

The Elk County Advocate.

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MY FAMILIARS.

There's a little blue-eyed fairy,
Who flits about the house,
Some times busy as a bee,
Then as quiet as a mouse.
Over house and yard and garden,
Not two minutes quite the same,
Loving frolic—full of mischief—
Little Gally is her name.

When I sit down to my sewing,
Making socks and dresses fine,
Dick comes stealing pins and cotton
To make fishing-boots and line.
Then with whip and boots and bat on,
Springs his sick across the floor,
Saying, "Good-bye, now—am going!"
Peeping backward through the door.

As I told him in the evening
Of the Saviour in the sky,
And the shining glorious angels
Who can never, never die,
With his little chubby finger,
He pointed to the ceiling
"Yes," he said, "I see the glory
Through the little holes, mamma."

He asked me once so earnest,
This little tricky Dick,
If "fishing" was a hobby,
Did not make the angels sick!
And when the time came for him,
His knife and fishing-rod,
He would "carry in his pocket"
And give them both to God.

GETTING OLD TOGETHER.

A FRENCH LOVE STORY.

Some years ago a young man of the name of Charles Letenier fell in love with the daughter of the physician with whom he was studying. The physician was not rich, and Charles had nothing so that, after all, he was a very bad match for Elise D'smond, particularly as there was a very rich banker who had asked for the hand of Miss Elise, thinking, as a matter of course, that her heart would accompany it.

Monsieur D'smond accepted the banker's settlement with great delight, and Mme. D'smond assured her daughter that from her own experience it was not at all necessary to love her husband. Elise cried a good deal, and Charles swore he never would love any one else; yet in spite of both these facts, Elise was daily married to the banker, and Charles immediately sailed from Havre on the first ship to New Orleans.

Elise and Charles had had a last interview, in which they had vowed all sorts of loving and romantic nonsense, and among other things that, should Elise ever be free, she would fly to the other end of the world to unite herself to her faithful Charles.

But the banker, though some years older than his wife, possessed a good digestion and a hard heart, and consequently was not likely to die, and so he lived for almost twenty-five years, when at length he gave up his life and estate, leaving Elise a widow, and if not an insolvent one, at least a very rich one. Elise had rarely heard from Charles, but in order that there might be some link between them, she had constituted herself guardian to a nephew of his, an orphan.

Elise had no children of her own, and she loved this boy for his own sake, for he was worthy of love, and also because he reminded her forcibly of the lover of her youth. Her husband had, on his part, also adopted, not a nephew, but a niece, Melanie Serve, who lived with them, and had for Elise the care and affection of a daughter.

Now it so happened that Charles's nephew had a regular correspondence with his uncle, from whom he disguised nothing, owning even the love he felt for Melanie. He gave a glowing description of her beauty, only forgetting to mention her name. Charles, who had still preserved in his heart the image of Elise as she was on her wedding-day, concluded that his nephew was in love with her, and he became angry and alarmed. He was now rich, and began to feel a longing desire to visit his native country; for this purpose he began to settle up his affairs, in the midst of which came the announcement for which he had waited twenty-five years—that Elise was a widow. He wrote by the next ship an ardent letter to his beautiful Elise, and by the following mail for Europe.

He announced his arrival at Havre, stating that on such a day he would be at the feet of Elise. On the receipt of this letter Elise began to prepare for his arrival, choosing the style of dress and colors which Charles used to say became her most, and awaited his coming, killing the time by giving Melanie a description of her handsome Charles.

At last the bell rang, Elise, unable to endure her emotion, sank into a chair, while Charles rushed into the room, and without even casting a look at the middle-aged lady, dressed like a caricature, clasped Melanie in his arms, exclaiming: "Elise! dear Elise!"

At this Elise opened her eyes. Where was Charles? Not the bald-headed, sedate-looking man before her. "Charles Letenier! Can it be?" "Elise!" responded Charles, "can it be?"

The fact was that both had forgotten to make the addition of how much twenty-five and twenty-five would come to, and twenty and twenty-five; but now it all came to a rush, and Charles remembered that Elise was forty-five, and Elise discovered that Charles was fifty, and that he looked it to a minute. Charles was not at all aware that he looked his age, but he thought that Elise looked considerably.

In this confusion things the conversation dragged considerably. Each had prepared love speeches to say to one another, but now they would sound ridiculous. Elise, in order to break an awkward silence, drew a pretty gold box from her pocket, and asked Charles if he would take a pinch of snuff.

"My Elise taking snuff!" almost shrieked the astonished Charles.

"For a cold, simply."

Charles, nothing daunted, drew forth a pipe, and lighting it said:

"The ladies in New Orleans always allow it."

"My Charles with a pipe!" exclaimed Elise.

Barbarities of the Slave Trade.

The horrors of the African slave trade still exist—as the following narrative proves. It is taken from the evidence given by the Rev. Horace Waller, printed in the recent Parliamentary Report on the Slave Trade, issued in London.

Kidnapping is prevalent all over Africa, leading to all sorts of petty disputes and retaliation, and the more disturbed the country is the cheaper slaves become. So cheap do they at last become that Mr. Waller has known children of the age of from eight to ten years bought for less than a bushel of corn into a hat; and it may be easily imagined that when they are bought so cheaply and when they fetch so large a price on the coast, it pays the slave-dealer well to collect as many slaves as he can, knowing that he must lose a certain proportion on the way, but also knowing that the remainder will pay him a large profit. It is (remarks Mr. Waller) like sending up for a large block of ice to London in hot weather; you know that a certain amount will melt away before it reaches you in the country, but that which remains will be sufficient for your wants. Mr. Waller further explained how this "block of ice" melts in transit:

"Sickness may break out; they may cross a part of the country where there is very little food, and then many die of famine. Then, again, if the road is anything like insubordination in the slaving, the axe and knife are used freely indeed, and an indiscriminate slaughter takes place among all those who are in the way to be obnoxious. We liberated a gang of eighty-four slaves one morning, and within a few miles of the place where we liberated them we were shown places in the bush where slaves had been killed only that morning. One poor woman had a child on her back which she had recently given birth to, and which she was too weak to carry further, and the slave-dealer took it by the heels and dashed it against a solid rock. Another woman was ill herself and could not keep in line, and the slave-dealer dashed her brains out with an axe, and she was cut out of the slave throng. They are all united in a long string, the men being yoked in heavy forged irons, which are kept on their necks from the time they are taken to the coast, and are delivered to the slave-ship, sometimes for six weeks, and sometimes even three months at a time."

Crabberries in Northern Wisconsin.

The Fond du Lac Commonwealth has an interesting article on the crabberries near Brim, Wis. The extent of this interest developed within two or three years is surprising. Marsh lands, which a few years ago sold at \$1.00 or less an acre, are now worth hundreds of dollars an acre. Some farms are held at \$25.00 an acre, and some at \$50.00. The acre, the largest grower. Last year the products of Mr. Sack's marsh sold for \$36.00. This year his sales are expected to reach \$70.00 and those of Messrs. Carey as much.

The Commonwealth gives this description of picking crabberries on Mr. Sack's place:

He has about 600 acres. On Wednesday last he had 1,000 pickers, (men, women and children, of all sizes and ages) kneeling in a single line, as close together as a file of soldiers, all busily picking the rich, red berry from the tangled vines before them. Slowly, very slowly, the long line advances on their knees, each picker pushing his pan or basket forward, pulling his partly filled sack or bag behind him. An overseer to each one hundred hands, watches that the ground is thoroughly cleaned of berries, not unfrequently calling some careless picker from the line to pick over his neglected vines.

A portable wooden railroad track is run from the warehouse to any part of the marsh, and a bin-shaped car, propelled by two men, is kept near the line of pickers, to which each person carries his or her berries, where they are measured and emptied into the car. The picker receives a ticket on which is marked the amount his berries measured, and each Saturday exchanges his ticket for currency at the rate of 75 cents for each bushel of berries gathered. Girls, ranging from 13 to 20 years of age pick the most, and average about one and a half bushels per day. It is said some will gather four bushels, but very many fall below one.

Worth of Four Pins.

There is, or was, a Polish lady, the Countess of K., living in Paris. She wears a very singular brooch or breast-stone. Encircled by twenty precious stones, on the ground of a dark blue stone, and covered by a glass in front, is, what do you suppose? A portrait? No. A lock of hair? No. What then? Just your common pins, bent together in the form of a star! Why does she wear such a singular thing as this? Her husband, a Polish nobleman, was put in prison because he was thought to be a secret enemy of the Government. He was put into a dark, damp dungeon, far down under the ground. He had no light. He could not tell when it was day, or when it was night. He had no one to speak to, for no one was allowed to go near him but the keeper of the prison, and he was not allowed to speak to him. He had nothing to do; days, weeks, and months passed, and he was still in the dungeon; he was not brought to trial. Poor man! how miserable he was! He thought he would lose his mind, he felt his reason beginning to give way. Oh, if he only had something to do! Feeling over his coat, one day, he found four pins, and he wept for joy. But you say: "Four pins! And what use were they to him?" Why, he just took them from his coat and threw them on the floor of his dungeon, and then he went down his hands and knees, and felt all over till he found them. When he found them, he scattered them on the floor again, and could you have gone into his dungeon, you would have found him on his hands and knees groping for his four pins! It was all his work. And when, after five years' imprisonment,

A Narrow Escape.

HOW A MOTHER AND HER FIVE CHILDREN FLED FROM FIRE.

A correspondent writes from Michigan:

A thrilling incident and miraculous escape from death was in the case of the family of five children of Mr. William Mann of Elk Creek. When the morning of the 15th of October, 1871, dawned, they saw that they must leave their home, after fighting the fire all day, they told the children (five in number) to go to the lake and she would follow as soon as she had gathered up a few articles to take with her. They reached the lake just in time to be taken into a fishing boat, which three neighbors were about to shove off in. The mother in the meantime had gathered up what she could carry, and started for the lake, but found the road which her children had taken so full of smoke and fire, and falling back upon the shore, she saw that she could not get through the woods, coming out some distance above where the children had. She knew not whether her pets had passed through the fiery ordeal safely or not. She naturally feared the worst, but finally heard they had been taken off by the boat.

He then commences the romantic and thrilling part of the story. There was not an oar or sweep on board; a piece of board was all they had to control the boat with. For some time the boat rode gently upon the water, all the time working a little out from shore, although they did not realize, on account of the density of the smoke, how far they were getting from shore. They presumed they could easily return at their pleasure. It soon became apparent, on account of the roughness of the lake, that they were rapidly drifting into the lake, and they made all the efforts they possibly could to guide their way, and they looked toward the shore. Hour after hour they labored, but all was in vain. They knew that if they continued to drift death was almost sure. All were in the greatest despair.

The oldest of the children, a girl of eleven summers, was the bravest of the lot. She held the baby almost constantly during that terrible trip. On they went, the waves frequently breaking over them—of course all were wet and cold. Night came on with Egyptian darkness. After weary and long, long hours of suffering, day break was joyously hailed. The waves were now beyond the smoke of the burning forests. They were sure they would soon land until darkness again set in without seeing a sail. At about two o'clock in the morning of the third day out, one of Mrs. Mann's children, a boy of twelve summers, fell from hunger and exposure, when it died it was lying in the bottom of the boat with water half over its little body. The little eleven year old girl said she wanted the men in the boat to put it on the bedding, but they would not, and she was too weak and sad to hold the baby, and she could not do it. The children did not cry much on the last day, as they were nearly exhausted. Finally, after three days and nights, they were drifted on shore at Kincaid, Ont., where their wails were speedily attended to, and from there sent to Port Huron.

During these three days, the reader can imagine the mother's feelings. Everything that knew of the circumstances supposed of course they had gone to the bottom of the lake. The mother came into Port Huron, and at once went to the relief rooms. After making herself known, and bewailing the fate of her children, she was told that the children were in the hospital, and she was to go there to see them. At last she was permitted to see them, and she was told that they were all well, and she was to go to see them. She was told that they were all well, and she was to go to see them. She was told that they were all well, and she was to go to see them.

Dealing Tenderly.

The great professors who can face the battery of a thousand eyes directed to them on the rostrum, are frequently the most diffident men when taken away from their regular sphere of labor. There was a professor on this subject who was told to ask papa for his wife. When Jane Emily Wilson suggested to him that before she could give her absolute consent it would be necessary that he should obtain her father's approval, "You must speak for me," said the suitor, "for I could not summon courage to speak to the professor, on this subject, and I am in the library," said the lady. "Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, "and I will wait till you return." The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Prof. so-and-so had asked her hand in marriage. She added, "Shall I accept his offer, papa?" He is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself. "Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings," said the hearty old Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it to your back." "Papa's answer is on my back," said the young lady, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning round, the delighted suitor read, "With the author's compliments."

A War Document.

In an article on "Confederate Prices," the Brandon (Miss.) Republican says: "For the benefit of future generations, we publish the following specimen of prices paid during the late war. It is a little bill of articles purchased by a merchant of Brandon from a wholesale house in New Orleans, on the 27th of September, 1864: Four pounds of tallow, at \$60 per pound, \$240; twenty pounds toilet soap, at \$20 per pound, \$400; twenty-six pounds soda, at \$1 per pound, \$104; one dozen cans of oil, at \$120; ten gallons spirits turpentine, at \$100—can 20—\$120.

Stampede of Horses.

On this side the Atlantic, and especially in the far West, we have become acquainted with that kind of panic which sometimes affects men as well as animals (Bull Run, for example), and is called "stampeding." The horses of the Life Guards of London took to "stampeding" one night during the late sham campaign at Aldershot, with some fatal and many ludicrous results, and now we hear that during the recent sham campaign near St. Petersburg, the Emperor's Carriers, 900 strong, reached their halting place; the horses were unassisted and held by the head, or left alone—so great was the faith in their docility—pending the arrival of the cavalry. Suddenly one squadron frightened by a row in an adjacent camp, broke loose, and in a twinkling the whole 900 followed. They selected "one large, powerful horse as their leader, and with one look and a snort at him which they meant as the understood signal for the stampede, they were off in a solid column. The lesson is that horses fresh from the stables and not broken in to hard work need more watchful care at starting on a campaign; while the use that may be made of the bugle-call is as obvious as it is pleasing.

Growth of the Petroleum Trade.

According to the annual report of the New York Chamber of Commerce, just issued, the exports of petroleum in 1870 were 37 per cent. greater than those of the previous year, and nearly all this increase, or 33 per cent., is accounted for by the shipment from the port of New York. The total export from the United States in 1870 was 141,208,155 gallons, against 1,300,000 in 1869, and 99,281,000 gallons in 1868, showing an increase of nearly 42,000,000 gallons in two years. The first sale noticed for export was in May, 1861, when 100,000 gallons were sent to foreign markets. Antwerp, which has since led all other ports in the importation of petroleum, took in that year 5,671 gallons, increasing the amount in the following year more than 800,000 gallons. Great Britain took 579,000 in 1861—and in 1862 increased her importation to 3,238,000 gallons.

The continued growth of this trade for ten years—from 1,500,000 gallons in 1860 to 141,208,155 in 1870—is a wonderful exhibit not only on account of the rapid development of the oil interest, but also because the yearly increase has been steady. The daily average product of the Pennsylvania oil district in December, 1867, was 10,400 gallons, in the same month of 1870, it was 15,214 gallons, and in 1871 it was 16,000 gallons. The quantity of wells in that region, in regard to the home consumption, it is estimated that it is equal to one half the quantity exported—making in round numbers an aggregate consumption of 11,000,000 gallons annually. This enormous amount, reckoning the price at an average of twenty cents per gallon, represents a value of more than \$2,200,000 for a single year—certainly a remarkable return for a product unknown to commerce ten years ago.

What Ailed Deacon Waterman.

It is not for us to meddle with the local politics of Rhode Island, and what that State has to do with us is to let us alone to look after our own welfare. But the Providence Journal introduces some counsel to disinterested experimentalists, with the following tale, which of itself and without reference to the local application of its moral must be copied as deserving a place in the current literature of the day, especially for the fidelity of its lucid description of a repeat such as is not to be had even at first-class hotels:

Jedediah Waterman was a substantial farmer in Johnston. He was a deacon in the church, voted the Whig ticket, and was a worthy and substantial citizen. A Rhode Islander of the old school, he was now sixty when he used to say that he never had a pain or an ache in his life, and had never passed an hour in bed except for his natural sleep, never on account of sickness or bodily weakness. But it came to pass that the good deacon felt the need of medical advice, and he sent for the doctor. Dr. Pike drove up in that old-fashioned sulky, old-fashioned even in that day, and his old bay horse—nobody recollects them but we—and arrived at the deacon's house at high noon, and just as one of the deacon's hired men was blowing the horn for dinner. This may not have been altogether accidental, for the deacon was famous for his good cheer, and the doctor, like all other doctors that we ever heard of, was not altogether indifferent to the rational pleasures of the table.

Dangers of Limburger Cheese.

Three children in St. Louis having displayed symptoms of poison, soon after eating Limburger cheese, led to an examination. It was discovered that the cheese did contain poison, but imported by the wrapper in which it is always prepared for market. The cheese in itself is innocuous, but it is enveloped in lead-foil wrappings which are harmless until they come in contact with a liquid which will act upon them as a solvent, in which case the liquid becomes poisonous by taking up the lead. The decomposition of this cheese had produced a very strong acid, which came in contact with the wrapper, and then spread throughout the cheese, thus poisoning the whole cake. The discovery of this fact ought to produce a change in the method of preparing the cheese for market.

The loss of life in Persia from cholera, pestilence and famine has been frightful. Of the 129,000 inhabitants of Mesched, the capital of Khorassan, two-thirds perished from hunger and disease in the course of July last, while the remaining third died, and were mostly captured by roving troops of Turkomans and Afghans, and led into slavery. At other places, cholera carried off great numbers of people. The government seems to have been shamefully indifferent to the sufferings of the populace.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

An old lady in Wisconsin has missed one of her eyes in twenty years.

Why does B precede O in the alphabet? Because you must be before you can see. Do you observe?

A music dealer in a Western town announces in his window a sentimental song, "Thou Hast Loved Me and Left Me for Twenty-five Cents."

Cassville, near Salt Lake, contains seventy-three husbands, who have, in the aggregate 347 wives and 622 children.

It has been estimated by Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, that the number of lives lost in his State during the late conflagration was from twelve to eighteen hundred.

The Treasury Department has received a deposit of \$67.80 on account of the post-office at Sitka, Alaska, being the first deposit on the postal account received from that station.

Cotton prizes to the amount of \$1,000, open to the world—\$500 to the first, \$300 to the second, and \$200 to the third best bale—were offered by the Alabama State Fair Association. This is liberal, and should attract competition from all over the cotton States.

The latest thing in funerals is a casket of Birmingham, Va., where a gentleman who was being carried to the cemetery by his relatives, kicked at his coffin-lid and demanded to be let out. If this thing should become epidemic, it will be very awkward.

Prominent English capitalists are about to attempt the development of the Canadian oil-fields, and will take steps to introduce the products of their enterprise into European markets. That there are large quantities of petroleum in that section, there is no doubt.

Lillie Puckham, the young advocate of woman suffrage out West, recently died in Milwaukee from the effects of a Russian bath. She was formerly connected editorially with the Toledo (Ohio) Index, and had lately been called to the pastorate of a Unitarian church in Iowa.

Remember that now is the time to set out hyacinth bulbs if you desire spring flowers. And remember also that the time has passed for setting out on stoops. Don't do it, or you'll raise snakes. Buys may be reminded that it is not seasonable for setting out elsewhere at school time; by doing this they will raise cane.

A deformed chicken of common breed, the deformity resulting from a broken back, was entered at the Muskingum County (Ohio) Fair as a Hungarian cock of the "Sclavi Magyar breed," just imported, and the sapient judges, after gravely inspecting it, awarded it the first premium over one of the finest poultry shows ever seen in the country.

Approval of the great fires raging in the North-west the Chicago Post appeals to the people or the government to take some action toward preventing the reckless and improvident waste of our great national timber resources. In less than half a century, it says, if we continue in our present course, wood for fuel or for building purposes will be scarcer here than it is in England. What is needed is a law prohibiting the cutting of trees in less than a certain girth, avoiding severe penalties for careless or wanton bush-firing, and compelling the annual planting of trees in the country, even as the statutes provide for the maintenance of roads and construction of bridges.

The Kennebec Journal contains the following incident: An old farmer in the vicinity of Augusta, about twenty years ago, was engaged in the trade of a large bale of goods with an Augusta dealer in furniture, as he was about to drive off, hauled the furniture dealer with, "If you will throw in a looking-glass, I will bring you down a barrel of nice apples." The mirror was "thrown in," and this was the last seen of the farmer until five days since, when an aged farmer backed his "apple cart" up to the sidewalk opposite the furniture store, now occupied by sons of the former owner, opened the door, and shouted, "Here's yer apples." The surprise of the sons was great; but the father, who was present, remembered the circumstances of the trade, and heartily greeted his old acquaintance, who, after a lapse of twenty years, had not forgotten his promise.

The romance of Enoch Arden finds an unromantic illustration in Virginia. One John Wiley, a private in a Virginia Regiment, was wounded during the early part of the war, was for a long time confined in the hospital, and then took the oath of allegiance and went west. Mrs. Wiley mourned him as dead for years, and then became Mrs. William Smith. A few days ago, as she sat on the porch of her home, a bronzed traveler approached and embraced her most enthusiastically. Smith first knocked the man down and then asked him who he was! It was John Wiley, husband No. 1, his feelings greatly wounded at his reception. Explanations and apologies followed. A compromise was effected, and for \$200 Mr. Wiley agreed to start at once for Colorado, to return no more.

In collecting clothing for the Chicago sufferers in Pawtucket, a few days since, the children in one of the infant schools were given a recess to go home and bring whatever wearing apparel they had to spare. One of the little girls went home for her share, and as her mother had stepped out, concluded to help herself, and accordingly packed up all the dresses, etc., of which she was possessed, save what she had on, and with all the gravity possible presented them to the committee, who, of course, packed them with the rest and sent them away. When the little girl's mother came to look for a change of clothes for the child after school, the discovery of what had been done took place, and the consternation in that family can be better imagined than described. The little miss said she had been sent home to get her clothes, which she had done for the letter.