

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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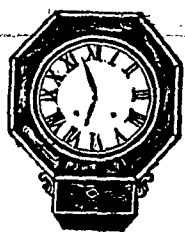
WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 13, 1899.

NUMBER 5

ALEX. LEEDS,

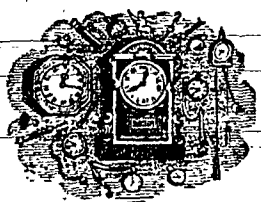
Next door to the Town Hall, has now on hand a fine assortment of

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 Cut buttons. A fine assortment of

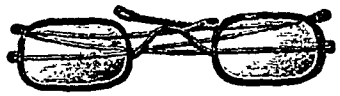
FINGER AND EAR RINGS.

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 prices.

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

DRUGGER 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.



STRANGERS NOW.

Years of checkered life together,
Days of fair and stormy weather,
Hours of toil and weary pain,
Moments of eternal gain—
All have gone—we know not how!
And have left us strangers now!

Words that flowed to lighten care,
Thoughts which others could not share,
Hopes too bright for mortal eyes,
Prayers for wisdom from the skies—
All have ceased—we know not how!
And have left us strangers now!

Will it evermore be thus!
Shall the past be lost to us?
Can the souls united here,
Never once again be near?
Must we to the sentence bow—
Strangers ever, strangers now!

Thorns amid the roses press,
Earth is but a wilderness;
Flitting o'er a falling race,
Love can find no resting place;
Where his flowers immortal grow
Shall we be as strangers now!

HARVEST-HOME.

Summer's toiling now is past;
Harvest now hath sent her last—
Her last, last load—
If the field containeth more,
Master, give it to the poor.

Abroad—abroad,
Let them through the corn-field roam,
While we welcome harvest-home—
Harvest-home, harvest-home—
While we welcome harvest-home—
Songs shall sound and ale cups foam,
While we welcome harvest-home.

MISCELLANY.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

We are acquainted with a gentleman, who, at one time, possessed an independent fortune. He owned a country seat, a modern-built house in the city, had a wife and daughter, and was as well off as falls to the lot of most mortals. There was no reasonable wish that he could not enjoy, for he always had a balance to his credit at his banker's, was not extravagant, and his wife and child confined themselves to purchasing what they really needed and no more, a rare quality in a woman.

Well, our friend paid his debts as fast as he contracted them, living in the fear of God, acted honestly by all men, and thought that he should die surrounded by all the comforts of life. He envied no man, but many men envied him, for to be rich is to be envied, and thus life passed on, pleasant and agreeable, for there were many friends around him. They partook of his hospitality, praised his benevolence, made love to his daughter and humored the whims of his wife. But one day our friend awoke and found that he was a ruined man—that his wealth had disappeared, that his property was under an attachment of the law, and that he had no longer a house that he could call his own, or a thousand dollars that he could apply to his immediate necessities. The cause of this sudden change was on account of his having written his name on the backs of several slips of paper, or in other words he had endorsed for a friend, and that friend had lost thousands of dollars through gold speculation. He was ruined, unable to meet his notes, and the creditors had turned their attention to the endorsee, and he, poor man, had to smart for the imprudence of another.

Our friend was honest, and suffered from the effects of it. He sighed at his losses, moved from his convenient house, gave up his furniture, all excepting that which his wife claimed, hired a dwelling house just large enough to accommodate his family, and then cast his eyes around the world to see what he could do to support them. Many years had elapsed since he was engaged in trade, and he had no capital to commence with and build up a new business. He applied to his friends for advice—to those men who had spread their legs under his mahogany, and eaten so many dinners, and while they were ready to give him counsel, they were not ready to assist him in any other manner. One recommended farming, another thought that a sutler's position in the army might be a good thing, while a third concluded that the old gentleman might still answer for a second book-keeper in some establishment where rapidity was not required.

Our friend sighed at the advice, but could not take it, and while still deliberating on fortune's changes, he was accosted one day by a young merchant, who was reported as doing a large business for the government.

"I want a partner," the good-looking young fellow said, "and you are just the man for me."

"But I have no capital," replied our friend. "And I need none. The fact of it is, I want two things, a steady partner like you and an amiable girl, like your daughter, for a wife."

Our friend looked at the merchant in astonishment. "As far as the daughter is concerned," replied our friend, "you must get her consent. As far as I am concerned I am ready to take advantage of your offer."

"All right," replied the confident young fellow. "She will consent in due time, or I

The Mechanism of Man.

Wondered at home by familiarity cease to excite astonishment; but hence it happens that many know but little about the "house we live in"—the human body. We look upon a house from the outside, just as a whole or unit, never thinking of the many rooms, the curious passages, and the ingenious internal arrangements of the house, or of the wonderful structure of the man; the harmony and adaptation of all his parts.

In the human skeleton, about the time of maturity, are 165 bones. The muscles are about 500 in number. The length of the alimentary canal is about 32 feet. The amount of blood in an adult averages 30 pounds, or full one-fifth of the entire weight.

The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats seventy times per minute; 4,200 times per hour; 100,000 per day; 86,772,200 times per year; 2,665,440,000 in three scores and ten; and at each beat, two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it, one hundred and seventy-five ounces per minute, six hundred and fifty-six pounds per hour, seven and three-fourths tons per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes.

The lungs will contain about one gallon of air, at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe, on an average, 1,200 times per hour, inhale 60 gallons of air, or 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square inches, an area nearly equal to the floor of a room twelve feet square.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds and eight ounces, of a female, two pounds and four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it, directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000, in number, forming a "body-guard" out-numbering by far the greatest army ever marshaled!

The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Its average area in an adult is estimated to be 2,000 square inches. The atmospheric pressure, being about fourteen pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of 40,000 pounds.

Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drainicle one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body of 201,166 feet, or a tithe of that for draining the body almost forty miles long.

Man is made marvelously. Who is eager to investigate the curious, to witness the wonderful works of Omnipotent Wisdom, let him not wander the wide world round to seek them, but examine himself. "The proper study of mankind is man."

ORIGIN OF METHODISM.—Methodism originated in Ireland, at Cork, in 1748. In August of that year Mr. Charles Wesley preached a famous sermon in the open air to more than 1,000 people, and in the following month incorporated in church fellowship some souls whom he had won for Christ.

As in other places, the planting of Methodism in that city was followed by fierce persecution. In May, 1750, Mr. John Wesley preached in Cork and was burned in effigy by a frantic mob. But none of these things moved him, and within six years a chapel was opened by him on Hammond's Marsh. In September, 1752, Cork was enriched with the dust of one of the pioneer Methodist preachers in North America, Richard Boardman, who rests under the shadow of the old cathedral in hope of the resurrection of the just. Mr. Wesley's last visit to Cork was only two years before his death. Methodism is now strong and influential in the city.—N. Y. Herald.

Some years ago, says the New Orleans Picayune, a man named Spencer, in that city, got into a trifling dispute with a life-long friend named Hunt, and killed him in a moment of passion. His horror at the homicide threw him into a fever, of which he came near dying. For several months he hovered on the verge of the grave, and when he at last recovered, it was with the impression that the ghost of his friend, clad in grave clothes, was over at his bedside. His mind, rational upon every other subject, clings to this delusion, and no persuasion or reason can remove the impression or cure him of the mania.

It goes with him to his business, which he conducts with the same sagacity and skill that he always did. If sits with him in his family circle, is by his side upon the street, and lays down with him when he goes to bed at night. He often converses with it, and imagines that he receives replies to his questionings. He says for years the ghost maintained toward him a stern aspect, refusing all consolation, but of late years it has assumed toward him a more friendly demeanor. He believes it will give him "through life as a penance for the crime." The law acquitted him, but this is the judgement of heaven.

The Ripley (Miss) Bee says that a cow belonging to a Mr. Kendall, near Decatur, Brown county, recently gave birth to one hundred and six calves in one calving, and that another cow, belonging to Mr. Edward Francis, in the same vicinity, about the same time, brought forth sixty. In each instance there was one large developed calf, while the others were about the size of large Norway rats. The smaller ones were perfect miniature calves in every respect. Both of the cows died. The Bee says there is no doubt of the truth of this statement.

A Rebus.—My first is what lies at the door; my second is a kind of grain; my third is what nobody can do without, and my whole is one of the United States. Mat-Fr. moxy.

Hangings in Montana is styled "climbing the pine limb," and in Nevada, "early rising."

An Interesting Extract.

We copy the following truthful paragraph from a letter in that incomparable journal, the "Heart and Home":

"How many pale, listless women you see in the West, and in the East, too, for that matter. Young, fresh-looking women marry, and in five years you scarcely recognize them, while their husbands look as fresh as on the day of the wedding."

One cause of this is, complicated house-keeping. When a man undertakes a business, he finds learned men ready to assist him; he knows what there is to do, and secures help accordingly. A young woman goes to house-keeping very often without any help at all, or perhaps with one awkward girl.

There are three meals to get every day—that means cooking; and then comes the dishes to be washed after each meal. It would take about forty-five pieces for breakfast and supper, and seventy for dinner, for a family of five, one hundred and sixty-five pieces to be carried from the dining room to the kitchen every day, and washed and carried back. If you have six rooms in your house, there is one room to be thoroughly swept and cleaned daily, besides brushing up the carpets, making beds, bringing in wood and carrying water.

Two or three times a week there is bread-making; twice a week week-making, one day washing, one day ironing, all your pantries and safes to be washed out once a week, dairy work to attend to, besides innumerable jobs in the way of preserving, jolly making, pickling pork, curing hams, putting down pigs feet, looking after and tipping off your apples twice in winter, and making hoghead cheese, mince-meat, a thorough house cleaning twice a year, then sewing on dresses, aprons, shirts, drawers, gowns, &c., by dozens.

Then supposing the house-keeper has a baby, an average six months old baby weighs about eighteen pounds. Say she has this child in her arms forty times a day, (a cross infant is taken up much more frequently), and often she works with the right arm, while carrying the bundle of a baby about in her left. Who is it that says there is nothing in gymnastics equal to the endurance of a mother's arms. Even when the day's labor is accomplished and she goes to bed, she still holds her baby, and does not sleep soundly for fear of rolling on it or its getting uncovered; she must attend to its wants several times in the night, and must be in a constrained position for fear of disturbing it.

I have heard women say they "would give anything for one night of undisturbed sleep, with no care on their mind." Then in the morning up and at it again. Don't you see why women get pale, and why they are sometimes a little cross, and why their husbands wonder that their wives don't look prettier and dress well, and entertain them as they did before they were married?

The wives don't reason on the matter, they think it is all the man's fault, and then they turn cross, and so things go at sixes and sevens, and this is the place when woman's rights should be taken hold of. I don't think voting would help that very much; woman's labor must be made a study. In the first place man must realize that it is a great labor to keep a house.

A great many women sink down under the weight, then everybody says, "poor thing, she always was a weakly good for nothing creature," and the "poor thing" has been doing more for the last ten years than three women ought to do.

Ah! the bright threads and the sombre ones we daily weave into the web of our strange lives! Past experience has taught us that life holds not for us only sunshine—Tempests must come, clouds must gather, stern battles must be fought, but after the tempest there comes a calm—after the clouds, sunshine—after the battle, victory. Then there comes a time in the history of us all when the world and the things of the world recede from your vision. We call it Death. The throbbing heart is stilled, the life current ceases to flow, and the tired soul has gone to try the realities of the spirit world. Mirth gives place to mourning, prayers are said, the profession finds its way to the cemetery. "I am the resurrection and the life" is read by the minister, the coffin clay is lowered into its narrow bed, and all of mortality is left alone to silence and decay.

Yes! all that breathe must share thy destiny; but to fall unnoticed by the living, with no friend to take note of our departure, seems a death almost too grievous to be borne. Ah! methinks that death would be divested of half its pang, could we but know that some one will mourn us, that some heart-brone will be vacant, that some one will miss our tender ministrations, our words, our presence!

How Much.—How much better is your farm than it was one year ago? How much lovelier have you made your home by the planting of trees and shrubs? How much have you added to the value of your property by the planting of orchard trees and the small fruits? How much better is your stock of horses, of sheep, or cattle? How much have you learned, from your neighbors, from your agricultural paper, from your experience in relation to your farm operations?

How much have you done to aid your wife and daughters in their household duties by furnishing them with "improved" household utensils, and the better location and arrangement of wells, cisterns, walks, wood piles, cellars, and dairy rooms? How much of kindness and charity have you exercised towards the needy and the helpless? How much better husband, father, brother, man are you than you were one year ago? Now is the time to reflect upon all these things.

A Christian yard is thirty six inches, and is not shortened by the handling of the stick.

Why is a bullock a very obedient animal? Because he will lie down if you axe him.

Pat and the Post-Office Clerk.

"Faith, an' I have yiver a letter for me, yer honor?"

"What name?" asked the urbane official.

"Why, me own name, yer course. Whose else?"

"What is your name?" continued the official, still urbane.

"Faith, an' it was my father's afore me; an' would yet, but he's gone dead."

"Confound you, what do you call yourself?" losing his temper.

"Beddy," said Pat, firmly, "I call meself a gentleman; an' it's a pity there a't a couple of us."

"Stand back," commanded the official with dignity.

"The devil aback I'll stand until I gets my letter!"

"How can I give it to you if you won't tell me who you are, you stupid, thick-headed bog-trotter?"

"An' is that what you're paid for—abusin' honest people that comes for their rights? G'ime the letter, or, be the whiskers of Kate Kearney's cat, I'll cast me vote agin you when I git me papers."

"You blundering blockhead," broke in the now really angry clerk, "can't you tell me how your letter is addressed?"

"Dressed? How should it be dressed, barrin' in a sheet of paper, like any other?—Come; hand me, avic."

"The deuce take you! I won't you tell me who you are?"

"Faith, I'm an Irishman bred and born, seed, breed, and generation. Me father, was a cousin to one-eyed Harry Marrs, the professional assassin; an' me-mother belonged to the Mooneys, of Kilmahonad. You're an ignorant, stupid, ignorant, an' av you'll only creep out of yer hole, I'll wot yer hide like a new shoe. An' av yer get any satisfaction out of me, me name's not Barney O'Flynn."

"So! that's your name, is it? I said the satisfied official, seizing and shuffling a pile of letters. "That's your letter!"

Fan Filtrations.

Fan fast—I am Independent.
Fan slow—I am engaged.
Fan with right hand in front of face—Come on.
Fan with left hand in front of face—Leave me.

Open and shut—kiss me.
Open wide—Love.
Open half—Friendship.
Shut—Hate.
Swinging the fan—Can I see you home?
Fan by right cheek—Yes.
Fan by left cheek—No.
To carry in the left hand—Desirous of getting acquainted.
Carry with handle to lips—I will flirt with you!

No USE TALKING—A young enthusiast was talking to his intended, a few evenings since, urging upon her a speedy marriage, and a start to spend the honeymoon in California.

"I tell you," said he, his face glowing with enthusiasm, "California is the paradise of this earth. There's no use talking."
"No use TALKING!" exclaimed the lady with some surprise.
"No use talking!" he repeated.
"Well if there's NO USE TALKING," said the lady, "what in the name of common-sense do you want of women there? I don't go." He left—but we presume he will be back.

A Clergyman was one day much annoyed

by those who dropped in after service had commenced, closing the door after them. It was a very hot day, and he bore the vexation with Job-like patience, but at length being fairly exhausted from heat, he vociferated to an offender, "Friend, do for goodness sake, let the door be open. I believe if I were presiding in a bottle you would put the cork in."

Courage is not always allied to muscle.—Some of the bravest men that have ever lived—even warriors who have gained brilliant glory on the battle field—have been men of feeble organizations. On the contrary, some of the greatest cowards the world ever saw were men of Herculean strength and Paistian proportions.

"Tommy, my son, fetch in a stick of wood."

"Ah, my dear mother," responded the youth, "the grammatical portion of your education has been sadly neglected. You should have said—'Thomas, my son, transport from the recumbent collection of combustible material upon the threshold of the edifice one of the curtailed excrecences of a defunct log.'"

I live low court in winter
The man's girls I do
When all around is dreary,
And kindled up with ano;
Because the old one died
The cold and stormy weather,
And hurray! hurray! hurray!
Leaving us together.

It is the privilege of the lover to be at one and the same time in two situations. When beside his sweetheart he is also beside himself.

Why is a one-dollar greenback better than a silver dollar? When you fold it you double it, and when you open it you find it increases.

Josh Billings says: "I am violently opposed to the use of beer as a beverage, but for manufacturing purposes, I think a little of it tastes good."

Do you call this a trunk? growled a dejected porter. "It only needs a lightning-rod to be mistaken for a boarding-house."

A hen by day is a rooster at night.