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Why She Sings.

'Neath the sprigging trees in the forest glade
Where the harebells nod in the checkered
shade,
On a broken couch there she pouts and lies,
Smiles as she lazily droops her eyes;
As the rock, the brook, and the dragon fly
Combine in the sweetest lullaby—
In calm July.

She sleeps—and her figure you'll just discern
'Mid the tangled grass and the nodding fern,
A delicate form and a fair young face,
Lips parted in exquisite girlish grace,
A more perfect picture you'd never desire
'Neath the rustling leaves and the summer sky
In bright July!

She sighs as she dreams in her rustic nest,
With her dimpled hand to her red lips prest;
With her golden hair o'er the fern leaves
spread
Like an aureole around her head—
Ah! pray you can tell me the reason why
This beautiful maiden in dreams should sigh
In sweet July?

MRS. DELAFIELD'S VOW.

Colonel and Mrs. Delafield had hardly been three months married, when they arrived in Washington and settled themselves for the session of Congress at the... (text continues with details of their social life and Mrs. Delafield's interactions with various guests and her own family).

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had been looking like a black thunder cloud over there in the corner for the last ten minutes.

"As well be killed for a sheep as a lamb," Mrs. Delafield, said Mr. Bell; "so let's have one more turn."

"I think I'll stop here, and not go on with you, sis," said Mrs. Delafield, as she reached her own room door, which was in the same corridor with her sister's. She tried the door as she spoke, and found it locked.

"Let me rouse the colonel," said Mr. Bell, who was with them. But that "instantaneous instinct," which Compton says is the only intellect of a woman, warned Mrs. Delafield of the truth, and she sent a shiver of cold anger over her, ten times worse than her hottest flashes of passion.

"Not for the world," she said, in the blandest tone. "Poor fellow, I am sure he is tired out."

"But perhaps, after all, he may not be in there. Let me climb up and look through the transom; I can easily do so by standing on this table," and as he spoke Mr. Bell lifted a small stand in front of the door.

"I don't, sister; pray don't," said Louise. "Either let Mr. Bell wake Colonel Delafield, or come in my room and sleep with me to-night. Indeed, that will be the best plan, after all," she added, for she knew her sister, and distrusted that smiling face and low, set tone.

"Come along, Miss Mary, honey. I've got a nice cup of tea for you and Miss Louise. The colonel's all right. He is in bed, but he's not sleeping any better than he is. I wish you'd just see what he had expected to see; her husband, with a face, as Mrs. Larine truly said, like a thunder cloud, sitting bolt upright in a chair before the fire."

and her husband and father in an animated discussion on some political point. Without speaking, Colonel Delafield rose and placed a chair for the wife, while her father, ignorant that this was the first time they had met since the previous evening, saw nothing out of the way in his manner, but supposed him only engrossed in the argument they were carrying on for some time.

"Swelling with indignation at the cool politeness of her husband's manner, the little lady sat for a few moments silent, not daring to trust herself to speak, for the last thing she desired was that her father should be cognizant of the state of affairs."

Great was his surprise and indignation to find the room empty on his return, and no preparations for his wife's toilet before retiring. The little slippers that Kate always set temptingly on the foot-stool were missing, so was the dressing gown that was usually draped over the back of a chair, while further search revealed the fact that her tooth brush, comb and brush, and other accessories of the toilet had been removed.

"She can stay away as long as she likes," he said, as he threw himself on the bed. "I shall not ask her to come back."

Mrs. Delafield just at that moment was saying to her sister: "I'll not go back, I tell you, till he goes down on his knees and kisses my foot."

Matters had gone on so for nearly a week, and Mrs. Delafield, through a kept a brave face outwardly, was heartily tired of the quarrel. She never waltzed; but then she might as well have done so, for her husband never entered the public parlor, where the effort to appear in good spirits was becoming daily greater, until she was obliged to herself of the excuse given by slipping one day on the stairs, and say she had hurt her ankle and could not go down stairs at all.

The colonel meantime was equally miserable, and fully determined not to make the first advance, but when two whole days had passed, during which his wife had never left her sister's room, he became really uneasy about her, and purposely delaying to go down to dinner on the third day till he was sure Mr. Bell and Louise were down, he went down to the stairs as was his wont, and inquired of Mrs. Delafield's maid, and inquired casually "How Miss Mary felt."

Mummy was a born diplomat and rose to the height of her opportunity. In secret, sis, is very uneasy about Miss Mary; she is just pining away, and she ought to see the doctor. I wish you'd just see what she had expected to see; her husband, with a face, as Mrs. Larine truly said, like a thunder cloud, sitting bolt upright in a chair before the fire."

child as he crossed her, calling her by every pet name he had ever used, and begging her not to cry.

"Why didn't you come?" she replied. "Because I was a fool."

"Well, I was another."

"And again the kissing begun and was carried on for some time."

"And I slipped and hurt my ankle, and you never came near me."

"Poor little foot," said the colonel, stooping over as he spoke and kissing the pretty little foot in its dainty stocking and a pair of slippers as it lay exposed on the lounge.

Just at this moment the door opened and Louise entered, amazed and delighted to find the colonel there, but prudently ignoring the fact of his previous absence, and speaking as if she expected to find him there.

"Papa is getting uneasy about you, Mary, and has sent me up to say that if you are not better by morning he shall for Colonel Delafield to send for the doctor to attend to your ankle."

The Wealth of Br zil.

All intelligent travelers who have visited Brazil speak in the most glowing terms of the country, the emperor of which, Dom Pedro II., has just paid a flying visit to this country. Professor Agassiz regards it as the most productive and interesting country on the globe, and the one in which it is the easiest to obtain a livelihood. Some who have sailed up the Amazon declare that a vessel can be loaded with Brazil nuts at an expense of only a few cents per bushel. These constitute a valuable article of commerce, while the oil extracted from them is very desirable. All the tropical fruits are produced in Brazil almost without cultivation. The soil in many parts of the country will produce twenty successive crops of cotton, tobacco or sugar cane without the application of manure. No country in the world approaches the land of Dom Pedro in the variety of its forest productions. Professor Agassiz states that he saw one hundred and seventeen different kinds of steady or semi-steady trees on a piece of land not half a mile square. They represented almost every variety of color, and many of them were capable of receiving a high polish. One tree furnishes wax that is used for candles, another a pitch that is used for food, and still another a juice which is used in the place of intoxicating liquor. There is a single variety of palm from which the natives obtain food, drink, clothing, bedding, cordage, fishing tackle, medicine, and the material they manufacture into dwellings, weapons, harnesses, and musical instruments. Doubtless the day is not far distant when the valuable woods of Brazil will be used for various useful and ornamental purposes.

The Flow of Speech.

Though we all employ speech, says the *Popular Science Monthly*, yet we differ in ease and agreeableness of utterance. The voice is weak or powerful, as determined by the mode of action of the respiratory organs. The timbre is sharp, harsh, sweet or harmonious; this is determined by the configuration of the resonant cavities. Whatever quality of voice we happen to have naturally, is to be preserved, though it may be improved by constant attention to the enunciation of the words. The timbre is sharp, harsh, sweet or harmonious; this is determined by the configuration of the resonant cavities. Whatever quality of voice we happen to have naturally, is to be preserved, though it may be improved by constant attention to the enunciation of the words.

Caught Him at It.

A lady, the wife of a well known New York merchant, had occasion to ride in the cars from the Grand Central depot. She was a timid lady, and had mortal dread of pickpockets. She knew she would be robbed in riding through the tunnel. The cars were crowded. There was but one vacant seat, which must be shared with a gentleman who wore a duster. As the train entered the tunnel the woman put a guard over her pocket.

Shaker Hospitality to Cats.

Elder F. W. Evans, a shining light in New Lebanon, has contributed to the *Shaker* an article in which he says: "Kill the cats!" That was a good suggestion, and one which they are the greatest nuisances on the premises; have to be killed now to keep them within bounds. Kill a few more and it will lessen the number of cat deaths in the future. Mother Ann Lee affirmed that cats were mediums of evil spirits. She enjoined her children not to play with or fondle cats. A good rule. The causes of weakly children in many households. We have no dogs, why should we have cats? The dog loves his master or mistress. The cat loves the house, and will return if taken away by the removing owner. How shall we keep the mice and rats in check? Let some of the readers of the *Shaker* answer. Do right, kill the cats, and "the birds of the air" will tell subscribers how to abate the lesser nuisances of rats and mice.

How to Make Mother Happy.

"Why, mother, how bright and cheerful you look to-night! What has happened?"

"I feel very happy, my dear, because my little boy has really tried to be good all day. Once, when his sister Katie teased him and he spoke quick and cross to her, he turned round a moment a ter, of his own accord, and said he was wrong, and asked her to forgive him. I believe I should grow young and never look tired or unhappy again, if every day, my little boy and girl were as thoughtful, unselfish, and loving as they have been to-day."

Here's a grand secret for you, little ones. And now that you know how to make mother happy, may you keep her face always full of sunshine.

Young America.

The central figure was a bare headed woman with a broom in her hand. She stood on the back step, and was crying: "George!"

There was no response, but anybody who had been on the other side of a close board fence at the foot of the garden might have observed two boys intently engaged in building a mud pie.

"That's your mother hollering, George," said one of the two, placing his eye to a knothole and glancing through to the stoop.

"I don't care," said the other. "Ain't you going in?"

"No!"

"George!" came another call, short and sharp. "do you hear me?"

There was no answer.

"Where is she now?" inquired George, putting in the filling in the pie.

"On the stoop," replied the young man at the knothole.

"What's she doin'?"

"Ain't doin' nothin'."

"George Augustus?"

Still no answer.

"You needn't think you can hide from me, young man, for I can see you, and if you don't come in here at once, I'll come out there in a way that you will know."

Now this was an eminently natural statement, but hardly plausible, as her eyes would have had to pierce an inch board fence to see George; and even were this possible, it would have required a glance in the special direction, and not over the top of a pea-tree in an almost opposite way. Even the boy at the knothole could hardly repress a smile.

"What's she doin' now?" inquired George.

"She stands there yet."

"I won't speak to you again, George Augustus," came the voice. "Your father will be home in a few minutes, and I shall tell him all about what you have done."

Still no answer.

"Ain't you afraid?" asked the conscientious young man, drawing his eye from the knothole to rest it.

"No! she won't tell pa; she never does; she only sez so to scare me."

Thus enlightened and reassured, the guard covered the knothole again.

"Ain't you coming home, young man?" again demanded the woman, "or do you want me to come out there to you with a stick? I won't speak to you again, sir!"

"Is she comin'?" asked the baker.

"No!"

"Which way is she lookin'?"

"She's lookin' over in the other yard."

"Do you hear me, I say?" came the call again.

No answer.

"George Augustus! do you hear your mother talking to you?"

Still no answer.

"Oh, you just wait, young man, till your father comes home, and he'll make you hear, I'll warrant ye."

"She is gone now," announced the faithful sentinel, withdrawing from his post.

"All right! take hold of this crust and pull it down on that side, and that'll be another pie done," said the remorse stricken George Augustus.

Indian Widows.

The *Indian Mail* has the following: In the marriage state, an Indian civilian used to be reckoned as worth £300 a year, dead or alive. The nominal value of Bombay civilians now bids fair to rise yet higher, although the real value will remain much as it was, in view of the growing cheapness of money. Owing to the flourishing state of their widows' fund, it has been proposed that £200 instead of £300 per annum should be the pension granted to all ladies who come on the fund as widows after the first of July, 1876. This, says an Indian journal, will be equal to a marriage settlement in the ordinary way, of £12,000 a consul—a sum which not only man in twenty belonging to the upper middle and professional classes is able to settle on his wife when he marries. A counter proposition, which is even more liberal than the original one, is also going round for signature, to the effect that all the widows on the fund should also get the increased pension, and to this amendment there is said to be little or no opposition. As widows on the Bombay civil fund forfeit half their pension if they marry again, it follows that each one of these ladies who takes up her second husband, will have £200 a year to help in keeping up her new home. That sum is equal to a settlement of £5,000 or so in consols, and it is not very hard, whether widow or maid, who can command so useful a dowry. Thus the new regulation will not only raise the value of Bombay civil servants as husbands, but also of the widows they leave behind them.

What the Diamond Did.

George IV., of England, sent the famous Pitt diamond as a present in a ring to the Persian ruler, Fath-Ali-Shah. The bearer of this costly ring, Sir Harford Jones, was stopped in his journey by a messenger from the court, and desired not to enter the capital, where French interests were then paramount. After Sir Harford had exhausted every argument to show that he ought to be received without making any impression on the Persian king, he said: "Well, if it must be so, I shall return, but this must go with me," and he took from his pocket the beautiful diamond ring which had been sent for the Shah. The sparkle of the gem produced a magical effect; the king no sooner beheld it than he lost his balance, and fell back from his seat quite out of breath; then, recovering himself, he shouted: "Stop, stop, Elchi! May your condescending kindness go on increasing!" This alters the matter. I will send an express to the heavenly residence, and request the return of the world's treasure by your head that you will be received with all honor. Mashallah! It is not every one that has diamonds like the Inglis. He was as good as his word; the express courier was dispatched, and Sir Harford Jones entered the city of Tehran by one gate, while Gen. Gardanne, the French envoy, was packed off by the other.

He Secured Rest.

General Des Pallieris, just dead, during the campaign in Cochin-China had a native servant, very intelligent, very faithful, and very lazy. After a long day's march the general was awakened at midnight by the moaning of his servant, who, stretched on a mat at the entrance of the tent, was fighting to himself: "Water! water! water!"

The general calls out: "Hallo! There! Quick! Stir yourself!"

The servant approaches, painfully. "Get me a glass of water, and be quick about it."

The servant departs, grumbling, but returns speedily with it.

"Here is the water, general."

"Then drink it yourself, and let me sleep."

A SURPLUS.—The surplus of women in Massachusetts, or rather of women and girls, which was 50,000 in 1870, was last year something more than 65,000, the whole number of males in the State being 794,888, and of females 857,829.

Greatest Day at Any Fair.

The number of paying visitors to the Centennial Exhibition on Pennsylvania day is officially stated at 251,463, and to the live stock exhibition at 5,828; total, 257,296. Including free admissions, the number exceeded 260,000. This number exceeds by more than 80,000 persons the largest single day's attendance at any international fair ever held, and the cash receipts are more than twice as great as those of any former day at this or any other fair.

Rootsakers..... 4,600
Washmen..... 2,200
Dress makers..... 14,000
Cigar makers..... 2,500
Clothing and wood workers..... 2,300
Total..... 260,000

A Nice Boy.

"Well, you are a nice boy to send on a message," said a woman to a boy who had lost a bundle with which she had entrusted him. The boy struck the attitude of an orator, and replied: "Not being a common carrier, and not having entered into a contract with you to carry your parcel for and in consideration of any sum, I have incurred no liability and am liable to no penalty. If I had undertaken to carry the parcel for my own particular profit, my father even would not have been responsible for its loss (see Butler agt. Basing, 2 C. & P. 74), unless indeed he had been negligent, because of the opportunity thus afforded me to make small swags. On this point I will only quote Dwight agt. Brewer, 1 Pickering (Miss), 50. But, resting from the law to the equity of the case, I have only to say—"but before he could say if his father had yanked him from the room.

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