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SOUL FOR SOUL.

BY FLORENCE MARVAT.

O eyes, that pierce me through and through,
And draw my very soul away,
Your sunshine may not fill my life,
Nor turn my darkness into day.
Dear eyes, you are not made for me—
Must I from your enchantments flee?

O voice, whose cadence, rich and low,
Sings my frail being to its core;
Whose accents thrill my soul with hope,
Which reason quenches evermore.
Dear voice, I dare not love thy tone—
Thou never canst be mine alone.

O hand, that lies so warm in mine,
Whose hold is firm as hold of death,
I shrink from thine assuring clasp,
Although it wreaths of love and faith.
Dear hand, that touch is not for me;
Unloose thine hold—let me go free.

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
And seal those words a promise true,
Can pledge so sacred have been?
Must I too bid farewell to you?
Dear lips, for this world 'twere too sweet
That you and I should often meet.

O heart, that understands so well
All that my heart longs to disclose,
Upon that faith whereon I place repose,
This worlded heart will never lose.
Dear heart, how gladly would I bear
One-half the griefs that rankle there!

O soul, that springs to meet my own,
As though it recognized its lot,
Must my soul's portals close on thee?
Could it exist where thou wert not?
Ah, no! Fate here holds outside control,
Take all, but leave me soul for soul!

JOSEPH GOLDING'S LAST CHRISTMAS.

It was very strange, thought old Joseph Golding, that he couldn't be master of his own mind. He had lived a great many years, and in the course of his life he had seen many things, but he never had seen anything like this. He was an old man, and he was very rich, but he was very lonely. He had no children, and he had no one to care for him. He had a large house, and he had a large fortune, but he was very lonely. He had a large house, and he had a large fortune, but he was very lonely. He had a large house, and he had a large fortune, but he was very lonely.

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The Sea-Serpent.

A startling circumstance, as according to the *Chronicle*, occurred at Kilkie, Ireland. The sea-serpent was actually seen at that watering-place, to the dismay of the visitors, who had not reckoned on this pleasing addition to their little society. A short time since a party of several ladies and gentlemen, one of whom—fortunately for the serpent—is a well-known clergyman in the north of Ireland, observed an enormous head, shaped somewhat like that of a horse, emerge from the water. Behind the head and on the neck was a kind of oblong, or, as the *Chronicle* describes it, "a huge mane and sea-weed-looking hair, which rose and fell with the motion of the water. It was well imagined that when the head fixed its glassy eyes on the group it excited for the moment feelings the reverse of comfortable. One lady nearly fainted at the sight, and all had their nerves considerably upset by the dreadful appearance of this extraordinary creature." The well-known clergyman in the north of Ireland, however, preserved his presence of mind and was equal to the occasion, for he minutely inspected the interesting stranger, steadfastly returning its gaze, until, to the relief of all present, in a few minutes the gigantic head, and all that displayed beneath the surface of the water. There can be little doubt that the sea-serpent, who has hitherto been too modest to disclose himself except to mariners on the lonely sea, has turned over a new leaf, and will in future make himself at home at various sea-side places; nor can any thing be more judicious than to turn a cold shoulder upon him, or annoy him on the other hand, by vulgar curiosity. He is evidently a most determined beast, of gigantic strength and stature, and it would be well, now that he shows a social tendency, to meet him respectfully, but with self-possession. His appearance, it is true, is against him, but, for aught we know, his disposition may be good; and, as far from that being any reason for ladies to faint away when he puts his head out of the water, there is, it is to be feared, far more reason to expect that the serpent himself will be overcome by faintness at some of the sights to be witnessed at many of the watering-places on the English and Irish coasts.

To Young Men.

It is easier to be a good business man than a good man. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind will save credit, give more time to business, and add to the profit and reputation of your work. Honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man, or a certain thing, at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time. If you go out on business, sit up promptly to the matter on hand, and then as promptly go about your business. Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business be found there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons. Never "loaf" on business matters. If you have to labor for a living, remember that one hour in the morning is better than two at night. If you employ others, be on hand to see that they attend to their duties, and to direct with regularity, promptness and liberality. Do not meddle with any business you know nothing of. Never buy a thing simply because the man that sells it will take it out in trade.

Trade is money. Time is money. A good business habit and reputation is always money. Make your place of business pleasant and attractive; then stay there to wait on your customers. Never use queer words, or allow your self to make hasty or ungentlemanly remarks to those in your employ, for to do so lessens their respect for you and your influence over them. Help yourself, and others will help you. Be faithful over the interest confided to your keeping, and all in good time your responsibilities will be increased. Do not be in too great haste to get rich. Do not build until you have arranged and made a good foundation. Do not—as you hope to work for success—spend time in idleness. If your time is your own, business will suffer if you do. If it is given to another for pay, it belongs to him, and you have no more right to steal it than to steal money.

Be obliging. Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path; more miles can be made a day by going steadily on than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Ask, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give when you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to think for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep young men, cut this out; and if there is a folly in the argument, let us know.

Retirent People.

An exchange referring to this seldom understood class of people, says "Valuable in society, at home the patient are so many forms of living death. Eyes have, and see not; ears, and hear not; and the faculty of speech seems to have been given to them in vain. They go out and they come home, and they tell you nothing of all they have seen. They have read all sorts of news, and see no end of pleasant things; but they come down to breakfast next morning as mute as fishes, and if you want it, you must dig out your own information bit by bit, by sequential, categorical questioning. Not that they are surly or ill-natured; they are only reticent. They are disinterested enough to those who are associated with them, and make the worst partners in the world in business or marriage; for you never know what is going on, or where you are, and you must be content to walk blindfolded if you walk with them." But what shall we do with such people? They are ignorant, doubting, suspicious, and of course they will be snarled at and denounced and thought guilty of all manner of sins of which none in the world is generally more innocent. They are generally the victims of all manner of lectures, and are generally familiar with both smiles and tears. Either or both may move them, but not to communion or storms or anger, even in self-defense. And even that silence is misconstrued. They are too proud and too sensitive to enter upon a defense of what to themselves is clear as the noonday sun; but the garrulous denouncer of their peculiarities and imagined sins takes it for an acknowledgment of guilt, and that as they can say nothing in their own defense, they seek silence. The lot of the reticent is indeed bad when it falls in such unpleasant places, and only they themselves can know the delight of being entirely alone, and communing with their own thoughts and aspirations, if they can find no one who can stand on their own heights, and understand them in their abstracted musings. Language is often good, but terrible when drifting about without a rudder.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

There are said to be thirty post-mortem in Texas.

Seven thousand women belong to the Belgian International.

The Iowa press generally favor abolishing the grand jury system.

Bicklayers in Chicago are demanding \$8 per day, or they quit work.

Some of the most trusted lighthouse-keepers on the Atlantic coast are women.

Arkansas is to have an Industrial University at Fayetteville—\$120,000 worth.

Why is a baby cutting its first "incisors" like a teapot? Because it's a tea-thing.

A Chicago lady found her diamond ring in the rains of her house some days after the first snow.

In Colorado a bald person finds himself alluded to as "a man with his head above timber-line."

The editor of the *Claremont*, N. H., *Exile* has been presented with a parsnip five feet nine inches long.

Sliding down hill on a codfish is the winter amusement of the New Bedford belles. The codfish enjoy it.

The United States expended four million dollars last year on three kinds of dye—madder, indigo and cochineal.

A Methodist congregation of eleven Mexicans has been organized near La Janta, the first of the kind in Mexico.

The late snow slides in the canons in Utah were more serious than reported. Quite a number of people are missing.

The workmen of Great Britain have organized a committee for promoting the separation of Church and State.

The English people desire a silver currency which can be reckoned with equal facility in shillings, dollars and francs.

Cincinnati drinks beer at a cost of six and a half million dollars per annum, and only pays grave-diggers \$2.50 per day.

Large gold daggers, with hilt studded with diamonds and other precious stones, have come into fashion again for the hair.

A bill in the Illinois Legislature proposes that women shall not be debarred from any occupation except the military.

Most of all the saloon-keepers in Chicago are selling horns from the cow that kicked over the kerosene lamp that set fire to the city.

H. G. says that the ladies now wear so much false hair he can't tell which is switch. What does he know about hair? He hasn't had any in forty years.

A Fifth Avenue young lady who went to Europe last summer, taking with her only a small carpet-bag, has returned with sixteen well-filled trunks.

The United States Treasurer has just received a contribution to the construction fund from the city of New York, for customs duty on wearing apparel.

It is announced from Japan that about five hundred of the more advanced and promising pupils at the Yeddo Government School have been sent to America.

Continental journals state that the betrothal of the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, and the Princess Mary Elizabeth, of Prussia, is soon to be officially announced. The Grand Duke is twenty-two; the Princess—the eldest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles and the Princess Mary of Anhalt—sixteen.

The bed and mattress on which President Lincoln died was sold at public auction, in Washington, recently, and brought eighty dollars. A restaurateur was the purchaser, and intends to keep it as a relic of the great tragedy at Ford's Theatre.

The *New York Times* states that a solid section cut from one of the original "big trees" of California is in this city on its way to a European market. It is a tree of two kinds—twenty-five days in felling this huge tree; its height is 392 feet, and its largest diameter 32 feet. The specimen was cut at a distance of 20 feet from the base. The stump is covered in, and is now used as a ball-room! It has been ascertained from counting the annual rings that the tree is more than 2,500 years old.

This is what they call a "joke" in New Orleans: A country-looking chap gets off a train. A stranger steps up to him and says: "An' five feet high, two feet eleven across the breast, eighteen inches through." "What do you mean, sir?" eagerly asks the countryman. "It's all right," says the other. "You measure five feet eleven by eighteen. I'll be ready for you by nine o'clock to-morrow morning," and he puts up the tape measure and says: "What are you driving at, sir?" asks the countryman, angrily. "Why you see," says the other, "the yellow fever is killing off strangers so fast that I have to take their measurements as they come in, or else the dead bodies accumulate on my hands." A pallor comes over the countryman's face, a frantic call is made to the baggage-master to recheck his trunk, and he leaves for home.

A singular incident occurred at Lewiston, Maine, last week, which may perhaps afford physicians a hint respecting the treatment of that hitherto unmanageable disease, diphtheria. A factory girl of that city, while suffering from this complaint, was attacked with a severe coughing, when the nurse, discovering what seemed to be a foreign substance in the patient's throat, seized the end of it, and to her surprise and alarm pulled out the false membrane. This act saved the sufferer. A physician of that city now has the membrane in his possession. It is about three inches in length, completely preserved, of a white leathery substance, and is so thick that it retains the shape of the air passage from which it was withdrawn. It has before been suggested that diphtheria and similar diseases might be treated mechanically, and a group has sometimes yielded to the surgeon.

The First Newspaper in America.

In Buckingham's "Newspaper Specimens" we find that the first attempt to set up a newspaper in North America, so far as can be ascertained from existing records or from tradition, was made in Boston in the year 1689. Only one copy is known to be in existence, and this is deposited in the State Paper Office in London.

Number one of this paper, and probably the only number ever published, is Sept. 15, 1690. Immediately on its publication the legislative authorities spoke of it as a pamphlet, stated that it was an act contrary to law, and contained a reflection of a very high nature. They strictly forbade any printing press in Boston, and in 1691 printed the acts and laws of Massachusetts, and was "printer to his Excellency the Governor and Council." Harris's commission to print the laws was in the following words:

"By his excellency—I order Benjamin Harris to print the acts and laws made by the great and general court assembled by His Majesty's province of Massachusetts Bay of New England, that we the people may be informed thereof. Boston, Dec. 16, 1692." "Wm. PIERCE.

This is curious, interesting and important history, showing that the advent of the newspaper to this country took place a hundred and eighty years ago.

Opium Eating.

The most painful consequence of the opium habit is that it so soon establishes its iron rule over the system, that very early any deprivation of the wanted supply may induce insupportable suffering. It does not really cooperate with the opium habit, but that he has entered the slavery of a master whose grip is anguish, and to escape from whom is to be gripped more tightly than ever. Refreshing sleep becomes a thing of the past. Further on in his downward career, the victim loses all relish for social enjoyment. His moral sense becomes deranged, and disquiet, conscience ceases to control. Insanity at last becomes the condition of the mind, and morally and physically the man is a wreck and a ruin. Worse than this, the deleterious effects of the habit extend to posterity, and the sins of the father or mother are visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation.

ROUGH ON MRS. JINKS.—Henry Jinks advertises, in a country paper, for some one to elope with his wife. He says the person who applies "must be one with a healthy constitution, and able to do with but little sleep. A sailor would suit best, one that has accustomed to big blows. My wife," he says further, "has many good points for a man who could appreciate them. I cannot. She can talk faster than lightning can travel, and louder than a railroad whistle can scream. She doesn't care much for the amenities, but is very powerful on the scorbities of life. She would be a good assistant in a vinegar factory, she's so sour, and would be a noble companion for a man living in a country where there are plenty of bears, she's so powerful in hugging. To any man who feels like enticing my wife to elope with him, I will pay \$80 and the expense of elopement. Should my blessing be considered of any importance, I'll throw it in." We should like to hear Mrs. Jinks' side of the story; that is, at a convenient season, or with a moderate allowance of foolscap.

A Novel Way to Shuffle off the Mortal Coil.

A singular case of disregard for life, says the *Steubenville* (Ohio) *Herald*, by courting a dangerous contagion, came to our notice this morning, in the death of a young man from smallpox. The deceased went from this city to Pittsburgh, and of his own accord, applied for, and obtained a situation at a hospital where several violent cases of smallpox were, for the purpose, he claimed afterwards, of contracting the disease that he might die. He continued in the handling of smallpox patients and corpses for several weeks, and returned here some ten days since, and told his exploits among the "stiffs" of the dreaded contagion, saying he wished he would take the smallpox, that he was tired of life, and "wanted God Almighty to take it." He had his wish. In a few days after making the reckless remarks, he was stricken with the disease in the most violent form, his physician pronouncing his case almost hopeless from the first. This morning he died, and was conveyed to the last earthly tenement, where the troubles of life cease. In this death the circumstances are peculiar; the wish expressed, and the means taken to contract the disease as stated, are all new, and of getting rid of life. Another singular circumstance was the publication of his death, and the digging of his grave, the day before he died.

Gossip.

So many people have so little to do that they find plenty of time to attend to other people's business in addition to their own.

We once knew a man that was bankrupt on account of the kindness of a friend that was too free in attending to his business. He really meant no harm, but on account of his officiousness, and not knowing the true state of his friend's business, he was the cause of his ruin.

It is customary to attribute this weakness to brainlessness, and in contempt, to say *old woman*; but allow me to say that, if you find a decrepit old bachelor, or a brainless fool of either sex, he is the best type of a gossip in the world. He can wag his head so significantly. He can say so much in such few words, that to speak of woman as representative is a burlesque upon his skill. May I speak plainly, to show contempt for the villainous murderer of reputation, when I say that a fitting place can be assigned to the destroyer of more happy homes, the spoiler of more hearts, and the impersonation of more hell than can be concentrated in any other victim the devil can ensnare. Pardon me, reader, but the dealer in other men's reputations should not be confined with the thief, nor the ordinary murderer, since his calling is to kill the body, while this insensate devil attempts to destroy the soul.

The cultivation of beef-root sugar in France has now risen to an industry of the first importance. It employs more than four hundred manufacturers, and the process of manufacture is each year brought to a higher state of perfection. There are in France three or four journals specially devoted to subjects connected with the manufacture, its cultivation, its uses, the machinery required, the chemistry of the process, etc.

An actress in New York was recently presented with a set of diamonds said to have belonged to the ex-Empress Eugenie, valued at thirty-five thousand dollars.