

VILLAGE RECORD.



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THE LATEST ARRIVAL OF DRUGS, MEDICINES, FANCY GOODS, &c.

J. F. KURTZ

WISHES to inform the good citizens of Waynesboro, and vicinity, that he has just received from the East, a large and full assortment of fresh Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Points, Dye Stuffs Window Glass, Putty, Brushes, &c. &c., which he is prepared to sell as cheap as they can be had at any other house in the town; and which, in regard to quality, cannot be excelled. He has also on hand a large assortment of

TOILET ARTICLES

comprising in part the following articles, viz: Toilet-Waters, all kinds; Eau de Cologne, endless in variety; Extracts for the handkerchief; Fine English Pomades; Bandolines; Bear's Oil; Fine and Fancy Soaps; Tooth Brushes; Nail

CHILDREN.

A fine stock of Toys of all kinds, a large supply of China ware.

Patent Medicines.

He has Drake's Plantation Bitters, Hoffland's German do., Sand's Sarsaparilla, Bull's do.

Hitchcock's Cough Syrup, "Diarrhoea Cordial," Frey's Vermifuge, Vermifuge, "doz. kinds, Pills—Wright's, Judron's, Spaulding's, Ayer's, Braudt's; Morse's, McLane's, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Dr. Parham's do., Kerosee Oil, Lamps and Chimneys always on hand.

LATEST FASHIONS DEMAND J. W. BRADLEY'S celebrated Patent DUPLIX ELLIPTIC (OR DOUBLE SPRING) SKIRT.

THE wonderful flexibility and great comfort and pleasure to any lady wearing the Duplex Elliptic Skirt will be experienced particularly in all crowded Assemblies, Operas, Carriages, Railroad Cars, Church Pews, Arm Chairs, for Promenades and Horse Dress, as the Skirt can be folded, when in use to occupy a small place as easily and conveniently as a Silk or Muslin Dress, an invaluable quality in crinolines; not found in any single Spring Skirt.

A lady having enjoyed the Pleasure, Comfort and Great Convenience of wearing the Duplex Elliptic Skirt for a single day will never afterwards willingly dispense with their use. For Children, Misses and Young Ladies they are superior to all others.

They will not bend or break like the Single Spring, but will preserve their perfect and graceful shape when three or four ordinary Skirts will have been thrown aside as useless. The Hoop is covered with double and twisted thread, and the bottom rods are not only double springs, but twice (or double) covered, preventing them from wearing out when dragging down stops, stays, &c.

The Duplex Elliptic is a great favorite with all ladies and is universally recommended by the Fashion Magazines as the STANDARD SKIRT OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

To enjoy the following inestimable advantages in Crinolines, viz: superior quality, perfect manufacture, stylish shape and finish, flexibility, durability, comfort and economy, acquire for J. W. Bradley's Duplex Elliptic or Double Spring Skirt; and be sure you get the genuine article.

POETICAL.



GOD BLESS YOU.

How sweetly fall those simple words,
Upon the human heart,
When friends long-bound by strongest ties
Are doomed by fate to part.
You sadly press the hand of those,
Who thus in love careers you,
And soul responsive beats to soul,
In breathing out "God bless you."

"God bless you!" Ah! few weeks ago
I heard the mournful phrase,
When one whom I from childhood loved,
Went from my weary gaze;

Now blinding tears fall thick and fast,
I mourn my life-long treasure,
While echoes of the heart bring back
The farewell prayer "God bless you."

The mother sending forth her boy
To scenes untried and new,
Lips not a studied oratory speech,
Nor murmurs out "adieu,"

She trembling says between her sobs,
When'er misfortunes press you,
Come to thy mother—boy come back,
Then sadly sighs, "God bless you."

"God bless you!" more of love expresses,
Than volumes without number;
Reveal we thus our trust in Him,
Whose eyelids never slumber.

I ask in parting no long speech,
Drawled out in studied measure,
I only ask the dear old words,
So sweet—so sad—"God bless you."

GOOD NIGHT.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Good night! I have to say good night
To such a host of peerless things?
Good night unto that fragile hand
All gleefully with its weight of rings;
Good night to fond uplifted eyes,
Good night to chestnut braids of hair;
Good night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there.

The snowy hand detains me, then
I'll have to say good night again!
But there will come a time, my love,
When if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by the porch
With my adieu. Till then, good night!

You wish the time were now! And if
You do not blush to wish it so!
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago—
What both these snowy hands! ah, then,
I'll have to say good night again!

MISCELLANY.

FRIEND OF THE FRIENDLESS.

The State of Pennsylvania gave to General Jackson over fifty thousand majority for President. The whole Commonwealth seemed doomed to the perpetual sway of the school of politics thenceforth; and the young citizen of our State was a brave man who, in those days, for conscience's sake, refused to float with the current.

son to look after her rights—none of the local members of the bar daring to attack the prejudices of the day, or of going into a fight, for no fee or hope of reward, against one of the wealthiest and powerful families in the county, which claimed her—this bold young man, from a neighboring State, volunteered his services. When an interview was brought about between him and his new found client, he was utterly amazed to find her to be as white as he himself. He took hold of the case with all the energy of his ardent nature; and, after a desperate struggle with the ablest lawyers at that bar he succeeded in rescuing the poor girl from the clutches of slavery.

Several years thereafter, while going from his home at Gettysburg to the city of Baltimore, in his own private carriage, he stopped at a hotel on the route for dinner. The bar tender—a bright, intelligent looking young man, evidently a son of the landlord from the striking resemblance—drove the horse to the stable, and the young lawyer walked into the parlor. Soon afterwards a beautiful young woman came in and addressed him thus:

"Oh! sir, you are the man who saved me from a life of slavery and misery, can you not also save my poor husband from a similar fate?"

Upon inquiry, he learned that she who stood before him was the same in whose behalf he had labored at the court of that same county a few terms prior, thereto—as already narrated.

"Who is your husband? and what can I do for him?" he asked.

"He is the young man who took charge of your horse," she replied, "and his father the landlord, is now about selling him to a soil driver."

"Why, that young man is white?"
"Yes, sir, I believe he is; but he is a slave."

Just then an open buggy was driven in front of the house, and our friend recognized its occupants to be the landlord and a notorious slave-dealer from the city of Baltimore. Overhearing a remark which fell from the lips of the former, he discovered that the statement of the woman was true, and that no sale had yet taken place. He immediately called the bloated old publican aside, and asked him "What he was proposing to sell—doubtless a favorite horse?"

"No," said the brute, "I want to sell that boy."
"No, certainly not; he is your own son."
"Yes, I know he is my own son; but I have made up my mind to sell him. I sold two brothers of his and a sister, and I will sell him. I am going to the races next week, and must take with me five hundred dollars, and I have only one hundred and fifty, and will sell him for three hundred and fifty dollars; but I must have the full amount."

"Come, come now; I will give the one-half, and you give your son the other half, and we will manumit him."
"No! I must have the full sum."
"Very well, I will give you two hundred dollars, and you give him one hundred and fifty."

"Not a bit of it! If you want him I will sell him to you as soon as to the slave-dealer, for he has been a faithful boy, and I believe that if you get him you will set him free."
"I want him only for that purpose, and I am pleased to hear you speaking of him—He ought not to be separated from his wife. The money you get thus will do you no good. One week at the races, where you are sure to lose every dollar, will be poor consolation for inflicting life long misery on these two poor creatures. Come, I will give you three hundred dollars and you give him fifty."

"No, no, no! I have said it and I stick to it. I must have the whole amount. No gentleman (I) would think of going to the slave with less than five hundred dollars, and I must have the full amount."
"I will make you another offer. I will give you three hundred and twenty-five dollars, and you give twenty-five."

"No, I won't; and I am tired talking to you. That dealer is going to see another boy, and if he buys him he will not want mine."
"Now see here that man wants your son to sell South for the purpose of making money on him. I only want to set him free. I will give you so much as he offered you—three hundred and forty dollars."
"There now you bid the same sum, and I will put him at auction between; and I must knock him down to the highest bidder."

"No, if I buy him that man must not know that we are talking on that subject till all is arranged. You remain here till I send for the clerk of the court, and I will give all you ask."

The clerk was sent for; the papers made out; the money paid down; and the son of a Maryland father was made a freed man by the money of a Pennsylvania lawyer; and slavery, therefore, owed him a debt which she has now nearly paid by her decease; but which will not be fully cancelled until every vestige of the foul wrong is forever banished from the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Lincoln's Magnetism.

The following, showing the personal magnetism of the deceased President, is related: A distinguished South Carolina lady, the widow of a Northern scholar—prudent, aristocratic and conscious of the blood of all the Howards, and to whom Lincoln had been represented as a demon, half ape and half devil, the very devil himself—called upon him at Willard's Hotel, just before his inauguration. The President elect came into his parlor, accompanied by Senators Hale, Seward, and other prominent members of Congress. As she approached (she was nearly as tall as the President) she hissed in his ear "South Carolina." He turned and addressed her with great courtesy and gentlemanly politeness. After listening to him a few moments, astonished, she said to him: "Mr. Lincoln, you look, act, and speak like a humane, kind, and benevolent man." He replied: "Did you take me for a savage?" "Certainly I did," said she. Such was the impression his genial, benevolent nature made upon her that she said to him: "Mr. Lincoln, the best way for you to preserve peace is to go to Charleston and show the people what you are, and tell them you have no intention of injuring them." She went home, and entering a room, where assembled a party of secessionists from South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, exclaimed as she entered, "I have seen him! I have seen him!" "Who?" inquired they. That terrible monster, Lincoln, what is more, I am going to his first levee." The evening of the reception arrived, and, dressing herself in a black velvet dress, with two long white plumes in her hair, this tall daughter of South Carolina repaired to the White House. Being nearly six feet high, black hair, black eyes, a Calhoun or Calhoun face, (as her friends called it), in her velvet robes, with her long white plumes, she was a very striking and majestic figure. As she approached the President, he recognized her instantly.

"Here I am again," said she, "that South Carolinian." "I am glad to see you," said he, "and I assure you that the first object of my heart is to preserve peace and I wish every son and daughter of South Carolina were here, so that I might tell them so."

The Great Secret of Masonry.

An anecdote is related of a brother who is noted for his acts of charity, and who is withal a man of good presence and a great favorite among the ladies—so much so as to cause some jealousy on the part of his worthy spouse. One evening a bundle came to the house for him, and labelled "private." Of course this was sufficient for female curiosity, and she therefor indulged in an inspection. Horrors of horrors! Blankets, baby-linen, &c., greeted her astonished vision, and dreams of two families floated through her brain. The husband soon came in, and after tea, when the wife had discovered in his eye the treachery of his conduct—as she supposed, he took the bundle and went out, but not alone, for the jealous wife was on his track. The faithless husband little imagined that she, who supposed herself so fully wronged, was hovering after him.

He halted before a small tenement, which he entered. Here she paused to hold a council of war. What tactics to follow she was in doubt, but determined to storm the citadel she knocked, and hastily brushing past, the little child who answered the summons, she stood in an instant before her astonished husband, the embodiment of injured innocence. Her feelings were about to find expression, when the scene before her caused her to pause. A pale and careworn man shivering over the expiring embers of a scanty fire, a poor woman on a sick bed, a babe not old enough for christening, and two little girls singly stowed away on some straw in a corner, met her ferocious gaze. She read the story at a glance, and returned home with her husband, a better and a wiser woman, satisfied that she had discovered the great secret of Masonry.

EXPERIMENT IN A MILL.—An experiment was once tried in a large corn mill. For a number of years the owners worked the mill seven days in a week. The superintendent was then changed. The new owner ordered all the works to be stopped at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, and to start none of them till one o'clock on Monday morning, thus allowing a full Sabbath every week. And the same thing during the year, actually ground several thousand bushels more than had ever been ground in the mill in any single year! The men being permitted to cleanse themselves, put on their best apparel, rest from worldly business, go with their families to the house of God, and devote the Sabbath to its appropriate duties—were more healthy, moral, punctual, and diligent. They lost less in drinking, dissipation, and quarrels. They were more clear headed and cheerful, knew better how to do their work, and were more disposed to do it in the right way. It is an old motto and a true one—there is nothing gained by Sunday work.

An old farmer, in the Germantown Telegraph, says: The practice of coating the bark of fruit and ornamental trees with whitewash is one that cannot be too severely deprecated. The obstruction of the perspiratory vessels and orifices, whether effected by the application of whitewash or any other adhesive material, always is a fruitful source of disease, and in time proves fatal to the tree. When the bark becomes rough, or incrustated with moss, it should be cleaned by scraping and washing down thoroughly with a solution of potash or soda in water, affording smoothness to the surface without stripping the pores.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul, the philosopher, the saint and hero, the wise, the good, and the great man very often hid in the plebeian, which a proper education might have discovered, and brought to light.

A Noble Act.

A praiseworthy action of the day previous came into our possession yesterday morning which it gives us pleasure to record. A mere lad, probably a resident of the vicinity, in walking along the track of the Illinois Central, near Council Hill, on Friday morning discovered the end of a rail thrown out of the "chair" in such a manner as to form a Y at the point of the displacement. Scarcely he made the discovery, when he heard the morning train thundering along with almost lightning speed toward the terrible place. The little fellow fully realized the position, and with eager steps he ran toward the train, waving a tiny red handkerchief, which he luckily had in his pocket, as a warning of the danger ahead. The train was speeding swiftly on a down grade. Fortunately, the engineer saw the boy's signal, whistled his "down brake," and the precious voice of human freight was stopped, on the very verge it may have been of destruction.

Without alarming the passengers, the rail was replaced, the boy's name secured by the conductor, and the train moved on. It was not until the train had nearly reached the Dubuque station that their narrow escape from injuries and death, and the brave boy's act, was learned by the passengers. Then they would gladly give him a memento of their gratitude, but the conductor, declined to disclose his name, and they were left to feel the gratitude they would have expressed in pecuniary reward.

Undoubtedly, the conductor's motive for concealment was that he preferred his company should reward the noble lad, than that those whose lives and limbs he saved should doubt. "He will be rewarded, who can doubt? We shall watch diligently among our exchanges for his name, if we should otherwise fail to procure it. Such a boy's name is deserving of honorable mention."—Dubuque Times.

Editing a Paper.

Considering how many advisers of editors there are, it is strange there are so few good editors. Perhaps a careful investigation of the matter would show, however, that good editors are often spoiled by trying to follow too many advisers than by having too few. There is plenty of advice, which the receiver would do better to pocket than to practice. Most advisers, so far as our observations go, regard much writing and good editing as nearly synonymous. There is no greater mistake, and none more fatal in the successful editing of a general newspaper. Benjamin Franklin has the credit of saying that the best editor is scissors, by which he probably meant that the editor who recognizes the fact of there being in the world many good writers besides himself, and avails himself of the good things they have written, will make the most interesting and acceptable newspaper. Men who know most about making newspapers, do not estimate an editor's labors by the numbers of columns he writes, but by the general completeness and finish of his paper as a whole. The following paragraph, written by an Englishman of much experience, contains the gist of the whole matter.

A good editor or competent newspaper conductor, is like a general or a post—born, not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or it is never manifested. On the London daily papers, all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and writers of travels, have been tried, and nearly every one has failed. "I can," said the late editor of the London Times, "find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense." Nearly all successful editors are of this description. A good editor seldom writes much for his paper; he reads, judges, selects, dictates, alters and combines; and after doing all this well, he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper is another.

Responsibility.

Mr. Webster was once asked what was the most moving thought that ever crossed his mind. He bowed his head and reviewed the past. There came before him the first triumph at the bar; those immortal scenes on Bunker Hill; those battles of the giants, where he stood victor in the Senate; that prophetic vision of States discovered, discordant, beligerent—a land rent with civil feuds, and drenched with fraternal blood; that later and better vision of the gorgeous obsequy of the republic, with not a single strip erased or single star obscured, bearing for its motto, in characters of living light spread all over its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heaven, that sentiment dear to every American heart, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." All this passed before him, but a higher, vaster thought came up—and raising his head, he declared that the most profoundly moving thought that ever crossed his mind, was a sense of his responsibility to God.

What right has any person, endowed with an ordinary share of intellect, and blessed with a responsible share of good health, to despond? What is the cause of despondency? What is the meaning of it? The cause is a weak mind and the meaning is sin. Providence never intended that one of his creatures should be the victim of a desire to feel and look the gloom of a thunder cloud. Although we cannot expect our days and hours to be gilded by sunshine we must not, for mere momentary griefs, suppose that they are to be enshrouded in the mists of misery, or clouded by the opacity of sorrow and misfortune.

A young man out West was entrusted with the money to bring his father home a good family sewing machine. He carried off a neighbor's daughter to Chicago, married her and brought her home, declaring she was the best family sewing machine he could procure.

Spiced Vinegar.

Here is a New Orleans story told by one who saw the parties at the table. Last summer, while residing in New Orleans, a youth who stood five feet eleven and three quarters in his stockings, and who hailed from somewhere up the Wabash, was invited by a friend to dine at the same house where I was boarding. This was the Hoosier's first visit away from home, and he told his friend, who was in the produce business, and had purchased his cargo of corn, as they took their seats at the table, that he expected he would show him all the sights in town; as he wanted to let all the folks at home know about it. The servant brought a plate of soup, and observing a gentleman nearly opposite put considerable catsup in his dish, our Hoosier pointed to a bottle of pepper sauce, and asked his neighbor what it was.

"Spiced vinegar," was the reply. "Wall, 'doope yer' blige a feller by handin' it along." "Certainly," was the answer. The Hoosier took the bottle, and commenced dousing it into his soup, but as the sauce did not flow very freely, he took out the cork, at the same time observing to his friend:

"Kinder close folks yer stoppin' with, to put such a pligney little hole in that, to prevent a feller's taking much of the stuff. 'I s'pose it comes his, don't it?" During the time he poured nearly a wine-glass full into his soup, and taking his spoon, he dipped it in, full, together with several peppers, and put it into his mouth. The next instant he spiced the contents of his spoon across the table into a French gentleman's bosom, and bawled out:

"Water! water! Snakes and wild cats, give me some water! I'm all a-fire!" "By gar, sair," exclaimed the Frenchman, in a rage, jumping up from the table, "you have spiced my shirt; my vest, sair. Spoil everything, sair! By gar, I shall see about this, sair!"

In the meantime the Hoosier had seized a pitcher containing water, and took a tremendous draught. Setting down the pitcher, he eyed the Frenchman for a moment, and then yelled:

"Confound yer old shirt! 'Spice I was goin' to burn my inards for your yer shirt? yet mean cuss! Come down to the boat, and I'll give yer one of mine!" It was with much difficulty the Hoosier's friend could allay the Frenchman's rage, and set matters all right again. But ever after "spiced vinegar" was a by-word, and sufficient to set a whole table in a roar.

QUAKER WIT OUTWITTED.—A Quaker having lost a quarter of mutton by a lawyer's dog, repaired to the office of the latter, and said:

"I have come to ask a piece of thy advice. Suppose a dog carried off a leg of mutton from me, where do I look for pay; to the dog or his owner?" "Oh," said the man of the quill, "to the owner of the dog; he is responsible for any damage his dog does thee."

Said Broadbrim: "Thou owes me seventy-five cents." "Ah!" said the lawyer, "then my dog did the mischief? Well, here is the money."

The face of the Quaker expanded with a smile at his shrewdness in forestalling the opinion of the lawyer, and he was about making his exit from the office, when he was brought to a halt by the lawyer saying: "I have a small bill against you, my friend?" "Ah! for what?" said the Quaker.

"For advice in the dog case—two dollars," was the reply. This was a poser. It being strictly legal, and the lowest fee in the calendar for advice, there was no dodging, so the money was forked over, and with an elongated phiz, Shadblow departed, minus one dollar and a quarter, worse than when he came, and a wiser if not a better man.

Barnum once took on a fit of economy and in order to shorten his expenses, withdrew or shortened some of his advertisements. The consequence was an immediate decline in business. Changing his tactics, and renewing his advertisements, his receipts swelled as rapidly as they had depressed—which taught him that however dull the times, it was false economy to dispense with printer's ink; and he determined he would never again make so stupid a blunder in the way of retrenchment. We trust the experience of Barnum will not be lost upon our business men. Advertising is a subject upon which the great showman is eminently qualified to give an opinion.

CHANGE OF FOOD.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman suggests that it is important for cows in milk at this season of the year, that a frequent change of food be made. If one description of food is constantly used, the cows tire of it, but less greedily and soon show a reduction of produce. The novelty of change seems to whet the appetite and to stimulate the vitality of the whole system; and, of course, to promote the secretions.

A wealthy bachelor having had one or two lawsuits for breach of promise, now repaired to any young lady who wishes a few minutes' private conversation: "No, you don't, ma'am. It cuts me to the heart to be compelled to doubt the honorableness of your attentions, but that sort of thing is played out. My rule is imperative, and if you have any business with me, it must be transacted in the presence of two witnesses."

A celebrated writer says: "No woman can be a lady, who can sound or modify another. No matter how beautiful, how raised, or how cultivated she may be; she is, in reality, coarse; and the more vulgarly her nature manifests itself here. Uniformity, kind, courteous and polite treatment of all persons, is one mark of a true woman."

DR. T. D. FRENCH,

DR. D. A. STOFFEL,
DENTIST, GREENCASTLE, PA.
Teeth extracted without pain. Office in C. P. Penger's building, opposite Adams' Hotel, where he will attend to Dentistry with care and attention. Old Gold and Silver plates taken in part for new ones. Teeth inserted after a single visit to a full set, insured for one year.