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**The Weather Vane.**  
To what shall I compare  
The voracious mind I bear?  
You minion of the air,  
You gilded shaft, my chosen emblem I declare  
I turn about, about;  
Controlled by every rout  
That trains with Hope or Doubt;  
Who smiles, I smile again, or answer float with doubt.  
Within the draft I'm caught  
Of all prevailing thought;  
By many masters taught,  
Their varying precepts I confuse and bring to naught.  
A chattering me they call;  
I have no stay, in all—  
No shield, no rampart-wall;  
I safely drift about—let others stand or fall!  
I'm not I do not brook  
I light obedience make  
To scourging storms that rake  
The harvest from the field and shattered forests take.  
Since nothing here I see  
Save mutability,  
With it I will agree;  
Yes, I on Change's cap the nodding plume will wear!  
Some good remains behind;  
The clear-remembering mind  
In me, at least, shall find  
An index true of all the tempers of the wind!  
—Edith M. Thomas, in August Atlantic.

## MARY'S BLUNDERS.

"Dear me! Aunt Sadie, is Mr. Covert ill? Yes? Then I cannot take my music lesson to-day."  
"You seem to feel happy for that relief."  
"Oh, dear, no! I rather prefer taking my lesson."  
Aunt Sadie glanced sharply at her niece, but that young lady's face was calm enough.  
"It strikes me," observed the old lady, "that you do not like Mr. Covert as much as you seem to."  
"I never expressed any aversion to him," replied Carrie, demurely. "In fact," she added, as she molded the biscuits she was making with deft fingers, "I think I like Mr. Covert very much."  
"Humph!" sniffed Aunt Sadie, contemptuously. "He is only a poor music teacher, and you cannot afford to marry a poor man with no prospects."  
"Well, I declare!" flared Carrie. "Do you think it follows as a consequence that I must marry a man like Aunt Sadie, I am surprised at you!"  
And Carrie took up the pan containing the dozen little round balls of dough and pushed it into the oven with such a bang that the old lady dropped her knitting and almost fell from her chair by the range. The Carrie flounced out of the room indignantly and went upstairs to dress. Ten minutes later she came flying back to the kitchen, and her pretty little face wore a look of great contentment.  
"Land sakes alive! What's the matter, child?" cried Aunt Sadie.  
"I have lost my garnet ring, Aunt Sadie."  
"Perhaps you left it on the table before kneading your biscuit dough, suggested the old lady.  
"No," tearfully replied the unhappy little cook. "I am sure I did not, and have searched all over my room. I was a pre-ent from papa when he got the parsonage of his new church; and am doubly anxious to find it because Mr. Covert wished it on my finger."  
"There, now, you are going off at a tangent about that man again!" exclaimed Aunt Sadie, in an impatient tone.  
"I don't care; he's real nice, and I like him, and you are adverse to him, Aunt Sadie, because you thought he was coming here to carry away your daughter, Mamie, for his wife, and he undecorated you."  
"There, there! That will do, miss!" cried the old lady, starting up angrily. "I vow, this is nice talk for a minister's daughter! You should respect your elders."  
"I am sorry," retorted Carrie, "that poor papa's teaching does not make a deeper impression on your mind—at least enough so to teach your conscience the fault of looking down on Mr. Covert because of your disappointment."  
"Well!" gasped Aunt Sadie, with an incredulous stare at Carrie over the tops of her spectacles. "I'd always heard that as a general thing ministers' wives and daughters sided with the most empty of mortals; and now I believe it. The very idea of you—you, Carrie Ray, talking to me in this way! It beats anything I ever heard of before! What my religious principles are is none of your business—do you understand? and when my sister Sally—your mother—married Parson Ray, I kinder suspected some such goings on as this here, twenty years ago!"  
The ring was forgotten now, but the biscuits in the oven began to burn, and scenting them, with a scream of dismay Carrie turned from her angry aunt, opened the oven door and took out the pan. There were a dozen beautifully browned biscuits in it—two or three slightly scorched, but not enough so to spoil them.  
"I s'pose those things are for your father's supper?"  
"Half are," returned Carrie, "the balance for Mr. Covert."  
"Good land sakes alive!" commenced Aunt Sadie.  
"Here, Mary," called Carrie to the servant in the dining-room, "take these half dozen biscuits I have wrapped up in a napkin to Mr. Covert, down the street, number fifty-four."  
"Yes, ma'am; an' will I say who they're from, ma'am?"  
"Leave word," whispered Carrie, "that they are from Aunt Sadie Hall."  
"All right, ma'am!" rejoined Mary, who expected a joke. And taking the biscuits off she went.  
"I feel so sorry I quarreled with Aunt Sadie," thought Carrie, shortly afterward, "for she is good and kind to me, and his almost taken the place mamma held in my heart before she died. But her prejudice against Mr. Covert is sadly misplaced. Poor fellow

here at his church, and inviting him to call on me, and he not knowing me the while, either, when Mamie passed by. I knew who she was, despite her growth into young ladyhood while I was away— for she is the image of you, and I ran after her with what result you know." At this juncture Mr. Covert walked in. He was young and handsome, but somewhat pale.  
"Ah! Covert," cried Mr. Ray, "you are up?"  
"Yes, Covert's biscuits half cured me," he said, laughing.  
"This, then, is the gentleman," said Mr. Hall, "for whom the biscuits were intended? You see, sir, your name was written in pencil on the napkin, with your address, and I saw there was a blunder on the servant's part in delivering them to me. And when Mr. Hall came to my home I showed it to him and he took the parcel to you; so it went all right, after all."  
"Then Mary must have told him they were from me," thought Carrie.  
But half an hour later she was undeceived; for, on finding herself alone in the parlor with Mr. Covert, that gentleman explained the mystery by handing her a little parcel. It contained the ring she had missed when making the biscuits.  
"I found it in one of the biscuits, where it must have slipped from your finger," explained he, then taking it, he added: "And will you let me re-assure you by binding the acceptance of my love for you, Carrie?"  
She did not say no, for she had learned that she loved him; and Mamie suffered nothing, for Aunt Sadie was mistaken in supposing she cared for Mr. Covert, as another man soon after made her his bride.

**FACTS AND COMMENTS.**  
The Methodists have made arrangements to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of their first conference by a general conference in Baltimore in December, 1882. In honor of the occasion they will raise a fund of \$2,000,000 to be applied equally to church extension, education and foreign missions.  
The chances are that America will have to supply the whole of the Egyptian deficiency in cotton. The old mode of cotton is now light in Gambia, while East India cotton cannot come into the English market before the end of January, even should the East India cotton does come, it requires an admixture of sixty per cent. of American cotton to be made available for the English machinery. Altogether, the outlook is very promising for remunerative prices for the American cotton crop of the current year.  
The silk association of America reports the products of the year ending June 30, which amounted in value to about \$35,000,000, or triple the value of the products of the factories ten years ago. Since 1870 the product and the productive capacity of the industry have very greatly increased. Within the decade the number of factories engaged in silk manufacture has increased from eighty-six to 388, while the looms increased from 1,500 to 8,000, and the hands employed from 6,600 to 31,800. The wages paid rose in ten years from \$2,000,000 to \$9,000,000, and many new States are not previously engaged in the industry began to manufacture silk and now have factories at work. These States are Maine, Rhode Island, California, Illinois, Kansas and Missouri.  
The 13th day of next December will be the fiftieth anniversary of the first election of Mr. Gladstone, England's prime minister, to parliament, and some of the more enthusiastic admirers of "the grand old man" propose to hold a jubilee on that occasion. Mr. Gladstone has made a tour as he is now an uncompromising liberal. His address to the electors was dated from the Clinton Arms, Newark, on the 9th of October, 1832, and the nomination took place on the following 11th of December. Two days afterward Mr. Gladstone was returned at the head of the poll, and from that day to this no politician has made as great a name for himself in which has not had a seat. It was in 1845 that he changed his politics, at the time of the celebration a national affair, the "enthusiast" describing Mr. Gladstone as the member for "all England."

**FOR THE LADIES.**  
Wearing the Hat.  
The styles of wearing the hair are various, and indicate a desire on the part of the hairdressers to do away with the vulgar for some time past. Looped braids falling on the neck replace the compact Grecian knot. The old-fashioned "French twist" of our mothers' days has been revived; also the large bows formed of hair, which were fashionable some twenty years ago, and which preceded the chignon. Finger-puffs on the top of the head are also worn; so too are the two long drooping ringlets, falling on the neck, which the Princess of Wales brought into favor at the time of her marriage.  
An Egyptian Lady.  
She wore an ensemble of some thin white material, with loose sleeves, embroidered round the edge, hanging over her hands; then a large pair of crimson silk trousers, so long and wide that they entirely concealed her bare feet; then came a garment like the Turkish antea, descending to the feet before, hanging in a train behind and opening at the sides, with long sleeves open from the wrist to the elbow and falling back so as to expose those of the chemise beneath. The dress was made of crimson damask and embroidered all round the edge with black braiding, and was cinched—not at the waist, but over the hips—with a sash opening at the sides, with long sleeves round and knotted before. The last-mentioned was a jacket, reaching only to the waist, with half sleeves, made of an exceedingly rich stuff of dark blue silk, embroidered all over in running pattern with gold and edged with gold braiding and buttons. Three large silver amulet cases, containing charms, were hung over the shawl girdle. The head was the prettiest part of the Egyptian costume and S. S. was exceedingly rich. Her hair was divided into twenty or thirty small braids hanging over her shoulders, to the end of each of which was affixed three silk cords strung with gold coins of various sizes. Two rows of gold coins as large as a half crown piece, laid close together, encircled her forehead; and at each temple depended a cluster of smaller ones, with an agate ornament in the middle. The back of her head was covered with a small Egyptian fez, ornamented with a large piece of gold and bound on by a handkerchief of embroidered crêpe. She wore two necklaces of gold coins, thickly strung together, and each individual piece of money depending from a massive ornament in the form of a fish; one of these necklaces was long, and the other just encircled her throat; and between them was a string of beads of Egyptian agate, as large as birds' eggs, and strung together with golden links. Her earrings were of gold filigree in the shape of flowers, and her bracelets, of which she wore several of massive gold and silver. We computed that she carried about \$250 on her person in coin alone, without including other ornaments.—Mrs. Pomer's Pilgrimage.

**WINE WORDS.**  
What makes life decay is the want of motive.  
The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self.  
Vouch for your neighbor's honesty, not for payment of his debts.  
The manners of nature make a man; the manners of art make him a man.  
There's not a string attuned to mirth out but its chord in melancholy.  
Everywhere in life the true question is not what we gain but what we do.  
Have you a beautiful home? If you have, keep it so; if not, make it so.  
Much of the charity that begins at home is too feeble to get out of doors.  
There are few occasions when ceremony may not be dispensed with; kindness never.  
The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can well without a thought of fame.  
In seeking converts it is always well to make sure that they are worth converting. A cause may be injured by the character of its adherents.  
Poverty said that narrow souled people and narrow-necked bottles are alike, for the less they have in them the more noise they make in putting it out.  
Whether perfect happiness would be procured by perfect goodness this world will never afford an opportunity of deciding, but this, at least, may be maintained, that we do not always find visible happiness in proportion to visible virtue.  
Forget the evil. Why dwell on the evil side of life? It is the good that should be emphasized and portrayed in all our poetry and art, in all our literature, let the best and highest thoughts and imaginations be brought to the front, and the inferior be dropped out of sight. In all our business, in all our social intercourse, in all our amusements, let the good be made prominent, let heroes deeds and generous lives be gloriously admired, and those of a opposite kind be buried in the silence they deserve.  
England's Iron-Clads and Big Guns.  
England might have bombarded Alexandria forts with thirty iron-clad vessels, and carried off the forts with her projectiles weight 1,700 pounds each, ten twenty-five ton guns, whose projectiles weigh 600 pounds each; twenty-eight ton guns, whose projectiles weigh 400 pounds each; twelve twelve ton guns, whose projectiles weigh 115 pounds each. But were the whole available fleet of thirty vessels used against Alexandria, the least of which could pierce a plate of iron seven and seven-tenths inches thick at a distance of 500 yards. The heaviest guns penetrate iron twenty-seven and a half inches at the same distance, their projectiles being driven by a charge of 370 pounds of powder.  
There may be only one man in the moon but it has four phases any how.

**THE BEAUTIFUL GIFT.**  
One of our young clerks last Sunday night bought a glass bottle of cologne, with a glass stopper and pink ribbon, to present to a young lady who is keeping company with him; but, on reaching the house he felt a little embarrassed for fear there were members of the family present, and so left the beautiful gift on the stoop and passed in. The movement was perceived by a graceful brother of the young lady, who appropriated the cologne for his own use and refilled the bottle with hartshorn from the family jar, and then hung around to observe the result.  
In a little while the young man slipped out to the stoop, and securing the splendid gift, slipped back again into the parlor, where, with a few appropriate words, he presented it upon the young lady. Like the good and faithful daughter that she was, she once hurried into the presence of her mother, and the old lady was charmed when she saw the gift. It was kept in a china tureen, and it was held together by a piece of the family hair.  
She was very much pleased with it. She drew out the stopper, laid the beautiful petals of her nostrils over the aperture, and fetched a pull at the contents that fairly mad them bubble. Then he laid the bottle down, and picking up a brass mounted fire shovel instead, said as soon as she could say anything:  
"Where is that miserable brat?"  
He, all unconscious of what had happened, was in front of a mirror adjusting his necktie and smiling at himself. Here she found him, and said to him:  
"Oh, you are laughing at the trick on an old woman, are you?"  
And then she gave him one on the nose. And he, being by nature more eloquent with his legs than his tongue, hastened from thence, howling "like mad," and accompanied to the gate by that brass mounted shovel. He says he would give anything on earth if he could shake off the impression that a mistake had been made.—Boston Courier.

**Martin Van Buren.**  
Probably no character in our history is so hard to analyze as that of Martin Van Buren. The secret of his power seems to have died with him. He was not revealed as a creator, and yet must have possessed great powers as an advocate. He is not usually credited with having devised any great public measures, yet, during the most important epoch of his party's history, every measure to which it owed success not only required his approval, but showed a marked tendency to modify them. He was not eminent in debate, but was always a leader of his party in legislation. He is said to have been personally calm, self-poised and unconfiding. He heard every one's opinion, but took no one's advice. He was accounted shrewd and cunning, but never was accused of personal treachery. He was cautious to the verge of timidity, and at the same time confident to the verge of rashness. He never exulted over victory nor whimpered at defeat. He had few personal friends, but an amazing popular following. In theory he was the broadest of democrats, in practice the most exclusive of aristocrats. None of his associates seem to have regarded him with affection, and few of his opponents looked upon him with animosity. Perhaps no political life in our history shows so few mistakes. In no single instance did he fail to make the best of the occasion, viewing it from his own standpoint; unless it was the greatest of his life—the opportunity to lead the movement that eventually transformed the nation. He seems to have had all men's regard, but to have given none his trust. By his opponents he was called cunning; by his followers sagacious. More justly than any other great statesman he may be said to have achieved his own success. Living, he was the envy of all who would succeed; dead, he has been the model of unnumbered failures. Few statesmen would covet his fame; fewer still do not envy his success. He is the Sphinx of our history—the hidden hand in many great events—a man in whom the elements were so deftly mixed that no friend knew his heart and no enemy ever came within his guard.—Our Continent.