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Grandmother Gray.
Faded and thin, in her old gray hair,
Sunset gliding her thin white hair,
Slightly wrinkling this Grandmother Gray;
While I on my elbows beside her lean,
And tell what wonderful things I mean
To have, and to do, if I can, some day;
You can talk so to Grandmother Gray—
She doesn't laugh nor send you away.

I see, as I look from the window seat,
A house there yonder, across the street,
With a fine French roof and a frescoed hall,
The deep bay windows are full of flowers;
They're a clock of bronze that chimes the hours.

And a fountain—I hear it tinkle and fall
When the doors are open: "I mean," I say,
"To live in a house like that some day."
"Money will buy it," says Grandmother Gray.

There's a low baronage, all green and gold,
And a pair of horses as black as jet,
I've seen drive by—and before I'm old
A turnout like that I hope to get.
How they prance and shine in their harness gay!

What fun 't would be if they ran away!"
"Money will buy them," says Grandmother Gray.

"To-morrow, I know, a great ship sails
Out of port, and across the sea;
Oh! to feel in my face the ocean gales
And the salt waves dancing under me!
In the old, far lands of legend and lay
I long to roam—and I shall, some day."
"Money will do it," says Grandmother Gray.

"And when, like me, you are old," she says,
"And getting and going are done with dear,
What then, do you think, will be the one thing
You will wish and need, to content you here?"

"Oh, when in my chair I have to stay,
Love, you see, will content me," I say.
"That, money won't buy," says Grandmother Gray.

"And, sure enough, if there's nothing worth
All your care, when the years are past,
But love in heaven, and love on earth,
Why not begin where you'll end at last?
Begin to lay up treasure to-day,
Treasurer that nothing can take away,
Bless the Lord!" says Grandmother Gray.

A BLIGHT IN SUMMER.

I was not the regular doctor, for the practice at Burnley belonged to Fred. Garnet, an old hospital friend of mine, who had taken to a simple country practice, while I had been roaming about the world as a surgeon in immigrant ships, and during the Franco-German war. We had met after seven years, when I was in a month's quiet in the country, and he had asked me to attend to his practice, while he came up to town to pass a degree, for he was a hard studying, ambitious fellow.

A man at the door desired me to come over and see his master, who was dying of gout. This was the announcement by the servant. Saying that I had been consulted about a "terrible wherritin' pain" in the back of an old lady of seventy-five, this was my first call.

"I'll see Miss Kate a watching for us."

There was the flutter of a white dress by the gate as we drove on, but my attention was too much taken up by the prettiness of the place, and I was gazing idly about, thinking nothing of "Miss Kate" and her carer, when the gig stopped, and I jumped down.

"Here he is, uncle dear," she cried.

"Time he was here," exclaimed some one, with a savage roar.

After giving various little orders I placed the tender leg in an easy position, the patient breaking out into furious exclamations of "thills." Then by means of some hoops from a small wooden tub, I made a small gypsy tent over the limb so that the coverings did not touch the exquisitely tender skin, and the end of half an hour had the pleasure of hearing a sigh of satisfaction, of seeing a smooth steel over the face, which was now smoothly bedewed with a gentle perspiration, and directly after, in a drowsy voice, my patient said:

"Kitty, my darling, he's a trump. Take him into the next room and anoint him, and tell him I'm not always such a beast."

He was half asleep already, while I—even in that short hour—I had fallen into a dream, a dream of love; I who had never loved before, nor thought of it, but as sickly boy and girl snuff, unworthy of busy men.

I cannot tell you how that day passed, only that Kate Austey had implored me not to leave her uncle yet; and I? I was her slave, and would have done her bidding even to the death.

It was now seven days, and my visits to the farm were more frequent than ever. I went one day as usual, but instead of Kate being at the window and running out to meet me, the old gentleman stood at the door, looking very angry, and he at once caught hold of my coat and dragged me into the kitchen.

"Is anything wrong?" I said, trembling.

"Yes, lots," said the old man. "What do you come here for?"

"For mercy's sake, don't keep it back!" I said, for the room seemed to swim round me. "Is Kate ill?"

"Yes—I think she is," he said, gruffly. "But look here, young man, what does this mean?"

"Mean?" I said. "Oh, Mr. Brand, if she is 'll let me see her at once!"

"She don't look very bad," he said, peering through the crack of the door into the parlor, where I could see her white dress; "but I say, young man, you'd better not come any more. She's growing dull, and I can't have my darling made a fool of."

"Made a fool of?" I stammered.

"Yes," he said, gruffly; "what do you come here for?"

I was silent for a minute, with a wondrous feeling stealing over me, as at last my lips said—I did not prompt them—"because I love her with all my heart."

"And you have told her so?"

"Not a word," I said, slowly. My hand was being crushed as in a vise the next minute.

"I'm not a gentleman, doctor, but I

me to myself, and I was the cold, hard man once more as I rose, and taking the lamp, bent down over my patient, whose eyes now opened and he stared at me.

"Where's Kate?" he asked; "and where's—what?" He stopped short.

"Kate?" I said, coldly; "you have had an accident." "Oh, yes, I remember. I was going to catch the night train for Burnley, when that confounded cab!"

"You must not talk," I said, fighting hard to contain myself. "You are seriously hurt."

"That last was not professional, but there was grim pleasure in giving him some pain."

"That's bad, doctor," he whispered, "for I was going down—to see my darling—she's very ill."

"Ill!" I exclaimed, starting.

"Yes," he said, speaking with pain, and I could not stop him now. "Con-sumption, they say, broken heart I think. Some scoundrel!"

"I almost dropped the lamp as I caught his hand and gripped it, and said in a hoarse, choking voice, for I was struggling to see the full light:

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Telegraph, at my expense, to my brother-in-law. Take it down, or you'll forget it," said Christopher Austey, to John Brand, Greenmount, Burnley, a railway man, and not to be trifled with.

"Yes, yes," I stammered, my hands trembling as I took out a pencil and pretended to write, "Miss Kate," then I faltered, "is?"

"My darling child!" sobbed the poor fellow, "and she's dying!"

He was too weak, too faint to heed me, and with a bitter groan I turned away stunned—mad almost at my folly. For I saw it all now, poor, weak, pitiful, jealous fool that I was. I had seen the girl that I worshipped, nestled and caressed by her own father, and without seeking or asking an explanation, I had rushed away, leaving her to think me a scoundrel—nay, worse.

When I turned once more to the mattress my patient had fallen asleep, and I stood there thinking.

In a few minutes I had made my plans; and then, watch in hand, I impatiently waited for Dr. Barker's return.

"Doctor," I said, "you are attended to in my debt for this night's work."

"My dear sign, I'll write you a check for twenty guineas, with pleasure," he replied.

"Pay me in this way," I said; "see that these patients whose names I have written on this slip of paper are attended to well for the next two days, and tell our friend here that his message has been seen to."

He promised eagerly, and the next minute I was in the street, running to the nearest cab stand.

I was just in time to catch the early morning train, and half mad, half joyful, I sat impatiently there till the train dropped me at Burnley, where the fly driver joyfully led me over to the Four-Mile farm.

It was a bright, clear morning, and the sun glanced from the river upon the trees, but I could think of only one thing as I kept urging the driver on, and he must have thought me mad as I leaped out and rushed into the well known parlor.

"Kate!" I cried, as half blind I ran toward a pale face lying back in an easy chair by the fire.

"You scoundrel!" was roared at the same moment, and the sturdy farmer had me pinned by the waist.

"Yes, all that," I said; "only hear me."

His hands dropped as Kate uttered a low cry and fainted.

"Quick!" I said, "water and some brandy."

With a low growl of rage my old patient for a moment obeyed me, and in a few minutes her head rested on my arm.

"Have you come—to say good-bye?" she said, feebly; and there was such a look of reproach in that poor worn face, that I only answered in a whisper:

"No, no—to ask you to give and bless me with your love; to ask you to forgive me for my cruel weakness, for I must have been mad."

A deep groan made me turn my head to see that the farmer's head was down upon his arms, and his broad shoulders were heaving.

"I thought you would never come again," said Kate, feebly; "but I never gave up hope."

Another Dynamite Plot.
Passengers on a New York express train that started from Philadelphia at 3:10 had a narrow escape. Among the articles of baggage checked for New York was a Saratoga trunk. It was placed in the upper tier of trunks in the baggage car. When the train, which was a heavy one, carrying Centennial passengers, had passed Metuchen, about twenty-six miles from Jersey City, the baggage master heard a terrific explosion. It hurled the trunks around, and threw the men in the car on the floor. Flames burst from the pile of baggage, setting fire to the baggage and car almost instantaneously. The fire was spreading rapidly, and the train was stopped to extinguish the fire.

The remains of the trunk that had caused the damage were collected. The trunk was made of thin wood. The parts of an intricate little machine were found among the broken boards. A small pistol, attached by wire to the brass work of a clock, was so arranged that when the hands reached the figure twelve on the dial the pistol was discharged. The charge was fired into some very inflammable substance, either dynamite or pyroxyline, that was enclosed in the trunk. The explosion was so violent that it was estimated that the damage would not exceed \$500, but it must have been much more but for the fortunate placing of the trunk at the top of the car. The infernal machine was so shattered that its exact nature cannot be defined. It was collected and taken to the Jersey City depot, where the train master took charge of it, pending investigation that the railroad officials are to make.

John Silpath, the baggage master, says he thinks it probable that the trunk was either designed for the destruction of the railroad depot, or to destroy the train. Conductor Stockton said that he did not hear the explosion, and did not know why the train stopped until the brakeman told him that the baggage car was on fire. He thought it was intended to do some damage in New York, as it was more probable that it was made for a specific purpose than to kill passengers or employees on a train. He thought it had probably been delayed.

The Quakers Diminishing.
The London Catholic Register says: We are sorry to see that our old friends, the Quakers, are sadly diminishing in numbers. It is said that there are only 20,000 in England, the fourth part of the number which flourished in this country in the days of George Fox, their founder. It is said that the Quakers, gentlemen abandoned the wide sweep of their hats and the ladies the gaudy severity of their bonnets the popularity of the sect gradually diminished, for there was little left of appeal to mere vanity.

They have deserted a huge number of heresies; for beyond calling you "Friend," and somewhat antiquating the Queen's English, there was really nothing left of the sect as such as they were. They were ritualists in dress and in speech, but certainly not so in doctrine; and perhaps they were the only sect in which the laymen and the laywomen were a quasi-ecclesiastical body.

An amusing and instructive little fact that the object of their founder was to originate a sect which was to be completely without ceremonies and forms; and yet that sect has stood out from all others in the peculiarity of dress.

It is further curious that their religious cult means, they were obliged to resort to poison to exterminate their pest.

Phosphorus paste was used, spread thickly over meat, which was then placed where the rats could readily get at it. Pursuing this course for a long time, they were surprised to find that while the most regularly disappeared, the rats remained, their number apparently increasing instead of diminishing. One day a man in charge of an adjoining stable asked who was trying to poison rats, and being told, replied:

"The rats are too smart for you."

He led the lady to the alley alongside the house, where there was a hydrant, the nozzle of which being broken off, left the hydrant they saw several pieces of meat, some partly covered, and the others entirely destitute of any traces of the phosphorus paste.

After watching some time, the lady actually saw the rats not only eat the washed meat, but carry the coated pieces carefully in their mouths from her back door under the running stream of the hydrant.

Our correspondent says the rats may not have known the character of the coating on their meat, but their course argues a knowledge of the properties of water, and a power of adapting means to ends, akin to reason.

Do Rats Reason?
The Boston Courier says: A lady living in this city relates that the house occupied by herself and family became so infested with rats that, in the failure of all means, they were obliged to resort to poison to exterminate their pest.

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A Dentist's Dinner.
We have received a toothsome bill of fare designed especially for dentists, and we hasten to publish it. Every one of the craft will find it very filling for the price:

SUPPER.
DIPLO.
WINE.
"Make-er-yell" — Walla.
ENTREES.
VEGETABLES.
The Frolic of Coars.
BOAST.
Bear, with Grins.
VEGETABLES.
Buffed Roosts—schemes of them.
POLLETRY.
"Pull-it."
BURRUPS.
H'Owls, with India Rubber Filling, a la Bowery.
DESSERT.
"I Scream" (and so would any body else).
"A Pull At" a bottle of Tuckaway.
GRUBS.
BURRUPS.

Our correspondent adds that he thought of this menu while under the influence of laughing gas, and has remembered it all with the exception of something about "dumplings with molasses." As it stands it is good enough, and can scarcely be improved.

The First Oil Works.
The first flowing well of oil ever struck was on the McElhenny or Punk farm, and was known as the Punk well. Punk was a poor man when the well was sunk. Oil was struck in June, 1861, and commenced flowing, to the astonishment of all the oil borers in the neighborhood, at the rate of 250 barrels a day. Such a prodigious supply of grease upset all calculations, but it was confidently predicted that the flow would soon cease. It was "Oil creek humbug," and those who had no direct interest in the property of the well looked day after day to see the stream stop. But like the old woman who sat down by the river side to let the water run out, that she might cross dryshod, the oil continued flowing, with little variation, for fifteen months, and then stopped; but not before Punk had become a rich man.

The well, however, had long before ceased to be a wonder, being quite overshadowed by newer sensations. On the farm near Phillips well burst forth daily with a steady stream of 2,000 barrels. The well, however, had long before ceased to be a wonder, being quite overshadowed by newer sensations. On the farm near Phillips well burst forth daily with a steady stream of 2,000 barrels. The well, however, had long before ceased to be a wonder, being quite overshadowed by newer sensations. On the farm near Phillips well burst forth daily with a steady stream of 2,000 barrels.

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Items of Interest.
Not a drop of intoxicating liquor is allowed in the Nevada mines, where a serious disaster might easily result from drunkenness.

A Sacramento man, assailed with a rawhide by a woman in the street, effectually bagged her by wrapping her head and arms in her skirts.

The fishing season in Iceland was a failure this year, and the people are suffering from want. Eighteen hundred Icelanders immigrated recently to Canada.

A man twenty-seven years old has just been sent to the Massachusetts State prison who has spent all but two years and three days of his life in reformatory and charitable institutions.

The freshmen classes at various colleges stand as follows: Harvard, 246, Cornell, 180, Yale, 150, Amherst, 83, Williams, 68, Dartmouth, 60, Oberlin, 62, Trinity, 35, Hamilton, 30, Tufts, 26.

A man was playing dice in a saloon in Knoxville, Cal., when the funeral procession of his wife came by. He went to be present at the ceremony, but died before the invitation reached its destination. She was ninety-nine years of age.

The Pennsylvania Transportation Company has contracted for three hundred miles of four-inch pipe to carry oil from the oil regions to the seaboard. This is the most extensive order for pipe ever given in this country, and probably the greatest length of pipe ever included in a single contract.

A druggist at Bradford in England was discovered the other day by his wife lying dead on his bedroom floor. The body of his son, aged four years, was found underneath the corpse. It is believed that the man, seized by an epileptic fit, fell on his son, who was thus smothered.

Mrs. Barnham, of Atlanta, visited the Centennial Exhibition, and there met a man who said that he was Col. Delong, of Boston, and very wealthy. On the second day of their acquaintance they were married, and on the third day the bride was looking for her husband and \$1,300 which had disappeared with him.

An old man who died in Meyersville, Ky., had \$1,200 worth of United States bonds in two mustard boxes, and buried them in a pile of scrap wood in his pantry. The wood was sold to a rag picker for seventy-five cents, and while he was gathering it together a bystander found the bonds.

The German government has been trying for nearly a year to ascertain the exact number of people who inhabit the Empire. The returns show that on the first of December, 1875, the total population was 42,726,344, while in 1871 it was 41,023,095. This shows an increase in four years of 1,703,749, or about an average of one per cent. a year.

A variety show performer advertises for a partner, and says no Jonas will apply. The phrase illustrates one of the peculiarities of the show business. A man who has been unlucky for a long time is regarded with distrust, no one will engage him for fear he will bring disaster, and he is called a Jonas, the idea being that he will sink any ship that takes him aboard.

The humanitarian of London have come to the conclusion that the Italian juvenile beggar nuisance is sustained solely by the well meaning almsgiving of the kind hearted. In a late report of the Italian ambassador, reference is made to an Italian boy who some years ago went to England with a performing cast, and having gained a few pounds he began business as an importer of children, and in a few years amassed £20,000.

Casting a Bronze Statue.
A correspondent who witnessed the operation tells how bronze statues are cast. He says: The casting of a large piece in bronze is a delicate operation, requiring care and art. The first step is the making of a plaster mold from the original model, then a plaster figure from that mold, and finally from the figure a sectional mold into which to run the metal, requires many weeks of skilled labor. The element of luck enters largely into the casting, as the metal often comes with flaws in the metal often causes failures, imposing weeks of additional labor. Consequently the workmen employed were visibly anxious, and a knot of spectators employed the entire afternoon in interestedly watching the process.

The large box, called a "flask," containing the mold, clamped firmly with iron, was let down with a crane into a cavity, and flowed over, so that only a funnel protruded. This was close to a great brick furnace, in which the bronze was heating over a great roaring fire. The metal, as it was slowly conveyed into liquid, was closely observed by the foreman. A glimpse through an aperture showed it boiling furiously like water, and so hot that an iron bar stuck into it became red almost instantly. When the iron could be withdrawn without any harm coming to it, the compound was deemed ready. An immense metal bucket, attached to a powerful crane, was swung under the end of a spout, the furnace was tapped, and a molten stream ran out. Sparks flew in every direction, faces were shielded hastily from the heat, and the dusty plaster images of Franklin, the Vanderbilts as relief, and other relics of previous jobs were made to glow. The bucket was nearly filled, a turn of the crane took it over the flask, and the liquid was, by tipping the bucket, poured into the mold, from which the suddenly heated air rushed through vent pipes with a noise like escaping steam. Some of the bronze slopped over and set fire to the wood floor, and the water that quenched the blaze made so much steam that nothing else could be seen for five minutes. The casting was perfect.