

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXIII.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 1 (1871.

NUMBER 50

HOUSE FURNITURE!

I. H. WHITMORE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer, and Manufacturer of
HOUSE FURNITURE,
AND
UPHOLSTERER.
GREENCASTLE, PA.

takes this method of informing his customers and the public that he has
REDUCED THE PRICE OF FURNITURE
from ten to twenty per cent. Owing to the advan-
tages he has over other Manufacturers he can and
will sell Furniture at a less price than any other
Manufacturer in the State. Having

THREE STORE ROOMS
filled with every variety of Furniture, from a plain
common article, to the finest use, he feels war-
ranted in saying that he can please all tastes.

EXAMINE LIST OF PRICES.

BEDSTEADS.
COTTAGE—Imitation of Walnut \$5, 6, 7, to 8
Solid Walnut 8, 9, 10 to 12
JENNY LIND—3-Arch Top Panel, 14, 15 to 18
" " 3-Arch Top Panel, 10, 12 to 14
Round, Corner-foot, 3 Panels Walnut
carved 25 to 30
" " Foot, Oval Panel Wal-
nut, Moulded 30, 35 to 40
ANTIQUES—New style 25, 30, 35, 40 to 60
FINE ARTIST CHAIRS, with
Marble top, \$130 to 175
GOT. CHAMBER SUITS, 35, 38, 40, 45 to 60
SOLID WALNUT SUITS 60, 75 to 85

BUREAUS.
Imitation Wal. & Drawers, with glass
wood top \$14, 15 to 18
Imitation Wal. & Drawers, with glass,
Marble top 17, 18 to 20
SOLID Wal. 4 Drawers, with glass
wood top 20, 22, 25 to 32
" " Marble top 25, 30, 35 to 60
Imitation " 10, 12 to 14

TABLES.
Dining, Table, six legs, \$7, 50 to \$9
Breakfast table, four legs, 5, 10 to 15
Marble top do. 20 different patterns, 9, 10, 12 to 15
Extension Tables, per foot, 2 to 3

CHAIRS.
Windsor or Wood Seats (4 or 2) from \$5, 6, 7 to 10
Cane Seats, per half doz., 9, 10, 11, 11.50, 12, 12.50 to 30
(Have over 600 of the above on hand.)
Wood Seat Rocking Chair, from 1.25 to 5
Cane Seat Rocking Chair, from 2 to 7
Willow Seat Rocking Chair, from 2 to 10
Spring Seat Chair, upholstered in
Hair Cloth, Brocade, Rep. & Per-
ry, ranging in price, per half doz. from 25 to 75
Rocking Chair, upholstered as above, 9 to 15
Tete-a-tete, upholstered as above,
(each) from 20, 22, 50, 25, 30 to 75
Box or Plain Sofa, from 18, 20 to 30
Lounger, upholstered in Hair Cloth,
Brocade, Rep. Terry and Damask,
Spring Seats, (each) from 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, to 30

WARDROBES.
Imitation Walnut, for \$10, 12, 14, 16 to 3
Solid Walnut, 15, 18, 20, 25 to 6
Also, Side Boards, Wash Stands, Mattresses, and
in fact everything in the Furniture line. The limits
of an advertisement in this paper do not allow me to
give a full list of prices, and kinds of furniture man-
ufactured at this establishment.
CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.
Remember the place.
I. H. WHITMORE,
Greencastle, Pa.
dec 1-67]

POETICAL.



TRUST.

The child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by its nest,
And tells aloud
Its trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

It hath no store, it sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud and doth not heed
By flowing streams or grassy mead,
It sings to shame
Men who forget, in fear of need,
A father's name.

The heart that trusts, forever sings;
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill.

What'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

The work-day week has cast its yoke
Of troublous toil and careful quest;
The lingering twilight saffron cloak
Trails o'er the dusky West,
And curfew clocks, with measured stroke,
Chime in the eve of rest.

From pillow fields and woody dells
The crickets chirp their pleasant lays;
The kine come up with tinkling bells,
Through all the leafy ways;
And buckets drip by busy wells,
And ruddy ingles blaze.

His whirling wheel the miller stops—
The smith his silent anvil leaves—
His ringing axe the joiner drops—
No more the weaver weaves;
His loomed wain the peddler props
Beneath the tavern eaves.

A happy hush, a tranquil balm,
As if the week-day care and care
Were lifted off, and left us calm,
Pervades the quiet air;
A sense as of a silent psalm,
A feeling as of prayer.

For now the night, with soft delay,
Seems brooding like a tender dove,
While the last hours of Saturday
Shut in the homes of love,
And the sweet Sabbath spans the way
To holier homes above.

God help us all! since here below
Few Saturdays are ours, at best—
And out of earthly pain and woe
Few days of Sabbath rest;
God teach us!—that we yet may know
The Sabbaths of the blest!

MISCELLANY.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

Or, *The Old Woman's Railway Signal.*
By ELIQU BURRITT.

The most effective working force in the world in which we live, is the law of kindness—for it is the only moral force that operates with the same effect upon mankind, beast and bird. From time immemorial, man has wonderfully affected all beings, reasoning and unreasoning, they have ears to hear. The prettiest idea and simile of an ancient relate to Orpheus playing his lyre to animals listening in rapt attention to his strains. Well, kindness is the spontaneous music of good will to men and beasts; and both listen to it with their hearts instead of their ears; and the hearts of both are affected by it in the same way, if not in the same degree. Volumes might be written filled with beautiful illustrations of its effects upon both. The music of kindness has not only the power to charm, but to transform both the savage heart of man and beast, and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Some time ago we read of an incident that will serve as an illustration of this beautiful law. It was substantially this effect: A poor, coarse featured old woman lived on the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway, where it passes through a wild, unpeopled district of Western Virginia. She was a widow, with only one daughter, living with her in a log hut, near a deep, precipitous gorge, crossed by a railroad bridge. Here they contrived to support themselves by raising and selling poultry and eggs, adding berries in their season, and other little articles for the market. She had to make a long, weary walk many miles to a town where she could sell her basket of produce. The railway passed by the cabin to this town; but the ride would cost too much of the profits of her small sales, so she trudged on generally to the market on foot. The conductor came finally to notice her walking by the side of the line or between the rails, and, being a good natured benevolent man, he would often give her a ride to and fro without charge. The engine men were also good to the old woman, and felt that they were not wronging the interests of the railway company in giving her these free rides. And soon an accident occurred that proved that they were quite right in this view of the matter.

In the wild month of March, the rain descended and the mountains sent down their rolling, roaring torrents of melted snow and ice into this gorge near the old woman's hut. The flood arose with the darkness of the night, until she heard a crash of the railway-

car bridge as it was swept from its abutments, and dashed its broken timbers against the craggy sides of the precipice on either side. It was nearly midnight. The rain fell in a flood, and the darkness was deep and howling with the storm. In another half hour the express train would be due. What could she do to warn it against the awful destruction it was approaching? She had hardly a whole tallow candle in her house; and no light she could make of tallow or oil, if she had it, would live a moment in that tempest of wind and rain. Not a moment was to be lost; and her thought was equal to the moment. She cut the cord of her only bedstead, and shouldered the dry posts, side pieces and head piece. Her daughter followed her with their two wooden chairs. Up the steep embankment they climbed, and piled all their household furniture upon the line, a few rods before the black awful chasm, gurgling with the roaring flood. The distant rumbling of the train came upon them just as they had fired the well dried combustibles. The pile blazed up into the night, throwing its red, swelling, booming light a long way up the track. In fifteen minutes it would begin to wane, and she could not revise it with green, wet wood. The thunder of the train grew louder. It was within five miles of the fire. Would they see it in time? They might not put on the brakes soon enough. A awful thought she bore her red flannel gown from her in a moment, and, trying it to the end of a stick, ran up the track, waving it in both hands, while her daughter swung round her head a blazing chair post a little before.

The lives of a hundred unconscious passengers hung on the issue of the next minute. The ground trembled at the old woman's feet. The great red eyes of the engine burst upon her as it came round a curve. Like a huge, sharp pointed lion coming suddenly upon a fire, it ceased for a thrilling roar, that filled all the wild heights and ravines around. The train was at full speed, but brakesmen wrestled at their leverage with all the strength of desperation. The wheels ground along on the heated rails slower and slower, until the engine stopped at the de-caying fire. It still blazed enough to show them the beaming edge of the black abyss into which the train and all its passengers would have plunged, and into a death and destruction too horrible to think of, had it not been for the old woman's signal. They did not stop to thank her first for the deliverance. The conductor knelt down by the side of the engine; the engine driver and the brakemen came and knelt down by him; all the passengers came and knelt down by them; and there, in the expiring light of the burnt out pile, in the rain and the wind, they thanked God for the salvation of their lives. All in a line the knessels and prayers rose up into the dark heavens such a midnight voice of thanksgiving as seldom, if ever, ascended from the earth to Him who seeth in darkness as well as in secret.

Kindness is the music of good will to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Position in Sleeping.

It is better to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents of it are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep, let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the backbone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent and hearty, the arrest is more decided, and the various sensation—such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other pursuit of danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it—arouse us, and send on the stagnating blood; and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or in perspiration, or feeling exhaustion according to the degree of stagnation, and the length and strength of the efforts made to overcome the danger. But when we are unable to escape the danger—when we do fall over the precipice—what then?—That is the death of those whom it is said, when found lifeless in the morning—"That they were as well as ever the day before," and often it is added, "and were heartier than usual!" This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhoea, or cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death in a very short time, is probably traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safe side. For persons to eat three times a day, it is simply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter, and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it; while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising a day of comfort.—*Halt's Journal of Health.*

By REQUEST.

Miseries of Intemperance

The following is the most graphic delineation of the miseries and effects of intemperance that we have ever seen—it is from the arguments advanced by certain citizens of Portage co., Ohio in a memorial to the Legislature on the subject.

"And yet its march of ruin is onward still! It reaches abroad to others—invades the family and social circles—and spreads woe and sorrow all around. It cuts down youth in its vigor—manhood in its strength—and ages in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart—bereaves the doating mother—ex-

tinguishes natural affection—crases conjugal love—blots out filial attachment blights parental hope—and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health death not life. It makes wretched widows—children orphans—father's hands—and all of them papers and beggars. It hails fever—locks rheumatism—naras gout—welcomes epidemics—invites cholera—imparts pestilence and embraces consumptions. It covers the land with idleness poverty disease and crime. It fills, your jails—supplies your almshouses—and demands your asylums.—It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels—and cherishes riots. It condemns law—spurns order—loves mobs. It crowds your penitentiaries—and furnishes victims of your deaf olds. It is the life blood of the gambler—aliment of the counterfeiter—the prop of the high way man, and the support of the midnight incendiary.

It countenances the liar—respects the thief—and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation—it reverences fraud—and honors infamy. It defames benevolence—bates love—seems virtue—and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his offspring—helps the husband to massacre his wife and aids the child to grind the parental axe. It burns up man—consumes our man—detests life— curses God—and despises Heaven.

It abandons witnesses—nurses perjury—and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes—disqualifies voters—corrupts elections—pollutes our institutions—and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen—degrades the citizen—debases the legislature—dishonors the statesman—and disarms the patriot. It brings shame not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness.

And now, as with the malevolence of a friend it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and *insatiate* with havoc, it poisons felicity—kills peace—ruins morals—blights confidence—slays reputation—and wipes out our national honor—then curses the world—and laughs at its ruin.

How A Jury Voted.

A California paper tells how the jury in the case of Mrs. Fair made up its verdict, the statement being made, it is claimed, in the words of one of the jury: "During the progress of the trial, one juror spoke to his fellow-jurors of the case, and when we retired to make up the verdict no one knew anything of the opinion of his fellows. On entering the jury room the first thing done was to cut a piece of paper into twelve pieces, and to number them from one up to twelve. These were put in a hat and drawn, and the slip drawn, was the number of the juror. On these slips each juror wrote his finding in the case, and when his number was called put it into the hat. When I wrote my finding, murder in the first degree, I hardly thought there would be another such finding on any of the slips, but when the slips were all deposited and taken out and read, to my great astonishment it was found that each juror on the first and only ballot, had voted just as I had, murder in the first degree."

The True Principal of Giving.

The beacon light that shines over a few leagues of the ocean and how and then saves a vessel from shipwreck does but little good when compared with the polar star which guided the daring mortals who first launched a boat upon the waves, and which still shines over the whole northern hemisphere, a star of good omen to every benighted sailor and traveler. Yet would you for this reason abolish the light-house? And thus, how small and insignificant is the light of the polar star when compared with the light of the sun at noon day, enlightening every habitation and cheering the hearts of all men? But would you blot out the polar star from the heavens because its light is small when compared with the sun? No, oh, no! you would say, let the lesser lights shine because they are of use to the world, though the greater lights are much more important, and and the same reasoning holds good in relation to giving.

Readers generally know the fact that Benjamin Franklin left by will a few pounds of money for the benefit of the "young married artificers," or skilled mechanics, of Boston.—The money has been carefully invested and reinvested by the authorities, until now it amounts to more than \$150,000. The "young married artificers," however, have never realized anything from it; but now it is proposed, since the fund has become large enough to be made available in helping the class Franklin wished to benefit, to carry out the purpose announced in the will as far as practicable; and with this end in view the intention is to lend money in small sums to persons of moderate means, to enable them to secure neat and comfortable homes in the vicinity of the city of Boston.

There is a man in Mankato, Minn., engaged upon the crazy problem of perpetual motion. He has lately entered into an agreement with two other men whereby he promises to complete the invention by the first of August, in consideration of \$100, to be paid by the other contracting parties; then the three are to share alike in the benefits of the machine. This was to confer an everlasting benefit upon the human race at a very cheap rate, and Mankato is already plumbing herself on the glory of being the scene of the great discovery for which studied philosophers have toiled so long in vain.—We look to see the laws of gravitation and friction suspended before the first of August or to hear of another failure to solve this perpetual problem.

Mary Wager says she knows a man who prayed morning and night, preached on Sundays, and was a rich farmer beside. His wife milked the cows in all sorts of weather, cut most of the wood, built fires, churned, economized, and died of consumption. He put a weed on his hat, tried to resign himself to the dispensation of Providence, when he ought to have been tried for woman slaughter in the first degree, and sentenced to chop wood and milk cows in the rain all the rest of his life. She wants the debating clubs to discuss whether it will go harder with him or with Jim Blinso, in the day of judgement.

Some doctors leave no stone unturned to cure a patient. One in Iowa gave a woman fourteen kinds of medicine to cure the chills. She has been cold ever since, but hasn't shook a shako, only when the bears run over a stump on the way to the grave. The doctor has moved away from there.

Don't fret.—Some young folks are always fretting. Are you a member of the "Fretting Society"? Do you fret when it rains because you can't go out, and do you fret when it is a fine sunny day, because of the heat? fretting because you don't want anybody to come? A pretty girl is a tiresome, troublesome creature perhaps you say. "But I have so many trials to bear, so many lessons to learn, or too much work to do." Well suppose you have, does fretting help you? The longer you sit fretting the larger will your troubles appear. Do your duty, and bear patiently the troubles which may beset you. Be satisfied with what God gives you, look to him for help, and stop this disagreeable whimpering and fretting about trifles.—*Youths' Cabinet.*

HAD BEEN THERE.—Mr. Lincoln was exceedingly astonished one day as he was inspecting the prison at Washington, by a prisoner who said to him, "How are you, Mr. President? I am glad to see you. I believe that you and I have been in every jail in the Union." "This and the jail at Springfield are the only ones that I ever was in in my life," said Mr. Lincoln. "Very likely," responded the rogue, "but I've been in all the rest."

W. L. Barry a composer on the *Lebanon (Conn.) Herald*, has just passed his 91st birthday. He is promptly at his case at 7 o'clock every morning, and sets six thousand men a day without the least difficulty. He began to set type 73 years ago, and still follows the business out of love for the art, having no need to work for money. Barry is still hale and vigorous, and full of animal spirits.

WOULD SING.—Three little girls who had cried in a garden in Portsmouth, N. H. the dead body of a pit bird, after consultation, sent one of their number into the house to inquire "if people didn't sing at funerals." On being told that they often did, the messenger ran back, and in a few minutes the three were seen standing hand in hand around the little mound, "gravely-singing 'Shoo fly, don't bother me.'"

A doing, another in Poughkeepsie expended \$23 in dressing up her little baby, of which of course she thought the world, and sent the bill to her husband, who is independently rich and independently mean. He made out a check for the amount, and added these words, "This is for a child a few months old. Fools still live." To which the bank clerk added, "So do dogs."

Girls always love those boys best who are kindest, best natured, most considerate and man-like in their behavior—and who are not coarse, profane, and loafish in their talk. The boys who are by their school or playmates loved the most, make the best men.

A newly married man complained of the high price of "docks." He says his wife recently paid for three of them—A duck of a bonnet, a duck of a dress and a duck of a parasol. He says such "dealing in poultry will ruin him."

Two ladies of Mobil have a standing wager, based upon the claims of their respective husband to superior ugliness. Both gentlemen are so extremely ill-favored, that no outsider can be found to decide the question.

Mr. Grey wrote an editorial in which the sentence "Erin go Bragh" occurred twice. One compositor set it up "Erin yer dough," and another set it "Erin go blue." Horse was so mad he kicked himself down two pair of stairs.

Conundrum for the circus goers: Why is the elephant the most sagacious of travelers? Because he never takes his eyes off of his trunk.

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes the man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has.

Erin was the only woman who never threatened to go and live with mamma. And Adam was the only man who never tantalized his wife about "the way mother used to cook."

Because a Fort Wayne woman kept her bed bag poison on the same shelf with her preserves, she don't have to mend her Johnny trousers any more.

A Western paper says California straws berries are so large it is not uncommon for an ordinary family to subsist on one for a week, though there are smaller varieties.

Young ladies, in bowing this season, incline the body forward from the waist. This is for acquaintances, to friends, a low inclination of the head *en regle*.

It is very dangerous for any man to find any spot on the broad globe that is sweeter to him than his home.

Ah, parson, I wish I could take my gold, with me, said dying deacon Swiss. "It might melt," was the consoling reply.

I rise for information said a member of a legislative body. I am very glad to hear it, for no one wants it mere, said a bystander.

Ladies are recommended to have a "strong will." Next to that, we suppose a strong William.

Can a lover be called a snitter, when he don't suit her.

What is it that goes up the hill and down the hill, and yet never moves? The road.

CARSON'S STELLAR OIL!

THE alarming increase in the number of frightful accidents, resulting in terrible deaths and destruction of valuable property, caused by the indiscriminate use of kerosene, has been to make it perfectly safe, that is known under the name of CARSON'S STELLAR OIL, which we call your special attention to an article which will, wherever used, remove the cause of such accidents. We allude to

CARSON'S STELLAR OIL FOR ILLUMINATING PURPOSES

The proprietor of this oil has for several years felt the necessity of providing for, and presenting to the public, as a substitute for the dangerous compounds which are sent broadcast over the country, as an oil that is safe, brilliant, and entirely reliable. After a long series of laborious and costly experiments, he has succeeded in producing, and now offers to the public, such a substitute, in

"CARSON'S STELLAR OIL."

It should be used by every family because it is safe beyond a question. The primary purpose in the preparation of STELLAR OIL has been to make it perfectly safe, that is known under the name of SAFETY and BRILLIANCY will always be maintained, for upon this the proprietor depends for maintaining the high reputation of the STELLAR OIL new enjoys.

To prevent the adulteration of this oil with the explosive compounds now known to be used in fire-ball can cases, each can being sealed and stamped with the trade-mark of the proprietor; it cannot, therefore, be tampered with between the manufacturer and consumer. None is genuine without this trade-mark.

It is the duty and interest of all dealers and consumers of illuminating oil, to use the STELLAR OIL, only, because it alone is known to be safe and reliable. It is for sale by

Amerson, Benedict & Co., Waynesboro'.
Manon & Stalter, Marion.
E. B. Winger, Quincy.
Gulwick & Burkhardt, Chambersburg.
W. D. Dixon, St. Thomas.
J. Hostetter & Co., Greencastle.
Thomas C. Grove, Mercersburg.
Jno. L. Richey.

GARDEN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS,
No 136 South Front St., Philadelphia.
Feb 2-1871

FAIRVIEW MILL!

FAMILY FLOUR, ETC.

THE undersigned having refitted and added all the latest improvements to his Mill, (formerly Frantz's) announces to the public that he is now manufacturing a superior article of **FAMILY FLOUR**, which will be delivered to persons at market prices. He has also on hand a supply of **MILLS STUFF** of all kinds, which will be sold at the lowest market rates. Having refitted his Mill with the most improved machinery he feels that he is enabled to give general satisfaction.

His Flour is sacks can be had at **Reid's Grocery**, where orders may be left.

The highest market price paid for **WHEAT** delivered at the Mill.

COOPER STUFF wanted.
mar 25-4] **DAVID PATERSON.**