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POETICAL.



MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

Tune:—"What would you give to know?"

Is it any body's business
But the lady's, if her skirt
Trails along the dirty street,
Or among the mud and dirt?

Is it any body's business,
But the lady's, if her beau
Goes on a little journey,
And doesn't let her know?

Is it any body's business,
When her dear does return,
Or when he calls to see her,
Or how much kerosene they burn?

Is it any body's business
If you see a person calling anywhere;
Is it any body's business
What their business may be there?

If it is, or if it isn't,
We would really like to know,
For we're certain if it isn't
There are some who make it so.

But if not, we'll act the teacher,
Until each meddler learns,
It were better in the future
To mind his own concerns.

MARY ANN.

THE EVENING STAR.

BY JOHN LEYDEN.

How sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair star, to love and lovers dear,
While trembling on the falling dew,
Like beauty shining through a tear.

Or hanging o'er that mirror stream,
To mark each image trembling there,
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam,
To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outshine
As far as thine each starry light—
Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours
When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flowers
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland
As music, wafts the lover's sigh,
And bids the yielding heart expand
In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star! though I be doomed to prove
That rapture's tears are mixed with pain,
Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love—
But sweeter to be loved again.

MISCELLANY.

Mercy at Last.

Gov. Merrill on Monday pardoned Mrs. Catharine Macardle, the old lady who has been in the State Penitentiary for four years. This old woman, full of maternal devotion, heroically sacrificed herself to save her son from the gallows. The son had killed his father, and the mother, to avert the doom from her offspring, claimed and confessed that it was she who had committed the murder, and on her own confession was condemned to be hung. Governor Stone commuted her sentence to imprisonment for life. The poor woman after one or two attempts to commit suicide in the Jackson county jail, was finally sent to the Penitentiary, and in the gloomy clasp of that prison she has been for four years, waiting and praying for death.

When we visited the Penitentiary last fall she was shrivelled in body and nearly so in mind. For four years she had received no word from her friends—65 years old, with her right arm palsied and helpless, abandoned by all of her blood, a victim to heroic motherly devotion, and with the light of earth, and seemingly that of Heaven, shut from her, she was truly as sad an object as ever trod the wine press of woe. Many persons have interested themselves in her behalf, and at last through the kindness and consideration of our noble Governor, the disgraceful chains are stricken from her limbs and she is once more free but not happy.

A TERRIFYING SURMISE.—Nothing but the truth of God's word can give comfort and true peace, either living or dying. While living, if men are not resting on the word, they can at least have no rest in denying it. The very fear lest the Bible be true is enough to war all enjoyment. A celebrated infidel said one day to a friend of his who had imbibed the same principles:

"There is one thing that mars all the pleasures of my life."

"Indeed," replied his friend. "What is that?"

"I am afraid the Bible is true! If I could know certainly that death is an eternal sleep I should be happy, my joy would be complete! But here is the thorn that stings me. This is the sword that pierces my soul. If the Bible is true, I am lost forever."

At no moment of difficulty does a husband, knowing his own utter helplessness, draw so closely to his wife's side for comfort and assistance, as when he wants a button-sewed on his shirt collar.

Whenever the soul is in grief, it is taking root, and when it smiles it is taking wings.

A LEGEND OF 1776.

Night had set in deep, and in a small log cabin situated a few miles from Trenton, N. J., sat five men, four of whom were seated at an old oaken table in the centre of the room engaged in playing cards, while they frequently moistened their throats with large draughts from an earthen jug that stood on the table.

They were heavily bearded coarse-looking men; and from their dress, which somewhat resembled the British uniform, they were evidently Tories. The other was a stout-built young man, clad in the Continental uniform. He sat in one corner of the room with his face buried in his hands.

"Tom," said one of the Tories, rising from the table and seating himself near the young prisoner, for such he evidently was, "Tom, you and I were school-boys together, and I like you yet. Now why can't you give up your wild notions and join us? You are our prisoner, and if you don't we shall hand you over to headquarters to-morrow, while if you join us your fortune is made, for with your bravery and talents you will soon distinguish yourself in the royal army, and after this rebellion is crushed out, your course would be rewarded by a knighthood and promotion in the army. Now there are two alternatives— which do you choose?"

"Neither," said the young man, raising his head and looking the Tory steadily in the eye. "I am now, as you say, your prisoner, but when the clock strikes twelve I shall leave you—I shall disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke, and neither you nor your comrades, not even myself, can prevent it.— You may watch me as closely as you please, tie me hand and foot if you will, but a higher power than yours or mine has ordained that I shall leave you at that time."

"Poor fellow, his mind wanders," said the Tory; "he'll talk differently in the morning." And he returned to his seat at the table, leaving the youth with his head again resting in his hands.

When the clock struck eleven, the young prisoner drew a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and asked the Tory if he had any objection to his smoking. "None in the least," he said, adding, with a laugh, "that if you'll promise not to disappear in a cloud of tobacco smoke."

The young man made no reply, but immediately filled and lighted his pipe, having done which, he arose and commenced pacing the floor. He took half-a-dozen turns up and down each side of the room, approaching nearer the table each time, when, having exhausted his pipe, he returned to his seat and refilled it. He continued to smoke until the clock struck twelve, when he arose from his seat, and slowly knocking the ashes out of his pipe, said—

"There, boys, it's twelve o'clock, and I must leave you; good-by!"

Immediately all around the room streaks of fire ran hissing and squirming; the cabin was filled with dense sulphurous smoke, while was heard a clap of thunder. The Tories sat in their chairs paralyzed with fright.

The smoke soon cleared away, but the prisoner was nowhere to be seen. The table was overturned, the window was smashed to pieces, and one chair was lying on the ground outside of the building.

The Tory leader, after recovering from his stupor, gave one glance around the room and sprang out of the window, followed by his comrades. They ran through the forest at the top of their speed in the direction of the British encampment, leaving their muskets and other arms to the mercy of the flames, which had begun to devour the cabin.

The next day, two young men dressed in the Continental uniform were seen standing near the ruins of the old cabin. One was of the night previous. "Let us hear all about it, Tom," said the other.

"Well," said he, "last evening, as I was passing this place, two Tories ran out of the cabin and took possession of me. Before I could make any resistance, they took me in, and who do you suppose I saw as the leader of their party, but John Barton, our old schoolmate.— He talked with me, and tried to induce me to join them; but I told him I couldn't do it—that at twelve o'clock I was going to escape, disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke; but he laughed at me, and said I was out of my head."

About eleven o'clock I asked him if I might smoke. He said he had no objection; so I filled my pipe and lighted it, and commenced walking the floor. I had about a pound of gunpowder in my pocket, and as I walked I strewed it all over the floor. When the clock struck twelve, I bade them good-by, and told them I had to go; and then knocking the ashes out of my pipe, the powder ignited, and a dazzling flame of fire shot across, around and all over the room, filling it with suffocating smoke. Before it cleared away, I hurried a chair through the window sprang out and departed, leaving them to their own reflections. You know the rest."

In a school district in the far West they had a gentleman teacher who thought it advisable to give his scholars some lessons in politeness. Among other things he told the boys in addressing a gentleman they should always say "Sir," and gave them examples, and made quite a lesson of it. One boy was particularly delighted, and took occasion to speak to his teacher often, to be profited by his teachings. When he went home to dinner, his father said: "Tom, want some meat?" "Yes, sir, I thank you." The next thing the boy knew, his father's hand came smack on his ear, and his father's voice thundered out: "I'll teach you to sass your dad! Tom gave up being polite."

An incautious individual at Torre Haute, the other day, after smoking, put his pipe into his pocket with a package of powder.— He was seen shortly after, looking a good deal surprised, and inquiring for his coat-tail and a large piece of his pantaloons.

Honesty the Best Policy.

A SHORT STORY OF A CLERK.

A young man by the name of Ames, a clerk for a merchant in New York, was entrusted with a large amount to collect, which he performed honestly, so well as his employer could discover; but Smith, that was the merchant's name—was a very cautious man, and often laid 'traps' to catch his clerks in defrauding him; if any of them were not proof against dishonesty. In this way he ascertained which of them could be trusted, and when he found one of them dishonest he would discharge him.

Mr. Smith kept a wholesale and retail dry goods store, doing an immense business and after he had accomplished a fortune, and he had begun to think of retiring from business, he said: "Now I am going to give up my business to such of my clerks as I know to be honest. I shall test them one by one, and to-morrow I am going to see what Ames is—an honest young man or a rascal."

The next morning he called upon a friend, whose son was intimate with young Ames, and arranged a 'trap' to test his honesty.— He had a large number of accounts to collect that day, and Robert L.—(his friend's son) was to meet him as if by accident.

Robert managed to meet Ames just as he had completed his collection, and had a large roll of bills and 'lots' of currency, when the following conversation ensued:

"Good morning Ames—been out collecting? Got lots of money, I suppose?"

"Yes I've over a thousand dollars and I must hurry back to the store, as I'm afraid I may get robbed. One don't know who may be dogging his steps in such a city as New York."

"Don't be in a hurry. Let's go into Taylor's and get some ice cream, &c. I'll foot the bill."

And so into Taylor's they went and sat down to a beautiful marble table.

"Now, Ames," said Robert, "you have a pocket full of money and I am rather short, just take a dollar out of the roll of greenbacks and pay the bill. Nobody need know about it. You can turn over the money to the cashier, and if he discovers it short one dollar, you may say you can't account for it, some mistake somewhere. Such errors occur often, you know, and nobody thinks one dishonest. Tell you, Ames, such chaps as you don't get more than half paid for their services, and it would not be wrong occasionally to take a few shillings when it can be done without detection. I know a young fellow who pays all his small bills, such as for juleps, cigars, and going out to the theatres, in that way, and has done so for years, and his employer never suspected him of dishonesty."

"No sir," replied Ames, "I cannot comply with your request. A dollar short in my cash might be considered an error and overlooked; but there would come a settlement with conscience, which could not be got over very easily. My father used to say to me 'Johnny, when you grow to be a man remember that honesty is the best policy.'— He's dead and gone now, but these words will never be forgotten. I know I'm working for low wages, but I agreed to work for what I receive, and I have no right to use my employer's money on that account. No, Robert, I refuse your request with scorn and indignation. I am poor, but thank God, I have never yet taken money that did not belong to me, and I trust I never shall; and if this is the way you seek to turn young men from the path of rectitude, I desire never to meet you again."

Ames then arose and left Robert seated, and returned to the store.

The next day Mr. Smith called his clerks into his private office and told them all to be seated.

"Boys," said he, "I am going to retire from business. I have made my fortune here, and now I propose to loan my entire stock and trade—some \$250,000 and the good will of my customers—to such of you as I feel I can trust.— Ames, Stanton and Danford—handing a document to Ames—here is the bill of sale. You will, if agreeable, take immediate possession, and the payments may be made at your convenience. I have tested your honor, each of you, no matter how, and I have no doubt that you believe honesty is the best policy. Good morning, gentlemen—taking up his hat. 'I wish you prosperity in trade.'"

The firm of Ames, Stanton and Danford is now one of the wealthiest in New York.— Ames is married—lives on Fifth Avenue, is worth half a million, and all the result of the refusal to embezzle a dollar of his employer's money.

WORDS FOR BOYS TO REMEMBER.—Liberty is the right to do whatever you wish, without interfering with the rights of others.

Save your money, and you will find it one of the most useful friends.

Never give trouble to your mother or father.

Take care of your pennies and they will grow to be dollars.

Intemperance is the cause of nearly all the trouble in this world, beware of strong drink.

The poorest boy, if he be industrious, honest and saving, may reach the highest honor in the land.

Never be cruel to a dumb animal, remember it has no power to tell how much it suffers.

Honesty is always the best policy.

Some one was telling an Irishman that somebody had eaten ten saucers of ice cream, whereupon Pat shook his head. "So you don't believe it?" With a shrug nod, Pat answered—"I believe in the orams, but not in the saucers!"

See how this line looks without spaces.

The new Tax Bill.

The new tax bill which became a law by the signature of the President, is very long comprising one hundred and eight sections; but many of them are only a repetition of provisions of the old law, with slight modifications:

The first section affixes a tax of 50 cents per gallon on every proof gallon spirits. Subsequent sections authorize the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to prescribe gauging instruments and meters, which are to be procured at the expense of the distiller. No mash, wort or wash fit for distillation shall be used elsewhere than in an authorized distillery; and no person shall use spirits or alcohol or any vapor of alcoholic spirits in manufacturing vinegar or any other article, or in any process of manufacture whatever, unless the spirits of alcohol so used shall have been produced in an authorized distillery and the tax thereon paid. A fine of from \$500 to \$5,000, and imprisonment, from six months to two years is prescribed for the violation of any of these provisions.

All distilling apparatus must be registered with the Assistant Assessor, and all persons going into the distillery business must register in the same manner under penalty of fine and imprisonment. The registry must include a detailed statement of the capacity, &c. of the establishment.

The distiller must give bonds with two sureties for double the amount of the tax on the full capacity of the distillery during a period of fifteen days, but in no case less than \$5,000; conditioned that the principal shall comply with all the provisions of the law, as well as pay all fines imposed for its violation. Forfeiture of the establishment, as well as fine and imprisonment, is the penalty for violation of this provision.

Distilleries and rectifying establishments are not permitted within six hundred feet of each other, whether belonging to the same or different persons. The use of any still is forbidden in any dwelling or enclosure connected therewith where sugar or syrup is made or liquor retailed.

In addition to the tax per gallon, every distillery with a capacity of twenty bushels of grain per day or less, shall pay a tax of two dollars per day, Sundays excepted; and an additional tax of two dollars for each additional capacity of twenty-bushels. But any distiller who shall suspend work shall be required to pay only two dollars per day during the suspension.

Still makers are required under penalty of \$500 and forfeiture of apparatus to notify the assessor of the manufacture of any still.

Distillers must provide a room at their own expense for a bonded warehouse, to be under control of the collector of the district. Other sections provide for the general management of distilleries, the relative duties of assessors and distillers, for checks against fraud, for drawbacks, means of obtaining purity, and affix penalties for all violations of the law.

A special tax of \$400 is imposed upon every hundred barrels of spirits manufactured, and there is also imposed licenses of \$100 for every \$25,000 worth sold, and \$10 increase for every \$1,000 increase of sales.

TOBACCO.

Manufactures of cigars must pay a tax of \$5 on every thousand made, without regard to quality, and on all cigarettes, if they weigh less than three pounds to the thousand, \$1.50; if over that weight, \$5.

Dealers in tobacco, selling not exceeding \$10,000 worth annually, pay a tax of \$25, and \$2 extra for every \$1,000 worth sold. Raisers are not taxed for sales of their own production. Dealers selling between \$100 and \$1,000 worth are taxed \$5; those above \$1,000, \$2 extra for every additional \$1,000 sold.

Manufactures of tobacco pay \$10, and \$2 additional for every \$1,000 their bond is in excess of \$5,000. Manufacturers of cigars pay \$10 where those sales do not exceed \$5,000 annually, and \$2 additional for every \$1,000 in excess of that amount. All snuff and chewing tobacco is taxed 32 cents per pound; smoking tobacco, 16 cents per pound.

Does it Pay to Smoke.

Peculiarly considered, of course it does not pay to smoke. It costs the world annually five hundred million dollars for tobacco. And this connects the use of the weed with higher considerations, for this comes out of the world's surplus fund, out of which comes the means of extending civilization.— In the United States, moreover, four hundred thousand acres of land are exhausted by tobacco, which should be devoted to grain for the thousands who have needed it the past winter.

One strong point made by Mr. Parton is that tobacco is the enemy of women. Not only because its filthiness keeps men away from the sex and makes them seek the company of each other to indulge the habit, but because it destroys manhood. The point is simply this—Tobacco, by disturbing and impairing vitality, tends to vitiate the relations between the sexes, tends to lessen man's interest in woman and his enjoyment of her society and enables him to endure and be contented with, and finally even to prefer the companionship of men. Put that thought into your pipe and smoke it.

Among the great men of our country who did not smoke, were Washington, Franklin and Jefferson. Washington Irving was not a smoker, though nobody ever drew such delightful pictures of lusty Von Twillers enveloped in clouds of tobacco smoke. Goethe never smoked, nor could he have smoked and remained Goethe. The man so perfect in body, so lofty and splendid in intellect, and so grand in character, could not have been a smoker.

The Dutchman's Trick.

While a Dutchman was passing through a city in Vermont, a Yankee came up to him and said, 'Shon, if you treat me to a cider, I will learn you a trick.' Shon agreed. Yank then placed his hand against a fence and told him to strike it as hard as he could.— Shon, not thinking any harm could befall him by doing so, struck a blacksmith's blow, but instead of hitting Yank's hand, the latter jerking it away, poor Shon struck the fence board, knocking it off. 'Mein Gott in himmel!' cried Shon, 'what makes you foolish?— I knock my hand clean off up to the elbow! Oh, sucker blitz! my poor frau, what will she say?' Poor Shon was bound to have revenge; so one day, as he was passing through a field, he espied a man going up to him he said, 'Myneer, I show you one little trick for nothing.'— As there was no fence or tree near, Shon put his hand against his forehead and said, 'Strike yust so hard as you can.' Myneer struck, and Shon pulled away his hand and received the blow on his mouth, and was knocked down. Shon jumped up, his mouth bleeding, and commenced dancing with pain. 'Shernalem! A tausend tuffels take die country!— I goes to Holland on de first drain!'

WHAT A CLIMATE.—Dan. Marble was once strolling along the wharves in Boston, when he met a tall, gaunt-looking figure, a 'digger' from California, and got into conversation with him.

'Healthy climate, I suppose?'

'Healthy! It ain't anything else. Why, stranger, there you can choose any climate you like, hot or cold, and that, too, without travel!' more than fifteen minutes. 'Just think of that the next cold mornin' when you get out of bed. There's a mountain there, the Sary Navady they call it, with a valley on each side of it, one hot and one cold. Well, get on the top of that mountain with a double barrel gun, and you can, without movin', kill either winter or summer game, just as you wish.'

'What! have you ever tried it?'

'Tried it! often; and should have done pretty well, but for one thing.'

'Well, what was that?'

'I wanted a dog that would stand both climates. The last dog I had froze his tail off while pinto' on the summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the winter side, you see—true as you live.'

Marble smiled.

CROWING HEENS; OR, WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—'Why shouldn't we crows?' said the speckled Hen.

'Why not?' said the white Hen.

'Why not?' said all the Heens, as the question went round.

'We are as clever, as strong, as handsome, and as good every way as that domineering old Cock; in my opinion we are superior!' said the speckled Hen.

'And in mine,' said the white Hen.

'And in mine,' said all the Heens, much impressed and excited by the new view of things.

'So they practiced, and stretched out their necks, and stuck their heads on one side, all in imitation of the old Cock; and a very remarkable noise they made.'

'Hey-day!' said Drover, stopping as he ran through the yard to listen to the hubbub; 'my dear creatures, what are you at? Give up this nonsense; while you keep to clucking you are highly respectable, but when you take to crowing you can't think what ridiculous figures you out—keep to clucking, dears, keep to clucking.'

THE TENACITY OF HOPE.—In one of our suburban cities lived an old maid, over seventy years old, who never gave up the idea but she should get an offer before she died. She applied last year for admission into the Old Ladies' Home, and was received after paying the usual fee, and what little money she had, over into the matron's hands for safe keeping. One morning she called the matron, and told her there was one thing that troubled her mind very much, and she would like her assistance.

'With the greatest pleasure. Pray what is it?'

'Well, it is this: if I should have an offer of marriage, and accept it, could I get my money back when I leave.'

'By all means, madam.'

'Oh, then I'm perfectly contented!' exclaimed the old maid.

We like to hear people tell good stories while they are about it. Read the following from a western paper: 'In the late gale birds were seen hopping about with all their feathers blown off.' We have heard of gales at sea where it required four men to hold the captain's hair on.

'Did you know,' said a cunning Gentle to a Jew, 'that they hang Jews and jackasses together in Portland?' 'Indeed!' retorted Solomon, 'den it ish vell dat you and I ish not dere.'

A lady caught her husband breaking her hoops. Two hours afterwards, the unfortunate man was seen at a drug store purchasing hair restorative.

'Boy, what are you hollering for when I go by?'

'What are you going by for when I am hollering?'

'Jobkins, now that it is a little warm and spring like, I think I'll get a horse for my bedstead.'

'A horse for your bedstead? why so?'

'Because it's a little buggy.'

Wicked men stumble over straws in the way to heaven, but climb over hills in the way to destruction.

Something always on hand—your thumb.

FOR PURE

DRUGS

AND

MEDICINES,

OILS

AND

PAINTS,

&c. &c.

Go to Fourthman

DRUG STORE.

Waynesboro, May 24, 1867.

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AND

SUMMER GOODS,

AT THE FIRM OF

STOVER & WOLFF

(SUCCESSORS TO GEO. STOVER.)

DRY GOODS,

CARPETS,

NOTIONS,

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GROCERIES,

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CUTLERY,

CEDEWARE,

OIL CLOTHS,

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

Waynesboro, Penna.

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.

JOSEPH DOUGLAS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent,

Office in Walker's Buildings,

Waynesboro, Penna.

May 11—11.