

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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## ALEX. LEEDS,

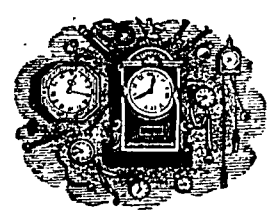
Next door to the Town Hall, has now on hand a fine assortment of

## 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', all 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, 1898.

## POETICAL.



### COME, IN BEAUTIFUL DREAMS,

George D. Prentice has written many pretty things, but never anything more quietly beautiful than the following:

Come, in beautiful dreams love,  
Oh! come to me oft,  
When the light wings of sleep  
On my bosom lie soft:  
Oh! come when the sea  
In the moon's gentle light,  
Beats soft on the air,  
Like the pulse of the night—  
When the dew and the wave  
Wear their loveliest blue,  
When the dew's on the flower,  
And the stars on the dew.

Come, in beautiful dreams, love,  
Oh! come and we'll stray  
Where the whole year is crowned  
With the blossoms of May—  
Where each sound is as sweet  
As the coo of a dove;  
And the gales are as soft  
As the breathings of love;  
Where the beams kiss the waves,  
And the waves kiss the beach,  
And our warm lips may catch  
The sweet lessons they teach.

Come, in beautiful dreams, love,  
Oh! come and we'll fly  
Like two winged spirits  
Of love, through the sky;  
With hand clasped in hand,  
On our dream wings we'll go  
Where the starlight and moonlight  
Are blending their glow;  
And on the bright clouds we'll linger,  
Of purple and gold,  
'Till the angels shall envy  
The bliss they behold.

### TRUST.

The child leans on its parent's breast,  
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;  
The bird sits singing by its nest,  
And tells aloud  
His trust in God, and so is blest  
'Neath every cloud.

He hath no store, he sows no seed,  
Yet sings aloud, and doth not need;  
By flowing streams or grassy mead,  
He sings to shame  
Men, who forget, in fear of need,  
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts forever sings,  
And feels as light as it had wings;  
A well of peace within it springs,  
'Come good or ill,  
What'er to-day, to-morrow brings,  
It is His will!

## MISCELLANY.

### VICISSITUDES OF A MILLION

At the time of our story there was an auction store near the Bourse, Paris.

The viscount Rober N. de P., was 25 years of age, with an income of 25,000 livres, with good looks, an illustrious name, and could have made a very brilliant marriage. He ought to have been the happiest man in the world. He had only one regret. He had nothing to do. He was unhappy at his business. He needed a little bitter in his cup of perpetual sweets, but heaven refused to grant it to him. He resolved to fly to other lands, there to seek the fatigues, the sufferings and the novelties he lacked. So, five years ago, he entered by chance, an auction room, just as they were putting up a capital portable writing desk. He was just about to travel, it was just what he needed; he bought it for three hundred francs. It probably cost more than ten times that sum.

In the interior were compartments for everything, and a plate bore the name of Lord N., one of the richest peers of England. He was enchanted with his purchase and carried it home in triumph. Some days after he set out for Spain. As he went from Madrid to Cadiz, he was stopped by thieves, who completely robbed him. The only thing he missed was his desk. He prayed them to return it. They refused, but their chief, Don Jose Maria, promised to send it after him to Cadiz on receipt of a ransom. Robert promised 200 reales, and gave the address of the hotel where he meant to stop when at Cadiz. He sent the money and got the desk.

In America, in the wilds of Mexico, this desk was carried off by the Mexicans. He thought it was lost. Four months afterward he saw it in a shop in Vera Cruz, and paid five hundred francs for it. In 1862, having returned to France, he thought of going to Baden. He passed the summer there, and went to Paris, visiting Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle on the way.

Arriving at the frontier, which separates France from Belgium, he fell into the hands of the custom house officers. Some days before, some skillful fellows had defrauded the customs of a considerable amount, consequently the officers were on their guard.

The search was long, and the viscount became furious. 'What do you here?' he asked angrily. 'Oh, sir, objects of great value can be concealed in a small space.' 'Have I the air of a smuggler?' he asked. 'No, but there are ambassadors who smuggle without scruple.'

The search was continued, and the viscount was astonished to see the officers find apartments in his desk, of the existence of which he was ignorant. At last, full of impatience, he wished to reclaim it.

'Now, that you have seen all,' said he, 'let us not prolong this unpleasant investigation.' 'What do you say?' 'I said that you have seen all, and know that I have nothing contraband.'

'Your coolness, sir, makes me pity you.—Have you nothing to bring forth? If you do so, you will be free by paying the dues; if not, and I find anything, there will be both a confiscation and a fine.'

'But you have seen all!' 'Perhaps.'

'What do you mean by perhaps?' 'It is well made. Any one but myself might have been deceived.'

'But I swear to you that you have seen all.'

'Why deceive me? I am going to prove the contrary.'

'If you find anything else, I will swear to know nothing more of it.'

'A poor excuse. I warn you that I do not believe you.'

'Let us finish this bad job as quick as possible.'

'We will, and so much the worse for you.' And with a nail the officer pressed against what was apparently a little ornament, which flew back, disclosing a drawer in which was a paper parcel.

The officer took it out, looked at it, put it back.

'That is not contraband,' said he, with a bow, 'and with so much money, I was wrong to accuse you.'

But the viscount was stupefied with astonishment.

'Bank notes! but I did not put them there.'

'You are very fortunate, sir, if you can forget a million so readily.'

In fact, there was a million pounds sterling.

The viscount took the notes and counted them; replaced them; and determined to find the owner.

Arrived at London, he sought out Lord N., whose name was engraved inside.

The nobleman affirmed that the money was not his. He had given this desk to a former valet of his, whose address he gave the viscount.

This valet was now a wealthy shopkeeper in Pall Mall. He told the viscount that he knew naught of the money, but while in Italy had sold the desk to Count Settimani, who was immensely rich, and in whose service he then was.

The viscount set out for Italy, and went to Ravenna, where Count Settimani lived. He recognized the desk, but avowed that he had never placed any money in it. He sent the viscount, however, to the Signora Laura L., a former prima donna of the San Carlo, at whose house, in his gay days, he had forgotten his desk.

The Signora Laura recognized the desk, and related that she had given it to the Russian Prince Alexis P., in exchange for a pearl collar.

The viscount set out for St. Petersburg. (He was very happy, now he had something to do—to find the true owner of the hidden money. He placed it at interest in order that it might not run the risk of being lost.)

Prince P. knew the desk, but declared that he had never concealed a bank note in it. He told the viscount that on leaving Italy, he had given the desk to a danseuse of the opera, Louisa P., who was not in the habit of concealing money.

Robert returned to Paris. There he learned that after a life of gallantry and luxury Louisa P. had died in misery and that her furniture was sold by her creditors. It was at that sale then that he bought the desk.

What to do now! He could only think that the maker of the desk had placed the money there, or that it was there deposited by the Spanish robbers who stole it.

## Home Life.

The other day I chanced to enter a friend's house. He did not know I was in the parlor, and I overheard his conversation. He was very harsh in his dealing with his child.—He was 'out of sorts' that morning. 'The wind was east, and the east wind blew into his lungs, and into his soul, and soured his mind, and soured his heart, and so, like a base miscreant as he was, he vented his bad temper on his wife and children. It is a bad habit some men have.'

This man was talking in a hard, unchristian manner—talking as no father should talk. He had lost his temper. He was saying what he would be sorry for in a few moments. And then the servant announced my presence. Mind you, the man would have said, he could not help it: 'The boy teased me! He did what I cannot endure, and on the impulse of the moment, I spoke my anger. I could not control myself.'

There was a frown on his face; but when I was announced, being more or less of a stranger demanding of him certain courtesies, he at once smoothed his face as though nothing had happened—as though the sun was shining brightly in the heavens, and the wind was south, and not east. He came into the room where I was, and, in the most cordial and courteous way possible, gave me his hand, and smilingly bade me welcome.

He could not control himself, simply because he did not sufficiently appreciate his family, and because he thought that his home was a den in which he could roar with impunity, and not the great temple of God, where he should walk as priest and king.

And yet I, almost a stranger, was strong enough in my presence, to cause him at once to cool down into courtesy, into affability, into politeness!

I tell you, that many and many a man, and many and many a woman in this strange world of ours, in which many things seem to go wrong, will be gentle, and kind, and charitable, and full of smiles outside of their houses, and with strangers, for whose opinion they do not care one jot, or one tittle, and in the house, where all the happiness of years depends upon their sweetness of soul, and where they are constantly shedding influences that will ripen into the good or bad life of a boy or girl, will yield to a pettishness and peevishness, unworthy of them as men and women, and wholly unworthy of them as Christians.—Hepworth.

## A Touching Story.

The following beautiful and touching story was related by Dr. Schueby, of Maryland, at a meeting held in New York, to hear the experience of twenty reformed drunkards:

A drunkard who had run through his property, returned home one night to his unfurnished home. He entered his empty hall—anguish was gnawing at his heart-strings, and language is inadequate to express his agony as he entered his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victims of his appetite, his lovely wife and darling child. Morose and sullen, he seated himself without a word; he could not speak, he could not look upon them. The mother said to the little angel by her side, 'Come, my child, it is time to go to bed; and that little babe, as was her wont, knelt by her mother's lap, and gazing wistfully into the face of her suffering parent, like a piece of chiseled statuary, slowly repeated her nightly orison; and when she had finished, (but four years of age) said to her mother, 'Dear ma, may I not offer up one more prayer?' 'Yes, yes, my sweet pet, pray.' And she lifted up her tiny hands, closed her eyes and prayed. 'Oh God, spare, oh spare my dear papa! That prayer was wafted up with electric rapidity to the throne of God. It was heard; it was heard on earth. The responsive 'Amen,' burst from the father's lips, and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped in his bosom, and in penitence, he said, 'My child, you have saved your father from the grave of a drunkard. I'll sign the pledge.'

THE QUIETUDE OF MATURITY.—Have you ever watched a young girl as she sits and thinks? The pleasant smile stealing round her lips—no frown of anxious care on her forehead—no pained look in her eyes. Oh, my poor weary-hearted reader, who has like me gone through life's struggle, what would you not give to be like her, to be as you once were; but that with many other joys has passed away from you forever. You are only too glad now to sit awhile and enjoy to-day's peace, and you have no trembling hopes, no feverish longings for to-morrow. It does seem too bad that as we grow older all faith in the future vanishes, and anticipation, and itself a pleasure, leaves us. The time comes to us all when thinking is only pain, for it is often a sad, sad retrospect, for a foreshadow of coming trouble. You that are young prize the sunny days that are passing like a breath; enjoy them while you can; for beyond there lies a dreary waste.—My Own Story.

A man who was sure to get drunk when he went to town was one day returning home in his cart in a state of intoxication. His cattle stopped on the way, and some one who was passing, seeing the reason of the detention, unfastened the cattle from the cart, and started them toward home. Several hours afterward, the man, aroused from his stupor, rubbed his eyes and looked about. 'Well,' said he, 'some one has lost a yoke of cattle or I have found a cart.'

The grass should not be allowed to grow around young trees after being planted; as it stunts their growth and utterly ruins them. This ground should be kept clean and loose around them, until, at least, they are of bearing size.

The London Field says that washing a horse when in a sweating state is grateful and beneficial to the animal. When washed wipe dry and blanket him.

## The Child and the Infidel.

The celebrated Hume was dining at the house of an intimate friend. After dinner, the ladies withdrew, and in the course of conversation, Mr. Hume made some assertion which caused a gentleman present to observe to him, 'If you can advance such sentiments as those, you are certainly what the world gives you the credit of being, an infidel.'

A little girl, whom the philosopher had often noticed, and with whom he had become a favorite, by bringing her little presents of toys and sweetmeats, happened to be playing about the room unnoticed; she, however, listened to the conversation and, on hearing the above expression, left the room, went to her mother, and asked her, 'Mamma, what is an infidel?' An infidel, my dear, replied her mother, why should you ask such a question? An infidel is so awful a character, that I scarcely know how to answer you.—'Oh, do tell me, mamma,' returned the child; 'I must know what an infidel is.'

Struck with her eagerness, her mother at length replied, 'An infidel is one that believes that there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no hereafter.'

Some days afterward, Hume again visited the house of his friend. On being introduced to the parlor, he found no one there but his favorite little girl; he went to her, and attempted to take her up in his arms and kiss her, as he had been used to do; but the child shrunk with horror from his touch.—'My dear, said he, what is the matter,—do I hurt you?' 'No,' she replied, 'you do not hurt me, but I cannot kiss you; I cannot play with you.' 'Why not my dear?' 'Because you are an infidel! An infidel! what is that?' 'One who believes there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no hereafter.'

'And are you not very sorry for me, my dear?' asked the astonished philosopher.—'Yes indeed, I am sorry!' returned the child, with solemnity; 'and I pray to God for you. Do you, indeed?—what do you say?' 'I say, "O God, teach this man that thou art! A striking illustration of the words of sacred writ, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou has ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and avenger."

## Value of Self-Exertion.

The value of self-exertion appears nowhere more decided than when we follow the track of those who became eminent without having the advantage ground of instruction from which to start. There is scarcely anything more gratifying to the mind than the well-written life of a person whose struggles through every difficulty, arising from want of books, want of patronage, and who, notwithstanding these impediments, continues to struggle till he merges into notice.—Art surrenders some of her choicest secrets, science smiles, and fame or emolument, or both, places the successful experimenter far above common names. Not scantily are the niches in the temple of Fame cemented with lasting memorials of persons thus claiming their well deserved honors—persons who have been the boast and blessing of their day by dint of unsubdued patience, fortitude, and vivacious genius. Every department of art and science is filled with them. The stimulating examples are on every hand.—From the lowest rank in life they start forth. They break all the shackles of ignorance.—The repulsive frowns of the crowd cannot daunt them. The fears of the timorous they do not listen to. Their native energies urge them forward in the honorable career till success, more or less complete, crowns their glowing efforts.

## Get an Early Breakfast.

A bad custom is prevalent in many families, especially among farmers, of working an hour or two before breakfast, attending to chores, hoeing in the garden, cutting wood, mowing, etc.—This is convenient on many accounts, but not conducive to health. The prevalent opinion is, that the morning air is the purest and most healthy and bracing; but the contrary is the fact. At no hour is the air more filled with dampness, fogs, and miasmas than about sunrise. The heat of the sun gradually dissipates these miasmatic influences as the day advances. An early meal braces up the system against these external influences. Every one knows the languor and faintness often experienced for the first hour in the morning, and that it is increased by exercise and the want of food.—We do not agree with the boarding-house regime which prescribes a long walk before breakfast as a means of promoting health.—Probably the best custom would be, to furnish every member of the family, especially those who labor out of doors, with a cup of warm coffee, well mixed, immediately after rising from bed. Then let them attend to chores, or mowing, hoeing, etc., for an hour or two, while the teams are feeding and the breakfast preparing. They will feel better, and do more.—Agriculturist.

Rotor jury with verdict. 'We find the prisoner, an Irishman, guilty of murder in the first degree, and would recommend him to the clemency of the court.'

The Judge, after pronouncing the death sentence, addressed Pat as follows: 'You have heard your sentence, but being an old man, the court grants you the privilege of choosing your manner of death.'

'Faith and you can't be in earnest,' said Pat.

'By my honor as Judge,' was the reply. 'Och,' said Pat, 'and then I'll be after dying by good old age in my bed.'

A young prince, whose mind had learned in some degree to value religious truth, asked his tutor to give him suitable instructions, that he might be prepared for death.

'Plenty of time for that when you are older,' was the reply.

'Och,' said the prince, 'I have been to the churchyard and measured the graves, and there are many shorter than I am.'

## Goggles on Assessors.

Assessors are very nice men, in private life, but as soon as they get into office they become infernal boys.

I never knew a man to be elected Assessor, but he immediately commenced to poke his nose into other people's business, with the energy of an old maid.

They all have an enquiring turn of mind, and would make a good Congressional snelling committee.

They go around and hold an inquest over people's property.

They ask more questions than a Connecticut Yankee. Interrogation points stick out all over them.

I don't want any of 'em in mine.

This thing of exposing a fellow's property once a year is played out, it ruins his credit. I might pass off for a millionaire if it wasn't for these assessors.

I had a call from one of them the other day, when the following conversation ensued:

Assessor—'How many horses have you got?'

Goggles—'One—a saw horse, two legs broken.'

A—'Cattle?'

G.—'Two false calves, bran fed.'

A.—'Average value of merchandise?'

G.—'Three cents.'

A.—'Value of property owned as broker?'

G.—'I generally spoil my things when I break them: I got 'dead broke' once, and I've been a ruined man ever since.'

A.—'Value of monies and credits?'

G.—'No money, and haven't got credit enough to buy a red herring.'

A.—'Value of money invested in bonds, stocks, &c.?'

G.—'\$1.25 for a marriage license, and two days in the stocks.'

A.—'Value of personal property not enumerated?'

G.—'A wife and fourteen children a pen knife with blades broken out, a pair of pants with a hole in the knee, a corkscrew, a pair of old boots, with the legs cut off, cent with a hole in it, a pocket-book full of brown paper, bull pup, bottle of constitution bitters, a book telling '200 ways to get rich.'

I got tired of answering questions, and to save the assessor any further trouble, I volunteered the information that I had the measles, cut my back teeth when I was four days old, had the whooping-cough, fever and ague, eleven feet and five inches high, weight two hundred and a quarter, was kicked by a horse when I was ten years old, can read, rite, rithmetic, am a free American citizen of the United States of America, voted for license, never run for office, of good moral character and bad habits.

Signed, sealed, and delivered.

## Goggles.

A Good Joke.

A loafer, while stopping at a tavern up the country, used to lounge about the bar and drink other people's liquor. Not a glass could be left alone for a moment, but he would slip up and drink its entire contents. One day a stage driver came in, and called for a stiff horn of brandy toddy. Jehu immediately played possum by leaving his brandy while he stepped to the door. The bait took. On returning he saw his glass empty, and exclaimed with all the diabolical horror he could effect:

'Brandy and opium enough to kill forty men! Who drank that pizen?'

'I' stammered 'the loafer, ready to give up the ghost with fright.'

'You are a dead man!' said the driver. 'What shall I do?' beseeched the other, who thought himself a gone sucker.

'Down with a pint of lamp oil, or you're a dead man in three minutes!' answered the wicked driver. And down went the lamp oil, and up came the brandy and opium, together with his breakfast. The joke was told and he has never drank other people's liquor since.

'Dar are,' said a sable orator, 'two roads through this world. De one am a broad and narrow road dat leads to perdition, and de other am a narrow and broad road dat leads to sure destruction.' 'If that am de case,' said a sable hearer, 'dis cullud individual take to de woods.'

A Western paper says: 'Wanted, at this office, an editor who can please everybody. Also, a foreman who can so arrange the paper so as to allow every man's advertisement to head the column.'

An editor reports an odd objection made to his paper by a gossip-loving old lady; 'I like your paper very much. I have only one objection to it, it hasn't deaths enough.'

'My boy,' said a distinguished merchant to his son who was meditating matrimony, be sure, in making your selection, to get hold of a piece of goods that will wash.

What should a young man carry with him when calling upon his affianced?—A fiction in his heart, perfection in his manners, and confessions in his pockets.

A medical student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and wants to no whether it is not situated very near the jaw bone.

A high school Miss being ill, deemed it vulgar to say she was 'bilious,' so she complained of being 'Williamous.' May be that was the matter with her.

Writer says if a quart of strong mullein tea is given to a horse afflicted with the bots it will never fail to effect a cure.

Green—The grass, trees and shrubs, and the man who don't advertise.

Wanted—A cement for filling the decayed teeth of saws.