

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 12, 1869.

NUMBER 18

LET THE PEOPLE COME!

RED & WAYNANT

HAVE just opened a well selected and fresh stock of Family Groceries, which they invite the attention of the public. In leading articles they have a full line.

PURE SPICES

Brown and White Sugars,
Prime Rio Coffee,
Black and Green Tea,
Carolina Rice,
Syrups common, good, extra fine,
P. Rice and N. Orleans Molasses, prime;
Corn Starch, Farina, Chocolate, Pickles,
Catsup, Cheese, Fish, Mason's Water
Crackers, best in town.

Glassware & Queensware,

Tumblers, Goblets, Dishes, Lamps and Lamp
stands, good assortment, and low in price;
Granite ware in sets, dozen, or smaller
quantities, handsome styles, and guaran-
teed to be of best quality; common dishes
cups and saucers, cheap.

Buckets, Tubs, Brooms, Baskets, Brushes, Ropes
Twine, etc.

Fresh OYSTERS and fresh FISH regularly re-
ceived throughout the proper season. Canned Oys-
ters, Corn, Peas, Beans, etc. to hand.
Best Family Flour, Buckwheat, Corn Meal,
Country Produce, etc. at highest market prices
allowed.

We hope by fair dealing and keeping a full
and fresh stock of goods to largely increase our sales.
Try us! Try us!

February 4, 1869.

THE "CORNER DRUG STORE,"

WAYNESBORO, PA.

DR. J. BURNS AMBERSON,
PROPRIETOR.

SONG

Am. - Add Lang Syne.

If my true love was sick to death,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I'd tell her for her latest breath,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
Her race of life could not be run,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I'd buy some Druggs of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

If I was built without a hair,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I'd laugh at that, I would not care,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I'd try to make my hair, yes, every one,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
By Druggs I bought of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

If I was tanned to darkest dye,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I would not care, I would not cry,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
For soon a bleaching would be done,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
By Druggs I bought of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

Then three times three and tiger too,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
For what we know that they can do,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
With chorus led, the victory won,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
By Druggs I bought of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

DRUGS - THE BEST AND PUREST ALWAYS ON HAND

PAINTS, CHEMICAL AND MINERAL

KEROSENE, OILS, VARNISHES, DYES

BRUSHES, PAINT, VARNISH, JASH, HAIR

RUBBERS AND SUPPORTERS AT

BRANDY, WHISKY, WINES AND RUM

LATE MEDICINES - ALL THE STAND

EXTRACTS, FOR FLAVORING, PERFUMERY

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS CARE-

FIRST "FALL ARRIVAL!"

HATS AND CAPS,

BOOTS, GAITERS, SHOES

BONNETS,

WELSH

POETICAL.

GOOD TEMPER.

There's not a cheapier thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear,
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,
Or thousands gained a year;
It lends the day a new light;
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night,
Than all the stars may yield;
It maketh poverty content;
To some, 'tis whipp'd peace,
It is a gift from heaven sent
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn;
It lulls you to repose;
A sister for the poor and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud

When threatening storm begins—

As music mid the tempest loud,

That still its sweet way wins—

As springs an arch across the tide,

Where waves conflicting foam,

So comes this smile to our side—

This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,

With power unheard before—

This charm, this bright divinity—

Good nature—nothing more;

Good temper—'tis the choicest gift

That woman homeward brings,

And can the poorest peasant lift

To bliss unknown to kings.

LIFT A LITTLE.

Lift a little! Lift a little!

Neighbor lend a helping hand

To that heavy laden brother.

Who, for weakness, scarce can stand,

What to thee with thy strong muscle,

Seems a light and easy load,

Leto him a ponderous burden

Cumbering his pilgrim road.

Lift a little! Lift a little!

Effort gives one added strength;

That which staggers him when rising,

Thou canst hold at arm's full length.

Not his fault that he is feeble,

Not thy praise that thou art strong;

It is God makes lives to differ

Some from weeping, some from song.

Lift a little! Lift a little!

Many they who need thine aid!

Many lying by the roadside,

'Neath misfortune's dreary shade.

Pass not by, like priest and Levite,

Headless of thy fellow-man;

But with heart and arms extended,

Be the Good Samaritan.

MISCELLANY.

FOILED BY A WOMAN.

'Madame, it is my duty to arrest you?'

'You dare not!'

The hips were white with passion rather

than fear, and the lady stood before me like

a fiend at bay. Even then I could not

help but adore the splendid beauty of this

grand lady. Tall and slender, eye black

and flashing; almost lurid now, the specta-
cle she presented, standing there in the mid-
dle of the apartment, was more the appear-
ance of a queen than a hunted criminal.

'I must,' I replied, 'I do not doubt your

innocence. Looking into your face, it is

strange that any one could couple it with

guilt; but I am constrained to do my duty,
Madame, however inimical it may be to my

feelings.'

'Will you allow me to change my dress?'

she said, in a tone almost pleasant. The

hard lines around her mouth had relaxed,

and the passionate glow on the face gave way

to a pleasant smile.

'Certainly, I will wait for you here.'

'I wish also to send a messenger for a friend;

will you permit him to pass?'

'Certainly!'

This was my first interview with Eugenia

Gornille. I had seen her here for months,

the leader of our gayest and most fashion-
able society. In her splendid mansion she

disposed with the most profuse and elegant

hospitality.

A Spanish lady—a widow she had repre-
sented herself, and had been a resident here

almost a year. No one ever suspected her

of being sought than what she seemed, until

one day I was ordered to arrest her as a

murderess.

It was now alleged, said Mr. F., that this

beauty was no other than the woman who

had poisoned her husband in Havana, and

fled with all his wealth. An immense re-
ward was offered for her apprehension, and

the circumstances that had come to our

knowledge pointed her out beyond all doubt

attempt. When the lady left, we stepped

to the window, and said to Mr. I., who was

waiting at the door.

'The lady desires to send a messenger for

a friend; suffer him to pass.'

Almost at the same instant, the door of

the apartment opened, and a youth, appar-
ently a mulatto boy, came out and passed

hurriedly through the room into the hall,

and from thence into the street. 'It was, no

doubt, the messenger, I thought, and I pick-
ed up a book and commenced reading. Near-
ly an hour passed, and still the lady did not

make her appearance, nor did the boy re-
turn. The friend she sent for must live at

some distance. I thought, for the lady is 'un-
usually careful' about her toilet, and so

another hour went by. At last I grew im-
patient, and knocked at the door.

'Madame, I can wait no longer.'

'There was no reply. I knocked repeatedly,

and at last determined to force an entrance.

Strange fears harassed me. I began to

suspect, I know not what. It took but a

moment to drive in the door, and, once in

the room, the mystery was revealed. The

robes of the lady lay upon the floor; scatter-
ed over the floor were suits of boys' wear-
ing

apparel, similar to that worn by the mulatto

boy. On the table was a cosmetic that

would stain the skin to a light delicate brown.

I was foiled, for a suitor. The lady escaped

in the disguise of the messenger. I should

have detected the ruse; I felt humiliated

and determined to redress my error. I knew

she would not remain in the city an instant

longer than she could get away. I hurried

to her bankers, but found that she had drawn

the amount due her an hour before.

'Who presented the check?' I asked of

the clerk.

'A mulatto boy. It was made payable to

bearer.'

There was yet a chance. The French

steamer left within an hour. It was possi-
ble she would seek that means of escape.—

I jumped in a cab and arrived there ten

minutes before she left the wharf—just in

time to assist an aged, decrepit gentleman

into the cabin. There were a few passen-
gers; one of them answered the description

of the person I sought. I stood on the

wharf watching the receding vessel until it

disappeared. I was in the act of turning

away when a hackman approached me with

the remark:

'Mr. F., did you see that old man on

board? He had a long white beard, and

hair that fell on his shoulders.'

'Yes.'

'Well, there's something curious about

him.'

'Why?'

'Why, sir, when he got into my carriage

he was a mulatto boy, and when he got out

he was an old man!'

I will not repeat the expression I used

then—it was neither refined nor polite, for

I knew the vessel would be far out to sea

before she could be overtaken. I was foiled

by a woman. Nor could I help rejoicing,

now that the chase was over, that she had

escaped.

Innocent or guilty, there was a charm

about her none could resist. The splendor

of her wondrous beauty affected all who

approached her. It lingers in my memory yet,

and I could not have the sin of her blood

upon my conscience.

A Woman's Friendship.

It is a wondrous advantage to a man in

every pursuit or vocation, to secure an advi-
sor in a sensible woman. In a woman there

is a subtle delicacy of tact and plain sound-
ness of judgment which are rarely combin-
ed to an equal degree in man. A woman, if

she be really your friend, will have a sensi-
tive regard for your character, honor, re-
pute. She will seldom counsel you to do

shabby things, for a woman tried always

desires to be proud of you. At the same

time her constitutional timidity makes her

more cautious than your male friend. She

therefore seldom counsels you to do an im-
prudent thing. A man's best female friend

is a wife of good sense and heart, whom he

loves, and who loves him. But, supposing

the man to be without such a helpmate, fe-
male friendship he must still have, or his

intellect will be without a garden, and there

Fashionable Suicides.

We would soon to discuss so puerile and

ridiculous a subject as fashion, were it not

for the suicide of our daughters in their anx-
iety to be fashionable.

We allude to-day to the fashionable 'lady-
like' waist which has again become a leading

object with mothers, daughters, mantua-mak-
ers, and we fear with our teachers, both

temporal and spiritual. Corsets are again

'all the rage.' The decree has gone forth

from the center of all fashionable abomi-
nation that the cultivation of the waist has

been on much neglected, and the wasp form

must be restored.

Our attention is called to this subject by

a case that has just come to our attention.—

A girl of sixteen, three years ago, was very

healthy, ruddy and natural. She is now pale,

feeble, unable to exercise, 'pinned up' with

the morning and evening cold, and altogether

of spirits and uncomfortable. Three years

ago the parents and friends of this girl be-
came alarmed at the beautiful complexion

which her waist was likely to have—a form

considered coarse and vulgar by the general,

and especially by the 'mantua-maker.' Two

years ago she put on corsets of twenty-one

inches, and a few months more to eighteen

inches—showing the success of that instru-
ment in improving 'upon' God's work and

bringing a healthy figure into the general

form, ruining the health and hastening the

victim to a consumptive's grave. The other

day this girl was 'pinned up' by her dress-maker

that her waist was 'just altogether too large,

and the work of the quills must go on.

But a fact which we wish to call attention

to concerns our public schools. This girl

was attending one of the intermediates, and

was, with the other girls, told by the teacher

of gymnastics to loosen her corsets, as breath

was needed in his department. The female

teacher of the school told her pupils that

the gymnastic professor was a 'vulgar man'

—and thus she commiserated what little in-
fluence he hoped to exert in saving the girls

from suicide!

Is this the extent of the practical quali-
fication of our teachers?

Is it not true that our young ladies were

taught the most important of sciences—that

of health, which is of more value than all

else that is, ever was, or ever can be taught?

Are we preparing our daughters for sick-
ly, miserable wives, to fill with misery house-

holds that should be happy, and to fill their

fatal fatal stroke of fashion before ten years

of married life shall have passed?

Is not this a sin against God and humani-
ty? Should not the Church attack it, the

schools attack it, and all who have respect

to good morals wage war upon it as one of the

greatest crimes of the age?

Intemperance is nothing compared to it.

Murderers kill a few—corsets kill many, yea,

countless numbers. The rebellion killed

400,000 men—corsets are killing thrice that

number of women and six times that num-
ber of babes.—Cincinnati Times.

What Sleep will Cure