

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

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VOLUME XXI.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 5, 1868.

NUMBER 51

FOR PURE

DRUGS

AND

MEDICINES,

OILS

AND

PAINTS,

&c. &c.

Go to Fourthman's

DRUG STORE.

Waynesboro, May 24, 1867.

NEW SPRING
AND

SUMMER GOODS,

AT THE FIRM OF

STOVER & WOLFF

(SUCCESSORS TO GEO. STOVER.)

DRY GOODS,

CARPETS,

NOTIONS,

QUEENSWARE,

GROCERIES,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

CUTLERY,

CEDERWARE,

OIL CLOTHS,

&c. &c.

To which we invite the attention of all who want to buy cheap goods.
May 1, 1868. STOVER & WOLFF.

NEW MILLINERY GOODS!

MRS. C. L. HOLLINBERGER HAS just returned from Philadelphia and is now opening out the largest and most varied assortment of SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY GOODS she has ever brought to Waynesboro. The ladies are invited to call and examine her goods. Residence on Church Street, East Side. April 10-11.

JOSEPH DOUGLAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Real Estate and Insurance Agent,
Office in Walker's Building,
Waynesboro, Penna.

May 8-11.

"NORTHERN ECLIPSE."

THE beautiful Horse can be seen at Harper's Hotel in Waynesboro, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of every other week. Farmers and others interested in fine stock would do well to call and see him. DR. W. A. RIDDLEMOSE, May 8-8.

POETICAL.



THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a lone from wisdom's voice,
If the querulous heart would make it—
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falloff,
The grass is green, the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasures;
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to Heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to God's will bow with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate minute threads
Of our curious life asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends
And sit, and grieve, and wonder!

THE TWO WORKERS.

Two workers in one field
Toiled on from day to day,
Both had the same hard labor,
Both had the same small pay,
With the same blue sky above,
The same green grass below,
One soul was full of love,
The other full of woe.

One leapt up with the light,
With the soaring of a lark;
One felt it ever night,
For his soul was ever dark.
One heart was hard as stone,
One heart was ever gay,
One worked with many a groan,
One whistled all the day.

One had a flower-clad cot
Beside a merry mill,
Wife and children near the spot,
Made it sweeter, fairer still;
One a wretched hovel had,
Full of discord, dirt and din,
No wonder he seemed sad,
Wife and children starved within.

Still they worked in the same field,
Toiled on from day to day,
Both had the same hard labor,
Both had the same small pay,
But they worked not with one will,
The reason let me tell—
Lo! the one drank at the still,
And the other at the well.

MISCELLANY.

What is true Religion?

There is a great deal of what is called religion in the world. How shall we be able to distinguish the true from the false? The simple fact that people claim they have religion is no proof that they are "accepted of God." More than mere pretensions are necessary to make this claim valid at the gates of the eternal city. We read in Matt. 7: 21, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." Again, "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have we cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? and thou wilt profess unto them I NEVER KNEW YOU; DEPART FROM ME, ye that work iniquity." Reader, examine your own heart; test the evidences upon which your religion rests, and see if they will be valid at the heavenly door. Mere professors of Christ's religion are not the ones that will be admitted to heaven; but he that doeth the will of my father which is in heaven. The evidence of true religion is not found in outside things so much as in the heart. However many good deeds you may have done, they will not avail in procuring heaven for you UNLESS YOUR HEART IS RIGHT. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widow in their afflictions, AND to keep himself unspeckled from the world. "By their fruits ye shall know them." True faith is always accompanied by good works, but remember, good works are not the passport to heaven; they are merely the evidence that you have the passport. A man can do what are called good deeds without having true faith in the Son of God; but no one ever had TRUE FAITH without also being fruitful in good deeds. Works are the evidence of true faith to others; but it you want evidence of your own faith, whether it be true or not, you must look for it in your heart, and not in your good deeds. You may have a name to live, and yet be dead. Oh, satisfy yourself now, and for all time and all eternity, whether your religion (not that of your denomination) is TRUE OR FALSE. BE HONEST for you cannot deceive heaven's gate-keeper.

A Pity to have an Empty Seat.

A few weeks ago a gentleman was obliged to go to a distant depot, at an hour when there was no conveyance thither. So, although very weary, and not strong, he was obliged to set out on a walk of two or three miles. After he had gone a little way, he was overtaken by a little boy in a carriage. The fine horse was at once reined in, and his owner said, with a smile, "I presume, sir, you are going but a short way; but this little fellow insisted on my taking you to ride with us. I told him I had no doubt you were going to the next station; but he said 'The gentleman is a stranger father; it is very easy to ask him. It always seems to me such a pity to ride with an empty seat.'"

Now, that ride which cost the gentleman neither money, time, nor trouble was a real blessing to a weary minister of Christ; and he told him so when he thanked him and the dear boy who prompted the kind civility. "It is a way he has, and always had, sir," replied the father. "From his cradle, he could never enjoy what he could not share with others. If he has any new gift or pleasure, his first thought is for those less favored. It is a way he got from his mother."

It was truly a beautiful "way" that boy had; and it should be a warning to all boys, and boy's mothers too, who hear of him. Remember this you who have horses at your control to use as conveniences or pleasure: "It is a pity to have an empty seat." Remember it, mothers, when training your boys for lives of usefulness. The little things of to-day will grow into great things in years to come. The boy who is selfish with his toys and his comforts will be so with his money and his sympathies when a man; for the heart grows harder rather than softer by the flight of time.

A carriage is not the only place where it is a pity to have an empty seat. It is a pity to have one in the church or Sunday School; and there would be a less number so, if all the boys had the spirit of the little fellow of whom we have written. Say, with him, "It is easy to ask!" and then go among the boys you know, and urge them to fill an empty seat. You can do more in this way than your minister or your teacher can. Let every seat in the house of God and in Sunday School have a voice for you that shall send you out in the highways and hedges to compel less favored children to come in; and in so doing, you yourselves will receive a blessing. The noble boy who insisted on offering a ride to a stranger, thereby made a new friend who will never forget him, and who may return the kindness a hundred fold, in ways he little dreams of now; and better than this he pleased God, who commands us to be careful to entertain strangers, and reminds us that many in doing so have entertained angels unawares.—Exchange.

The Secret of Long Life.

One of the most sensible sayings on the art of longevity, so far as it can be considered attainable, was that given by an Italian in his 116th year. Being asked the secret of his living so long, he replied, with that improvisation for which his countrymen are so noted:

"When hungry, of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain."

A writer observes that the last line contains the quintessence of the best advice that can be given on the subject. The deadliest foe to longevity is excitement. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but which may be husbanded or expended rapidly, as he deems best. Within certain limits he has his choice to live fast or slow, to live extensively or intensively, to draw his little amount of life over a large space, or to condense it into a narrow one; but when his stock at length becomes exhausted he has no more. He who lives extensively, who avoids all stimulants, takes light exercise, never overtakes himself, indulges in no exhaustive passions, feeds his mind and heart on no exciting material, has no debilitating pleasures, lets nothing ruffle his temper, keeps his accounts with God and man daily squared up, is sure, barring accidents, to spin out his life to the longest limit which it is possible to attain; while he who lives intensively—who leads on highly-sensitized food, whether material or mental, fatigues his body or brain by hard labor, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, seeks continual excitement, gives loose reins to his passions, frets at every trouble, and enjoys little repose—is burning the candle at both ends, and is sure to shorten his days.

Horace Greeley says, in his "Recollections": "The woods are my special department. Whenever I can save a Saturday for my farm, I try to give a good part of it to my patch of forest. The axe is the healthiest instrument that a man ever handled, and is essentially so for habitual writers and other sedentary workers, whose shoulders it throws back, expanding their chests and opening their lungs. If every youth and man, from fifteen to fifty years old, could wield an axe two hours per day, dyspepsia would vanish from the earth, and rheumatism become decidedly scarce. I am a poor chopper, yet the axe is my doctor and delight. Its use gives the mind just occupation enough to prevent its falling into reverie or absorbing trains of thought, while every muscle in the body receives sufficient yet not exhausting exercise. I wish all our boys would learn to love the axe!"

Thackeray used to tell of an Irish woman begging alms from him, who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out, "May the blessing of God follow you all your life!" but when he only pulled out his snuff box, immediately added: "and never overtake you."

A Connubial Comedy.

In a well-known boarding house in Cleveland, there resided, among other boarders, a gentleman and his wife, who had been united in the bonds of matrimony something over a year. Of course, when the silken knot was first tied, he was all her own; each smile that mantled his many faces was for her alone; she, of all the world, was the sole recipient of his many fond endearments, and each tender word, as it fell from his lips, was for her only; but lately the wife has noticed that other ladies of the house were receiving attention from her liege lord, and with every act of kindness toward another member of the pettiolat brigade as down-right infidelity, and a violation of his solemn promise to "love, honor and cherish" her.

She watched him closely, but failed to discover any marked infidelity, and day by day she let the harrowing thought that he was false to her prey upon her mind. At last, unable to bear the burden alone, she confided her suspicions to a lady friend, and they together concocted a scheme to try the virtue of the supposed recreant husband. An arrangement was made by which he was to be informed that a lady whom he knew would be glad to meet him privately in one of the rooms of the house, and there in the secret recesses of the private department they might revel in the joys of love, tormented not with the presence of any one save their own souls. This plan was settled upon, that the wife should, however, act the part of the lady, and receive her husband's caresses unknown to him.

The joke was too good, however, to keep; the lady who was to assist in carrying out the arrangements was compelled of course to confide the secret, and so informed her husband, and he, very innocently of course, informed the proposed victim, and measures were at once taken to not only thwart, but punish the suspecting wife. The night arrived for the trial, she entered, solitary and alone, the private room and seated herself, waited patiently for the time to come which should prove beyond the shadow of a doubt the perfidy of her husband. At last the knob was heard to turn easily, the door to open and she was clasped in the arms of her recreant one; kisses in torrents were showered upon her lips, and words of soft endearment poured into her listening ear. Suddenly the door opened; and there, with light in hand, stood the husband surrounded by numerous friends, while the wife was found in the arms of a gentleman well known to both parties. The poor wife was dumb-founded, tears flowed freely, and amid protestations of innocence and a full confession of the plot, the husband and wife retired, the latter avowing that she never would again suspect or be jealous of her husband.

Mr. Colfax, just nominated by the Republicans as a candidate for Vice President, is in the prime and vigor of manhood, being now in his forty-sixth year, having been born in the City of New York, March 23, 1823. He received a good common school education, and afterwards added to his store of knowledge in the "poor boys' college," the printing office. He removed to South Bend, Indiana, in 1855, and at an early age became foreman and assistant editor, and finally editor of the village paper, the Register, in which we believe, he is still interested.

His first appearance prominently in politics was as a delegate in 1845 to the Whig National Convention, of which he was elected one of the Secretaries, as he was also of that of 1852. He was elected to the Thirty-fourth Congress from the Tenth District of Indiana, and has been re-elected to every subsequent Congress. He has been Speaker of the House of Representatives since the organization of the Thirty-eighth Congress, and has filled that important post with such dignity and impartiality as to win the encomiums of every one, without distinction of party.

In a single province of Ceylon over three thousand five hundred elephants were killed in three years by the natives for the sake of a few shillings bounty per head. Many thousands are annually destroyed in India and Africa for the sake of the ivory, the demand for which is so great that to supply the manufactures of Sheffield alone requires the slaughter of over twenty thousand elephants every year. The elephant is not prolific, its rate of increase being less than that of any other known animal, and even less than that of man.

The race cannot, therefore, hold out very much longer against such wholesale destruction, and it is by no means improbable that the child is now born who may live to see the last elephant.

LIQUOR DRINKING.—The amount of liquor consumed by the American people annually is almost fabulous. The commissioners appointed to revise the revenue system of the country, estimate that from 42,000,000 to 45,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits are consumed each year. In addition to this, about 180,000,000 gallons of fermented liquors, and about 10,000,000 of imported liquors are also drunk. The amount of revenue derived by the Government from the liquor trade amounts to nearly \$48,000. The retail cost of these liquors, as paid by the consumers is estimated to be no less than \$5,000,000, an annual amount sufficient to pay the whole of our national debt in a little more than five years.

The last sensation is the accidental discovery of a whisky spring, near Nodaway, Missouri. The liquid flows from between two rocks, and looks like highly colored brandy, but it tastes and smells like pure whisky, and has the same intoxicating effect. The man on whose farm it has been discovered expects to realize a fortune by the well.

The Velled Vocalist—A London Street Romance.

Some years ago a mysterious paragraph went the rounds of the press to the effect that a young and beautiful woman made her appearance every night at ten o'clock, in one of the West End squares, and after a superb vocal display she disappeared, no one knew where or how, exactly as the clock struck 11. The *Sunday Times* professed to give special and exclusive particulars of this anonymous nightingale, as she was termed, and even went so far as to hint broadly that she was a celebrated vocalist married to a penniless lord, who took this novel mode of enlarging an insufficient income. Of course this piece of family history proved to be an invention. I had the good fortune to hear her on one occasion in Buckley Square. Seeing a large crowd waiting in an expectant attitude just where a fashionable hotel is located, I inquired the cause, and was told that the mysterious vocalist, the nightingale, was about to show herself. As the clock struck ten, a lady dressed in deep mourning, having the upper part of her face concealed by a thick black veil, glided forward and took her place in the centre of a space purposely kept clear for her. I decided from noticing the beautiful formation of the mouth and chin, and the finely rounded, fair throat, that she must be both young and more than commonly attractive. She was accompanied by a little boy, also in deep mourning, who carried an open reticule. Without delay, the nightingale commenced a ballad and sang with such surpassing taste and feeling as to hold the miscellaneous crowd in mute and rapt attention. The song was followed by several favorite scenes from popular operas, all exhibiting the talent and culture of an accomplished artist. A collection was made; few gave coppers, all who could afford it gave silver. The little boy sent in his bag to the hotel, the balcony of which was crowded with visitors, and was returned apparently heavy with precious coin. The sum total must have been considerable, and this I was informed was the usual reward of the hour's work. When the clock struck 11, the unknown stopped her song, made a slight courtesy, and threaded her way quickly through the crowd. Her real history, I afterward learned, was a pitiful one. She was the daughter of a celebrated teacher of music and had been educated for the stage; she married against the will of her parents, a clerk in a post-office, who being detected in the then unpardonable sin of forging a note, was tried, convicted and hanged. With three little helpless infants and no means of earning a sufficient income, the bereaved young wife adopted the plan of making her fine voice and scientific attainments furnish the means of subsistence. The close is more hopeful. Her beauty, misfortune and accomplishments attracted the attention of a clergyman in one of the eastern counties. He married her and she disappeared forever from public view.

Frightful Death.

About half-past five o'clock Sunday evening an accident of a most frightful character occurred at Gazzam's Hill, in the eighth ward, at Pittsburg, which resulted in the death of a young girl under singularly sad and painful circumstances. It seems that Miss Maggie McGinniss, aged about 18, who resided with her parents in the locality mentioned, was sitting at the brink of a precipice overlooking a number of iron mills, in company with two other girls, both of whom were several years younger than herself. The hill at this point rises to an altitude of nearly 200 feet, and for fully half the distance to the bottom it is almost perpendicular; then a narrow table or shelf intervenes, passing over which the descent is again perpendicular to the railroad track below. While Miss McGinniss was chatting gaily with her companions, she was suddenly seized with epilepsy, and in her first struggles fell over the precipice. A few feet from the summit her clothing caught on a projecting rock, and for a moment the unfortunate girl hung suspended between heaven and earth. It was only a minute, however, for her little companions had scarcely uttered their first piercing screams for assistance, when the clothing became detached from the rock and the body made its fearful, fatal descent. Full one hundred feet did it fall, striking as it went rocks and bushes, leaving here and there fragments of clothing and tresses of hair, until it reached, with a crash, the shelf or table mentioned, whence with a bound the now lifeless, mangled corpse was precipitated to the side of the railroad track at the bottom of the hill.

Among those who whine and snarl about the expense of keeping an army in a time of profound peace, none are more clamorous, or grow more pathetic over the imperative duty of the Government to retrench public expenditures than the rebels of Maryland—yet their Legislature recently appropriated \$300,000 to defray the expenses of uniforming and equipping the rebel militia. Besides this, they have appropriated for Southern relief, to be disbursed through certain women's societies, \$25,000 in addition to the \$100,000 appropriated last year, and, also, \$5,000 to bury the rebel soldiers at Antietam. No Conservative paper in that State has complained of this as extravagant or unnecessary. But had the appropriation been made for the benefit of Union people, dead or living what a howl they would have set up.

An American, now in England, writes home: "If you want to see poverty, travel through the large towns of England, and you will find such degradation and destitution as will make the blood curdle in your veins. It is safe to say that there are hundreds of thousands of people in England who will not taste meat of any kind once a week during the coming season."

At a social recently, a noted wag found himself, in the course of the evening, in general conversation with a nervous looking stranger. Pointing out to him a gentleman of an intriguing mind in another portion of the room, he said: "Do you see that man there? He has a mania—a very unpleasant one, too. He is possessed with the idea that he must bite off strangers' ears, and it has caused a dreadful amount of trouble. I do not know whether he will show any of the symptoms to-night, but perceiving you are a stranger, I deem it my duty to put you on your guard. Don't let him approach very close to you." The expression of horror that spread over the face of the nervous man clearly proved that he heard the warning. A little later the benevolent informant got opportunity to tell the inquiring man that man (pointing out the warned individual) was a physical wonder, as a roaring noise could be distinctly heard proceeding from his ear by getting within eighteen inches of it. Our curious friend was struck with such an unheard-of phenomenon, and very properly began to work himself close enough for a personal investigation. The movement was seen by the nervous man, and great drops of apprehensive sweat oozed out from his brow and trickled down his cheek. Nearer and nearer approached the one, and more terribly intense grew the horror of the other. The space between them was slowly but surely lessening. The curious man was within an ace of the "roaring" when the agony of the "roarer" reached its crisis, and clenching his fist, he landed it between the "lookers' of the unfortunate searcher after physical wonders, shouting at the top of his voice:—"Bite off my ears, will you?" The effect of this on the astonished audience was very affecting.

Mrs. Greeley advises young women in a practical way how they may preserve their health, and have red cheeks, without the aid of rouge. Her words are: "Too many young girls sit moping within doors over some trivial and worthless bit of fancy work, when they should be seeking vigor, elasticity and happiness from the life-giving influence of wood and meadow, breeze and sunshine.—Pursue this out-door recreation, and doctors, and their gigs in the front of your residences will be changed to the wagons of grocers and butchers—a consummation devoutly prayed for by every poor man with a houseful of marriageable girls."

The following dialogue recently occurred between a mistress of one of our schools and a scholar: "James, if you take three from five how many will remain?" "I don't know mum?" replied the boy, biting his thumb nail. "Not know! If five birds were singing on a tree, and a naughty boy should fire a gun and kill three how many will be left?" "None, was the prompt reply. "Why, yes, there would be some left, wouldn't there?" "No, there wouldn't, 'cause the others would fly away."

Afraid of his Ears.

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METEOROLOGY.—"Sam, I've got a queshum to tell ye." "Sam—What am it, Julius?" "Julius—Sam, what am de cause ob de clemency ob de wedder?" "Sam—Gub it up." "Julius—Don't you know? You are de ignorantest niggah I nose about heah! Do ye see, Sambo, de clemency ob de wedder is costioned by de circkumdekashen ob de clouds wat gadder in de parlegum ob de atmosphere ob de horryzone, and cends to de zenus ob de meridian ob de apex ob de fundamen ob de sky, and dare conglomerates into globules ob water, which drops and forms de mud ob Sullivan."

Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it is a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles.

A gentleman presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and, in a popular way, said: "Do not let any one else rangle it." "No, dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

It is said that the number of women above the age of twenty, who must remain single in consequence of the disproportion of the sexes in England and Wales, is between 300,000 and 400,000.

"Who was David's grandmother?" asked a clergyman, of a Sunday school scholar. "A woman, sir," replied the boy.

Why are women extravagant in clothes? Because when they buy a new dress they wear it out on the first day.

An ill bred man is said to be like lightning, because he does not know how to conduct himself.

A person can generally consume the most of his time by minding his own business.

"Take a ticket, sir, for the benefit of the Widow and Orphan Fund of the Spise Society?" "Well, j-u-s, don't care so much, though, for the orphans; but I go in strong for the widows!"

Henry Ward Beecher says: "Life would be a perpetual flea hunt if a man were obliged to run down a muscadoo, insectivorous, insinuations and suspicions, which were uttered against him."

An early spring—jumping out of bed at five o'clock in the morning.