The Elk County Advocate.

VOLUME I. RIDGWAY, ELK CO. PA., FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1869. NUMBER 36

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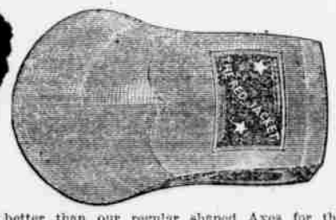

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SELECT POETRY.

To Tobacco Chewers and Smokers.

Chewing in the parlor,
Smoking on the street,
Choking with cigar smoke
Every one you meet.
Spitting on the pavement,
Spitting on the floor,
Is there such enslavement!
Is there such a bore?

In hotel and grocery,
Tobacco juice and smoke
Defile the floor and air,
And sicken us or choke.
How we do detest it,
How we do deplore,
On your vest to see the spit,
Trickle down before.

Your head a little back,
When you go to speak,
Will keep the channel dry,
Between the chin and cheek.
In halls where ladies sit,
Silk and tissue skirt
Wipe up the foul tobacco spit,
Mingled with the dirt.

Fetid breath forever,
Saturated clothes;
Would that we had never
Been created with a nose.
Ladies with their long dress,
Sweeping down the street
Gathering up the nasty mess,
Smear it round their feet.

Puddles in the corners,
Swelling into one,
Forming lakes and rivers,
Drying in the sun.
Maidens, when you marry,
Tobacco worms don't take—
Think not Dick nor Harry
Will quit it for your sake.

Declare the thing a curse,
And when gents come to woo,
You "pop the question" first:
"Sir, do you smoke or chew!"
Mark each word or look,
And if they don't say no.
Just cross'them off your book,
And tell them why you do.

Some gents will carry spice,
Some cinnamon, some c'loves,
Make good use of your eyes,
And good use of your nose,
For when the wedding's o'er,
Perfumes they throw away,
They spit upon the floor,
They smoke and chew all day.

Does a lover promise
To quit the weed for you,
See he has a firm bump,
And conscientious too.
If you are no phrenologist,
Let time the truth make clear,
And wait till he resists
Temptation for a year.

POPULAR TALES.

From Forney's Weekly Press.

HOW SHE WON HIM.

BY CECILIA L. WHITELEY.

'You promised to tell me, dear Anna, all about Mrs. S——: and I have come to keep you to your promise," said my young friend, Margaret Denton, she unceremoniously laid aside her bonnet and shawl, and settle herself in the great crimson chair by the window.

A week before, at a brilliant reception in Washington, blithe Maggie Denton had been completely captivated by the beautiful wife of Senator S——. In the midst of her enthusiasm, I intimated to Margaret that the Senator's lady had a history, and that same day I would narrate the story of her courtship. Of course Maggie was delighted, and had come, with all a young girl's impatient eagerness, to listen to the great lady's life romance.

'Now, go on,' said Miss Denton, leaning back in a very attentive attitude. 'I know I shall love Mrs. S—— dearly, for she is so lovely; I always love everything that is beautiful.'

'Yes, Maggie she is beautiftl, and her character is as pure and good as her face and form is handsome,' I replied. 'We learned to love each other years ago, when we were both poor girls. I soothed her first sorrow and shared her first joy; so I knew her heart deeper than society is permitted to fathom.'

Ten years ago Mrs. S—— was only simple Alice Lee, who, like myself, earned her bread by honest toil. You look surprised, but it is true. The beautiful woman you met last week surrounded by wealth, and the best men and women in the land eager to claim her attention, used to work early and late as a compositoress on a daily newspaper. Summer and winter through the cold and heat, snow and rain, we went regularly to our labor. Day after day we stood patiently at our cases, that thousands might read. This had been our life for more than three years. Alice was now nineteen, and I a year older, and perfectly familiar with the entire business of the office—we prided ourselves on being thorough compositors. By aid of the types, we had succeeded in acquiring a good practical education and a solid occupation, that would always obtain for us a comfortable and independent living. Do not imagine, Maggie, that it requires no ability to be a printer. Aside from the dexterity, I am quite certain that many of the most fashionably-learned of our modern boarding-school graduated young ladies would find their education deficient in an hour's experience at the case. The art of type-setting demands a perfect knowledge of geography, grammar, orthography, and punctuation; the printer is not a machine that must follow blundering copy, irresponsible of its correctness. I have set up hundreds of manuscripts feaafully at fault in one or more of these important branches—that, too, of authors who have gained world-wide reputes as able authors.—And then such mysterious handwriting as we used to decipher would utterly bewilder any one but a printer! The most brain-puzzling of all were the editorials; they were dreadful. Alice would freequently declare that she would be obliged to ask the editors for a KEY.

For nearly a year I had been engaged to our Foreman, George Lester, who had risen from the errand-boy of the office to the responsible position of foreman. We were poor—George and I—for we had nothing but our weekly stipend to build our future upon; but we were young, energetic and hopeful.—Alice rejoiced in our happiness; and in planning our future success in life, forgot the present toil of her own. As a worker she was far more rapid than I. Her proof-sheet never showed an error, and her types never mixed. Often she would assist me out in my column, and, when I protested, declare in her wilful, merry way, 'that she owed it to me—for had I not been her good angel when she was a novice at the case.'

One evening an hour later than our usual time for going home, Alice came to me from the foreman's desk with a slip of paper in her hand, and an exceedingly rueful countenance.

'Fifteen minutes more, Mary, before we are free!' she said, regretfully. 'Mr. S——'s son has just arrived from Europe, and of course his return must be noticed in to-morrow's issue. His papa has just sent it up.—Isn't it too bad, and the proofs nicely locked?'

Mr S—— was our chief editor and sole proprietor of the paper—a king in the office, whose nod was law and whose frown was annihilation. His only son, Allen, was his pride and hope, and his safe return to his home, after his protracted wanderings abroad gave great delight to the loving old father, and a pretty item, from a paternal point of view, to the paper.

Alice looked thoughtfully at the scrap of copy a moment, saying lightly: 'Well, never mind. It's only a few lines, so I will set the beautiful Allen up with all dispatch in 'small caps' and 'nonpareil.''

Tick, tick the little types went into the 'stick;' deftly the rapid fingers flew over the case, and in a few moments the, beautiful Allen' was duly set up by as pretty a hand as ever handled a type.

I removed a murder item to give place to the personal notice, then we leaded Mr. Allen securely, and locked the form, and in this business manner an acquaintance with Mr. Allen S—— began.

The next day an old, gray-headed editor made his appearance in the compositor's room, accompanied by a tall, elegant stranger, with a foreign air and faultless dress. We divined at once that he could be no other than the son and heir, whose arrival Alice had so ungraciously announced. He seemed to be on a tour of inspection, and ready to make friends with any one. He shook hands heartily with the foreman, and then sauntered up to the window where Alice and I were busily at work, carelessly glancing at our copy and over the galley, with the eye of a connoisseur. Alice, intent on her work, did not lift her eyes, but I think Mr. Allen noted the exquisite turn of her head and neck, as well as the mass of curling chestnut hair.—The day was warm, and a hundred moist ringlets were rippling away from her white forehead, unconfined by hand or comb. The large loving dark eyes were hidden by their drooping lids, but Allen could see the glow of cheeks and lips, as well as the marble-white hand and arm that flutters like a bird over the case; with her sleves tucked up, printer-fashion, and a huge apron tied about her waist, to protect her pretty dress, she looked as sweet and bright as a rose. I can see her now by the window, just as she looked in those days, with the soft summer wind playing amid her curls, and lifting the ribbon at her throat.

Unconscious of Allen's admiration, she briskly kept on distributing the damp types, regardless of the lead-begrimed fingers that occasionally paused to tuck back a stray curl, at the risk of leaving a smudgy stain on brow or cheek.

Day after day our editor's son wandered into our room, until we grew accustomed to his presence, and could work unembarrassed under his sharp gaze. Unconsciously we learned to look for his coming, and miss something if his kind face failed to smile in upon us during the long afternoons that were now gradually verging into autumn.

Allen was about thirty-three years of age, with black hair and the blaskest of eyes, so full of depth and strength that one could easily guess the lofty power and genius slumbering beneath the polished exterior of the travelled man and scholar. The foreign-looking black whiskers and moustache gave a peculiar cast to his almost stern features; but the full black eyes were pleasant and tender, as if to atone for the grave mouth and austere chin.

As I said, he came often to see us, and was want to linger near Alice in a half-indolent, half-interested way, not in a manner to attract attention, however. He was careful to avoid remarks. Sometimes he would amuse himself by setting up an item, or in looking over a column of proof, for he was a good printer, and quite at home in all matters pertaining to the office. Somehow he took a sudden fancy of indulging in long chats with me, much to the detriment of my daily number of 'MSS,' for you see I was engaged, and safe from all malicious comments. I knew it was only as an excuse to be near Alice, who was beginning to be nervous and uneasy in his presence, starting every time the door opened with a hopeful blush and beaming eye. All this I noted, but made no comments, confident that Cupid would conquer in his own good time.

One afternoon, Allen surprised her by taking up a 'stick,' and rapidly setting up these very plain words:

'MAY I WALK HOME WITH YOU THIS EVENING? DON'T DENY ME; I WILL CALL AT SIX.'

Coolly he placed this leaden note before Alice, and, without a word, went out. Alice looked pained as well as pleased; evidently she doubted the propriety of granting his request. While she was debating the question in her own mind, the ever-watchful and inquisitive assistant foreman came along, and when his keen glance would have scanned its contents, she quickly brushed the 'stick' to the floor, scattering her note in every direction, an irredeemable mass of 'PI.'

With a provoking frown, the assistant walked away, and I laughingly whispered;

'Surely, Alice, that is one way to dispose of an invitation.'

'I shall not go,' she said thoughtfully; 'it would be neither wise nor prudent.'

I had my own opinion on the subject, and felt certain that she would change her mind; for Allen had tender eyes and a persuading tongue, and, more than all, Alice LOVED HIM.

At the appointed hour he came, but she bravely kept on with her work.

'Come,' he said, in a not-to-be denied tone. 'It is a beautiful afternoon. The twilight will be charming, and I want to enjoy it with you.'

'Excuse me,' she replied, carefully justifying her lines without looking up. 'I shall be detained later than usual in the office to-night. Our Paris letter is in, and must be ready for proof by eight o'clock. It is over a column, and, as you see, the manuscript has just reached my case.'

She pointed with a most business-like air, to the closely written sheets before her, as if their importance must at once silence all further pleading on his part. But Mr. Allen did not seem to consider their importance in the least. On the contrary, he looked at them very scornfully.

'Noncense!' he said, gingerly turning over the manuscript. 'Confound the Paris letter! Let it go, or let Mr. Lester give it to some one else, if it must be set up.'

'But all the rest are busy,' she remonstrated, diligently contemplating her case, as if trying to locate the letters.

'Well, then, if it must go in, I'll come back after our walk, and set this precious foreign twaddle up. Will that do? Come, get on your hat, an hour in this delicious autumn air will do you good. The foreman can't complain,' smiling at me roguishly, 'can he, Miss Mary?'

Thus urged, she acquiesced, and together they went out, leaving me to moralize on the heart's inconsistencies, and to work on the Paris letter.

After this Alice became strangely restless and abstracted. Her work fretted her, she said, vowing that see always got the worst copy, and never had any rest. She appeared changed in everything, and so one day I ventured to ask the cause by remarking suddenly:

'What ails you, Alice? you do not seem yourself."

'Neither am I,' she burst out empetuously, 'I hate this life. I hate this dirty printer's work. Once I was proud to stand at a case, mistress of twenty-six letters that unlock the knowledge of the world. Like a silly fool, I was vain of my expertness in handling these dirty bits of lead. Now they are my masters, chaining me to this dusty, glaring room all my life. They are stealing my youth and fading my beauty. I hate them!'

Passionately she struck her hand on the unoffending e's, causing many to fly unceremoniously over among the astonished i's who, in turn, jumped in affright among the startled o's.

'Yet, Alice,' I quietly enterposed, 'these little metallic letters have been our best books and most patient teachers. We are but poor girls. What should we have done had we lacked the ability to become good compositors? I would never have met Geo. Lester, and you would ever have been a stranger to Allen S——.'

'Better for me if he had never entered this room. What business has he, rich, educated, superior, to come among us poor girls? The world is full of splendid women, let him mate with his kind, and leave us to our toil,' she cried vehemently, shaking back her hair, as if its beauty angered her that she possessed it.

'You are excited, now,' was my calm reply. 'Allen is a man of sense and feeling, and I always trust those two virtues; for where they are found, a dishonorable act is never chronicled. You are generally sensible, but just now your better judgment is perverted. Look back on the past, and be true to your heart, and the types, Alice.'

'But the stick is so heavy,' she exclaimed, pettishly.

'Yes, but you are used to it.'

'Perhaps I am, physically; but I can never teach my mind to be content with this dull, wearisome existance. I am tired of it all. See my hands, how stained—beautiful, are they not?' holding them up with a contemptuous smile at their soiled appearance.

I was sorry to see her in such a mood, and answered soothingly:

'What matters a little lead discoloration? A pint of water will remove the stain from your pretty white fingers as completely as if they had never touched anything rougher than a lilly leaf.'

'Yes; but only to be renewed with the morrow. How many thousand times have I distributed these letters! How many times must I yet do it? The thought makes me sick. Oh I hate it! I hate it!'

She turned petulantly away, trying hard to hide the tears that slowly filled the dark, sorrowful eyes to running over.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PUT THE RASCAL OUT.—While the congregation were collected at church, on a certain occasion, an old, dark, hard-hearted skin and bone individual was wending his way up the isle, and took his seat near the pulpit. The officiating minister was one of that class who detested written sermons, and as for prayers he thought they ought to be natural outporings of the heart. After singing was concluded, they were, as usual, called to prayer. The genius we have introduced did not kneel, but leaned his head devotionally upon his pew. The minister begun by saying:

"Father of all, in every age, by saint and savage adored—"

"Pope!" said a low but clear voice near old hard-features.

The minister, after casting an indignant look in the direction of the voice, cautinued:

"Whosa throne sitteth on the adamantine hills of Paradise—"

"Milton!" again interrupted the voice.

The minister's lips quivered for a moment, but recovering himself he continued:

"We thank Thee, most gracious Father, that we are permitted once more to assembe in Thy name, while others, equally meritorious, but less favored, have been carried beyond that bourne from which no traveler returns—'

"Shakespeare!" again interrupted the voice.

This was too much. "Put that impudent rascal out," shouted the minister.

"Original!" ejaculated the voice, in the same calm but provoking manner.

Drovers vs Fops.

Dinner was spread in the cabin of the "New World," and a splendid company was assembled about the table. Among the passengers thus prepared for gastronomic duty was a little creature of the genus fop, decked daintily as an early butterfly, with kids of irreproachable whiteness, "miraculous" necktie, and spider-like quizzing glass on his nose. The delicate animal turned his head affectedly aside, with:—

'Waitah!'

'Sah!'

'Bwing me a pwopellah of a female woostah.'

'Yis, sah.'

'And, waitah, tell the steward to wub my plate with a wegetable called onion, which will give a delicious flavah to my dinnah.'

'Yis sah.'

While the refined exquisite was giving his order, a jolly Western drover had listened with open mouth and protruding eyes. When the diminuitive creature paused, he brought his fist down upon the table with a force that made every dish bounce, and then thundered out:

'Here you gaul darned ace of spades!'

'Yis, sah.'

'Bring me a thundering big plate of skunk's gizzards!'

'Sah.'

'And you, old ink pot, tuck a horse blanket under my chin, and rub me down with a brick-bat, while I feed.'

The poor dandy showed a pair of straight coat tails, instanter, and the whole table joined in a tremendous roar.

From the Milwauke Free Democrat.

Cure for Cancer.

Our attention has lately been called to a cure for cancer, which is of so much importance that we wish to make it known as widely as possible. Some eight months ago, Mr. T. B. Mason—who keeps a music store on Wisconsin street, and is a brother of the well-known Lowell Mason—ascertained that he had a cancer on the side of his face the size of a pea. It was cut out by Dr. Wolcott, and the wound partially healed. Subsequently it grew again, and while he was in Cincinnatti on business it attained the size of a hickory-nut. He has remained there since Christmas, under treatment, and has comback perfectly cured. The process is this:

A piece of sticking plaster was put over the cancer, with a circular piece cut out of the center a little larger than the cancer, and a small circular rim of healthy skin next to it was exposed. Then a plaster made of chloride of zinc, blood-root and wheat flour was spread on a piece of muslin of the size of this circular opening, and applied to the cancer for twenty-four hours. On removing it the cancer will be found to be burnt into, and appear of the color and hardness of an old shoe sole, and the circular rim outside of it will appear white and parboiled, as if scalded by hot steam. The wound is now dressed, and the outside rim soon suppurates and the cancer comes out a hard lump, and the place heals up.

The plaster kills the cancer so that it sloughs out like dead flesh, and never grows again. This remedy was discovered by Dr. Fell of London, and has been used by him for six or eight years, with unfailing success, and not a case has been known of the reappearance of the cancer where this remedy has been applied. It has the sanction of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of London, but has not been used in this country until recently, and many of the faculty, with their proverbial opposition to innovations, look upon it with distrust. We saw Mr. Mason at church yesterday, and have since conversed with him, and took particular notice of the cicratized wound, and can only say that if the cure is permanent—and, from the evidence of six or eight years' experience in other cases, we have no doubt it is—the remedy ought to be universally known. We have referred to this case because Mr. Mason is well known, both here and in the East. The experiment excited much interest in Cincinnatti, and we call the attention of the faculty in this State to the remedy. If it is what is claimed for it, this terrible disease will be shorn of most of its terrors. The application is painful, but the pain is of comparative short duration, which any one so afflicted would cheerfully endure.

"OLIVIA," in the Philadelphia PRESS, gives woman's rights women that indefinite but fearful thing known as "fits." Sorosis fills her with anger and disgust, and she cries:—"Club! Execrable word, conceived in ingenuity and brought forth in sin. Lunch at Delmonico's! Pretty women making speeches over toast and tea! Diluted, respectable wickedness The Sorosis is the weak puling infant, the Cheyenne sisterhood is the stout, rollicking boy." The Cheyenne sisterhood stand up at the bars with men, smoke, chew, drink whiskey, and eat "bolonies,' and "Olivia," thinks if things go on as they are going, Sorosis will be likely to do the same disgusting things. For Susan B. Anthony she finds some excuse. "Let us," she says, "visit her faults tenderly. Baby lips have never pressed her hard, cold cheek. She has never tasted the sublimity of motherhood. She has never bathed in that immeasurable sea of glory whose waves touch the gates of Paradise." "Olivia," has evidently laved herself in that sea and thinks she likes it. But then, you see, there are women and women.

Facetiae.

How to stick to your oath—swear by gum.

What is the most enlightened nation? Illumination.

A sweet sight—A pair of lovers chewing taffy in a theatre.

Disgusting meanness—Tan a dog's hide with his own bark.

How does a horse regard a man? As the source of all his whoas.

Stockings are now darned by machinery, and they are darned nice.

What is a husband's promise about giving up tobacco apt to end in? In smoke.

What did a blind wood-sawyer take to restore his sight? He took his horse and saw.

Why should a wood-cutter never be hungry? because he can always have a chop by axing.

Can a civil engineer inform us how it is that the mouths of rivers are larger than their heads?

A late tourist in the Nile district states that he saw not only the traces of the crocodile on the river banks, but also the prints of whales.

We have heard of an individual who buys one or two shares of stock in every railroad and bank, so that he may go to all the annual elections and eat all the annual dinners.

A correspondent suggests that the inebriated person who proposed to escort his girl to see "Crossington Washing the Delaware," should do so on "Birthington's Washday."

A lady in St. Louis has promised a gentleman that if she does not marry some one else within nine months she will accept him.

A wager is a fool's argument.