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**A Mite Song.**  
Only a drop in the bucket,  
But every drop will tell;  
The bucket would soon be empty,  
Without the drops in the well.  
Only a poor little penny,  
It was all I had to give;  
But as pennies make the dollars,  
It may help some cause to live.  
A few little bits of ribbon  
And some toys; they were not new,  
But they made the sick child happy,  
Which has made me happy, too.  
Only some outgrown garments;  
They were not the best of things,  
But they'll help to clothe the needy  
And the poor are everywhere.  
A word, now and then, of comfort,  
That cost me nothing to say;  
But the poor old man died happy,  
And it helped him on the way.  
God loveth the cheerful giver,  
Though the gift be poor and small;  
But doth He think of his children  
When they never give at all?

## GOLDEN LOCKS.

### The Story of a Switch.

"What do I know about such matters?" said Squire Postlethwaite, rumpiling up his spectacles and leaning on the very top of his head. The squire was standing in the middle of the sunny sitting-room—a room aglow with wreaths of autumn leaves and blossoming geraniums, with a wood fire on the hearth, which exhaled a faint pine perfume from the resinous logs which were crackling there, and the biggest tortoise-shell cat in New Jersey asleep in front of the blaze. And the squire's wife was balancing herself on tiptoe to sew a button on his shirt bosom—a millionous button which had flown off without the slightest previous notice, and was perched on the top of the squire's head. The squire was tall and big and easily wheeled; the squire's better half was round and petite and possessed of a good deal of feminine diplomacy; and, as a matter of course, Mrs. Postlethwaite commanded.

"Oh, my dear, it's the simplest thing in the world," said she. "But it's so perfectly absurd!" persisted the squire. "The idea of my going into one of those Broadway places and asking for—a switch!" "It's done a hundred times," said Mrs. Postlethwaite, deftly breaking the thread. "And really my hair is getting so thin, what with crimping and frizzing; and everybody else wears a false braid, or a bunch of curls, or something, and I'm positively singular without one." "I wouldn't mind waiting until I go out to town in January, if it wasn't for Fanny Leslie's charade party. Everybody will be there, and of course you want me to look as well as any one else, don't you, dear?"

The squire could not gainsay this leading proposition. He had married a pretty young country girl for love, and during all the five years of their wedded life the torch had burned clear upon the altar of his heart. "Of course I do," said he, heartily. "Then you'll bring me the switch, won't you?" asked Mrs. Postlethwaite. "If it must be, I suppose it must be," assented the squire, with a grimace. And when he drove off to the depot, he carried in a pocket case, next to his heart, a lock of his wife's flaxen hair—no case as keepsake, but as a sample. "Thirty-six inches long, at least," Mrs. Postlethwaite called after him. "And crimped a little at the top, if it's not charged extra for."

"I don't either," said Mr. Ponsombly, "and that's the reason I advise you to drop the whole thing." Squire Postlethwaite shook his head miserably. It was all very well for Mr. Ponsombly to be thus lavish with his counsel, but Mr. Ponsombly didn't know how it was himself. He wasn't a married man. His wife hadn't charged him with a particular commission, and wasn't expectantly waiting for him at home. Let Mrs. Postlethwaite be satisfied with her own hair, argued Mr. Ponsombly, nibbling at an olive. "Women are never satisfied," said the squire, gloomily. "Then let her learn the lesson of contentment."

"Women never learn," said the squire. But he recalled his friend's good advice the next day, when he walked into M. Emile Dupignac's "Centennial Hair Emporium." M. Dupignac rubbed his hands as he hurried behind the plate glass counter, and begged blandly to know "in what he could have the happiness to serve monsieur." "I want a switch," said Squire Postlethwaite, a little uneasy under the bright-eyed regards of M. Dupignac's ten "sales ladies," who were dressed rather more splendidly than his Polly, even in her church-going attire, and wore the biggest tortoise-shell cat in New Jersey believed to be real and of great price—"and it must be of this color," holding up the sample, "and one yard long."

M. Dupignac critically surveyed the lock, with his head first on one side and then on the other. "It is a color truly ravishing," said he. "But nevertheless I flatter myself that I can make it." And he briskly opened a drawer full of long switches, neatly packed in narrow pasteboard boxes, and odorous of camphor, and he whisked out a mass of pale, sparkling, shimmering hair, which he held up to the sunlight with Polly's lock laid against it. "Nature itself!" cried M. Dupignac, theatrically. "No, you don't!" said the squire, setting his teeth together like a steel trap. "Comment?" demanded M. Dupignac. "Put up that thing," said Squire Postlethwaite, "and shut the drawer." "Monsieur would wish it a shade lighter?" queried the Frenchman. "Or perhaps darker? Faintness, it is a mere matter of taste."

"Monsieur don't want any of that sheared-off trash," said the squire, ironically. M. Dupignac drew himself up with Napoleonic dignity. "Monsieur will perhaps allow me to assure him," said the Frenchman, "that my hair stock turns up on this counter-top." "I'm not quite so green as to swallow everything I hear, if I do come from the country," said the squire compositely. "Shut up that drawer, I say. None of your second-hand scarlet fever and snipe and ginseng and other cheap people's clippings out of the hospitals."

"But, monsieur—gesticulated the Frenchman. "I tell you," roared Squire Postlethwaite, waxing noisy as he became more in earnest, "I won't buy a single switch of hair unless I know where it comes from. I'll see it cut myself, or I'll let it severally alone." M. Dupignac's momentary expression of dismay and perplexity gave way to an instantaneous illumination of all the facial muscles. "Monsieur wishes it, by all means, if monsieur wishes it," cried he, fitting the five fingers of one hand against the five fingers of the other. "Monsieur shall be satisfied. I court publicity. I—Laure"—to one of the extravagantly dressed shop girls—where, then, is the girl who shined monsieur's morning wig, wishing to see her hair?" The girl, with less *cheveu dor*, the head of red gold that takes its burnish in the sunshine? Does she still wait, Laure?"

## A NOVEL IDEA.

**The Commercial Value of Health and What May Be Done to Secure It.**  
Very few people can afford to be sick. The rich man may not mind the expense, the man in moderate circumstances can neither afford the time nor the expense, and the poor man has no right to be sick, for his sickness means no right to be cured at the expense of society. The very rich and the very poor patronize the doctor at the slightest symptoms of illness; the one can pay the bills, the other goes to the free dispensary. The man in moderate circumstances avoids the doctor as long as possible, and permits harmless attacks of illness to grow to formidable disease, and often calls in help when it is too late. In every thousand men and women there is always a certain number who are sick. This proportion varies in different places and seasons, but it is a fact that in the health of cities. It may, for convenience, be reckoned at six, twenty-five in the thousand. This sick rate being known, it is easy to reckon the commercial value of health, and this being the actual number of sick people in a city, it is possible to decide the amount to be collected for their relief.

Suppose, says the New York *Times*, one thousand men and women in one neighborhood paid, each, ten cents weekly to a fund. In a year they would have a fund of \$5,200. Suppose they paid \$4,000 to a good physician for his services, and the remainder he could use as a medical man could easily and safely maintain the thousand people in good health, as far as nature would permit, and would still have left \$1,200 to pay for collecting the money. The doctor would hardly be expected to collect the money in advance, or to call each week or month in advance, for his services. This would only amount to \$5.20 a year for each one, and would entitle each one to medical attendance for the year without extra charge. By such an arrangement the patients would be sure of help when needed, and the doctor would be sure of his pay. Everything depends on the first attack in a disease; the first hour is worth more than the second week, and the doctor who is called promptly is generally successful. If the doctor felt secure in a good income, he would not have his patients in hand at all times; he would do himself more justice, and save his patients much trouble, delay and pain. A young doctor puts out his sign and waits years for a decently good income. His patients often have the utmost difficulty in paying his bills. And, with all this, by proper management, they could get good medical attendance from a man jealous and eager to keep them for only a few dollars a year in advance, and the doctor would be saved the worrying care and heart-sickening expense of waiting for his bills. His usual experience in early medical life is to wonder if some active and honest man does not undertake to collect ten or fifteen cents a week from a thousand or more people and provide them with a first-class physician. An able medical man would be able to undertake the cure of five hundred patients if he were provided with a generous and fixed income. The collector, picking up fifteen cents a week, in weekly or monthly payments, would easily pay a physician \$8,000 or \$9,000 a year for his whole time, could attend to his patients the best attention on demand, and would have a little something for himself. It is already in active operation in several English cities, under what is known as the *Provident Dispensary* system. It can be undertaken by individuals, and might be of infinite value, both to patients and to the medical profession.

**Keep Out of Silver Mines.**  
A gentleman in a distant State writes to the secretary of State, New York, as follows: "I have five shares, valued at \$100 per share, issued to me free of cost by the Silver Mountain Mining Company." The gentleman who has the shares should be immediately sent to the penitentiary. Let her be summoned at once," said M. Dupignac, with a wave of the hand, as if he was a monarch, issuing a royal mandate. "And"—with a secondary sweep of his arm toward a velvet upholstered chair—"monsieur will honor us by waiting but a few seconds, his underserved doubts shall all be set at rest."

"Seeing is believing," said Squire Postlethwaite, cavalierly. And he sat down, softly whistling "Bonnie Dundee," and staring dazedly out of the window. In about five minutes there came a tiny bundle of arrival in the next room. M. Dupignac lifted a Nottingham lace curtain which shielded the glazed upper half of the door of communication, and placing his finger on his lip with a truly French gesture, pointed to a lovely blue-eyed girl, dressed in faded and shabby garments, but with magnificent pale yellow hair floating like a glory down over her shoulders. "By Jove!" ejaculated the squire, "that's a splendid head of hair!" M. Dupignac shrugged his shoulders. "She offered to sell it to us this morning," said he, "but we had not then an opportunity to dispose of it. It is to secure her needy mother, poor lamb! They are poor but respectable."

"You know them, then?" questioned the squire. "I know them well. Ah," added M. Dupignac, sentimentally, "how one has pity for the poor!" "I'll buy it," promptly interrupted Squire Postlethwaite. "There's no danger of any scarlet fever or smallpox there. She's as fresh as a rose and as clear as a pink. What will it cost?" "Look at the thickness! Look at the length of the *cheveu dor*," cried this ecstatic Frenchman, "it is cheap—positively dirt cheap—at fifty dollars. But to secure monsieur's customs!" "I'll take it," said the squire, with alacrity. M. Dupignac motioned to Mademoiselle Laure, Mademoiselle Laure tapped a tiny silver bell, and a white-aproned man in the next room, who looked like a barber in disguise, went ruthlessly to work shearing away the long yellow locks. As one by one he dropped them into a flat wicker basket at his side, the girl put her pocket handkerchief to her eyes and visibly sobbed. "Poor girl! poor child!" said Squire Postlethwaite, feeling an uncomfortable

## FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

**Domestic Recipes.**  
**GINGER SOUPS.**—One pint of molasses and one cupful of lard boiled together; when cold add one tablespoonful of ginger, one of soda, flour to roll; roll thin and bake.  
**CHOCOLATE JUMBLES.**—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls sugar, three cupfuls flour, four eggs, two cupfuls of grated chocolate, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar; a little salt; roll thin.  
**PEARL CAKE.**—One cupful sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of flour, one-half cupful of corn starch, the whites of three eggs, quarter teaspoonful soda, half teaspoonful cream tartar, half cupful sweet milk; flavor with vanilla.

**JELLY.**—Take one package gelatine; pour over it a pint of cold water; let it stand an hour; then add a full pound of pulverized sugar, the peel of one lemon and the juice of three, cold, three pints of boiling water; set it away to cool; a little cinnamon or a few cloves may sometimes be added.  
**BROOKLYN CAKES.**—For a family of six or eight two pints buckwheat, half a pint of Graham's, half a pint Indian meal; sift very thoroughly into this mixture two small teaspoonfuls soda. When the griddle is hissing hot add buttermilk enough to make a thick batter, having first added a half cup of molasses. Use a quart and half a pint of buttermilk. Bake the cakes very thick and very brown.  
**RICE CROQUETTES.**—Boil one-half pound of best rice in one and one-half pints of milk and a tablespoonful of butter; put the milk on cold; when it comes to a boil set it where it will only simmer until soft; then add a quarter pound of white sugar and the grated rind of a lemon and the yolks of five eggs; stir all the time until it thickens; do not let it boil; spread it out on a dish, and when quite cold form into small balls or squares; dip them into beaten egg and then into bread crumbs twice; lay them on a greased wire basket, which put in a pan of boiling water; fry a light brown; drain well and sit powdered sugar over them.

**Gravel for Poultry.**  
S. Bach, New York, having seen broken glass recommended by poultry that refuse to eat their feed and show other signs of indisposition, in one of the agricultural papers, and doubting its efficacy, appealed to the American farmers' club for information. Professor Boynton replied that poultry require gravel or something of the nature to assist in the grinding up of the feed, and in the absence of the proper material they will help themselves to bits of glass or crockery. Any man ought to know enough to supply at once the required gravel when he sees his hens pick at such material. He had heard broken glass advocated for fowls by a farmer, who reduced to an eatable shape large quantities of powdered glass and crockery for them, and insisted that it saved them from dyspepsia and constipation, and loss of appetite and strength. Notwithstanding this testimony, the practice was denounced as a cruel and hurtful one, and a generous supply of gravel advised instead. A free use of crushed charcoal was also recommended to prevent the disease known as enlargement of the liver; it keeps the organs in a healthy state, and the fowls' fondness for it, as for the gravel, indicates that they require it.

**Management of Manure.**  
N. E. P., Eldersville, Penn., writes: I have some hog and chicken manure and ashes. I wish to use these on my corn crop. Would it be best to mix them together? Is it better to manure in the hill, on top of the corn, or below it? I have a horse that has soft bloodlike swellings, the size of a hen's egg, on the inside of each hind hock joint. These swellings have been on about six months, come on while running in pasture. They have never lamed him yet. I have done very little for them, but I wish, if possible, to remove them. Reply.—The manure may be mixed with an equal part of fine, dry loam, and then the ashes may be mixed with these without injury. But if the manure and ashes are mixed without the earth the former will be injured by the loss of ammonia which will be set free through decomposition caused by the ashes. Such a mixture will not injure the corn. It is important that the manure lie above or below the seed; the roots will find it. These swellings, known as blood spavins, are generally incurable, being constitutional or hereditary. They scarcely ever cause lameness.

**A Musical Critic.**  
Miss Emma Abbott relates with great gusto how a Springfield (Mass.) critic was taken in and done for. Prior to the concert in which the lady sang the programmes had been distributed. A view of the people decided her to make a total change. The new programme was substituted and carried through without the least hint to the audience. The next morning a musical criticism, written in the most ponderous, elaborate style, appeared in the columns of the leading newspaper, on songs announced in the first programme, the musical knowledge and ear of the critic having failed to detect the difference between the music of the original programme and the music actually rendered.

## The British Grain Trade.

The *Mark Lane Express*, in its review of the British grain trade for the week says: "The majority of country markets have been recently supplied with English wheat. This shortness of supply will probably be noticeable for some time, especially as the stronger tone and advancing prices at Mark Lane will encourage holders to become careless of selling. A marked alteration has taken place in local trade, and an active demand has been experienced for wheat in all positions at an advance of a shilling to two shillings per quarter. The time has now arrived when buyers cannot shut their eyes to the fact that our requirements between this and the harvest will be greatly increased, and that we shall be unable to supply as long as imports continue on their present limited scale, while at the same time no doubt can be entertained that the steady consumption which has been going on has so reduced granary stocks that higher prices for wheat, especially red, will probably prevail in our market for some time. The present strength of trade is mainly attributable to the healthy action of consumption against supplies, unsupported as it is either by speculative enterprise or political inactivity. Up to the present the deficiencies of supply have been met out of granary stocks, but a point is now reached in the depletion of such stocks throughout the country which compels holders to ask themselves whether they are justified in parting with wheat at present prices, there being no immediate prospect before them of increased supplies to meet steady requirements. In such a situation we turn instinctively to America. The imports into London from Atlantic ports for weeks past have been insignificant, and last week *nil*, while shipments thence were meager. The conviction forces itself upon us that America has not a surplus to meet our requirements. Russia may send us wheat as soon as navigation allows its transit from the interior, but there are grounds for believing that she is unable to supply more than the usual quota. Neither can much be expected from Australia and New Zealand, as crops are very deficient. California and India may be relied on for white wheat, but the ease with which supplies already come forward have absorbed leads to the conclusion that every quarter that may reach us will be required. A noteworthy feature of the trade has been the absence of speculation."

**Result of an Experiment.**  
It is an old superstition that the retina of the human eye, after death, bears a picture of what it last looked upon. Prof. Kuhne has reported to the Berlin Academy the result of experiments showing, as he believes, that the superstition has a slight basis of fact. He demonstrated that the external layer of the retina is in all animals purple. This color is, during life, being constantly destroyed by light that enters the eye, and as often restored by darkness, but at death it vanishes permanently. Prof. Kuhne made in this connection an experiment that is thus described: "He fixed the head of a living rabbit so that one of the eyeballs would be in front of an open square in a window shutter. The head was covered for five minutes by a black cloth, and then exposed for three minutes. Just decomposition was then effected, and the eyeballs were rapidly expanded under yellow light, and plunged in a five per cent. solution of alum. On the following morning the milk white and now toughened retinae were carefully isolated, separated from the optic nerve, and stained. They then exhibited, on a bright blue background, a nearly square image. In brief, the hole in the window shutter was photographed on the rabbit's eyes."

**Effects of Residence Abroad.**  
Once on the other side of the water a young American lady said she would be much obliged if we spoke French with her, for really she had been "so long abroad" (she had been away for nearly two years) and had talked French so constantly that it was with difficulty she now spoke English. We suggested the advisability of practicing in the English tongue if she intended ever to go home again. The young American who so soon forgot her own language is distanced by another young American who, in a shorter time, forgot the very appearance of her papa and mamma. It was on an incoming European steamer, when she said to a young gentleman near her: "You know Mr. and Mrs. — by sight?" (Mr. and Mrs. — are her father and mother, but her dignity would not allow her to call them so.) "Yes," he answered. "Well, they will be probably be on the wharf when we get in. It is a whole year since I saw them. Will you kindly point them out? I would not like them to think I didn't recognize them." "It is a whole year," etc., but this is not a wise child "by a large majority."—*Philadelphia Press.*

**New Rules for Going to Sleep.**  
1. Fix the thoughts on some one thing. If you can't do that, fix them on two things. Fix 'em! You can easily unfix them again, get to sleep.  
2. Don't go to sleep with your head down against the foot board, or your feet dangling on the floor. It disturbs the electric fluids.  
3. A writer recommends to suspend a base drum over your bed, within your reach, and pound on it with your fist. It will induce sound sleep.  
4. Rolling the eye balls is good, except for blind people. Rolling out of bed may be substituted in such cases.  
5. The danger in falling asleep lies principally in the distance you fall. Those who are subject to such should have a rope ladder convenient to climb back on.  
6. Dining late is a poor way of anorexia. In order to fall asleep with dispatch, don't eat anything the day previous.

**The Brill Putsch.**—The Moffet Whiskey bill to collect tax on whiskey by means of an instrument something like the car bell pump, passed the general Assembly of Virginia. It will be put up in every bar-room. The tax on lager beer per drink is half a cent, and on alcoholic liquors two and a half cents.

## Items of Interest.

An exchange says that every vessel that ever bore the name of George Washington was eventually lost. "To Greece we give our shining blades!" said the fellow at the boarding house, plunging his knife into the butter dish. That was a queer boy in Wayland, Ill., who went into the house, got into bed and fell asleep after seeing his mother fall into a well. A Springfield congregation was amused by a young woman who leaned her head languishingly on a fellow's shoulder and ate calmly throughout the service. A woman in Oshkosh ground nearly half of a shirt through a clothes wringer before discovering that her baby was in the shirt. It was an awful strain on the wringer. Young lady (who is tired of his company)—"You ain't a bit nervous, are you, Mr. Post? All my gentlemen acquaintances start when the clock strikes twelve."

There was a report current on the streets that a prominent citizen had beaten his wife. Upon investigation it was found that he had really beaten her — at a game of chess. Chicago has seven hundred hackmen, and if you ever go there you will wonder how the whole seven hundred can get hold of your carpet bag and holler into your left ear at once. A Tennesseean took his first and last ride on a railroad train recently. He stepped off when it was going forty miles an hour, supposing that such was the custom, and was fatally injured. "I make it a principle not to lend money," said a good man to a friend; "but in your case I sacrifice principle to interest." And when the latter found he had charged twenty per cent. discount he said he thought he did. It was an Irish pilot who, being asked if he knew the rocks in the harbor, replied, with confidence: "I do, yer honor, every van av them. That's wan," he added, calmly, as the ship struck it, filled and sunk. In the police court of Nassau, New Providence, the justice allows defendants to go free until the time for their trial, on their personal recognizance. He says that he has never known one to fail to return at the appointed time. It must be exasperating to the enterprising merchant who puts two or three inches of advertising in the papers headed, "now is the time to top-dress your lawns," to wake up the next morning and find the lawns "top dressed" with six inches of snow.

Says the *London Herald*: The filthy habit of painting the faces of actors is observed at several of the metropolitan theaters. There is no language too strong for its condemnation, no excuse for its continuance. It is ugly, silly, unhealthy and offensive. William Bright, of Knox county, Tennessee, heard a noise in his smoke house. He armed himself with a gun and fired at the thief. The thief, who that followed had a familiar sound. The thief was his son, who was seriously if not mortally wounded. The property of the Farrell brothers, near Covington, Ky., has been levied on to satisfy the bail bond for \$3,000, on which they were sureties for the return of Tom Allen to stand trial for engaging in a prize fight with Joe Goss. Allen deserted the young men who risked their little fortune to save him from a few weeks' confinement in jail, and fled to Canada. The fanatical Circassians drill their horses in their villages by a curious and brutal exercise. They spur and whip them repeatedly through a crowd of shouting men armed with long spears, which are mercilessly used on the poor brute until it stands the torture with philosophy. The principle is to impress the animal with a notion that the iron will of its master is beyond all its natural instincts of fright and the bodily pain.

"It's all very well," remarked a red nosed man in a lad hat and a sliver of the vintage of '73; "it's all very well to say let business revive; but what we want, sir, is confidence, public confidence, sir. Each of us must be willing to bring out our hoarded dollars and put them once more in circulation. Then the skies will brighten; then—by the way, I changed my vest this morning—lend me fifty cents, will you?" The State of Delaware has just passed a law making it a penal offense for any railway engineer to abandon his engine upon the track in case of a strike. The law also forbids, under penalty of fine and imprisonment, railway employees from refusing to transport over the roads, and the coercion or bribery of other employees to abandon the service of the company. William Delahanty, who murdered his brother-in-law forty-four years ago in Stonecreek, Ireland, has made a full confession of his guilt. At the time of the murder Delahanty was arrested, but was discharged for lack of evidence. His demerit while making his confession was that of a sincere penitent. He sought no mercy at the hands of the authorities, and desired that the law should be fulfilled in his case to the letter. The funeral of a Chinaman, who was recently murdered in San Francisco, seems to have been quite a unique affair. The dead man held a keen-edged carver in his hand, and a yellow streak of rain the word "vengeance" covered the coffin. A mounted Chinaman rode at each corner of the hearse, and Ah Qua rode ahead to clear the road. He succeeded in running over a white man, injuring him severely, and getting himself arrested.

In southern India children are married at eight years of age. Native fathers consider it a disgrace to have single girls in the family, and endeavor to get them married in childhood, but when married they do not always go to their husband's homes. The marriages are generally arranged by old women, who go from family to family to find suitable matches. Widows are treated very badly by the natives; they are made as miserable as possible. An American lady doctor has a large practice among the native women.