

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates and corresponding prices.

YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS. 1 square.....\$ 7 00 1 column.....\$20 00 2 squares..... 12 00 1 column..... 35 00 3 squares..... 15 00 1 column..... 65 00

TIME OF HOLDING COURT. Second Monday in January. Last Monday in April. First Monday in August. First Monday in November.

The Bachelor's Escape.

If there ever was a fore-ordained bachelor, that man was Major Teller. Some men are born to old bachelorhood—others have old bachelorhood thrust upon them; and to the former class belonged the Major. You could have picked him out in a multitude; if he had been labelled, like an antediluvian fossil or a dried specimen of ornithology, there could not have been more certainty in the matter.

He was a dapper, thin little man, something under five feet high, with a glossy black wig, closely trimmed side whiskers and costume so daintily neat that he reminded you of a shining black cat! He took a Turkish bath in the morning, and a Russian bath in the evening; he came home to dinner at twelve precisely, and went to bed at eleven at night, his boots standing at the foot of his bed, and his stockings at the head, and his wig elevated on the gas fixture, and every chair in the room standing at right angles with the wall!

It was high noon on a sparkling windy March day when Major Teller came home to the antique, down-tow boarded house, where he had vegetated for the last twenty years, and went to his own room to brush his wig for the mid-day meal. Opening the door he stumbled over an obstacle that was in the way.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said the Major, turning very red, recovering his footing with difficulty.

It was Miss Patience Pettigrew, on her hands and knees, cleaning off the oil cloth at the door.

Now the Major was afraid of Miss Patience—afraid of her as the plump lamb fears the gaunt wolf, or the unoffending robin the dire serpent. Miss Patience was tall, lean and sallow, but she curled her hair, and wore an artificial rose over her left ear, and sang with whistling tones to a little spindle-legged piano, and firmly believed that she only waited a little while longer she should get married to somebody! And because the Major sat opposite to her at the table—Miss Patience helped her widowed sister "keep house," and served out the gravy and sauces—and regarded her artificial rose and beard's grease curl with a sort of fearful fascination, Miss Patience somehow opined that she should one day, Cupid willing, become Mrs. Major Teller.

"It's of no consequence, Major," said Miss Patience, recovering her piece of soap which had skinned out to the middle of the carpet. "I hope your fire isn't out."

"Thank you, ma'am, it is very good."

"I do wonder, Major, said Miss Patience, with a pronouny giggle, 'why you never get married?'"

The Major retired precipitately behind the coal scuttle, and made no reply.

"You'd be so much more comfortable, you know," added Miss Patience, wringing out her woollen cloth and looking so snugly on the Major that he retreated still further into his wardrobe, where among the swinging effluvia of coats and trousers he felt comparatively safe.

Miss Patience hesitated a moment, and in that moment the Major felt all the anticipatory agonies of being pursued, captured, brought forth, and possibly married before he could get breath to remonstrate. But she finally took up her hair and vanished.

"Dear me, that was a narrow escape," thought our hero, emerging from his sanctuary. "Some day she'll be too much for me. Perhaps I'd better change my boarding place. Yes—that will be the only safety. I suppose I couldn't very well have her sworn over to keep the peace, and, really, there's no saying what a determined woman of fifty may not do. I'll look out for a new place to-morrow."

"Dear me, Major, you have no appetite," said Miss Patience, sweetly, at the dinner table.

"No, ma'am," said the Major.

"Try to eat a little—just to please me, Major."

"No, I thank you, ma'am."

"Don't you know, Major, that people

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will say that you are in love, if you don't out more?" smiled the antiquated spinster.

This was more than our hero could endure; he rose up and left Miss Pettigrew victor of the wordy field.

"I won't go back to that house if I can help it," thought the Major, brushing the cold dew from his forehead with a crimson silk pocket handkerchief. "Her intentions are serious, I know they are."

And the Major, in his innermost soul reviewed the catechism and hymns he had learned as a child; trying to think if there were not some invocations particularly suited to an elderly gentleman in great peril and perplexity. But he could not remember anything appropriate to his particular case.

"It's twenty years since I have been inside of a church," thought the pent-up old sinner. "I wish I had gone a little more regularly. I wonder if it is too late in life to reform?"

For the Major, poor, old gentleman, had a vague idea that "religion" would be a sort of safeguard against the wiles of his fair enemy. Deliverance from Miss Pettigrew must be obtained on some terms or other.

As Major Teller was frantically reviewing these things in his mind, he came to a sudden and involuntary standstill. There was a crowd gathered in the street—a fallen omnibus horse, or an arrested pickpocket, or some other nucleus, round which gathers the rapidly increasing swarm of metropolitan sinners. Now, of all things Major Teller most dreaded was a crowd, and he looked round nervously for some means of escape.

An old-fashioned church, with open doors and some sort of service going on inside, caught the Major's eye. He made an instantaneous dart for its huge, gothic portals, shielded by the inner doors of green baize.

"It's a good chance to think up something solemn and appropriate, and that sort of thing, until the crowd gets by," he thought, settling himself in the corner of one of the softly cushioned pews to listen to the mild, droning voice of the old clergyman.

The church was very warm, and the light softened by golden and purple crimson glass, was dim, and the clergyman's voice rather monotonous, and Major Teller was unconsciously becoming rather drowsy, when a plump old lady came in, and the sexton beckoned him from his seat.

But the sermon was over, and the people streaming down the aisle, and the Major felt that he didn't care to prolong the thing and that he had done a very laudible act in coming to church, and—

Even while these ideas were passing indistinctly through his brain, he was borne towards the altar in an upward eddy of the crowd, and felt a giant arm thrust through his.

"Protect me, Major! oh save me!" whispered Miss Patience Pettigrew. "I'm so 'feared in a crowd, always!"

The Major strove to withdraw his arm, but Miss Pettigrew would not let him. They were standing directly in front of the altar arm-in-arm. The minister, old and near-sighted, and a little deaf, advanced—probably concluding that his services were required.

Major Teller's blood ran cold; he tried to protest, but his tongue seemed paralyzed. Miss Pettigrew had captured him as a lamb for the slaughter, and where was the use of further struggle! A few words—an appalling brief ceremony—and Major Teller was married to Miss Patience Pettigrew.

"Take my market basket, my dear," said the gaunt bride, "and stay, you had better carry the umbrella, too! We'll go right home. Old folks like you and me don't care for wedding touts, do we?"

The Major looked pitiously at his better half and made no answer. She, however, waited for none, but drew him along with a quiet determination that argued ill for the future.

"Give me the key to the room, my dear," said Mrs. Patience Teller, "I'd better keep it in the future."

"We'll slick up things a little," said Mrs. Teller, bundling the Major's beloved papers together, and pitching his box of cigars out of the window.

"But Miss Patience—"

"What?"

"My dear wife, I mean."

"Ah, yes. What were you about to remark?"

"My cigars—I—"

"Oh well, I don't like smoke—and never did."

"But what are you doing with my slippers?"

"What did you say?"

"Mrs. Teller, I would remark."

"Oh, under the bed or somewhere! Pink soap, eh?—I prefer Castile, Cologne, eau de Florida, Cold Cream! Who'd have supposed you were such a dandy, Sempronius? You must have plenty of money. By the way suppose you give me the money to keep now, dear! I'll manage it a great deal more economically than you'd be likely to."

"But—"

"Give me the money I say!"

Major Teller meekly put his hand in to his pocket, and submissively handed over the purse.

"Well, now you had better go about your business," said the gentle bride, "and not come home till tea time—I do so dislike men lounging around in the way forever, and don't come back smelling of tobacco if you know what is good for yourself, Sempronius Teller!"

The Major crept silently away, thinking how the last time he crossed the threshold he was a free man, and now—

"I'm married!" mused Major Teller.

"I couldn't help it; it wasn't my fault; but here I am, no money, no cigars, no freedom—worse than a galley slave—sixty years old next month, and married to Patience Pettigrew!"

He walked disconsolately down the street, both hands in his empty pockets, and his hat tipped restlessly down over his eyes. A greater contrast could hardly have been imagined than existed between this slovenly, seedy, wretched-looking man, and the trim, tidy, cheerful little Major Teller of six hours ago! He caught a fleeting glance of himself in a mirror belonging to some picture frame store, as he sauntered by—it even startled himself.

"I wouldn't have known myself," he muttered gloomily. "Well I'm married now—married to Patience Pettigrew!"

He stopped at the street corner, uncertain which way to go; but as he gazed, the bright, steely glimpses of the river caught his eye.

"All right," muttered Sempronius, moodily; "I'll go down myself; it's a short way out of a long line of difficulties. Anything but going back to Patience Pettigrew!"

He went down with long, determined strides toward the shining, broad stream, where the ships lay peacefully at anchor and the little boats shot hither and thither, and the waves sparkled up like sheets of diamonds. All these things Major Teller saw without marking them, as he made resolutely for the pier.

"Want a boat, sir?" demanded a sturdy man.

"Yes," said the Major, "I want Charon's boat to row me over Styx!"

"Don't know him, sir," said the puzzled boatman, "but mine is sound and light."

The Major waited to hear no more, but gave a blind, downward jump.

Down, down with that peculiar sensation of falling so familiar to us all—down—down—until—

"Beg pardon, sir, but the church is going to be shut up, and every one's gone. Hope you had a good nap, sir?"

The sexton spoke sarcastically, but in his tones Major Teller recognized hope and freedom. He started wildly to his feet, exclaiming:

"Then I'm not married after all, sexton?"

"Married, sir?" ejaculated the Major, jumping up, "I've been asleep and dreaming!"

Major Teller satisfied the sexton with a donation whose liberality astonished even that personage, and went out at once to the Hotel to engage rooms.

"I'll send for my things," he thought; "I won't go back to that house lest Miss Patience Pettigrew should do something desperate. I'm not married and I don't mean to be!"

The Major was right. Discretion is the better part of valor—and Miss Patience Pettigrew remains Miss Patience Pettigrew still! But Major Teller goes to church very regularly now.

HER BROTHER.—Among the disagreeables of that delicious state known as "Love's Young Dream," is having a younger brother of your heart's idol around, with too much impudence or ignorance to make himself scarce. A correspondence tells us how he saw a couple thus tormented.

At the Fort William Henry House I saw a lover and his lady tormented with the company of the lady's younger brother.

"Tis a sweet lake!" sighed the lady, "I wish I might have an island in it, and solitude!"

"Without me?" said lover, plaintively.

UNCLE BEN'S JOKE.—Uncle Ben has a joke which he "plays off" when a favorable opportunity offers. The other day he saw a party of would-be philosophers forcibly debating on a very wonderful subject, when he stepped up and said:

"Ishaw, boys, that's nothing to what I saw when I was down South."

"What was it, Uncle Ben?" said one.

"Why, I seen a feller with one side of his face as black as the ace of spades," said Uncle Ben, bringing his hand down on his knee to give emphasis to his assertion.

"But was it natural?" said one, in a tone of triumph, thinking that he had Uncle Ben.

"Hope to die if it wasn't," was the answer. The subject was debated for an hour, or thereabout before the question was propounded.

"What was the color of the other side of his face, Uncle Ben?"

"That was as black as the ace of spades, too," was the reply.

A SAD CHANGE IN FORTUNE.—A day or two since an old gentleman, Mr. Alanson Palmer, now in his dotage, but at one time one of the wealthiest men in Buffalo, who used to drive through its streets with his coach and four horses, and who dispensed charity with a liberal hand, entertained his friends with princely hospitality, and was envied by many, was before the police court door, thinly clad and emaciated in person, charged with petit larceny in stealing a shirt from a young man. The judge, not considering the circumstances under which Palmer got possession of the shirt could be legally constrained into larceny, and considering the mental and bodily condition of the old man, dismissed the case. On Wednesday last, the aged man, with not one of those who in his days of prosperity, partook of his hospitality, or were fed by his bounty, to pity his condition or administer to his sufferings, was sent to the poor house as a vagrant for four months.

CURRENCY.—During the first year of the war, when change was scarce and some large firms were issuing currency of their own, a farmer went to a store in a neighboring town and bought some goods, and gave to the merchant a five-dollar bill, of which he wanted seventy-five cents back. The merchant counted out the amount and handed it over to the farmer. He looked at it a moment and inquired, "What's this?" "It's my currency," said the merchant. "Well, tain't good for nothing where I live," said the farmer. "Very well," replied the merchant, "keep it till you get a dollar's worth and bring it to my store and I will give you a dollar bill for it." The farmer pocketed the change and departed. A few weeks afterward he went into the same store and bought goods to the amount of one dollar, and after paying over the identical seventy-five cents he took out a handful of pumpkin seeds and counted out twenty-five of them, and passed them over to the merchant. "Why," says the merchant, "what's this?" "Wall," says the farmer, "this 's my currency, and when you get a dollar's worth bring it out to my place and I will give you a dollar bill for it."

PHYSICAL NURTURE.—Too much cannot be said or written upon the necessity of the physical nurture of youth. We have had prodigies enough, heaven knows, of precocious intellect and genius; and have seen them, with scarcely an exception, either destroyed before physical maturity, or, if they survived, settling into idiots, or, at most, commonplace men and women. It would be a prodigy now, if we could have an illustration of what the Latin philosopher devoutly invoked, "a sound man in a sound body." A lady of our acquaintance, the wife of an eminent poet, tells us that in concurrence with her husband's views, she has resolved on withholding all mental excitement from their children, before they have attained the age of seven years, striving instead, until that period, to lay the foundation of a proper physical structure and let the natural instincts of childhood be developed in their proper order. Would that more mothers would consider the form, features, limbs and appetites of their children, as proper subjects for care from immediate infancy, and feel that in their hands, to a great degree, is left the work of preparing in every child a sanctuary for good—a temple for the Living God to enter, and fill with his exceeding glory.

"The ocean speaks eloquently and far ever," says Beecher, "Yes," retorts Prentice, "and there's no use in telling it to dry up."

Prentice thinks that Radicals in Congress assembled would do well to deny the soft impeachment.

A Novel Marriage Scene in Church.

The latest innovation in the usage and custom of the Established Church of Scotland in the celebration of marriage publicly in Church before the congregation, instead of privately at the residence of the parties, the former mode, it is alleged, being in conformity with the directory of public worship and the ancient practice of the Presbyterian Church. Apropos of this innovation, the following incident may be related. It probably occurred in the ancient times referred to, but the date is not material. The afternoon services had ended, and the congregation were arranging themselves for the benediction, when, to the manifest interest of the worshipers, the good parson descended to the desk below, and said in a calm, clear voice:

"Those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony, will now please come forward."

A deep stillness instantly fell over the congregation, broken only by the rustling of the silk, as some pretty girl or excited matron changed her position to catch the first view of the couple to be married. No one, however, arose, or seemed in the least inclined to rise.

Whereupon the worthy clergyman, deeming the first notice unheard or misunderstood, repeated:

"Let those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony now come forward."

Still no one stirred. The silence became almost audible, and a painful sense of awkwardness among those present was felt, when a young gentleman who occupied a vacant seat in the broad aisle during the service, deliberately arose and walked to the foot of the altar. He was good looking and well dressed, but no female accompanied his travels. When he arrived within a respectful distance of the clergyman he paused, and with a reverential bow stepped to one side of the aisle, but neither said anything nor seemed at all disconcerted at the idea of being married alone.

The clergyman looked anxiously around for the bride who he supposed was yet to arrive, and at length remarked to the young gentleman in an undertone:

"The lady, sir, is dilatory."

"Yes, sir."

"Had you not better defer the ceremony?"

"I think not."

"Do you suppose that she will be here soon?"

"No, sir," said the young gentleman, "how should I know of the lady's movements?"

A few moments were suffered to elapse in this unpleasant state of expectancy, when the clergyman renewed his interrogatories.

"Did the lady promise to attend at the present hour, sir?"

"What lady?"

"Why, the lady to be sure, that you are waiting here for."

"I did not hear her say anything about it," was the unsatisfactory reply.

"Then, sir, may I ask you why you are here, and for what purpose you thus trifle in the sanctuary of the Most High?" said the somewhat enraged cleric.

"I came, sir, simply because you invited all those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony, to step forward; and I happened to entertain such a wish. I am very sorry to have misunderstood you, sir, and wish you a very good day."

The benediction was uttered in a solemnity of tone very little in accordance with the twitching of the facial nerves, and when, after the church was closed, the story got among the congregation, more than one young girl regretted that the young gentleman, who really wished to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony, had been obliged to depart without a wife.

—Two thirds of the teachers in the United States are women.

—A sister of one of the victims at Angola has become hopelessly insane.

—An artesian well near St. Louis has reached the depth of half a mile.

—Senator Sumner and his wife, it is stated by the Home Journal, have agreed on a permanent separation.

—A revenue official in New York State is a defaulter to the tune of \$25,000. He is "kud" to the backbone.

—The First National Bank of Bay City, Michigan has failed with deposits amounting to \$75,000.

—Dr. Livingstone the African traveler, is alive and well. Positive advices just received in London leave no doubt as to his safety.

—A Vermont bank, which was closing up its business, redeemed \$3,850 more bills than it ever issued. Skillful counterfeiting that.

—A new counterfeit has just been issued, which is calculated to deceive all but the most experienced money dealers. It is a finely executed \$2 note on the National Bank of Kinderhook, N. Y.

—A few days ago, a gentleman in Hartford, Conn., was attacked in the street by a huge wharf rat, and demolished a silk umbrella in the scuffle before his ratship succumbed.

—An advertiser in a Vermont paper thus announces a change from the credit to the cash system: "Murder.—Capt. Trueman came into my shop on the last day of December, 1867, and purchased Doseon Credit."