

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1871.

NUMBER 31

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 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.

CANDLES, 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, - Pints Oil, 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

D. S. SMITH

Has a complete assortment of

Ladies',

Gentlemen's,

Misses'

and

Children's

BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS.

Call and see goods and get prices.

THOMSON'S "GLOVE FITTING CORSETS," at SMITH'S.

SCHOOL BOOKS

and

SCHOOL STATIONERY

of all kinds at SMITH'S Town Hall Store.

HATS AND CAPS,

A full stock now ready, consisting of all the latest styles, at SMITH'S.

PAPER COLLARS,

Ties, Suspenders, Gloves, everything in that line, at SMITH'S Town Hall Store.

nov 3.

Hardware! Hardware!

THE undersigned having just returned from the Eastern cities are prepared to sell Cutlery, Building Hardware, &c., at extraordinary low rates.

Having purchased for cash they are enabled to offer inducements to builders and all who are engaged in building.

A full line of Builders' and all kinds of Goods always on hand.

They are also agents for the celebrated Lenox Edge Tool Works.

JOHN HUBER & SONS.
Chambersburg, Nov. 17-1870.

POETICAL.



DRIFTING.

Echoes of cathedral music,
Heard—it may be—long ago,
Linger with us unforgetten,
Haunt us still and live and grow;
They are drifting, softly drifting
Through the wild unrest of life,
Golden organ-notes, uplifting
Weary souls above the strife.

Though the clamor of the city
Round our outer being rolls,
Still these sacred notes are filling
All the chambers of our souls;
As if touched by hands immortal,
Strap corals, tremulous with love,
Drifted through some open portal
Of the wondrous church above!

In the gray and silent morning,
Ere the shadows are withdrawn,
When the white mist hides the valley
With a veil of airy lawn;
Then we listen—listening slowly
Through the stillness deep and calm,
Murmurs of that music holy,
Like the cadence of a psalm.

When the summer sunset lingers
Low down the crimson West,
And the weary hands are folded
With the blessed sense of rest,
Then we listen—strengthened, soothed
By the magic of that strain,
Till the furrowed brow is smoothed,
And the heart grows young again.

They are drifting, softly drifting,
Through the great world's daily strife,
Golden organ-notes that tell us
Of a new and better life;
Love, clear music, sweetly blending
With the spirit's voiceless cry;
Under-tones that have no ending,
Echoes of eternity!

MISCELLANY.

A LOUISVILLE ROMANCE.

THROWING DICE—A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS AGAINST A LADY'S HAND.

A Louisville (Kentucky) correspondent of a California paper tells the following improbable story:

There lived on — street, in an unpretending establishment, surrounded by trees and flowers, a young lady who was celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments. She was a blonde, with blue eyes, white teeth, and a heavenly smile—had the prettiest hand and foot that ever was seen—and was tall, lithe, and elegant. Her wit was delicate, pointed and sparkling and her mind as superior as her person was lovely. The town was at her feet, and her suitors were as important, if not as many, as Penelope, like whom she was continually wooed and never yet won. In the midst of her success came the war, the end of which found her family impoverished, and herself reduced to want for the necessities of life.

But she was still the same proud, imperious mistress of hearts as before, and she refused in quick succession the many offers of marriage that were now made her. She had not thought of matrimony as a resource, but had other and totally different prospects in view. She proposed, in fact, to teach a school.

A fellow-townsmen, a gentleman of wealth and position, and a bachelor, had long been a silent worshipper at her shrine. He had houses and lands—estates in the country and lots in the city—stocks, interests and investments wherever they would pay, and his private establishment on — street was simply palatial. Seeing how the case stood with her whom he loved with his whole soul, he resolved, after many self commings and much reflection, to ask her to be his wife.

'Sir, said she, in answer to his proposal, 'I do not love you, and cannot marry you.' 'Think the matter over, my dear,' said he, 'and in one week from to-day, give me your answer.' 'Upon his return, on the day set, she said to him:

'Sir, you have wealth and I am poor; you live in a palace, and I, as you see, in a cottage; you are desirous of having my hand, and I would like very much to be rich. I will make you a proposition. I will throw the dice with you—my hand against \$100,000! Is it a bargain?'

'It is,' said he. And thereupon they pledged to each other their words to abide the hazard.

It was arranged that but three persons should be let into the secret; that each should select a friend; and that the two selected friends were to choose a third. Miss — named the Hon. Mr. —, a prominent member of the bar, as her friend; Mr. — chose Rev. Mr. — pastor of the fashionable church on — street, as his; and these two made choice of Dr. —, an eminent professor of the Medical College, as the friend of both parties. By these gentlemen the preliminaries were arranged, and the programme was this:

The Doctor was to give a party at his house on a certain specified Friday evening, at which were to be present all the best people of Louisville; the Hon. Mr. — was to have a license in blank, ready to be filled at a moment's notice, and was to hold Mr. —'s check for \$100,000; and the Rev. Mr. — was to be in waiting to perform the marriage ceremony, if called on to do so. The dice were to be thrown in Hon. Mr. —'s study,

whence the quintet were to proceed to the party, where, if Miss — lost, they were to celebrate the wedding; and if she won, they were to mingle with the guests without remark.

At precisely nine o'clock on the eventful evening the players and their friends met in the Hon. —'s study. By agreement of the parties themselves they were to throw poker dice, and to cut cards for the first throw. The gentleman cut a queen and the lady a jack, and now came the tug of war. He was cool, calm, and pale; she was stately, imperious, and collected. His lips were compressed; her's were formed into an extended arc, spanning the whole mouth and completing the bow. The twain sat on opposite sides of a small table, and the umpires stood overlooking them.

The dice-box being set before him, Mr. — placed his fingers over the top, and with the thumb clapping the side, he gave it a shake and threw two fours and two deuces. Putting aside the fours, he threw again, and threw another four. Then throwing the two remaining dice, he threw two fives. He had thrown, therefore, a full—three fours and two fives.

And now came Miss —'s turn. It was a thrilling moment, and the rustle of her silk dress in the stillness of that room sounded like tree tops in the wind. She began by drawing off her right glove exposing a hand of exquisite beauty and delicacy, on the forefinger of which sparkled a diamond. Then, taking up the box quickly, she gave it a long shake in the air, and turning it down upon the table, she threw—nothing! A cloud thereupon passed over her face, and the arc of her lips assumed a still more bowlike curvature. But, nothing daunted, she at once retook the box and threw again—this time turning up four deuces! and the fifth dice cocked! Terrible mischance! Miserable luck! Again she threw, and threw two deuces and two threes—Putting all the dice back into the box, she had left but one other and last throw, upon which now rested her only chance. For the first time since she sat down she spoke and asked for a glass of water. Having drunk a tumblerfull, she sat for a moment pressing together her eyebrows between her thumb and forefinger, and then all of a sudden, she snatched up the dice box and shook it vehemently, and threw—three fours and two sixes, and won! And did she take the money? you ask me. I answer most emphatically—she did.

Unwilling to be Shot.

Emotional insanity having been so often pleaded successfully by husbands in California in defence of shooting or knifing of suspected gallants, the San Francisco News Letter says:

'All men's wives who have hitherto enjoyed the advantage of our acquaintance are hereby notified that this ceases to-day, never to be renewed. It is with deep grief that we disrupt the social relations which promise so much but we feel impelled thereto by the first law of nature. Our lady friends who have the misfortune to be married to other and inferior men will please stick like a leech to their legal protectors, and not recognize us on the street. We have taken considerable pleasure in their society—a pleasure which we flatter ourselves has been mutual—but this thing can no longer be permitted to go on. We trust that our motive—which is pure cowardice—will not be misconstrued. Somebody perishes ingloriously every day for being upon speaking terms with married women, and we do not care to have our turn come round. Deeply grateful for the past forbearance of aggrieved husbands, we make our bow and retire. Hereafter our nods and smiles will be lavished upon girls and widows exclusively—no others need apply—Whosoever shall attempt to introduce us to his own wife, or that of another man, will be regarded as a conspirator against our precious life, and subjected to abuse in the columns of this paper. Nature is strong in us, and we do not wish to die. Whenever we shall feel a desire that way, we shall treat somebody's wife with common courtesy, get shot, and go quietly to our reward.'

SOMETIMES.—The following is one of Mr. Prentice's little waifs, so many of which appeared in the Louisville Journal in its palmy days:—

'Sometimes—it is a sweet, sweet song, warbled to and fro among the topmost boughs of the heart, filling the whole air with such joy and gladness as the birds do when the summer morning comes out of the darkness, and day is born on the mountains. We have all our possessions in the future, which we call sometimes. Beautiful flowers and singing birds are there, only out hands seldom grasp the one, or our ears hear the other.—But oh, reader, be of good cheer. For all the good there is a golden something; when the hills and valleys of time are all passed—when the wear and fever, the disappointment and the sorrow of life are over—then there is the place of rest appointed of God. Oh, homestead! over whose roof fall no shadows or even clouds, and over whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard—built upon the eternal hills, and standing with spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty among the palm trees of the city on high—those who love God shall rest under thy shadow, where is no more sorrow nor pain, nor the sound of weeping.—Sometime.'

WISHES OF LADIES.—First, a husband; second, a fortune; third, a baby; fourth, a trip to Europe; fifth, a better looking dress than any of her neighbors; sixth, to be well buttered with flattery; seventh, to have no thing to do in particular; eighth, to be handsome; ninth, to be thought well of, tenth, to make a sensation, eleventh, to attend wedding; twelfth, to be always considered under thirty.

A guide for to-morrow—the folly of yesterday.

Dutch Wisdom.

BY PETER SCHNEIDER, M. D.

'Misery acquaints a man with strange bed fellows.' So does whiskey.

If you sink at wickedness you may ash well shoin in mit it.

An inheritance sometimes ish more of a curse den a benefit.

An empty pocket ish noding along side of a empty head.

For every hour lost in youth it dakes dree in after life to make it up again.

The worst enemy to fear ish your own pad demper.

No one ever shumps into crime all at once. Dar's a slow process—leatle by leatle and step by step—if you start right in de beginning—und de best place for dat ish de whiskey shop] it vont be long before you will be on de strait road to de gallows. Believe it, but dnot try it.

'Dead men dells no dales.' If they could I pelieve dhey would advise dtheir living friends to lead petter lives.

If you find a tollor or so, rich somebody has lost, don't keep it yourself for it don't pelong mit you. Petter give it to de poor. Dar's de way it vill do your more good.

A veek's sickness prings man to repentance—but shust so soon ash dhey recover dtheir health pack agin dhey fall int dtheir same old ways agin.

No one need attempt to plead a cause for ignorance in a coundry like dis, vers so many nice free schools vas.

Self praise ish no praise at all.

A selfish man vill never make a goot friend.

If you pass your youth in idleness you must not complain of poverty in your old age.

Dar must certainly be somedings wrong mit our bresnt system of bunishing criminals, for de more bunishment—dar ish deat out to law preakers, why de more crime dar seems to be.

Man must ever be on his guard, for dat vicked riefal vas all de time inventing some new demputation to lead him to destruction.

Advice ish bretty much like medicin—everybody likes to offer it but nobody cares much about taking it.

Many times it ish petter to let, vot you hear, go in one ear und out de odder.

I must smile a drife ven I see a man weighing about dree hundred pounds sing 'Pat me in mine leetle ped.'

No man knows not vot to morrow vill bring, und may pe it vash petter for him dat he did not.

Ven ever I see a man und wife quarrelling I always look pack a few years und vonder if dhey ever expected such a ding ven dey vas courting.

Hop ish a balm dat heals many a woe. Dar ish noding vich dakes de ambition out of a man more den a lazy wife und a tiry home.

Ven ever I see a fallen woman, I always feel so pad peause Atam and Eve did not leave dat apple tree alone.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.—May the honest heart never know distress.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty.

May care be a stranger where virtue resides.

May hemp bind those whom honor cannot.

May our prudence secure us friends, but enable us to live without their assistance.

The Fighting Outside Paris.

The dreadful aspect of the battle-field outside Paris, after the great sortie, is thus described by a correspondent of the London Times:

'One of the great groups I came upon was composed of 60 French soldiers. A few Saxons and Wirtembergers lay around them; but the Germans had already removed and laid in their last sleeping-places most of their dead. The center of the group was formed of a close line of 46. You could not have placed a body between any two. They fell shoulder to shoulder, just as they had stood to fire. By far the greater numbers of them were on their backs, with their feet to Paris and their heads to Villiers. Alas, it was painfully evident that many of them, and of others whom I saw subsequently, had not died instantaneously, but had lived probably many hours without a hand to lend them snor, and in piercing snow and frost. One poor fellow lay on his face. He had two rifle-wounds in his back. He had partly stripped himself, and he died with a hand on each bullet-hole. Several had taken off their knapsacks and placed them under their heads and so pillowed themselves their last breath. Others clenched their water bottles in one hand, but being unable to remove the cork, and died without being able to wet their lips in their agony. Some, in their sufferings, had burrowed their faces in the thick clay on which they lay, and tarred their blood and earth stained faces upward before they expired. Two I saw who had their arms fixed and their fists clenched, as if, while dying, they were engaged in a pugilistic encounter. Only very few were on their sides. These had their knapsacks under their heads. There were men on whose faces beamed the smile of an infant, and whose countenances were like handsome wax work. The expression of others was that of terrible agony.—Every feature was contorted; their legs had been convulsively jerked up until their knees stuck into their stomachs, and their finger and thumb nails had been squeezed until they became riveted into the palms of their hand. Behind, before, and at the corners of this line of 46 dead men were others, Saxon, and French. One had a frightful wound in the face. He had pulled his hands up into his sleeves to warm them, but his cap had fallen off, and the blood-clotted-on his hair till it was all in bloody mat. Near him was another who had taken a biscuit from his knapsack and the bottle from his side, and had partaken of a little of both.—More than one of the slain had died with the hands clasped in prayer; and near one I found a little plaster medallion of the Blessed Virgin. A portion of the edge had been shot off it. The Chassepots and needle guns were still in many a dead man's hand, and lying between his arm and his body.'

PROVERBS.—Here is a bunch of proverbs: Borrowed garments seldom fit well. Haste often trips up its own heels. Men often blush to hear what they are not ashamed to do. What is not needed, is dear at any price. He who buys too many superfluities may be obliged to sell his necessities. A fool generally loses his estate before he finds his folly. A man that hoards his riches and enjoys them not is like an ass that carries gold and cate thistles. Towers are measured by their shadows, and great men by their calculators. That man who knows the world will never be impudent. Success rides on every hour—grapple it, and you may win; but without a grapple it will never go with you. Work is the weapon of honor, and he who lacks the weapon will never triumph. It was a saying of Socrates that every man had need of a faithful friend and a bitter enemy—the one to advise, the other to show him his faults.

CHARITY.—Why then, my brethren, must we be handing terrors which it is not ours to distribute, and sending forth into the dark these fearful guesses at judgment? Why must our feeble hand be playing with the lightning, and letting loose the hurricane? Rather let us imitate God. Does He brand the heretic with his curse? Does He pour the elements in fury around his dwelling? Does he set a mark on him, that any one finding him may slay him? See, the sunshine still smiles upon his roof; the shower still refreshes his field; the charities and hopes of life are still poured upon his heart. And cannot we cheer with our human love the creatures whom our Father disdaineth not to bless? Are we so useless as to stand apart in our holiness from the being with whom the Magiary of Heaven can condescend to dwell, whom Infinite Purity stoops to cherish? At least let us wait for the disclosure of those secret counsels which we dare to scan. It will be time enough to hate when God condemns, to shun when God driveth away. Be assured, my brethren, no soul ever perished for too much charity.

WHERE HELL IS.—'I wish to ask you a question,' said Mr. Sharp to our young minister, as he met him on the street; 'I am anxious to know where hell is. The Bible I have read—geographies, histories, and other books; and I can't find out where it is exactly.'

The young minister, placing his hand on his eyes, replied encouragingly, 'My dear sir, don't be discouraged; I am sure you will find it out after a while. As for my self I have made no inquiries, and really don't wish to know where hell is. About heaven I have thought, and read, and studied a great deal I wish to make that my home, and by the help of the Lord I will. Ask me about heaven, and I can talk. I don't know where hell is, and you had better not find out.'

A learned physicist announces that this globe will support life for 26,000,000 years.

A 'Gentleman from Ireland,' employed as a mason tender, procured from a spring, water for his mortar; and by dipping a lime bucket into the spring, caused the death of two pet gold fishes. When rebuked, he drew himself up and replied: 'Is it the yellow fish: ye mane? Bedad, air, I'd rather have one oddfish than the pair of 'em.'

A Darkey returning from church, was asked to give an account of the sermon. 'Well, sah, de sermon vas upon de miracle ob de leaves and de fishes. De minister said how der vas seven thousand leaves, an five thousand fishes, divided between de twelve' poutles.' 'Well, vhat mirsole was dat dey didn't bust! dat's my perception ob de saroumstance.'

Do not be troubled because you have no great virtues. God made a million spires of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but grass. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a saint nor a hero.

The passionate are like men standing on their heads, they see all things the wrong way.

A little six-year-old was walking with his father, and passing a church; the child asked: 'What house is that?' 'That is the Dutch Church,' was the reply; 'people go there to be good, so that they may become angels.'—'Will there be Dutch angels, pa?' That child should be sent to Sunday school.

One of the German clothing dealers in Belfast, Me., recently sold a man a pair of boots. A few days afterwards the man returned with them, and said that he went a little way, and the soles came off. 'Mine Gott, mine friend, you didn't ought to walk round mit dem. Dey ish calzaly boots, made to ride mit!'

Don't keep in a constant fret about things that may be annoying, or worry about things you can't help. Troubles are not lightened by fretting. The true remedy is to keep cool and try to master difficulties and not let them master you.

Men's lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening, or like the summer, glowing with promise, and the autumn, rich with the golden sheaves where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

Flax seed occasionally given to horses or cattle, will make them shed their old hair, and whether old or young, soon get sleek and fat. It is the only thing that will fatten some old horses.

An English writer thinks the American early potatoes will come to an end ere long, for as each new variety is claimed to ripen about ten days earlier than any other, the time between planting and digging will soon be used up.

A VERY greedy boy.—The one who recently took the measles from his little sister.

A GENTLEMAN passing through a potato-field observed an Irishman planting potatoes. He inquired what kind he had there. 'Raw ones, to be sure,' replied the son of Erin; 'if they were boiled they wouldn't grow!'

Smith looking over the fence of his friend Jones late on Saturday afternoon, saw Jones in the act of digging worms. 'Jones,' said he, 'I hope you are not going to break the Sabbath?' 'No,' replied Jones, as he drew out a fat fellow, 'I expect to make a whole day of it.'

Virginia's oyster mines are wealthier than the silver lodes of Nevada. One Norfolk firm employs 1,500 hands to 'shuck' the oysters.

A man stopped at a hotel at Pike's Peak, and on setting his bill the landlord charged him \$7 a day for five days. 'Didn't you make a mistake?' said the guest. 'No,' said the landlord. 'You did,' retorted the wily-looking fellow, 'you thought you got all the money I had, but you are mistaken. I have a whole purse full in another pocket.'

It is estimated that Paris, at the beginning of the siege, contained more than 20,000,000 rats! This number is rapidly decreasing by their general use as food.

A lady at Zanesville, Ohio, in cleaning house, found a package of two pounds of powder, and thinking it was lamp-black, she threw it on the fire. Her husband thinks she escaped, as nothing has been seen of her since, except a piece of calico dress, which was found on an apple tree in the orchard.

A lady who was acting as gratuitous amanuensis in writing a letter for a lady friend last week, had the impudence to throw the letter into the fire when nearly finished, for the simple reason that the lady for whom she was writing modestly requested her to close the letter by saying 'Please excuse bad spelling and writing.'

Asking a young lady what her accomplishments are is generally speaking, harmless enough. Still in these days, it might in some case cause embarrassment to put the question, 'Do you paint?'

Man must have occupation, or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The necessity, which overcomes our nature's sloth is a blessing.

Alluding to chignons, Mrs. Clever said: 'A girl now seems all head.' 'Yes, till you talk to her,' growled Clever.