

VILLAGE



RECORD

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 2, 1869.

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ALEX. LEEDS,

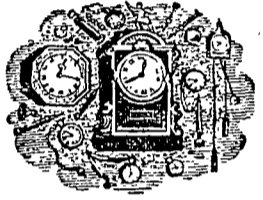
Next door to the Town Hall, has now on hand a fine assortment of

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, at the latest styles kept constantly on hand. Every variety of Cuff buttons. A fine assortment of

FINGER AND EAR RINGS.

Solid Gold. Engagement and

WEDDING RINGS,

Silver Thimbles and sheaths, 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, 1868.

POETICAL.



YEARS AGO.

BY G. P. MORRIS.

Near the banks of that lonely river,
Where the water-lilies grow,
Breathed the fairest flowers that ever
Bloomed and faded years ago.

How we met and loved and parted,
None on earth can ever know—
Nor how pure and gentle-hearted
Beamed the mourned one, years ago!

Like the stream with lilies laden,
Will life's future current flow,
'Till in heaven I meet the maiden
Fondly-cherished years ago.

Hearts that love like mine forget not,
They're the same in weal or woe;
And that star of memory sets not
In the grave of years ago.

GENTLENESS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted:
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted,
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sounds again
Give to thy touch a token.

The heart is like a cup,
If thou waste the love it bear thee,
And like a jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like that string of harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scattered—
Gently, oh, gently touch the chords
So soon forever shattered!

MISCELLANY.

UNACCOUNTABLE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Walter King locked the door of his law office, and turned his steps homeward, in a very pleasant frame of mind.

Business had been very brisk of late with the young lawyer, and he could see his way clear to fortune, and fame, and—matrimony. He had only been waiting an increase of his income, to ask Leah Turner if she would be his wife. And if there was any dependence to be placed in a woman's voice and glance, then he would not receive 'No' for an answer. In two weeks more his affairs would all be settled, and he would take a vacation, and go down to S——, where Miss Turner resided. So he dreamed and planned, till he found himself at his own door.

In the hall he met his ten-year-old sister Jennie, who barred his progress with two tiny arms. 'Guess who's here,' she said.—'Not another step till you guess.'

So Walter went through the whole catalogue of friends and acquaintance, and at last gave up in despair.

'Why, you old humbug! I have you forgotten all about me?' cried a cheery little voice, and another ten-year-old maiden danced up to his side, with a pout of offended dignity on her rosy lips.

'Why, Fannie Turner, is it you?' And Walter lifted the little woman from the floor and kissed both cheeks. (I am inclined to think one was for the sister.)

'Yes, it's me; and I've come to stay a week,' was the emphatic response. 'And now do come to supper, for we are all dreadful hungry.'

That evening, as Walter King was writing in his account-book, Jennie reached for a book near by, and chanced to jar his arm.

'You nuisance?' he cried savagely; 'see what a blot you have left on my book!'

'Does he often do that?' whispered Fannie, as her companion came back to her side. 'Do what?'

'Speak so loud and cross.'

'Oh!' said Miss Jennie, soothingly, 'that was nothing. You mus' at mind such things; that's the way men always speak to their sisters when they are bothered; but you haven't any brothers, and so don't know about it.'

The next morning Fannie woke hearing loud noises just outside her window. She sprang from her bed and peeped through the blinds. She saw Walter just in the act of tossing a young lad in the air, as he would a ball, and cuffing his ears when he returned to earth.

'Oh, Jennie!' she cried in terror, 'do come and see what is the matter.'

'Why, you poor nervous goose!' answered Miss Jennie when she had viewed the scene; 'it is only Walter punishing his office-boy. He is such a lazy creature, Walter has to punish him every few days, to get anything done.' And then Jennie dismissed the subject from her mind, and began to chatter of something else. But Fannie was wondering vaguely if all men were so cruel in their anger.

At breakfast, Walter set down his coffee, after one sip, with a wry face.

'Did you make this coffee, mother?'

Mrs. King answered in the affirmative. 'Well, all I have to say is, that I thought you had had practice enough to make something superior to this slosh.' I can't drink it.'

No one answered; but Fannie who thought the coffee was excellent, was thanking Providence that she had no brother, if brothers were all like this one.

Half an hour later, as Walter was prepar-

ing for 'down town,' a button was found missing from his overcoat.

'Death and destruction!' he ejaculated; 'why, in the name of all slatterns, Ida, have you neglected my coat? A button-missing, and I have not a minute to lose. Confound it, and you, too!'

His eldest sister came from an adjoining room. 'But, Walter, I did not know the button was gone,' she apologized.

'Of course, not,' answered the masculine angel. 'You never do. If you had cared, you would have seen to it. My things are always neglected.'

All this did not escape Miss Fannie's sharp ears, and she came to the conclusion that Mr. Walter was a very cross man, and not one bit as she thought him when she had only seen him at home.

That evening Jennie coaxed her brother to take them out driving. So the carriage was brought to the door, and the girls seated. But the horses were young and fiery, and at the flutter of the dresses and ribbons they plunged and reared in fear. Walter King's strong hand held the reins, and drawing his heavy boot, he struck the poor creatures' sides till they quivered in pain. All women and children have a soft spot in their hearts for horses, and this cruelly seemed so unmerited, that Fannie almost bated the man.

At the end of the week she went home. One week after, Walter King went down to S——. But Leah Turner declined his offer with thanks, and the rejected lover, to this day, declares that it is 'unaccountable'—forgetting that 'little pitchers have large ears.'

The Spirit of Discontent.

How universal it is! We never yet knew the man who would say 'I am contented.'—Go where you will among the rich or the poor, the man of competence or the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, you hear the sound of muttering and the voice of complaint. The other day we stood by a cooper who was playing a merry tune with his adze around a cask.

'Ah!' said he, 'mine is a hard lot; forever trotting round like a dog, driving a hoop.'

'Heigho!' sighed a blacksmith on one of the late hot days, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, while the red hot iron glowed in his anvil—'this life with a vengeance, melting and frying one's self over a fire!'

'Oh, that I were a carpenter!' ejaculated a shoemaker as he bent over his lapstone. 'Here I am, day after day, wearing my soul away making soles for others, cooped up in this little seven by nine room—ho hum!'

'I'm sick of this out-door work! I exclaimed the carpenter, 'broiling under a sweltering sun, or exposed to the inclemency of the weather— I wish I was a tailor!'

'This is too bad!' perpetually cries the tailor, 'to be compelled to sit perched up here plying the needle all the time—would that mine were a more active life!'

'Last day of grace—banks won't discount—customers won't pay; what shall I do?' grumbles the merchant 'I had rather be a truck horse—a dog or anything else!'

'Happy fellows!' groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some dry, musty record, 'happy fellows! I had rather hammer stone than puzzle my head on this tedious, vexatious question.'

And through all the ramifications of society all are complaining at their condition, finding fault with their particular calling. 'If it were only this or that or the other, I should be content,' is the universal cry—'anything but what I am! So wags the world, so has it wagged and so will it wag.'

DEAL AT HOME.—If we combine together locally, pull together locally, plan together locally, and that continually, we shall surely grow rich and great together and rapidly. Patronize Home institutions—don't send away for anything that can be manufactured here. Encourage home enterprise—don't ask men to deal with you and not deal with them. Lend all your influence, give all your patronage to our own mechanics—don't sell them their groceries and calicoes and then send off for ready made houses, eastern bugies, New York boots, Ohio plows, and other imported end so forth. Be liberal with those who are making you rich, and don't be so mean that you only buy of them a small quantity of this or that which will last till you can order by the quantity from abroad.

YAIN MAN.—Whilst thou art building castles, the carpenter is building thy coffin. While deceitful illusions are gilding thy future prospects, the painter is leisurely putting the varnish upon the casket that is being fitted for thy reception. While thou art striving hard to distinguish thyself among thy fellows, the marble work is fitting the slab that shall mark thy grave. While you are querrying as to the wherewithal you shall be clothed in, the materials for your burial suit are upon the tradesman's shelf. You add field to field, and anxiously reach out for more; but go to the graveyard and stake out the lot to which death will soon assign you. Then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?

A HEALTHY BUG.—Old Hanks said—'Some years ago, I took a bed bug from a foundry, and dropped it into a ladle where the melting iron was, and had it run into a skillet. Well, my old woman used that skillet pretty constant for the last six years, and here the other day it broke all to smash, and what do you think, gentleman, that ere insect just walked out of his hole where he had been layin' like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his old roost up stairs! But, (added he by way of parenthesis,) by George, gentlemen, he looked mighty pale!'

Let reason go before every enterprise, and counsel before every action.

A Love Affair.

The Kansas City Journal tells the following:—

The following story as it was told to us, happened near Lake City, Ind., where there lived at the breaking out of the war a wealthy farmer whom we will call Blank—This man kept a number of servants; among them was a good and religious young girl, possessing unusual attractions. She was courted by an officer of some rank in the Federal army, while at home recruiting for his regiment. When the day of his departure came, he made known to the servant girl how deeply she had interested him, and begged to know if there was any hope. She confessed that his attachment was reciprocated, and they were at once affianced.

'Should Mr. Blank,' said Jennie, 'come to know of this I shall at once be discharged. He believes it was his daughter for whom your visits were intended.'

'Should this be so,' returned the fond lover, 'only write and let me know, and you shall not suffer.'

With an affectionate kiss and promise that both would be punctual in their letter writing, they separated, he to join his regiment among the boys on the Potomac.

He waited long and anxiously for tidings of his loved one, but not one word was received to assuage his troubled mind. Finally his own letters were returned. What could it all mean? Was Jennie false?—He could not believe it.

After the soldier's departure, Mr. Blank took Jennie into a room, fastened the door, and with rawhide in hand, commanded her to tell him if she was betrothed to Col——.

When she told him all, he had her blindfolded, taken to the great city of Chicago, and there left without friends or money.

He reported that she had died of cholera, and to make the deception complete, built a false grave.

When the war was over, and Col—— returned home, he made his way at once to the old graveyard, and sought out—that of his lost Jennie. After bathing the little mound with his tears, he made his way to the house of Mr. Blank to learn the particulars. While he was there the guilty man ordered the tombstones for the false grave, with some evergreens and flowers.

Col—— had been a mourner three years before the war closed, until December, 1858, when business called him to Chicago. There, in a street car, with a bundle of soiled clothes which she was taking home to be washed, he found his buried Jennie. He flew across the car, taking her in his arms and almost screaming with joy. He had found her at last.

Can Consumption be Cured?

This reads very much like the heading of a patent medicine advertisement, but it is nothing of the sort. We write it for the purpose of quoting the following valuable directions at the close of Dr. Bowditch's two papers on consumption in America, in the last two numbers of the Atlantic Monthly:

1. Never allow any one to sleep in the same bed with a consumptive.

2. If possible, let the attendant or friend sleep in an adjacent room, within easy call, rather than in the same room.

3. Never let one sister (i. e. one of the same hereditary tendencies) sleep with another who is tuberculous.

4. Always have a paid nurse to attend to the mere drudgery of the sick room.

5. As this will often be impossible, let the attendant be sure to go out not less than twice daily, and fill her lungs with pure air, or at least with air different from that of the sick room.

We conclude, as we began, in hope; and for a final statement lay down the following as our medical faith on this important question. When all men and women live in properly placed and rightly constructed houses, and at all times attend carefully to the hygienic laws of mind and body, in themselves and their offspring, then will consumption, like many kindred evils, be wholly eradicated, or made comparatively harmless in its influence on the human race.

GETTING THE WORST OF IT.—'Do you want to buy any berries to-day?' said a little boy to me one afternoon.

I looked at the little fellow, and saw that he was poorly dressed. In his hand he held a basket full of ripe raspberries.

I told him I should like some, and taking the basket from him, stepped into the house. He did not follow me.

'Why don't you come in, and see if I measure your berries right?' said I. 'How do you know but what I may cheat you and take more than I agreed for?'

The boy looked up at me and smiled. 'I am not afraid,' said he, 'for you would get the worst of it, ma'am.'

'Get the worst of it?' I said. 'What do you mean?'

'Why, ma'am, I should only lose my berries, but you would be stealing. Don't you think that would be the worst for you?'

Adventure of Dr. Mary Walker.

'Jingle,' of the New York Sunday News, tells this story, which has the air of probability:

While with the Army of the Potomac, in the summer of 1863, Dr. Walker visited the headquarters of Colonel, afterwards General, Sam Carroll, of the Secretary Army Corps. Failing in all her efforts to obtain a regular commission as surgeon in the army, and having only permission to remain with the troops in the capacity of a nurse, the 'Doctor' was obliged to accept the hospitality of the officers. On the occasion referred to, she plainly stated to Gen. Carroll her intention of tarrying at his headquarters for a few days, for the laudable purpose of looking after the sick. Of course the General consented, and, being as gallant as he is brave, offered her the sole use of his tent, which she accepted.—So far so good.

Early in the morning after her arrival, a field officer of the Seventh West Virginia Regiment, of Carroll's Brigade—a bluff, honest, brave, devil-may-care old back-woodsman—took a walk over to brigade headquarters, and noticing that the flies of Carroll's tent were still tied, thought it somewhat strange that his commanding officer, generally an early riser, should remain in bed at so late an hour. 'I have it!' said he, thinking a moment—and approaching the tent, he quietly noticed the canvas doors, winking at the same time at several staff officers who were near by, endeavoring to control their risibilities.

The face of the sleeper was hidden by the bed covering, and the officer quietly lifting the clothes at the foot of the couch, and encircling two warm ankles with his brawny paws, while he watched the head of the bed intently to see if the sleeper awoke, shouted at the top of his voice, as he dragged the body completely out of the bed on the floor, 'Carroll, you lazy cuss, get up here! It's eight o'—'

The rest of the sentence was lost in a piercing scream, such as only a female in distress can furnish at short notice, and the jolly old officer, abashed and dumfounded, bounded from the tent, like a stag struck by a four ounce bullet. The joke was altogether too good to keep, and the result was that every soldier in the Second Corps soon knew the story about Colonel——, of the Seventh Virginia pulling Dr. Mary Walker out of bed.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.—Is there any position a mother can covet for her daughter more glorious than to be the wife of an honest, independent, happy farmer, in a country like this? To be the wife of one whose farm is noted far and near as a model of neatness and perfection of cultivation? To be mistress of a mansion of her own—a sweet and lovely home? To be the angel that fits through the garden, bidding the flowers to bloom, and twining roses and honey-suckles around the bedroom window, or sweetening their fragrance with her sweetest smile; or spreading the snowy cloth beneath the old oak at the door to welcome her husband as he returns from his toil, or even, tipping the cradle with her foot as she plies the dasher with her hand; or busily moves the needle, at the same time humming a joyous song of praise that she is the beloved wife of an American farmer—one of the true noble men of this free country—ones that should be right rank as the pride and glory of America!

MENTAL ACTIVITY.—If the water runneth, it holdeth clear, sweet, and fresh; but stagnation turneth it into a noisome puddle. If the air be fanned by the winds, it is pure and wholesome; but from being shut up, it groweth thick and putrid. If metals be employed, they abide smooth and splendid; but lay them up, and they soon contract rust. If the earth is labored with culture, it yieldeth corn; but lying neglected, it will be overgrown with bushes and thistles, and the better the soil, the ranker weeds it will produce. All nature is upheld in its being, order and shape by constant agitation; every creature is incessantly employed in action conformable to its designed use. In like manner, the preservation and improvement of the faculties depend on their constant exercise; to it God has annexed the best and most desirable reward—success to our undertakings, wealth, honor, wisdom, virtue, salvation.—Barrow.

An amusing scene was recently witnessed at one of our fashionable skating ponds. On a beautiful moonlight night, when the ice was unusually crowded, the principal attraction was a handsome young lady, charmingly dressed, with short skirts. She was a very graceful skater, and in her evolutions displayed a pair of beautifully formed ankles, so symmetrical that they seemed to charm the eyes of the young men, although they aroused the envy of her own sex. But beauty's reign in this case was short; she fell upon the ice, and had the misfortune to rip her stocking with her skate. Not being aware of the mishap, she suddenly rose, and continued to glide over the ice as before; but now the admiration for her was turned to laughter, for a trail of sawdust followed her, oozing from the ill fated stocking. It is needless to add she shortly left the ice.

HOME CHEERFULNESS.—Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing displeases, they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces and words are harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially to the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy.

Generally observed.—Tilting skirts, water-falls and other people's business.

How She Had Him.

A gentleman, pleasantly situated, married, and blessed with two beautiful daughters, the pride of the neighborhood and their parents' joy, would seem to have all that was needed to make life cheerful; but strange as it may appear, he took his chief pleasure in propounding to the wife of his bosom hard conundrums, which she, unable to guess, would give up, saying, 'I can't guess—what is it? and he invariably answered, 'that's a nut for you to crack;' while she, poor woman, kept quiet, having no way of redress, and thinking that some time she might pay the debt with interest.

Thus matters remained until the patient wife was laid low on her sick bed, and her disquisition was fast approaching. She asked in a feeble voice for her husband, to whom, on his coming to her bedside, she said, 'Joshua, we have two beautiful and affectionate daughters.'

'Yes,' said the stricken husband and father, 'yes they are indeed beautiful and affectionate children.'

'Well, Joshua, I can't leave the world without telling you something that has long been weighing upon my mind, and may perhaps surprise you. You are the father of only one of those children.'

'What?' exclaimed the astonished husband; 'tired God! which is my daughter?'

She turned to him with a look of triumph, as she said: 'That's a nut for you to crack.' And before he could rally to ask more, the spirit of his partner was wafted away, leaving him with the hardest nut of all to crack by himself.

THE YANKEES AND THE BEAR.—Two Yankees strolling in the woods, without any arms in their possession, observed a bear climbing a tree, with its paws clasped around the trunk. One of them ran forward, and caught the bear's paws, one in each hand. He then called out to his comrade, 'Jonathan, run home, and bring me something to kill the varmint; and mind you don't stay, or I'm in a fix.'

Jonathan ran off, but staid a long time. During the interval, the bear made several desperate attempts to bite the hand of him who held it. At length Jonathan came back.

'Hallo, what kept you so long?'

'Well, I'll tell you. When I got home breakfast was ready, so I staid to eat it.'

'Well,' said his comrade, 'come now, and hold the critter till I kill it!'

Jonathan seized the bear's paws, and held the animal.

'Well, have you hold of him?'

'I guess I have.'

'Very well, then, hold fast; I'm off for dinner!'

A Spring wagon has been invented by a gentleman in Maysville, Kentucky, which he proposes to run without any kind of animal or steam power. He has already perfected a small model, which runs up or down hill very rapidly. The power is received from an immense coiled steel spring, which will run for half an hour without being wound up. In going up hill the spring exhausts itself, but in going down hill winds itself up. The inventor claims that he can carry very heavy loads over any ordinary road.

In a Boston eating-house, recently, a man discovered a cockroach in his pudding. He turned the insect over and over, examined it closely, and finally said to a person who was sitting near him: 'That ain't right. I don't like it, and if I find another I won't eat the pudding.'

A couple of drummers besieged an old lady in Canton, Illinois, to buy a patent churn from them. She said it was a humbug, and they offered to make butter come in ten minutes. So she filled the machine with buttermilk, and they tugged at the crank for two hours before they discovered the uncious practical joke.

A good story is told of a German shoe maker, who, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman, of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for articles: 'Der boots ish not quite done, but der beetle ish made on!'

'Come tell America, Pat!' writes a son of the Emerald Isle, to his friend in Ireland.—'Tis a fine country to get a living in. All you have to do is to get a three-cornered box and fill it wid brick and carry it to the top of a four story building, and the man at the top does all the work!'

A Chicago Woman's Rights organ states that the woman's movement means, among other things, her sovereignty in the parental realm, and her first right to woe instead of waiting to be wooed.

The sun may shine, the rain and dew may fall, but that large, crooked tree will never be straight. So it is with bad habits, when once fixed—they are hard things to root out.

It is a curious fact that, though the rain keeps thousands away from church on Sunday, it does not deter a single man from attending to his business on week days.

A North Carolina judge has charged a grand jury that a lawful fence should be 'horse-high, bull-strong and pig-tight.'

The old maid who scrubbed her floor so nicely that she fell through into the cellar is in a fair way of getting up again.

A backward spring is produced by presenting a red-hot poker to a man's nose.

A temporary boost of 'a subscriber of forty years' standing' it is time he sat down.

Behind time.—The back of a clock.