

VILLAGE



RECORD.

By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

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NUMBER 83

A. S. BONEBRAKE

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March 27, 1868.

CHEAP

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All kinds of Dry goods, Groceries, Queensware, Cedarware, &c., and invite the public to call and make an examination of their assortment of goods:

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Family Flour!

The subscriber is now delivering a prime article of Family Flour for \$9 per barrel. Also Corn Meal and Mill Stuff delivered at low rates. Terms cash. Orders can be left at the Drug Store of J. F. Kurtz or at the Post Office. DAVID LOHR. jun 16-40

POETICAL.



MEMORY AND HOPE.

Oh at the hour when evening throws Its gathering shades o'er hill and dale, While half the scene in twilight glows, And half in sunlight glories still; The thought of all that we have been, And hoped and feared on Life's long way (Remembrances of joy or pain.) Come mingling with the close of day.

But, soft o'er each reviving scene The chastening hues of Memory spread; And smiling each dark thought between, Hope softens every tear we shed. O, thus, when Death's long night comes on And it's dark shades around us lie, May parting beams from Memory's sun Blend softly in our evening sky!

LINES.

When the flowers all are dying, And the south wind sweet and low, Round their graves a dirge is sighing, Will it not be sweet to know That, while autumn clouds are looming, And the summer charms depart, There are sweeter flowers blooming In the garden of the heart?

When the breath o' evening lingers, And the sun-rays softly steal Through the vine, like rosy fingers, Will it not be joy to feel That, while we in wakeful dreaming, Mark the golden moments roll, There's a brighter morning beaming Through the twilight of the soul?

MISCELLANY.

A TALE OF TRUE LOVE;

OR, THE APPLE GIRL'S TALISMAN.

Some years ago, when I was a rambler through the streets of Cincinnati, for the purpose of picking up trifles to interest the readers of the local column of a city paper, I often purchased apples, nuts and candies of a young girl who had a stand near the junction of two business avenues.

She was not handsome in the common acceptance of this much-abused word, but there was an artlessness and yet a winning grace in her manner which convinced me that her station in life should be above the one she then occupied. Her dress was invariably a close-fitting pink calico one. I felt that her parents must be very poor, and as I saw her day after day in the same attire, I had my suspicions that her wardrobe could not be very extensive; yet as she always appeared neat and tidy, it was a mystery to me how this striking neatness was secured, and why there was not every variety in her apparel. I saw that it was tasteful and becoming, but I knew that the ladies are proverbial for a love in the variety of dress, and I had an interest in knowing why this simple girl was so marked an exception.

I have always delighted to study character, either in high or low life, and I took it upon me to investigate the pretty apple girl's peculiarity. Her fruit was ever clean and tempting, but I often made purchases merely for the sake of forming an acquaintance. At length, known to her as a liberal patron, she began to have less reserve with me than when I first noticed her, and finally I was emboldened to make inquiries in reference to her family. It was sometime before she conversed freely, but by dint of perseverance I learned that she lived with her mother in a pleasant cottage on a quiet street in the suburbs of the city. I knew the spot; its attractiveness had often interested me, and I now became more curious than ever to hear the story of the apple girl in the pink and calico dress.

I ventured to ask permission to call on her mother, and make her acquaintance, under a plea of a love of birds and flowers, with both of which the cottage was surrounded. I did not receive the encouragement I wished, but still was left to hope that my curiosity might some day be gratified. As obstinacy to my purpose increased, I became more determined, and I resolved to change my tactics. I could not understand the girl's disinclination to allow our acquaintance to become in any respect familiar, but I knew that she would not dare to treat me rudely, and watching my opportunity one Sunday afternoon, I addressed her as she stood at the gate of the cottage, and as I admired some flowers which grew in a bed near the house, she could not escape, politely, from the necessity of inviting me to walk through the yard. Accidentally we met the mother. I had an invitation to enter the cottage. Of course I accepted with pleasure, and, finding the mother inclined to be more communicative than the daughter, I managed to learn that they were French folks although they spoke English remarkably well. The cottage parlor was furnished plainly, but elegantly. There were upon the walls several pictures, and upon the mantle a number of delicate works of art, which I was satisfied could not have been purchased by the limited earnings of an apple girl.

Why a young girl who lived in such a cottage, with so much evident taste and cultivation, should invariably wear a pink calico dress, and sell fruits, nuts and candies on the streets, was to me a perplexed inquiry. There was a web of romance weaving around the mysterious apple girl, which became more and more interesting, and every day my resolution to unravel it became stronger. There was so much modesty in the girl's

bearing at her apple stand—she seemed so much afraid of scandal, should any converse with her longer than was necessary to make purchases—that there was no way left for me to solve the mystery of her life but by visiting the cottage. Again I went without an invitation, and boldly made known the curiosity which led me to force myself upon their acquaintance. The daughter laughed heartily, and said gaily, 'We have been just as much at fault to understand your curiosity as you were to reconcile our circumstances with our employment.' 'Then we should be mutual confidants,' I observed. 'I have been very frank with you, and hope you will reciprocate.' 'But our relations are not similar,' she archly replied. 'We are not responsible for your curiosity, but you for ours.' 'Why so?' I cried. 'It was forced upon us.' 'Indeed, and was not mine forced upon me, in such a manner, too, as left me no choice but to seek out the mystery? But a truce to this bandying of words; you will not take advantage of my frankness for any further purpose than to reward it with full explanations?' She looked at me a moment, as if questioning my apparent honesty, and then said pleasantly: 'Well, as you have been so good a patron of my apple stand, and you have taken such pains to know the romance of my history, if you will promise secrecy, I'll tell you.' 'I'll accept any condition that I can fulfill,' I answered, eagerly. 'Walk with me into the garden, then,' said the girl. We had a pleasant seat under a rustic arbor, when the lady remarked: 'Mother told you that we once lived in a village near Paris.' 'She did,' I answered, on my first visit. 'We were not rich, but we had a pretty cottage, and an income sufficient to support us. Father died when I was a little girl. I had no brothers, but I had a playmate who was dearer to me than a brother. As we grew older, his parents, who were rich, forbade him to visit our house. We met in the fields. We loved each other, and would not be separated. His father learned that we still met, and he was very angry. He told his son that if he visited me he could not live at home. Our fathers had been bitter enemies, but we could not understand why that should make us enemies when we loved each other, and Emile declared that he would not neglect me if his father did shut his doors against him. One day he said to me, 'I am going to run away, but not from you—from father, and you shall come to me, and then we shall never be parted.' It was hard to consent, but Emile insisted, and we took leave of each other, and he did run away. It was a long time before we heard from him; then we got a letter which told us he was in America. I had changed very much since Emile's absence, and mother was afraid I would die. I coaxed her to let me go to America. Emile told us in his letter that he lived in Cincinnati. When we arrived in Boston, we enquired of Cincinnati, and were directed to this place. Mother bought this cottage, and here we have lived expecting to meet Emile.'

'Have you never heard from him?' I enquired. 'Only once,' she answered. 'Do you know where he is now?' 'No, indeed; if we did we would not stay here long.' 'Have you never written to him?' 'We do not know his name. He has changed it, as he told us in his letter, but he neglected to tell us what name he now bears.'

'Do you think you will ever find him?' 'Yes, indeed, I do. I dream about him every night. I know he is not dead and I shall soon meet him.'

I made inquiry, hoping it might lead to some explanation of the pink dress and apple selling mystery. She understood my look and tone of curiosity, and answered pleasantly: 'That will explain to you the romance of my dress and occupation. When Emile and I played together in France, I often wore a dress very much like this one. If he should see me anywhere in this dress he would know me. I might meet him and not know him, but he would recognize me, and I would not dress in any other style, for fear we might miss each other.'

'But why sell apples in the street?' said I, with a look of admiration at her devotion, which she could not well mistake; 'there is certainly no necessity that you should be so occupied.' 'Yes there is,' she answered naively. 'I must be where Emile could see me, if he were to visit the city. I dare not be on the street all this time, unless I am occupied, and I never thought there was any disgrace in selling apples.'

'Certainly not,' I exclaimed; 'but all who know your history will honor you. Accept my sincerest wishes that your devotion to the lover of your youth may be fully rewarded by an early meeting and a happy reunion.'

'Thank you, thank you; but he is my lover now as much as he was when we were in France, and I know I am going to see him soon. I will show him to you here this winter; I know I will. Mother tells me I am foolish, but something tells me to hope, and I do hope.'

'May you not be disappointed,' I said involuntarily. 'A few weeks after this interview, I missed the apple girl in the pink dress from her accustomed stand. Fearing that she might be sick, I resolved to call at the cottage in the evening. When I went to my boarding house at supper time, a note was handed me. It contained these words: 'Dear Sir: Come to our house this evening. We have something more to tell you

about the romance (as you call it) of my humble dress and occupation. THE APPLE GIRL. I went—the mother stood in the door to welcome me, but the daughter ran to meet me, and taking both of my hands in hers, in a delirium of joy, she cried: 'He's come—he's come.' In her pink dress at the apple stand, she had met Emile the day previous. I stood that night a witness to their union, and a happier wedding I never attended.—The devotion of the simple girl was rewarded—her faith was not misplaced—her homely talisman proved a true one.

If You Can Earn a Living, Stay at Home. We are often addressed by young men and persons of family for information in regard to this, that and the other place, with a view of emigrating from their old homes to some new place. The most of these letters are from the South, and their inquiries are in respect to the West and the Territories. In answer to all of these inquiries, we would say honestly and from experience, in the words with which we head this article, 'If you can earn a living stay at home!'

Who can do best where he is best known but a race? It is a delusion to suppose that one can do better somewhere else than at home, where he was raised, or has long lived—a delusion which experience fully establishes in 99 cases in every hundred.—Young men with small means can do no more in the West than in the East, North and South—and as is too often the case, much worse. It takes more money to make a living in the West, as a general thing, than elsewhere. If the emigrant is a farmer, he finds land but little cheaper, and the cost of establishing himself, and of getting his products to market, much greater than in more populous neighborhoods. As in the past fortunes are not acquired in the West honorably at this age. The labor in the mines is the hardest in the world and the return not as great as that earned by any good citizen in any of the cities. To make money in the far West needs a large cash capital, or a stock of mean whisky! Few are doing so well in Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Utah and Nevada, or east of these territories—in Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Minnesota—as those who follow up the line of construction on the U. P. R. R., and sell rot-gut whisky to the hands employed. What young man, who reads this, would give up his friends and home in the South or East to make money by such means? We know of what we speak, when we say that all that has been said of the flashy towns of the West and the wondrous inducements held out to emigrants, are delusions. There is nothing but deception put upon the West by those whose interest it is to delude people into emigrating westward. We say to all, if you can earn a living at home, stay there. If you can make a living where you are, it is perhaps more than you will make in the West. Stay at home—do the best you can—not honorably—be discreet and judicious, and you will be happier and wealthier in time than if you are led about by popular deceptions.—Watchman.

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.—Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, are rich. A man born with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good head piece, is rich.—Good bones are better than silver, and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function, are better than house and land. It is better than landed estate to have had the right kind of a father and mother. Good and bad breads exist among men as really among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies, or to develop good ones, but it is a good thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. The man is right who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get along with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a timid, overburdened man—these are all born deformed inside. Their feet may not limp, but their thoughts do. A man of fortune, on the brink of the grave, would gladly part with every dollar to obtain a longer lease of life.

LIFE AND ITS END.—Remember for what purpose you were born, and, through the whole of life, look at its end. Consider, when that comes, in what will you put your trust. Not in the bubble of worldly vanity—it will be broken; not in worldly pleasures—they will be gone; not in great connections—they cannot serve you; not in wealth—you cannot carry it with you; not in rank—in the grave there is no distinction; not in the recollection of a life spent in a giddy conformity to the silly fashions of a thoughtless and wicked world; but in that of a life spent soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world.

THE SICK ROOM.—Avoid as much as possible whispering in a sick room. In many instances the patient's senses are acutely sensitive, and he will hear every word you utter; but when this is not the case, he seldom avoids perceiving any mysterious signs between those around him, and they are sure to irritate and alarm him. Let your manner to the invalid be kind, frank and cheerful; and whatever private communication you make your fellow nurses, make it when you have left the sick room.

Glycerine has many valuable uses, some of which are well-known. Yet it may not be so generally known that this sweet substance is obtained by subjecting lard and tallow to the action of steam, heated in a tight vessel to a high temperature. The steam causes the fatty acids to separate from the glycerine. One of the best remedies for chapped hands is glycerine. When diluted with water it is also a suitable dressing for the hair.

An Army of Monkeys.

'They are coming, and will most likely cross the river by the rocks yonder,' observed Raoul. 'How, swim it?' I asked. 'It is a torrent there!'

'Oh, no,' answered the Frenchman; 'monkeys would rather go into fire than water if they cannot leap the stream they will bridge it.' 'Bridge it! and how?' 'Stop a moment, captain, and you shall see.' The half-human voices now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay. Presently they appeared on the opposite bank, headed by an old gray chieftain, and followed like so many soldiers. They were, as Raoul stated, of the comadreja or ring-tailed tribe.

One—an aid-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps—ran out upon a projecting rock, and, after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troops. Commands were issued, and fatigued parties were detailed, and marched to the front.—Meanwhile several of the comadreas—engineers no doubt—ran along the bank examining the trees on both sides.

At length they all collected around a tall cotton-wood that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost—a strong fellow—ran out upon a limb, and taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off and hung head downwards. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipping his tail tightly round the neck and forearm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head-down. The third repeated the manoeuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last one upon the string rested his fore-paws upon the ground.

The living chain now commenced swinging backward and forward, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve, several others on the limbs above aiding the movement.

This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank.—Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillations, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk! The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought.

It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expression of the countenances along that living chain! The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question which suggested itself. Manifestly by number one letting go his tail. But then the point d'appui on the other side was much lower down, and number one, with a half dozen of his neighbors, would be dashed against the opposite bank or soured in the water.

Hero, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girdled him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows, and running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal.

Then a screeam from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting caudle, while the higher ones leaped to the branches and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparel and disappeared.—Adventures in Mexico by Lieut. M. Reid.

A Wicked Fraud.

It is seldom pleasant to tell one's self, but sometimes it is a sort of relief to a man to make a sad confession. I wish to unburden my mind, now, and yet I almost believe that I am moved to do it more because I long to bring censure upon another man than because I desire to pour balm upon my wounded heart. (I don't know what balm is, but I believe it is the correct expression to use in this connection—never having seen any balm.) You may remember that I lectured in Newark lately for the young gentlemen of the Claydon Society? I did at that rate. During the afternoon of that day, I was talking with one of the young gentlemen just referred to, and he said he had a uncle, who, from some cause or other, seemed to have grown permanently bereft of all emotion. And, with tears in his eyes, this young man said:

'Oh, if I could only see him laugh once more! Oh, if I could only see him weep!' I was touched. I never could withstand distress. I said: 'Bring him to my lecture. I'll start him for you.'

'Oh, if you could but do it! If you could but do it, all our family would bless you forever—for he is very dear to us. Oh, my benefactor, can you make him laugh? Can you bring soothing tears to those parched orbs?'

I was profoundly moved. I said: 'My son, bring the old party around.—I have got some jokes in that lecture that will make him laugh if there is any laugh in him—and if they miss fire I have some others that'll make him cry or kill him, one or the other.'

Then the young man blessed me, and wept on my neck, and blew his nose on my coat tail; and went after his uncle. He placed him in full view, in the second row of benches, that night, and I began on him. I tried him with mild jokes; then with severe ones; I dashed him with bad jokes, and rattled him with good ones; I fired old jokes into him, and peppered him from aud-ait with red-hot new ones; I warmed up to my work, and assaulted him right and left, in front and behind; I lumed and sweated, and charged and roused, till I was hoarse and sick, and frantic and furious—but I never moved him once—I never started a smile or a tear; Never a ghost of a smile, and never a suspicion of moisture! I was astounded. I closed the lecture at last with one despairing shriek—with one wild burst of humor—and hurled a joke of supernatural atrocity full at him. I never phased him! Then I sat down bewildered and exhausted.

The President of the Society came up and bathed my head with cold water, and then said: 'What made you carry on so toward the last?'

I said: 'I was trying to make that confounded old fool laugh, in the second row.'

And he said: 'Well, you were wasting your time—because he is deaf and dumb, and as blind as a badger.'

Now was that any way for the old man's nephew to impose on a stranger and an orphan like me? I simply ask you, as a man and a brother, if that was any way for him to do? MARK TWAIN.

The following dialogue, which took place in a street car, is too good to be lost: One of a couple of Teutonic gentlemen, sitting in one end of the car, seeing a flashy dressed fellow come in and take his seat at an opposite end from where they were sitting, asked:—'Who is that Hans?' 'Oh, that is a sport.' 'What you call sport, ye?' 'You no know vat a sport is, ye?' 'No, vat is he?' 'Val, he is son of der fellers vat shave all der hair off a pig, and cover him over mit soap, and bet a groat Dutchman five dollars he can't catch him.'

There is a man in Maine, the owner of a piece of crinoline, who shows decided pluck. He says that when the minister was hugging and kissing his wife, he peeped through the crack of the door and saw it all; and as long as he has the spirit of a man remaining, he will peep on such occasions.

An exchange paper has the following: 'It is said that there are more editors unmarried than any other class of professional men.' For the reason, we suppose, that the majority of them are men of fine sentiment, and do not wish to starve anybody's sister!

The following sentiment is attributed to Napoleon Bonaparte: 'A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel—the other is a treasure.'

Ike's last trick was to throw Mrs. Partington's gaiter in the alley, and call the old lady down from the third floor to see an alley gaiter.

In Indiana, bashful young men pop the question by asking the fair 'slide down the hill of life with them.'

A man who claims an extraordinary amount of veneration says he respects old age in everything except chickens for dinner. A forlorn editor says it is hard to live without a wife—no gentle heart to get up mornings to build the fire. Why were they not hungry in the ark? Because they had 'Hau' aboard. Why would lawyers make good soldiers? Because they know how to charge. The less a man makes of himself, the more of a man he is. What port is sought by every living creature? Support.