

The Elk Advocate.

By the length'ning twilight hours;
By the chill and fragrant showers;
By the slow, pale and faded;
By the leaves with sunset stained;
By the gray and clouded morn;
By the drooping ears of corn;
By the meadows overgrown;
With the spider's wavy thread;
By the soft and shadowy sky;
By the thousand tears that fly;
Every weeping bough beneath—
Summer, we perceive thy death;
Summer, all thy charms are past;
Summer, thou art wasting fast;
Scarcely one of all thy roses
On thy faded bow repeats.
Thrush and nightingale have long
Ceased to woo the with their song;
And, on every lonely height,
Swallows gather for their flight;
While the wild wind's dreary tone,
Sweeping through the valleys lone,
Sadly sighs, with mournful breath,
Requiem for sweet summer's death.

—Chambers' Journal.

FALLING OUT.

Kate and Jack were not brother and sister. If they had been, I hope they would not be seen in such a quarrel; and it was all about a very little thing.

Kate's mother gave her an apple and Jack's aunt gave him a pear and they went out to play. Kate played she was the cook and Jack was the porter.

After a while Jack said, "I must go and eat my apple," whereupon Kate flew into a little passion, and told him he should not touch the apple, for it was hers.

Jack saw the apple and the pear lying side by side, and of the two he rather thought the apple would suit him best, and so, without thinking whether he was doing as he would be done by, he said he must have a bite of that apple, and set out to get it. Kate saw his motion, and laying hold of the ladie that belonged to her as cook, she began to lay the strokes on Jack's head and shoulder with a good deal of effect.

How long the contest lasted, or what ended it, we need not say; but in less than half an hour the scene changed to making it up.

The apple and the pear had been lying still all the time, and perhaps wondering what the silly children were quarrelling about and Kate and Jack began to think there was no great wit in bruising each other. So Jack told Kate that he was only in fun when he spoke of getting a bite of her apple, for he was really quite satisfied with his year.

This moved Kate's good feelings, and without more ado, she replaced her ladie in the belt of her dress, and with many places to make it well, they were once more as happy as birds and as peaceful as lambs.

Neither the apple nor the pear tasted any better for the fuss they had occasioned, and when they came to eat them they proposed to exchange so that Kate eat Jack's pear, and Jack eat Kate's apple! What quarrel was ever worth what it cost?—*Boys and Girls' Weekly*.

A Dead Lady Brought to Life.

An interesting and astonishing event transpired on the 22d ult., at the house of Mr. George Chandler, a farmer living near the Lowell road, between Nashua and Tyngsboro, Mass. A physician, Dr. Strousski, stopped on the afternoon of the day mentioned at Mr. C's house to feed his horse. On entering the house, Mrs. Chandler informed the doctor that her daughter, Susan, died on Saturday, and that the body had been placed in a coffin for interment on Sunday. The doctor on looking into the coffin remarked that the girl was not dead, but only in a fit. He ordered the removal of the body and placed it in a warm bath. After a long struggle the girl was brought to life. After leaving some medicine, the doctor took his departure. On the following day—the one assigned for the funeral—the resuscitated voided a tape worm measuring twenty-eight feet in length, and instead of burying Miss Susan Chandler, the parents interred the cause of all her troubles.

DEMETRIUS, King of Macedonia, would at times retire from business and give himself wholly to pleasures. On one of these occasions, giving out that he was sick, his father, Antigonus, came suddenly to visit him, and met a fair dandy coming out of his room.—When Antigonus came in, Demetrius said: "Sir the fever has just left me." Antigonus replied, "I think it was it I just met at the door."

—A school boy being asked to define the word "admission," said it meant twenty-five cents. "Twenty-five cents," echoed the school master, "what sort of a definition do you call that?" "I don't know," sulkily replied the boy, "but I'm sure it says so on the advertisements down at the show." "Yes," said another boy, "and children half price."

—If a man sells a watch for fifty dollars, buys it back for forty dollars, then sells it forty-eight dollars, how much does he make by the transaction? It looks as if he made fifteen dollars, but he didn't.

—The Radicals at Washington declare that there will be no attempt made at impeachment unless Wade is first removed as President of the Senate.

—Come one, Come all and subscribe for the ADVOCATE.

—Heavy frost on the 7th of Oct.

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LOST IN THE WOODS.

About ninety years ago the events of my story commenced. It was in Vermont, within the limits of the township of Rockingham or Springfield, it is impossible to say which, that the log cabin which was the home of the heroine stood, surrounded by a forest. The real names of the actors in this tragedy of the woods have passed out of the legend, and therefore, substitute names which come to my mind.

"I have finished my spinning, Robert, and I shall carry the yarn home to-day. I think I will spend the day with Mrs. Green, and with you would come and meet me and bring the baby home," said the young wife, taking the linen yarn in her apron and the baby on her arm.

"Very well," replied the husband, giving his growing child a kiss, as he started off with his hoe over his shoulder to his wheat field. His lot had been burnt over and sown with wheat, but the huge stumps of the old trees, and the thick underground roots in the new land, prevented the use of the plow.

All day he worked busily in the fresh soil, with the strange wood sounds about him, eating his lunch at noon, from a little basket, until the lengthening shadows of the forest around his clearing betokened sunset. Then he started off to meet his wife. A mile or two in the forest his neighbor Green had made a clearing. He went on without meeting his wife and baby, until he got to his neighbor's door.

"Why," said Mrs. Green, in answer to his inquiries, "didn't you meet her? She hasn't been gone long—only a few minutes."

"Can she possibly have missed the marked trees?" asked Robert Harris, agast.

"Do not be alarmed, neighbor Harris," said Mr. Green, "I will go back with you."

The two men went together through the forest, which every moment grew darker and drearier. They called Mrs. Harris' name aloud at intervals, but there came no reply. They kept saying to each other, "We may find her at home, but they were heavy at heart."

The log house was reached, but the mother and baby were not there. The cow lowed to be milked, and the pigs, who ran in the woods all day and came home at night, clamored for their usual food, but the men took no notice of them. Back again through the woods with a lantern, calling and hallooing. Then they went to the next clearing, and the next.

"A woman lost!" What telegram in the exciting days of battle ever fell more thrilling on human ears than those words, going from mouth to mouth among the homes of a new country?

With iron muscles and determined wills the warm-hearted settlers started out. "We will search the woods; we will find her, never fear!" According to a custom they had at such times, they blew dinner horns, built fires, and shouted until they were hoarse. No tidings of the lost ones that night.—All the next day they searched, and day after day as long as possible.—Fires were kept smouldering among the trees, men who knew the woods kept resolutely to the search, but the budding April forest had its own secrets.

When Mrs. Harris started, with her baby in her arms, from Mrs. Green's expecting momentarily to meet her husband, she went on carelessly, her attention being directed in part to the child, when, suddenly looking up, she discovered no white scar of the axe on any tree in sight. But she fancied she had only stepped out of the path, and might in a moment regain it. A vain fancy! She went on, but nothing familiar met her eye.

The night came on. The song birds went to rest, and the owls commenced their doleful hooting. She was alone with her infant in a great sea of forest, where never woodman's axe had echoed. She was lost. She sat down faint and tired, and, woman-like, began to cry. "Hark! that was a human shout! She arose and, holding her course, ran breathlessly toward it. And now she thought she heard it again, farther off. Many hours of that night were spent in raving, with hysterical sobs, her friends so near that she could hear them, but so far away that no effort of frenzied strength could enable her to reach their protecting presence. Towards morning she slept, leaning against a tree, with the baby on her bosom.—But she started nervously in her dreams and at the first bird song, awoke to full consciousness.—With daybreak came a renewal of her courage. Her friends would find them. She saw near her some last year's berries, and tough leaves of winter-green, and a few acorns. A poor breakfast, but she ate whatever she could find, for the sake of her child more than her own. This day also she ran wildly through the tangle of dead brakes and berries, growing from the decay of centuries, over the gullies and jagged rocks, past the branches that caught and rent her dress, till she came to the dying embers of a fire. Here she lingered long. Her friends had been here; perhaps Robert had kindled this fire with his own hands, and for her. Here, again, the search has commenced this morning. Beholding thro' the woods come a prolonged shriek of the dinner horn. She calls with the desperation of one drowning; she rushes forward, but the ground is rough, and alas! how

heavy the baby grows! She is giddy from the loss of sleep and the want of food. The baby moans, and will not be comforted. In this way she passed the day and another dreadful night. She finds another fire; she stays by it and keeps it burning through the night for she is afraid of wolves. Another morning and she is almost hopeless.—O, will not heaven pity her? The little one grows weaker; he cannot lift up his head. Another terrible night; baby moans piteously; he falls into convulsions; the next he dies. All day she carried the little, lifeless body in her arms, and all night, beneath the un pitying stars, she holds it on her bosom.

She carried the little dead burden day after day, until the purple hue of decay was setting rapidly over it. Then she looked about for a spot where she might dig the tiny grave, so deep that the wildcat and wolf would not scent it out. Weak as she was, this was no easy task, but in her wanderings she came upon a giant tree upturn at some former time by a hurricane. In the soft earth where the roots had lain, she scooped out the baby's resting place, and, making it soft with moss, covered the cold little form forever from her sight. Hour after hour passed; how to commence the dreadful pilgrimage? Then she noted everything about the spot. Here was a rock, there stood an immense hemlock. Yes, she would know the place. She could find it easily with Robert.

Then began the struggle through the wilderness. Day after day, week after week she passed on. Her shoes were worn to fragments and fell from her feet. Her garments were torn to tatters. But the days grew warmer, and the fever that was burning in her veins made even the soft showers that fell upon her welcome. First she ate the buds of trees and the bark of the birch. Presently she began to find the young checkberry leaves, and now and then she came upon a partridge's nest, and greedily sucked the eggs. After a time there were red raspberries and black thimble berries in the woods, and then she knew it was July. The trees had now put on afresh their beautiful garments. But for the delicious poetry one finds in the woods, snatching out from the busy world for an hour, she cared nothing. She saw nothing but trees, trees, in interminable succession. It seemed years, yes, ages ago, that she swept the hearth with a birch broom, and sung the baby to sleep in Robert's cabin. Her mind grew bewildered, still she went on, on, on. When she came to a large stream she went up towards its source until she could wade across it. So she said; and she affirmed that she never crossed a stream wider than a brook. She paid no attention to sun and moon as a guide or indication of the compass, but she must have taken a northwesterly direction. There was Black river, Mill river, Waterqueechy, and White Wair's Well, flowing into the Connecticut river from the Vermont side; but she constantly asserted that she saw none of them.

Through July and August there were berries of various kinds, and by means of these she sustained what little life was left. And now the maple began to take on its gorgeous crimson, and the silver birches to wear their pale gold of September, the birds were leaving the forest; occasionally she had glimpses of a black bear, turned out of the path afraid of human form; but no human voices had ceased to call her name.

Was she alone on the earth, and was the chief one vast wilderness without outlet, without a clearing or a settlement? Had God taken all life but that of brutes, and forgotten her, or ordained her to wander forever?—Tramping, with her feet bleeding and cracking at first, and afterwards caloused; naked or nearly so; knowing nothing of time or place, she was fast becoming idiotic; when she was hungry she sought for food, but the great idea lingering in her mind was that of pressing on. Since the luxuriance of summer had fled the forest with ferns and a new growth of brier and underbrush, there was more trouble in passing through. But she had become quite accustomed to the rough work and the frozy at last become a steady, constant habit almost the labor of life to her.

One day in October, the inhabitants of the village of Charleston, N. H., were startled into the wildest excitement by seeing a nearly naked emaciated woman, with her hair streaming upon her shoulders, walk with bewildered gaze along the streets. She told them she was Robert Harris' wife and that she was lost.

Robert Harris' wife who had disappeared from the opposite side of the river in April, exclaimed the villagers. "How had she crossed the Connecti-

cut? Where had she been all this time?"

But she told them that she had never crossed the Connecticut, and that she had been lost in the woods all this time. There was no lack of hospitality; the wanderer was immediately clad and fed and cared for to the utmost. Volunteers went at once and brought her husband, for the story of his bereavement was well known on the Charleston side of the river.

We can only imagine the meeting, and the tears that were shed at the thought of the little forsaken grave by the uprooted tree. But it is said that joy bells were rung in the village, and the poor woman a living skeleton, was nursed and petted—everybody vying with her neighbor to lavish every good thing upon her until her weakened mind recovered its tone again.

As she constantly asserted she had never crossed the river, it is supposed she wandered into Canada, and going round the Connecticut at its source, or crossing where it was a brooklet, passed down the New Hampshire side until she reached a location just opposite that from which she started.

When she began to grow strong again her mind recurred constantly to the grave in the wilderness. She described to her husband its surroundings and he went and searched for it but without success. As soon as she was able, she went out with her husband and other friends to search but the baby's grave was never found.

It was thought very strange that she in all her wandering, never met a roving Indian, but so it was. The Indian tribes had perhaps nearly disappeared from New England since the French and Indian war; but however that may be the first human being she saw after the burial of her infant, was in Charleston.

This singular legend has descended to the writer, from a descendant of hers, who was the third child born to the town of Rockingham, Vermont, and the story is an undoubted fact.

It is Well with the Child.

Bishop Leighton thus wrote to his sister's husband on the death of a beloved child:

"I am glad of your health, and of the recovery of your little ones; but, indeed, it was a sharp stroke of the pen that told me your little Charlie was dead, and felt it truly more than to my remembrance than I did the death of any child in my lifetime. Sweet thing! and he is so quickly laid asleep? Happy he! Though we shall no more have the pleasure of his lisping and crying, nor the pain of being sick, or of dying; and both wholly escaped the trouble of schooling, and the suffering of boys, as well as the riper and deeper griefs of upper years.—This poor life being nothing all along but a linked chain of many sorrows and many deaths. Tell my dear sister she is now so much more akin to the other world, and this will be quickly passed to us all. He is but gone a few hours earlier to bed, as the children used to do, and we are undressing to follow. And the more we put off the love of the world and all things superfluous beforehand, we shall have less to do when we lie down."

Autumn Days.

When autumn days come, Nature, like a retired merchant, changes its manner—from thrift and bustling industry to languid leisure and unostentatious luxury. The sun rises earlier and sets later than when it had all the summer crops on hand, and was playing universal husbandman. There is no nest building, and no birds singing now,—which is a purely domestic arrangement designed on the birds' part to keep peace in the family while the children are being raised! and laid aside as soon as ever the young birds are off their hands. Mornings come fleeced in mists, which hang over streams and low moist places. The sun plays with them but they perish in his arm. A few belated flowers yet keep watch, but chiefly the asters, which bring all the fields, star the edges of forests, and like the late comet at a least, seem bent upon making up lost time. At night the crickets and katydids scrape their shrill viols, and fill the air with tremulous music. Over all the shrinking fields the trees lift up their gorgeous foliage like those who wait for the marriage and the bridegroom, they shine out in gorgeous apparel.—*Bocher's Narrative*.

—J. Ross Brown's second report on the resources of the Pacific States is in preparation. He calculates the product of gold this year at \$70,000,000, and of Nevada silver at \$19,000,000.

—In some of the Western States courting is termed "breaking heaters." More expressive than poetic.

—A stump fence in Maine has lasted one hundred and fifty years, and is now as good as ever.

Getting Ripe.—The Chestnuts.

Cousin Sally Dillard.

Cousin Sally Dillard is a story, by Hamilton C. Jones, that must not die, and as it has been some time since the public have been called upon to laugh over its exquisite ridiculousness, we will give it a start again:

SCENE.—A court of justice in South Carolina.

A beardless disciple of Themis rises and thus addresses the Court: May it please your worship and you gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune good or bad (I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisition, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so dreadfully marked an assault—a more wilful, violent and dangerous battery, and finally a more diabolical breach of the peace has seldom happened in a civilized country, and I dare say it seldom has been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's in this county; but you will hear from the witnesses.

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed: One said that he heard the noise but did not see the fight; another that he saw the row, but did not know who struck first, and another that he was very drunk and couldn't say much about the skirmish.

Lawyer Chops—I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, from a misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness who was acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood to the court and jury, I should not have trespassed so long on your patience. Come forward Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, chuffy old man, a "leddie" corned, and took his oath with an air.

Chops—Harris, we wish you to tell about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's, and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris—Adzakly (giving the lawyer a knowing wink, at the same time clearing his throat). Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillards she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she mount't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of rheumatism in the hip, and a big swamp was up in the road, there havin been a great deal of rain lately, but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, I said my wife she mount go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he mount go. I told cousin Sally Dillard that he was foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mount go.

Chops—in the name of common sense Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rignarolis?

Witness—Captain Rice he gin a treat and cousin Sally Dillard she came over to my house and axed me if my wife she mount't go, and I told cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops—Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear about your cousin Sally Dillard or your wife, tell us about the fight at Rice's.

Witness—Well, I will, sir, if you will let me.

Chops—Well, sir, go on.

Witness—Well, sir, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she came over to my house, and asked me if my wife she mount go—

Chops—Here it is again. Witness please to stop.

Witness—Well, sir, what do you want?

Chops—We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed with this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the court?

Witness—To be sure I do.

Chops—Well go on, then, and tell it and nothing else.

Witness—Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat—

Chops—This is intolerable. May it please the Court, I move that the witness be committed for a contempt. He seems to be trifling with this court.

Court—Witness, you are before the court of justice, and, unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell me what you know about the fight at Rice's.

told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife she was very poorly, being as how she had rheumatism, in her hip, and the big swamp was up, however as it was, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mount go. Cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he mount't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard as how Mose was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass, but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mount go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dillard and they comes to the big swamp and it was up, as I was tellin' you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dillard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walked the log, but my wife like a darned fool, hoisted her coats and waded through—

Chops—Heaven and earth, this is to bad; but go on.

Witness—Well, that's all I know the fight.

Curious Table of Figures.

Just hand this table to a lady, and request her to tell in which column or columns her age is contained. Add together the figures at the top of the columns in which her age is found, and you have the great secret. Thus suppose her age to be 17. You will find the number 17 only in two columns, namely, the first and fifth, and the first figures of these two columns make 17.

Here is the magic table:

1	2	4	8	16	32
2	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	20	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	34
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	51
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	25	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	15
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	43	46	46	54	54
47	48	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	59	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	62

Facts Worth Remembering.

The total number of human beings on the earth, is computed at three thousand millions, and they speak three thousand and sixty-four thousand tongues.

The average duration of life is thirty-three and one third years.

One fourth die before they are seven years old, and one-half before the age of seventeen.

Out of one hundred persons, only six reach the age of sixty years.

Out of five hundred persons only one attains the age of eighty.

Sixty persons die every minute.

Tall men live longer than short ones and married men longer than single ones.

Rich men live, on an average, forty-two years, but the poor only thirty years.

There is one drunkard in every seventy-four persons.

Great Curiosity.

A person of an observing turn of mind if he has rode through a country town, he has noticed how curious youngsters along the route will fill the windows with their anxious faces, in order to catch a glimpse of all passers by.

A Yankee pedler drove up in front of a house one day, and seeing all hands and the cook staring from the windows, got off from his cart, and the following dialogue took place with the man of the house:

"Has there been a funeral in your family lately?"

"No, why?"

"I saw there was one pane of glass that didn't have a head in it."

"You leave blasted quick, or there will be a funeral!"

—A correspondent states that wheat bread, toasted on both sides, will cure dysentery in a very short time.

—Modesty is like a sober flower, says the London Fan; it takes no more than its due.

—Two North Carolina freedmen fought a duel about a woman. Weapons, axes. Result, one intelligent voter split open.

—Seventy native Christians are said to be imprisoned at Nagasaki, Japan, on account of their religion.