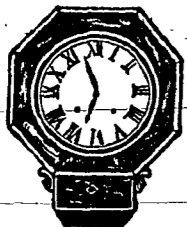




ALEX. LEEDS,

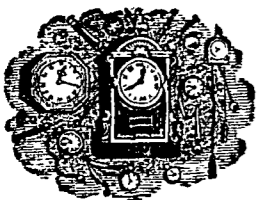
Next door to the Town Hall, has now on hand a fine assortment of

CLOCKS.



Selected by himself with great care, a large and well selected assortment of

WATCHES,



of Swiss, English, and American Manufacture;

JEWELRY

cheaper than ever before sold in Waynesboro', all the latest styles kept constantly on hand. Every variety of Gold Buttons. A fine assortment of

FINGER AND EAR RINGS.

Solid Gold. Engagement and

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Silver Thimbles and Cheelds, Castors, Forks, and Spoons, Salt Cellars, and Butter Knives of the celebrated Roger Manufacture, at reduced rates.

SPECTACLES



To suit everybody's eyes. New glasses put in old frames.

Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry promptly and neatly repaired and warranted.

ALEX. LEEDS, Next door to the Town Hall, under the Photograph Gallery. July 31.

A. S. BONEBRAKE

DEALER IN

DRUGS,

Chemicals,

PATENT MEDICINES,

PREPARATIONS FOR THE HAIR,

OILS, PAINTS,

VARNISHES,

&c. &c.

Physicians dealt with

at 20 per cent. discount.

Waynesboro' Hotel Building,

WAYNESBORO, PA.

March 27, 1869.

POETICAL.



[For the VILLAGE RECORD.]

DISAPPOINTED HOPES.

"High in the belfry" a noble youth did stand,
Expecting every moment to see a joyous band
Of ladles young and middle-aged,
Of widows bright and gay,
To hear the famous lecturer,
On premature decay.

The ladies walked and talked and roamed;
Our clever friend most loudly groaned,
For it was very evident,
All this delay some mischief meant—
At last our friend, becoming weary,
Joined, most loudly, in the queue,
Why don't she come!

My limbs are stiff from lying low,
I guess I to my work will go,
But, I declare, 'tis quite provoking—
'Twill likely set them all to joking
Who know of my position here,
Indeed, I think myself 'tis queer.

Well, I must brave it all, I trow,
For, from this place I'm going now—
Confound the girls! I wish they'd go
From off the pavement down below—
O, here's a window back, I see,
That's the very thing for me

So out I go with one broad leap,
And slily to my lattice creep,
When lo! these hateful girls are there;
I'll vow, it almost makes me—er,
Is Mr. L., our friend, not in?
Quoth the ladies, with a grin.

No, Lem replied, he's gone to dine,
Call in again, some future time—
Out the wretches go, quite merry—
When in I jumped in a big hurry,
Hurray! hurrah! they all do cry,
Our friend dines in the belfry high.

MISCELLANY.

AN INCH OF REAL ESTATE.

Some time since, a gentleman, whom we will call Mr. A., purchased a piece of ground on which was an old building, which he proceeded to tear down, intending to replace it with a building more suitable for the transaction of his business. About the same time another gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. B., purchased the adjoining lot and proceeded in the same manner to take down the old building standing upon it, so that the new work of demolition commenced at the same time. After this had been concluded, Mr. A., being ready to build himself, and supposing quite naturally that his neighbor would prefer building at the same time, paid him a visit in relation to the matter, when he was boorishly informed by Mr. B., that he should build "when he pleased." Of course as Mr. A. could not gain his right in this respect, the only method left for him was to go on by himself. This he accordingly did, and had progressed so far as to have his building "covered in," when he was surprised one day by a visit from his irate neighbor.

"Sir," says Mr. B., "you are an inch on my ground."

Mr. A., rejoined that he thought it must be a mistake.

"No, sir, it is no mistake—you are an inch on my ground."

"Well," returned Mr. A., "all I can say is, if it is so, I am very sorry, and it is altogether unintentional; but I am willing to pay you whatever you say the land is worth."

"I want no pay," answered Mr. B., "I want my land."

"Sir," says Mr. A., "it seems hopeless to attempt to compromise this matter with you, but I will pay you double whatever you say the land is worth rather than take down my wall."

"I want no money—I want my land," persisted stubborn Mr. B. Argument and entreaty were alike unavailing, and Mr. A., accordingly proceeded to take down and rebuild his wall.

He was permitted to finish his building now without further interruption.

Shortly afterward Mr. B., concluded to build on his lot, and masons and carpenters were set at work to accomplish the object.

The work progressed finely—story after story went up as if by magic; and our friend Mr. B., watched the operations day by day with increasing interest, with confident anticipation of being able to occupy the premises by a certain period. At length the building was entirely finished from foundation to capstones—the workmen had departed with their tools—the rubbish was cleared away—and Mr. B., was complacently congratulating himself on its successful completion when he was astonished by a visit from his neighbor, Mr. A.

"Sir," said he, "I am sorry to inform you that you are an inch on my ground."

"Pooch, nonsense," returned Mr. B. "It's no nonsense at all," said Mr. A., "I tell you that you are an inch on my ground."

"Why, how can that be?" blustered Mr. B., "when I only built up to your wall?"

"Ah, that's it! in the driest manner possible answered Mr. A.

grace from him—was now advanced by Mr. B.

"No, sir," returned Mr. A., "I shall not sell; you cannot offer me money enough to buy that inch of land. Take down your wall, sir, down with it to the foundations. I want my land."

Mr. B., came to the conclusion that the game was decidedly against him, and yielded with the best grace he could. The wall was taken down and re-erected, and so particular was our friend not to trespass, that he built an inch short of where he had a right to go. It is perhaps, unnecessary to explain to the reader that Mr. A., had done the same thing when he was compelled to rebuild.

A Thought for Young Men.
All thinkers and careful observers have noticed the gradual and very strong tendency of some business men, and especially our young men, to a restless disposition. There are many causes for this. In common with the rapid march of events, inflation has pursued its course, invading not only the walks of commerce, but has permeated almost the entire mental range of the striving millions. The rush for riches may have abated somewhat within the past few months, yet the unsatisfied thirst exhibits itself and surges to and fro at the mere intimation or possible hope of obtaining a fortune. Not the least feature of this deplorable mental excitement is the assumed necessity to obtain wealth immediately.

All substantial fortunes are obtained by dint of patience and the power of system and reasonable economy; the result of energy coolly and judiciously applied. Hundreds are looking forward to the coming spring, definitely or indefinitely, for grand developments, on some new line of enterprise, at all events to a change suggestive of more "material aid." That which is doing well or reasonably, is not satisfactory. The brain is heated, while cupidity runs riot with its crazed victim.

The wheel may have to be reversed to check this unreasonable phase of human nature—then comes both mental and material depression. Let it be borne in mind that the most solid success comes from solid labor. Young men be cheerful, and thank God for the blessings you have; be prudent, and patient, and cultivate that calmness and deliberation which foreshadows power and guarantees future success.

SALT LAKE CITY.—Coming down through "Parley's Canon" and out upon the "fort hills" of the "Twin Peaks," which tower 11,000 feet above us, to the south-east of Salt Lake City, the view is one of unparalleled beauty; at least upon the "over land route." Far as the eye can reach, stretches the fertile valley of the Great Salt Lake, bounded upon all sides by snow-capped mountains, and the lake itself, a miniature ocean, gleaming like burnished silver, lies apparently beneath our very feet. We are misled as to the distance, in all these mountain regions, by the purity and clearness of the atmosphere. The lake is fully twenty-five miles distant. Camp D. angles, the flag of which is plainly visible, seems only a mile or so in advance; but it is a good hour's ride from us. Passing the river Jordan, we soon entered the city, which we find to be located upon an inclined plateau, near the base of a mountain known as "Ensign Peak." The streets cross each other at right angles, are very wide, well shaded, and a stream of clear sparkling water, fresh from the mountains, dances and gurgles on either side of the way.

This water is conveyed through all the principal streets in the city and is used for every necessary purpose, though that of irrigation is the principal. The "blocks" embrace an area of ten acres, subdivided into lots of an acre and a quarter each. The building material is chiefly sun dried bricks, called adobe, but there are many fine business houses built of stone. The offices of Wells, Fargo & Co. are perhaps the finest in the city.

A MORAL ACTUALITY.—Students of history and close observers of individual character are continually impressed with the profound practical truth embodied in the utterances of the Biblical patriarchs and apostles, not to mention the precepts laid down by the Saviour himself or communicated to Israel by divine authority. One homely sentence that we now recall contains a wisdom deeper than schools and courts and cabinets; say, than all the combinations, public and private, of men for any other than pure purposes: "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." How the annals of mankind, in great and in small things alike, daily illustrate the force of this reflection! What monarch upon a despotic throne; what cruel conqueror at the head of a victorious army; what cunning diplomatist perverting truth to serve some momentary ambition; what corrupt magistrate trampling justice under foot with fancied impunity; what society or conspiring league of men aiming at the bread or the blood of the innocent, has escaped some terrific blow falling in the very hour of their perfected schemes! Scan the history of great nations, or of small communities, and see if an instance of oppression really triumphant can be found? The unwritten law of human experience, since the world began is that in the very moment when bad, false, and heartless men believe themselves the safest they are the nearest to their doom.

Nothing is more easy than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody; to befriend none; to get everything and save all we get; to stint ourselves and everybody belonging to us; to be the friend of no man, and have no man for our friend; to heap interest upon interest, and to mean, miserably and despised, for some twenty or thirty years—riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment.

Wanted—A Boy with Ten Points.

1. Honest. 2. Pure. 3. Intelligent. 4. Active. 5. Industrious. 6. Obedient. 7. Steady. 8. Obliging. 9. Polite. 10.—Neat. One thousand first rate places are open for one thousand boys who come up to the standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them are already filled by boys who lack some of the most important points, but they will soon be vacant. One is in an office not far from where we write. The lad who has the situation is losing his first point—He likes to attend the circus and the theatre. This costs more money than he can afford, but somehow he manages to be there frequently. His employers are quietly watching to learn how he gets so much extra spending money; they will soon discover a leak in the money drawer, detect the dishonest boy, and his place will be ready for some one who is now getting ready for it by observing point No. 1 and being truthful in all his ways. Some situations will soon be vacant, because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare to show to their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see. The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts; the boys will be ruined, and their places must be filled. Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished lawyers, useful ministers, skillful physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for somebody, else to fill. One by one they are removed by death. Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank. Every man who is worthy to employ a boy is looking for you, if you have the points. Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities will shine as plainly as a star at night. We have named ten points that go toward making up the character of a successful boy, so that they can be easily remembered. You can imagine one on each finger, and so keep them in mind; they will be worth more than diamond rings, and you will then never be ashamed to "show your hand."—*Exchange.*

Life Lengthened.

- Cultivate an equal temper, many a man has fallen dead in a fit of passion.
- Eat regularly, not over thrice a day, and nothing between meals.
- Go to bed at regular hours. Get up as soon as you wake of yourself, and do not sleep in the day time, at least not longer than ten minutes before noon.
- Work always by the day, and not by the job.
- Stop working before you are "fagged out."
- Cultivate a generous and an accommodating temper.
- Never eat when you are not hungry, nor drink when you are not thirsty.
- Never cross a bridge before you come to it, for this will save half the trouble of life.
- Let your appetite always come uninvited.
- Cool off in a place greatly warmer than the one in which you have been exercising; this simple rule would prevent incalculable sickness and save millions of lives a year.
- Never resist a call of nature for a single minute.
- Never allow yourself to be chilled through and through; it is this which destroys so many every year in a few days' sickness, from pneumonia, called by some lung fever, or inflammation of the lungs.
- Whoever drinks no liquids at his meals will add years of pleasurable existence to his life. Of cold or warm drinks, the former are the most pernicious—drinking at meals induces persons to eat more than they otherwise would, as any one can verify by experiment; and it is excess of eating which devastates the land with sickness, suffering, and death.
- After fifty years of age, if not a day laborer, and sedentary persons after forty, should eat but twice a day—in the morning and about four in the afternoon; persons can soon accustom themselves to seven hours interval between eating, thus giving the stomach rest; for every organ without adequate rest must give out prematurely.
- Begin early to live under the benign influence of the Christian religion, for it buys the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

CURIOS COMPUTATION.—The Paris *Patrie* says:—"The celebrated phrase of General Foy will probably be remembered; he said from the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies on the occasion of the bill for granting an indemnity of a thousand millions of francs to the French emigres: 'Do you know that an equal number of minutes has not elapsed since the birth of Jesus Christ?' Although those words were pronounced nearly a half a century ago, we have not even yet attained the amount. On the twenty-fifth of December next, calculating twenty bissextile years in every hundred, there will only have passed 982,368,000 minutes since the birth of our Saviour. A twelve month contains 522,600, so that we shall have to wait thirty years before reaching this famous milliard, which will only be completed in 1898. Taking the average of human life, more than nine tenths of the beings actually existing on the surface of the globe, will not arrive at that date."

Success in life is very apt to make one forget the time when they wasn't much. It is just so with a frog on the jump—he cannot remember when he was a tadpole, but other folks can.

A friend is known when needed.

BAGGING EDUCATION.

The title of this article may seem somewhat unique.—Every one knows perfectly well what is meant by bagging wheat, corn, &c., but how education can be bagged, may not, at first thought, seem very clear. All obscurity will, however, readily vanish, if the expression is regarded in a figurative sense. Figuratively the mind may be looked upon as a mere receptacle for receiving and holding isolated facts, and, when thus considered, it is not improperly compared to a bag—however homely the figure may seem.—That such a view as this contradicts the plain teachings of the philosophy of the human mind, does not for a moment even admit of doubt, nor is it any more questionable that a method of teaching or system of instruction founded upon such an erroneous view, is as irrational as it is erroneous. In this enlightened age, no one would contradict this, but until about a half century ago, there were not wanting whose knowledge of their own minds was as crude and incorrect as this. Indeed it does not seem that teachers, previous to that time, thought much about what they were doing; for all followed in the same long beaten track, perfectly satisfied with the results of their labors, however unsatisfactory and meagre these were. Out of the schools, people could study without, at the same time, committing to memory, but in them, children could not. All the so-called studying done in the schools by the children consisted in blindly committing tasks to memory. Teaching then was easy work; for all that was done, not to say required, was, hearing recitations. Explanations by the teacher were neither expected nor possible. Having himself no knowledge of the subjects he pretended to teach, he could communicate none to his pupils, nor could he do more than assign tasks in the text-books and see that these were committed to memory. Strange and incredible as it may now appear, it does not seem to have entered the minds of those who had the control of the education of the young, of those days, that in all the pursuits of life, other faculties than the memory are also called into exercise, and that, therefore, one of the principal objects of the training of the schools should be, to cultivate and strengthen these. The object of education was the acquisition of knowledge. The minds of the pupils were to be filled with facts very much like a bag filled with corn or wheat; and he who could contain the largest quantity of whose memory was the most retentive, received all the honors, and was considered the best scholar. The evident inference from this method of teaching is, that the mental stomachs of the educated of those days were unusually large, but, judging from crania still in existence, the country appears nearer in accordance with the truth. The memory of an educated man should have been a giant compared with his other intellectual powers, on the contrary however, though immetaphorically urged and strained, it was as treacherous as at the present time, and much more of a dwarf. Indeed the memories of the children attending school, being constantly taxed with, what seemed to him, as it really was, useless tasks, instead of becoming more retentive, became less so, on account of being continually wearied with unprofitable labor. All that was contained in the text-books of those days, was of such an ancient and sacred character, that to examine it in the light of reason, would have been next to sacrilege, and hence no teacher thought of attempting it or of teaching his pupils to do so. Whether it was at all supposed that pupils could learn to understand what they "studied," appears doubtful, as no attempt was made in that direction. Pupils received everything at second hand. Instead of studying the subjects themselves, they wasted their time in learning the views of the authors of the text-books, who were looked upon, by both them and the teachers, as gods, from whose decisions there could be no appeal. As everything seemed too obstructive (?) to be understood, it was learned by rules. Every problem in arithmetic was solved by the rule laid down by the author of the books. And if any one questioned the utility of this blindness, he was readily met with the question, "If the author does his sums by his rule, why should the teachers and scholars not do the same?" or "What are these rules for, or why were they put into the books, if they are not to be followed?" Such arguments as these, were, of course, unanswerable (?), and he who was so stupid (?) as merely to suggest the probability that common sense could be made available in the solution of problems, when met with such powerful (?) arguments as these, was obliged to hide his face for shame.

In this way the study of arithmetic became little more than learning by rote a set of arbitrary and useless rules; and he who could apply those rules most dexterously in producing results, or could repeat the largest number of them in the shortest time, was the most expert arithmetician. He thought no more of reasoning upon the problems or of studying principles, than the clown does of studying the internal structure of his watch. He looked only the way the hands pointed.

If a pupil had obtained the "answer" to a "sum," both he and the teacher were perfectly satisfied; nothing more was desired, though the pupil understood absolutely nothing about the solution except how to apply the rule to obtain the result. But the pupils generally were in no worse predicament than the teachers; for these themselves could give no better reason for anything than simply that the "book said so."

M. Wayneboro', March, 1869.
[Conclusion next week.]

The contented man is never poor, the discontented never rich.

A Dutchman Opposed to Insurance.

A certain Dutchman, owner of a small house, had effected an insurance on it of eight hundred dollars, although it had been built for much less. The house burnt down, and the Dutchman then claimed the full amount for which it had been insured; but the officers of the company refused to pay more than its actual value, about six hundred dollars. "He expressed his dissatisfaction in powerful broken English; interlarding his remarks with some choice Teutonic oaths.

"If you wish it," said the cashier of the insurance company, "we will build you a house much larger and better than the one burnt down, as we are positive it can be done for even less than six hundred dollars."

To this proposition the Dutchman objected, and at last was compelled to take the six hundred dollars. Some weeks after he had received the money, he was called upon by the same agent, who wanted him to take out a policy of life insurance, or himself, or on his wife.

"If you insure your wife's life for \$2,000," the agent said, "and she should die, you would have the sum to solace your heart."

"Dat be tam!" exclaimed the Dutchman. "You guarantee follows with all right! I'll insure my wife, and my wife dies, and if goes to de office to get my two thousand dollars, do I get all the money? No, not quite. You will say to me, she wasn't worth two thousand dollars; she 'vas' worth about six hundred. If you don't like de six hundred dollars, we will give a bigger and better wife!"

A HARTFORD LOVE AFFAIR.—A lady and gentleman are now living in Hartford, Conn., who were engaged to be married more than thirty years ago, and who are still anxiously waiting the day when they shall be made one. In 1840 they had been engaged for some time, but did not marry, because each had a mother dependent upon them for support. The two mothers refused to live together and their children refused to leave them, but decided to postpone their marriage until one or the other should die. Both mothers are still living, and the gentleman continues to visit the lady, their filial duty still keeping them apart. The man has had the consumption for several years, and doubtless ere either of the now very aged mothers shall take their departure, he will have gone to his last resting place. Every day a trembling old Roman leaning heavily on his cane, with feeble steps, winds his way to the house of Juliet, a withered maiden lady, whose hair is silvered by age and trouble. Truly they deserve happiness if any couple ever did.

HE BELIEVED.—The spirit of the gentleman (who, by the way, had been somewhat severe in matters of discipline) was called up, and held some conversation with the boy. But the messages were not at all convincing, and the youth would not believe that his father had anything to do with them.

"Well," said the medium, "what can your father do to remove your doubts?"

"If he will perform some act which is characteristic of him, and without any direction as to what it shall be, I shall believe in it."

"Very well," said the medium; "we wait some manifestations from the spirit-land."

This was no sooner said than (as the story goes) a table walked up to the youth, and, without ceremony kicked him out of the room.

"Hold on!—stop him!" cried the terrified young convert, "that's the old man! I believe in rappings!"

The hero has never since had a desire to stir up the old gentleman.

HOW TO RUIN A SON.—1st. Let him have his own way.

2d. Allow him the free use of money.

3d. Suffer him to rove where he pleases on the Sabbath.

4th. Give him free access to companions of his own choosing.

5th. Call him to no account for his evenings.

6th. Furnish him no stated employment. Pursue either of these ways, and you will experience a most marvelous deliverance, or you will have to mourn over a debased and ruined child. Thousands have realized the sad results, and have gone mourning to the grave.

SAVING THE SHOCK.—A debtor who owed eight thousand dollars, offered his creditor eight bills of a thousand dollars each, payable on the first of eight consecutive months, which were accepted. The first bill was protested on its coming due, and on the creditor's asking the debtor for an explanation, the latter said, "The fact is, my friend, I can't pay you anything, and I divided up the debt into small portions to save you the shock of losing it all at once."

Martin Van Buren, late ex-President of the United States, once remarked to a gentleman:—"I have made it a rule of my life to always attend church on Sunday, and I have counseled hundreds of young men to do so, for it rarely will occur that one who maintains the decorum consequent upon a habitual weekly cleansing of person and decency of dress, and becoming attendance at church, will fall much below the standard of respectability in a community."

A scarecrow has been invented down east of so hideous a character that the crows are bringing back the corn they stole last year.

Ladies are like violets—the more modest and retiring, the more they are loved and sought after.

A good many women think they are belles because they have tolled—all they know.