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Three pairs and one.
Ears that have two and mouth but one;
The intent dost seek?
Thou art to listen much, it means,
And little speak.

Eyes that have two and mouth but one;
Is the mystery deep?
Much thou shalt see, it means, and much
Thy silence keep.

Hands that have two and mouth but one,
"Why?" dost repeat?
The two are there to labor with,
The one to eat.

TWO OF A TRADE.

Maria Walker was usually allowed to be the beauty of a small town. Her father had originally practiced as a physician in that place, but circumstances had caused his removal to another locality, which promised more profitable returns. The house they occupied was an ancient red brick mansion in the centre of the town, with a large bow window, always celebrated for its geraniums, myrtles and roses. In front of the house of the Walkers had been, a few years before, an open space, which now, thanks to the rapid march of improvement, was being changed into a row of very good houses.

There were a dozen of them, and they were erected with the name of Beaucham Terrace. They were, about the time I speak of, all let; the last finishing touch had been put to them, the railings had been painted, the rubbish all removed, and they wanted nothing, save furniture and human beings, to make them assume a civilized and respectable appearance.

I called one morning on Maria Walker, her father was out, she had been playing the piano until she was tired, so we sat down in the bow window and talked.

"So the houses are letting?" said I, who took an interest in the terrace which I had seen grow under my eyes.

"Two are let," she replied, "and both to private families; papa is pleased, he looks upon these twelve houses as twelve new patients."

"But," said I, laughing, "have you read the advertisement?"

"Healthy and airy situation, rising neighborhood, and only one medical man."
"Oh, yes," smiled Maria, "but sickness, I am sorry to say, is very apt to run about at some time or other, even in airy situations."

"But, Maria, you are mistaken; there are three houses let," said I suddenly. "The bill is taken down opposite; it has been let since yesterday."

"Oh, yes, I recollect a very nice young man riding up there yesterday, and looking over the house for an hour; I suppose he has taken it," said I.

"A nice young man," said I; "that is very interesting—I suppose a young couple just married."

"Very likely," replied Maria Walker, laughing; "but whether at the fact of my making up my mind to marry, or at the interesting nature of matrimony or what else, I know not."

It was a week before I saw Maria again, and when I did she caught me by the hand, drew me rapidly to the window, and with semi-tragic expressions pointed to the house over the way. I looked. What was my astonishment when on the door, in large letters, I read the words, "Mr. Edward Radstock, M. D."

At this instant the sound of horses' footsteps was heard, and three vans full of furniture appeared in sight. They were coming our way. As I expected, the van stopped before the young doctor's house, and in a few minutes the men began to unload. My friend turned pale as she saw that the vehicles were full of elegant furniture.

"The wretch has got a young wife, too," she exclaimed, as a piano and harp came to view, and she added, rising, "This will never do; they must be put down at once; they are strangers in the neighborhood; we are well known. Sit down at that desk, my dear girl, and help me to make out a list of all the persons we can invite to a ball and evening party. I look upon them as impertinent interlopers, and they must be resisted." I laughingly acquiesced, and aided by her, soon wrote out a list of invitations to be given.

"But now," said Miss Walker, after a few moments of deep reflection, "one name more must be added; they must be invited."

"Who?" exclaimed I, in a tone of genuine surprise.

respects. She was simply polite, and no more; and after two or three words they retired, Emily Radstock becoming as stiff and formal as her new acquaintances. From that day Maria became very miserable. She was not avaricious, and did not fear her father losing his practice from any pecuniary motives, but it was pride that influenced her. Her father had for some years monopolized the place, as his predecessor had for forty years before him; and now to behold a young, untried physician setting up exactly opposite, and threatening to divide in some time the business of the town, was dreadful. The physician of the town, named Belter, too, than one of the doctors, and altogether it was a most unpleasant affair.

Maria's place was now always at the bow window, to see if patients came, or if Edward Radstock made any attempt to call about and introduce himself. But for some time she had the satisfaction of remarking that not a soul called at the house, save the butcher, the baker, and other contributors to the interior comforts of man, and Maria began to feel the hope that Edward Radstock would utterly fail in his endeavor to introduce himself. She remarked, further, that the young man took it very quietly, and sat by his sister's side while she played the piano, or drove in his gig; always, when he was in the house, he bowed, nodding and bowing with provoking courtesy, notwithstanding her coldness of manner or her pretense of not noticing his politeness.

One day Mr. Walker was out (he had been called for to diagnose a patient who was very seriously ill) when Maria sat at the bow-window looking up the street. Suddenly she saw a boy come running down on their side of the way; he knew him by his bright buttons, and he knew him by his face, which was the page of the Perkinses, a family with a host of little children, who, from constant colds, indigestions and fits of illness, caused by too great a liking for the pleasures of the table, which a fond mother and an indulgent father indulged in, had become a family of invalids.

"Is Mr. Walker home?" said the boy, scarcely able to speak from want of breath.

"No," replied the maid who had opened the door.

"He will be home directly," said Maria, advancing.

"Oh, but missus can't wait; there's little Peter been and swallowed a marble, and the baby's took with fits," and away rushed the boy across the road to the hated rival's house.

Maria retreated to her room and sank down on a sofa. The enemy had gained an entrance to the camp, and it was quite clear. In a moment more she rose, just in time to see Mr. E. Radstock hurrying down the street beside the little page, without waiting to order his gig. This was a severe blow to the doctor's dignity. The Perkinses were a leading family in the town, and one to whom her father was called almost every day in the year. They had a large circle of acquaintances, and if young Radstock became their medical adviser, others would surely follow. In the afternoon she returned from home, and joined her sister in the drawing room, as if nothing had happened. This was more provoking than his success. If he had assumed an air of importance and bustle, and had hurried to inform her father with an air of joy and triumph what had happened, she might have been tempted to pity him, but he did everything in such a quiet, gentlemanly way, that she felt considerable alarm for the future.

Maria was in the habit of spending much of her evenings from home, her father being generally out, and that large house in consequence lonely. The town was famous for its tea and whist parties, and though Maria was not of an age to play cards, except to please others, she sometimes descended to do so. One evening she was invited to the house of a Mrs. Branton, who announced her intention of receiving company every Thursday. She went, and found the circle very pleasant and agreeable, but her father and her sister Emily; and worse than that, when a lady present volunteered to play a quadrille, and the ladies accepted eagerly, up he came, all others, to invite her to dance!

Maria offered her hand to the young man, and walked away to the dancing room. Despite herself, that evening she was very much pleased with him. He was well informed, had traveled, was full of taste and feeling, and conversed with animation and originality; he sought every opportunity of addressing himself to her, and always found the opportunity without much difficulty.

For several Thursdays the same thing occurred. The young man began to find a little practice, and he was popular wherever he went, and whenever he was called in was sure of keeping up the connection. He was asked out to all the principal parties in the town; and had Mr. Walker not been very much liked, would have proved a very serious rival.

One morning the father and daughter were at breakfast. Maria, who began to like her bow window better than ever, sat near it to scent the fragrance of her flowers, and always returned the young doctor's bow when he came out. Mr. Walker had been called out at an early hour, and returned late. He was not in the best of humors, having waited four hours beyond his time for his tea.

"I shall die in the workhouse," said he, as he buttered his toast, with a stately and dignified manner quite alarming. "This Radstock is getting all the practice. I heard of two new patients yesterday."

"Oh, papa," replied Maria, gently, "I don't think he has got a dozen altogether."

"A dozen—but that's a dozen lost to me, miss. It's a proof that a people think me old—worn out—useless."

"Nonsense, papa; the town is increasing in population every day, and for every one he gets, you get two."

A loud knocking came this instant to the door, and the man servant immediately announced "Dr. Radstock."

Mr. Walker had no time to make any remark on the young man entering the room, bowing most politely to the old gentleman and his daughter; both looked confused, and the father much surprised. He was in elegant costume, and looked both handsome and happy—the doctor thought triumphant.

"Pardon me, sir," said he, "for disturbing you at this early hour; but your numerous calls take you so much out, that one must take you when one can find you. My errand will doubtless surprise you, but I am very frank and open; my object in visiting you is to ask permission to pay my addresses to your daughter."

"To do what, sir?" thundered the old doctor in a towering passion. "Are you not satisfied with trying to take from me my practice, but you must ask me for my child? I tell you, sir, nothing on earth would make me consent to your marriage with my daughter."

"But, sir," said Edward Radstock, turning to Maria, "I have your daughter's permission to make this request. I told her of my intentions last night, and she authorized me to say that she approved of them."

"Maria," exclaimed the father, almost choking with rage, "is this true?"

"My dear papa, I am in no hurry to get married, but if I did, I must say I should never think of marrying any one but Edward Radstock. I will not get married against your will, but I will never marry any one else—nothing will make me."

"Ungrateful girl," muttered Mr. Thomas Walker, and the next minute he sank back into the chair in a fit of apoplexy.

"Open the window, raise the blinds," said the young man, in a case like the present. In half an hour Mr. Walker was lying in a large, airy bedroom, and the young man had left, at the request of Maria, to attend a patient of her father's. It was late at night before Edward was able to take a moment's rest. What with his own patients and those of his rival he was overwhelmed with business; but at 11 o'clock he approached the bedside of the father of Maria, who, with her dear Emily now by her side sat watching.

"He sleeps soundly," said Maria, in a low tone, as Edward entered.

"Yes, and is doing well," replied Radstock. "I answer for his being up and stirring to-morrow, if he desires it."

"But it will be better for him to rest some days," said Maria.

"But my dear Miss Walker," continued the young doctor, "what will his patients do?"

"You can attend to them as you have done to-day," replied Maria.

"My dear Miss Walker, you, who know me, could trust me with your father's patients; you know that when he was able to go about I would hand them all back to him without hesitation. But you must be aware that for your father's sake, and for the sake of his patients, would you return his recovery? If I do, as you ask me, I must retire from town immediately on his convalescence."

"No, sir," said Dr. Walker, in a faint voice, "I shall not be about for a month; after making me take to my bed, the least you can do is to attend to my patients."

"If you wish it, sir—and to prevent opposition you can say we are going into partnership."

"But," said Edward, "if you want my daughter," continued Mr. Walker, gruffly, "you must do as I tell you. If you wish to be my son-in-law, you must be my partner, work like a horse, slave day and night, and I smoke my pipe and drink my grog."

DEATH LEAP IN A THEATRE.

A Terrible Somersault From a Flying Trapeze.

James Sylvester, one of the Sylvester brothers, gymnasts, performing in the Thirty-fourth Street Theatre, New York, was killed. His first act on the trapeze was to swing with his right arm, and when he calculated that he had force enough he turned a somersault from the trapeze and caught a rope suspended from the ceiling in the back part of the auditorium. Under this rope was stretched a netting to shield the performer from injury in the event of missing the rope, and to protect the audience over whom he takes the flying leap.

Young Sylvester came out as usual and executed his various feats, until the last grand leap; then he swung himself until he thought he had gathered sufficient force and let himself go. But he miscalculated and swung himself into the netting. He was shot by the rope and struck against the boxes with an appalling thud. Thence he fell in a heap to the floor, striking on his head. The force of the fall was so great as to break the heavy iron chair upon which struck.

Ladies in the boxes fainted, and the spectators were transfixed. All was confusion. Two physicians were in the theatre, and attendants from behind the scenes hurried to the assistance of the injured man.

Sylvester was gently lifted and borne into a room. There the physicians found him to be alive, but without the least consciousness. A terrible gash in the back of his head marked where he had struck. The skull was beaten in, and a stream of blood, in pieces of brains oozed out upon the slightest pressure.

The play was hurried on, but the house soon thinned out, leaving the theatre empty.

Sylvester lingered but a short time. His recovery became shorter and shorter, and soon he died. He was 19 years of age. The body was then laid in a shell and taken to the Morgue.

There Sylvester's mother, who had been hastily summoned, saw the corpse of her son. She kissed the cold lips and threw herself upon the body, and in endeavoring words entreated her boy to speak to her. Then realizing her loss, her grief found vent in loud lamentations.

His mother said that her son had been a printer, but that his splendid physique led him to become an athlete. His partner, with whom he had been accustomed to act under the title of Sylvester Brothers, was not his brother.

Some days ago, his mother added, her son had a dream of falling from a house-top. He had believed it to be a premonition, and was much troubled by it. "Now the dream is realized. My poor darling! He was always good to me and never uttered an unkind word to me. Oh, God! What have I done to be thus stricken," cried the broken-hearted mother, as she detached a bracelet from her son's wrist, and kissing him again was led away by her friends.

The body was in blue and flesh colored tights, with gold fringe. A pleasant smile wreathed the lips, and there was no indication of suffering. The surgeon of Bellevue Hospital said that the vertebral column had been dislocated, and that there was also a fracture of the skull at the base of the brain. He gave the opinion that Sylvester was utterly unconscious from the instant of the fall.

A Granger Funeral.

The Leavenworth (Kansas) Times gives the following account of the burial of Mr. Henry Bolin, a prominent granger at Kickapoo, Kansas: On Monday, the body of the deceased, who remains was flanked on either side by three pall-bearers, who walked with uncovered heads and regalia draped in mourning. Following the hearse came the church, where a priest, dressed in a service peculiar to the Catholic Church, of which the deceased was a member. When the exercises had been concluded, the procession took up its march for the cemetery, where the granger funeral rites were performed.

The coffin was placed on supports directly over the open grave, and remained there until the impressive and interesting services were concluded. G. B. Coffin, Master of the Franklin Lodge, conducted the ceremonies. When the brothers and sisters of the lodge of which the deceased was a member had assembled about the grave, the Master read a selection from the burial ritual, followed by a second selection by the Chaplain, and then the members repeated slowly and solemnly the Lord's prayer, closing with a beautiful and appropriate hymn. The brothers of the order then stepped to the grave and threw into the opening several bouquets of flowers and evergreens. A short but powerful address was then delivered by the Chaplain. When the coffin was being lowered, a beautiful and soul-inspiring hymn was sung, and during the singing the sisters showered bouquets of flowers upon the descending coffin until it reached the wooden box at the bottom of the grave.

The Master then sprinkled a portion of dirt thrown from the grave over the coffin, and the services closed with the solemn benediction of the Chaplain. Taken throughout, the ceremonies were very beautiful and impressive.

WHAT IS WANTED.—The careful estimates made of the wants of England for this year and next, by the Mark Lane Express, are £2,000,000 quarters of wheat, equal to 96,000,000 bushels, an amount vastly beyond all that the United States can supply.

The Mount Joy (Pa.) Star chronicles the existence, at that locality, of twin fish, joined together near the tail, but perfectly developed heads and bodies.

An Old Identity Case.

A certain Calvinist family, named Caille, were living at a little provincial town in France named Nantes, shortly before the edict of Nantes was revoked. There were sons and daughters, nearly all of whom died. Compelled to leave the country, their property given over to near relations, the family established themselves at Lausanne, where, in 1626, the eldest and last surviving child, Isaac, died, aged thirty-two. An aunt, Madame Rolland, to whom the forfeited property had passed, had intended handing it over to her nephew, but on his death gave it all to the poor, making special mention in her will of the reason that prompted her to this disposition. There was something remarkable in the unusual step, and it naturally attracted public attention.

Scarcely a year later, a common marine in the navy presented himself to the naval inspector at Toulon, and declared that he was the Isaac Caille who was supposed to have died. The marine professed a wish to abjure Calvinism, placed himself under the hands of the Jesuits, and within three weeks made a formal recantation in the cathedral at Toulon. The news spread abroad, and was communicated to his father, who simply wrote back that his son was dead, and enclosed a certificate of decease. On this the naval inspector had the proselyte arrested, who boldly demanded to be examined.

The legal proceedings that followed will be found interesting, as showing how the French law dealt with almost the same state of facts as arose in the late English *cause celebre*. The law officers directed that he should be taken to the town where he was born, and that the criminal trial should go on, at least so far as sentence, which should be regulated by the result of the civil process. This was accordingly done, and a number of witnesses came forward to prove that he was Peter Mege, and that the man who had been declared by the criminal trial to be the husband of the woman who claimed to be his wife, The Rollands were all but ruined by the litigation; but, on this new turn, they raised some money and appealed to the Court of Cassation at Paris. This tribunal quashed the proceedings, and ordered a fresh investigation. The case was gone into with more regularity than had attended the proceedings of the provincial court. At every turn the reader is surprised to find how the elements of the interesting case lately tried at Westminster. The truth is, in all such matters the claimant has a singular advantage, very much akin to that possessed by the tradesman who claims payment for a bill where the receipt has been lost. In fact, it might be broadly asserted that the most contradictory statements can be made about any transaction which took place eight or ten years ago.

The soldier's case seemed, indeed, a very strong one. When he went down to the soldier's barracks, and there people who recognized him at once, and were filled with joy and delight on seeing him. No less than three hundred and ninety-four witnesses were called on his behalf; and no less than one hundred and ten swore to, or believed, the fact that he was the young heir, the Caille.

Four nurses came forward to declare that they nursed him when an infant. One of these nurses declared that on his person, the same as were found on the soldier. The latter were examined by doctors, and it was discovered that he had a scar or cicatrice on his left eyelid, and a cautery on his left leg. There was also found a mark which seemed to be that of a closed issue.

Various gentlemen of the neighborhood came and talked with him, and were satisfied by his answers. In this reinvestigation a little difficulty arose as to his description—the family resented his calling himself by the name of the person he professed to be, and it was settled by the court that he should be spoken of as "the soldier-claiming-to-be-Caille."

When, however, he came to be examined as to his recollections, he broke down completely. He was asked about the names of people in the place, the furniture of the house, descriptions of persons, color of their hair, etc., and could give no information. It was found that he was stupid, utterly uneducated, of rough, savage manners, and could hardly read or write. On the other hand, it was shown that the deceased young man was accomplished, was particularly well read in mathematics, was a good scholar, and had the manners of a gentleman. Then, as to appearance. The soldier was tall, stout, heavy, and corpulent; the young man was slight and small; had long hands, light-colored hair, and aquiline nose. He had always lived with his family in Switzerland till the day of

his death. The soldier said that he had run away from his father, who treated him harshly because he wished—as he added artfully—to conform to the religion of France.

But very soon his opponents had their case complete, including the most difficult part of it—namely, the identifying him with Mege. No less than one hundred and thirty witnesses were found to swear that he was Mege, and thirty-five to say that he was not Caille.

A house-book fortunately turned up, in which the names of the real nurses were entered. The career of the convict's son, Mege, was followed up, and this man was then identified in the different callings of a valet, a hawker, workman, soldier, etc. It was, indeed, on this part of the case that he made shipwreck; and it was he himself, by the marriage, that brought Peter Mege on the scene. He was thus forced to construe a new case, and make his life inconsistent with that of Mege. Otherwise he might, without this disturbing element, have established his claim.

For he had his hundred witnesses, the nurses, etc., against which could only be set other witnesses and the house-book. If the nurses were suborned, he might reply that the house-book might have been fabricated.

To the last the relations rejected the man; and the father, dying during the trial, made a solemn declaration, in the presence of the Swiss magistrate, that his son was dead, and the claimant an impostor. The court, considering the whole case, at last gave a decision in the year 1712, and decided against the plaintiff, restoring to the latter the arrested and prosecuted for bigamy, it is to be presumed, as being the charge most easily proved. But he died in prison before being brought to trial.

In all the stages of this curious case, even down to the present day, it is to be presumed, as being the charge most easily proved. But he died in prison before being brought to trial.

Becher on his Love for Nature.

Oh, let me tell you a little bit about myself once in a while. I wouldn't take all the books of the Alexandrian library for the comfort I get out of nature. Nay, I have almost said, I would rather lose my Bible than my world. There is no sunlight that does not speak to me of God. I sit down on the hill-side in the summer afternoon, and the grasshopper jumps over me freshman-like, jumping first and looking where he will afterward. I sit there, and the birds forget me, and sing as though I was not there. The ants creep all over me. I am in fellowship with all. I am never so near to Him. This earth is a cathedral, whose windows are painted with rare beauty. Every day is a leaf in God's outside Bible. I did not once enjoy all this, but I owe to Ruskin more than to any theologian. Eyes I had, but saw not, ears I had, but didn't hear. I have become Hebrew, and have gone back to the noble stock, to the people who learned to discover the invisible God by the use of things seen.

The Lumber that is Left.

The Northwestern Lumberman gives the following as the pine supply alone in the States. The total, it will be seen, is 325,000,000 feet, to which may be added several thousand millions:

Maine has now	15,000,000 feet	4,000,000,000
Pennsylvania	7,000,000 feet	7,000,000,000
Wisconsin	2,000,000 feet	2,000,000,000
Minnesota	25,000,000 feet	25,000,000,000
The Carolinas, Virginia, Florida and Georgia aggregate	15,000,000 feet	15,000,000,000
West Virginia	7,000,000 feet	7,000,000,000
Missouri	7,000,000 feet	7,000,000,000
Kansas	7,000,000 feet	7,000,000,000
Tennessee	4,000,000 feet	4,000,000,000
Mississippi	4,000,000 feet	4,000,000,000
Alabama	2,000,000 feet	2,000,000,000
Texas	25,000,000 feet	25,000,000,000
Yellowstone Valley	10,000,000 feet	10,000,000,000
New Mexico	8,000,000 feet	8,000,000,000
California	100,000,000 feet	100,000,000,000

Terrible Result of a Dualin Explosion.

Speaking of the terrific effects of a recent dualin explosion, the Montreal Witness says of two participants in the affair:—"Their mangled corpses lay spread over many rods of ground, here a piece and there a piece, while on the limbs and hands, and in the tops of tall trees, might be seen dangling remnants of the clothing they wore. The scalp of one of them was found in the top of a birch tree, many rods from the scene of the disaster. In every direction pieces of flesh and bowels might be seen hanging on the bushes. Their bodies were ground into fragments, and not a vestige of the limbs can be found."

MEATS.—The best roasting piece of beef is the sirloin; then rib roast; then rump of beef. Beef is much better to be hung up a few days, which makes it more tender. It should be washed and wiped before dressing. Twenty minutes of time to each pound is a good rule for roasting. Put boiling water into the meat pan, and have the oven quite hot when it is put in to roast, otherwise it will be dry and tough. When nearly done, salt, flour and baste it from the dripping pan; not before.

A Tale of Revenge.

A singular tale of malice comes from Philadelphia. One of the hotels there turned away a guest for bad behavior, and he swore he would have his revenge. Shortly after, the New York papers all stated that an actress had the small-pox, and had contracted it at the hotel in question from occupying a room in which a man had died of the disease. Moreover, a circular, detailing the story, was sent to prominent hotels all over the country. In fact, however, neither the actress nor the hotel in question had the small-pox, and detectives are after the supposed liberator.

Boarder.—"What large chickens these are?" Landlady.—"Yes, chickens are larger than they used to be; ten years ago we couldn't pretend to get chickens as large as these." Boarder (with an innocent air)—"No, I suppose not; these must have grown a good deal in that time."

Items of Interest.

It is impossible to have the last word with a chemist, because he always has a retort.

Duluth has a city ordinance which prevents a man from keeping more than two team horses.

State prisoners are expensive luxuries. It takes ninety-five men to guard Marshal Bazaine.

A deaf and dumb man belongs to the Baltimore fire department, and is one of the best members.

It cost London four lives and twenty-four broken bones to do honor to the royal bride and groom.

Peach growers are already beginning to complain of the effects of the cold upon the coming crop.

The total weight to the window weights to the United States Hotel, Saratoga, is thirty tons.

Rhode Island has passed the law giving discharged convicts one-tenth of their actual earnings.

Only so far as a man is happily married to himself is he fit for married life and family life generally.

Michigan has a Mormon revival, in which some of the most wealthy families have been converted.

Nevada expects to get forty million dollars' worth of the precious metals out of the ground this year.

A couple of lovers at Cairo were married by telegraph the other day, the clergyman being in Memphis.

Nature provides no reserved seats for the rich and dainty. When there is ice on the pavement they sit where they can.

There are said to be more false alarms of fires in cities, and mistakes about storms predicted by Old Probabilities.

A Kansas rocking chair broke down the other Sunday night, severely injuring a young lady and breaking a young man's leg.

A new simile.—The Jenkins of a western paper describes one of the belles at a recent party as a "graceful little toad."

M. Digne, a French billiardist, in a recent game at Bordeaux, "jawed" the balls and made the extraordinary run of 2,300 points.

The whole production of the precious metals throughout the world during 1713 is estimated to have been worth \$279,000,000.