

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

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VOLUME XXI.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 20, 1868.

NUMBER 87

FOR PURE DRUGS

AND

MEDICINES,

AND

PAINTS,

Go to Fourthman's

DRUG STORE.

Waynesboro, May 24, 1867.

J. BEAVER,

DEALER IN

Ladies, Misses, Children, Men and Boys

BOOTS & SHOES,

Hats, Caps, Trunks, etc.

THE METALIC SHOE SOLE.

Soaps, Lilly White, Hair Oil, Perfumery, Matches, Kerosene, &c. &c. Government Blankets, Also Gum Blankets. Many more articles needed and used by everybody.

Room on the north-east corner in the Diamond, WAYNESBORO.

Citizens and persons living in the Country will find a large and well selected stock of first class goods at as low figures as can be sold in the country.

Sept. 20 1867.

PAINTS FOR FARMERS and others.

The Grafton Mineral Paint Co., are now manufacturing the Best, Cheapest, and most Durable Paint in use: two coats will put on, mixed with pure Linseed Oil, will last 10 or 15 years—it is of a light brown or beautiful chocolate color, and can be changed to green, lead, stone, blue, olive or cream, to suit the consumer. It is valuable for Houses, Barns, Fences, Carriage and Car makers, Pails, and Woodenware, Agricultural Implements, Canal Boats, Vessels, and Ships' Bottoms, Canvas, Metal and Shingle Roofs, (it being Fire and Water proof), Floor Oil Cloths, (one Manufacturer having used 5000 bbls. the past year), and as a paint for any purpose is unsurpassed for body, durability, elasticity, and adhesiveness. Warranted in all cases as above. Send for a circular which gives full particulars.

Mineral Paint Address DANIEL BIDWELL, 254 Pearl St. N. Y.

For sale at the Hardware store of GEISER & RHINEHART, who are also agents for Bidwell's Carriage Grease.

Oct. 4—6m.

LUMBER WANTED.

THE subscribers will pay the highest cash price for lumber, to be delivered this season, and will also want a large lot for next season.

Sept. 6-1f.

GEISER, PRUE & CO.

THE largest assortment of CARPETS in town at the store of

ANDERSON, BENSLEY & Co.

PRIME N. O. Molasses at the store of

ANDERSON, BENSLEY & Co.

10 BALESS Seamless Grain Bags in store and for sale cheap by

WALKER, NEI & Co.

Hagerstown.

BIG RED HAT, Main Street, Chambersburg, Pa., is a sure sign that you are near the Cheap and Fashionable Hat Emporium of

DECHERT.

POETICAL.

ROCK OF LIBERTY.

Oh the firm old Rock, the wave-worn rock,
That braved the blast and the billow's shock,
It was born with Time on a barren shore,
And it laughed with scorn at the ocean's roar;
'Twas here that first the Pilgrim band,
Came weary up the foaming strand,
And the Tree they reared in the days gone by,
It lives, it lives, it lives and ne'er shall die.

Thou stern old Rock, in the ages past,
Thy brow was bleached by the warring blast,
But thy wintry toil with the wave's o'er,
And the billows best thy base no more;
Yet countless as thy sands old Rock,
Are the hardy sons of the Pilgrim stock,
And the Tree they reared in the days gone by,
It lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die.

Thou rest old Rock on the sea-beat shore,
Thy sides are lull'd by the breaker's roar,
'Twas here that first their hymns were heard,
O'er the startled cry of the ocean bird;
'Twas here they lived, 'twas here they died,
Their forms repose on the green-hill side,
But the Tree they reared in the days gone by,
It lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die.

MISCELLANY.

[Written for the Village Record.]

EVYLIN; OR, "THE TRUE HEART OF WOMAN"

BY S. T. Y.

"Evylin, has your love really decreased? or does my erring fancy teach me to fear that you have repented of our engagement?"

"Clinton, I am indeed surprised, and quite sorry to hear you address me thus: certainly my love has not at all decreased; and I have never had cause to regret my engagement to you. What can have caused you to thus doubt me?"

"Have I not always proved true to you? and have not my actions always proclaimed my undying love in accents not to be mistaken by anybody?"

"Of course I will willingly pardon you, after promising never to do so again; it is more than likely that I said or did something, unintentionally, which gave you some ground for suspicion; and that as it may, I heartily forgive you; and will not think of your error again." "Thank you, darling Evylin, I will never doubt your truth again; and, as in the past, I will ever love you with all my heart; and endeavor to prove myself worthy of such a noble lady. I do not doubt it, Clinton, and my love shall be constant as the changeless Sun who journeys daily through the skies without ever tiring; I have placed all confidence in you, and nothing shall serve to change my true love; or steal my love from you."

"You are a noble lady and will never forget your promises; but I must be going; Adieu, my darling, I will be with you anon." "Good bye Clinton dear, I hope to see you soon," and Clinton hurried to the room.

Clinton Edwards was a tall well-formed young man of twenty-two, with dark hair and eyes, and fine personal appearance. He was the son of parents who were in limited circumstances, yet they were respectable, and Clinton possessed many good traits, which were the means of gathering around him many friends. Evylin Sanford was the only daughter of Thomas Sanford, a wealthy merchant in New York city. She was nineteen years old, with black eyes, and corresponding hair which fell in beautiful tresses on her snowy neck. Evylin possessed a slender, graceful form, was pretty and accomplished, and was loved by all who knew her. "Marie," began Mr. Sanford addressing his wife, as the two sat in their parlor engaged in conversation, "what do you think of the impertinent Clinton Edwards asking our daughter's hand in marriage?" "I am quite indignant at his proposition," answered Mrs. Sanford, "and he shall never marry her if I can prevent it." "You are right, Marie, and I will uphold you in your opposition to such an unequal, and— I may say, disgraceful match. He! a poor clerk, trying to persuade into marriage our daughter, who is far too good for him!" he shall never have her," added Thomas Sanford in apparent anger. "But Thomas, are you not aware that Evylin is in love with him, and will insist upon marrying him notwithstanding our reasonable opposition? 'I don't think she cares much for him, and I am satisfied that if I once speak to her on the subject, she will soon forget her foolish love for him; and seek a husband among her equals.' 'I am afraid you will find her sterner than you expect; I overheard a short conversation between them a day or two ago which serves to confirm that their love is not so shallow as might be supposed; however, do what you can and I hope you may succeed in breaking the match,' added Mrs. Sanford in apparent satisfaction. "By Heaven! he shall not come in the house again," replied Mr. Sanford, in excitement, "and if he ever speaks to her again to my knowledge, it may not be so well for him," added Thomas Sanford in anger. "Be calm, dear, do not let your passion overcome you—but here comes Evylin now, and you might as well speak to her on the subject," exclaimed Mrs. Sanford

as she took her departure from the room.

"Evylin, are you engaged to Clinton Edwards?" asked Mr. Sanford angrily as she entered the room; Evylin was quite overcome by the sharp tenor of her father's question, and she stood for a moment not knowing how to answer. "Yes father," answered Evylin at length, "I am engaged to him, and I do not mean to marry any other but him." "Ungrateful, perverse child that you are, thus to disregard the wishes of your parents are you not ashamed of your conduct?" "Father, I have always been ruled and controlled by you in every transaction; but marriage is a matter which cannot be properly decided by any other than the parties concerned; upon my choice depends my future happiness or misery, and I do not consider the opposition of prejudiced parents a sufficient reason why two loving hearts should be separated; I have promised to remain true to him, and nothing could induce me to be false to one who so well merits my love as he; besides, no one living could fill his place in my heart, and if I am not permitted to marry him, no one else shall ever have the pleasure of calling me wife." "It is but an insignificant creature, devoid of the means which could only entitle him to the name of gentleman," "Father, it is true that Clinton is poor, but that is by no means a reason why he should be disregarded; and, although he is without means, I consider him as much of a gentleman as any rich man is; and further, so far from considering him inferior to me, I consider him equal if not superior." "Evylin, have done with your impertinence; you shall never wed Clinton Edwards, and from henceforth I forbid you keeping his company, and should I ever find you conversing with him again, you shall both suffer the penalty of your disobedience; there now, ungrateful daughter, remember what I have said; 'tis no use to speak to you however," and Thomas Sanford walked out of the room in anger.

Evylin left to reflect upon her misfortune, sank into a chair and wept bitterly, sobbing as if her gentle heart would break under weight of grief. She had realized there but a short time when the door bell rung, and a young lady was ushered into Evylin's presence. "How do you do, Evylin?" asked Evylin somewhat composed as the visitor entered. "I am quite well Evylin; but what are you? you have been crying, have you not?" "Be seated, Emily, and when I return I will tell you what troubles me," answered Evylin as she left the room. Emily Rivers a lovely girl of nineteen, with dark flowing hair, black eyes, and a graceful form, was the daughter of George Rivers, who lived elegantly in the metropolis, not far from the home of Evylin. The two families were quite intimate, and Evylin and Emily were particular friends and confidants; indeed, nothing of the least importance occurred in the career of the one, but the other was acquainted with all the circumstances connected therewith; consequently, of course Emily was perfectly acquainted with Evylin's matters of love. "What would you do under the circumstances?" asked Evylin of her friend after she had told her what had occurred. "I would remain true to him by all means," answered Emily emphatically. "I will do so, Emily, and I will marry him though it be at the peril of my life; I do not believe in parents making matches which concern the happiness, or woe of others, besides they have no other reason to reject him, except that he is not rich, which I think is by far not a sufficient reason why we who love so fondly should be severed. I do not hesitate to say that Clinton is a noble gentleman, and he will marry me, or, being prevented I will never marry." Evylin, you are decidedly right, and you speak like a true-hearted woman would. I join with you in commending Clinton, for I know him to be a most excellent young man, and no one could be more worthy of such a noble lady as you; and, remember Evylin, I am your friend in this matter the same as ever before; and, although I lose the good will of your parents and other friends who oppose the movement, that is no reason why I should prove false to you; therefore remember that in no way have a constant friend whom you never need fear to trust." "I do not doubt it, Emily, and I know you too well to ever distrust you; I love you as a dear friend, and I would not hesitate to disclose to you the most important secret of my heart. But you are not going?" asked Evylin, as Emily arose to depart. "Yes Evylin, I promised to be home until half past eight, and 'tis nearly that now," added Emily glancing at her watch. "Good bye, Evylin, and success in your amours." "Good bye, and my thanks," replied Evylin as Emily emerged into the street and walked gaily toward her home several squares distant. Evylin sat down to think a few moments but was soon roused by a ring of the door bell, and guessing that it was Clinton she hurried to the door and opening it she found her lover waiting for admittance. "Oh Clinton!" exclaimed Evylin in great fear, "my father has forbidden me to speak to you, and I must—unwillingly—for the safety of us both, entreat you to hurry away ere he find us together, and the tears flowed down her rosy cheeks.

Clinton clasped her to his heart and kissed her fondly, and in the ecstasy of their loving embrace, the fond lovers for a moment forgot their danger. "Clinton, we must not remain here," exclaimed Evylin at length, "Come, I will go with you to the arbor, under whose friendly covering we may remain together unobserved a short time; and the persistent lovers noisily adjourned to the pleasant arbor to spend a few happy moments in loving converse whilst the "pale queen of night" looked smilingly down upon their innocent love.

The two lovers unseen by any earthly eye, remained there about fifteen minutes and so passing sweet was this period to them both that they could hardly realize that they had been there so long. "Clinton, much as I would have you stay, I must entreat you for

our safety to depart, for, if my father finds us here the consequence will be such as we may regret for time to come." "Yes, dearest Evylin, I had not intended to remain here so long, and I will now quickly retire and await a happy opportunity of seeing you again; and darling there will be a time when we shall meet to part no more on earth, and then opposing parents will not forbid our mutual love, nor mar the little happiness which we find on earth." "Heaven grant it, say, and Clinton, do not forget— I will be true to you although I die; but we forget ourselves, we must away," and Clinton pressed a kiss upon her lips and took his departure leaving Evylin watching his exit until he disappeared around a corner and was lost to her admiring gaze. "Thus," soliloquized Evylin as she returned slowly toward the house, "I hasten his departure whom I would have remain with me; and urge from my presence that which produces my greatest happiness: Oh! there's not a pleasure here but is mingled with sorrow—there's nothing sweet but is alloyed with bitterness," and Evylin having retired to her own chamber, sat down to think over her misfortune, after which, in all the beauty of pure religion she knelt down and uttered a prayer of tender sweetness,—such as innocent maidens are wont to breathe upon the heavenly atmosphere like sweetest incense, and commending her lover to the vigilance of the Blessed Virgin, she was soon lost in fair dreamland.

"You are my prisoner sir," exclaimed a stout policeman, as he tapped Clinton Edwards on the shoulder, on Broadway, a few days after his last meeting with Evylin in her father's yard. "Ah! very well then," answered Clinton coolly, "I do not know that I have done anything wrong, however, at your service," and the two walked away as peacefully as could be expected in that crowded city. A robbery had been committed in Philadelphia, and Clinton, so nearly answering the description of one of the guilty party, he was thus arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the crime. Clinton soon after his arrest dropped Evylin a note, explaining to her his unpleasant situation, assuring her that he would soon be freed from the unjust suspicion which rested on him, and his character vindicated. What now would Evylin think of her lover in whom she reposed so much confidence? Would she be so easily led to distrust him? It is true that he had been out of employment for several weeks; and that he had been in Philadelphia, a few days since, but did these facts afford her sufficient reason to doubt him now and believe him guilty? Would her innocent confiding woman's heart so readily be led to distrust him? We shall see. "I am happy to see you," exclaimed Emily Rivers as Evylin entered the apartment where she was setting all alone. "I thank you, Emily," answered Evylin as she brushed away a starting tear, "I have only sad news to tell you; it seems that everything is averse to me of late." "I sympathize with you as a true friend; but what has now occurred to mar your happiness?" "Clinton has been arrested on suspicion of being implicated in a robbery which was effected in Philadelphia a few days ago." "Is it possible! but you are certain that you were not misinformed?" asked Emily in surprise. "Here is a note in his own autograph which I received only a few moments before I left home," answered Evylin, handing her the note. "But you do not think he is guilty, do you?" asked Emily after reading the note. "I might distrust the constant sun, and fear she'd once forget to rise, but Clinton has the confidence of a true heart which grim reality itself could scarcely obliterate, so far am I from being led by mere suspicions; you speak like a true woman, and I love you the more for your unwavering confidence; do not fear Evylin, a few days will serve to rid you of Clinton of all suspicion which now rests upon him and prove his innocence to the most suspecting." "I do not doubt it in the least; but I must be going added Evylin as she looked at her watch; and kindly taking leave of her friend, she was on her way home. Thomas Sanford still cherished his prejudice against Clinton, and did not permit him to speak to Evylin, but often when he little dreamed of it the two would be in conference together whenever kind fortune afforded them an opportunity. As Emily had predicted, Clinton was soon freed by impartial justice from the suspicion which had rested on him and his good character fully vindicated. Time rolled on and finally Evylin determined to leave her fortunes, friends, and home with all the comforts of the same and unite herself "hand and heart," to the person of her choice—to share alike his joys and griefs—and embrace her destiny at the hands of fortune in the holy state of matrimony. Clinton had accepted a situation in Chicago as first class book-keeper in which capacity he was to realize a large salary; and Evylin had fully settled upon her plans respecting their intended marriage—the sum and substance of which was that if her parents did not relinquish their opposition, and consent to their union, their marriage would take place at such time and place as would afford them no possibility of preventing it.

"They had concluded to defer the marriage only two months, during which period Clinton intended to fill his new situation in the counting room of an extensive mercantile house in the city named. Two months being past, Clinton was to return, and the marriage was to take place, whether with or without the consent of the parents. Having thus decided, Clinton bade his Evylin farewell and entered upon his new duties. Of course he was not allowed to write to Evylin and therefore his letters were always sent to Emily Rivers who was acquainted with the whole drift. "Marie, do you think Evylin has forgotten her love for Clinton Edwards?" asked Thomas Sanford of his wife, a few days after Clinton's departure. "Indeed

Mr. Sanford, I think that so far from having forgotten her love, she is as earnest and constant in her devotion to him as ever; and I do not think that she will ever marry if she does not marry him." "I understand that he has arisen to an honorable situation in Chicago; some persons speak very well of him, but he is quite lowly in his birth, and I do not consider him an equal to Evylin. I will not consent to their union under any circumstance." "I have no doubt that he is quite a noble young man, and I fear that Evylin will never be satisfied if she does not marry him; however, that is no reason why her marriage should be dishonorable. I leave the matter in your hands, dispose of it as you think best, and of course I will find no fault: Whenever you think him good enough for her, I will not oppose their marriage."

"My mind will have to change considerably before I will consent to it," replied Thomas Sanford as the two left the room.

Two months had passed, and according to the project Clinton had returned to New York for his intended bride. The devoted couple were both anxious to obtain the consent of their parents, and therefore had Clinton concluded to speak to Mr. Sanford once more on the subject, and if refused, the loving couple were ready to take their flight at the first opportunity. Mr. Sanford had noticed Evylin's constancy, and notwithstanding his bitter opposition to the proposed marriage, he could not but admire her devotion, and the careful observer would readily suppose that the strong commendation in which his friends often spoke to him of Clinton, had conquered his prejudice, at least to some extent. "Mr. Sanford," began Clinton Edwards bowing politely as he entered into the presence of the former, "a few means asked by one so proud as I, is by no means of minor importance, and in this fact my second visit is justified. With all the respect due to a gentleman of your high standing, I request at your pleasure, the hand of your daughter in marriage; assuring you that if this most proper and natural request is refused, our marriage will take place when you are not present to prevent it." Conquered by the courage and determination of the ardent lover, Mr. Sanford's prejudice was at once blasted and turned to admiration, and taking Clinton kindly by the hand he assured him that he would no longer oppose the proposed union.

It only remains to be said that a happy marriage was solemnized at the house of Thomas Sanford soon after the latter interview, and never were two greater friends than were Thomas Sanford and his dutiful son-in-law.

Anecdote of Sherman.

When General Sherman was at Atlanta, preparing for his famous "march to the sea," an order was promulgated directing all civilians to leave Atlanta (North and South) within twelve days. The day of its issue a gentleman entered Sherman's office, and inquired very promptly, "I am General Sherman." The colloquy was very nearly as follows:

Citizen—General, I am a Northern man, from the State of Connecticut, have been living at Atlanta for nearly seven years; have accumulated considerable property here, and as I see that you have ordered all citizens to leave within twelve days, I came to see if you would make an exception in my case. I fear, if I leave, my property will be destroyed.

Gen. Sherman—What kind of property do you own, sir? Perhaps I will make an exception in your case, sir.

Citizen—I own a block of stores, three dwellings, a plantation two miles out of town and a foundry.

Gen. Sherman—Foundry, eh! what have you been doing with your foundry?

Citizen—Have been making castings.

Gen. Sherman—What kind of castings? Shot and shell, and all that kind of thing?

Citizen—Yes, sir, I have made some shot and shell.

Gen. Sherman—You have been making shot and shell to destroy your country, have you? And you still claim favor on account of being a Northern man! Yes, sir, I will make an exception in your case; you shall go South to-morrow morning at sunrise. Adjutant, see that this order is carried out. Orderly show this man the door.

Citizen—But, General, can't I go North?

Gen. Sherman—No, sir. Too many of your class there already, sir.

Sayings of Josh Billings.

Honesty makes reputation, and honor preserves it.

The only way to make mankind happy is to make them better.

If fools would be content to act natural they would not be noticed.

I like them kind of boys who are always trying to lift half a ton.

A mankind don't want much excuse for pitching into the unfortunate.

Looking-glasses won't lie, but they tell some awful plain truths now and then.

How many people there are in this world whose characters are anonymous.

No man is fit to live in solitude unless he is as pure as the things which surround him.

Let the world understand that you can be spit upon, and you are a spit-box for life.

A dog is the only dependent that I know of upon whom you can always rely as a true friend.

Friendship is like pickled meats, to keep it sweet, the brine wants to be changed once in a while.

My ideal of a delightful woman is, one who seems to love everybody, but in fact only loves her husband.

If you are going to help a man, be lively about it, promised assistance after a while is considered a debt.

Adam probably was never more tickled than when he discovered Eve, which shows how unattractive solitude is.

Don't ever predict much, for if you get it right nobody will forget it.

There is no one so certain of always feeling good as he whose vanity always supplies his gutter with grit.

The Wife.—It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart. The absence of content, the muttering of spleen, the untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth—these and other nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair.—Oh! may woman, before the sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that useful time awake and keep alive the promises she so kindly gave.

And though she may be the injured, not the injuring one; the forgotten, not the forgetful wife, a happy allusion to the peaceful home, a kindly welcome to a comfortable hearth, a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that was ever locked in the breast of self-hating man; will soften to her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years in matchless bliss, loved, loving and content—the rooter of the sorrowing, the source of conf. at and the spring of joy.

A funny case came before a Justice in Milwaukee the other day. A young woman who had accepted the attentions and civilities of a young gentleman for some time, at length was married to somebody else, whereupon the deceived individual sued for a bill \$204.25, the amount he paid in her behalf in taking her to concerts, operas, picnics, rides and ice cream saloons. As an offset he credited her with sundry kisses valued at \$16.67, and unreturned photographs and a ring, making in all a total of \$237.75. He recovered the bill, the Judge allowed the plaintiff the kisses at his own valuation.

An English lawyer has forsaken the gown and bar, to invent and perfect a flying machine. He proposes to convey passengers through the air by a steam bird, or flying steam engine, fitted with wings flapped by the action of steam. A patent has been taken out for this contrivance, but the machine is not yet ready to be put in operation.

"You look," said an Irishman to a pale, haggard smoker, "as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back."

No Business.

First of all, a choice of business should be made, and made early, with a wise reference to capacity and taste. Then the youth should be educated for it, and as much as possible in it, and when this is done it should be pursued with an industry, energy, and enthusiasm which will warrant success. A man or woman with no business, nothing to do, is an absolute pest to society. They are thieves, stealing that which is not theirs; beggars, eating that which they have not earned; drones, wasting the fruits of others industry, leeches, sucking the blood of others evil doers, setting an example of idleness and dishonest living, hypocrites, shining in stolen and false colors, vampires, eating out the life of the community. Frown upon them, O youth! Learn in your heart to despise their course of life.

Many of our most interesting youth waste a great portion of their early life in fruitless endeavors at nothing. They have no trade, no profession, no object before them, nothing to do, and yet have a great desire to do something worthy of themselves. They try this and that and the other, offer themselves to do anything and everything, and yet know how to do nothing. Educate themselves they can not, for they know not what they should do for. They waste their time, energies, and little earnings in endless changes and wanderings. They have not the stimulus of a fixed object to fasten their attention and awaken their energies, not a known prize to win. They wish for good things, but have no way to attain them; desire to be useful, but little means for being so. They lay plans, invent schemes, form theories, build castles, but never stop to execute and realize them. Poor creatures! All that ails them is the want of an object—a single object.

They look at a hundred, and see nothing. If they should look steadily at one, they would see it distinctly. They grasp at random for a hundred things, and catch nothing. It is like shooting among a scattered flock of pigeons; the chances are doubtful.—This will never do—no, never. Success, respectability, and happiness are found in a permanent business. An early choice of some business, devotion to it, and preparation for it should be made by every youth.—Rev. G. S. Wagner.

The ladies have, for the past eighteen centuries, enjoyed special privileges during leap-year. In an ancient Saxon law, it is enacted: "Albeit, as often as leap year doth occur, the woman holdeth prerogative over the man in matter of courtship, love and matrimony; so that when the lady proposeth it shall not be lawful for man to say to her nay, but shall receive her proposal in all good courtship."

A man who had purchased a pair of new shoes, finding the road to be a rather rough one, decided on putting his shoes under his arm, and walking home barefoot. After a while he stamped his great toe, taking the nail off as clean as a whistle.

"How lucky!" he exclaimed—"what a tremendous kick that would have been for the shoes."