

# VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

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NUMBER 95

**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, by 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, 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, -Pitts. 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, and other articles at very low rates. Having purchased each they are enabled to offer inducements to the trade, for cash.  
A full line of "Saw" and Blacksmiths' Goods always on hand.  
They are also agents for the celebrated Lemmon Edge Tool Works.  
JOHN HUBER & SONS,  
Chambersburg, Nov. 17-1870.

## POETICAL.



### HOW SOON WE ARE FORGOTTEN.

O, how soon we are forgotten,  
When we rest beneath the sod;  
And our feet no longer wander  
O'er the paths we oft have trod;  
When the form that was so cherished  
With a love both pure and deep,  
Lies within the earth's dark bosom,  
In its long, last, quiet sleep.  
For a few brief days, it may be—  
Had we home and kindred dear,  
When they meet around the hearthstone,  
There will be a lack of cheer;  
As a vacant seat will tell them  
Of affection's broken ties;  
And their throats perchance will wander,  
Where the dreamless sleeper lies.  
But should a stern fate deprive us  
Of a bright and cheerful home;  
And in weakness of spirit,  
O'er life's rugged way we roam;  
When the golden bowl is broken,  
And the lone one finds a rest;  
'Twill excite no dread commotion  
In one palpitating breast.  
Yet 'tis well that this should be,  
In life's brief revolving years;  
Ere this world of budding beauties  
Would become a vale of tears;  
When the soul attained to sadness,  
And by sorrow overcast,  
Would enshrine the brightest future  
With sad memories of the past.

## MISCELLANY.

### Nervous Women.

The little demon for which nervousness stands is among the worst enemies that afflict women. It is intangible, mysterious, not to be described or understood by any but the poor victim herself, and imperceptibly by her. It has as many hues as the chameleon, as many forms as Porteus, and without a local habitation it is still an ever-present misery. Nervousness is a thing nobody pities because pity is vulgar, and asks for pallor of countenance and weakness of frame before it shows itself. Nervous women are the least understood and commiserated of all classes of individuals, and yet, where there is one woman ailing from any other cause, there are twenty ailing from nervousness. A thing so complex must necessarily have a complex origin. It comes from too much work and too little rest; from too much brain stimulus; from a lonely life with cravings of the soul that are never answered, from an excess of dissipation and unhealthy habits, both mental and physical. Undoubtedly the person who could find a panacea for this modern misery of which, in old times, even the name is unknown, would be the greatest possible benefactor of his kind. It would require a subtle insight into the complex relation of body and soul, of which no physician has yet given evidence and perhaps we must look in vain for a true doctor, or a true remedy for diseased nerves, which are the spirit telegraph lines extending all over the body out of repair, until we know better how to live; move, and have our mental being, more in accordance with nature's laws. Nervousness is one of the terrible punishments wreaked upon the sins of our civilization. It is deterioration so fine, so searching, that no microscope can follow its trail; no added powers which science gives to the visual organs can discover its hiding place. Women suffer more from these nameless pangs and horrors than men, because of finer organization and susceptibilities. It is easier to untwist a tangle of rope than a tangle of silk thread. Unhealthy minds among women come oftentimes, not because it is too full enough. Household drudges and mothers, worn down with the constant wearing care of children, are nervous because the chords of life are fretted thin in one place. Those women need contact with the fresh and invigorating influence of nature; contact with people, amusements, diversions, change, which they never get until they break down. Modern women in education are immensely ahead of their grandmothers, but the grandmothers had sound nerves, and so the balance is made even. No tongue can tell, or pen portray, the anguish many women endure who have their mental powers developed, and then find nothing in life upon which to use them. When the employments of women are more complex, varied and social than they now are, nervousness will lose some of its most repulsive features. When the principle of selection is introduced into women's work, the genuine unrest and discontent will be quieted. When the bodies of women are strengthened by a free out-of-door life, more bracing, active exercise, the nerves of women will grow vigorous in tone and action. When the interests of women expand to take in more of this broad, overflowing universe, then the sentiment of love which is now immensely overgrown will cease to harm, and will become woman's crown of beauty, instead of playing strains, "jangled," out of tune and harsh, upon a morbid and diseased nervous system.—The Revolution.

### THE VALUE OF TRIALS.

The dark days of perplexities and trial, when they are surrounded by care and adversity, are the days when the true character is brought out and the real strength of the soul fully developed. No man knows what he may accomplish until his endurance has been proved by ordeal of adversity. Were there nothing to try his stamina, he would never become aware of his ability. People may deplore the vexations of life as much as they please, yet when serious reflection is employed upon the subject will be forced to admit that trial is as necessary to the acquirement of full mental strength as severe training is to the development of the physical frame. As a general rule, people are apt to underrate their powers of endurance; and were it not that hardships were sent upon them, and the path of life made rough occasionally, they would degenerate into imbeciles.

### A dentist, trying in vain to extract a decaying tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with this apology: "The fact is, madam, it is impossible for anything bad to come from your mouth."

"I hope this is not counterfeit," said a lover, as he was toying with his sweetheart's fingers. "The best way to find out is to try it," was the neat reply.

## The Credit System.

The credit system is one of the most injurious that can be fastened upon a community, and it is also one of the most difficult disorders for a community to get rid of. In a country like ours, where every workman gets his pay each Saturday night, if he chooses to have it, and when producers and farmers get either the cash down or payment in thirty days for everything they part with from their farms, there is no reason in the world for the long credits which it seems merchants are obliged to give, or lose their trade. In former times, when there was but little money in the country, and the surplus of the farm was bartered away for such store goods as the family might need, the necessity of long open accounts will be admitted, but that an evil which took its rise in an abnormal state of society should be continued, when the occasion which brought it into existence has long been removed, is simply one of those inconsistencies that we meet with in life constantly. A careful examination would seem to disclose the reason why this state of affairs continues to exist. That it is not the fault of the farmer, we will be obliged to admit, when we take into consideration the fact that the farmer has ceased to part with the produce of his farm on long time. His dealings, when he makes sales, are confined to those who buy for cash or its equivalent.

The same is true of the mechanic as to the labor of his hands. If it is not the farmer or mechanic, then it must be the merchant himself who is responsible for the state of trade. If the desire to make sales will compel him not only to mark his goods close, but also to take long risks without interest, to his own short-sighted policy, then he must complain, and when he finds that interest just eats up profits, and bad debts destroy the principal, he must not complain that he is ruined by trade; his ruin comes from the application of sound principles, to the solution of a perfectly plain problem. A care seems to suggest itself at once. Let the merchant follow the farmer and mechanic; sell only for cash or short time, and the problem is solved. It appears to require some nerve to do this. The merchant who does this, while he may not sell the most goods, will sell those he does to the best advantage, and in time will retire from trade with a better bank account than his neighbor who prefers to sink his capital in bad debts.

**THE TRAGEDY OF LIFE**—Life is a monstrous disappointment, and death the only portal to peace. There is not a day that passes in which virtue does not sell itself for bread, in which some poor, frustrated creature does not rush madly upon death; in which the good are not persecuted and the weak trampled upon. Behind windows that you look heedlessly at, tragedies red as any history or fiction ever painted are being played, and faces you admire mark with smiles an inward torture worse than the agony of the rack. Who, among our readers, has realized the fulfillment of his early hope? Whose life has not its mortifications, its bitter condemnations, its studied evasions, its poignant humiliations, its wild anxieties, its wrestling and defeat? But we do not represent life as we represent the fairest portion and the highest level of it. Beneath us is the great mass of humanity, and they writhe and moan and weep; they toil and starve, and curse, and fight, and die. The world goes roaring on as heedless of those who fall as the wale in Autumn is heedless of the leaves it strips from the trees or the branches it wreathes away.

**REST**—Leisure is never so enjoyable as when it comes unexpectedly, like the visit of a long-absent friend. And to be sweet it must be short. Too much of it palliates upon the appetite. Luxurious as a warm bath, it is also as enervating. He who finds himself suddenly possessed of leisure in great plenty will do well to dispose of the bulk of it as soon as possible, by setting himself at something serious to do. Systematized activity is one of the best preservatives against "dull care." Leisure is but a sauce of life, which helps to make work more palatable and digestible—the one apart from the other soon becomes disgusting. Men of leisure, as they are called, are most commonly restless, flighty and unhappy men. The kindest thing which can be done to them is to deprive them of the greater part of their leisure. At first sight it does not seem so, but a very experience will prove that it is so. Much leisure infers the absence of a purpose; and life without a purpose, is a perpetual burden.

**BE A MAN**—Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of your work. Work for the best salary or wages you can get, but work for half price rather than be idle. Be your own master; and do not let society or fashion swallow up your individuality—hat, coat and boots. Do not eat up or wear out all you can earn. Compel selfish body to spare some thing for profit saved. Be stingy to your own appetite, but merciful to others necessities. Help others, and ask not help for yourself. See that you are prompt. Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy; too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty; too proud to wear a coat you cannot afford to buy; too proud to be in company that you cannot keep up with in expense; too proud to lie, or steal or cheat; too proud to be stingy.

## Love and a Farm.

Quite a number of odd and amusing scenes frequently occur with parties who visit the Probate Court, for the purpose of securing the necessary document to legalize their marriage. But the other day a young man, about the age of twenty-one, accompanied by one of the opposite sex equally as young, ascended the main steps of the Court House, and then, on being directed to the Probate Court, took up the line of march for its hallowed precincts. Reaching the door, he refused to enter.

The rustic maiden, who was extremely anxious to see the marriage programme carried to a successful issue, looked upon him with pleading eyes, and then, taking him by the hand in the most tender manner, beseeched him to enter court and obtain the license. "Melindy, I can't. The old man will give me fits if I marry you." "Haven't you told me a thousand times over that you would marry me in spite of the old man?" "Yes! yes! but there is—"

"Is what?" "Why the farm." "Plague take the farm." "Yes, but, Melindy," reasoned her lover, "hadn't we better wait till the old man dies, and then I'll have the farm sure?" "Dad rot his old life, he'll live fifty years yet; there's no die in him. Come along now and git that ere license; I ain't a goin' to be put off any more." "I'll tell you what I'll do, Melindy." "Well, spit her out." "If the old man holds out agin my having you till Christmas, I'll have you then, farm or no farm." "Sure?" "As sure as my name's Jacob." "Well, let her go then till Christmas, but if you back out then, Jake, look sharp." "I'll toe the scratch then, by jingo, if the old man runs me off from the farm with a double barreled shot-gun, certain!" And Jake looked as if he would. Thus reassured on being married by Christmas, Melindy drew off with her Jake, fully satisfied, doubtless, with the postponement. But if Jake does prove recalcitrant to his promise, he will wager any amount of nickels that Melindy will go for him, to use the vernacular of the uneducated, "like a thousand of brick."—Indiana Paper.

A correspondent of the Abingdon (Ill.) Democrat, writing from Knoxville, thus relates the peculiar death of a miser residing in the latter place who was reputed worth \$20,000. "He had a nephew," says the correspondent, "a very young man, who was going out west to seek his fortune. A few days before he was ready to leave he went to the old uncle to sell him some notes of hand which he held, the old miser would not touch them, but said, 'You have always been a good boy only a little too extravagant; I will make you a little present before you leave.' He drew a check on the bank for \$5, as he supposed, but owing to his bad eyesight and worse penmanship, it proved to be \$500. This unaccountable act of benevolence soon became noised about town, and, of course, came to the ears of the miser. He rushed to the bank, and under much excitement asked one of the bank officials what the amount of check he had given his nephew was. 'Five hundred dollars,' said the clerk. 'What!' said the miser. 'Five hundred dollars,' said the clerk, producing the check. After reading, and trembling in every muscle, he gave one long drawn sigh and exclaimed, 'My God! I am a ruined man,' then sank down and died!"

In a small Ohio town, the pastor of the church concluded to accept a call to another field of labor, and resigned his pastorate. Deacon L. was very sorry to lose this good shepherd, but, with an eye to the spiritual interests of the church, began, with others, to cast about for a successor. An eligible man having been found, he paid a visit to the place, and whilst there the Deacon was anxious that he should have an opportunity of exhibiting his powers to the congregation. But there was this difficulty in the way: the late pastor's resignation had been set out for several weeks in the future, and was still occupying the pulpit.—The Deacon, having doubts as to the delicacy and propriety of thrusting a new candidate in before the old one had taken his departure, took the only proper course—went to the pastor and stated the case. "Well, I don't know about this," said the latter. "I don't altogether like it. It's too much like 'getting on with the new love before you're off with the old.' It's not usual for a man to commence courting a new wife before the old one is buried, is it?" "No," replied the Deacon, "I don't know as tis; and it ain't usual for a corpse to be lying round in this way six weeks after death, either."

A lady in Fond du Lac slipped on the ice and broke her leg, and the first remark she made after the accident was: "I wonder if Harry will marry me now." How characteristic of a woman.

Joy flatters past us like a gay and harmless butterfly, but, unfortunately, often lays eggs which engender devouring caterpillars.

## A Student's Joke.

Ebenezer Sweat of Brunswick is a provision dealer. He has been a "meat man" in Brunswick for the last half century, and has probably furnished Bowdoin students tougher meat and harder swearing than they ever experienced in after life. Ebenezer is considerable of a wag, but a story is told in Brunswick which shows that at least on one occasion he was outwitted.

A student called into his market one morning, and seeing a large tub full of eggs on the floor, eyed it very wisely for some moments, and thus accosted Sweat: "I will wager twenty-five cents that I can jump into that tub and not break an egg." "You can't do it," replied Sweat. "I'll stake twenty-five cents; I can," responded the student. "Well, here's twenty five cents," continued Sweat, "put up your money." The money was accordingly solemnly put into the hands of a third party, and the student prepared for the difficult encounter.—In a moment he made a leap, and the next moment he fell crash into the tub of eggs and rested his feet on the bottom—breaking nearly all of the eggs in the tub. "There," exclaimed Sweat in a fury of delight, "you're lost; I knew you couldn't do it," not thinking in his delight at winning of anything but that.

"Well," replied the student, as he coolly turned and went out of the market, there's your twenty-five cents.

It was a long time before Ebenezer recovered from that joke.

## GOOD JOKE ON A DRUGGIST.

We hear of a good joke on a celebrated druggist, located not far from our sanctum. Mr. P. started, some years ago, for New York, loaded with greenbacks, to purchase some of Squibb's best chemicals. Having business at Albany, he stopped over, putting up at the Stanwix. Morpheus overcame his drowsy faculties, and he retired to his room, a very large and commodious one, first floor, last one, left side, next to North River. Before going to bed, P. thought he would look for burglars. Wash stand and bureau were overhauled, bed looked under, then a side door was examined, which might lead into a closet where some burglarious kuss was hid. P. seized the light, raised the latch, and cautiously entered, robed in his night shroud. He found himself in the middle of another room, when up jumped a lone lady from her bed, and gave a most unearthly shriek! P. dropped the light and skeddaddled back to his room, and jumped into bed, covered up his head. The lady sprang from her bed, and kept screeching. Both rang their bells, and up came a porter and waiting maid. "What is the matter?" cried the porter. P. said "There's a woman in my room somewhere!" "What is the matter?" asked the waiting maid. "There is a man in my room, drive him out."—The side door being partly open, the porter and waiting maid made for it and, meeting, saw the difficulty. Porter commenced making inquiries of P. when the latter said: "Never mind, I see the lady is a somnambulist and has been walking about in her sleep." "Dat may be," replied the porter, "but how do de debil come dat ar lamp I left you in her room?" P. saw he was caught, and said: "See here, my African friend, you had better dig out of this, I want to go to sleep!"

**HOW IS THAT FOR HIGH?**—A few days since, a waggish gentleman was walking down Broadway, when opposite Trinity Church, whose spire top is five hundred and sixty feet from the ground, he met a German, and the following dialogue ensued: "Good morning, Schneider." "We gachts don." "Do you know what church that is?" "Yaw, dos is der Drinity Church." "You see the steeple and that little cross on a y up there?" "Yaw, I saw him." "Well, how is that for high?" The German looked pleased, scratched his head and said: "Dot is goot! Der best I hear dese six weeks, yaw, dut is very goot!" The wag went his way, leaving the German smiling, scratching his head, and gazing abstractly at the little cross so high in the air. While thus standing, a smile over his face, a friend came along, and he thought to give him the same good thing, and have another laugh, and said: "Hallo, Fritz—how you was, eh?" "Goot. How was it going to be mit yourself?" "Goot all der vile. Do you know what church am dere?" "Yaw—dere am der Drinity; I know dere church more as a dozen years already." "You see dem steeple, and der leedle cross on der top of dem steeple, wa-a-a-y more mit der glands?" "Yaw, I see der leedle cross." "You see him? Well—I shust ask you, how high is dot?" Then he laughed, and laughed, while the other man replied: "I don't know; but what for you make so much laugh?" "It's the schokke—don you see him—the schokke—ven I ask you how high is dot?" "No, I don't see der schokke." "Well, dot is funny. A man just told dot to me, and I make laugh all der vile. You see no see ter schokke? I think you been a jumbling around all night, and you can't see nothink!"

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## Dissatisfied.

A Mr. Ferris married in early manhood a slim old lady twice his age. As years went by his ancient charmer grew wrinkled and savage, and Mr. Ferris mourned the hour he first went down. At last he met a pretty, jolly little widow down town. Both found the other their mutual affinity. They loved fondly, extravagantly, incessantly. At last whisper of the way things were going on began to reach the aged matron's ears. Although too old to love, her heart burned fiercely with the pangs of jealousy. She employed spies and detectives, and watched herself. Finally she burst in on them and a free fight ensued. An arrest was then the consequence. Arraigned before the magistrate, the aged wife attempted to explain the difficulty. "But," said the recorder, "you intruded on them." "Yes," interposed Mr. Ferris, "burst with loud screams and Indian-like yells into our presence. She's crazy." "What," screamed the virago, "do you call me, your wife, crazy?" "There, now," exclaimed Mr. Ferris, with an air of triumph, "I told you she was crazy." "She thinks I am her husband," Mrs. Ferris was too confounded to speak. "She's your mother, ain't she?" "Certainly," replied the hard hearted Ferris; and before anything further could be said the court dismissed the case.

**PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.**—Judge S. gave his son a thousand dollars, telling him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the Freshman year, without a dollar, and with several ugly habits. About the close of the vacation the judge said to him: "Well, William, are you going to college this year?"

"No, father, I have no money."

"But I gave you a thousand dollars to grad, wate on!"

"It's all gone, father."

"Very well, my son; it was all that could give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world."

A new light broke in upon the vision of the astonished young man. He accommodated himself to the situation; left home, and made his way to college, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became Governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States; and has made a record for himself that will not soon die, being none other than that of William H. Seward.—Hall's Journal.

A man who was brought before King James I could eat, as it was said, a whole sheep at a meal.

"What else can he do," asked the king, "more than other men?"

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Hang him, then," said James; "for it is a shame a man should live who eats the share of ten or fifteen men, and can do no more than one."

Capt. Travers, of Rochester, has made a wager of \$25 that he will at the distance of thirty-six feet, with a pistol, shoot from the top of a wine bottle a cork on which is placed a bullet, dropping the bullet, in the bottle and not breaking the bottle. He has twelve shots, and engages to perform the feat four times.

An enterprising girl of twenty, living near Alton, Ill, has contracted with her father to dig a well, at seventy-five cents a foot. It is reported that she was, in less than three hours of marriage, a delighted young farmer had given her a hole, since it was commenced.

Creditor: "How often must I climb three pair of stairs before I get the amount of his little account?" Debtor: "Do you think I am going to rent a place on the first floor to accommodate my creditors?"

"Tis sweet to court; But, oh! how bitter To court a gal And then not git her.

"My joke is easy and my burden is light, is what a young man said the other night when his 'darling' was sitting on his lap with her arms about his neck.

It turns out that the woman, who hasn't spoken to her husband for twenty years, never had one to speak to.

An opened letter at the dead letter office reads as follows: "Seven years is rather long to kott a gal; but it may yit, Kate.

Why is life the greatest calamity? Because everybody has to give up.

Of all beautiful home decorations the most beautiful is a woman.

"Harry, mamma," said the little innocent with his cut finger; "Harry, it's leaking."

A hair 'em scare 'em invention—The chin-noon.

A fat cat is worth \$120 in Paris.