

The Elk County Advertiser

HENRY A. PARSONS, JR., EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

ELK COUNTY, THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM

VOL. I.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1871.

NO. 31.

THE BONY HANDS THAT MAKE GOOD BREAD.

BY JOHN S. ARCHER.
I own the charms of rounded arms,
Of eyes that love's soft light do show,
Of rosy lips and o'er the face
Of cheeks that glow with white and red;
Of pouting lips where Cupid dips
The arrow that to hearts are sped;
Of none of these my charms I boast,
Like the bony hands that make good bread.

Some hands have art to move the heart,
By wakening music's sweet appeal;
Some borrow it from their sleek smiles,
And, through the canvas, make us feel;
Some make the music that we hear,
To win the heart and turn the head;
For me, more rare beyond compare
Are the bony hands that make good bread.

My father was a peddler, and he was
peddler the day before, and that we
wished to settle with him.

When I picked up the linen band to
put it round my neck, I did not know
how to fasten it at first without that
familiar old pin; then I recollected how
often the girls had told me that a bow
of ribbon would look so much prettier.
So looking up a small piece of black
velvet, I formed a bow, and felt more
than satisfied.

My father did not get home to tea or
to supper. I put the children to bed
after their slices of bread and treacle
and a good washing.

At ten o'clock a note came, saying
some business had detained my father;
that I had better close the house and
retire. This was nothing very unusual,
as his business kept him often late.
I was quite a staid little woman
in management, and did as I was bid.
My father would come in with his
latch-key. On Sunday morning at
breakfast the children showed him their
watches and doll. I said nothing about
the dress, for it struck me he was looking
at my watch.

"Where's your breast-pin, Mabel?"
he asked, as the children ran out before
the door after breakfast.

The breast-pin! I was frightened at
once. He had never asked after it or
noticed it before. He must have heard
of what I'd done and was angry.

My father did not get home to tea or
to supper. I put the children to bed
after their slices of bread and treacle
and a good washing.

At ten o'clock a note came, saying
some business had detained my father;
that I had better close the house and
retire. This was nothing very unusual,
as his business kept him often late.
I was quite a staid little woman
in management, and did as I was bid.
My father would come in with his
latch-key. On Sunday morning at
breakfast the children showed him their
watches and doll. I said nothing about
the dress, for it struck me he was looking
at my watch.

"Where's your breast-pin, Mabel?"
he asked, as the children ran out before
the door after breakfast.

The breast-pin! I was frightened at
once. He had never asked after it or
noticed it before. He must have heard
of what I'd done and was angry.

"Not got it? What do you mean,
child? You surely wore it yesterday!"
"Yes, Sir," I replied, "and it's all
safe. I was just going to tell you about
it when you frightened me."

"Well, I don't wish to frighten you,
Mabel, but I had no thought of such
things when I told you, while I told
you of a letter I received yesterday, and
then you can get the pin at your leisure.
You can get it!"

"I can get it, father. Or, rather you
can. But I hope you will not blame
me. What have you heard about it?"
"Well, my dear, listen. We have
heard that you had sold the value of that
old pin, only that a good, kind woman
gave it to your mother to keep for you,
and so we did it because of that. She
was a stranger to us, poor lady, and was
in distress, and your mother was kind
to her. But she left the place soon after
you were born, and we never heard more
of her. Yesterday, however, I got a
letter from a long distance, asking about
that very pin, and describing it, even to
the name on the back. It is very valuable,
Mabel."

My heart was beating ten strokes
where it should have beat but one.
"The pin we have set no store by is
of great value, Mabel. The centre dia-
mond is almost worth what to us poor
people would be a fortune. And it is
all yours, my dear; you can convert the
diamonds into money and be at ease for
life."

What with the overpowering surprise
and what with fear of my father's anger,
I fainted. When I came to myself on
the sofa in the parlor, the children were
there, and it was too late to go to church.
I felt bewildered, and trembled yet, but
listened attentively to my father as he
read the important letter from London.
Then I sprang up wildly.

"Oh, father, go down to the
Black Horse!" I exclaimed. "The ped-
dler is there, and has my pin."

My father's first thought was that
the good fortune had turned my brain. I
explained all to him. He was very
kind, never scolding me; but, as to find-
ing the pin and the peddler, he knew
me of the world than his foolish child,
and was not so hopeful.

However, he thought it best to go,
and for me to go with him. So in a few
moments we were walking down to the
Black Horse. The landlord was sitting
alone in his front porch, smoking quietly.
He looked surprised when we
walked up the front steps, but very
politely invited us into the parlor, ex-
plaining that his women folks had gone
to church.

"Is there a peddler staying with you,
Mr. Ford?" began my father.

"A peddler?—no," exclaimed the
landlord, as if the question vexed him.
"I have not seen a peddler for three
weeks, and the one that was here there
did not pay his bill."

I must have turned very pale at this,
and felt faint again. Mr. Ford wanted
me to take a cordial. My father turned
it off, saying I was tired. Then he said
that I had made a little bargain with a

THE GRAIN TRADE.

Old and New Methods of Measuring—The
Number of Laborers Required—The In-
novation of Machinery.

By the present system of handling
"in the bulk," instead of the former
"bag and half-bushel" process, one
hundred bushels are weighed at a time,
the scale-hopper being situated directly
underneath the receiving hopper, both
of which are fitted with suitable dis-
charge valves, the former having a con-
stant discharge of about six bushels per
minute, and the latter twice that amount.
The rule for measuring is an allowance per
bushel of sixty pounds for wheat, fifty-six
each for corn and rye, thirty-two for
oats, forty-eight for barley and sixty for
peas.

To check the weighmaster in his tal-
lies a representative of the boat or vessel
discharging is always present, and as a
further check an inflexible register is
automatically acted upon by the scale
beam. This potent little device resem-
bles the clock shaped metallic barometer
used by meteorological observers.

Formerly the custom was to measure
by the hald-bushel. To accomplish this
a large force of laborers was employed
in shovelling the grain to the hatchways,
in passing the empty measures to the
"striker," and again from him to the
baggies and sewers, while another force
was busily employed shovelling the
plethoric bags and hoisting the same
upon the elevator. To accomplish this
the "striker" was so named, not from
his pugilistic tendencies, but from the
nature of his duty, which consisted of
striking or leveling off each half-bushel
measure, that the quantity should be
exact.

Previous to 1859 this post was filled
by a negro, but the strike at that time
for the Irish laborers against the eleva-
tor system deprived Orinello of his occu-
pation. The size, shape and make of the
striker's rule or scraper was prescribed
by law, as was also the manner of his
using it, one-third down and two-thirds
up being the rule.

From 1848 to 1861 the weighing fee
was reduced to 50 cents, the striker re-
ceiving 12 1/2 cents per 100 bushels. The
shovellers and other men were paid by
the consignees according to demand and
European rates, at 10 cents, 12 cents,
or more, to be 15 cents per 100 bushels.
Sometimes, though rarely, the measurer
furnished one of the laborers.

Formerly there were employed, in ad-
dition to the striker and shoveller, three
to five trimmers, whose duty it was to
shovel or trim the cargo to the hatch-
way; an additional man was provided
to fill the grain vessel; but if screened
was a rude wire sieve, upon which each
measureful was thrown, depending upon
a gusty day to remove the chaff—a work
now performed by the blowing process
in one sixth of the time. Subsequent to
1848 five-bushel tubs were used in lieu
of the half-bushel measure when the
screening was performed upon the deck
of the receiving vessel; but if screened
and bagged also, a much narrower sieve
was in vogue to facilitate the filling, and
was erected much after the manner of
the sand-screens used by masons and
builders, but standing at a less angle.

Under the old law the purchaser was
not allowed his choice of the deputy
measurers without the approval of the
port-warden. At present the person
buying has the sole right of choice,
by commercial usage. The shortage or
deficit in the cargo was formerly borne
by the consignees of the grain, but now
it is made good by the agents of the line
transporting it. The furnishing of bags
was generally by the vessels, when the
grain was for English and northern
European ports, and by the shippers
when continental orders were filled,
though it often was subject to specific
contract at the time of purchase.

A Scene in an Editor's Sanctum.

The Philadelphia Dispatch condescends
to perpetrate the following:
A week or two ago one of our report-
ers had occasion to refer to a certain
woman, whom we will call Hannah
Smith, as a denizen of the Tenth Ward.
A day or two afterward a huge man en-
tered the office with his brow clouded
with thunder. In his hand he carried a
fearful club, and at his side trotted a
bulldog whom hunger evidently had
made desperate. With that quick appre-
ciation of the situation which is credi-
table to the superior intelligence of edu-
cated men, the editor of this paper and
the proprietors darted to the window,
climbed outside, slid down the lightning
rod, and went across the street to watch
the bloody fray through a spy-glass.

With the fearlessness of conscious inno-
cence, we sat still, merely inserting our
legs in two sections of stovepipe, to
guard against misapprehension of facts
on the part of the bulldog. The man
with the club approached.

"Are you the editor?" he asked, spit-
ting on his hand and grasping his club.
We told him that the editor was out;
that he had gone to the North pole with
Captain Hall, and that he would not re-
turn before 1876, in time for the centen-
nial celebration.

"Are you the proprietor?" asked the
man.

We explained to him that we were not,
that the proprietors were also out;
that they had gone to South America
for the purpose of investigating the
curative properties of curandango, and
they expected to remain there for several
months.

"Well, whoever you are," exclaimed
the warrior, "my name is Smith!"

We told him we were glad; because,
if there was one thing better than the
possession of the name of Smith, it was
the privilege of knowing a man of that
name. "But, Smith," we said, "Why
this battle array?" It is absurd for
man to put on the panoply of war,
and frisk into editors' sanctums
flaming a club and accompanied by a
disheartening bulldog, simply because
his name happens to be Smith."

He said he had called in to burst
the head of the man who had insulted his
sister.

Black Mahomedans in Brazil.

An interesting contribution to modern
travels is furnished by a little work by
Abdurrahman Effendi, called a "Journey
to Brazil," and written in Arabic.

A few years ago, before the existence
of the Suez Canal, the Turkish govern-
ment had occasion to dispatch a man-
of-war to Basra, which thus had to
make the long journey through the Medi-
terranean and the Atlantic, around the
cape, through the Indian Ocean and the
Persian Gulf. The vessel was forced by
stress of weather to run in for shelter
at Rio Janeiro. There, to the intense
surprise of the sailors, a number of Mahom-
medans were found among the black
population of the capital. Their Islamism
had indeed suffered greatly by the length
of time and the distance from their
co-religionists. Thus, they no longer
fasted in the month of Ramadan, but
in the month of Shaban; they knew
nothing as to the times of prayer; none
of them knew Arabic; their marriages
and their funerals were consecrated by
Catholic priests, by whom, also, their
children were baptized. Strangely
enough, these priests did not seem to
care for anything further. Thus in their
place of worship they had a Jew from
Tangiers to officiate for them, who wore
a high turban, and therefore called him-
self an Imam. This man also served
as interpreter between his flock and Ab-
durrahman, to whom he told without
any ceremony that from what he had
seen in his youth at Morocco, he felt
fully competent to serve as Imam.

"Not was the astonishment all on the
side of the new comers. The black Ma-
homedans were not a little surprised
to see any faithful of a white complex-
ion. According to their experience, all
the white people were Christians, while
all the Mahomedans were black.

With the permission of his authorities
Sheik Abdurrahman now left his vessel,
and sojourned for some years at Rio de
Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco, in or-
der to instruct his co-religionists there
in the elements of their common faith,
and to educate some of them sufficiently
to enable them to read the Koran in the
original, and to serve as teachers and
Imams to their black countrymen. He
further made them give up pork and
wine, and their wives had to veil them-
selves before strangers.

There is a good deal of information
also of the Munchausen type to be found
in the little volume written by the mis-
sionary at his return, but he only tells
what he has been told himself. He also
proves learnedly that withratham is wick-
er, and oppositum the tree which bears
but the inhabitants of those regions are,
in spite of all his efforts, very much
ignorant of that practice, as well as of
prophecy. The number of these black Mus-
sulmen at Rio he estimates at no less
than 19,000; but we fear, in anything
approaching to numbers or exact sci-
entific information, one must not ex-
actly be the best guide imaginable.

Who are Benefited by Sea Air.

Sea air often exercises most beneficial
effects, where sea bathing would be
equally injurious. That a residence at
the sea side is generally healthy cannot
be doubted from the fact that even
during the most sultry heat of summer,
the air is constantly in motion. It is,
moreover, free from fogs and vapor, and
the particles of salt with which the air
is impregnated greatly tend to lend tone
to the system. It is particularly bene-
ficial in cases of disposition to consump-
tion and scrofula, intense nervous sus-
ceptibility evinced by hysteria, and such
like nervous affections, disarrangement
of the bronchial organs, dyspepsia, and
like complaints, which are more rare on
the sea coast than in the inland parts of
the country. The exhilarating influence
of the sea air is proved by the fact that
those who indulge in extra quantities of
wine and spirits for the purpose of main-
taining a comfortable condition of con-
stitutional force for the discharge of
business, dispense with the same when
at the sea side—the excitement produced
by fermented liquors being compensated
by increased appetite, induced by the
extra amount of air and exercise taken.

The rosy, healthy appearance of the face
after a sojourn is greatly attributable
to particles of salt adhering to the skin,
and exciting to action capillary blood
vessels and cutaneous nerves. In a
word, feebleness of the constitution and
impaired state of health are generally
indicated by pallor and flabbiness, upon
which condition the action of the salt
water exercises more influence than even
change of temperature, and it acts pow-
erfully on the muscular fibre.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A delicate female partook of twenty-eight
different dishes at a Chicago hotel
dinner.

Only twenty-six Chinese women have
arrived at San Francisco during the
summer.

The young lady in the Episcopal
Church at Springfield, Mass., who ful-
fills the duties of the assistant minister,
is paid a regular salary.

According to the news from Wick, in
Scotland, the catch of herring during a
stated period of four days, has been ex-
traordinary. It is computed that 900
boats landed about 50,000,000 herrings,
which are valued, when cured, at about
£100,000.

A gentleman living near Raleigh, N. C.,
while hunting one night last week,
the *Sentinel* says, killed three young
opossums, all of which were blind and
evidently born so; two of the three were
also entirely destitute of hearing, having
no signs of ears.

A much bereaved widower in Zanes-
ville, Ohio, who has just attended the
funeral of his third wife, has the photo-
graphs of the three departed in a group,
within which his own picture is the cen-
tral figure, and underneath is this touch-
ing inscription: "The Lord will provide."

A Western paper complains of a new
pest, a worm in the flour intended for
family use. A black bug, a quarter of
an inch long, lays eggs in the flour,
which are hatched in ten days. The
home consumption of that flour must be
as interesting as that of Springfield
squidnet water.

Terrible stories are told of the savag-
ness of mosquitos in Florida this season.
Field hands are driven from work
by them. A Government surveying
party was stampeded, cattle and horses
are nearly worried to death, fowls have
their sight destroyed, young chickens
are killed, and cats and dogs driven
nearly mad by the fierce insects.

A number of Newark ladies have
formed themselves into a "Pedestrian
Club," the constitution of the order re-
quiring each member to walk at least
two miles a day, and as many additional
as necessary or convenient may require.
Some of these ladies, who were greatly
emancipated before joining, have since con-
siderably increased in weight and mus-
cle.

A curious observer of men, women and
things at St. Louis, has made the dis-
covery that men and boys invariably
rub the heels of their boots and shoes
over outwardly, while women and girls
always run theirs over inwardly. Out
of 147 men and boys that passed the ob-
server at a given point this fact was
true in every instance; out of 67 women
that passed, it was true in every instance
but one.

The Hillsboro (N. C.) *Recorder* says
that during the war an accomplished
lady, then residing in Goldsboro, N. C.,
dreamed a piece of music and awoke with
the melody fresh in her mind. She got
up in her night dress, went to the piano,
and played it off. A lady friend ar-
ranged the notes to suit it, and it is now
sold by our music dealers under the title
of "Voices from the South," and has be-
come quite popular.

All beauty is not monopolized by the
Caucasian race. In Keokuk the other
day, at the State Fair, a baby-show was
organized, and out of 12 competitors the
bouncing ebony image of Mrs. Chloey
Franklin, a black woman, was unani-
mously awarded the prize as the hand-
somest infant in the group, and a card
was pinned on the victorious one, stat-
ing that his parents were of the Ken-
tucky stock, owned at one time by
Henry Clay.

A man named Russell has for several
years inhabited an island near the mouth
of the Sacramento river, and is known
as "The Lone Man of Twitchell's
Island." He is without neighbors, has
Pringle's corn-killer for a pet, and is
fascinated by the beauty of the spot. By occupation
he is a trapper, and has built for himself
a substantial and convenient domicile.
He varies the vocation of trapping by
cultivating bees, and annually ships
large quantities of honey to San Fran-
cisco.

At the recent anniversary of the Oneida
Baptist Association, a visiting clergy-
man, old enough to be gray, but with
raven locks and beard, offered several
resolutions touching questions of reform.
Dr. Patton, of Utica, said he was in op-
position to the adoption of the resolutions,
but he wished the one on the use of to-
bacco might be followed by one deprecating
the use of hair dye. The reformer
stood speechless, completely squelched,
and the Association was convulsed with
laughter.

A man was brought before an Illinois
magistrate and fined \$3.50 for being
drunk. He smiled blandly, and draw-
ing out a dollar bill, said: "All right,
Mr. Magistrate; I suppose you remem-
ber that when I sold out saloon at Pekin,
I had \$5.50 on the slate against you.
With this dollar that will exactly pay
my fine. You must excuse me, 'squire,
for this little spree of mine; but I didn't
see any other way of collecting my bill
against you than this." Exit inebriate.
Audible smiles among the audience.

Grace Greenwood, writing from Den-
ver, says: "Nature did antelope an ill-
turn originally, in affixing to them a
mark by which they can be seen and a
beard around them, at a great distance.
It renders them especially liable to at-
tacks in the rear, which reminds me of
a little story. A small Colorado boy,
who had been out playing, ran into the
house in a state of great excitement, say-
ing that he had seen some antelopes in a
gulch near by. At his entreaty his
mother went out to look at them, but
nothing of the kind was to be found.
She became incensed, and she said to
me, 'I don't believe you saw any antelopes,
it must have been your imagination, my
child.' To this the little mountaineer
indignantly responded: 'Humph! I
guess my imagination isn't white be-
hind!'"