

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 89

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 yourself with the first class stock 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, 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 every 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, 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, -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.

MILLINERY GOODS!

TO THE LADIES!

MRS. C. L. HOLLINGER has just received a full supply of new Millinery goods. Ladies are invited to call and examine her stock.
nov 3-17

The highest cash price will be paid for Cast Iron Scrap delivered at the works of the GEISER M. CO.
17-17

POETICAL.



FAREWELL!

Farewell! but ere in grief we part,
O hear my fond affection's plea,
And treasure up within thy heart
Some lasting, fervent thoughts of me.

Farewell! our little dream is o'er,
The curtain fallen on our play,
And I shall ne'er behold thee more.
Nor bask within thy smile's bright ray.

For thee I leave my native land,
And know not what my lot may be;
Yet 'e'en upon a foreign strand
My heart will ever turn to thee.

When'er at morn, by night, by day,
Thou bend'st a supplicating knee,
Remember one who's far away,
And breathe a prayer to heav'n for me.

When down life's rapid stream I flow,
And near the vast eternal sea,
'Twould blunt death's sting could I but know
Thou still hadst one kind thought for me.

Farewell! I tear myself away,
From these endearing scenes I flee;
May angels guard thee night and day,
God knows how dear thou art to me!

MY TREASURES.

I've a casket of treasures
From a dearly loved store,
And in memory's light
I'm counting them o'er;

Oh! long they've been garnered
In my heart's chamber room,
With the relics of by-gones,
'Mid its grief and its gloom.

There's a smile like the sunbeam,
As soft, and as light,
And bright as the star beams
That smile on the night,

A tear from a loved one,
At parting was given,
Now stainless, and spotless,
An angel in heaven.

A word kindly spoken,
A look and a sigh,
Though earth may all perish,
These never can die;

To me they are richer
Than treasures of gold,
More precious than diamonds—
Their value untold.

MISCELLANY.

Shaking the Table-Cloth.

BY BENNIE.

'Mercy on us! Carrie, where did all these pieces of bread and cheese, of cake and sandwiches, dried beef and pie, come from?—Enough to make some hungry child a meal.'

Carrie looked out of the window. It was her father who had spoken. He was standing on the icy pavement before the door, regarding her curiously.

'O! said she, 'it is where I shook out the table-cloth.'

'Where you shook out the table-cloth, my daughter!'

Carrie's mother was a very careful woman; but she had been sick a day or two, and the work had been done by Carrie.

Her father was all ready for a walk; his ever-ready buttoned to the chin, his fur cap drawn down over his ears, and an umbrella in his hand; but he turned and came back into the house and sat down. Carrie knew that a lecture was coming. Now, like most little girls, and some larger ones, she was not fond of lectures; but in the present case it could not be helped, and she knew she deserved it; so she submitted with the best possible grace.

'My daughter, if you want to grow up to be a careful, prudent woman, and do honor to your mother's training, you must be careful how you shake your table-cloth. Many a man, despite his hard toil and labor, has been kept a poor man for life just because his wife did not know how to shake her table-cloth.'

If you want to have something to help the poor and needy, the aged and infirm, and such as are not able to take care of themselves; whom the Savior said we should always have with us, and whenever we would we might do them good; be careful how you shake your table-cloth.'

If you want to have money to help send Bibles and missionaries to the heathen—who will never hear the gospel sound unless good people send it to them—if you want to have money to educate some heathen child and fit him to preach the blessed gospel to his countrymen; be careful how you shake your table-cloth.'

If you want to have means to do good in any of the many ways that are always at hand, if you want to have something to lay by for a sick or rainy day; if you want to have money to buy books and magazines, that you may be able to store your mind with useful knowledge, be careful how you shake your table-cloth.'

In short, if you want, when you come to be a woman, and begin life for yourself to have things comfortable around you, and be independent, and enjoy a competence, you must be careful how you shake your table-cloth.'

Carrie kisses her father, and thanking him, promised she would try and profit by his instructions.—Wood's Household Magazine.

Hanging gardens—Jail yards.

The Turning-Point.

A good minister has grown weary over his books, and so threw them all aside for a brisk walk in the open air. Nothing rests body and mind like this. No brandy bitters can give such a spring to the spirits as pure, fresh air. A pleasant companion is an excellent thing in a walk, but any one may have the company of pleasant thoughts.

As Dr. B. was passing the corner of the Park, he observed a lad with a valise in his hand just turning into the street. He paused a moment, as if uncertain which course to take. A moment's glance showed to the clergyman that the lad was from the country. Such ruddy cheeks and vigorous muscles did not grow in the shade of a city home. It flashed through the good man's mind that this boy was leaving his early home as he had done some forty years ago; and in imagination he recalled that parting scene with a feeling of gentle sadness that made him at once feel an interest in the boy before him. It is wonderful how rapidly thought can move. How much we can think of almost in an instant.

'Please, sir, will you direct me to Le-Roy Street?' he asked respectfully.

The clergyman gave the desired direction, and then added:—

'You have come from a home in the country to find a situation in the city, have you, my boy?'

There was something so kindly in the tone that it went at once to the boy's heart. A moment before he had felt so utterly alone! Now he felt that this voice was one of real sympathy, and its effect was electrical.

'My father died a month ago,' he said, 'and my mother has got a place for me in my cousin's store.'

'Well, my boy, I trust you have had a good mother; I can usually tell by a boy's looks what kind of a mother he has. Remember all her good counsels, and be especially careful how you spend your Sabbaths. If you begin by going out to walk for your health or pleasure, you will end in the liquor-saloon, and all the haunts of wickedness.—Anchor yourself in the Church and the Sabbath School. Here is the address of mine, if you would like to attend it. Our superintendent loves boys, and so do I. Remember that the way you spend your first Sabbath in the city will very likely be the turning-point of your life. Good-bye, and may God give you his blessing always.'

The good man gave his hand heartily to the stranger-lad as he bade him good-bye.—It cost him nothing; but he knew full well how sweet such little wayside kindness are to the lonely and home sick.

'I'll walk the length of this city through to find that man's church and Sunday School,' said Robbie to himself, as he walked rapidly on, his heart cheered and strengthened by that little act of sympathy.

When the next Sunday came, however, it found him worn down with his unaccustomed task. A young man in the store, with whom he had formed a pleasant acquaintance, invited him to take a stroll about the city.

'I'll show you some of the sights, and treat you to a dinner of oysters down in a saloon I know of where they keep open on Sundays. The shutters are bowed, of course, out of respect to the day, you know, but there is always plenty to eat and drink inside on all days and hours. They have all kinds of liquors, too, and make splendid grub.'

Robbie felt lonely enough that day. His thoughts ran back to his old home, and more than once the tears started in his eyes.—The young man seemed so pleasant and friendly, he was just on the eve of yielding to his temptation 'just this once.' But then the thought of the good minister's words about this day being the turning point in his life came back to his mind just in time. He politely declined the invitation, and found his way to the morning Sabbath School to which he had been directed.

Ever afterward he felt that he had a home in that great city. A kind Superintendent, and a warm-hearted teacher, who welcomed him with a cordial grasp of the hand, effectually anchored him in the Sunday School. His career in after life was useful, honorable and successful; a very marked contrast to the Sabbath-breaking boys who ran rapidly down the scale of dissipation until they reached the level of the common drunkard Sabbath-breaking and liquor-drinking are twin essences.—Young Pilgrim.

HOME COURTESIES.—A retired governess says:—'I am one whose lot in life has been to go out into an unfriendly world at an early age, and of nearly twenty families in which I made my home in the course of about thirty years, there were only three that could be designated as happy families. The source of trouble was not so much the lack of love, as the lack of care to manifest it.'

The closing words of this sentence gives us the fruitful source of alienations, of heart-aches, unnumberable, of sad faces, and gloomy home circles. 'Not so much the lack of love as the lack of care to manifest it.' What a world of misery is suggested by this brief remark! Not more than three happy families in twenty;—and the cause so manifest, and so easily remedied! Ah! in the 'small, sweet courtesies of life,' what power resides! In a look, a word, a tone, how much of happiness or disquietude may be communicated! Think of it reader, and take the lesson home with you.

The prophecy of the famous monk, D'Orval, made centuries ago, to the effect that France would be victorious in the Crimea, but that she would be defeated and her Emperor deposed in a war with another great nation, during which Paris would be taken after a battle in which the Seine would run red with the blood of Frenchmen, has been singularly fulfilled.

Why is anything reconsidered accounted profitable? Because it is considered a gain.

Wisdom and Truths.

Little can be done well to which the whole mind is not applied.

Men do less than they ought, unless they do all that they can.

Wit, without discretion, is a sword in the hand of a fool.

'Truth, like the sun, submits to be obscured, but only for a time.

The rose has its thorn, the diamond its speck and the best man his failing.

Where gold and silver dwell in the heart faith, hope, and love are out of doors.

The superior man has a dignified ease without pride. The mean man has a pride without dignity.

A hair-dresser who can cut your hair without venturing to make any cutting observations on it.

Every good act is Charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does to his fellowmen.

A distinguished teacher, and president of a college, defined genius to be 'the power of making efforts.'

The friend that hides from us our faults is of less service to us than the enemy that upbraids us with them.

Silence alone is a powerful weapon. An Arab says: 'Silence is often an answer.' Yes and an eloquent one.

A smile may be bright while the heart is sad—the rainbow is beautiful in the air, while beneath it the moaning of the sea.

Spare that you may spend; fast that you may feast; labor that you may live; and run that you may rest.

It is better to sow a young heart with generous thoughts and deeds than a field with corn, since the heart's harvest is perpetual.

However many friends you may have, do not neglect yourself; that you have a thousand; not one of them loves you so much as you ought to love yourself.

Experience teaches, it is true, but never teaches in time. Each event brings its lessons, and each lesson is remembered; but the same event never occurs again.

Measured by man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measured by his good deeds, he has not lived long enough; measured by his evil deeds, he has lived too long.

What a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults.

Growing Up.

One great difficulty with all young men is, that they are impatient, and want somebody to lift them into a high position at once for they are not aware that this, in nine cases out of ten, would prove a serious calamity. It is only those who climb the ladder that know the strength of every round.

A rapid ascent is often followed by a similar descent; and as knowledge can only be obtained in small quantities at a time, it is better to be content with things as they are, than fret at circumstances.

We would call the attention of every young man to one significant fact, and that is, ninety-nine in every hundred of our successful men began at the very bottom of the ladder. No matter where you look in science, politics, literature, the great men of this nation have gained their present position by their own personal industry. Poverty, therefore, to a young man, is one of the chief elements of success; for in his straits to supply the immediate demands of nature, he gains strength of body and mind, until his own power is a marvel, even to himself.

Let the children sleep. Every hour that a child sleeps is just so much investment of physical capital for years to come. Every hour after dark that a child is awake is just so much capital withdrawn. Every hour that a child lives a quiet, tranquil, joyous life of soft sort as kittens live on hearths squirrels in sunshine is just so much investment in strength and steadiness and growth of nervous system. Every hour that a child lives a life of excited brainworking, either in a school-room, or in a ball-room, is just so much taken away from the reserved source which enables nerves to triumph through the sorrows, through the labors, through the distress of latter life. Every mouthful of wholesome food that a child eats, at seasonable hours, may be said to tell on every moment of his whole life, no matter how long it may be. Victor Hugo, the benevolent exile, has found out that to be well fed once in seven days for one meal is has been enough to transform the apparent health of all the poor children in Guernsey.

KEEP SELLING.—It is frequently a mooted question with farmers: 'When shall I sell my produce?' On this point there should be no difference of opinion or the least hesitation. All experience goes to prove that a farmer should adopt as a fixed principle the motto, sell as soon as your articles are ready for market. We could quote a hundred instances in which this practice has been observed, and in which it has invariably acted well. The man who waits for better prices, may at times succeed in obtaining them, but in the long run he will be disappointed as frequently as his hopes and expectations are realized. The Ohio Farmer says:—'Prepare your articles in the best manner for the market. Represent them honestly and fairly in the market, and sell them at the best price the market offers. Let the motto be 'keep selling,' and your cash account will be largely in your favor.'

The only chapter in the Bible (the last chapter of Proverbs) written by a woman (the mother of King Lemuel) contains a plea for woman's wages: 'Give her the fruit of her hand, and let her own works praise her in the gates.'

To Parents.

Are your children safe? Say, sober, respectable men and women; are you certain your own dear children are safe? Look at the drunkard. He is in tatters. His eyes are bloodshot. His features are distorted—His breath is like the hot air from a furnace. His touch is pollution. From him the very brutes turn in disgust. That poor remnant of mortality was once a sweet and pretty child. He was as fair and as lovely as the infant who, it may be, now sleeps in the cradle at your house. His mother washed and dressed and nursed and kissed him—she played with him when he was awake, and watched over him with fond affection, when he lay asleep.

His father took him in his arms and with hope and pride folded his baby boy to his bosom. And friends came to that happy home circle, and petted the child, with sincerity congratulating the happy parents.—Who for a moment then fancied he could ever be in such a plight as that in which we behold him.

Oh! can you fail to heed the lesson? If you would not have them transformed into such loathsome objects, but would have them grow up like thrifty plants, and stand as symmetrical and substantial columns in the temple of State, and the sanctuary of God you cannot begin too early to teach them total abstinence.

TOUCH ON THE DARKEY.—A few days since, a colored lad entered a drug store in Portland with what he described as 'awful feeling in the stomach, just like it was full of fish hooks and angle worms,' and demanded a 'Setter powder,' as he had been advised that would give relief. Accordingly the Seidlitz powders were dissolved in separate glasses, as usual, and placed before him, with instructions to pour one into the other and drink while effervescing. But the sable youth did nothing of the sort. Instead of following the directions, he hastily drank off the one and immediately swallowed the other. The effect may be imagined but not described. The effervescence which should have taken place in the glass took place in the bewildered darkey's stomach, sending streams of the frothy liquid from his mouth, nose, eyes and ears. As soon as the poor fellow could recover his breath, he cried in trilled tones: 'My stomach has busted; I can't live a minute! In a few moments, however, he felt better, and turned to depart, saying, 'Dat stuff may work well nuff on de white trash—but it's sure del on de nigger.'

Two Dutchmen, not long since, had occasion to go to a blacksmith's on business, and finding the smith absent from the shop, they concluded to go to the house, having reached the door, said one to the other: 'Come, Hauwee, you ax about the smit.' 'Nois, neis,' said the other; 'but you can tell better as I can.' 'Vell, den, so I koocks' The mistress of the house came to the door. Hauwee then inquired: 'Is de smit mit in?' 'Sir,' said the woman. 'Is de smit mit in?' 'I cannot understand you,' said the woman. Hauwee then bawled out, 'Der twesell I say is de smit mit in?' The other Dutchman, perceiving that the woman did not understand Hauwee, stepped up and pushed him aside and said: 'Let a man speak vot an say somedings, Is de plack smit shop in de house?'

A Chicago paper is responsible for the story that a few days since some boys in that city dropped an avil weighing 200 pounds, out of a fourth story window on the head of an African who was passing, and he had them arrested. He said he was willing to let the boys have fun, but when they jammed a 'pepperman's' hat down over his eyes and spoiled it in that way, the law must take its course.

A Canadian Dutch settler says, 'I shall tell you how it was. I drink mine lager, den I put mine hand on my head, and dere was one pain. Den I put my hand in mine pocket, and dere was soding. So I jine mit de demperance. Now dere is no pain more in mine head, and der pain in mine body vas all gone. I put mine hand in my pocket, and der was twenty dollar. So I stay mid de demperance.'

A correspondent who has read much about women as 'federal creatures,' wants somebody to throw a lively girl over his shoulder and attempt to love with her. He adds, 'You will think she is made of pig iron. It would take at least three men to love with one girl if she was anything of a kickist.'

Genuine Christians, by their holy lives and holy conversations, are the means of directing others, not only how to escape all the dangers to which they are exposed on the rough and tempestuous ocean of human life, but also of leading them into the haven of eternal safety and rest.

A Boy's idea of having a tooth drawn may be summed up as follows: 'The doctor hitched fast on me, pulled his best and just before it killed me out came the tooth.'

An eccentric citizen of St. Louis died recently, and left in his will \$1,000 to a man who, 10 years before, had run away with his wife. One of the last things he said was that he never forgot a favor.

A young lady of Troy advised a gentleman friend not to take flat-irons to bed with him as they would warp his feet! The stupid fellow did not know enough to take the hint and propose.

When a Dutch maid servant wishes to go to a dance, and has no swain of her own, she hires a cavalier for the occasion. A bean with an umbrella receives double pay.

Don't go to church with a egg, and disturb the rest of the congregation.

One-Half Guilty.

A fellow named Donks was lately tried at Yuba, Cal., for entering a miner's trunk and snatching a bag of gold dust valued at four dollars. The testimony showed that he had once been employed there, and knew exactly where the owner kept the dust, that on the night specified he cut a slit in the tent, reached in, took the bag and ran off. The principal witness said he saw the hole cut, saw the man reach in, and heard him run away.

'I rushed after him at once,' continued the witness, 'but when I caught him I didn't find Bill's bag, but found it afterwards where he had thrown it.'

'How far did he get in when he took the dust?' inquired the counsel.

'Well, he was stoopin' over half way in, I should say,' replied the witness.

'May it please your Honor,' interposed the counsel, 'the indictment isn't sustained and I shall demand an acquittal by direction of the court. The prisoner is on trial for entering a dwelling in the night time, with intent to steal. The testimony is clear that he made an opening through which he protruded himself about half way, and snatched out his arms and committed the theft. But the indictment charges that he actually entered the tent or dwelling. Now, your Honor, can a man enter a house when only half of his body is in and the other half out?'

'I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law, and the fact is proved,' replied the judge.

The jury brought in a verdict of 'Guilty as to one-half of his body, and not guilty as to the other half.'

The judge sentenced the guilty part to two years' imprisonment, leaving to the prisoner's option to have the innocent part cut off, or take it along with him.

SHARP BOY.—A clergyman was once teaching a class of children belonging to his congregation, and coming to a little boy who was something of a rogue asked him what he knew.

'I know something,' replied the rovin with a significant look.

'Well, my son, what do you know?'

'I know where there is a bird's nest,' said the boy, 'but I shan't tell you, for fear you will steal the eggs.'

Tom, twitting Sam on the extraordinary size of his understandings, said to him, 'You must jake gold easily, Sam; I should think you would be sick all the time.'

'How so?' asked Sam.

'Why,' replied Tom, 'because there's so much of you on the ground.'

A Philadelphia driver says of a district through which he carries: 'If you run over a youngster in this ward the folks don't say anything, 'kess they got more children than wittles for 'em but just ran over a goat or pig, and blast if a mob ain't after you in two minutes.'

In the execution of a deed, by a man and his wife, the wife was taken aside by the commissioners before the acknowledgement was made, who, in the usual form, asked, 'Do you execute this deed free, and without any fear or compulsion of your husband?' 'Fear my husband?' exclaimed the wife; 'I've had five husbands, and never was afraid of any of them!'

A traveler in Pennsylvania asked the landlord if they had any cases of sunstroke in that town.

'No, sir,' said the landlord, 'if a man gets drunk here, we say he is drunk, and never call it any other name.'

When Sheridan taught school, he had in one of his classes a boy who always read partridges for patriarchs. 'Stop,' exclaimed the wag of a teacher, 'you shall not make game of the patriarchs.'

COQUETTE.—A lady of more accomplishments than learning, more charms of person than graces of mind, more admirers than friends, more fools than wise men for attendants.

'Good morning Mr. Smith. How do you find yourself?' 'Well, generally, when I climb over a fence, I find myself on the opposite side.'

'That's very singular, sir,' said a young lady to a gentleman who had kissed her.

'Oh, well, my dear miss, I will soon make it plural.'

'Is your house a warm one, landlord?' asked a gentleman in search of a residence.

'It ought to be,' was the reply, 'the painter gave it two coats recently.'

Why is a horse the most curious feeder in the world? Because he eats best when he has not a bit in his mouth.

Why is a lady sweetest when she is just out of bed in the morning? Because then she's a rose.

Spurgeon thinks some ministers would make good martyrs—they are so dry they would burn well.

An Eastern leycoun is trying its teeth on the problem: 'Which is the golden battle cry, Erin go Bragh or Indigo Blue?'

Why may we suppose that persons who run for office are the sweetest kind of men? Because they are candydates.

A girl in Chester, Vt., recently died of tight lacing. Girls, take warning!

The right side of a drinking saloon—the outside.

What does it take to make a pair of boots—Two boots.