

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



DO YOU OWE THE PRINTER?

Come, sinful debtor, in whose breast
Some conscience may revolve,
Come, with your coward fear oppressed,
And make this wise resolve.

I'll seek the Printer, though my debts
Have like a mountain rose;
I know his wants—I'll pay him off,
Whatever may oppose.

Straightway I'll to his sanctum go,
And see him face to face,
I'll boldly "fork the tin" that's due,
And thank him for his grace.

Although ashamed thus late to go,
I am resolved to try,
For it I stay away I know
In infancy I'd die.

I know his patient nature well,
Delinquents he'll forgive;
He'll kindly pardon debtor's sine,
And bid such suppliants live.

NOTHING LOST.

Nothing is lost! The drop of dew
That trembles on the leaf or flower,
It is but exhaled, to fall anew
In summer's thunder shower;

Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day,
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

So with our deeds, for good or ill,
They have their power, scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them rise with good;
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring, and never stay,
Oh, that our deeds were fashioned so
That they might bless always.

MISCELLANY.

A Popular Poet Sketched.

BY A VISITOR.

Miss Alice Carey is a dignified, lady-like woman, quietly but handsomely dressed in a suit of black silk. She is of medium height, neither stout or slender, though inclining to the former rather than the latter. Her expression is pleasing, though somewhat sad, and the face is one that a stranger would return to again and again, looking at each look an added charm, so that what was at first pleasing but rather plain face, produces at length the effect of positive beauty. Miss Carey is an habitual invalid and great sufferer. She has a colorless complexion, soft dark hair, showing here and there a thread of silver, and dark expressive eyes. She is no longer young as the world reckons age, but essential youth beams in her not too frequent smile, and from the tranquil depth of her earnest eyes. She has gathered wisdom from the experiences of nearly fifty years, years brightened not only by the warmth and beauty of summer, but some of them saddened memorably by long, dreary winters of loneliness and sorrow. She is a native of Ohio, with the blood of the Huguenots, the Puritans, and the heroes of the Revolution flowing in her veins. In the quiet life described in her "Cloverbrook Papers," all the early years of her life went by. The shadow of bereavement fell early upon the quiet, thoughtful girl. First, the mother was taken, then an older sister who had in some measure filled her place, and later, a young sister, the idol of her love. Speaking of the older sister, Alice says: "She was more cheerful than I; more self-reliant. I used to recite to her my rude verses, which she praised; and she in turn told me stories of her own composing, which I at the time thought evinced wonderful ability; and I still think that sister was unusually gifted. Just as I came into woman-hood, death separated us, and that event turned my disposition, naturally melancholy, into almost morbid gloom."

Since 1850, Miss Carey has been a resident of New York, one of the brightest ornaments of its literary society, and one of the most valued and constant contributors to the literature of the day. She and her sister own a pleasant home, No. 53 East Twentieth street, where the people best worth knowing, drop in of an evening, without ceremony, and exchange views on the most interesting topics of the day. The Hon. Horace Greeley is a warm personal friend of the sisters, and has a long established custom of taking tea with them on Sunday evening. Many of his friends, knowing where to find him, take this opportunity of calling on him, and in this way the most eminent politicians, statesmen and thinkers are to be found in Miss Carey's pleasant drawing-room. The mothers of the sisters are as simple and unaffected as when they were living in their Cloverbrook home; while their quick sympathies, large heartedness and liberality of thought, have made them a power for good, and endeared them to the wise and pure, not only for their own, but of other countries.

Miss Carey is the friend of progress; a believer not only in God, but in humanity; not only in the past, but in the future—a future in which woman will assume her true position, and share the work and the wealth of the world with men.

Study wisdom and you will reap pleasure.

THE TRUTHFUL WITNESS.

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner, who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

'Now, Emily,' said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness 'I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?'

'I don't know what you mean,' was the simple answer.

'There, your Honor,' said the counsel addressing the court, 'is there anything further or necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath.'

'Let us see,' said the judge. 'Come here, my daughter.'

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped towards him, and looked up confidently in his face with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went right to the heart.

'Did you ever take an oath?' inquired the judge.

The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush over her face and neck as she answered,

'No, sir.'

She thought he meant to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

'I do not mean that,' said the judge, who saw his mistake; 'I mean, were you ever a witness before?'

'No, sir; I was never in court before,' was the answer.

He handed her the Bible, open.

'Do you know that book, my daughter?'

She looked at it and answered, 'yes, sir; it is the Bible.'

'Do you ever read it?' he asked.

'Yes, sir, every evening.'

'Can you tell me what the Bible is?' inquired the judge.

'It is the word of the great God,' she answered.

'Well, place your hand upon this Bible and listen to what I say,' and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

'Now,' said the judge, 'you have sworn as a witness. Will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?'

'I shall be shut up in the State prison,' answered the child.

'Anything else?' asked the judge.

'I shall never go to Heaven,' she replied.

'How do you know this?' said the judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor,' and said, 'I learned that before I could read.'

'Has any one talked with you about your being a witness here in court against this man?' inquired the judge.

'Yes, sir,' she replied. 'My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the ten commandments; and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with father she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word I said.'

'Do you believe this?' asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye and his lip quivered with emotion.

'Yes, sir,' said the child, with a voice that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect.

'God bless you, my child,' said the judge, 'you have a good mother. This witness is competent,' he continued. 'Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this. Let her be examined.'

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel pled her with infinite and ingenious questionings, but she varied from her first statements in nothing. The truth, so spoken by that little child, was sublime falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself with lies till he deemed himself impregnable. But before her testimony falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child for whom a mother prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime simplicity—terrible, I mean, to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke, was like revelation from God himself.

THREE THINGS TO AVOID.—1. Avoid bad thoughts. We cannot help bad thoughts coming into our hearts sometimes; but we can help keeping them there. As somebody has said, 'We cannot prevent the crows from flying over our heads, but we can prevent them building nests in our hair.' Fight bad thoughts, for just as sure as you let them live and grow in your hearts, they will breed mischief and misery.

2. Avoid bad words. Bad thoughts are parents to bad words, and the children are even more mischievous than their parents. For bad thoughts, so long as they are confined to your own hearts, only hurt you, but bad words hurt others. They lead to anger, strife and all kinds of bad sin.

3. You must avoid bad deeds. Do not allow yourself to do an evil action. If you know an act to be wrong, never consent to it. Keep yourself pure. Dare to do right, though it be sometimes hard. Remember, 'Thou, God, seest me.'

Learn a Trade.

The value of learning a trade becomes more and more certain every day. Scarcely a week passes but some young man is asking us to point out a field of labor for him. With good attainments, perhaps, or an insatiable desire to be at work at something whereby an honest penny may be turned, he finds himself landed—as it were at the first obb of the tide. The slightest recession of the waters deposits him on the shore among the weeds of idleness, and unwholesome vapors becloud his mind. There is scarcely a man in business but has an experience like ours; his young friends continually envying him the privilege of working in a well-defined field, and wishing that like him they had something to strike at.

These young men are generally afflicted with the disease of ambition. They want to be something more than common, and mistaking often their desires for the ability to satisfy them, they flatter themselves that they are fit for something better than the common run of humanity. Their great fault is in trying to achieve manhood without serving an apprenticeship to it, and they find themselves, when they should be prepared for their life-work, wondering what it will be, and fretting because it doesn't declare itself, and nine cases out of ten waiting in vain for such a call, go into politics, agencies, &c.

The great remedy for all this is a trade thoroughly learned. The time between school and twenty-one should be spent at a carpenter's bench, in a machine shop or at an anvil, so that when the young man commences life in any vocation he can, if worsted at his first attempt, turn to his trade with confidence that his skilled labor will at least procure him a living, and perhaps a competence. Time frittered away in trying to discover desirable roads to success, foots up a considerable total on the loss side of the balance sheet.

THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW.—If the block of marble that lies before the sculptor was capable of feeling, how it would deplore and bemoan every stroke of the hammer, chipping off piece after piece of substance. It would deem its lot a pitiable one indeed. Yet that hammer and chisel are transforming the rough and shapeless stone into a form of life and beauty, fit to adorn the palace of a king.

So it is with us. Our characters are like unknown blocks of marble, rude, misshapen, comparatively worthless. And God is sculpturing them into forms of divine symmetry and beauty, that may forever illustrate to the Universe the power of His grace. The heavy block of adversity and the rasping cares and petty annoyances of our daily life are but different parts of the same divine and loving process.

And shall we look simply at the hammer and chisel, and doubt the glorifying work for which God is using them? Shall we think only of the chips which the blows of His presence strike from us, and overlook the immortal characters which the Great Sculptor is seeking thus to perfect for his celestial temple?

THE SNOW PROBLEM.—It was reported last winter that the sheds built by the Pacific Railroad Company to protect their tracks from the deep snows of the Sierra Nevada mountains were crushed by the weight of snow that fell upon them, and that some other method of protection would have to be devised. It seems, however, by a letter in the San Francisco Bulletin, that this plan of shielding the track has not been abandoned. The company are now engaged in erecting sheds over the cuttings and other exposed points. They are of heavy timber framework, with pointed gable roofs, and look as if they could withstand any pressure of snow. Nearly forty miles of the track will have to be thus covered, and the quantity of timber required will be enormous. Not less than twenty-two saw mills, most of them worked by steam, are run night and day, employing nearly two thousand men, and yet they do not work up the needs of the company. In a few weeks twenty-eight mills will be running. It is estimated that it will require no less than eight hundred thousand feet of lumber to construct a mile of sheds. So great is the demand that the country on both sides of the track is being rapidly denuded of its forests.

Woman's Chances of Marriage

Of 1000 married women, taken without selection, it is found that the number married at each age is as below. Or if (by an arithmetical license) we call a woman's chances of marriage in the whole course of her life 1000, her chances in each two years will be shown in the following table:

Age.	Chances.
14 15	32
16 17	101
18 19	219
20 21	258
22 23	165
24 25	102
26 27	60
28 29	45
30 31	18
32 33	14
34 35	8
36 37	2
38 39	1
	1000

An exchange says: A neighbor who had repeatedly been urged by some female acquaintances to accompany them to a skating pond at last yielded, no longer able to resist the blandishment of his bewitching tormentors. He went. He said he put on a pair of skates and struck boldly out, and the next thing he knew was himself in bed, the next sitting beside him singing a psalm, the doctor courting his wife, and the undertaker measuring him for a walnut coffin.

The Yankee Pedler.

There is a sheriff residing in Illinois who was taken in and done for on one occasion. He made it a prominent part of his business to ferret out and punish pedlars for traveling in the State without a license; but one morning he met his match in the person of a Yankee pedler.

'What have you to sell—anything?' asked the sheriff.

'Yess, sartin; what d'ye want? got razors fast; that's an article you need, Squire, by the looks of your beard. Got blackin' too, 'will make them old boots of yours shine so't you kin shove in 'em o'n'most. I've got Balm of Golumby, too, only a dollar a bottle, good for the hair, assistin' poor human nature' as the poet says.'

And so he rattled on. At length the sheriff bought a bottle of the Balm of Golumby, and in reply to the question as to whether he wanted anything else that a functionary replied that he did not want to see the Yankee's license for peddling in the State of Illinois, that being his duty as sheriff.

The Yankee showed him a document fixed up good and strong, in black and white—The sheriff looked at it and pronounced it all right. Then handing the bottle back to the pedlar, he said:

'I don't think, now that I've bought this stuff, that I shall ever want it; I reckon I might as well sell it back to you again—What will you give for it?'

'O, the darn stuff is no use to me; but sartin' it's your sheriff I'll give you twenty-five cents for it.'

The sheriff handed over the bottle at this large discount from his own purchase, and received his change.

'Now,' said the pedlar, 'I've got a question to ask you. (Have you got any pedlar's license anywhere about your trowsers?'

'No, I haven't any use for the article,' replied the sheriff.

'Hain't eh? Wal, I guess we'll see about that pretty soon. Ef I understand the law, it's a clean case that you've been hawkin', and tradin' with me—offerin' the Balm of Golumby on the highway. I'll inform on you, darned ef I don't now!'

The Yankee was as good as his word. When he reached the next village he made his complaint, and the sheriff was fined eight dollars for selling without license.

BETTER THAN A CONSTABLE.—A French paper gives us the following dog story, which will fully match anything we have lately met with:

'No dogs admitted, sir,' said the porter to a gay assemblage, as a young man and his dog appeared at the entrance.

'You must leave him behind if you go in.' 'Very well,' said the young man; 'stay about here, Prince, till I come back.'

By and by the young man wished to refer to his watch, when, behold! the chain had been snapped in two, and the valuable time-piece was gone. He considered the case a moment, and then a sudden thought flashed through his mind. So, stepping out, he whispered the fact to the porter, and gained permission to take his dog in for a minute or two.

'Look here, Prince,' said he, 'you know my watch is stolen, and he showed him the empty pocket and the cut chain.—'Do you understand old fellow? In there, sir, is the thief. You find it, my good doggie, and I'll got you a famous treat. You understand, do you?'

Prince wagged his tail, and gave his master a very knowing and cute look, and then the two stole quietly into the place. Quickly the dumb detective glided around among the people, smelling away at this one's coat and that one's chain, until at last he set his teeth firmly into the coat-skirt of a genteel-looking man, and could not be shaken off.

The young man quietly made known the case to the bystanders, who had gathered around him, and had the thief's pockets duly searched. Six other watches were found on him, which he had gathered up in the course of the morning, and which the right ful owners were very glad to get their hands on.

Prince selected out his master's property in a twinkling, as that was all he cared for, and gave it to him joyfully. It would have taken a very keen policeman to do the work so neatly and so quickly, and all agreed that he merited as good a dinner as a dog could have. A good beef bone and a bowl of milk, however, abundantly satisfied all his wants, and then he was just as ready to do the same favor over again.

SCENE IN A HOTEL.—Stranger.—'Have you a good strong porter about the house?' Clerk.—'Yes, we have the strongest one in the place.' Stranger.—'Is he intelligent?' Clerk.—'Oh! yes sir, quite intelligent for a porter, we think.' Stranger.—'One point more; do you consider him fearless—that is, bold and courageous?' Clerk.—'As for that matter, I know he is; he would not be afraid of the devil himself.' Stranger.—'Now, Mr. Clerk, if your Porter is intelligent enough to find room No. 117, fearless enough to enter, and strong enough to get my trunk away from the bed-bugs, I would like to have him bring it down.'

William, then knows I never call anybody names; but, William, if the Mayor of the city were to come to me and say, 'Joshua, I want thee to find me the biggest liar in all Philadelphia,' I would come to thee and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, 'William, the Mayor wants to see thee.'

DON'T BE IDLE.—Rather do nothing to the purpose than be idle; that the devil may find thee doing. The bird that sits is easily shot, when flyers escape the Fowler. Idleness is the dead sea that swallows virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man.

"Off mit his Head"

A breathlessly-excited individual, says a late number of the San Francisco 'Morning Call,' rushed into the police office yesterday and inquired for the chief.

'What do you want of him?' inquired an impassive officer.

'I wants,' said he with a Teutonic accent, 'I wants ein baper to kill a tam tog vot, bites me in te leg.'

'Ah, you wish an order of execution issued against a vicious canine,' said the officer.

'No, I tussant want no such ting. I wants a baper to tell me to kill te tam burp. He bites my leg so pad, I have got the hydrophobe, and will kill him, or I goes wat, too.'

'Ah, now I see,' said the impassive temperament; 'you require authority to proceed with force of arms against the dangerous animal.'

'Mein Got, no—dat ish not what I wants. I wants te Jus't to give me license to kill te tog. I wants him to make me baper so ven I kills te tog he can nicht go inter de bolice court and swear against me.'

'The dog?'

'Nein—not te tog—te man vot owns te tog. You see if I kills him—'

'What, te man?'

'Nein—te tog. Und te man susse me for de briece of te tog, den I ven susse te law on mine side, o'yor see!'

'Oh, yes!' said the officer, who was quietly chuckling at the caution evinced by the German, and intent on exhausting his patience, 'then you want to get a warrant to arrest the man who owns the dog, so the animal may not again attack you?'

'No, no! Got for tam, you gits everything by the tail—' cried larger-beer, who began to think the officer was quizzing him. 'I dank you want to make 'chokes of me. Tunler and bitzen! I wants shustice, not chokes. I wants te ent te tam tog's head off, and I shustice will not give me a baper, I outs his head off ayhow!'

One of the deacons of a certain church asked the bishop if he usually kissed the bride at weddings.

'Always,' was the reply.

'And how do you manage when the happy pair are negroes?' was the deacon's next question.

'In all such cases,' replied the bishop, 'the duty of kissing is appointed to the deacons.'

A gent in passing a farm, saw a boy at work in a corn field, and being of an inquiring turn of mind, he thus addressed the youth:

'Whose farm is this?'

'Dad's.'

'Does your father raise any stock?'

'Yes, lots.'

'What kind?' continued the stranger.

'Cornstalks mostly,' was the reply, and the stranger went on his way musing.

Says Josh Billings, 'Most every man will concede that it loox very foolish to see a boy drag a heavy sloop up a steep hill for the fleetin' plesher of ridin' down again, but it appears to me that that boy is a sage by the side of the young man hoo works hard all week and driux his stamps up Sarada's nite.'

A late California paper mentions a duel which was fought between a Yankee and an Englishman, in a dark room. The Yankee not wishing to have blood on his hands, fired his pistol up the chimney, and to his horror, down came the Englishman.

We often censure the conduct of others, when, under the same circumstances, we might not have acted half so well.

When a lady indulges in a yawn or two, gentlemen are justified in guessing their hats are needed on their heads, and that the best side of the door is the outside.

A friend asks, why are fashionable young ladies' brains like a speckled trout? Because they love to sport under a water fall.

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.

'Isn't my shirt clean?' quoth one Bohemian to another. 'Well, yes,' was the answer, 'it's clean for brown, but it's awful dirty for white.'

A tailor who, while skating, fell through the ice, declared that he would never again leave his hot goose for a gold duck.

Pleasure is seldom found where it is sought. Our brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks.

Why is a photograph album like the drawer of a bar counter? Because it is often the receptacle for empty mugs.

An elderly old bachelor suggests that births should be published under the head of 'new music.'

These two lines that look so solemn, Our Devil set to fill this column.

A fine head of hair is an attraction, but a foot head of brains is of more account.

A room very rarely rented—room for improvement.

The fastest man—a drummer; he beats time.

Motto for the married—never despair.

The best frontispiece—an honest face.

Not a good buss—a L underbuss.

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.

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 2—11.