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## THE HEREAFTER.

BY F. T. PALGRAVE.

Sigh not, fair mother, as thou seest  
The little nursery at thy feet;  
Three golden heads together bent  
Like automata, o'er some scheme profound  
Convened in their more gracious Parliament.

Sigh not, if e'er thy faithful heart  
Keen shadows of the future go;  
The woe of want and wrong; the stern  
Of souls that start, and own a hidden shame.

Fenced from the frosty gales of ill  
Man slips through life unmade, unloved;  
As honey from the flint-rock shed;  
Wrong bravely borne, the brunt of pain well  
Rains in softly blessings on the gallant head.

Endure! Endure!—Life's lesson's so  
Is written large in sea and earth;  
And he who gives us wider scope  
Than the dumb things that struggle from their  
Sets in a sky a star of higher hope.

And with more joy than one who treads  
The road with never-ending strength,  
His future-percing eyes survey  
Those who, wide-eyed, to the fold at length  
Trace with thru-reddened feet their final way.

—Then sigh not, if the smiling band  
Their unforgetful brightness keep,  
And garner sunbeams for the day  
When those clear stainless eyes may yearn to  
The natural drops that cannot force their way.

He who has made us, and foresees  
Our tears, to thy too-anxious gaze  
The long Hereafter gently spurs;  
Only His love shines forth, through all their  
Pledged to the children of so many prayers.

## THE ONE-EYED CONDUCTOR.

A very strange incident happened to me once, a good many years ago—so strange, that I have many times thought I should like to write it down, to see if anybody could give me a satisfactory explanation of it. My husband, however, until lately, has been averse to my doing so; but last Christmas Eve, when there were a number of us met together at Grandfather Lorrimer's, singing songs, telling stories, and so on, I told my story, and it created such a sensation—so many questions were asked, and so many theories broached, and everybody, in fact, seemed to be so much interested—that Joseph, that is, my husband, came to the conclusion that it was a better story than he had before thought of; and a day or two afterward he said to me, if I still had a mind to print that little adventure of mine, he would not object to my doing so.

On account of the reason I gave above, I am glad to do so. I hope this little article may attract the notice of some one who can give me a rational solution of an event that has perplexed me for years. Such an explanation would be a great relief to my mind, and I shall be glad to hear from any responsible person on the subject. My address is: "Mrs. Joseph Lorrimer, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania."

My acquaintance with the hero of this story arose during my bridal tour. My parents were in Philadelphia, and I had been invited to Philadelphia, but Joseph's people live in Harrisburg, and he himself is overseer in the Crosby Iron Works, just outside of that city.

Our wedding was a very quiet one. There was no money to spare on either side, and, after the family breakfast, we went directly to the cars, and started for our future home.

I was a young thing then—just eighteen—and my dear Joe was only three years my senior; two shy, happy, foolish children we were, it seems to me now, as I look back upon that day so many years ago.

The very trip from Philadelphia to Harrisburg—commonplace as most people would think it was, a wonderful event to me, who had never taken longer than an hour's ride on the cars before in my life.

I viewed, with eager, interested eyes, the country through which we passed, and all that was going on around me; the passengers, the car itself, with its fixtures, the conductor or the brakeman, were all objects whose novelty gave me plenty of food for thought; and my thoughts, in those days, were very apt to chime themselves in eager, unreserved ecstasies.

We thought we were conducting ourselves with all imaginable ease and dignity; yet I do suppose now, there was not an individual who looked at us that did not guess at a glance our recently assumed relationship.

I am sure the conductor did. He was a fine, portly-looking man, with genial, brown-whiskered face and bushy hair; he would have been a really handsome man, had it not been for the loss of an eye; it had been lost by disease—the exterior of the eye, save that it was sunken and expressionless, retaining its original appearance. The remaining eye was bright and blue, as jolly and sparkling as the rest of his pleasant, good-humored face.

As he came to collect our fare, Joseph handed him a bill.

"For yourself and wife, I suppose sir?" he asked, with a smile.

Joe turned very red, and bowed a dignified assent.

As for me—I confess it—I turned my head toward the window, in search of a seat, and, in obedience to a nudge from me, Joseph rose, and beckoning to the conductor, said:

"There is a seat for the lady here." Smilingly the old lady approached. I commenced gathering up the shawls and packages that lay upon the vacant seat, that it might be turned to its proper position, but the old lady checked me.

"Don't trouble yourself, friend; I can sit just as well with the seat as it is; and without further ceremony she enquired of me whether I had any luggage, and she deposited a large covered box on her feet, and paid her so many little attentions, at the same time addressing her in so familiar and affectionate a manner, that I saw at once she was no stranger to him.

A glance at the kind old face opposite soon told me they were mother and son, for the two faces were wonderfully alike, especially in the open, cheerful expression.

My heart was drawn toward her at once, and, as the conductor moved on, I could not resist making some overtures toward her, as she was so friendly and so comfortable.

"Quite so, thank thee," she answered at once; "but I am afraid I have discommoded thee somewhat."

"Not at all," I assured her; and the ice once broken, we chatted together very freely and pleasantly.

As I had surmised, the conductor was her son, and very proud and fond of him the old lady was. She told us so many tales about his wonderful goodness, his kind-heartedness and unselfishness, that when—after we had left the next station—the conductor approached us, we really felt as if we were already acquainted with him, and was disposed to be as friendly with him as with his mother.

He stopped to exchange a few words with her, and as she was talking with us, we very naturally all fell into conversation together.

He proved to be an intelligent man, who had seen a great deal of life, particularly on railroads, so his conversation, to me, at least, was vastly entertaining.

Among other interesting things, he explained to us the signs and signals used by railway officials upon the road. One of these signals—the only one I mention here—he said was as follows:

When a person standing in the road, in front of or by the side of the car, throws both hands rapidly forward, as if motioning for the cars to go backward, he means to give information that there is "danger ahead."

"When you see that signal given, my dear friend," said our conductor, "if the cars don't obey it by backing, do you prepare yourself for a flying leap; for the chances are, you will have to practice it before long."

He spoke lightly, but, not noticing that the ideas suggested by not very pleasant to me, he changed the subject, and I soon forgot the little feeling of discomfort his words had occasioned.

The old lady did not travel with us far. She stopped at a way-station some twenty-five miles west of Lancaster, where, she informed us, she had a daughter living. Her own home she had already left, and she was in Lancaster, where she lived with a married daughter who kept a boarding-house. She gave us one of this daughter's cards, and Joseph promised, if we ever had occasion to visit Lancaster, that we would try to find her out.

With mutual kind wishes and cheerful adieu we parted. The old lady helped out of the train by her son, and we saw her a moment later upon the arm of another gentleman, whom we supposed to be her son-in-law, walking briskly up a little hill that led from the station to the heart of the village.

Our own journey came to a conclusion in due time, and the last I saw of the one-eyed conductor was when he stood on the platform of the cars, helping us out with our baggage, which he had carried for us from where we had been sitting.

It is not my purpose to detain the reader in any details of my private history further than is necessary to give a just comprehension of what is to follow. Two years had elapsed before I was called upon to take the second journey, to the events of which, what I have already narrated, forms a necessary prelude. This time I was journeying alone from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, upon a visit to my parents, whom I had not seen since my marriage.

I had been having a good deal of trouble. I was very ill for some time after my baby's birth, and before I had fully regained my strength, my little son was taken ill. He had the whooping cough; and after I had nursed him through it, he was taken ill with a cold in the fall that brought it back upon him, and finally killed him. I was so weak and miserable myself, that I could not struggle with my grief as I should have done; I pined, and moped, and wasted away until the doctor said that if I did not have a change of scene, or something that would arouse me and give me up, he would not answer for my life.

It was the most unpalatable advice to me that he could have given. I did not want to be cheered nor amused; I did not want to leave home and the dear reminders of my lost baby; above all, I did not want to leave my husband, for, in my foolish dependency, I felt a great and selfish dread that he, too, would be taken from me. It was impossible, just now, for him to leave his business to go home with me; they were executing a heavy order at the foundry, which kept all hands working almost night and day.

He promised that he would join me as soon as he could; but, after what the doctor had said, he would not delay a minute longer than could be avoided; so he wrote to father that I would be in Philadelphia on a certain day, in order that he might meet me at the depot; and, having put me in the cars at Harrisburg, and seeing me safely started upon my journey, he knew there was very little doubt but that I should reach Philadelphia after a comfortable, uninterrupted half-day's ride.

Oh! how different was this trip from the one I had taken two years before! How different was I—the was-faced, hollow-eyed invalid, in my mourning robes—from the shy, blooming girl, in her bridal attire, who found so much to amuse and interest her in that brief journey!

Nothing interested me now—nothing amused me—all was wearisome and monotonous. I leaned from the car-window as long as I could, to catch the last glimpse of poor Joe, who, as I had expected, was not in his eyes.

"With a smile on his face, but with a sad look upon his forehead, he stood upon the platform, waving his hat to me as we moved away.

After that, I sank back in my seat, too sad and despondent even to cry, and lay there as we sped along, thinking of nothing, caring for nothing but the memories from which they were trying to force me to escape.

I did rouse up a little as the conductor approached to collect my fare—the remembrance of the one-eyed man and his little mother recurred to me the first time for many months. This conductor, however, was not my old acquaintance, being a tall, dark-eyed, cross-looking man, as different as possible from the other one. I felt a little disappointed at first, but after he left me I leaned my head back again, and thought no more about the matter.

After a while I fell into a doze, which lasted until the car was lower down the road, and I was glad to accept the invitation, for in my loneliness the kind face of this chance acquaintance seemed almost like that of a friend; and soon—in one of the easiest of low-cushioned chairs, in one of the cosiest of old-lady apartments—I was seated, talking more cheerfully and unreservedly than I had talked since my baby's death.

I expressed some surprise that she had recognized me so promptly, to which she replied:

"I had always a good memory for faces, though names I am apt to forget; when my daughter spoke to me about thee, I could not at all recall thy name—yet as soon as thou entered the dining-room, I remembered thee."

"And yet I do not look much like I did two years ago," I said, sadly.

"That is true, my dear; and thee has altered very much. I almost wonder now that I should have recognized thee so promptly. There has been trouble, I fear," she added, gently touching my black dress.

"Yes," I said, "I have had both sickness and death to battle with; I neither look nor feel much like the thoughtless, happy bride whom you met two years ago."

Is it thy husband who has been taken from thee?"

"Oh, no! no! no!" I cried, the ready tears rising to my eyes; "I don't think I could have lived if I had lost him. It was my baby died—that was hard enough; the dearest little blue-eyed darling you ever saw—just ten months old."

My old friend's face betrayed her sympathy, as she sat silently waiting for me to regain my composure. After a little while she said, sighing:

"It is hard to lose a child, whether young or old. I can fully sympathize with thee in thy trouble, for I too have lost a son since I last saw thee, though I wear no outer garb as a badge of my bereavement."

I looked at her, a little surprised mingling with the sympathy I tried to express.

I thought I remembered your telling me you had but one son?"

"That was all," she said sorrowfully, "God never gave me but the one, and him he has taken away."

I stared at her now in undisguised astonishment.

"Was not that gentleman—surely, madame, I was not mistaken in thinking that you had but one son?"

"Thee has mistaken some one else for him, that is all," said my companion, who brought you into the car when we met two years ago—was your son?"

"You are right; he was the son of whom I have spoken."

"The one-eyed man?" I gasped, forgetting delicacy in astonishment.

The old lady flushed a little.

"Yes, friend, I understand whom thee means; my poor Robert had lost the sight of his left eye."

"I saw that man this morning!" I cried. "I saw him from the car window, before we entered Lancaster! What strange misunderstanding is this?"

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As she was leading me upstairs to my room, I ventured to state that I had met her mother two years before, and had formed a travelling acquaintance with her.

Mrs. Elwood's pleasant smile upon hearing this encouraged me to ask if her mother was living with her, adding that I should be pleased to renew the acquaintance if she was.

The reply was in the affirmative.

"You will meet her at dinner, which is served at two, and she will be glad enough to have a chat with you, I'll venture to say."

I wrote out my telegram to father, and Mrs. Elwood promised to have it attended to at once for me; then, after doing everything for me that kindness could suggest, she left me to the rest I was beginning very much to feel the need of.

A tidy-looking little maid came to me when the dinner-bell rang, to show me the way to the dining-room; and there I found, already seated near the upper end of the long table.

She bowed and smiled when she saw me, but we were too far apart to engage in any conversation. After the meal was over she joined me, shook hands very cordially, and invited me to come and sit with her in her own room.

I was glad to accept the invitation, for in my loneliness the kind face of this chance acquaintance seemed almost like that of a friend; and soon—in one of the easiest of low-cushioned chairs, in one of the cosiest of old-lady apartments—I was seated, talking more cheerfully and unreservedly than I had talked since my baby's death.

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senger, in less than two hours after the left it, was thrown over an embankment at a place called "The Gap," and half of the passengers have been killed or wounded. Child!—child! surely as the lives, that vision of my poor Robert was sent to save thee!"

That is all I have to tell. I know nothing more about the affair than I have written, and I have no comments to make upon it. I saw the one-eyed conductor make the signal of danger ahead; I was so much influenced by what I saw, that I would not continue my journey. In less than two hours after that warning had been given, the danger was met, and death in its most appalling form was the fate of more than fifty of the human beings that danger-signal was meant to warn.

These are the facts. It is equally a fact that the man whom I saw give that signal had then been dead more than a year.

Explain the matter who can—I have no explanation to offer.

Butter and Cheese Statistics.

Butter and cheese making has been a diffused industry in many countries, from the earliest time; but it remained for American inventiveness to give concentration to the work and show the nations how best to do it. In 1853 we exported to England a million of pounds of cheese; in 1870 we sent her fifty millions; in the same year we imported nearly a million and a half of pounds to supply our own requirements; but in 1870, so ample and excellent had our supplies become that we did not require to import a pound.

It is comparatively but a few years since farmers in New York State, seeing the waste of labor necessarily consequent on each small farmer being his own manufacturer of cheese and butter, commenced to form labor-saving co-operative factories, where one set of workers would do the work of many, and where, by affording superior facilities and giving special attention, the quality of the product might be improved. The movement was completely successful, and at this day, the number of these co-operative factories in the State is more than nine hundred, with a supply of milk from a quarter of a million of cows; every three thousand cows affording a million of pounds of cheese, valued at \$140,000, and more than three hundred pounds of milk for each cow. Of this large number of factories,

Counties	Cows	Value
Allegheny	25,000	\$3,500,000
Butte	10,000	\$1,400,000
Columbia	15,000	\$2,100,000
Franklin	12,000	\$1,680,000
Greene	8,000	\$1,120,000
Lawrence	10,000	\$1,400,000
Madison	12,000	\$1,680,000
Montgomery	10,000	\$1,400,000
Northampton	12,000	\$1,680,000
Richmond	10,000	\$1,400,000
Schenectady	12,000	\$1,680,000
Schoharie	10,000	\$1,400,000
Warren	12,000	\$1,680,000
Washington	10,000	\$1,400,000
Westchester	12,000	\$1,680,000
Yates	10,000	\$1,400,000
Total	200,000	\$28,000,000

As to the other States:

States	Cows	Value
Ohio	100,000	\$14,000,000
Wisconsin	100,000	\$14,000,000
Michigan	100,000	\$14,000,000
Illinois	100,000	\$14,000,000
Indiana	100,000	\$14,000,000
Ohio	100,000	\$14,000,000
Wisconsin	100,000	\$14,000,000
Michigan	100,000	\$14,000,000
Illinois	100,000	\$14,000,000
Indiana	100,000	\$14,000,000
Total	500,000	\$70,000,000

So that the progress we have now, after comparatively few years of progress, is over 1,300 cheese and butter factories, supplied with the milk of more than 3,000,000 cows, and producing about 100,000,000 pounds of cheese annually. Our export of the product of this new industry, or old industry in a new form, was last year only half the quantity of small account. Co-operative arrangements enabled many single workers with but indifferent success, by that union which is strength, to become a great power for supplying the world with two prime articles of family consumption, and for doing it well. Our triumph, however, is not yet quite complete. Before it is so we have got to do one of two things, or both; that is, to produce a cheese which will surpass in its attractive qualities the favorite products of all other countries, or to produce cheeses so nearly approaching these favorites in qualities as to compete with them successfully.

Among the chief of these favorite cheeses is Stilton, the highest priced, which is made chiefly in Leicestershire, England, from the cream of one milking being added to the new milk of the next. The weight seldom exceeds twelve pounds, and two years are required to mature it.

Farmesan, the most famed of Italian cheeses, is a product of the highest price, made from skim-milk, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds each, and requires the milk of one hundred cows for each cheese.

Cheshire cheese, one of the very best of English cheeses, is the product of the poorest land. Its weight is often as high as one hundred, to two hundred pounds, and one pound of cheese to each cow swallows will do more good than harm.

Gouda, the best Holland, is a full milk cheese and weighs about fifteen pounds. Gruyere, a celebrated Swiss variety, possibly owes much of its distinguishing character to the peculiarity of the Alpine pasture. It is made of milk skimmed or not skimmed, according to the kind of cheese desired.

Cheddar cheese is made chiefly in Somersetshire from milk in which all its own cream is retained, and Gloucester is made from milk deprived of part of its cream. "Double" and "single" Gloucester, are terms applied in reference to size and not as to quality, the one being twice the thickness of the other.

Dunlop cheese is the choicest Scottish product, and made much in the same way as Cheshire.

The Suffolk cheese is made from skim-milk, and weighs twenty-five to thirty pounds.

The Edam cheese of Holland owes not a little of its popularity to its smallness and form. In making it at certain seasons the milk is partly skimmed; the cheese is colored a yellowish red for the English market, and red for the French; the weight is about four pounds, and each cow in summer is expected to yield two hundred pounds skim-milk cheese and eighty pounds of butter.

The Roquefort is the chief cheese of France. It is made from the milk of sheep and goats, half of which has been skimmed; its weight is four to five pounds, and it is believed to owe much of its peculiar character to the natural vaults or fissures in the neighboring rocks, where the ripening is performed, and which are constantly filled with cold air from subterranean recesses.

These special favorites are those which bring the best prices, and Wisconsin has commenced the right policy for America, by ascertaining how these favorites are made, and making them so as if possible even to surpass the genuine original article in its peculiar excellence. It only requires a few intelligent, persevering men or women to set themselves to do it, in order to secure that in a very few years we should be sending Stiltons to Leicester and Edams to Holland, and the best variety everywhere. In all dairy management in order that the maximum of profit may be attained, the whole of those things from which profits accrue and which dovetail or fit into each other, as it were, must be carried on simultaneously. A very large part of cheese, and possibly the best paying part, is made from skim-milk; a butter factory should, therefore, always accompany a cheese factory, to utilize the cream, and perhaps the best paying part of the farmer's work. Again, the whey of every two cows will keep, or nearly keep, one pig, and, therefore, a pork department is a necessity, and one in which the produce is nearly all profit and good prices always realized readily.

Again, the manure will pay for itself, and there should be a beef department for this purpose. The feeding of such cattle is scarcely a perceptible addition to the expense of the establishment, and the price on sale is a very substantial gain. New York State will be what it seems destined to become, the world's provision warehouse, until each of its many co-operative factories, or farm factories, is thus prepared to take advantage of all the sources of profit a farm presents.

Opium Raising in Tennessee.

The Toledo Blade says: Dr. J. W. Morton, a gentleman residing in Nashville, has for several years past given considerable attention to the culture of opium in Tennessee, in order to stimulate the people to become the world's provision warehouse, until each of its many co-operative factories, or farm factories, is thus prepared to take advantage of all the sources of profit a farm presents.

Dr. Duval, who is serving out a life sentence in the Waupun (Wisconsin) prison, for murdering his wife, supports his daughter by writing religious music.

L. N. Casanova, a Cuban gentleman residing in Virginia, proposes to establish a Cuban colony in Fauquier county, Virginia, made up from the best social class in the island.

Dame Fabian's latest edict, to the effect that quiet home weddings will be strictly en regle next winter, appears generally to have been favorably received by her devotees.

The Empress Eugenie is about to make a visit to Spain to see her mother. Napoleon is purchasing property near Geneva, in Switzerland, with a view of residing there.

John King, a Quaker, was the first testator in Great Britain. He is now seventy-five years old, and is living with his fourth wife. At the testators of the United Kingdom are going to give a penny each for his benefit.

It is said that a reckless potato bug, having gone through the State of Rhode Island, was last seen mounted on a windmill by the seaside, wiping his eyes on the sails, and weeping because there were no fresh worlds to conquer.

A Lowell paper relates that a man in that town kept the dead body of a child for three weeks in alcohol, in a tin boiler, that he might bury it with his wife, whose death he was expecting, and who died a few days ago!

The Boston Transcript ventures the opinion that for this is the carnival season for vermin. Mosquitoes sing like comic-opera, and sting like the piercing of porcupine quills, while bugs swarm like the locusts of old.