Let the Ocean's savage anthem
On the trembling beaches sweep.
And the demons of the Northland
From their icy caverns leap!
We may laugh at all the terror,
Loving still the clouded clime;
Feeling that the clouds are only
For a very little time—
Stormy tumult, savage anthem,
In their awfulness sublime.
Having on the poor compassion,
Turning no one from the door,
Dropping nurture-jin their palms
That implore a little store,
Till the Winter-wail of Nature
Dies, in light, along the shore.
So we may take every revel
In the atoms that round us dart,
Full of God's great crowded glory
On the mountain, in the mart,
While in spite of roeless Winter,
SUMMER BLOOMS WITHIN THE HEART!

TO-MORROW.

We can't recall the vanished past,
Nor on the future reckon;
The light winged hours, flying fast
Us to embrace them beckon.
No more let folly cloud this eyes;
Life while 'tis called to-day;
What if you setting sun should rise
To want thy lifeless clay?
Life is not given; 'tis but lent;
And thousands yet would borrow,
For past, for present, time misspent,
A day of grace to-morrow.
Oh, day of hope!—oh day of fear!
Forbidden joy or sorrow;
That comest not, though ever near,
To-morrow! still to-morrow!

MISCELLANY.

Sent by Express.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Marian Harlan was alone in the world, her mother just buried. She was a beautiful, brown haired girl, with soft shy eyes, violet and rosy lips oozing pressed to a firmness far beyond her years. For after all she was scarcely seventeen and so Deacon Gray was telling her, as he sat by the fire spreading his huge hands over the tarty blaze and asked: "But what are you going to do to 'arn your bread and butter, child?" "I don't know—I haven't thought—mamma had an uncle in New York who—" "Yes, yes—I've heard tell about him—he was main 'cause your mother didn't marry just to suit him, wasn't he?" Marian was silent. Deacon Gray waited a few minutes, hoping she would admit him into her secret recollections; but she did not, and the Deacon went away home, to tell his wife "that Harlan gal was the very queerest creature he had ever come across." In the meanwhile Marian was busy packing her few scanty things into a little carpet bag, by the weird flickering light of the dying wood fire. "I will go to New York," she said to herself setting her small pretty teeth firmly together. "My mother's uncle shall hear my cause pleaded through my own lips. Oh, I wish my heart w. u'd not thro' so widely!—I am no longer meek Minnie Harlan; I am an orphan all alone in the world who must fight life's battles with my own single hands." Lower Broadway at seven o'clock, P. M. What a babel of crashing wheels, hurrying humanity, and conglomerate noise it was! Minnie Harlan sat in the corner of an express office under the glare of gas lights, surrounded by boxes, and wondering whether the people ever went crazed in this perpetual din and tumult. Her dress was very plain—gray poplin with a shabby old fashioned bonnet tied with black ribbons, and a blue veil, while her articles of baggage, in carpet bag, lay in her lap. She had sat there two hours, and was very, very tired. "Poor little thing," thought the dark haired young clerk nearest her, who inhabited a sort of wire cage under a circle of gas lights. And then he took up his pen and plunged into a perfect Atlantic Ocean of accounts: "Mr. Evans!" The dark haired clerk emerged from his cage with his pen behind his ear, in obedience to the beckoning finger of his superior. "I have no need that young woman sitting there for some time—how came she here?" "Expressed on, sir, from Millington, Iowa, arrived this afternoon." "As though Minnie Harlan were a box or paper parcel." "Who for?" "Consigned to Walter Harrington, Esq." "And why hasn't she been called for?" "I sent up to Mr. Harrington's address to notify him, some time ago; I expect an answer every moment." "Very odd," said the gray-haired gentleman, taking up his newspaper. "Yes, sir, rather." Some three quarters of an hour afterwards,

Frank Evans came to the pale girl's side with an indescribable pity in his hazel eyes. "Miss Harlan, we have sent to Mr. Harrington's residence—Minnie looked up with a feverish red upon her cheek, and her hands clasped tightly on the handle of a faded carpet bag. "And we regret to inform you that he sailed for Europe at twelve o'clock this day." A sudden blur came over Minnie's eyes—she trembled like a leaf. In all her calculations, she had made no allowance for any emergency like this. "Can we do anything further for you?" "Nothing—no one can do anything for me now." Frank Evans had been turning away, but something, in the piteous tone of her voice appealed to every manly instinct in him. "Shall I send you to any of your friends?" "I have no friends." "Perhaps I can have your things sent to some quiet family hotel?" Minnie opened her little leather purse and showed him two ten cent pieces, with a smile that was almost a tear. "This is all the money I have in the world sir." "So young, so beautiful, and so desolate!" Frank Evans had been a New Yorker all his life, but had never met with an exactly parallel case to this. He bit the end of his pen in dire perplexity. "But what are you going to do?" "I don't know, sir. Isn't there a work-house or some such place I could go to until I could find something to do?" "Hardly," Frank could scarcely help smiling at poor Minnie's similitude. "They are putting out the lights, and preparing to close the office," said Minnie, starting to her feet. "I must go somewhere." "Miss Harlan," said Frank, quietly, "my house is a very poor one—I am only a five hundred dollar clerk—but I am sure my mother will welcome you under her roof for a day or two, if you can trust me." "Trust me?" Minnie looked at him with violent eyes obscured in tears. "Oh, sir, I should be so thankful!" "How late you are Frank! Here, give me your overcoat—it is all powdered with snow, and—" But Frank interrupting his bustling, cherry-checked mother, as she stood on tip-toes to take off his outer wrappings. "Hush, mother! there is a young lady downstairs." "A young lady, Frank?" "Yes, mother, expressed on to old Harrington, the rich merchant, from Iowa. He sailed for Europe this morning and she is entirely alone. Mother, she looks like poor Blanche, and I knew you wouldn't refuse her a corner here until she could find something to do." Mrs. Evans went to the door and called cheerily out. "Come up stairs, my dear—you're welcome as flowers in May. Frank you did quite right, you always do." The days and weeks passed on, and still Minnie Harlan remained an inmate of Mrs. Evans' humble home. It seems just as tho' she had taken over dead Blanche's place 'tho' the cozy little widow, and she is so useful about the house. I don't know how I managed without her. "Now Minnie, you are not in earnest about leaving us to-morrow?" "I must dear Mrs. Evans. Only think—I have been here two months to-morrow; and the situation as governess is very advantageous." "Very well I shall tell Frank how obstinate you are." "Dearest Mrs. Evans, please don't. Please keep my secret." "What secret is it, that is to be so religiously kept?" asked Mr. Frank Evans, coolly walking into the midst of the discussion, with his dark hair tossed about by the wind, and his hazel eyes sparkling archly. "Secret?" repeated Mrs. Evans, energetically wiping her dim spectacle glasses. "Why Minnie is determined to leave us to-morrow." "Minnie!" "I must, Frank. I have no right further to trespass on your kindness." "No right, eh? Minnie do you know that the house has been a different house since you came into it? Do you suppose we want to lose our little sunbeam?" Minnie smiled sadly, but her hand felt very cold and passive in Frank's warm grasp. "You'll stay, Minnie?" "No, she shook her head determinedly. "You must be made stay," said Frank. "I've missed something of great value lately and I hereby arrest you on suspicion of the theft." "Missed something?" Minnie rose, and turned red and white. "Oh, Frank you can never suspect me?" "But I do suspect you. In fact, I am quite sure the article is in your possession." "The article?" "My heart, Miss Minnie! Now look here; I love you, Minnie Harlan, and I will be a good and true husband to you. Stay, be my wife." So Minnie Harlan, instead of going out as governess, according to the programme, married the dark-haired clerk in the Ellison's Express office. They were very quietly married, early in the morning, and Frank took Minnie to his mother's, and then went calmly about his business in the wire cage, under the circle of gas lights. "Frank," with his pen behind his ear as of yore quietly obeyed the bell of the gray-headed official. "Do you remember the young woman who was expressed on from Millington, Iowa, two months since?" "A tall, silver haired gentleman here interposed with eager quickness. "Where is she? I am her uncle, Walter Harrington. I have just returned from

Paris when the news of her arrival reached me. I want her; she is the only relative left me." "Ah! but, sir," said Frank, "you can't have her." "Can't have her? What do you mean? Has anything happened?" "Yes, sir, something has happened; Miss Harlan was married this morning." "Walter Harrington started. "Take me to her," he said hoarsely, "I can't be parted from my own relative for a mere whim." "I wonder if he calls the marriage services and wedding ring mere whims," thought honest Frank; but he obeyed in silence. "Minnie," said the old man, in faltering accents, "you will come to me and be the daughter of old age? I am rich, Minnie, and you are all I have in the world." But Minnie stole her hand through her husband's arm. "Dearest uncle, he was kind to me when I was most desolate and alone. I cannot leave my husband, uncle Walter—I love him." "Then you must both of you come and be my children," said the old man, doggedly. And you must come now, for the great house is lonely as a tomb." Frank Evans is no longer an express clerk, and pretty Minnie moves in velvet and diamonds; but they are quite as happy as they were in the old days, and that is saying enough. Uncle Walter Harrington grows older and feebler every day, and his two children are the sunshine of his declining life.

The Last Hours of Washington.

He died as he lived, and what a beautiful economy there was in his death! Not a faculty was impaired, not an error had marred the moral of his life. At sixty-six, not quite three score and ten, he was taken away while his example was perfect. He took cold, slighted the symptoms, saying, "Let it go as it came." In the morning of the 14th of December, 1799, he felt severe illness; calling his overseer, Mr. Rawlings, to bleed him. He was agitated, and Washington said to him, "Don't be afraid." When about to tie up his arm, he said with difficulty, "more." After all efforts had failed, he designated the paper he meant for his will, then turned to Tobias Lear and said, "I find I am going; my breath cannot continue long. I believed from the first it would be fatal. Do you arrange and record all my military letters and papers, arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr. Rawlings finish recording my other letters which he has begun." Between five and six o'clock he said to his physician, Dr. Craik, "I feel myself going; you had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly; I cannot last long." Shortly after, again he said, "Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go; I believed from my first attack I should not survive it; my breath cannot last long." About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak to Mr. Lear, and at last said, "I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than two days after I am dead." Lear says, "I bowed assent." He looked at me again and said, "Do you understand me?" I replied "yes, sir." "Is well," said he. And these were his last words. Just before he expired he felt his own pulse; his hand fell from his wrist, and George Washington was no more.

WOMEN IN THE BIBLE.

The Bible is the book of woman. It is the only book which has come down from the misty ages of antiquity that presents us with woman as the equal and meet for man. From Eve, the mother of all living, to Mary, the mother of Jesus, woman always occupies a conspicuous place in the grand drama of the world's history. Here she is seen as wife and mother, filling her mission with shrinking modesty and gentle firmness. Miriam and Deborah, shine forth in character at once original, unique, consistent and lenient. On a still lighter canvas and bright her colors are drawn the characters of the Marthas, Marys, and Lydians of the New Testament. Here they will remain forever. Not forward, not departing from her sphere, and unmodest, but unassuming. They shine, not like the sun, but with a radiance as mild and gentle as the light of the evening star.

WHERE THEY CAME FROM.

The cucumber came from the East Indies. Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia. The walnut and peach came from Persia. The horse chestnut is a native of Thibet. The chestnut came from Italy. The pear and apple are from Europe. The quince came from the Island of Crete. The pine is a native of America. The citron is a native of Greece. The nettle is a native of Europe. Horse-radish came from the South of Europe. Peas are supposed to be of Egyptian origin. Celery originated in Germany. The onion originated in Egypt. Parsley was first known in Sardinia. The radish is a native of China and Japan. The garden cross is from Egypt and the East. The mulberry originated in Persia.

Dr. Franklin recommends a young man in the choice of a wife, to select her from a bunch, giving as his reason that when there are many daughters, they improve each other and from emulation acquire more accomplishments; and know more, and do more, than a single child spoiled by paternal fondness. This is a motto to people blessed with large families.

Poor and true, better than rich and false.

The Home Press.

We clip the following from the Chicago Republican, and commend it to the consideration of every person: "What tells us so readily the standard of a town or city as the appearance of its paper? And its youth and age can as well be defined by the observing, by a glance at its newspaper, as though a personal observation had been made. The enterprise of its citizens are depicted by its advertisements—their liberality by the looks of the paper. Some papers show a good, solid, healthy foundation, plethoric purses, and a well-to-do appearance generally; others show a striving to contend with the grasping thousands around them, trying hard to wrench out an existence from the close-fisted community around them. An occasional meteoric display in its columns of telegraphic, or local, or editorial, show what it can do if it had the means, but cannot continue in the expensive work until support comes, which ought to be readily granted. A newspaper is like a Church; it wants fostering at the commencement, and for a few years, then, as a general thing it can walk alone, and reflect credit upon its location. Take your Home paper: it gives you more news of immediate interest than the New York or other distant papers; it talks for you when no other will speak in your favor; when other localities belie you, it stands up for your rights; you always have a champion in your home paper; and those who stand up for your rights, you must certainly be well sustained. Your interests are kindred and equal, and you must rise or fall together. Therefore, it is your interest to support your home paper, not grudgingly, but in a liberal spirit, as a pleasure, not as a disagreeable duty, but as an investment that will amply repay the expenditure.

Poor people and Poor Money.

In a sermon on the disadvantages of being poor, preached by Henry Ward Beecher last week occurred the following: "In all the troubles and mischiefs that arise from false weights and spurious currency it is usually the poor that suffer most. Here is a spurious quarter of a dollar. The merchant in whose hand it chances to be thoughtlessly of course, (for merchants are always honest) passes it to the trader, and he seeing that it does not look quite right, but not thinking it worth while to scrutinize it too closely, passes it to the grocer; and he glancing at it and not liking the looks of it, but not wishing to be over particular, and saying, 'I took it and must get rid of it,' passes it to the market-man; and he, saying, 'It might as well be kept traveling,' passes it, as he is journeying, to the conductor; and he, knowing that it is not good, but disliking to say anything to the man, says to himself, 'I will keep it and give it to somebody else; and pass it to the sewing-woman.' She is poor, and a person that is poor is always watched, and when she offers it, it is discovered to be spurious, and is refused; and she looks at it, and says, 'It is nearly my whole day's wages, but it is counterfeit, and of course I must not pass it; and she burns it up, and so is the only honest one among them all! Bad bills, spurious currency, almost always settle on the poor at last.

COULDN'T BEAR PROSPERITY.

There is a class of men of whom it is truthfully said, they cannot bear prosperity. When fortune is against them, they conduct themselves with correctness; but let the fickle dame smile upon them, and they rush into all sorts of folly and intemperance. Prosperity has ruined more people who, so long as they had to struggle with the world, were very excellent and exemplary members of society. There was a singular illustration of this in the police court the other day. A good-for-nothing looking wretch was brought up charged with drunkenness. It was a clear case. The testimony showed that he had been on a spree for a week. He was asked what he had to say for himself. "Well, yer honor," said he, "me and my old woman never did live easy together." "That's no excuse for getting drunk," said the court. "You're right, yer honor, and so it ain't. We used to fight like cats and dogs together." "Drinking only made it worse," put in the court. "That's true; she discouraged the life out of me, and kept me poor, until last week when—" "Well, what did she do last week?" "She died, yer honor." "And you have been drunk ever since!" "Yes, yer honor; I never could bear prosperity."

CHILDREN MAY TEACH US ONE BLESSING, ONE ENVIABLE ART—the art of being easily happy.

Kind nature has given to that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management, that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unsatisfied by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasure. He can carve out fecundity from a bit of hizz twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle.

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY.

The Richmond Examiner contains the following: "Aunt Nilly, a colored woman, formerly belonging to Capt. James M. Harris, residing near Rockfish Gap, in Nelson county, Va., died at the residence of that gentleman on the 7th inst., in the 136th year of her age. A colored woman, named Caroline James; died in Richmond on Tuesday, at the advanced age of 130 years. She was married but once and was the mother of thirty-five children. She was a slave until the evacuation of Richmond and was the property at that time of Mr. D. Benjamin Pilever.

Man's greatest virtue is charity.

LIFE IN A GERMAN VILLAGE.

As letter written from Germany, says:—Walk through the poor quarters of English or American villages, and the female population is crowded in dens of filth and wretchedness, passing the time in bawling with one another and screaming after their children. They are pale and diseased from the effects of poverty, and crime, and two-thirds of their offspring find an early grave. Here the health and blooming vitality of the poorer classes is wonderful; their children begin to work almost as soon as they can walk, and before that time they are no trouble to their parents as each town of any size has a "child's garden," where by paying two cents a peasant can have his child washed, fed, and kept in a comfortable manner all day. If he has ten children, as most poor men have, he can send them all away for a reduced price. When he and his wife and grown up children come home there are the little ones all clean, and not at all hungry. Now it seems to me such an institution ought to flourish at home.

AN EXCELLENT HINT.

The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly.—Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor. But money that is inherited, or that any way comes without a fair and just equivalent, is almost as certain to go as it came. The young man who begins by saving a few shillings, and thriftily increases his store—every coin being the representative of gold solid work, honestly manfully done—stands a better chance to spend the last half of his life in affluence and comfort than he who, in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculations or the devious means which abound in the foggy region lying between fair-dealing and actual fraud. Among the wisest and most thrifty men of wealth the current proverb is, "Money goes as money comes." Let the young make a note of this, and see that their money comes fairly that it may long abide with them.

THE SAILOR BOY'S FATHER.

A vessel was overtaken with a terrific hurricane in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. After every effort to weather the storm, the captain gave this intelligence: "The ship is on her beam ends! She will never right again! Death is certain!" "Not at all sir! not at all sir!" cried a little sailor boy. "God will save us yet!" "Why do you think so?" said the captain. Because, sir, at this moment they are praying, under the Bethel flag, in the city of Glasgow, for all sailors in distress, and we are among the number; and God will hear their prayers, now, see if he don't!" The Capt. exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "God grant that their prayers may be heard in our behalf, my little preacher!" At that moment a great wave struck the ship and righted her. A few days after, the noble ship rode safely into New York harbor.

WHAT IS MONEY?

Money is independence. Money is freedom. Money is leisure. Money is the gratification of taste, benevolence and public spirit. The man is a fool or an angel who does not try to make money. A clear conscience, good health and plenty of money, are among the essentials of a full, joyful existence. Still unfortunately, it too often happens that people who have an abundance of money are destitute of character. While it is desirable that men should have both notwithstanding all the advantages of money, it is better to have character.

KISSING A QUAKERESS.

The late Mr. Bush used to tell this story of a brother Quaker: As the coach was about starting before breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the land lady, a pretty Quakeress, who was near the fire, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss—"Friend," said she, "thou must not do it." "Oh, by heavens, I will!" replied the barrister. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, they may do it, but they must not make a practice of it."

A widow lately received a present of a Turkey. "Who sent it?" she asked of the Irish porter. "It was told not to tell," said he. "Ah, I can guess," said the lady.—"Buddy," said the porter, "that's just what I told Deacon Grant."

A sailor being asked how he liked his bride, replied, "Why, dy'ee see, I took her for to be only half of me, as the parson says, but I dash me if she isn't twice as much as I— I'm only a tar' but she's a tartar."

SPUNKY.—The girls of Northampton have been sending a la chloroform of tansy and wormwood. He says he don't care; he had rather smell them if a matrimony.

One is much less sensible of cold on a bright day than on a cloudy one; thus the sunshine of cheerfulness and hope lighten every trouble.

At a raffle in Columbia county, Pa., recently, a little boy drew a ton of coal and gave it to two poor old women.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it—he who does one should never remember it.

The way to escape a fall is to fear one's own weakness, and not go too fast.

Death is a black camel, that kneels before every man's door.

The Worm that never dies.—The reflection that you have cheated the Printer.

Now is the time to subscribe for the Village Record.

When an extravagant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you had rather lose.

Go to no man for his poverty.