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To a Seamstress.
Oh! what boon but must yield,
Which, like Dallas, you advance,
With a thimble for a shield,
And your needle for a lance?
Fairer of the stitching train,
Ere my passion by you art;
And in pity for my pain,
Mend the hole that's in my heart.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

A bachelor still young and well-to-do is far from being an object of the deepest interest to his friends of the opposite sex. Lord Featherstone was as popular with ladies as if he had been a spirit-rapper, or an Hindu potentate with diamonds to scatter broadcast and a suppressed begonia in the background of his home. They were always telling him that it was a sin and a shame the blinds in the town house should be constantly down; the hall filled only with shooting parties; the jewels buried in the strong room at the bank.

Only looking for a week during wet weather in the country house, papa and mamma heard that he had broken his leg in two places, or that typhoid fever had laid him low. His last affair was with a gay widow, who thought him safely looked; but at the last moment he sent a postcard, conveying his regrets and assuring her in his yacht for the South Seas.

He was absent after this for two or three years; but presently, wearying of the constant wandering to and fro, he returned, and took up the threads of his old life. The seasons were all but identical; the bright days of 1876 can be said to have ever risen above a dead level of inglorious dullness. His friends were a fool to come back. Never before had he been a season so "slow," though on a non-creature in town.

It was this kind of especially minute observation of features, that the sights, shining often the whitest teeth. A face strikingly beautiful, and entirely childlike, just as the ways of its owner were unconventional and unconstrained. A most bewitching captivating young person, and Featherstone was determined to find out who she was. Surely some one could introduce him.

Quite half an hour elap'd before he caught Tommy Cutler, who knew all the world, and then, going to where he had last seen the girl, they found she had disappeared.

He had been riding on at a sharp canter, which increased, as he left the more frequented parts of the Row, to a hand-gallop. But an unexpected vision suddenly arrested his course.

"By jove! That face again! Yes, the girl he had seen but a few nights since; the fair fresh young face which had taken his fancy by storm. She was alone, seated in a quaint old-fashioned yellow chariot, a ramshackle medieval conveyance, probably as old as the hills. But where had she come from; who could she be? He was determined to find out this time.

1002. "There's good livery stables at the Chequers. You might put the carriage up, or get another driver there." "Very sensible suggestion, adopted forthwith.

The chariot was conveyed thither in safety. Featherstone dismounted, then helped the young lady to descend. "I trust you will have no more contumacious," he spoke gravely. "This new coachman is sober, but he is of course an utter stranger."

"There was a shade of misgiving in his voice, which had the desired effect. "Dear, dear, suppose he too should play some trick. I ought not to have come alone, Auntie said so. What shall I do now?" "If you would accept me as an escort."

"How deep he was! Only too thankfully. But it would be trespassing too much upon your good nature. You have been so kind already." "My horse has gone lame in two legs."

"It was a wonder he hadn't developed navicular laminitis and farcy." "Then I shall be doing you a service really," she cried, with animation. "Distinctly."

"Then they got in together and drove off. For a time neither spoke. Featherstone felt upon his good behavior; he was disposed to be deferential as to a royal princess.

"Do you think he knows where to take us?" "No, he doesn't," she told him. "Not unless you've told him." "Don't you know?" "How should I? To London, I suppose." "That's a wise address," and she laughed aloud. "No, Kensington square; that's where we live, Lord Featherstone."

As well to consult the young lady herself. Of course she would say "yes"; but as a matter of form he ought to ask her.

"There had been a scene between Keziah and her aunt directly the former entered the house on the previous evening. The girl, without attempting to withhold one iota of information, had given her aunt a full account of what had occurred—the coachman's misconduct, the danger only averted by the timely intervention of a strange gentleman, who had kindly escorted her home."

"His name was Lord Featherstone." "That wretch!" instantly cried Miss Parker, an old maid, prima and precise in her appearance and in all her ways, yet not disinclined to listen to at least half the scandalous gossip in circulation through the world.

"Do you know him, Aunt Parker?" "Who does not? He is a notoriously wicked man!" "I thought him very nice," Keziah spoke defiantly and very firmly in defence of her new friend.

"Of course you did. He can be most agreeable. I have heard of him over and over again. That's the danger of him." "He was so kind and obliging. He told me who everybody was in the park."

"Can it be possible that you were so mad as to go into the park with him in the afternoon, when it was crowded, with hundreds must have seen you together?" "Of course we came through the park together; it was the shortest way home. I cannot see any great harm in that."

"It's not likely; you are so young and inexperienced; you see no harm in anything. But he knew the mischief he was doing; only too well. The wretch, the wretch!" "Mild Miss Parker would have been glad to see wild horses tear him limb from limb. "However," after a pause, "you must promise me faithfully that you will never speak to him again."

"And this is your real reason for proposing? Lord Featherstone, I retract my harsh words; you shall not outdo us in necessity. We cannot accept your offer, although we appreciate the spirit in which it is made."

"I assure you, Miss Parker, I esteem Miss Legh most highly. I like her immensely. I am most anxious to marry her."

"The bare possibility that he might be refused—of all men in the world—gave a stronger insistence to his words. Miss Parker shook her head.

"No good could come of such a marriage; you hardly know each other. You say you like her; perhaps so; but can you tell whether she likes you?" "At least let me ask her. Do not deny me that. I will abide by her answer."

"There was no resisting such pleading as this. "I may prefer her for what she is to expect?" asked Aunt Parker, as she moved toward the door. "No, no; please, do not. Let me speak my own way."

"He did not distrust the old lady, but she might indoctrinate Keziah with her views, and prejudice her against him. It was becoming a point of honor with him to succeed, and he thought he could; he was no novice in these matters."

"I escaped any very serious rebuke—except from my conscience." "Dear me, Lord Featherstone, you make me feel as though I were in church. "I will not, I will not, then, to help me in my distress? I thought it was most good of you."

"No; but do tell me, I am dying to know. You must find some one else to save your life, then."

"But, Lord Featherstone, we shall see you once more before you start? You will come and dine with us? Just to say good-bye."

"He could not well escape from an invitation so cordially expressed, and the night was fixed. But little thought what malice lurked beneath. The party was a large one, and he, as was often the case, very late. But he entered gaily, as if he had come a little too soon, shook hands with the hostess, bowed here and there, nodded to one from an smile at another, then, last of all to his surprise, his eyes rested upon Miss Legh.

"Lady Carstairs had done it on purpose, of course; that was self-evident. Unkind, unfeeling, ungenerous woman. For himself he did not care, but it was cruel to the timid girl, who had never seen a stranger to her world. But at this conviction came upon him, yet faster came the resolve that Lady Carstairs should make nothing by the move. A thoroughly well-bred man is never taken aback, and Featherstone rose to the occasion. Without a moment's delay, he gave the faintest flush was hung out like a signal of distress upon Keziah's cheek, he had gone to her, shaken hands, and spoken a few commonplace words which meant nothing, and yet set her quite at her ease."

"Miss Legh and I are very old friends," he said. "How do you do, Miss Parker? How is the coachman? Have you heard, Mr. John, the prince is expected next week? There will be great doings." "And so on."

"That little kiss was grateful to him for his self-possession, was evident from the satisfaction which beamed in her eyes. Oh, those tell-tale eyes!" "Now Lady Carstairs brought up her reserves and fired another broadside."

"It is so good of you, Lord Featherstone, to come to us; and you have so few nights left." "When do you go, Featherstone? and where?" "Haven't you heard? To Central Africa," Lady Carstairs answered for him.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Barley or Oats.
In regard to whether it is better to sow oats or barley, much depends on climate and soil. In sections where oats do well, and barley usually fails, it would be unwise to sow barley. But in those sections where the climate is alike favorable for barley or oats, and where it is a question of soil and preparation, it may be observed:

1st. That oats sometimes do well on an old soil, but barley rarely, if ever, does so. Oats ripen later than barley, and while it is very desirable to sow oats as early as the land can be got into good condition, still you stand a better chance of a crop from late sown oats than from late sown barley. Oats will do far better on low, mucky land, than barley. If such land is well drained, and is in good heart, and in fine, mellow condition—as after a well cultivated corn, potato or root crop—a great crop of barley may sometimes be grown, especially if the land has been limed, but the chances are altogether more favorable for a great crop of oats than of barley. If such land is only partially drained, and which cannot be worked early in the season, it would be folly to admit the use of the drill; or if not, sow the oats broadcast, and if they could not be harrowed in, let them sprout on the surface, and roll the land when it is firm enough to hold up the horses. It would be better, however, to summer fallow such land, working it thoroughly, and make it clean and mellow, and then seed it down broadcast with timothy (and perhaps red top) next August. At any rate, do not sow barley. 5th. Oats will do better on heavy clay land than barley. This is the rule. The exceptions are rare. The heaviest crop of barley I ever saw was on a field of heavy clay land that was summer fallowed the year previous for wheat by three plowings, and then not a sown to wheat in the fall, but plowed again in the spring early and sown to barley. Everything was favorable, and the crop was immense. 6th. On weedy land it is better to sow oats than barley. Drill in the oats deep and use a plenty of seed. Roll the land either at the time of sowing or after the oats are up. Then, when the weeds are sprouted, and are in the seed leaf, go over the field once or twice, or three times, if necessary, with a light, fine-toothed harrow, for the purpose of killing the young weed plants. Oats can be harrowed with less injury to the plants than barley. And if the soil and weather are favorable, and the operation is performed at the right moment, thousands of weeds will be destroyed, and the stirring of the ground will be favorable to the growth of the oats.—*American Agriculturist.*

DRESSING FOR FRUIT TREES.—A barrel of ashes with eighty pounds of ground bone, mixed with water, will constitute a good dressing for most fruit trees.

COLIC IN HORSES.—An officer who commanded artillery during the late war informs us of the following remedy for colic in horses which he has tried with perfect success in hundreds of cases: Rub the horse well between the fore legs and around the girth with spirits of turpentine. Immediate relief follows.

THE FARMER'S GRINDSTONE.—There is no tool so essential on the farm as a good grindstone; it is therefore necessary that every farmer should have one, and how to take proper care of it. A grindstone should always be kept under cover, as exposure to the sun's rays hardens the grit and injures the frame. The stone should not stand in water when not in use, as this causes soft places. The water should be allowed to drip from some vessel placed above the stone, and the stone should be stopped when the stone is not in use. All greasy or rusty tools should be cleaned before being sharpened, as grease or rust choke up the grit. The stone should be kept perfectly round.

WEANING COLTS.—A Vermont farmer says he weaned a last spring colt in the following manner: I fed grain or meal to the mare when she was with her. The colt soon learned to eat meal with the dam. After he has been taught to eat with the mare he will eat as readily when he is removed from her. I put my colt in a stable where he could have plenty of exercise in a large yard; fed him with hay and bran mixed with milk; I soon taught him to drink without the bran. I weaned him from the mare in this way when he was three months old; he seemed contented, and I think did as well as though he had run with the mare two months longer. It is much better for the mare, and more convenient if one wants to use her, as most people do in the country, while the colt is with her. This way of weaning colts is very convenient, and one can feed milk at such times as seem judicious, substituting grain or shorts for the milk at any reasonable time.

A Plague of Rats.
The St. Louis Journal says that "when Samuel Davis introduced a bill into the Legislature last winter providing for the destruction of rats, the press of the State was inclined to indulge in a great deal of badinage at Sam's expense. It all reports he true, however, the people, and especially the farmers of central Missouri, have this summer begun to realize the benefits of Sam Davis' effort in their behalf. The counties of Saline, Cooper and Pettis are literally overrun by rats, and the crops are receiving incalculable damage thereby. In many localities whole fields of corn have been uprooted and destroyed by rats, necessitating replanting or abandonment for the season. The rats burrow in the ground close to the fences, in the hedges and ravines, breed larger litters three times a year, and devour everything they come upon. They are the old-fashioned wharf rats, such as abound in every city. It is feared that they will ultimately become a greater scourge than the grasshoppers have been, although there is now a wholesale movement against them in the counties named. One farmer in Saline county has within the past three months, killed over 1,000 of the pests, for the scalps of which he received \$60, in accordance with the provisions of Sam Davis' bill."

Items of Interest.

Seven thousand immigrants have arrived in Oregon this year.

A sparrow and a chicken fought in Pottsville, and the chicken was killed. The ninety-two papers in Mississippi have a combined circulation of 50,225. The woman who neglects her husband's shirt front is not the wife of his bosom.

The United States raises twenty-eight millions of swine, and Europe about thirty-three millions. The boys at Reno, Cal., amuse themselves lassoing Indians. Indians used to lasso them, but they know the ropes now. One of the first pennies issued by our government bore the inscription, "Mind your own business." Very cent-sible advice.

The French mint has struck 10,000 francs worth of centime pieces in bronze, each representing about the twelfth of an American cent. The new jail at Fort Worth, Texas, is described by a local paper as a "miserable failure, and not a safe place to confine prisoners in." Fifteen masked men went to a ball near Marfa, Lee county, Texas, took out four men from among the dancers and hanged them to a tree.

When the czar's soldiers got into Paris in 1815, they drank all the alcohol in the jars in which the scientific French preserved the museum serpents. Under the head of "Marriages" in an exchange we find one commencing "Paris-Green." The happy couple would never be troubled with potato bugs. The Turkish soldiers are taller than the Russians, and will average at least five feet ten inches. They wear full beards, but have their heads shaved, or the hair cut very short. The cereal product of Europe is about five thousand millions. Of this, Russia grows 1,000,000,000; Germany, 745,000,000; France, 687,000,000; and the Austrian empire, 550,000,000.

Stereotype printing was used in Holland early in the last century. The rollers for inking the type were invented by Nicholson. Stereotype printing was introduced into London by Wilson in 1804. The United States, with a population of about 45,000,000, produces about 34 bushels of cereals to each inhabitant, while Europe, with a population of 297,000,000, produces only about 16 bushels to each person.

A Brooklyn man went to the penitentiary for his health. He was unwell, and his physician told him to go right home and take something. He went right home and took his employer's watch. He calls that going to the penitentiary for his health. At a recent party in Iowa a young man sat on a pyramid of ladies hats. Rising quickly, he glided from the room, and bolted for the depot, where he poked his head into the ticket office and yelled, "When does the next train leave for Batoum?" A locomotive on the Lake Shore railroad struck a two-year-old bullock. The animal bounded over the smokestack and fell across the boiler, the fore legs on one side and the hind legs on the other. The fireman went out on the engine and held the animal until the train could be stopped. The lively little bullock was scratched, nothing more. A famous old horse, owned by a gentleman in the northwestern section of Baltimore, kills from two to a half dozen rats every night. When the rodents come into his trough to eat the feed, and old equine just seizes them by the back, gives a grip with his teeth, opens his mouth, and they fall dead at his hoofs. He is worth a half dozen of the Princess of Wales, when that lady and her husband visited Constantinople, speaks of a dinner with the sultan as being very good, and in the European style, but as a very dull affair. It was the first time that the sultan had ever sat at dinner with ladies, or that any of his ministers, except the grand-vizier, had sat in his presence. There were twenty-four at the table, twelve of whom were Turks, who looked frightened and astonished, and dared not speak.

Pardoned to be Arrested.
A strange extradition case has just been settled in Indiana. On March 10, 1874, a rough named Meeker shot a man in Toronto, who ultimately died from his wound. Meeker fled, but left behind an overcoat with the name of a Cleveland tailor thereon. The tailor identified the coat and told to whom it belonged. Meeker meantime reached South Bend, Indiana, committed a burglary there, was caught and sentenced to the North Carolina penitentiary at Michigan City for five years. The Canadian detective followed him up and requested his extradition, and for the first time in the history of the penitentiary a prisoner declined to leave. The question now arose, should he satisfy the law of Indiana, or should he be turned over to the tender mercies of Canadian jurisdiction? Judge Perkins feared that if the Canadians took him they might find him not guilty, and then Indiana would lose her loving clasp on the prisoner. The question was reserved for a full bench of the supreme court, and they decided to recommend the governor to pardon Meeker. This was done, and the unrepentant convict is now a guest of the Toronto jailer. His trial for murder will shortly take place.

A PRACTICAL MIXING CLASS.—Thirty students of the Cambria College school of mines are to have practical instruction in mixing coal this summer in the mines at Drifton, Pennsylvania. A rough frame house has been leased as a sleeping place, and a New York cook engaged to accompany them and provide them with food. The students will be divided into parties of five each, and put in charge of a mine, whose duty will be to instruct them in the method of extracting the coal. The coal mined by them will be subjected to the same severe examination as that dug by the miners, credit being given for clean coal and no credit for impurities, like slate. The parties will work for four hours every day with pick and shovel.