

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 9, 1870.

NUMBER 48

MACHINE SHOP AND 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 Riddleberger'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; Cornice, Siding, 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.

Also agents for the sale of Dodge & Senerson's Kirby Valley Chief, and World Combined Reaping and Mowing Machines, and the celebrated Clippinger Mower.

may 7, 1869]

GROVER & BAKER

FIRST PREMIUM
ELASTIC STITCH
FAMILY
SEWING MACHINES,
495 Broadway, New York.
730 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

POINTS OF EXCELLENCE.
Beauty and Elasticity of stitch.
Perfection and simplicity of Machinery.
Using both threads directly from the spools.
No fastening of seams by hand and no waste of thread.
Wide range of application without change of adjustment.
The seam retains its 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 to-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.
f 17 if

WAYNESBORO BAKERY AND CONFECTIONARY!

THE subscribers announce to the public that they have opened a Bakery and Confectionary on Main street, Waynesboro, opposite the "Borden 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 Bake House they feel confident that in this department of their business they can give general satisfaction. They therefore solicit a share of public patronage.
may 5—1f

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—1f

SOAP-MAKING.
CONCENTRATED LYE, a full pound in a box at 20 cents. SAL SODA in large or small quantities, sold low by
Feb 3

POETICAL.



LITTLE SORROW.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

Among the thistles on the hill,
In tears sat little Sorrow;
"I see a black cloud in the West,
'Twill bring a storm to-morrow.
And when it storms where shall I be?
And what will keep the rain from me?
Woe's me!" said Little Sorrow.

"But now the air is soft and sweet,
The sunshine bright," said Pleasure;
"Here is my pipe,—if you will dance,
I'll wake my merriest measure,
Or, if you choose, we'll sit beneath
The red rose-tree, and twine a wreath;
Come, come with me!" said Pleasure.

"O, I want neither dance nor flowers,—
They're not for me," said Sorrow,
"When that black cloud is in the West,
And it will storm to-morrow!
And if it storms, what shall I do?
I have no heart to play with you,—
Go! go!" said Little Sorrow.

But lo! when came the morrow's morn,
The clouds were all blown over;
The lark sprang singing from its nest
Among the dewy clover;
And pleasure called, "Come out and dance!
To-day you mourn no evil chance:
The clouds have all blown over!"

"And if they have, alas!
Poor comfort that!" said Sorrow;
"For if to-day we miss the storm,
'Twill surely come to-morrow,—
And be the fiercer for delay!
I am too sore at heart to play;
Woe's me!" said Little Sorrow.

—Our Young Folks.

TOWARDS EVENING.

Father the shadows fall
Along my ways;
'Tis past the noon of day.
My "western sun" tells that the eve is near;
I know, but feel no fear,
And loved ones have gone home—
A holy band.

I hear them call me from the spirit land—
A gentle call.
O, not alone! though now
I lead the van,
And with uncovered head
Press on where others led
When my young life began.
I am not left alone,
Though they are gone;
Sweet voices of the past,
And of to-day—
The loved that round my way
Still twine about my heart—
Tell me how good thou art.
O holy Light and Love!
Beam on my soul,
My inmost life control;
Then may each pure thought spring;
And peace, with gentle wing,
Brood like the dove.

MISCELLANY.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

If you go to call on a young lady, and she crochets diligently all evening, and only says "yes" and "no," you can go away about nine or a quarter past, without breaking any of the rules of etiquette.

Don't make a business of courting anybody very extensively without you want to go in for keeps, and by all means avoid Sunday evening. There is something in the Sunday evening air decidedly spooky, and it is just as natural for fellows and girls to get together, and court Sunday evenings, as it is for a hen to set. Many a promising youth, in the full vigor of manhood, has been dragged into premature, matrimonial decay by an innocent Sunday evening call.

If you are invited to a "sociable" or fair, make yourself sick by smoking your big brother's pipe and stay at home, and when you are called upon to suffer do it with alacrity, and think how happy you are compared to the miserable victims who are decoyed into attending.

Don't court but one girl at a time. The most harrowing sight I know of to a sensitive mind is to see a young man full of Christian fortitude and noble ambition, trying to court two girls at once.
Don't dabble into matrimony, unless you want to get wretched; and don't marry a poor girl unless she has money.

If you are calling on a young lady, and the old folks go out of the room about nine o'clock, with a solemn air, you can make up your mind there's a conspiracy afoot. Don't show any symptoms of fear, but tell the young lady you were setting up last night with a friend of yours who has the smallpox, and you think you'll go home to get a little sleep.
Don't imagine it looks smart to loaf around billiard halls, smoke cheap cigars at a high price, and swallow slops at twenty cents a glass. It would show more talent on your part to retire to the nearest graveyard and study last year's almanac.

And don't imagine you are a hardened bummer just because your father lets you carry a night key. Some young men will go to a band concert on the Common, smoke a cinnamon cigar, and go home thoroughly convinced that they have made a heavy night of it, and ought to be looked after.

Thrilling Incident.

During the recent fire at St. Paul, Minn., two brothers, who were imprisoned by the flames, leaped from a window a distance of about 100 feet and were not killed. The St. Paul Press tells the story in this wise:

Their names are August and Karl Mueller. These boys (natives of Saxony) had been in this country about four years, and by steady, honest industry and pleasant manners had won a good name and fair business prospects. They worked for Mr. Gaisworld—one of our leading merchant tailors—for three years, and had just got nicely under way in a little establishment of their own. Between them, as brothers, there seems to have existed the most intimate and tender friendship.

Playing and studying together as children, and now as men living together, having a common purse, betrothed to two sisters, they afford a rare spectacle of mutual affection and respect. Courage and good will in their hearts, they are ready for the chances of the day as they sit in the shop on that quiet afternoon, their pleasant chat broken only by the hum of the new sewing machine they had just bought and found to work like a charm—a little dreaming how swiftly the whole ground work of life was to be swept from beneath their feet. First, a sudden darkening of the light; smoke and hot flame swirling into the open windows, singing the hair and beard off August as he sits at work.

The room is black with the stifling vapor; they hear each other's voices but see nothing. "Karl, my brother, where are you?" August has opened the door into the hallway—clouds of smoke here also, and as they lift for a moment he peers down the narrow stairway and sees the foot of it opening into the very jaws of hell. No chance there—Karl, groping, touched his brother's sleeve; they clasp hands and make their way to the rear of the building. The wind is blowing from the east, and they are delivered from the blinding smoke. Here once more is the blue coping of the sky. Now they have fresh air and can think a moment.

No escape to the rear, not right, nor left, and in front a hundred feet of neither air. Now, lads, if in all the past you have learned aught that can serve in this great need, bring it forth, and quickly. They are seen at one moment looking far off toward the rim of the horizon, as if appealing for succor to the unpeopled heavens; the next moment they appear at another window and cry aloud to those below. August climbs through the window, and Karl, bending, holds both his hands and lets him down the face of the wall. He can not, dare not, let go. "Mein bruder, ich kann deine hand nicht loslassen!" Poor fellow, he can jump out himself fast enough, but he has no heart to let his brother drop to almost certain death on the rocky bluff below—and August is pulled back into the room.

The sunshine lies broad and peaceful on the opposite hills; the Mississippi rolls by listless and indifferent. Life is very sweet. What can be done? Nothing. The brutal, overpowering forces of nature have these two human hearts at a disadvantage. The fire is behind them, overhead, under—eager, remorseless; while the air is heavy with the bodings of despair, and woe, and untimely death.

Some swift interchange of parting, and Karl stands up in the window—balances—leaps! Every heart stops beating, and the breath is held while this human body—the very temple of Deity—surrenders every power and permits itself to be hurled through the air and dashed upon the earth as though it were a clod.

The hundreds gathered below rush forward to gather up the poor shattered form, rolling over and down the bluff. Thank God, he is alive! But staid from under, the other brother is coming. He clings to the edge of the window, and pushing himself out from the wall with one foot, lets go his hold at the same instant, and the same revolting spectacle of a man falling mid air—he lies broken and bleeding.

And these truehearted brothers, at the first dim sense of returning consciousness, made inquiry each for the life and safety of the other.

They had many friends before this sad occurrence—their comrades the Turners, the firemen, and all who knew them—but the entire community will now rejoice to see them once more restored to health, and be glad to welcome them back to the active life they had begun in such true manly style when overtaken by this distressful stroke.

They have the best medical attendance and the kindest care. Karl, the younger, can sit up a little in bed, although suffering from some broken ribs, but August finds ease only in lying immovable upon his back. They have no fever, and this cool and moist weather is regarded as very favorable to their wounds. They have taken no nourishment since the day of the fire, but they drink water freely.

A MAN 143 YEARS OLD—There is a man living in the mountains of North Carolina, not more than forty miles from Greenville, S. C., says the Tarboro' Carolinian, who has reached the extraordinary age of 143 years. At the time of Braddock's defeat he was 20 years old, and had a wife and three children. A gentleman at Greenville states that this man had come down to us from a former generation, had always been in moderate circumstances, and lived upon plain, coarse vegetable diet; he never drank any liquid but spring water, and bids fair to live many years longer. He enjoys perfect health, possesses all of manhood's attributes, and wishes to marry. He has survived seven wives, and having lost his last one about sixty years ago, he now begins to feel quite lonely.

The reason Solomon was called wise—because he had seven hundred wives and kept out of the insane asylum. We should like to see him try seven hundred modern ladies.

Truth about Death.

The common mode of discussing this subject, so interesting to every one of us, is so stilted over our heads that we are glad to hear Common Sense have his say about it.—Thus sensibly and justly writes some able man in the English Review:

"It is a great thing, unutterably awful and thrilling, when, for the first time in our lives, Death, the Conqueror, makes himself known to us in all the mystery of his might and inexorableness. Every day the newspaper has its obituary; you are well aware that people die every minute; you have been in the habit of looking up at closed blinds in the street with some sort of awe; and hatchments in the great squares have touched you as might a baronial ruin; a newly made grave has not been without a voice and a moral; funerals have intercepted your path in the thoroughfares; people have died next door to you—but even death next door is far off—a vague distant terror, and not a darkly awful presence. Stand with suspended respiration and fevered temples, stand under the drooping of his wings, as he inexorably stoops to breathe the last chill upon the forehead of some loved one; feel that the solemn shadow in which you stand is deepening; kneel when the silver cord is snapped, kneel by the pale corpse in the hush of an hour before dawn, when no sounds are to be heard but the sob of passionate mourning and the ticking of a clock—and say to God the 'never more of a bereaved heart'—the Help, Lord, or I perish—of a soul that has come into the deep waters. So stand—so kneel—so cry unto the Lord of life, and you will know what death is, and what celestial hope may rise at last luminous and large out of the blackness of horror in that word—Dead.

A simple child, a simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

And is beautifully said. But I was long, very long past the age of childhood, before I could bring myself to believe in dying.—To this day, I can with difficulty, only, and by a direct mental effort, conceive even of one dangerously sick, as dying—dead! So complete does actual present life, even when faint and fluttering, keep its negation out of sight. That the beautiful flame which lights up the eye and glows at the touch, should go out—

To die!
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot!
This sensible, warm motion to become
A kneaded clod!
And other pulses go on beating, and the stars to keep step along the sky; and the South wind to ripple the rivers and stir the leaves, and the little children to prattle and play, and the million-fold hum of life to wake anew every morning, and the round, impassive heaven to be as blue as ever. O! it is stranger still to me!

Dr. W. W. Hall tells this true story of a man who had accumulated a fortune by hard work and unremitting attention to business: At fifty years of age he retired home from business with an ample fortune. Before he was sixty, in fact, in about five years, he died a degraded drunken sot. Having nothing to do, time hung heavily. Being imperfect health he had a good appetite—included it, and sat around the house, rolled on the sofa, took 'naps' in the day time, and as a result did not sleep well at night; taking but little exercise and eating heartily, he soon began to suffer from indigestion, or dyspepsia; after each meal he would feel full, oppressed, uncomfortable, and to relieve himself, at the suggestion of a friend, he took a 'sip of brandy'; he felt better, next day he took another; then a little more, soon he took it three times a day, before meals as well as after, with the result already detailed.—Thus it is that this side of heaven no man is safe from a drunkard's grave, except him who never tastes a drop of liquor. It might have been thought that fifty years of abstinence would have been a perfect guarantee against a vice so degrading, but it was not.

SANDWICHES.—If best men's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.
He that is naturally revengeful keeps his wounds open, which otherwise would close of themselves.
He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

To mingle the useful with the beautiful, is the highest style of art. The one adds grace, and the other value.
Deliberate with caution, but set with decision; and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.
'Hard as it is to understand the difficult parts of the Bible, it is a great deal harder to practice the simple parts.'

If you would find a great many faults, be on the look out. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look in.
Man often weeps in his sleep. When awake he scarcely remembers that he has shed tears. So regarding life, in the second, thou wilt no longer know that thou hast wept in the first.

AN IMPERIAL MORMON.—The Emperor of China is fifteen years old, and is to be married this year, with immense pomp, to his chief wife, his empress. He will be simultaneously provided with second and third wives, and from all parts of the Empire victims are being collected to swell the list of his harem. Every Tartar family, we believe, is obliged to furnish its quota. Local selections are first made, and the holocaust is sent to Peking, where a fresh selection takes place, and a "chosen" number are condemned to a life-long seclusion. They are not allowed to see their relations; may never see their lord and master, and in the event of his death they are still condemned to perpetual isolation and celibacy.

Do you Subscribe?

There is an anecdote of which one of our journalists, now at the summit of his profession, is the hero. When he edited a newspaper in the west, he introduced the novelty of reporting cases before the police magistrates. One of these in which a brawny butcher, of Teutonic race, was 'brought' up for administering personal correction to his wife, had some peculiar features which the reporter dressed up in an amusing manner. He was sitting at his desk, when the defendant who if not refined, had been freed by the justice, entered the room, in company with a huge bludgeon. With a stentorian voice, and in broken English, he inquired by what right he and his wife had been put into the newspapers, and his manner was so threatening that the editor, a slight youngster, without even a cane to use in defence, saw how very hopeless his case was. Keeping his eye on the burly giant, and drawing himself up in his chair with great dignity, he asked: Do you subscribe for my paper? The enemy stared, and answered that he did not. Then said the editor, triumphantly, I do not see what right you have to find fault with anything that I print in it. When you pay two dollars which is a year's subscription in advance you will have a right to complain. This was not a very logical deduction, but it hit. The man, in a very abated tone and milder manner, muttered I will go and talk with mine wife about this, and quitted the office never to reappear in it.—The editor's presence of mind had saved him from an assault.—Proof Sheet.

'Myra Myrtle' comes down in the following style upon those bashful swains who dawdle and dangle, and wear out the girls' patience and good clothes, make a protracted meeting of their halcyon days, and never summon courage sufficient to pop the question and then question Pop.

If there is anything more disheartening to a woman than a long courtship I have yet to discover it. From the woman who marries for a home—and there are far too many who do that—to the fair creature who marries for love, there are thousands who are kept in suspense for years, not knowing whether the man whom they expect to marry is really going to propose or not. It is very certain that long courtships seldom result in matrimony. It generally happens that the faults of both parties are made evident, and the desire for separation is mutual.

But no young (or old) man has any right to monopolize the attentions of a lady for years and then coldly dismiss her. By so doing he possibly prevents her from marrying some one who would be glad to have her, and acts a part which no gentleman will. So, gentlemen, when you have decided that the lady is worthy of your choice (and don't be long about it) 'pop the question' and set her heart at rest.

AN OLD DARKEY.—The Petersburg (Va.) papers relate the following registration incident in that city:
An aged colored man came up to his voting place upon oroches, seemingly with great difficulty. The prescribed formula, 'How old are you?' was asked, when the old man was thrown into much perplexity. Recovering himself, however, he muttered in an undertone, which was overheard:
'Well, how ole is my ole massa?'

It so happened that a gentleman was standing by, well acquainted with him, who promptly answered:
'Your old master is about fifty-five years of age.'

'Well, how ole is ole missus?'

'She is about forty-five years old.'

'An' Miss Sally?'

'Thirty-five, perhaps, next fall.'

'An' young missus?'

'Nineteen this coming August.'

'Well, I'se older den all put togodder; for I knows when day all was born.'

It is needless to say that the old man was passed, amid the good feelings of all present.

SCENE IN COURT.—At a trial in an Alabama town lately, one of the witnesses, an old lady of some eighty years, was closely questioned by the opposing counsel relative to the clearness of her eyesight:
'Can you see me?' said he.
'Yes, was the answer.
'How well can you see me?' persisted the lawyer.

'Well enough,' responded the lady, 'to see that you're neither a negro, an Indian, nor a gentleman.'

The answer brought down the counsel.
A Detroit negro prisoner, on his way to the penitentiary for larceny, was asked what he thought of his trial. He said: 'When dat lawyer dat fended me made his speech, I thought shuah I was going to take my ole hat and walk right out of dat cot room; but when de oder lawyer got up and commenced talking, I knew I was de biggest rascal on top of de ear.'

'What do you mean by cat and dog life?' said a husband to his angry wife. 'Look at Carlo and Kitty asleep on the rug; I wish mine lived half as peaceably with their wives.'

'Stop,' said the lady, 'tie them together and see how they will agree.'

At Ottumwa, Iowa, a nice young man put a sheet around him to scare a Dutchman.—Some one asked the young man afterward what ailed his black eye, and he said he had received bad news from Germany.

Aunt Susan says: 'Suppose all men were in one country, and all the women in another, with a big river between them. Good gracious! what lots of poor women would be drowned!'

One of the gentler sex says that the heaven of the strong-minded women is 'where buttons grow in their proper places, and men cease from bothering, and needles are at rest.'