

VILLAGE RECORD



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

Two Dollars Per Year.

VOLUME XXII.

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NUMBER 49

OH! HO!

JUST THE THING
WHICH ALL MUST HAVE!

NOW is the time to economize when money is scarce. You should study your interest by supplying your wants at the first class store of C. N. BEAVER, North-east corner of the Diamond. He does business on the only successful method, viz: by buying his goods for cash. The old fogy idea of buying goods at high prices and on long credits is

EXPLODED.

Call and examine our fine stock and don't be
RUINED

Buying 20 per cent. too much for your goods else we will challenge the community to show a more complete stock of

all of the very latest styles and to suit all, C. N. BEAVER'S.
all kinds and prices, C. N. BEAVER'S.
of every description for Men's, Ladies', and Children's wear, C. N. BEAVER'S.
every one warranted and sold, C. N. BEAVER'S.
of all sizes, the very best manufacture, warranted and sold, C. N. BEAVER'S.

of every kind, also very cheap, C. N. BEAVER'S.
for Ladies, Misses and Children, a dress by received every week and sold, C. N. BEAVER'S.
NOTIONS, a full line as follows, sold by C. N. BEAVER'S.
PAPER COLLARS, for Men and Boys wear, the most complete and finest assortment in town, by C. N. BEAVER'S.
Hosiery, of every kind, for sale, C. N. BEAVER'S.
GLOVES, for Men and Boys wear, C. N. BEAVER'S.
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CANES AND UMBRELLAS, a complete stock at C. N. BEAVER'S.
BROOMS AND BRUSHES, of the very best kind, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
TOBACCO, to suit the taste of all, C. N. BEAVER'S.
CIGARS, which cannot be beat, for sale, C. N. BEAVER'S.
SNUFF, which we challenge any one to excel in quality, for sale, C. N. BEAVER'S.
INK and PAPER, of every description, C. N. BEAVER'S.
CANDIES, always fresh too, for sale, C. N. BEAVER'S.
SPICES, for sale, C. N. BEAVER'S.
CRACKERS, of every kind, C. N. BEAVER'S.
INDIGO BLUE, C. N. BEAVER'S.
CONCENTRATED LYE, for sale, C. N. BEAVER'S.
KEROSENE, of the very best, -Pitts. Oil, C. N. BEAVER'S.
LAMP CHIMNIES also, C. N. BEAVER'S.

And many other articles not necessary to mention. We now hope that you will give us a share of your patronage. We are indeed, thankful to you for past patronage, and hope a continuance of the same, and remain yours truly,
CLARENCE N. BEAVER.
Waynesboro, June 2, 1870.

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 LION 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. ROBISON, 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. ROBISON,
Main st., Waynesboro, Pa.
f 17 if

N. O. MOLASSES.—The subscribers here just received a prime lot of New Orleans Molasses for the holidays. PRICE & HOEFLICH

POETICAL.

A FOUR O'CLOCK.

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the Heavens forever so!
Forever in mid afternoon,
Ah, happy day of happy June!
Pour out thy sunshine on the hill,
The play wood with perfume fill,
And breath across the singing sea
Land-scented breezes, that shall be
Sweet as the gardens that they pass,
Where children tumble in the grass.

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
And long not for thy blushing rest
In the soft bosom of the west,
Bid gray evening get her back
With all the stars upon her track!
Forget the dark, forget the dew,
The mystery of the midnight blue,
And only spread thy wide warm wings
While summer her enchantment flings!

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever let thy tender mist
Lie like dissolving amethyst,
Deep in the distant dale, and shed
Thy mellow glory overhead!

Yet wilt thou wander,—call the thrush,
And have the wilds and waters hush
To hear his passion-broken tune,
Ah, happy day of happy June!

MISCELLANY.

From the Chicago Post.]

THE PERILS OF WOMANHOOD.

To be born to the lot of woman is a serious thing. The condition is full of pains, penalties, and disabilities. Woman is flattered, praised, petted; but, after all, she has to take her chances in the world, and has had the heaviest and of life to carry—ever since our cowardly progenitor tried, at the very beginning of his honeymoon, to make his bride responsible for his own transgressions. In after dinner speeches, woman is an 'angel'; but man had the writing of history, and only masculine angels figure there. She is an angel during the months of courtship, but the 'and him' are the only personal pronouns used to designate the grand angels of David and Isaiah, of Elijah, Jacob, Paul, and John, of Milton and Isaac Watts. She can be an angel in the couplets of mot-to-candies; but she must understand that it is only in a Pickwickian sense.

Thoughtful people are asking in louder and louder tones, Why is it that an erring woman is an outcast, whose presence is pollution, whose shadow trails a blight, while a man who is a notorious rake or a professional seducer can hold his place in society unchallenged? Why is it that for a husband to slay his rival in a passion is regarded as the indisputable proof of manhood; while for a wife to meekly endure similar wrong is considered her higher praise?

Good Rules to Follow.

First, be honest and truthful. All depends upon this.
If you have work to do, do it cheerfully.
If you go out on business, attend to the matter promptly, and then as promptly go about your own business. Don't stop to tell stories.
If you have a place of business, be there during business hours. No one can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons.
If you have to labor for a living, remember that one hour in the morning is better than two at night.
Do not meddle with any business you know nothing of.
A good business habit and reputation is always money.
Help yourself, and others will help you.
Be obliging.
Do not be in too great haste to get rich.
Do not spend time in idleness.
Be kind.
Learn to say no. There is no necessity of snapping it out, but say it firmly and respectfully.
Learn to think and act for yourself.
Be valiant.
Help others when you can.
Keep ahead rather than behind time, for it is easier to keep ahead than to catch up.

AGE WITHOUT WISDOM.

Alas! for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not set open her gates, when he is excluded by the present. The Lord deals so graciously with us in the decline of life, that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to the lessons which He gives. The eye becomes dim, the ear dull, the tongue falters, the feet totter, all the senses refuse to do their office, and from every side resounds the call, 'Set this house in order for the term of thy pilgrimage is at hand.' The playmates of youth, the fellow laborers of manhood die away, and take the road before us. Old age is like some quiet chamber, in which, disconnected from the visible world, we can prepare in silence for the world that is unseen.

THIS LIFE!

What is it? The vision of a day—the pleasure of an hour; then gone, and gone forever! No, not gone forever; for man will live in rapture or in woe, as the result of a few years of life—a few days spent in time. How fearful the thought! What eternal interests hang upon life's fleeting moments! Joys eternal, or pains interminable, all depending on the course we take—the way we live.

She that marries a man because he is a good match, must not be surprised if he turns out a Lucifer.

and the circumstance has been copied far and wide. The fact that a young man is known to be a rouse does not generally imperil his chances of marriage in any circle. It is 'wild oats' in him; in his sister it is death, desertion, derision, destruction. How is this?—Is the virtue of man less imperative than that of woman? Are her sensibilities less acute than his? Are her rights less sacred? Is her appreciation of the meaning of the marriage consecration less delicate?

If a husband slays the seducer of his wife—may, if he slays an acquaintance whom he merely suspects of having diverted her affections, he is expected to become uncontrollably furious without any unnecessary delay, and to shoot him dead, face to face, or from an ambush. A jury hastens to declare that his rage was a manly virtue, and his deed of murder an act to be applauded. Men throw up their hats. Women cry over him as they would over a yellow-covered novel. He is a hero; for he has killed the man who made him angry.

Now reverse the picture. Suppose that a wife whose marital rights have been sacrificed puts arsenic in her husband's tea, or steals out and slays with dagger or pistol the woman who has wronged her. How now? Will all the women rush at her with handkerchiefs drawn and shed virtuous tears of approval? Will all the men take up a subscription to pay her lawyers? Will all the doctors crowd upon the witness stand to swear that she is crazy—that she couldn't help being crazy—that delirium is visible in her rolling eye and quickened pulse? Will she be released as a wife who has done her simple duty? Will she be exalted for the act?

Hardly. The experiment has been tried a few times, and the enraged wives who played the part of avenger, have always been regarded as unnatural monsters. Instead of being declared innocent heroines, by a jury of twelve men, that jury has invariably consigned them to the scaffold or the dungeon, their relatives have wept over and renounced them, and their names have gathered infamy. A beautiful Roman maiden tried it three hundred years ago, in defending her personal virtue by slaying the incestuous fiend, Count Nialo, her father. She was put to the torture and drawn and quartered; her ashes were sown on the sea; her soul was sent by the Pope to perdition, and for three hundred years the virtuous world has shuddered at the mention of the name of Beatrice Cenci.

A husband is required by public opinion to kill his unfaithful wife, or her lover, or both. A wife is required to forgive her lecherous husband. When the rake Suckles forgave his wife and received her back, the same sentiment that applauded his murder of Key turned against him.

It is the old story—at least five thousand years old. When Judah was told that his daughter-in-law, Tamar, had played the harlot, the virtuous old sinner exclaimed: 'Bring her forth, and let her be burnt!' And when they brought her forth she demonstrated that the unborn twins were his. 'And Judah acknowledged them, and said: 'She hath been more righteous than I.' And she was cast out, and nobody was given to the flames.

Two Country Neighbors.

Two farmers, with their families, were neighbors. It was the custom to let geese and hogs run at large in the road, and to feed them by the road fence, in the vicinity of the house. One of these farmers observed one day that his neighbors geese bothered his hogs while they were eating.—They would pull and bite the hogs' ears so fiercely that the hogs would be compelled to retire, leaving the geese in possession of the food.

The owner of the hogs went immediately to his neighbor and complained threatening that if the geese were not kept away he would kill them. His neighbor expressed regret that his geese had been a source of annoyance, and promised to take care of them towards evening, as he and his men were in a hurry to secure a full afternoon's work in the hay field.

In the course of the afternoon, the wife of the farmer to whom the geese belonged, heard a sudden loud squalling, and then another, and another, several times repeated. After her husband returned, about evening, she related what she had heard, which immediately excited his suspicion that his geese had been killed. He went into the road, and his flock of geese were coming homeward, waddling along one by one; but on counting the number he noticed that several great geese were missing. He took care of the remainder of the flock, communicated the loss to his wife.

She immediately spoke all manner of hard words against a 'neighbor who would be so mean and cruel.' But he was determined to return good for evil. He told his wife and family to break no friendship with his neighbor, as they had almost determined to do—for what would be the gain of a flock of geese, even though they were, as represented in the ancient fable, of golden feathers—compared with a loss of temper!

He cautioned them not to mention the matter to any one outside of their own family.

Not long after this event—probably a month—the hogs of the farmer who had killed the geese broke into the neighbor's cornfield. They broke down many of the stalks and destroyed many other hills by eating and rooting, doing great damage before they were discovered. The owner of the corn drove them out, and repaired the disorder as well as could be done. His neighbor happened to be passing the cornfield when he was driving out the hogs, and saw the mischief.

'Have my hogs been in your corn?' he asked, with some surprise and mortification.

'Yes,' was the reply, 'I have just turned them out.'

'Well, sir, I am sorry, I will pay the damage.'

'Oh, no, my friend, you need not mind that. I never could think of taking damage from a neighbor for so small a thing.—A little injury to my corn is nothing; and the hogs will not get in again. How are the folks at your house to-day?'

After a few more courteous inquiries and replies, the two separated. A day or two after, the farmer who had killed the geese came to his neighbor, saying, 'I can't live in this way any longer, I wronged you by killing your geese, and when my hogs got into your corn, you only returned good for evil; I want to confess my fault and make restitution. Your conduct has been so christian-like, and am so opposite, that I owe you an apology.'

After this event there was no more trouble between these neighbors.

Bear and forbear; do right; love your neighbor as yourself; be a peacemaker, for there is a promise to such a one.

The most difficult thing to remember—the poor.

The old Bachelor's Note-Book.

I met Lucy Gray on the street to-day, for the first time since my accident. She was very kind in her inquiries, and as I held her hand a moment when I said good-bye, she raised her eyes with a blush that made her look like a damask rose. She is a sweet girl—good, modest, beautiful and dutiful; and I asked myself, as I stood lingering there, why all this hesitation, this delay?—Lucy would willingly be mine—I know the language of those dear blue eyes so well!—And she would be a devoted wife, a gentle nurse. Why then do I hesitate? Alas! I cannot endure the thought, that, if I choose her two other women must be driven to despair! And I, who am naturally so tender-hearted where the fair sex is concerned how could I answer to my conscience for the ruin I must work? Dear Lucy! It is hard to give her up.

Young Harding came out of his store as I left her, and she blushed a rosier red than ever as she bade me good-bye. Even that puppy must have noticed it. Dare say, though, he took it entirely to himself. Those young fellows are so intolerably conceited! It was not so in my day.

I called on my glorious widow this afternoon. I found that everlasting Strong, the lawyer, there, and she lifted her dark gray eyes with such a look of infinite relief, as I came in. She played, she sang to me alone, and Lawyer Strong sat sulking in the window all the while. At last his jealousy got the better of him, and with a hasty farewell he left the house. The dear creature grew serious at once when we were alone. She heaved a sigh and looked at me from under her long lashes. I knew only too well what she was expecting to hear, and the words were almost trembling on my lips, but the thought of Lucy and my interesting Harriet drove them back again, and I took my leave, still keeping her in suspense. I feel and know that I ought to end this struggle, in justice to myself and them. But melting gray eyes of the charming widow haunt my own with their lingering bewitching gaze and echo the question How?

At eight in the evening I called upon my third fair enslaver the heiress whose golden chains atone for the plainness of her face and the scanty endowments of her mind. I found her alone, sitting at a window, and looking out with a sad expression upon the sounding sea. My heart was full, and I longed to comfort her by offering her the heart and hand for which so many have pined and yearned in vain. Will not this after all, be my best choice and wisest course? The lovely face of Lucy must change and fade as the years go slowly by, and the dark gray eyes of the bewitching widow will lose something of their enticing light before she has been long my own. But Harriet, with her hundred thousand charms that can never change or pall—Harriet, with her town house, her country seat, her servants, her equipages,—ah, yes, there must I kneel only to rise a victor, there must I sue, for one brief moment, nor fear to be denied! But this evening I could not speak the magic words that would have bound her heart to mine.—That great hulking brute of a dragon, Captain Sanglier, must needs come tramping in upon us, and take her for a walk upon the shore. It was an old engagement, she said, holding out her hand as she apologized for leaving me. She looked at me with a smile and a sigh, as I bent over hand. The dragoning monster pulled his yellow mustaches and glared at me, and I glared at him in return. To-morrow he shall get his quietus, and I will forget, as best as I can, in a voyage to Europe with my Harriet, the broken hearts I leave behind.

Alas, my criminal loitering! my wretched self-indulgent, indolent delay! I have seen a sight this morning that will haunt me to the grave! At the altar of the parish church stood three pale and lovely brides, and each cast a heart-rending glance of anguish and remorse at me as they pronounced the fatal words that separated us forever! Lucy wept young Harding, the bewitching widow takes the lawyer, and my golden Harriet troves herself away on the blustering dragon!—And I, who might have prevented at least one of these dreadful sacrifices—who might have made at least one heart happy—when shall I ever cease to feel remorse for the incurable misery I have thus idly wrought.—
Ledger.

MERCER POTATO.

In the year 1802, Mr. John Kitey, of Mercer county, Pa., living along Neshannock creek, planted a quantity of blue, red, white and other varieties of potatoes, from the product of which he selected the above named variety, which at first were called Neshannocks, after the creek near which he lived. They were soon brought into notice by the name of Mercer and cultivated near Philadelphia, from thence spread over the whole country, and for a long time, more generally cultivated than any other variety, but of late years has been rather on the decline, and other new varieties have been introduced, but none of which have attained the celebrity of the Mercer, which was almost universally planted for nearly a half century, owing to its superior edible qualities and productiveness. It may be a long time before any one variety of this valuable esculent to man will attain the prominence of the noble Mercer, which although having had its day, is still the favorite with a large number of people.

The old city of Troy had but one gate.—Go round and round the city, and you could find no other. If you wanted to get in, there was but one way, and no other. So in the strong and beautiful city of Heaven, there is one gate and no other. Do you know what it is? Christ says, 'I am the Door.'

Men of meats are oft the meanest men.

SONG OF THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

Come all you happy darlings,
Dinah, Pemp and Crow,
Do 'moniment passed de' Later,
Now we hab a blow!
Pompey wid de banjo,
Cesar wid de bones,
Gumbo wid de tamboreen,
Scrushatin' tones.

Bring fort' de little 'Publicans,
Ned and Gizzardfoot—
Ehry one a ticket now,
Ehry one a vote;
Ehry one a subben,
Ekil' fore de law—
Ching-a-ting, a ching-a-ting,
Ching-a-ting a-chaw.

Oh, Cesar 'Gustus,
How you gwine to vote?
Ehryting is luby,
How de darlies float!
I wote for Freddy Douglass
To be de President;
Revels for de 'Sistant—
How's you gwine to went?

Pompey on de jury,
Williams on de bench,
Gumbo in de Senate,
Stuginnain' French;
Douglass in de White House,
Dis chile for Mr. Dent—
Possum fat and coon grease!
Wan't de nation went?

Go way, white man,
Don't you come anigh,
Gizzardfoot and Shinbones,
Chalkee in de eye;
We is now all votists,
Ekil' fore de law—
Ching-a-ting-a-ting-a-ting,
Ching-a-ting-a-chaw!

THE DUTCHMAN'S CIDER.

In the small village of B—, in the State of Pennsylvania, there lived a Dutchman who was famous for making the best cider in the neighborhood, and was equally famous for keeping it; and as yet, no person but himself and family, had been permitted to taste the good stuff. At last, one of his near neighbors said he was bound to taste it. Accordingly he went to the Dutchman's house, and entered into conversation with him concerning his crops, &c., and by degrees lead him to speak of his good cider. He then said to him:

'I understand you make very good cider?'
'Yaw,' replied the Dutchman, 'Hans, my boy, go bring a mug full.'
Hans soon returned with a mug brimming full, and handed it to the Dutchman, who drained it to the bottom at one draught; then turning to his astonished and disappointed visitor, said:

'Here now, if you dosh not dink dat good cider, joost you schmell of te mug!'

TRY IT.—A student of Ann Arbor having remarked that men had more endurance than women, a lady present said she would like to see the young men of the university loosed up in steel ribbed corsets, with hoops, heavy skirts, trails, high heels, panniets, chignons, and dozens of hair pins sticking in their scalps, cooped up in the house year after, with no exhilarating exercise, no hopes, no aims or ambition in life, and see if they could stand it, as well as the girls. 'Nothing,' said she, 'but the fact that women, like cats, have nine lives, enable them to survive the present regime to which custom has doomed the sex.'

A Quaker broker having had a bag of golden eagles (coins) stolen from his counter while he stepped into his back room but a moment, never mentioned the loss to a single soul, but quietly bided his time. Several months afterwards, a neighbor being in his office, carelessly asked if he'd ever heard anything about the bag of eagles he lost? 'Ah, John!' exclaimed the Quaker, 'thou art the thief, or there couldst not have known anything about it!' The shrewd old fellow was right, and the gold was restored, with interest.

A noted German doctor puts forth the opinion that ladies of weak nerves should not sleep alone. We always were opposed to sending a poor, lone woman off to a cold room to sleep by herself. There's no telling what might happen.

A California paper gives the following as a regular bill of fare at a Chinese restaurant in that city: Cut Outlet, 25 cents; Griddled Rats, 6 cents; Dog Soup, 12 cents; Roast Dog, 18 cents; Dog Pie, 6 cents.

'Does the dentist kiss you when he pulls your teeth, pa?' 'No, my son, why?' 'Oh, nothing; only he kissed Ma, and she said it took the ache all away; and I guess it did, for she laughed all the way home.'

A Tavern boaster the other day, vaunting his knowledge of the world, was asked by a wag at his elbow if he had been in Algabra. 'Oh yes,' said he, 'I once passed through it on top of a stage.'

A robin's work.—A robin, it is said, kills, on an average, about eight hundred flies in an hour; and a sparrow will destroy at least one hundred and fifty worms or caterpillars in a day.

'Now, then, children,' said a parish school-mistress, showing her pupils off on examination day, 'who loves all us?'
'You, missus,' was the unexpected answer.

'My dear, said a cross grained husband to his long suffering wife, 'do you intend to make a fool of me?' 'No, my love; nature has sayed me that trouble.'

The faithful performance of duty in the midst of shame and detraction and persecution, is a spectacle which angels cannot but admire, and men regard it with honor.

What bird is that which is absolutely necessary that we should have at our dinner, and yet need neither be cooked nor served up? A swallow.

A little girl wanted to say that she had a fan, but had forgotten the name, so she described it as 'a thing to brush the warm off your wish.'

Hans where do you live?' 'Across der river mit dor turnpike by dor school house as you go up mit your right hand on der odor side.'

'That was greedy of you, Tommy, to eat your sister's share of the cake.' 'You told me, ma, that I was always to take her part,' said Tommy.

'I will preach from dat portion of de scripture dis evening,' said a colored divine, 'whar do 'postle Paul pints his 'pistle at de 'phesians.'

If you want an igoramus to respect you dress to death, and wear watch seals about the size of a brickbat.

A young lady does not object to having her lips chapped, if the right sort of shap is about.

To cure a bachelor's aches—carry to the patient seventeen yards of silk, with a woman in it.

The latest agony among the ladies is the monogramic stocking garter.

EVERGREENS.—People who don't talk the papers.