

VILLAGE RECORD



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

VOLUME XXII.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 26, 1870.

NUM. 46

JASON BELL, G. P. LUTY, JACOB PRICE, D. B. RUSSELL.

MACHINE SHOP

LUMBER YARD!

THE subscribers having enlarged their shops and added the latest improved machinery for working Wood and Iron, are now prepared to do all kinds of Work in their Line, and are manufacturing the

Willoughby's Gum-Spring Grain and Fertilizer Drill, Greatly Improved; The Celebrated Brinkerhoff Cornsheller; Gibsons' Champion Washing Machine; John Riedelberger's Patent Lifting Jacks.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE WAYNESBORO SASH AND DOOR FACTORY

Having furnished their shops with the latest improved Machinery for this Branch of Business, they are now prepared to manufacture and furnish all kinds of

BUILDING MATERIAL,

such as Sash, Doors, Frames, Shutters, Blinds, Mouldings, some Eighteen Different Styles; Cornices, Stairing, Porticoes, &c., &c., Flooring, Weatherboarding, and

ALL KINDS LUMBER,

furnished at short notice.

We tender our thanks to the community for their liberal patronage bestowed upon us and hope by strict attention to Business to merit a continuance of the same.

GROVER & BAKER

FIRST PREMIUM ELASTIC STITCH FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,

495 Broadway, New York.

780 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

POINTS OF EXCELLENCE.

Beauty and Elasticity of stitch.

Perfection and simplicity of Machinery.

Using both threads directly from the spools.

No tugging of seams by hand and no waste of thread.

Wide range of application without change of adjustment.

The seams retain their beauty and firmness after washing and ironing.

Besides doing all kinds of work done by other Machines, these Machines execute the most beautiful and permanent Embroidery and ornamental work.

The Highest Premiums at all the fairs and exhibitions of the United States and Europe, have been awarded the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines, and the work done by them, wherever exhibited for competition.

The very highest prize, The Cross of the Legion of Honor, was conferred on the representative of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines, at the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1869, thus attesting their great superiority over all other Sewing Machines.

For sale by D. W. ROBINSON, Waynesboro.

NOTICE.

The undersigned having had 17 years' experience as a practical operator on Sewing Machines would recommend the Grover & Baker Family Machine as the cheapest and best machine for family use. The simplicity of construction and elasticity of stitch made by these machines are two very important points in their favor. 250,000 of these machines are at-day bearing witness to the truth of our assertions and the demand is steadily increasing.

We have also shuttle machines on hand for Tailors and Coach-trimmers' use. Call and see us.

D. W. ROBINSON, Main st., Waynesboro, Pa.

WAYNESBORO BAKERY

CONFECTIONARY!

THE subscribers announce to the public that they have opened a Bakery and Confectionery at Main street, Waynesboro, opposite the "Crown House", where persons at all times can be supplied with fresh Bread, Rolls, Pretzels, all kinds of Sweet Cakes, wholesale or retail. A full supply of Candies, Nuts, Fruits, etc., always on hand. ICE CREAM regularly supplied during the season.

Having erected at considerable expense a first-class Baking House they feel confident that in this department of their business they can give general satisfaction. They therefore solicit a share of public patronage.

SLEASMAN & MORT.

MILLINERY GOODS!

TO THE LADIES!

MRS. C. L. HOLLINGER has just received a full supply of new Millinery goods. Ladies are invited to call and examine her stock. April 23-1870.

POETICAL.



SO FAR—SO FAR AWAY.

So far away! so far away!
Thy stars are not the stars I see;
With me 'tis night, with thee 'tis day,
And day and night are one to me,
So far—so far away!

I faint beneath those wandering airs
Whose wings around the world go free,
I snatch at straws the whirlwind bears—
Touched they the land that blooms for thee,
So far—so far away!

The forms that near me breathe and move
Like visions rise, like visions flee;
I cannot live to other love
My soul has crossed the deep to thee,
So far—so far away!

Earth's drooping shadows close me round,
The heavens have lost their light for me;
The voice of joy breathes not a sound,
And hope swoons dead on yonder sea,
So far away—so far away!

MY LOVE OF LONG-AGO.

The rose has faded from thy cheek,
And faded is thy brow;
Thy sparkling eyes, that seemed to speak,
Are dull and heavy now.

The locks on thy beloved head,
That once were like to golden thread,
Are white as winter snow;

Yet is my love for thee no dead,
My love of long ago.

I, too, am old, but at thy voice
I burn with youthful fire;
Its music makes my heart rejoice,
And thrills with force desire.

Its tones seem echoes of the tune,
When we were both in life's glad prime—
Sweet sounds, though faint and low,
Like some far-distant wedding chime—
My love of long ago.

MISCELLANY.

SCANDAL.

A STORY FOR SUSPICIOUS PEOPLE.

A lady purchased a home in a beautiful village, about forty miles from a well known city. She longed for fresh air and quiet scenes, and doubtless she would have found all the happiness which she sought in this rural retreat had not the place been haunted by that terrible spectre—scandal.

"Have you seen the new arrival?" asked Mrs. Thomas of her neighbor, Mrs. Lawrence, about a week after the stranger took possession of Maple Cottage—as the little place she had purchased was called.

A curl of the lip and a shrug of the shoulders was all the reply made by Mrs. Lawrence; but in the gestures Mrs. Thomas saw, or supposed she saw a sufficient reason for shunning the acquaintance of the stranger.

Mrs. Thomas who was very jealous and suspicious, translated this sign language in her own way. "I have no doubt," she said to her husband at night, "that she had a bad reputation in the city. She has come here depressed in deep mourning, but who knows whether she ever had a husband? And, if she had, her wearing black is no sign she's dead in my opinion."

The next day quite a crowd had gathered in the store of Mrs. Thomas, waiting for the arrival of the daily mail, which was due about this hour. The stranger came in to make some trifling purchases, and was stared at by the people, as strangers always are.

After she left the store, some remarks were made concerning her lady-like appearance. Mr. Thomas immediately rejoined. "Yes, she appears enough like a lady, but my wife thinks her reputation none the best."

Customers coming in, nothing more was said at that time, but the fire of scandal was kindled—the story spread rapidly, each one telling it his own way, until there was not a family in the place but heard and believed the rumor.

Weeks passed on, and the inmates of Maple Cottage felt that for some reason she was looked upon with much suspicion and dislike. There was no hospitality, nothing said or done for which she could demand an explanation.

Every day seemed to increase the avoidance of her neighbors; and she seeing this, ceased making overtures towards an acquaintance with them, sending to the city for her household supplies, and never came in contact with any of them save at church, and even here she generally found a whole seat at her disposal.

At last the storm which had so long darkened the village horizon seemed about to burst over her head. There were low threats of driving her from the place, and the mob spirit seemed to be gathering strength.

About this time, some three months after the stranger came to Maple Cottage, a very handsome traveling carriage, drawn by a span of noble greys, stopped in front of her dwelling, and a fine looking man, apparently about fifty years of age, with his wife and two children, were seen to alight and enter the house. All the day and through the evening, there was heard the sound of merry voices, mingled with the rippling laughter of joyous hearts.

The next day was Sunday, but this time the widow did not sit alone. Strange looks and low murmured words ran through the congregation, and the minister seemed to share the surprise of his audience, and look-

ed and preached as though under painful embarrassment. He recognized in the stranger a minister whose reputation was world-wide—no other than the rich and distinguished President of _____ College, from which he was a graduate.

Professor C remembered his former pupil, but it must be confessed he was both surprised and disappointed. He had given the young man credit for individual talent, but this sermon was a mere repetition of poor platitudes and a truckling to public opinion, which showed a weak and little mind.

After service the President stopped a moment until the preacher came forward, and when the greetings were over he said kindly: "My sister wrote me that Richard Forbes was preaching here, but I did not connect the name with the memory of my former pupil."

"Your sister!" said the embarrassed young man. "You do not mean to say that the woman with whom you entered church is your sister?"

"And why not!" It was now Professor C's turn to look surprised.

Sure enough, why not? What did he know against the woman of whom all had been speaking evil, for the last three months?

There is something about this matter that I cannot understand," said Professor C. "You do not mean to say that my sister has been a resident of your place, and listened to your preaching for three months, without your calling upon her? The duties of a preacher are surely better defined—"

"But I did not dare!" and here the poor man stammered and stopped.

"Did not dare to call on my sister, the widow of General Finch?" and the tinge of contempt mingled with the look of surprise and indignation with which he contemplated the abashed and crestfallen young preacher.

After reaching his sister's residence, he questioned her in regard to the matter; but she could only tell him that since her residence in the place, she had been 'let alone,' in full acceptance of the term. Determined to understand the wherefore of such a proceeding, he again demanded explanation of the minister, who was fully compelled to admit that he had supposed from the gossip of church members, that the woman was a very outcast from society, and that there had been talk of driving her from the place.

"She will not care to remain," said the Professor; "but before she goes I will sift this matter thoroughly; and so he did, gathering up link by link, the whole chain of scandal until he came to Mrs. Lawrence. But this she utterly denied, and Mrs. Thomas was at last obliged to confess that Mrs. Lawrence had merely shrugged her shoulders and curled her lip, when asked her opinion of her new neighbor.

"Ah, indeed!" was Mrs. Lawrence's rejoinder. "I remember of thinking she could not be much of a lady, as she wore faded delaine and did her own washing."

The Professor preached the following Sunday, and at the conclusion of the discourse, repeated the tale of wrong, adding: "Had this woman really been poor and friendless, as supposed, what would the end have been? Deprived of her good name, and in consequence, of all means of earning a livelihood, she would doubtless have been discouraged and desponded, and sunk down to the grave a victim of the scandal of those falsely calling themelves Christians; and who, in the sight of God, would not only have been classed among liars, but murderers.—Wood's Household Magazine.

GOOD ADVICE.

Whatever be your calling, be proud of it. Are you a shoemaker? Try to make a better shoe than any other man can make. Yes, whatever your trade or profession, excel in it if you can.

Bear in mind that any kind of honest labor is honorable, but choose well. "In whatever you sweat, indulge your taste."

If you like the free life and honest labor of a farmer, do not drag out long years in the study of law or medicine, for that would only be vanity and exaltation of spirit; but go immediately to the farm, and in the life you love enjoy that perfect peace of mind peculiar to every individual that feels he is in his forte, doing what God designated he should, and who will never have to realize that cold, humiliating, and sickening feeling that his life has been a failure.

Suffer not that feeling to creep over you, but be up and doing. "Look well to the ways of your footsteps." Keep clean the house of clay in which God has placed you. Touch not, taste not that which will corrupt it. Go not to your grave a composition, one-third whiskey, one-third tobacco, and the remaining third corruption, so filthy that even the ghouls and ravenous worms would scorn to touch you.

Be true to yourself. Deal honestly and plainly with your fellow men. Remember that "Doubtless the pleasure is as great in being cheated as to cheat."

FEMINE ROMPS.—Don't be afraid of a little romping by your girls, and never punish them for indulging in it, but thank Heaven, which has endowed them so largely with animal spirits. These must have vent some way, and better the glow which a little romping imparts to the cheeks than a distorted spine and palid brow. Health is one of the greatest blessings, and only a good share of physical exercise can secure this to children. Let them romp, then, even if they do make some noise and tear their dresses occasionally, and lead you to cry out, "Oh dear! what shall I do? Yes, let them romp. The time for sad faces comes fast enough."

Here is the pithiest sermon ever preached: "Our ingress into life is naked and bare, our progress through life is trouble and care; our egress out of it we know not where; but doing well here we shall do well there."

Sing Away Your Grief.

Henry Ward Beecher gives the following excellent advice:

We can sing away our cares easier than we can reason them away. The birds are the earliest to sing in the morning; the birds are more without care than anything that I know of. Sing in the evening. Sing is the last thing the robins do. When they have done their daily work—they have flown their flight, and picked up their last morsel of food and cleansed their bills on a napkin of a bough, then on a top twig, they sing one song of praise. I know they sleep sweetly for it. They dream music, for sometimes in the night they break forth in singing, and stop suddenly after the first note, startled by their own voice. Oh, that we might sing evening and morning, and let song touch song all the way through. As I was returning from the country the other evening, between six and seven o'clock, bearing a basket of flowers, I met a man that was apparently the tender of a man. He looked brick and mortar all over. He had worked the entire day, and had the appearance of a man that would not be afraid of work. He was walking on with a light step, and singing to himself as he passed down street, tho' he had been working the whole day and nearly the whole week. Were it not that my good thoughts came too late, I should have given him a large allotment of my flowers.—If he had not been out of my sight when the idea occurred to me, I should have hailed him and said: "Have you worked all day?" "Of course I have," he would have said. "Are you singing?" "Of course I am." "Then take these flowers—home and give them to your wife, and tell her what a blessing she has in you."

O, that we could put songs under our burdens! O, that we could extract the sense of sorrow by song!—Then these things would not poison so much. Sing in the house.—Teach your children to sing. When troubles come, go to them with songs. When griefs arrive, sing them down. Lift the voice of praise against cares. Praise God by singing; that will lift you above trials of every sort. Attempt it. They sing in heaven, and among God's people upon earth, song is the appropriate language of Christian feeling.

The Sister.

No household is complete without a sister. She gives a finish to the family.—A sister's love, a sister's influence! what can be more hallowed? A sister's watchful care! Can any thing be more tender? A sister's kindness! Does the world show us any thing more pure? Who would live without a sister, from choice? A sister that is a sister in fidelity, in purity, in love, is a sort of guardian angel in the home circle.—(Her presence condemns vice. She is the quickener of good resolutions, the sunshine in the pathway of home. To every brother she is a light and life. Her heart is her treasure-house of confidence. In her he finds a last friend, a charitable, forgiving, tender, often though a severe friend. In her he finds a ready companion. Her sympathy as open as day, and sweet as the fragrance of flowers. We pity the brother who has no sisters—no sister's love. We feel sorry for the home which is not enlivened by a sister's presence. A sister's office is a noble and a gentle one. It is hers to persuade to virtue, to win to wisdom's ways; gently to lead where duty calls, to guard the citadel of home with the sleepless vigilance of virtue. To be a true sister, is to hold a sweet place in the heart of home.—Let every sister meditate on what she is and what she ought to be, on her office, her duty, her pleasure, her life. It is hers to be a model and set an example of innocence, virtue, cheerfulness, patience and forbearance, to be the smile and light of home and the circle of loved ones.

FOR HUSBANDS.—When a man has established a home, has a wife and children, the most important duties of his life have fairly begun. The errors of his youth may be obliterated, the faults of his early days may be overlooked; but from the moment of his marriage he commences to write an ineffaceable history, not by pen and ink, but by deeds, by which he must ever afterward be reported and judged. His conduct at home, his care for his family, the training of his children, his attentions to his wife, his devotion to the great interests of eternity; these are the tests by which his character will ever afterward be estimated by all who think or care about him. These will determine his position while living, and influence his memory when the grave has closed over him. And as he uses well or ill the brief space allotted to him, out of all eternity, to establish a fame founded upon the most solid of foundations—private worth—so will God and man judge of him. He holds in his hands the private weal and woe of wife and children, and if he abuses the most holy, God-given trust, he can not hope for mercy hereafter. Many a child goes astray, simply because home lacks sunshine. Many a wife esteems death her best friend, because he who swore before God to love, honor and cherish has forgotten his vows.

It is related that a merchant in a town not a thousand miles from the godly city of Hamilton recently hired a new clerk, and, of course, initiated him at once into the mysteries of the "trade mark." The same afternoon the newly inducted knight of the yardstick was showing some goods to a lady customer, when she demurred at the price of the article. The feelings of the merchant may be imagined when the young man called at the top of his voice:—"What shall I sell this for? It is marked four dollars and a half, and cost fifty cents." The engagement with the clerk soon terminated.

Idleness is the parent of want and shame.

How Monkeys are Caught.

The following plan to catch monkeys beats the old trick of pelting the same animals with stones to make them pick cocoa nuts:

Monkeys are such cunning creatures, that one would suppose them much more difficult to catch than other wild animals. Pitfalls will take a lion, and the lamed monarch of the forest will, after a few days' starvation, dart into a cage containing food, and thus be secured. But how are monkeys caught? The ape family resemble man.—Their voices are human. They love liquor and fall. In Darfour and Senaar the natives make fermented beer, of which the monkeys are passionately fond. Aware of this, the natives go to the parts of the forests frequented by the monkeys, and set on the ground calabashes full of the enticing liquor. As soon as the monkeys see and tastes it, he utters loud cries of joy that soon attract his comrades. Then an argie begins, and in a short time the beasts show all degrees of intoxication. Then the negroes appear. The drinkers are too far gone to mistrust them, but apparently take them for larger species of their own genus. The negroes take some up, and these immediately begin to weep and ever them with maudlin kisses. When a negro takes one by the hand to lead him off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one who thus finds a support, and endeavors to go off also. Another will grasp him, and so on, till the negro leads a staggering line of ten or a dozen tipsy monkeys. When finally brought to the village they are securely caged, and gradually sober down, but for two or three days, a gradually diminishing supply of liquor is given them, so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of captivity.

The Best Comforters.

Upon this subject the Rev. T. D. Talmage says:

Those who have had no decided trouble themselves are miserable comforters. A man who has always been in the summer of prosperity is not fit to talk to a man in the winter of adversity. For this reason, aged people are the best comforters. No hand can pain out of a sore spot like an old hand. Men who have had a thousand wounds themselves know all about trouble, and how to sympathize with it. Although you are forty or fifty years of age, if your father or mother be living, you go to them with your trouble.

If you have old people in the house, and can go to them with your trouble, I congratulate you. Although they may not say much, these old people, when they come to us in trouble, it is so pleasant to have them cherish them, if you have them now. Let them lean on your arm. If their hearing is a little dull, and they don't hear you the first time, and you have to speak the second time, don't say it sharp. You will feel sorry for it if you do, when you have taken the last look, and when you brush the silver locks back from the wrinkled brow, and the un-deraker screws down the coffin lid over the dear old face. God bless the old folks!—They may not be able to walk much, or talk much, but oh! it is a blessing to have them around when you are in trouble.

Thrilling Exhibition.

It was one day during last month that a telegram from Jacksonville, Ill., related the following: Yesterday afternoon, at the Illinois Hospital for the insane, located in this city, a most appalling, exciting and thrilling scene was witnessed by many persons. An insane woman in some way escaped from the apartments in which she had been confined, rushed up the stairs, leaped upon the roof, and dashed away to the end of the building, swung herself over the edge of the roof and dropped to a cornice, some six or eight feet below. Upon this cornice, a foot wide and seventy-five feet above the ground, the wild mania walked back and forth for a quarter of an hour. Men rushed to the roof and passed a rope to her, and tried to persuade her to fasten it about her body, but in vain. Below beds were brought and placed, to break the fall, should she leap from her perilous position. After remaining on the cornice fifteen minutes, seemingly unconscious of all danger, she swung off, and holding by the cornice until her feet touched a cap of the fifth story window, she let go the cornice, and, wonderful to relate, alighted erect and steady upon the cap, which was but a foot wide and four feet long. There, at that fearful and dizzy height, she stood gazing about for a quarter of an hour. Then she seized firmly the rope lowered to her, and leaped into the air. The strong arms above gradually lowered her, and when she was about thirty feet from the ground she relaxed her hold, and fell upon the beds below, and, although stunned, was taken up uninjured.

OUR PRESENT DUTY.—The living—give them kind words and loving deeds. Wait not to carve an eulogy upon the stone above their heads; keep not back the merited work of commendation while they dwell in the flesh. Too many, alas! too many shut the door of their hearts till the loved one has passed on; till the warm, loving heart has ceased to beat, and the willing hand is palsied in death. Then the words which should have cheered their souls in life ripple over their graves—words which if given while they were with us in the flesh, would have linked them to our souls, now that they have risen would, like a shaft of love, have drawn us up to them. It is natural for us to idealize, and speak tenderly, lovingly of those men called "the dead." It is refining, comforting, and assuring to our souls to do so; but let us remember that the kind word and deed to the living to day are better than any eulogy we may place upon the tombstone we rear for them tomorrow.

Sorrow's best antidote is employment.

The Wrong Man Pooled.

The following story, which we do not remember to have seen in print, may be old, but is received as true:

At a famous and fashionable watering place, a gentleman one night was suddenly seized in bed with an excruciating pain in the stomach, which neither brandy, No. 6, nor any other remedy could remove. His wife, after trying a number of things in vain, and having exhausted all her stock of remedies, left her husband's bedside for the purpose of getting a warm application. Guided on her return by a light which she supposed was the one just left, she softly entered, and was not a little surprised to find her patient apparently in a deep slumber. However, thinking he might still be suffering, she gently raised the bed clothes, &c., and laid the scalding poultice upon a stomach—but not the stomach of her husband—which no sooner touched the body of the person than he greatly alarmed, and crying under the torture of the burning application, shouted, "Hallo! hallo! what in the name of heaven and earth are you about there?" then, with one spring from his bed, he made for the door, and, rushing down stairs, declared, in a frenzy of excitement, that some one had poured a shovel of hot coals upon him. The woman, overcome with excitement and alarm, gave a frantic scream, which brought her husband hurriedly in from the next room to her rescue. The husband was so much excited, and also so much amused with the singular mistake and the ridiculous position of his better half, that he forgot all his pains, but early next morning he, his wife and trunk left for parts unknown. The poulticed gentleman still retains the haddock-chief—a beautiful linen fabric, with the lady's name on it—which he considers of rare value.

Afraid he might be Dead.

[Scene in the counting-room of a morning newspaper. Enter a man of Teutonic tendencies, considerably the worse of last night's spree.]

Teuton (to the man at the desk) "If you please, sir, I want de baper mit dis morning. One vot hash de names of de peoples vot kills cholera all de viles."

He was handed a paper, and, after looking over it in a confused way, said:—

"Will you pe so goot ash to read de names vot don't have de cholera any more too soon just now, and see if Carl Geinsenkoopelhofen has got em?"

The clerk very obligingly read the list, the Teuton listening with trembling attention, wiping the perspiration from his brow, meanwhile in great excitement. When the list was completed, the name of Carl Geinsenwell, no matter about the whole name, it was not there. The Teuton's face brightened up and he exclaimed:

"You don't find em?"

Clerk—"No such name there sir."

Teuton (seizing him warmly by the hand) "This ish nice,—this ishfoome tuns; that ish my names. I pin trunk as never vas, an, by tam, I vas 'traid I was gone ted mit cholera an' didn't know it. Mine Ost I ves sear!"

At Lawrence, Kansas, one Sunday, while a minister was holding forth in the church, a crowd got up a cock fight in the yard.—The people who had congregated to hear the Word, went out to put a stop to the fight, but waited until the battle was over before objecting. The minister looked out of the window at the crowd, and said, "We are all poor miserable sinners—which whipped?"

A Dutch woman kept a toll gate. One foggy day a traveler asked "Madam how far is it to B—?" "Shoot a leetle ways," was the reply. "Yes; but how far?" again asked the traveler. "Shoot a leetle ways," more emphatically. "Madam, is it one, two, three, four or five miles?" The good woman ingeniously replied, "I dinks it is!"

A woman is Missouri hung herself because her husband went to California. Next week a dozen more started but their wives wouldn't hang worth a cent, and the poor disconsolate devils have all returned broken-hearted.

Josh Billings says the the mosquito was born of poor but honest parents, who had in their veins some of the best blood in the country. It is well enough to know this fact, as the time for their annual visit is rapidly approaching.

COULDN'T STAND IT.—A tailor's apprentice, who seemed to be pained a good deal by the cross-leg attitude, was asked how he liked tailoring, to which he replied, "Very well, but I believe I shall never be able to stand sitting."

A Chicago girl broke off her engagement with a young man for the reason that he sneezes in his sleep. If it wouldn't be impertinent, we would like to know how she found it out.

Some mischievous wags one night pulled down a turtler's sign, and put it over a lawyer's door. In the morning it read: "All sorts of turning and twisting done here."

Time borders upon eternity. It requires but an instant to make the passage from the one to the other.

When your horse refuses his food, after drinking, go no further that day, because the creature is thoroughly beaten.

What can you not name without breaking it? Silence.

What is the greatest curiosity in the world? A woman's.

Obey generosity.—Giving a man a piece of your mind.