

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year.

VOLUME XXIII.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1870.

NUMBER 2

**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 foggy idea of buying goods at high prices and on long credits is

**EXPLODED.**  
Call and examine our fine stock and don't be  
**RUINED**  
by paying 20 per cent. too much for your goods elsewhere. We will challenge the community to show forth a more complete stock of

- HATS, all of the very latest styles and to suit all,
- BOOTS, all kinds and prices,
- SHOES, of every description for Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's wear,
- CLOCKS, every one warranted and sold
- TRUNKS, of all sizes, the very best manufacture, also warranted and sold
- VALISES, of every kind, also very cheap,
- HATS, for Ladies, Misses and Children, a fresh supply received every week and sold
- NOTIONS, a full line as follows, sold
- PAPER COLLARS, for Men and Boys wear, the most complete and finest assortment in town,
- HOSIERY, of every kind, for sale,
- GLOVES, for Men and Boys wear,
- SUSPENDERS, for Men and Boys wear,
- CANES AND UMBRELLAS, a complete stock
- BROOMS AND BRUSHES, of the very best kind, at
- TOBACCO, to suit the taste of all,
- CIGARS, which cannot be beat, for sale,
- SNUFF, which we challenge any one to excel in quality, for sale
- INK and PAPER, of every description,
- CANDIES, always fresh too, for sale,
- SPICES, for sale
- CRACKERS, of every kind,
- INDIGO BLUE,
- CONCENTRATED LYE, for sale,
- KEROSENE, of the very best,—Pitts. Oil,
- LAMP CHIMNIES also,

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 LEON 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.  
17 1/2  
N. O. MOLASSES.—The subscribers have just received a prime lot of New Orleans Molasses for the holidays. PRICE & HOEPLICH

## POETICAL.



TWO PICTURES.  
BY MARION DOUGLAS.

An old farm-house with meadows wide,  
And sweet with clover on each side;  
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out  
The door with woodbine wreathed about,  
And wishes his one thought all day;  
"Oh! if I could but fly away  
From this dull spot the world to see,  
How happy, happy, happy,  
How happy I should be."  
Amid the city's constant din,  
A man who round the world has been,  
Who 'mid the tumult and the throng,  
Is thinking, thinking all day long:  
"Oh! could I only tread once more  
The field-path to the farm-house door,  
The old, green meadow could I see,  
How happy, happy, happy,  
How happy I should be."

## WILL YOU GO WITH ME?

Will thou go, dearest girl,  
To the heath and the mountain  
Where the violets blow  
On the brink of the fountain;  
Where the soul shall be free  
As the winds that blow o'er us,  
And the sunset of life  
Smile in beauty before us?  
There nothing but death  
Our affection can sever,  
And till life's latest breath  
Love shall bind us forever.

## KIND WORDS.

As stars upon the tranquil sea,  
In mimic glory shine,  
So words of kindness in the heart  
Reflect the sun's divine;  
O, then be kind, who'er thou art,  
That breathe'st mortal breath,  
And it shall brighten all thy life,  
And sweeten even death.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE DOUBLE BLESSING.

Deacon Gray had a habit, and he carried it with him through life, of making the wants and sufferings of others in some sort his own. The habit, or whatever else it might be called, certainly increased with his years—and his worthy help-meat, during the long period of their wedded life, through the influence of assimilation, and, above all, the heavenly fruits of a sanctified sorrow, had grown to be modeled very nearly after the same pattern. So when the Deacon sat down, one wild, stormy evening, paper and spectacles in hand, and related the "news"—which was in every body's mouth, as they seated themselves around cheerful tea-tables and blazing fires, or gathered in social knots at the village store—Mrs. Gray ceased to rook back and forth in her arm-chair, cushioned with hen's feathers, and dropped her knitting-work, quite regardless of the little black and white kitten at her side, which instantly put the ball to the use a feline fancy suggested. "And what will become of Jerry?" Fifty other people that day had asked the same question, but coming from good Mrs. Gray's honest, motherly heart, the very words sounded differently, like the same tune played in dissimilar keys. The Deacon's eye, as it sought the open paper, fell on the shipping list; but it was quickly withdrawn, as if the glance pained him. His answering remark, most persons would have thought very decided digression from the subject. "It is just three years to-night, Mary, since we heard our boy was drowned. We were expecting him from that long voyage, and you put on your best silk dress that he bought for you in Canton, and set the tea-table with the china set." Mrs. Gray's eyes sought the burning embers, which flashed, and flickered, and glowed, as they did on that never-to-be-forgotten night, and puss made another tangle in the yarn. A pain, sharp, bitter, choking, strangled her reply. William was their only son, the pride of their hearts, a bright-eyed merry boy. But he was born within sight of the sea, and from his earliest childhood, when he built mimic ships, that made wonderful voyages over mimic oceans, all his thoughts and desires centered on the blue heaving waves, with a strange fascination which his fond parents, much as they loved him, could not resist. So William went to sea. It almost broke his mother's heart, but when he came home from his first voyage, looking so handsome and manly, with the rich, healthful color flushed his bronzed cheek, it thrived with such pride and joy as only mothers' hearts know. He had a story to tell. Far away from home, but with all the sweet influences hovering around his path like so many guardian angels, pacing the deck in the stormy tropical night watches, God had met him; not in flame, not in the earthquake, nor the whirlwind, but in the "still small voice" of love.—The prayers of Deacon Gray and his wife were answered, and William went back to his ship, that most noble night on God's earth, an open-handed, open-hearted Christian sailor. Then came the shock. It traced broad furrows on the good Deacon's kindly face

bordered his tall, straight form, and silvered his wife's brown hair; but we draw a veil over that fearful night, so fresh in the memories of both. Theirs was a sacred sorrow, and it yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

"Do you think any of our William's clothes, that you keep in the red trunk, would do for Jerry, with a little fixing?" inquired the Deacon, clearing his voice, which had grown husky.

We will not transcribe gentle Mrs. Gray's reply, nor relate the long conversation which followed, extending into the wee-small hours of the night. Suffice it to say that on the morrow, the Deacon's horse and team took a journey to the hotel where Jerry lived.

The poor boy was crouching on a straw pallet, in one corner, resisting all endeavors, stern or kindly, to induce him to quit his wretched home, that was home no longer.—His father had deserted him when an infant; his mother, in her thirst for liquor, forgot all her maternal instincts, and died one cold stormy night, from the effects of drinking.

Jerry must go to the poor house, the neighbors said; but Jerry had another mind about the matter, and half frightened at the crowd of strange faces, looked about him with a pinched hungry face, and eyes like those of a wild animal at bay. They pitted him, and disliked to employ force; but while deliberating what method to pursue, Deacon Gray entered the hut, and made his way through the crowd straight to Jerry.

"My poor boy, I am sorry for you. If you don't want to go to the poor house, perhaps you will like to go home with me. I have no little boy, and I want one. You shall have some nice clothes to wear, if you will come." The Deacon waited for no answer. He saw the quick, eager look of the boy's face; the yielding, trustful clasp of his little hand, and drove away with him. Mrs. Gray met them at the door of the pleasant farm house.

"Take these dirty duds off, the first thing, Mary," said her husband, "and give him his supper, and then he'll do." Mrs. Gray was not slow in obeying the advice. Her heart warmed to the poor forsaken boy, as his eyes rested on her face with a shy, timid gaze, hungry for new draughts of the love that had never been his before.

"He would really be pretty," she said to her husband, after the washing and dressing operations were over, "if it weren't for his starved look. But we'll soon remedy that." And slipping into the pantry, she filled the china bowl that William had liked to eat from so well, and set it before Jerry.

And so warmed and fed as he had never been in his life before. He went to sleep that night in a pretty little bed-room, with snowy curtains, and such soft white pillows, on which to rest his weary little head; that no wonder he thought himself in heaven.

One or two years passed by, and neither the Deacon nor his wife regretted the step. Jerry's warm, gushing love, healed the sore and aching spots in each heart, and though their own lost boy's place was still vacant, and ever would be, they gave the orphan all the parental care and affection that had once been his.

Mrs. Gray proposed to name their adopted son William, but her husband objected. "Our boy is not dead, but sleeping," he answered. "We do not want two Williams in the family" and his wife said no more.

One night as Jerry was bringing in wood through the back door, a stranger opened the gate and walked up the lonesome-bordered path. Jerry had grown to be a fine boy. Kindness and care had worked wonders for him.

"Is Deacon Gray at home?" inquired the stranger. Jerry answered in the affirmative, and ushered him into the great kitchen, where the Deacon was busied with his inevitable meal. The stranger, the newspaper, while his wife was engaged in preparing the evening meal.

Both turned. A deadly paleness overspread Mrs. Gray's cheeks, and she would have fallen to the floor, but for the supporting arms of the stranger clasped tenderly around her.

"Father, mother!" Words and voice were enough. It was indeed their lost William.

"My son. Hath the sea given up its dead?" asked the old Deacon in a husky, tremulous voice.

And William told his story. In a fearful storm which had burst over their vessel in the South Seas, he had fallen overboard, and all the crew had supposed him drowned, but he was picked up by some natives in a boat, while clinging to a broken spar, and carried to a neighboring island. The natives were kind, but as vessels very rarely approached the coast, it was two or three years before he succeeded in signaling a ship.

## Almost and Altogether.

Simple words, yet fraught with how much meaning! One may close forever the portals of hope, the other may throw them wide open, and proclaim a joyful entrance into the realms of life and light.

Once as two ladies were conversing together in their quiet parlor, an aged clergyman entered. The conversation immediately took a religious turn, and the peace and comfort of a Christian's hope were spoken of. Suddenly the clergyman turned to one of his friends and said, rather abruptly,

"Madam, is your husband a Christian?" The lady's face flushed painfully. For a moment she did not reply. Then she said, "My husband is one of the best persons I ever knew. He is so amiable and benevolent that I think few Christians can equal him."

"And yet," said the clergyman, "you must feel deeply anxious for his salvation." "I don't know," said the lady; "I can but think that all will be well with him. He is so good. He has such a respect for religion. He is almost a Christian."

The clergyman bent upon her a look of tender concern and sympathy, as he said, "But almost saved, is altogether lost. Remember that!"

The words smote her with a sudden conviction of her husband's danger, and from that time forth her prayers for him were constant and fervent.

Moses, after many toilsome wanderings, reached a point from whence he caught a view of the promised land. He was almost there, and his fair scenes were spread out before him in inviting beauty, but he never was permitted to go in. A griffin was carried by the eloquence of Paul to a height so far above the worldly influences around him, that a fall view of eternal truth burst upon his vision. At that moment he trembled, and said, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." But the moment passed, and he never closed Christ as his portion. And how many there are who are reared in our Sunday-schools and churches, standing, as it were, at the very gate of heaven, year after year, who yet never seek to enter, never strive to make the "almost" an "altogether."

Why are not Christians more anxious for such, and more earnest in prayer and effort for them? Why are these allowed to fall themselves into a false security, when one vigorous step might bring to a place of safety? Is it not because, in our worldly stupor, we so often forget that to be almost able to reach heaven, is to sink to hell.

## A Sad Case.

The particulars of a case, touching, even thrilling, in its sadness, were related to us yesterday. In the Fall of 1866, there arrived in this city a young man direct from Germany, who had come to the West to seek his fortune, leaving his new made wife behind, with the understanding that she should join him in his new home as soon as he could send for her. He came here with a willing, patient heart and active hands, and by dint of the utmost energy and attention to business, succeeded in collecting together money enough to send for his wife, and in due course of time was informed by his friends in the old country, that she had taken passage in the City of Boston. Elated with hope and joy, the husband went to New York with the expectation of meeting her, and there he is waiting yet, pacing the dock, and looking out on the sound for the vessel, which started away with his heart's dearest treasure, but which, alas, is never signaled, for the conviction has forced itself upon the minds of all that the City of Boston has gone down.—Like the President she sailed away from port with flying colors, and was never heard of more.

Already the underwriters have commenced to settle the claims entailed by her loss. Disasters at sea are terrible, coming in any shape, and death is awful, but there are in most instances some crumbs of comfort for the consolation of mourners. There are the final ministrations given to the dying one, there is the last look to be bestowed upon the form that once lived and loved; there is knowledge of the whereabouts of the last resting-place, where one can go with reverent hand to strew wreaths and deck the sod with plants, typical of our memories. The want of these things makes the grief of the poor husband we have described, the harder to be borne. Dying in his arms he might have some consolation. It is the uncertainty of her fate that makes him inconsolable, and forces him still to remain. It is a hard heart which would refuse its sympathy to him, or any one who can say, "Our beloved one is dead, but we know not where the body lies buried."—*Dubuque Herald.*

A WISE MERCHANT.—The following incident is not without its lesson to a large class who think that "fine feathers make fine birds."

A servant girl went to a leading dry goods house to purchase a cloak. The clerk who waited upon her, after displaying one or two patterns, rudely refused to show her any more, and she left the store. The facts came to the knowledge of her employer, who communicated them to the proprietor of the establishment. This led to an interview between the parties, and the offending clerk was pointed out by the girl and instantly dismissed by his employer. "I want you, and all in my employ, to understand," said the dry goods millionaire, "that a servant girl who comes into my store to purchase goods is of as much importance to me as the richest lady in the city. The people are my customers, and it is for their support that I owe my business success."

"Mother said a little girl who was engaged in making her doll an apron, 'I believe I shall be a duchess when I grow up.' 'How do you ever expect to become a duchess, my daughter?' her mother asked. 'Why, by marrying a Dutchman, to be sure,' the girl replied.

A GOOD NAME.—Before all things and beyond all price, is a good name. Eminent wisdom has declared that it is "rather to be chosen than great riches."

It stands for and is the label of a man's character. The name one bears, or the accredited reputation, represents manly worth, his solidity, his virtue and honor.

No power can bring back the fragrance of a good name once blasted. No tongue can declare its value, no mind can conceive the vacuum made by its loss. With it poverty becomes a handmaid, without it wealth is a disgrace.

With it the humblest stations of life are blessed and ennobled; without it the highest titles, the most honorable positions and the most favorable human relations are marks of humiliation and insignia of worthlessness.

## Curiosities of Breathing.

The taller men are, other things being equal, the more lungs they have, and the greater number of cubic inches of air they can take in or deliver at a single breath. It is thought that a man's lungs are about equal in weight to his body, and that a man's lungs are about equal in weight to his body, and that a man's lungs are about equal in weight to his body.

But the Irishman, nothing daunted, crawled up after him, to the height of about fifty feet, when the coot took a notion in his head to crawl out on a limb; and, of course, Pat followed.

But, lo! when Pat got out some three or four feet from the trunk of the tree, the limb on which he was standing, broke off close to the tree, and poor Paddy was left hanging midway between heaven and earth, by his hands, to a limb above his head.

After he had hung thus for a few minutes there happened a preacher to come along; he, of course, saw the predicament Pat was in, and that if he should let go his hold, death would be his fate. So he told him to pray for mercy.

"Pat answered that he couldn't." "Say the Lord's prayer!" shouted the preacher. "I can't," said Pat.

"Well, repeat it after me then," and the divine commenced: "Our Father who art in heaven—"

"Our Father who art in heaven!"—yelled Pat.

"Hallowed be thy name!" shouted the preacher.

"Come hollerin' down the lane!"—was screamed back; but Pat could hold on no longer, and shouted, "Clear away the dogs!" by thunder; here goes for a downward trip; and releasing his hold, down he came with a "kerchunk" on the soft ground experiencing but little injury.

THE UGLY SHAPED THING.—You are an ugly shaped thing, any way—you will look like a fright; I never can make anything set on you.—And the mother removed the garment, and vexatiously pushed the child away. Little Annie was grieved—who wonders?—She did not cry; but slowly two little feet passed down the garden walk, and a little form knelt in the shady arbour. There was a bowed head and clasped hands, and a bosom heaving. No earthly comfort for the little "ugly shaped" child! No mother's breast for her to cry herself to sleep on, that she might forget her sorrows; for was it not her mother who had spoken the unfeeling words, and driven her from her presence? "Is God good?" thought the child. "Why then did He make me so ugly?" Ah, mother if in after years thy child loses not God her Father, who made her unlovely, reproach thyself—thou wast her teacher.

How SOON WE FORGET.—A leaf torn from the tree by a rude gale, and borne away to some desert spot to perish. Who misses it from its fellows? Who is sad that it is gone? Thus it is with human life.

There are dear friends, perhaps, who are stricken with grief when a loved one is taken, and for many days the grave is watered with tears and anguish. But by-and-by the crystal fount is drawn dry, the last ounces out, the stern gate of forgetfulness folds back upon the exhausted springs, and Time, the blessed healer of sorrow, walks over the closed sepulchre without winking a single eye, by his footsteps.

An Irishman made a sudden bolt into a drug store, took from his pocket a soda water bottle filled to the brim with some pure liquor, and handing it across the counter exclaimed: "There, doctor, snuff—that, will you?" The doctor did as he was directed, and pronounced the liquor to be genuine whisky. "Thank you, doctor," said the Irishman. "Hand it to me again, if you please." The doctor again did as directed, and asked what he meant. "Och, thin," said Pat, "if you will have it, the priest told me not to drink any of this unless I got it from the doctor. So here's your health, and the priest's health."

QUESTION.—What are those sweet-scented, little caudal young men, with hair parted in the middle, good for?

ANSWER.—Good for the place where they are generally used, to stand up around church doors and street corners, and gaze at those who are trying to go somewhere, or to do or be something. Every time I see one of these soft attempts at humanity, I feel an almost irresistible impulse to clap a band-box down over the tender thing, and set it out of the reach of frost, to harden.

Uncle Sam had a neighbor who was in the habit of working on Sunday, but after a while he joined the church. One day he met a minister to whose church he belonged.

"Well, Uncle Sam," said he, "do you see any difference in Mr. P. since he joined the church?"

## Pat's Predicament.

An Irishman started out on a coon hunting expedition, accompanied by a host of dogs. After he had proceeded a short distance through the timber, he spied the object of his search, a large raccoon, which immediately took to flight, with Pat and the dogs in full chase, until it mounted a tree of immense size.

But the Irishman, nothing daunted, crawled up after him, to the height of about fifty feet, when the coot took a notion in his head to crawl out on a limb; and, of course, Pat followed.

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