

The Elk County Advocate.  
A LOCAL AND CENTRAL NEWSPAPER,  
Is Published Every Thursday  
BY JOHN F. MOORE.  
Per Year in advance.....\$1 50

All subscriptions to be paid in advance. Orders for Job Work respectfully solicited.

Office on Main Street, in the second story of Houk & Gillis Store.

Address  
JOHN G. HALL,  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Business Directory.

**JOHN G. HALL,** Attorney at law, Ridgway, Elk county Pa. [mar-22'66-ly.]

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**Groceries of all kinds,** cheaper than can be bought at Erie, at wholesale or retail, by oct 11'66 J. POWELL.

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**WASHINGTON HOUSE,** St. Mary's, Elk county Pa., Edward Babel, Proprietor. This house is new and fitted up with special care for the convenience of guests. Good stabling attached. [mar-22'66-ly.]

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**JOHN G. HALL, Attorney at Law, ST. MARY'S, BENZINGER P. O. ELK COUNTY, PA. September 20, 1865, ly.**

**ST. MARY'S HOTEL,** E. Wellendorf, Proprietor, St. Mary's, Elk county Pa. This house is new and fitted up with special care for the convenience and comfort of guests, at moderate rates. Free Hook, to and from the Depot. Good stabling attached. [mar-22'66-ly.]

**PRACTICAL CLOCK AND WATCH-MAKER,** ST. MARY'S, Elk county Pa. Edward McBride, keeps constantly on hand and for sale, Watches, Clocks, Silver Plated Ware and Jewelry of all descriptions. Repairing neatly executed, and done on short notice and reasonable terms. [mar 22'66-ly.]

**SOMETHING NEW!**

**HOUSE, SIGN & ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.** THE SUBSCRIBER WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Elk county that he has just started in the above business in Ridgway, and feel confident that he can please all who may favor him with their custom. GRASSING, PAPER HANGING AND CALMING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE AND IN THE MOST fashionable and improved manner and style. Orders left at this Office or at the Banking House of Souther, Willis & Souther will be promptly attended to. W. P. WILLIAMS, May-17'66-ly.

# The Elk Advocate.

**JOHN G. HALL, Editor.**  
**VOLUME 6—NUMBER 51**

RIDGWAY, PENNA., FEB. 14th, 1867.

**J. F. MOORE, Publisher.**  
**TERMS—1 50 Per Year in Advance.**

Business Directory.

**THAYER HOUSE,** RIDGWAY, PA. DAVID THAYER, Proprietor.

The undersigned having fitted up a large and commodious hotel on the southwest corner of Centre and Mill streets, with good and convenient stabling attached, respectfully solicits the patronage of his old friends and the public generally. DAVID THAYER. dec13'66-ly

The subscriber begs leave to announce to the citizens of Elk and adjoining counties that he has purchased the harness shop lately occupied by John Smith, and that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in a suitable style.

**SADDLES, BRIDLES, HARNESS** kept constantly on hand at prices to suit the times. Give me a call—shop in the second story of Houk's building. ocl1'66-ly. C. LEVINS.

**LICENSED AUCTIONEER.**

**NOTICE** is hereby given that I have taken out a license as auctioneer, and will attend promptly to the calling of all sales entrusted to my care.

Any person calling sales without a license will be held answerable to the strict letter of the law. P. W. BARRETT. Dec24'1866. Auctioneer.

**WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES.**—The undersigned having been appointed Sole Agent for the sale of Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines for Elk county, he keeps an assortment constantly on hand. Machines sold at Philadelphia and New York prices. Any parties desiring of obtaining them can address J. K. WHITMORE, March 9<sup>th</sup>-66-ly. at Ridgway, Pa.

**BLACKSMITHING!**

H. S. BELNAP desires to inform the citizens of Ridgway and vicinity that he has leased J. S. Hyde's Blacksmith Shop on Mill street, and has employed good workmen who will be ever ready to make anything from a buckle to an anchor.

Particular attention given to the shoeing of horses. All I ask is a fair trial. May 17'66-ly.

**H. F. OVERHOLTZER,** MERCHANT TAILOR, Ridgway, Elk Co., Pa.

The subscriber desires respectfully to inform the citizens of Ridgway and vicinity that he is prepared to make to order as well as to repair any kind of clothing, and will do so in the most excellent manner. All he asks is a fair trial. Good Fits guaranteed.

Cloths, Cassimers, Vestings and Trimmings of the latest and most approved styles kept constantly on hand, which will be sold CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST. [aug30'66-ly.]

**W. SHERER,** Dealer in Razors, Shavers, Organs and Sheet Music. M. C. ROOMS; No. 45, First Avenue, Cory, Penna.

Refers to J. Powell, B. F. Ely, Ridgway; Ignatius Garner, Chas. Halgen, St. Mary's, no 22'66, 3npd.

A. H. GRAY, R. H. EMERSON, A. L. WILCOX, E. F. ADAMS.

**GRAY, WILCOX & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS, ST. MARY'S,** Opposite Alpine House, Elk County Pa. DEALERS IN

Flour, Feed, Butter, Cheese, Feed, Corn, Salt, Fish, Pork, Ham, Powder, Canned Fruits, Beef, Beans, Nails, Glass, AND STAPLE GROCERIES. December 20, 1866 ly.

**THE SILVER SKIRT.** MORE DURABLE, MORE ELASTIC, MORE GRACEFUL! And will keep its shape and retain its place better than any other Skirt.

This new and beautiful style of Skirt (Patented March 7, 1865,) was awarded by the Great American Institute Fair, held in New York, October, 1865, a

**SILVER MEDAL,** being the Highest Premium ever given for a Hoop Skirt.

The Steel Springs are wound with fine plated wire—in place of a cotton covering—which will not wear off or become soiled, and the whole skirt may be washed without injury or fear of rusting, and will be as good as new.

**The Combination Silver Skirt** This invention combines with the ordinary Skirt the advantages of our Silver Skirt. The bottom hoops are the same as those used in the Silver Skirt, the covering of which cannot wear off, while the upper ones are covered with cotton. No lady having once worn one of our Skirts, will be willing to wear any other, as the lower hoops of all other kinds are soon injured and soiled.

The best materials are used in their construction, and from their durability and neatness they are destined to become a

**Favorite Skirt.** Manufactured solely by the

**Silver Skirt and Wire Manufacturing Company,** 30 and 32, BARCLAY ST. NEW YORK.

T. S. FRENCH, Supl. Aug 9th-ly

Select Story.

WRONG RIGHTED.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

He was a man such as you rarely meet, and, at the same time, a man whom few could understand. Some say he could only be read by a woman, yet I think most women would have failed here.

He was slight, and rather below the average height of men, yet with a look about him that indicated great nervous vitality. His hair was a light brown, curling away from a broad, white forehead, under which his deep-set eyes grew bright or dark with every passing emotion.

Just now he stood in a half shadow made by a lighted curtain in the parlor of the Bellevue House, watching the dancers as they swept by to the mad music of the waltz. Presently his eyes flashed as if with a new inspiration, and he almost clenched his hand on the window-sill behind him, and in a moment more Annabel Lyle swept by. It was this woman whom Philip Stanley had been watching for, but now that she had once crossed his vision, he felt himself deprived of all power to look after her.

He had spoken to her but once, although they had been three weeks under the same roof; but people said Miss Lyle was an accomplished coquette, and Philip Stanley was not one to rush head long into danger. He would wait until sure of himself.

To-night she was more radiant than ever, and she knew it too. Few women of her character can live an hour in a throng, and remain unconscious of their power. There was an ease in her every motion that reminded one of a bird on wing, and while her figure was almost perfect, her face was fascinating. That was the only word for it. The slumbering fire in her dark blue eyes, the scarlet beauty of her parted lips with always such a charming curve upon them; the little blue and crimson veins that never fail to denote a highly emotional nature, and the pink color blushing in her cheeks were rare intensity—all combined to mark her face the most beautiful in the room. Her hair, of a pale gold drifted in tiny, lustrous waves over her fairer cheeks and fairer shoulders, unconfined save by a broad band of blue velvet, just flecked with gold. It was her will to swear it so, and, while the women could find no fault with it except that it was peculiar, the men fairly raved about it. Neither of which moved her.

And to-night Philip Stanley decided to brave fate, and with a slow, careless step, he moved down the room as the dancers paused. He was passing his old friend Warburton, with eyes that took in all beyond him, and the next moment he found himself face to face with the only woman who had ever possessed the power to move him out of his self-control. She was saying, "I envied you the power to remain quiet by that far, cool window, Mr. Stanley, while we were all doing penance for our overbearing love of the merry tune and step."

She had seen him, and did not scruple to acknowledge it. "It was pleasant," he returned, while a quick thrill of recognition ran over his nerves; "won't you come for a breath of this delicious night air?"

She took his offered arm, and drawing her shawl closer about her, its fleecy folds wrapping her beauty like a sunset cloud, walked with him through the crowd that parted and closed again after their retreating forms, out the open window, on, down to the very shore of the sea, lying before them in its unquiet splendor. If they heard any of the remarks which followed them, they neither of them showed any consciousness of having done so. They walked quietly along, apparently listening only to the sad music of the waves as they fell and broke at their feet.

"You are quiet," he said at length. "I wonder if the time and place exercise a spell over your mind so?"

"Is that your own case?" she returned gently.

"Yes, there is a feeling of actual repose steals over me as often as I wander here. I feel somehow alone in the world; alone, yet not lonely."

"Do I hinder the spell?" she asked now, half laughing, yet at the same time strangely moved.

He drew a little nearer to her, as he spoke almost below his breath. "One could scarcely be lonely where Annabel Lyle brought her magical power and sweetness of her presence."

She moved back a step with a little startled air of astonishment, but as she lifted her eyes she became almost powerless under his burning gaze. Was he made to trifle with her thus? She would give him no chance of triumph, though.

"Go on," she said, with a mocking smile; "even flattery may be pleasant, coming from Mr. Stanley's lips."

He words and tone grated harshly on

his ear, but he would not forbear yet. "Does Miss Lyle believe all such words mere flattery? Can no man speak thus and be sincere?"

She began to feel a strange fear, that yet was not altogether fear, in the presence of this man, but the tremor passed not beyond her heart, for eyes and lips were firm as she asked half laughingly, "Shall we return? It is surely growing chilly here, and we are some ways from the house."

"If you desire it, certainly," and he made a movement as if to draw her shawl about her, for one ead of it was trailing along the sand, its little fleecy balls swinging silently to the sound of the wind over the waters. But she repelled him, and threw it carelessly over her arm.

They found some of their late companions laughing and talking as they came up the piazza, but Philip Stanley paid little heed to them, going by with scarcely a word in exchange for their jests and hastily disappearing in the shadow and silence of his own room.

And Annabel Lyle—was she unmoved by this man's earnestness? She thought for a time, half sadly, that she seemed different from the idle devotees of fashion surrounding her; but when Guy Warburton came up to her, smiling, and saying, "Has Miss Lyle really fallen a victim at last, and to such a noted heart-breaker as Phil. Stanley?" she threw aside the last remnant of her unworldly sadness of manner, and became once again her old self—the belle of the ball room.

Yet day after day, as they met and conversed, she felt an inward thrill of regret that such apparent nobility of character and high-minded sentiments should not only be assumed, but for a selfish purpose—the gratification of the man's pride of power in subduing a woman's heart; while he, gaining daily insight into her motives and real desires, felt his faith in womanhood purified and his love for one woman increased a thousand-fold.

But what need to tell of the countless times when these two met—this man and woman with such strange power over each other's lives and hearts, yet one of them, at least, with a pride so strong and suspicious that it would not yield to persuasion, but dashed aside, once and again, the untasted cup of happiness from their lips.

What joy and grief, what sorrow and fulfillment, have been sung by poet tongues all over the world; yet not one human soul has ever yet told the capability of happiness or woe that existed in a brother's soul. Only each one knows its own history, and the tongue is palsied by the knowledge, so that from the pale lips no words fall to enlighten the careless throng!

Better so! Better so!

It is a strange truth, that some loves, however pure in the ideal, are but the realization of an intense selfishness, with no enduring, self-sacrificing power about them. But not of this kind was the love Philip Stanley felt for Annabel Lyle. It had become, somehow, the keynote of his existence, to which all the melodies of his life must be harmonized or be recognized only as discords.

Would Annabel Lyle forget the few, faint words, traced with a trembling hand, that had come to her the morning before her departure, telling of his love so true and sincere, awaiting but her word to become the devotion of a life time? She could never forget, yet for the rumored hint which had grown into a certain certainty in their little gossiping world, she had resolved to cast it aside; so that she went home, after all, the betrothed bride of Guy Warburton, and the next Christmas was to witness their bridal.

Speedily the preparations went forward, and the weeks lengthened into months, and the time drew near.

It was a chill evening in December, only two days before the one appointed for the ceremony, when Annabel Lyle sat alone in her room, weeping these bitter tears which a woman sheds but once in a life time, when she realizes that she is not only taking upon herself vows which she can not keep, but is shutting herself out forever from a remembered paradise. She was reading over again the little note she had received that sunny summer day at the sea-side, and then, as memory became so consciously tender, she rose and held the note in the flame of the lamp, until nothing remained of it but a little heap of gray ashes which she could have blown away with a hasty breath. But she did not do it. She gathered them up, instead, and closing them in a tiny, jeweled casket which stood upon a dressing table, she turned away to answer a knock at the door.

It was one of the servants in the house with a pale face, saying over in words which she only half comprehended, that there had been an accident to the train on which Mr. Warburton had been expected, and her friends feared the worst. She stood there with a white face, listening to it all, then hastily throwing a shawl over her shoulders, and a thick

veil over her bonnet, she went out. In less time than it takes to tell of it she had reached the station, and found her way to where the disabled passengers were lying, and passing on with a trembling step, she paused at length by the side of the man she had promised to marry. But he had no word for her. He was still happily unconscious, and her eye wandered past his to another familiar form, which, a moment later, she had recognized as that of Philip Stanley. Then the truth all at once flashed upon her. This was the friend whom she had asked to stand up with him when she should become his wife! Her brain fairly whirled at the thought; but in another moment she had stolen to his side, and kneeling down, murmured, "Philip, dear Philip!" almost as if unconscious of what she was doing; but at the well-beloved voice, both he and Warburton had opened their eyes.

She thought nothing more could be said; but Guy Warburton, with the fear of death before his eyes, called her to him, and told the story of his heartless deceit; that Philip was truly the noble, honest man she had wanted to believe him, and that his own tale had been one of deceit, framed only to gain her hand. Then she walked straight away from them, back to her father's house, up to her own room where she spent the next hour in unavailing regrets. Guy Warburton recovered, but did not intrude his presence again; only sent a little note of penitence and of farewell. On the next steamer he had sailed for Europe.

And what of Philip Stanley? The broken words of tenderness he had heard as he lay just at the point that opens between Life and Death, became to him words of life, indeed, and when he could walk, he went again to Annabel Lyle, and laid his heart with all its tried and true love at her feet. As he paused for an answer, she only laid her hand in his with a half-smile, as she said—

"He gave me a friend, and a true, true love," but, as the next line came to her mind, the lightness faded from her speech, and she was but the earnest, loving woman. So Philip Stanley took her home to his heart, thanking God that through the mist of doubt and uncertainty fulfillment toward which his soul had turned with such unutterable longing.

Only one little year ago and to-night into the bright shining clear and bright on his hearth, two shadows fall, and the light of the joyous new year shines on two faces, on which are written sweet records of trust and humility, of faith and patience, and above all, of belief in God's kind, overruling providence.

—A GOOD STORY.—A soldier of the west, during the late war, being off duty, was engaged by a landlord to dig a patch of potatoes on condition that he should be furnished with a bottle of whiskey to begin with. The landlord, accordingly, took him to the field, showed him the patch, and left him a full bottle of his favorite beverage. About an hour afterwards the landlord went out to see how his son of Mars progressed in his business of farming. He found him holding to an old stump, unable to stand without it, his bottle lying empty at his feet, and no potatoes dug. Being quite exasperated, the landlord exclaimed: "Hello! you scoundrel! Is this the way you dig my potatoes for me?" "Ha!" says the soldier, lapping his tongue, and swaggering half round, squinting and hiccuping. If you want your potatoes dug, fetch 'em on—now—I'll be d— if I'm going to run round the lot after 'em."

—During the great speculation in town lots in 1835 '36 in Mississippi, Doctor T. of Vicksburg, went in largely, investing all the cash funds received in his lucrative practice, and as usual, paid one third cash, the balance in six and twelve months, with interest, these being the usual terms of buying and selling. One day when the Doctor was deep in town lots, he had to answer the call of an aristocratic patient, for whom he had lastly prescribed a box of pills, and allowing his mind to return to the town lots, was on his way out when the question was asked, how the pills were to be taken? To which the Doctor replied, "One-third down, the balance in six and twelve months with interest."

—A ragsman who had drunk a little too freely, fell from the raft into the river, and was near drowning, when his brother jumped in to his relief, seized him by the hair, and was struggling with him to the shore. The tide was strong, and the brother's strength was nearly exhausted, he was about to relinquish his hold when the despairing one raises his head above the water, exclaiming, "Hang on Sam!" I'll treat, I swear I will." His words were stimulating, and the brother at length saved him.

The Philadelphia Mint is producing about 2,000,000 pieces of the new five per month.

Rates of Advertising.

Adm're and Execo's Notices, each	\$2 00
6 lines	2 00
Auditor's Notices, each	2 00
Transient Advertising, per square of	2 00
10 lines or less, 3 times or less	50
For each subsequent insertion	6 09
Professional cards, 1 year	15
Special notices per line	1 00
Obituary and Marriage Notices, each	1 00
Yearly Advertising, one square	10 00
Yearly Advertising, two squares	15 00
Yearly Advertising, three squares	20 00
Yearly Advertising, 1 column	25 00
Yearly Advertising, 1 column	35 00
Yearly Advertising, 1 column	70 00

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

A TRAVELER'S STORY.—Some persons relating to each other the many wonderful objects they had seen in the course of their travels, one of them asserted that he had seen, in Africa, some grass growing that was as high as a house, and appealed to his companion for the truth of the story; this his companion made no hesitation in confirming, and declared that in the very same field where this grass grew, after having walked some time, he sat down to rest himself, and in the course of a few minutes found himself raised thirty feet from the ground, in consequence of having sat upon a mushroom that was growing!!!

An atrocious outrage was perpetrated on Tuesday morning, in Brooklyn, by a gang of ruffians, who entered a house occupied by a number of sewing girls, and having robbed the inmates, seized the terrified women and subjected them to the most revolting indignities. All the females were outraged in a horrible manner. Had this occurred in the South, it would have been declared a remnant of the barbarity of slavery, and be cited as another evidence why the South should be politically persecuted.

On a rainy wintery evening, a gentleman traveling in a cab found, on nearing his destination, that he had no money with him, so thinking he would try the honesty of the cabman, he called out as he ran up the steps, "Wait a minute; I have dropped a sovereign in the cab, and will get a light and search for it." The words were barely spoken, when the cabman, gave the horse a furious lash, and drove off at a violent rate. The gentleman, heartily amused at the result called after him repeatedly, but never saw cab or driver again.

Last week, near Winchester, Franklin county, a negro entered the house of John Cook, who was absent, and after being furnished a drink of water, seized his wife, threw her on the bed, and while attempting to accomplish his purposes, was interrupted by a neighbor boy. The negro fled, an although pursued by men on horse-back and on foot, with guns and similar outrage by a negro, within four miles of Columbus, had occurred a short time before. The culprit in that case is in jail.

Charles Patterson, belonging to the navy, shot his sister, in Philadelphia, on the 27th, badly wounding her in the head and breast with duck shot. She refused to leave a house of ill fame to which she had resorted to escape the cruel treatment of her step-mother, and he shot her, as he said, because he preferred seeing her dead than leading such a life.

"Conductor," said an over-dressed dandy the other day, in an omnibus, "do not procrastinate, but urge your equine motive power to the greatest velocity, for I have an engagement in the city at a stated hour, which I must fulfill or expire." "Jem," shouted the conductor to the driver, "push along, here's a luntie inside swearing away like mad."

They have a new institution in London, called "Female Garrotters," that use a rope, and seize their victims in the streets. We always knew that females were garrotters, but the only weapons they ever used was a pair of loving arms.

"No Cards.—Snooks says the words 'No Cards' are affixed to wedding no-tices because the parties played all their cards before marriage. This is a new theory and will be generally accepted.

A paper asks very innocently, if it is any harm to sit in the laps of aged. It depends on the kind of ages selected. Those from seventeen to twenty-five are extra hazardous.

The Imperial Court of Rome, France, has just decided that the epithet "female" applied to a woman constitutes an insult.

A returned Californian named Whiting, who has been absent for three years found his wife living with another man in Philadelphia, and the mother of a child. He threw the child out of the window, stabbed the woman and fled.

A cotemporary suggests that a lady, on putting on her corsets, is like a man who drinks to drown his grief, because in so doing herself she is getting tight.

A little girl in school being asked what a catarrh or waterfall was, she replied that it was hair flowing over something, she didn't know what.

"I want to buy a sewing machine," said a lady entering a shop. "Do you want a machine with a feller?" "Sakes no, don't want any of your fellers about me."

The Merchant's Union Express agent at Auburn last Friday, expressed a 14 12 years old to Toledo, Ohio, a check being put upon him to that place.