

# VILLAGE RECORD

By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper

Published Weekly

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1870.

NUMBER 1

## 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

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, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

BOOTS, all kinds and prices, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

SHOES, of every description for Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's wear, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

CLOCKS, every one warranted and sold at C. N. BEAVER'S.

TRUNKS, of all sizes, the very best manufacture, also warranted and sold at C. N. BEAVER'S.

VALISES, of every kind, also very cheap, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

HATS, for Ladies, Misses and Children, a fresh supply received every week and sold at C. N. BEAVER'S.

NOTIONS, a full line as follows, sold at C. N. BEAVER'S.

PAPER COLLARS, for Men and Boys wear, the most complete and finest assortment in town, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

HOSIERY, of every kind, for sale, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

GLOVES, for Men and Boys wear, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

SUSPENDERS, for Men and Boys wear, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

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, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

CIGARS, which cannot be beat, for sale, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

SNUFF, which we challenge any one to excel in quality, for sale, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

INK and PAPER, of every description, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

CANDIES, always fresh too, for sale, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

SPICES, for sale, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

CRACKERS, of every kind, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

INDIGO BLUE, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

CONCENTRATED LYE, for sale, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

KEROSENE, of the very best, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

LAMP CHIMNIES also, at 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.

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 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 exhibit 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 Grand or six Ladies 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, will reconnoiter the Grover & Baker Family Machines, 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 the advantage of being able to repair and clean all Sewing Machines. Call on me at

D. W. ROBINSON, Waynesboro, Pa.

12741

N. O. MOLASSES - The merchants have just received a prime lot of New Orleans Molasses at a low price.

### POETICAL.

#### OLD TIMES.

There's a beautiful song on the slumbers air

That drifts through the valley of dreams.

It comes from the clime where the roses were,

And a tawful heart and brown bright hair

That waved in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,

And snow-white foreheads are there;

A glimmering Cross, a glittering Crown,

A thorny bed and a couch of down,

Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.

A breath of Spring in the breezy woods,

Sweet voices from the quiv'ry pines—

Blue violet eyes beneath green hood,

A bubble of brooklets, a scent of buds,

Bird warblers and clambering vines.

A rosy wreath and a dimpled hand,

A ring and a plighted vow—

Three golden links of a broken band,

A tiny track in the snow-white sand,

A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song,

That sobe on the slumbers air,

And loneliness felt in the festive throng,

Sinks down on the soul as it trembles along,

From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,

And it mingled with matin chimes;

But years have distanced the beautiful lay

And lightly doth from far away

And we call it now Old Times.

### MISCELLANY.

#### HOW HE DID IT.

##### A STORY OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

'Dear I dear! no toast eggs boiled as hard

as brickbats, and the coffee stonk' said Mr. Peters

rose from the breakfast table in a temper by no means amiable, and rang the bell violently.

There was no answer. He rang again, a third, fourth time and still no answer.

Out of all patience, he went to the door and called, 'Maria! Maria!'

A slight, pretty little woman, dressed in a soiled, tumbled wrapper, with hair in a state of direful confusion, answered this summons.

She had one of those round bright faces, which nature intended should be decked with continual smiles; but now with all its roses in bloom, it was drawn out to its fullest length, and the large blue eyes had a woe-worn or rather doleful expression, totally at variance with their usually joyous look.

Her voice, too, had lost its melodious ringing sound, and was subdued to a dismal whine.

'What is it, Joseph?'

'Where is the servant?'

'Gone out for me. I want more white ribbon for my ascension robe.'

Mr. Peters said a very naughty word, and continued, 'cold coffee, hard eggs, breakfast not fit to eat.'

'I wish,' whined his wife, 'you would think less of temporal matters, and turn your attention to the great end of life.'

'Hang it all, madam, I would like to enjoy life while I do have it. Here was I the happiest man in the country, with a pleasant home, chatty, cheerful, loving wife, and good, quiet children; and now, since you have joined the Millerites, what am I?'

'Oh, Joseph, if you would only come into that blessed circle!'

'Oh, Maria, if you would only come out of it. Where are the boys?'

'I'm sure I don't know.'

'Are they going to school to-day?'

'My dear, the teacher has given up the school, and is turning her mind to more exalted objects. Oh, Joseph, turn now while there is time. You have still a week for preparation and repentance.'

'Repentance! well, when I take up the subject, it will take rather more than a week to put it through.' And Mr. Peters put on his coat and took up his hat.

'Joseph,' said his wife, 'you need not send home any dinner, I shall be out, and I'll take the boys over to their uncle's to dine.'

'Joe made no answer, unless the violent emphasis in which he closed the door was one. Muttering with anger, he strode into a restaurant to make breakfast. Here he was hailed by one of his bachelor friends, Fred Somers, who looked up as he heard Joe's order.

'Hello, cried he, 'you here? Why, what are you doing here at breakfast time? Wife sick?'

'No.'

'Had a quarrel?'

'No.'

'Gone out of town?'

'No.'

'Then why don't you breakfast at home? Chimney on fire?'

'No.'

'Servant dead?'

'No.'

'Well, what in the thunder is to pay?'

'Maria's joined the Millerites.'

'Fred gave a long whistle, and then said: 'Going to ascend next week, is she?'

'Yes; and if I don't commit suicide in the meantime, you may congratulate me. I'm almost distracted. I've got a deacon's meal, children running riot, servants, scoundrel house all in confusion, wife in the blues, either quoting the speeches of the elders, or sewing on a white robe, or going to heaven with, and groaning every third stroke. Hang it all, Fred, I've a great mind to take poison, or join the army.'

'If you give an embarrassing picture, but I think I can suggest a cure.'

'A cure?'

'Yes, if you will promise to follow my advice, I will make your home pleasant, your wife cheerful, and your children happy.'

'Do it, cried Joe, 'I'll follow you like a soldier. What shall I do?'

'At ten times, Mr. Peters entered his house whistling. Maria was seated at the table sewing on her white robe, and there was no sign for the preparation of the evening meal.

'Maria, my dear,' said Mr. Peters cheerfully, 'is tea ready?'

'I don't know,' was the answer, 'I've been out all day attending meeting.'

'Oh, very well, never mind. Attending meeting? You are resolved, then, to leave me next week?'

'Oh, Joe, I must go when I am called.'

'Yes, my dear, of course. Well, I must resign myself, I suppose. By the way, my dear, has it ever occurred to you that I shall be left a widower with three children? I think I am a handsome man yet my love?'

and she walked over to the piano, passed his fingers through his hair, and pulled his collar. Maria looked rather surprised.

'You see, my dear, it is rather a relief for you to go quietly, you know. It is so wearying on the nerves to have a long illness; and besides, my dear, there will be no funeral expenses, and that is quite a saving.'

Mrs. Peters' lips quivered, and her large blue eyes were filled with tears. 'Joe longed to stop her, but he was afraid the desired effect was not gained yet.'

'So my dear,' he continued, 'if you must go, I have been thinking of getting another wife.'

'What? cried Mrs. Peters.'

'Another wife, my love. The house must be kept in order, and the boys cared for.'

The grief was gone from Maria's face, but her teeth were set with a look of fierce wrath.

'Another wife, Joe! another wife?'

'Yes, I think I have selected a good successor. I deliberated a long time when I was a bachelor, between her and yourself. You will like her, for she is your bosom friend.'

'Yes, my dear, I think on the day that you ascend, I will marry Sarah Hicks.'

'What, that good-for-nothing, silly, empty-headed old maid to be the mother of my children? What?'

'Well, my dear, it seems the best I can do. I don't want to leave my business to go to a courtship, and she will have me, I know.'

'No doubt on you great, brutal, hateful!'

'Stop, my dear, don't fly into a flurry, we will try to spend our last week in happiness. Oh, by the way, I have a proposition to make.'

'Go on, sir! Don't spare me!'

'Ah, yes, that is the very thing I wish to do. I know your mind is entirely engrossed with your ascension, and I wish to spare you the care of the house. Suppose you invite Sarah here to-morrow to spend the week.'

'What?'

'And you can leave the house in her charge all day. That will give you plenty of time to go out, and she can learn the ways about the house.'

'What?'

'And, my dear, one little favor. It may be the last I shall ever ask. Stay at home one or two days with you, and show her round; where you keep things, and so on, that she won't have any trouble after you go. You will do this to oblige me, won't you, dear?'

Mrs. Peters, for an answer, rolled up her ascension robe into a ball, and fired it at Joe. The cotton, scissors, work-basket and table-cloth followed this missile in such rapid succession, that he was unable even to fly. Then Maria's rage found vent in words.

'So! You and Sarah! That's the reason you invited when you came in! You will be very glad to have me go, and marry her, won't you? No doubt of it! But you, don't marry her, sir! You shan't have that gratification! I will stay, if it is only to spite you! I won't go! I tell you, Mr. Peters, I won't go!'

'But, my dear, you say you must go if you are come for?'

'I won't go!'

'But consider, my dear!'

'I won't go!'

'But what will Sarah think?'

'Sarah! Don't dare to mention Sarah to me again! I—I—Oh! I—I am fairly choking! and the little woman threw herself into a chair in a fit of hysterics.'

Next morning Mr. Peters met Fred in the street.

'Well, old boy, how goes it?'

'Fred,' was the happy reply, 'I am the happiest man in the world. I have regained my wife, and domestic peace, and got rid of a "bunny," rattling old maid, who, under pretense of loving my wife, was everlastingly interfering in all our household arrangements.'

'Then Mrs. Peters will not ascend?'

'No. If Sarah is to be my second wife, and step-mother to my children, Mrs. P. has concluded that she won't go.'

The Japanese babies must be the dearest little creatures in the world. Japanese women work in the rice and cotton fields all day with their babies strapped to their backs, and the little creatures never cry. They sleep peacefully with their heads wedged to and fro with the movements of the mother, and bound so tight that they cannot move a limb. Not infrequently a mother has a bag of hot barbs (strapped on) in which, if a child, get encumbered in this way, they are bound to their full share of work with men and never complain. This is a curious, though a thorough exemplification of the rights of women.

A woman's dress, flowing into one, sleek and sparkling, for a time, took along by itself. A little further down the aisle, and the whole is a ruin. So, with a shout, she ran to the door, and a little later, and they single

### A Touching Incident.

The world is full of mournful incidents. How little do we know of the sorrows of our fellow-creatures who are called to suffer. The following touching event was taken from a Boston journal.

An expression upon reaching his office early one gold morning in January, observed on the sidewalk, a long heavy box, which he practiced eye at once identified as containing a corpse. Upon one end of the box shivering with the cold, sat a little black old boy about seven or eight years of age. Addressing him kindly, he said:

'My lad, don't sit there, you will freeze, come in and sit by the stove.'

Bursting into tears, the little fellow replied: 'No, I can't go in my mother's in this box and I promised her I would never leave her until we got home.'

Deeply affected with the touching devotion of the brave little fellow, he hastily succeeded in convincing him of the utter necessity of his previous change, and taking him over to a neighboring restaurant, gave him a warm breakfast, and learned the particulars of his story. His father died about a year previously, in a remote village in Minnesota, leaving his mother in poor health and nearly destitute. She died but a few days before the boys and journey, obliging the little hero with the duty of conveying her remains to her friends in a distant State, and furnishing him with (all she had) a sum of money barely sufficient to carry them, both by freight and to their destination. The little fellow had actually hidden night and day in a freight car with his melancholy order, never for a moment losing sight of it.

### Talleyrand's Death Bed.

For nearly half a century, this veteran diplomatist held a prominent part in the affairs of Europe. As the prime minister or ambassador of the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, and the monarchy of Louis Philippe, he negotiated the important treaties which determined the boundaries of empires and the fate of kingdoms, and formed plans which made Napoleon an Emperor, and the Emperor an exile. Such a man's view of an eventful life of four-score years furnishes instructive lessons to men who are wasting the energies of being on political ambition, or worldly aggrandizement. Just before his death, a paper was found on his table, on which he had written, by the light of the lamp, such lines as these:

'Behold, eighty-three years passed away! What cares! What agitation! What anxieties! What will! What sad complications! and all without results except great fatigue of mind and body, and a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the future, and disgust with regard to the past!'

Contrast with the exclamation of Paul the Aged, as he was about closing his earthly career:

'I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith, and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me that day.'

A death bed is the triumphant chariot of the useful Christian, however humble; it is the executioner's cart of the worldly unbeliever, however exalted.

### Power of Demonstration.

A very respectable young woman called upon a clergyman one day, and told him that her husband was unkind to her, that he passed nearly all his leisure hours away from home, and that, in short, his conduct made her miserable.

'I thought, sir,' said she, 'as you are a good wise man, perhaps you would advise me what to do, that I might reclaim my husband.'

'Your complaint is not an uncommon one, my good woman,' said the Pastor, and I think it is within the reach of a simple remedy.'

'Oh! tell it to me, and I will bless you, said the good woman.'

The Pastor took her hand kindly, and looking into her face, said impressively:

'Always meet your husband with a smile. Light broke upon her mind instantly. She expressed her thank, courted, and went away. It was about three months subsequently that the Pastor heard a gentle knock at his library door, and had the person enter. It was the wife who had come to him not long before, but who changed. True, a tear was in her eye, but it was a tear of joy. She brought him as a present a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept as a token of acknowledgment for an indebtedness she could never repay. She had followed his advice, and it was completely successful. Her husband was cured. Love and kindness only existed in their cottage, and he no longer sought the company of boot companions, but was contented and happy in his home.'

John Boston was arraigned in New Orleans for stealing chickens, but stoutly protested his innocence. 'And you deny having taken the chickens, John?' said the Court. 'Hi, boss, sartin, I never tak' em.' But the other officer says he found them in your possession. 'Sartin, you had them in your hands when arrested. Yes, boss, but I didn't stole em.' How did you come by them? 'I borrowed em.' The other says: 'Well, you see, boss, he was asking when I went to borrow some chickens, and I didn't like to sturb him so I let him, and he was grine back the next day to sell em.'

A Yankee son day asked his lawyer how an attorney might be carried off. 'You can't do it with any man, but I'll tell you what to do with a woman. Let her commit a crime and then a wife will do you more than a husband. You see, she'll do it for you, and you'll do it for her.'

The next day the lawyer told that it was his own daughter who had committed the crime.

### Business by Billings.

A gentleman who has been in the habit of conducting business by billings, has been called to account for his conduct.

'Billings,' was the name of the gentleman who was called to account for his conduct. He was a man of high standing in the community, and his conduct was generally respected. He had been in the habit of conducting business by billings, and his conduct was generally respected.

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