

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXIII.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 26, 1871.

NUMBER 92

## 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 applying your wares 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 ingo credits is

## EXPLODED. RUINED

Call and examine our fine stock and don't be 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 by C. N. BEAVER.
- TRUNKS, of all sizes, the very best manufacture, also warranted and sold by C. N. BEAVER.
- 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 by C. N. BEAVER.
- NOTIONS, a full line as follows, sold by C. N. BEAVER.
- PAPER COLLARS, for Men and Boys wear, the most complete and finest assortment in town, by C. N. BEAVER.
- HEMSTITCHING, of every kind, for sale, by C. N. BEAVER.
- 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, by C. N. BEAVER.
- 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, -Pine 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, prepared to sell Quality, Building Hardware, &c., at extraordinary low rates. Having purchased for cash they are enabled to offer inducements to customers, for cash. A full line of Builders' and Blacksmiths' Goods always on hand. They are also agents for the celebrated Lemnos Edge Tool Works. JOHN HUBER & SONS, Chambersburg, Nov. 17-1870.

## POETICAL.



### IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl  
When fortune seems our foe;  
The better bred will push ahead  
And strike the braver blow,  
For luck is work,  
And those who shirk  
Should not lament their doom,  
But yield the play,  
And clear the way  
That better men have room.

It never pays to wreck the health  
In drugging after gain,  
And he is sold who thinks that gold  
Is cheapest bought with pain.  
A humble lot,  
A cosy cot,  
Have tempted even kings;  
For station high  
That wealth will buy,  
Not oft contentment brings.

It never pays! a blunt refrain  
Well worthy of a song,  
For age and youth must learn the truth—  
That nothing pays that's wrong.  
The good and pure  
Alone are sure  
To bring prolonged success,  
While what is right  
In Heaven's sight,  
Is always sure to bless.

### A BUBBLE.

How many sick ones  
Wish they were healthy;  
How many beggar men  
Wish they were wealthy;  
How many ugly ones  
Wish they were pretty;  
How many stupid ones  
Wish they were witty;  
How many bachelors  
Wish they were married;  
How many benedicts  
Wish they had tarred;  
Single or double,  
Life's full of trouble,  
Riches are stubble,  
Pleasure's a bubble.

## MISCELLANY.

### A TREE ROMANCE OF THE PLAINS.

The following remarkable narrative is related by a Western lady. She is herself a character. She has crossed the plains twice—first in 1849, during which her husband perished—and is the first American who returned to the East by the Isthmus of Panama. She is a genuine heroine—a fine specimen of stout hearted Western womanhood—and her adventure in the wilds of the unoccupied West have been numerous and exciting.

Well, while the train, of which this lady was a passenger, was enamped at a point on the Humboldt, where the Leszen train intersects the Carson track of travel, she visited the tent of a family, consisting of an elderly couple and one child, a daughter, of fourteen or fifteen. The old lady was sitting on a pile of blankets under the canvas, encouraging a most determined attack of the 'sunks,' while the masculine head of affairs had planted himself on his wooden tongue, and was sucking his pipe as leisurely as though he expected to remain there forever.

A single glance developed the difficulty in that little train of one wagon and three persons, and that it had attained a point of quiet desperation beyond the reach of peaceful adjustment. Three days before they had pitched their tent at the forks of the road and as they could not agree upon the route by which to California, they had remained. The husband expressed a preference for the Carson road—the wife for the Leszen—and neither would yield. The wife declared she would remain all winter; the husband said he should be pleased to lengthen the sojourn through the Summer following.

On the morning of the fourth day, the wife broke a sudden silence of thirty-six hours, by proposing a division of the party, which consisted of two yoke of cattle, one wagon, camp furniture, a small quantity of provisions, and twelve dollars in silver. The proposal was accepted, and forthwith the 'plunder' was divided, leaving the wagon to the old man and the daughter to the mother. The latter exchanged with a neighboring train the cattle belonging to her for a pony and pack saddle, and piling the daughter and her portion of the undivided spoils upon the animal, she resolutely started across the desert by the Leszen trail, while the old man silently forked his cattle and took the other route. Singular as this may seem, it is nevertheless, true. It is among the many occurrences of life stranger than fiction! Of course both parties reached California in safety.

Arriving at Sacramento with her daughter, the old lady readily found employment—for women were less plentiful than now—and subsequently opened a boarding-house, and in a few years amassed a handsome fortune. Two years ago she went to San Francisco, and the daughter, whose education had not been neglected, was married to one of the most substantial citizens.

And what had become of the old man?—The wife had not seen or heard of him since they parted on the Humboldt. They had lived happily together as man and wife for many years, and she sometimes reproached herself for the willfulness that separated

them after so long a pilgrimage together through this rough life. But he was not dead. Fortune had not smiled upon him; and for years he had toiled without hope. Finally, feeling scarcely able to wield the pick and shovel, he visited San Francisco, in the hope of obtaining employment better adapted to his wasted strength.

For three months he remained idle after arriving there, and then, for the want of occupation, became the humble retailer of peanuts and oranges, with his entire stock of traffic in a basket upon his arm. This was about six months ago. A few weeks since, on passing the open door of a cottage in the Southern part of the city, he observed a lady in the hall, and stopped to offer his merchandise. As he stepped upon the threshold, the lady approached and the old man raised his eyes and dropped the basket, and no wonder, either—for she was his wife—his 'old woman!' She recognized him, and, throwing up her arms in amazement, exclaimed:

'Great God, John! is that you?'

'All that is left of me,' replied the old man.

With extended arms they approached. Suddenly the old lady's countenance changed and she stepped back.

'John,' she said, with a look which might have been construed into earnestness, 'how did you find the Carson road?'

'Miserable, Suky, miserable,' replied the old man; 'full of sand and alkali.'

'Then I was right, John,' she continued inquiringly.

'You were, Suky.'

'That's enough,' said she throwing her arms around the old man's neck; 'that's enough, John,' and the old couple, strangely sundered, were once more united. Both are now living with their daughter on Second street.

### About the Blood.

If we take a glass of water it begins to enter the blood within one minute after it is swallowed and soon it is all there. If we take a cup of tea all the soluble parts of it are in the blood in a very short time usually. If we take a glass of whisky or dirty beer it is on the same route of travel with the tea, and very impure blood it makes at times.—To be sure, all hands go to work to get rid of it; the little capillaries of the skin go to emptying the liquids thru' the skin as fast as they can, and if the weather is warm, they get along pretty rapidly at their work. The lungs throw it out in our breath, in the shade of vapor, and the kidneys work away as lively as they can.

Then our food, when it is prepared by digestion, goes so far as it is soluble into the same current of the blood. If we eat suitable, nutritious food, the products of it are all wanted to supply the waste to the tissues, and the material is carried along to the points where it is wanted, and is then used.—Further, when the smallest part-of-a-muscle, or a nerve or of any part of the body is worn out, it must be removed, and it is taken in very small pieces and floated off in this same stream of blood to be still further changed, and if of use it is used; otherwise it finds its way out of the body.

So we can see how the blood is continually changing, growing pure and growing impure. Not impure, because some villainous stream of dark poison maintains its stay there floating around to do what mischief it may; but impure because we have introduced the impurities of it through our stomach or lungs; impure, perhaps, because we have filled it with the contents of some villainous bottle of somebody's dye stuff, which he claims will purify the blood.

### INERTNESS.

When this vice has taken fast hold of a man—farewell industry, farewell emulation—farewell to things worthy of attention—farewell love of virtuous society—farewell decency of person. Everything is sunk by this predominant and brutal appetite. In how many instances do we see men who have begun life with the brightest prospects before them, and who have closed it without any ray of comfort or consolation.—Young men with good fortunes, good talents, good tempers, good hearts and good constitutions, only by being drawn into the vortex of the drunkard have become by degrees the most leathome and despicable of mankind. In the house of the drunkard there is no happiness for any one. All is uncertainty and anxiety. He is not the same man for any one day at a time. No one knows of his out-going or his in coming. When he will rise, or when he will lie down to rest, is wholly a matter of chance. That which he swallows for want he calls pleasure brings pain as surely as night brings morning. Poverty and misery are in the train. To avoid these results we are called upon to make no sacrifice; abstinence requires no aid to accomplish it. Our own will is all that is requisite; and if we have not the will to avoid contempt, disgrace and misery, we deserve neither relief nor compassion.

### A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A poor little newboy while attempting to jump from a city car, the other afternoon, fell under the car, and was fearfully mangled. As soon as the child could speak, he called piteously for his mother, and a messenger was sent at once to bring her to him.

When the bereaved mother arrived, she hung over the dying boy in an agony of grief.

'Mother,' whispered he, with a painful effort, 'I sold four newspapers, and the money is in my pocket.'

With the hand of death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor hard-working mother, whose burdens he was striving to lighten when he lost his life.

Poverty and pride are inconsonant companions, but when idleness unites with them, the depth of wretchedness is attained.

## How He Feels.

A gentleman who remembers of visiting a State prison with his father, when a boy, writes to the *Central Advocate*, the following sad story of one of the inmates, who told it for his benefit:

'One old man particularly attracted our attention. He seemed to wish to talk to my father so we sat down.

'I see you have your little boy with you,' said he, 'and I would like to tell you something of my story, for my downward course commenced when I was not older than he.—I had a good mother, but she died when I was very young, and although I remembered some of her teachings, I did not have her hand to guide me when I went astray. One day I was playing marbles in the street with some of my playmates when one of the boys said:

'That's play for keeps.' So we began to quarrel, and it was not long before I had lost all my beautiful marbles.

'I was very angry, and got up and swore that I would have my marbles back again. It was my first oath, and there commenced my downfall. I had often heard my playmates swear, but my mother had taught me how very wicked it was, and her memory had kept my mouth clean. I had no sooner said the words than I felt ashamed; but one of the boys exclaimed:

'Bully for you Tom; I didn't think you had pluck enough to talk like a man!'

'So for fear they would think I was not manly, I imbibed my good feelings, and before a great while I repeated the words, adding a little more, just to show them I was not afraid to talk as the rest did.

'O, if I had only had a pious father to pray over me that night, and ask God to keep his son from going astray, I would not have been where I am to-day.

'After the first sin it is so easy to add a little more. By learning to swear more boldly I was thrown into company of boys who were still more wicked, and it was not long before I found myself planning, with others, to rob orchards and hen-roosts.

'From this I went on until by the time I was a man, I was ready to undertake almost any sinful deed if strong inducements were held out. But I will not weary you with all my story, it is a long and wicked one.—What I want to impress on this little boy's mind is, never begin to do wrong.

'We went away and left the old man, but his story will never be forgotten.'

### PEN-DROPS.—Man—A bubble on the sea's rolling wave.

Life—A gleam of life extinguished by the grave.

Fame—A meteor dazzling with its distant glare.

Wealth—A source of trouble and consuming care.

Pleasure—A gleam of sunshine passing soon away.

Love—A morning gleam whose memory glids the day.

Faith—An anchor dropped beyond the vale of death.

Hope—A lone star beaming o'er the barren heath.

Charity—A stream meandering from the fount of love.

Bible—A guide to realms of endless joy above.

Religion—A key which opens wide the gates of Heaven.

Death—A knife by which the ties of earth are riven.

Earth—A desert through which pilgrims wend their way.

Grave—A host of rest where ends life's weary day.

Resurrection—A sudden waking from a quiet dream.

Heaven—A land of joy, of light and love supreme.

### A SHARP TRICK.

Rascality seeks out many inventions. The last trick is the most novel of all, and occurred in a New York jewelry store. A well-dressed man asked to see diamonds and other rich jewelry; every now and then during his deliberate examination stepping to the door and crying out 'whoa' to an imaginary horse standing in an imaginary buggy. After making his selections of a diamond ring and a set of jewelry, costing \$225, he put up a Turkey morocco case wallet, apparently well filled with green backs, and laying it on the counter, put the selected valuables in his pocket. Then turning to draw out the bills, suddenly heard his restive horse, and leaving his pocket-book, stepped out of the door, crying 'whoa, whoa.' Not coming back, the clerk looked in the wallet and found its stuffing not greenbacks. The man, at last account, had not overtaken his horse.

### BRIGHAM YOUNG.

A correspondent says he has seen in Salt Lake City, in the theatre, 29 of Brigham's wives and 186 females who were either his wives, daughters, or grand-daughters. Most of the young farmers had only two, many only one wife. He has known, he says, full brothers and sisters forced to marry by Brigham Young. He had seen it stated in some of the papers that Young might soon die. He looked good for 50 years longer, and the writer believed it to be from his strict temperance since early youth. Brigham Young's wives were compelled to do manual labor to keep the devil out of their heads, in the language of Brigham.

'Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Will make a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise.'

Like some other sayings attributed to Franklin, it contains neither poetry nor sense. Early rising, and traveling about in the dew before the sun has dissipated the moisture, has cost more lives than lying in bed late.—The wise and the healthy man, is he who takes heed to nature's laws, and works diligently while he may.

## How to Make a Thousand Dollars.

My father the father of my wife's father is one of the richest things on record. I'll tell you how it was. You must know he was monstrous stingy. The complaint seems to run in the family, and every body round our parts used to notice that he never by any chance asked anybody to dine with him. So one day just for a chuck of fun, I said to a friend of mine Juddy—I'll bet you a penny worth of shoe strings against a row of pins that I get old Ben's Jerrkins, that's my wife's father, to ask me to dinner.

'You get out' said Juddy, 'why you might as well try to coax a cat into a shower-bath, or get moonbeams out of eubambers.'

'Well, said I, I'm going to try.'

And try I did, and I'll tell you how I went to work.

Just as old Ben was sitting down to dinner, at 1 o'clock I rushed up to the house, at a high-pressure pace, red in the face, with my coat-tails in the air, my eyes rolling about like billiard-balls in convulsions. 'Bat-tat-tat—ding-a-ling-a-ling, kicked up an awful rumpus, and in a flash out came old Ben himself. I had struck the right mint. He had a napkin under his chin, and carving-knife in his hand. I snatched the dinner as he opened the door.

'Oh, Mr. Lerkins,' said I, 'I'm tarntation glad to see you. I feared you wou'dt be at home—I'm almost out of breath. I'm come to tell you how you can save a thousand dollars.'

'A thousand dollars,' roared the old man; and I defy a weasel to go 'pop' quicker than his face burst into smiles. 'A thousand dollars! You don't say so. Du tell.

'Oh! said I, I see you are just having dinner now, I'll go and dine myself and then come back and tell you all about it.'

'Nonsense,' said he; don't go away; come in and sit down, and enjoy yourself, like a good fellow, and have a snack with me. I am anxious to hear what you have to say.'

I pretended to decline, staying I thoroughly stirred up the old chap's curiosity, and it ended by his fairly pulling me into the house and I made a rattlin' dinner of pork and beans.

I managed for some time to dodge the main point of his inquiry. At last I finished eating and there was no further excuse for delay besides, old Ben was getting fidgety.

'Come, now,' said he, 'no more preface. About that thousand dollars come, let it out.'

'Well, I'll tell you what, said I, you have a darter, Misery Ann, to dispose of in marriage have you not?'

'What's that got to do with it?' interrupted he.

'Hold your proud steeds—don't run off the track—a great deal to do with,' it said I, 'Now, answer my question.'

'Well,' said he, 'I have.'

'And you intend, when she marries to give her \$10,000 for a portion?'

'I do,' he said.

'Well, now, there's the pint I'm coming to. Let me have her, and I'll take her with \$9,000, and \$9,000 from \$10,000 according to simple addition, just leaves \$1,000, and that will be clean profit—saving as slick as a whistle!'

The next thing I knew there was a rapid interview going on between old Ben's foot and my coat tails—and I'm inclined to think the latter got the worst of it.

### REASON FOR DANCING.

A party of ladies and gentlemen (who elsewhere pass for intelligent beings), assembled at a ball room. Soon they array themselves in opposing lines. Presently a young lady jumps up on the floor, shakes one foot and comes down again. A gain she springs up and the other foot quivers. Then she turns around in her place, springs up and shakes both her feet. Her intelligent partner opposite performs the same operations. Then both rush forward, and seize each other's hand and jump up again, then shake their feet and stand still. The next lady and gentleman very rationally and soberly follow the example just set them by jumping, shaking their legs and turning, and so on to the end; all for no other reason that I can perceive, than because a man sits in the corner, drawing a horse-hair across a cat-gut.

A surgeon had occasion, lately, to prescribe a couple of pills for an Irishman, which were sent home in a small box, bearing the directions: 'The whole to be taken immediately.' On visiting his patient afterward, the doctor expressed his surprise on learning that the desired effect had not been produced, and asked Pat's better half if she had really given him the medicine. 'Faith that I did, sir,' she replied; 'but maybe, yer honor, the lid hasn't come off yet! The poor sick man was made to swallow not only the pills but the box as well.'

### A PEACEFUL HOME.

That house is no home which holds a grumbling father, a scolding mother, a dissipated son, a lazy daughter, and a bad tempered child. It may be built of marble, surrounded by garden, park, and fountains; carpets of extravagant costliness may spread its floors; pictures of rarest merit may adorn its walls; its tables may abound with dainties the most luxurious; its every ordering may be complete, but yet it will not be a home. To make it such there must be a change of inmates.

'Hans, where were you born?' 'O'er der Halderbarack.' 'What, always?' 'Yah, and before too.' 'How old are you then?' 'Vi, when the old school house ish built I was two weeks more nor a year, what ish painted red, as you go before mit your peck behind you, on der right side der blacksmith-shop, what stands where it was burst down next year will be two weeks.'

'Joy flutters past us like a gay and harmless butterfly but unfortunately often lay eggs which engender devouring caterpillars.'

## Sold.

A correspondent sends the following to the *Milliford Telegraph*:

'A country girl, apparently about 15 years of age and a stranger, recently entered a dry goods store at Three Rivers, Michigan, and inquired for pink ribbon, upon which the merchant handed down a box of colored ribbons, which she was examining when he held up a roll of deep red inquired:

'How will this do?'

'She answered, 'You dont call that pink, do you?'

'Well, no, I don't exactly call it pink; but you can take it and just return it is pink and every time you wear it think it is pink and after a while it will be pink and all will be right.'

'Well,' says the girl, 'You may cut off six yards, which the merchant did and handed to his fair customer, who took the parcel and turned to depart, when the smart merchant called out:

'Stop, Miss, you forgot to pay for the ribbon.'

She promptly turned and replied, 'Oh, no, not at all. You just think it is paid and every time you look upon your ledger just think it is paid and all will be right.'

Opening the door she passed out, and the bewildered and dumfounded merchant felt that a little incision had been made near one of his eye teeth, and all the clerks shouted with laughter.

'Patrick, the widow Maloney tells me that you stole one of her finest pigs. Is that correct?'

'Yes, your honor.'

'What have you done with it?'

'Killed it and ate it, yer honor.'

'Oh, Patrick! Patrick! when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig on the judgement day, what account will you be able to give of your self when the widow accuses you of stealing?'

'Did you say the pig would be there, your reverence?'

'To be sure I did!'

'Well, then, your reverence, I'll say Mrs. Maloney, there's yer pig!'

### COMPLIMENTARY.

An editor down east thus speaks of a contemporary:

'He is too lazy to earn a meal and too mean to enjoy one. He was never generous but once, and that was when he gave the itch to his apprentice. So much for his goodness of heart. Of his industry, the pupil may the better judge when we state that the only day he ever worked was the day he mistook oyster oil for honey.'

One of the editors of the *Lewisburg Chronicle*, soon after he went to the printing business, and became entitled to the usual foolish appellation ('Printer's Devil') assigned to the youngest apprentice, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he went to meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce his text, 'My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil.'

Christianity requires us to do good to men to make them happy, to conceal their faults, to publish their excellencies, to rejoice in their prosperity and sympathize in their troubles, and, in all things, to treat them as we should in like circumstances, desire ourselves to be treated.

'I can tell you how to save that horse,' said a coachman to a man who was looking very earnestly at the skeleton of a horse attached to a vehicle heavily laden with oysters. 'Will you? Say on.' 'Why, just slip him away while the crows are at roost.'

'Hans, when I pay you cash, you charge more than when it goes on the book.'

'Yas, dat ish richt. You see, I've 23 much recharge on my book, on 12 months loss um, so you, you've a good cash customer, I recharge 23 much, so if he never pay um, I no loose so much.'

A down east paper says that persuasive and humbugging agents are in that region selling lightning rods. One old lady told an agent that she had no fear of lightning, but she had always been afraid of thunder.—'Just so, he replied, 'we can't cure your case exactly. The square rods are lightning rods, and the round ones thunder rods.'

### TELL THE TRUTH.

Tell the exact truth. If your goods won't wash, say so. If your horse is unsound, say so. If you cannot finish them boots by next Saturday night, say so. Tell the truth. Try it. 'Twill be good for you. It is the direct road to prosperity.

Two Irishmen were traveling, when they stopped to examine a guide-board. 'Twelve miles to Portland,' said one, 'just six miles a piece,' said the other. And they trudged along apparently satisfied at the small distance.

The other day a boy said to a gentleman, 'My father and mother had a daughter, but she was not my sister.' Now how do you explain that? Why, it's simple enough—the boy lied.

The town of Boothbay, Lincoln county, Me., with a population of three thousand, has not an Irishman, a negro, or a John Smith in it.

A Norfolk man has invented a flying machine, and generously offered to let any body try it from the court house steps.

Caustic says, 'Make yourself a good man, and then you may be sure there is one real the less in the world.'

Handle rough-sided men carefully. It pays to take a little time when you are speaking chestnut-burn.