The Elk Advo

P. W. BARRETT Editor [INDEPENDENT.] TERMS—$1 25 per An

VOL 5. RIDGWAY ELK COUNTY PENNA., SATURDAY December 3d 18

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

President Judge.
Hon. R. G White. Wellsborough.
Associate Judges,
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Hon. E. C. Schultze, St. Mary's.
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Prothonotary, Reg. and Rec.
George Ed. Weis, Ridgway
District Attorney,
J. C. Chapin, Ridgway
Treasurer,
Charles Luhr. St. Mary's
County Surveyor.
George Walmsley, St. Marys
Commissioners,
Charles Weis, St. Mary's
Julius Jones, Benezett
Joshua Keefer, Jones
Auditors,
ROT. Kyler, Fox
Henry Warner, Jones
H. D. Derr, Benezett

Administrators Notice.

Letters of Administration have been granted in due form of Law, to the subscriber Wm. Mack upon the Estate of Elisha Mack, Late of Salem Md deceased. All persons having any claim against said Estate, are requested to present them duly authenticated for settlement. Any person owing the Estate, are requested to make payment forthwith.

WILLIAM MACK,
Administrator of the Estte of Elisha Mack, Deceased.
June 11th 1864.

Butter Sixty Cents a Pound

Hark from the tomb the doleful sound,
Butter sixty cents a pound!
Soft and easy, war and thunder,
Buy a pickle and pay for a cucumber.

What makes it so? how can it be?
Two dollars for a pound of tea—
Seventy cents for coffee ground,
And butter sixty cents a pound.

Hay they say is on the run,
Forty dollars for a ton;
Grain goes up and *Green* goes down
And butter sixty cents a pound.

Dry goods, too, are more than double,
To cover your back it is some trouble;
But latest fashions on contractors found,
And butter sixty cents a pound.

We soon shall have to stop the slaughter;
As a pound of beef now costs a quarter,
And that sometimes is near the round,
And butter sixty cents a pound!

They say that speculation causes all;
True, for *one nigger* five white men fall;
Nigger-live white man goe under ground,
While butter's sixty cents a pound!

We are fighting now they say,
In the true and righteous way,
To put the nigger up and white men down,
While butter's sixty cents a pound!

O! this is a glorious war,
We should have had it long before,
And thanks we say to Old John Brown,
For butter's sixty cents a pound!

And thanks, we say, to Abe and Chase,
And all them fellers in that place—
For they are bound to keep us down
While butter's sixty cents a pound!

When first the boys went to the war,
They always left with a grand hurrah;
But now we hear no cheering sound
While butter's sixty cents a pound.

Old Abe, he loves to make a joke,
And said this war would end in smoke.
The joke it good, as we have found,
And butter's sixty cents a pound!

Where is the gradual emancipation?
Where is the honest compensation?
Where is his inaugural that looked so round?
Where is butter?—sixty cents a pound!

CHORUS.—I love the roosters crow,
I love to see the piggies grow,
I hate to see the cows around
When butter's sixty cents a pound.

Josh Billings Answers his Correspondents.

AMERICUS—Your contribushun iz in hand. We like its fluidness. It iz like ile on a sand hill. Natur has did a good thing for yu, and yu ought tew be willing tew dew a good thing for natur. This line in your produk-shun strikes us a very butiful and original: "And lam the luxury of dewing good" Goldsmith hisself mite have him proud of such a line. And again: "Oh, would some power the gifty giv us ov seeing ourselfs az others see uz;" yure idee ov introdusing the Skotch acksent into your stile, iz very happee. If you never hav red Robert Burns, you will be surprized to larn that his stile very much resembels yures. Once more yu say "If ignorunse is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." This sentiment iz just az true az 'tiz common. Pope I think, hax sum thing similar; but awl grate minds sum times express theirselfs alike. Your contribushun will appear in our issu, with a wood cut piktur of a saw buk at the top ov it.

FLORA—Yu say that "Yure Adolphus haz proved untru, and yu must die." I never advise deth under enny circumstances, altho it proberly iz cheaper just now tew die than it iz tew live. Bear up like a man under yure dispensshuns. Take sum Pills; but if yu find that yu are so bound up in Adolphus that fissick won't wurk, hire out to teach a distrik skule, and it won't be 3 months before yu kan exklaim, with the Patriark ov old, Adolphus be d—d!

BETA—I think sumly az yu do, "this wurld is awl a fleetin cirkus, for man's illushun given," but that ain't no rezon for not pitching in and being illusioned onse in a while. I wouldn't give a sent for a man who hadn't bin illusioned, and who didn't expect tew bet several times agin.

PHILANDER—Yu ask me which is the most best, the marrid or the single condishun? Most evry boddy, at sum time in their life, haz tride the single state; also, most everybody has hankered after the double state, or marrid condishun. I hav tride both states, and am reddy tew sware, that if a man kan git a woman who kan fri pankakes on both sides without burnin them, and don't kanker to be a wimmin's kommittee, the married state is a Hozen and arth awl tew onst. But after awl, the marrid state iz a good deal like falling out of a cherry tree; if a person don't happen tew git hurt, it iz a good reason for not trieting it agin.

Giving Joy to a Child.

BLESSED be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind hearted man, who showed him a kindness in the dulest days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself, at this moment a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, while the longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sabboth morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—he gave to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with abounding steps the boy ran home. And now here, at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but it now blooms a fresh.

A CHILDS EXPEDIENT.—A little girl about four years old trotted down to Atlanta Dock the other day, says a New York correspondent to buy some corn for her mother's chickens. She had a pail in her hand in which to put the corn, but before she reached the spot where she was accustomed to find it, she came to a cask of honey. This was not to be passed by without an effort to obtain some of it. The men at work within the dock, unobserved by the child watched her attempts to reach the sweet temptation. Her little arms were too short for the enterprise, but after a moment's consideration, she took off her shoe and stocking, rolled up her drawers, and climbing up on something against which the cask stood, let down her foot and ankle into the honey; then she drew it up, and with her hand scraped off the honey into her pail. This she repeated until the pail was full, when she went to the water side and washed, and replacing her shoe and stocking, started with her spoil for home. A man followed her and heard her tell her mother that she had brought home honey; but to all questioning as to show how she obtained it, she was mute. In a short time she returned to the dock for her chicken food, when, as I understand, there was quite an excitement over her, and a collection taken up to reward her ingenuity—not, 'tis to be hoped, to encourage her honesty.

Waltzing.

The following is a Western description of waltzing:—A group of splendid ones is on the floor, and lovingly mated; the gents encircle their partner's waists with one arm. The ladies and gentleman closely face to face. They are very erect, and lean a little back. The ladies lean a little forward. (Music.) Now all wheel and whirl, circle and curl. Feet and heel of gents go rip, rap, rap, rip. Ladies' feet go rippety tip, rippety tip, tap. Then all go rippety, chippety, slippety, flippety, skippety hoppity, jumpity, sumppity, thump. Ladies fly off by centrifugal momentum. Gents pull ladies hard and close. They reel, swing, slide, look tender, look silly, look dizzy. Feet fly, tresses fly, hoops fly, all fly. It looks stuggity, huggity, pullity, squeezity, presity, rappity, rid. The men like a cross between steelyards and climber jacks," beetles and jointed X's. The maidens tuck down their chins very low, or raise them exceedingly high. Some giggle and frown, some sneer, and all sweat freely. The ladies' faces are brought against those of the men, or into their bosoms, toes against toes. Now they are again making a sound, georgy peorgy, deery peery, didy-pity, coachey poachey. This dance is not much, but the extras are glorious. If the men were women, there would be no such dancing. But they are only men, and so the thing goes on by women's love of it.

A GRANDMOTHER.—As two urchins were trotting along together, one of them fell and broke a pitcher he was carrying. He commenced crying, when the other boy asked him why he took on so?

"Cause," said he, "when I get home mother will whip me for breaking the mug."

"What," said the other, "ain't you got a grandmother living at your house?"

"No!" was the repl.

"Well, I have; and I might break two mugs and they daren't whip me."

piece of a ton of bread. Shoulder spades

4 1-2 *to* 6 *A. M.*—I dig and throw up the earth. Get sick and throw up my yesterday's rations.

7 *o'clock*.—Another roll of drums. Filing off into line and defiling my inexpressibles with mud and other sacred soil, drawing ramrods but no pay. No shelling out by government, but a cussed sight too much shelling out by Grant.

9 *o'clock*.—More drilling, but not of the cotton kind, wherewith to increase my present supply of one shirt.

10 *o'clock*.—More digging. Spadular researches into the geological formation of the earth. Find it to comprise alternate stratas of sweat, sunstroke, swearing and blisters.

12 *o'clock*.—Evidences of dinner. Saw Capt. Yawslack picking his teeth with a ten-penny nail, and the corporal taking a chew of tobacco.

O, Mariar, if you only knew what I have sufered to save you from being boarded by the diabolical Yanks! Rather than any of the Northern scum should blockade my dear Mariar, I'd divorce her. Col. Pluck came very near being shot in the neck by one of his own officers.

The colonel had just got his staff together, and struck his noble steed with it when Capt. Swipes levelled a bottle at him. Fortunately the contents missed his jugular, and went down the natural way. I am reduced to a skeleton. My eyes are sunk so far into my head that I can look down my windpipe clean through my entire interior. If there was a hole in the top of my head I'd make a first class telescope (I've got the glasses to me now). My chin is so sharp that it shaves itself. I'm going on picket duty tonight. Picket duty is awful hard work. Almost every night a picket's gone off and when we go to look for him we find that he's gone off too. Ever your dear husband.

BUCKHORN HANDEL.

P. S. If your old father has drank up all that tangle-foot juice I left at home, I'll cram the demijohn down his throat and cork him up with a boot heel. That's so Mariar.

BRAINS.—An American sloop-of-war had put into an English port, and the first lieutenant went ashore to reconnoitre. In the course of his travels he encountered a tavern where a number of British officers were carousing. They at once recognized the lieutenant's nationality by his dress, and resolved to amuse themselves by bullying him.

"Well, comrade," said one, "you belong to the United States navy, do you, see?"

"Right," was the answer.

"Now what would you say to a man who would say that your navy did not contain an officer fit for a gunboat?" continued an Englishman.

"I would blow his brains out," returned the lieutenant with great coolness.

There was a silence among her Majesty's servants for a moment; finally one of them, more muddled than the rest managed to stammer out—

"W-well, Yank, I-I say it,"—

The American walked to his side, and replied calmly:

"It is lucky for you, shipmate, that you have no brains to blow out."

Struck by the dignity of the answer the offender at once apologized, and our hero was invited to join the mess.

An Irishman being asked whether he did not frequently converse with a friend in Irish, replied: "No, indeed. Jemmy often speakes to me in Irish but I always answer him in English." "Why so?" "Because, you see, I do not want Jemmy to know that I understand Irish."