

The last scrip from Abram
Is fattered and torn.
All its greenback companions,
For whiskey have gone— [high,
And no friend or kindred or paymaster is
To pay me the dings—
I would smile but sigh.

I'll not leave the thou lone one,
Thou dally protem!
Since thy fellows are scattered,
I'll spend thee with them;
Yes, sadly I'll scatter
Thy change on the bar,
And sigh that my credit,
Like them is not par.

A Parable for Business Men—The Effects of
Printers Ink.

There was once upon a time a man
who kept a store and sold goods whole-
sale and Retail.
And because melancholy because cus-
tomers were shy and times hard.
And he said: Lo! I am ruined, and
the sensation is not pleasant.
And my ruin is more painful to bear
because it is slow in progress, even as
water doth gradually become hotter in
the pot wherein the lobster boileth, until
the crustaceous creature shrinketh out
his soul in anguish.

Lo! It is better to be ruined quickly
than to endure this slow torture.
I will give my money away to the
poor man—even the poorest which is he
that printeth newspapers; and I will
shut up my shop and wrap myself in
sack-cloth of desolation, and pass my
days in the parlous of broken banks,
cursing the hardness of the times and
rending my garments.

And the howling of Rome shall be as
dubest sounding dulcimers, and they
who blow the flutes and instruments of
music, compared to the din I will make
in the ear of the wicked, even in the ears
of the bank directors.
And even as he said so he did; for
he was not like other men's sons who
are foolish and know it not, they will
do so and so, performing that which is
contrary.

For the sons of men are fields, and he
that is born of woman doth spit his face
by defaming the length of the nose
thereof.
And, lo! the printer—even he who
publishes newspapers—was made glad
by the beauty of him who sold whole-
sale and retail; and he did sound praises
and print them moreover; and did blow
his trumpet of fame respecting his deal-
ing from the rising sun even to the go-
ing down of the same.

And he—even the printer of papers—
did magnify and charge upon the stock
of goods which the trader had in his
store and did publish the variety, and
the excellence, and the newness, and
the beauty, and the cheapness thereof,
till the people—yea, all of them, far and
near were amazed.

And they said, lo! this man hath
gathered from the east and west costly
merchandise and wares of wondrous val-
ue,—even the workmanship of cunning
artificers—and we knew it not.
Go to, then. We will lay out our sil-
ver and gold in these things which the
printer printeth of, and that which he
doth publish shall be ours. For this
man's merchandise is better than the
bank notes of those who promise to pay,
and therefore, even banks of deposit
which hold us of our money, and swindle
us like sin.

But the trader was still sad, and he
said the money that these people bring
me for the goods in my store I will give
to the printer, and thus I will ruin my-
self; I will do that which no man hath
yet done in my time, or before. I will
make the printer man, whom all men
scorn for his poverty, rich, and he shall
be clad in fine linen and rejoice.

And the sons of men shall meet him
in the market place, and the sheriff shall
shun him, and the seoffers shall be re-
buked and shall take off their hats to
him that was poor.

And he shall flash the dollars in the
eyes of the foolish, and shall eat bank
note sandwiches.

Yea, even shall he light his pipe with
slipshod and cast his spittle on the
heads of other men.

For I shall ruin myself, and he who
advertiseth me shall enjoy my substance.

But, lo! the trading man—even he
who sold merchandise, became rich, and
even as the unclean beast lieth in the
mire, so stirred he not by reason of much
greenbacks.

And the people flocked to his store
from the North and from the South, and
from the East, and from the West.

And the printer rejoiced, and his
“what” did abound.

But the trader could not become poor,
and his melancholy ceased, and the
smiles of happiness were upon his face.

And his children did become mighty
in the land by reason of the dollars
which many of the people who read his
advertisements had poured into the tra-
der's money bag.

The Elk Advocate.

JOHN G. HALL, Proprietor.

RIDGWAY, PENNA., SEPTEMBER 5, 1867.

CURTIS W. BARRETT, Publisher.

VOLUME SEVEN—NUMBER 26.

TERMS—150 PER ANNUM.

“Wake up, Solomon!”

“Wake up, Solomon, it's time to get up,” shouted young Harry to his sluggish brother, one fine June morning, as he jumped gaily out of bed, and began dressing himself.
“What time is it yawned Solomon.
“Nearly six,” replied his brother, “and mind, Sol, we start at seven.”
“It's too early to get up yet,” said Solomon. I'll snooze till a quarter to seven.”

So the lazy fellow turned round, and was soon fast asleep again. When he awoke, his room looked full of sunshine. The house was very quiet, too, and rubbing his eyes, he muttered—
“I wonder if it's seven o'clock yet?”
Crawling out of bed, he dressed himself and went down stairs; there was nobody in the parlor, nobody in the sitting-room, nobody in the dining-room.
“What can be the matter?” thought Solomon, as he rang the bell for the maid to bring his breakfast.
“Where are they all?” he asked, as soon as she appeared.
“Gone to the city,” replied the maid-
“They started two hours ago.”
“Why, what time is it?”
“Nine o'clock.”
“Nine o'clock! But why didn't they call me?”

“You were called at six o'clock, and wouldn't get up. Your father wouldn't have you called again. He said he would teach you a lesson.”
“It's too bad?” cried Solomon, dropping his head upon the table and burst-
ing into tears.

It was too bad that the lazy boy did not learn the lesson of that morning, so as to turn over a new leaf in the book of life. I am sorry to say that he did not. He loved sleep. He hated work. He was the slave of lazy habits, and is to this day.

What sort of a man will Solomon Slowcoach be. Well, if he don't die of idleness before he becomes a man, he will be a shiftless, good-for-nothing fellow. He won't have any knowledge, because he is too lazy to study; nor any money, because he is too lazy to work; nor any character, because he is too lazy to conquer himself.

Wake up, Solomon! Wake up my dear boy! Shake off the chains that are upon you! Be manly, be wide awake, be something! If you don't wake up you will soon be a lost boy. Wake up, Solomon, wake up! If you don't, you will make a slipwreck of your life.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

A WRITHELD old bachelor asks,
“Why is a head like common sense?”
Answer, “Because no woman can possess it.”

THE pleasantest husbandry known to man is said to be destroying of weeds—a widow's weeds, by marrying the widow.

“Young man, do you believe in a future state?”
“In course I do; and what's more, I intend to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her things ready.”

A MAN being asked as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, “To marry a rich widow with a cough.”

A WOMAN being about to sign a deed, the lawyer asked her whether her husband compelled her to sign. “He compelled me?” said the lady; “no nor twenty like him!”

LADIES walk on their toes at 17, their heels at 30, and on their whole feet at 45. At each period they exhibit a uniform capacity to walk into somebody's purse for support.

“You and your wife should become one,” said a friendly adviser to a henpecked husband. “Become one?” exclaimed the henpecked; “why we are ten now.” “How so?” She's 1 and I'm a 0!”

JONATHAN presented himself and his intended to the minister for the purpose of being married. Being questioned if they had been published, “Oh, I guess so, for I told it to Uncle Ben, and he told it to his wife more'n a week ago.”

“WHY is the letter D like a ring?” said a young lady to her accepted one day. The gentleman, like the generality of his sex in such a situation, was as dull as a hammer. “Because,” added the lady, with a very modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, “we can't be wed without it.”

A BASHFUL young man escorted an equally bashful young lady. As they approached the dwelling of the damsel she said, entreatingly: “Ralph, don't tell anybody you beamed me home.” “Mary,” said he, euphatically, “don't you mind. I am as much ashamed of it as you are.”

“I WONDER how they make Lucifer matches?” said a young lady to her husband, with whom she was always quarreling. “The process is very simple,” said the husband, “I once made one.” “How did you do it?” “By leading you to the altar.”

Not Good Enough For Her.

In the days of the good colony of Virginia, the distinctions between rich and poor were based upon laws which, like those of the Medes and Persians, altered not. One of the most devout followers of this code was a wealthy planter, living in what is known as the Northern Neck. He was in all respects a frank, open hearted, manly gentleman; but his estimate of his fellow men was founded upon the principles that governed the selection of his horses—blood. Wealth, too, was by no means an unimportant feature with him. He had our human weakness, and, like all of us, was influenced more than he even believed by pounds, shillings and pence.

This Mr. G— had quite a large family, and among them was a daughter whose beauty was the standing toast of the country. She was just eighteen, and budding into lovely womanhood. Not only was she beautiful in person, but her amiable disposition and many accomplishments made her more than ordinarily attractive, and half the gentlemen of the Northern Neck were all ready sigh for her love.

There was in the country at this time a young man who was already rising high in the esteem of his neighbors. He came of good family, but was, as yet, a poor young surveyor, who had taught himself his profession, and who had spent much of his time in traversing un-
known forests, with nothing but his compass for his guide, and his chain for his companion, locating lands and settling disputed titles. He was a model of manly beauty, and excelled in the varied feats of strength in which the olden time Americans took such pride. He was calm and reserved, and there was about him a dignified sweetness of demeanor that accorded well with his frank independence of character. He was a great favorite with all who knew him, and there was no gathering to which he was not asked.

Mr. G— seemed especially to like the young man, and it was not long before he insisted that the latter should abandon all ceremony in his visits to him, and come and go when he pleased, the invitation was heartily given, and as promptly accepted. The young man liked the planter, and he found the society of the beautiful Mary G— a very strong attraction. The result was that he was frequently at the planter's residence; so frequently, indeed, that Mrs. G— felt, called upon to ask her husband if he did not think it wrong to permit him to enjoy such unreserved intercourse with their daughter. The father only laughed at the idea, and said he hoped his daughter knew her position too well to allow anything like love for a poor surveyor to blind her to her duty to her family.

Nevertheless Mary G— was not so fully impressed with this conviction of duty as was her father. She found more to admire in the poor surveyor than in all her wealthy and aristocratic suitors; and, almost before she knew it, her heart passed out of her keeping and was given to him. She loved him with all the honesty and devotion of her pure heart; and she would have thought it happiness to go out with him into the back woods and share his fatigues and troubles, no matter how much sorrow they might bring to her.

Nor did she love in vain. The young man, whose knowledge of the world was afterwards so great, had not then learned to consider as binding the distinctions which society drew between his position and that of the lady. He knew that in all that makes a man, he was the equal of anyone. He believed that, except in wealth, he stood upon a perfect equality with Mr. G—, and he loved her honestly and manfully, and no sooner had he satisfied himself upon the state of his own feelings than he confessed his devotion, simply and truthfully, and received from the lady's lips the assurance that she loved him very dearly.

Scorning to occupy a doubtful position, or to cause the lady to conceal aught from her parents, the young man frankly and manfully asked Mr. G— for his daughter's hand. Very angry grew the planter as he listened to the audacious proposal. He stormed and swore furiously, and denounced the young man as an ungrateful and insolent upstart.

“My daughter has always been accustomed to riding in her own carriage,” he said. “Who are you sir?”
“A gentleman, sir,” replied the young man quietly; and he left the house.

The lovers were parted. The lady married soon after a wealthy planter, and the young man went out again into the world to battle with his heart and conquer his unhappy passion. He subdued it; but although he afterwards married a woman whom he loved honestly and truthfully, and was worthy of his love, he was never wholly dead to his first love.

Time passed on, and the young man began to reap the reward of his labors.

He had never been to the house of Mr. G— since his cruel repulse by the planter; but the latter could not forget him, as his name soon became familiar in every Virginia household. Higher and higher he rose every year, until he gained a position from which he could look down upon the proud planter.— Wealth came to him, too. When the great struggle for independence dawned, he was in his prime a happy husband, and one of the most distinguished men in America. The struggle went on, and soon the “poor surveyor” held the highest and proudest position in the land.

When the American army passed in triumph through the streets of Williamsburg, the ancient capital of Virginia, after the surrender of Cornwallis, the officer riding at the head of the column chanced to glance up at one of the neighboring balconies which was crowded with ladies. Recognizing one of them he raised his hat and bowed profoundly. There was a commotion in the balcony, and some one called for water, saying Mrs. Lee had fainted. Turning to a young man who rode near him the officer said gravely—
“Henry, I fear your mother has fainted. You had better leave the column and go to her.”

The speaker was George Washington, once the “poor surveyor,” but then commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. The young man was Colonel Henry Lee, the commander of the famous “Light Cavalry Legion”; the lady was his mother, and formerly Miss G—, the belle of the “Northern Neck.”

The Empty Cradle.

Many a mother's heart will respond to this sketch:
We met John on the stairs. He was carrying an old cradle to be stowed away among what he termed “plunder” in the lumber-room. One rocker was gone, and the wicker-work of the sides broken; but he could not refrain from casting a sad look into its empty depths.

“Gone,” we said dreamily, “all gone!” What golden heads were once pillowed here, heads on which curls grew moist in slumber, and the cheeks and lips glittered like sunbeams over the face; the white fist was thrust into the mouth, and when mamma lifted the muslin and peeped into see if baby was awake, what cooing and crowing was heard! The little feet began to kick out of pure delight, and kicked on until both of the tiny red shoes landed at the foot of the cradle. Where are those now? Some that were embrowned by vigorous manhood are sleeping on battle fields. Some are bleached with time and cares, and the feet have grown weary on the rough path of life. Perhaps some little one once tenderly rocked here is sleeping in the coffin. Over it grows heart's ease and vigorous box, and white candy-tuft, and stary jessamine. The blue-bird flutters its bright wings through the willow boughs, and the cool summer wind whispers to the green leaves and grass blades of the grave. What of? Perhaps of its immortality. Sleep on, little dreamless one! “Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.”

SHARP YOUTH.—A lady entered a retail store on Penn avenue, a short time since, and among other things, asked for a comb of a hay color.

“What color is that ma'am?” inquired the youth.
“Why, the color of your drawers there.”

“No, ma'am,” continued the clerk, “I don't wear drawers!”
It was with considerable effort that the embarrassed lady explained to the juvenile dealer in tape and twist, that she alluded to the painted fixtures behind him, with handles upon them!

AN Irish boy, trying hard to get a place denied that he was Irish.
“I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman,” said the gentleman who was about to hire him; “but this I do know, that you were born in Ireland.”

“Och! your honor, if that's all, small blame that! Supposing your old cat had kittens in the oven, would they be loaves of bread?”
“The boy got the place.”

—The clerkman in a certain town, as the custom is, having published the banns of matrimony between two persons was followed by the clerks reading the hymn beginning with these words, “Mistaken souls, who dream of heaven!”

—Why is a prosy preacher like the middle of a wheel? Because the fellows around him are tired.

—A coquette is a rose from which every lover plucks a leaf—the thorn remaining for her future husband.

—A great bet—the Alphabet.

Selected Miscellany.

[From the London Magazine.]

The Queer Skeleton.

I announce myself to the reader as the Man who believes in Ghosts—perhaps. At any rate, I believe in my father, and he believed the story I am about to relate. My father resided at Ipswich, and once had occasion to go to London on business. It was during a period of great popular commotion, and the city being very full, he had some trouble in finding a lodging. The master of the house observed that it was a good large room—for he could get but one—and very comfortable, if he did not mind—but there he stopped, for his wife gave him a nudge. That made my father suspect something was not right.

“It isn't over a slaughter-house or a burial-ground, or a dissecting-room, is it?” says my father.

“Oh, dear no!” says the landlord; “but some people say the next house is haunted, and that anybody who sleeps in this room can see a lady in white, crying, at that window you can see there.”

“Oh, is that all?” says my father; “perhaps there's some poor maniac confined there. Whether or no, however, that's no objection, for I don't care a rush for all the ghosts that ever was invented.”

Well, he took possession of the room; and before night closed in he had an opportunity of taking an accurate survey of the neighboring premises. A lead roof, apparently over a workshop, lay between his window and that one where the ghost was said to appear; only there was this difference, that he could easily step out of his upon the leads, whereas the neighbor's was about nine or ten feet higher. My father always vowed that he was perfectly sober when he went to bed. He couldn't tell how long he had been asleep when he was suddenly awakened by loud screams; and when he opened his eyes he saw that the opposite house was on fire. He was out on the leads in a moment. The haunted room was filled with bright flames, and at the window stood a lovely young woman, clasping a baby in her arms, and screaming for help.

“Oh, save my child—save my child!” she kept on crying in tones of such anguish, that they went to my father's very heart.
“Give it to me,” he said, “and then jump out into my arms. The distance is nothing; you cannot be hurt. Take courage. Now, give me the baby!”

She leaned forward, and dropped the baby wrapped in a shawl, into my father's arms. Just as he got it safe, it seemed to him that the roof fell in. There was a crashing noise, but not very loud; the flames disappeared, and so did the young lady. In at his window he rushed again, and through the house, shouting “Fire! fire!” with all his might, and with the baby still in his arms. Out rushed the landlord as pale as a ghost, and his wife after him, in such a monument of a nightcap that it quite overawed my father, even in the midst of his agitation. The maid was shrieking “Murder!” down in the kitchen, and the apprentices had tumbled out from under the counter in the shop, and were poking their noses cautiously out, and kindly inquiring who was killing her; and on every landing up the stairs the lodgers were calling out to know what was the matter. There was altogether a terrible row in the place.

“The next house is on fire!” said my father.
“It's only the old story,” said the landlord. “Run up stairs, my dear, and tell them it's a false alarm.”
“But it is not a false alarm,” says my father; “for I saw the flames and I saw the roof fall in, and I fear that a lady is buried under the ruins. Why don't you come and help her? She had just dropped her child into my arms when the roof fell!”

The landlady then first set eyes on the bundle, for her husband at that moment lighted a candle from the rush-light, which had very imperfectly illuminated the scene before.
“A baby!” says she.
“Yes,” says my father, “and I think I'd better leave it with you, ma'am, while I go and endeavor to rescue the mother.”

The woman did not speak nor utter a sound, but she just lifted up the shawl from the child's face, and dropped down like a lump of lead upon the floor. In stead of attending to her, both my father and the landlord looked into the shawl. It contained the skeleton of an infant, wrapped up in the rags of what had been very costly garments. My father felt very sick, and the landlord staggered back against the wall, and dropped the candlestick out of his hand.

When the landlady fell (she was a tall heavy woman, and gave the house a good shake) the maid screamed “Murder!” louder than ever, and the lodgers called out yet more energetically to know what was the matter. That frightened the landlord back to his senses; for he tho't if they came down and saw what my father had got, it would frighten them all out of the house. So he caught up the candle, which luckily was not extinguished by the fall, and pushed my father with his bundle into the bedroom. Then he called out that it was only the strange gentleman had had the nightmare, and his wife had been frightened into a fainting fit. So they all went grumbling back to bed; and the man helped his wife into her room, where my father stood trembling and shaking, not having presence of mind enough to put down the bundle, and not even daring to look into it again.

The little skeleton was quietly buried the next day by an old sexton, who asked no questions, as he knew the landlord was a respectable householder; and so they all concluded that the ghost was satisfied, and that was the reason why she never appeared again.

When my father examined the place closely by daylight, he saw evident marks of fire about the windows; but he was assured these were the remains of a fire that had happened there a great many years before. In short, the whole affair of the apparition seemed to shroud some fearful mystery, which was perfectly inexplicable. Some years after, my father endeavored to find out the house, in the hope of obtaining a clue to the mystery; but he could discover nothing but a mass of ruins. That street and some others were just demolished, to make way for that which is now Regent street.

A Good Story.

They tell a good story of how the Rev. Dr. Bethune—now dead—a wit, a scholar and an eloquent divine—was once put in a queer position by an intimate friend.

The doctor at the time was settled over a congregation in Brooklyn, and was very popular. A Connecticut congregation gave him a call and “called” a thousand dollars per annum better than the Brooklyn people. But he had formed a strong attachment to his parishioners, and thinking that his sphere of service could not be changed to advantage, he was not tempted by an increase of salary. So he remained, to the great delight of his people.

All of the doctor's parishioners were not saints. There were a few sinners among them—else why preach the gospel? And among the last was a jovial pew-holder, fond of lush, and apt at all times to get more than he could conveniently carry. Neither was he particular at what time in the day he got drunk. He suited his inclination and had no method in his cups.

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Bilkins—well, that was not his name, but it will do—Bilkins heard of the doctor's refusal, and he was delighted. In the very night of his pleasure he crossed Fulton ferry carrying about a quart of brandy.

Dr. Bethune crossed in the same boat, carrying an umbrella.

The brandy carrier happened to catch sight of the umbrella carrier and at once staggered toward him, exclaiming in his loudest tones.

“How do you do, Dr. Bethune? Let me take your—his—hand, my dear sir—r—r—r! I am proud to testify—yi—yi my respect for you sir.”

“Speak a little lower, if you please Mr. Bilkings,” murmured Dr. Bethune.

“Yes—s-s-sir! you've stood by our pulpit like a man. Them cursed nutmeg-grinding, ham-carving Yankees wanted to take you away from us—offered you a thousand dollars a year more—did they?”

By this time the attention of the crowd was fixed on the couple. Dr. Bethune's face was always florid, but it was on fire.

His interlocutor continued.
“Our people have got to make up that thousand dollars—got to! If they don't, I'll do it myself. S-s-s-see if I don't!”

“But my dear sir,” remonstrated the doctor, *softly*, “speak a little lower. You are drawing.”

“Yes—s-s-s,” interrupted the other, “I know what you said. You spurned the offer. You s-s-s-said you wouldn't go—not an inch. You told them as a good and pious clergyman ought to, that you'd see ‘em d—d first.”

HOW TO STOP THE FLOW OF BLOOD.—Housekeepers, mechanics and others in handling knives, tools and other sharp instruments, frequently receive severe cuts, from which blood flows profusely and oftentimes endangers life itself. Blood may be made to cease to flow as follows: Take the fine dust of ten and bind it close to the wound—at all times accessible and easy to be obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum is advantageously applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions would save agitation of mind, and running for a surgeon, who probably would make no better prescription if he were present.

A YOUNG lady who is up among the White Mountain, writes to a friend, confidentially: “It is delightful to climb up these hills, with a young man to help you in the steep places, and eat a luncheon with you on the summit.”

In some notes picked up in one of our streets yesterday, setting forth what was necessary to provide for a picnic were the following items: “Two girls, one ham, whiskey, cigars and a good siddler.”

We carry our neighbors crimes in sight and throw our own over our shoulders.

Charity should always begin at home.