

The Elm County Advocate.

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. V.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1876.

NO. 46.

Why,
I did not love him. Long ago,
Instead of yes, I gave him no.
I did not love him; but to-day
I read his marriage notice. Pray,
Why was I sad, when never yet
Has my heart known the least regret
Over that whispered no? and why,
Reading the notice, did I sigh?
No analyst can guess the cause:
A woman's reason laughs at laws.
Sure, I am glad to know the wound
I gave is healed, that he has found
Love's blessedness and peace; and yet
A woman never can forget
The man who once has loved her; and
To-day I seem to see him stand,
With every glance a mere caress,
Still pleading for the longed-for yes.
His early love for me is dead—
Another lives in that love's stead;
And if he loves her well, as men
Should love their chosen ones, why, then
He must be glad that long ago,
Perhaps of yes, I gave him no.
I read the notice with a sigh.

A WOMAN DID IT.

A Touching Little Story.

A broad stretch of barren, sandy shore,
Covered here and there with ragged tufts
of scanty evergreens; boats lying up on
the strand like sleeping sea monsters, on
one side; and on the other the eternal
row of great white-crowned hawks, fling-
ing white showers of spray into the sal-
tated air—this was what Mrs. St. Leger
saw as she stood on the piazza of the
solitary hotel, with her husband at her
side.

"Is it not grand, Beatrice?"
She shuddered, and drew involuntarily
nearer to him.

"Yes; but oh, how dreary! how soli-
tary!"

"People don't expect much society in
a place like this, Beatrice; health is the
main object for which we seek, and I
believe the resort is brighter already in
your cheeks, dearest wife. See how lit-
tle Nell is frolicking down on the shore
with the old boatman and his wife.
Shall we walk down and bring Nelly
back?"

"You go, Alfred, and I will wait for
you in the parlor. Don't be long, for the
sun has already set and the air grows
chilly."

Little Nell and her female companion
were alone on the shore when Mr. St.
Leger joined the group—the boatman
had strayed off in another direction to
look for a missing oar—and the child
ran bravely to meet him.

"Papa, papa! see this pretty pink
shell!"

But Alfred St. Leger saw neither pink
nor shell. He had grown suddenly pale,
then crimson.

"Kathleen Morrison!"
The tall, pretty young woman threw
the scarlet shawl back from her head, as
she bowed. "So you haven't forgotten
our flirtation, Mr. St. Leger? And you
are married, and this is your little girl.
How time passes!"

St. Leger drew a deep sigh of relief as
Kathleen broke into his laughter. If he
could but have seen the cruel smile
upon her mocking lips he would scarcely
have carried so light a heart in his
bosom.

"Mamma, Kathleen says it's the pret-
tiest place—a cave, where the sand is
like silver and the little pink and purple
shells lie in heaps. Kathleen can row
me out in half an hour. She often
goes."

Nelly's cheeks were in a flame, and
her blue eyes sparkling with excitement.
Mrs. St. Leger looked languidly up
from her book.

"It is safe, Kathleen?"
"Quite so, mamma; we'll be back by
teatime."

"Then I may go, mamma?"
"If Kathleen will take care of you,
pet."

The purple light faded into gray, and
the moon rose up solemnly over the tides,
and they did not return.

"Oh, Kathleen, I am so tired. Take
me back to mamma."

"Hush, child! We're going where
the sun shines all the year round, and
you shall gather ripe oranges from the
trees, and the parrots are redder than
ponies. Just wait a minute."

"And can I have a monkey?"
"Twenty, if you like."

"But will mamma be there?"
"No; but we'll send her a monkey
in a letter."

Nelly laughed at the idea; but the next
minute her cheeks grew pale again.

"I don't want my mamma, Kathleen. I
don't care for the monkeys and the par-
rots any more. I want my mamma."

Kathleen did not answer. She was in-
tently watching the movements of a
large vessel lying a little distance out
at sea. Suddenly a tiny white pinnac
flashed out, and was instantly with-
drawn.

"The saints be blessed!" muttered
Kathleen. "I began to think it would
never come. Nelly, darling, here's the
boat; jump in."

"Are we going to mamma?"
"Yes, yes—jump in, quick."

And Kathleen's strong arm was pull-
ing them out to sea in another instant.
As they ran up alongside the large
black hull of the vessel, a voice hailed
them.

"Is it you, Kathleen? Where's the
child?"

"Here."

The ladder will be lowered in a
minute. I tell you what, my girl,
you've shown courage to-day."

The athletic young tar greeted her
with a hearty kiss as she stood beside
him; but her cheek was cold as ice as
little Nelly clung, terrified, to her
skirts.

"I am revenged!" was the first, the
last, the only thought that whirled
through her brain.

And when, the next morning, long
after the outward-bound Sardinia was
spreading her white sails to the breeze,

The little boat drifted ashore, people
whispered to one another that old Mor-
rison's daughter and the golden haired
little girl were lost at sea.

Ten years afterwards, Kathleen Mor-
rison, a childless widow, a listless ex-
ile upon a foreign shore—was standing
at her door, where the glowing Italian
sunshine streamed down through bloom-
ing vines.

"The saints protect us from such a
grim face as yours, Kathleen!" cried a
merry neighbor, balancing a basket of
fish on her head, as she tripped by.

"Don't you want to hear a bit of news?"
"I am not so wrapped up in the fine
folk at the castle as you, Ninetta," said
Kathleen.

"It's a lovely lady," returned Ninetta,
"and she's lying by inches—La Signora
San sereno!"

"St. Leger!"
"Ah! that's the way the English have
it."

"Go away! I want no more of your
idle gossip!"

Ninetta retreated, fairly appalled by
the sharpness of her neighbor's tongue
and voice; and Kathleen stood gazing
fixedly into the sunset, with eyes that
saw not a shade of the carmine glow.

"I thought once that I should never
pity her," mused Kathleen, "but that
was before my babes died. I have felt
the serpent's tooth in my own heart
since. Poor lady! and she is dying of a
broken heart. I wish I could die!"

The next evening, as Mrs. St. Leger
was lying on the sofa by the open win-
dow which led out upon marble terraces
and velvet-smooth lawns, a slip of white
paper came drifting down upon her
lap as softly as the floating petals of an
orange blossom. And, rudely crawled
upon it with a pencil, she deciphered
these words:

"There is one white American flower
among the pomegranate blossoms at
Mrs. St. Leger's check turned over paler
than its usual shade of pallor as she
read the mystic lines.

"Read, Alfred."

"Nelly was drowned ten long years
ago, Beatrice."

"Nelly is alive, Alfred! I know it, I
feel it. Oh, Nelly, do not—do not—
quickly into doorkways to avoid the in-
fernal creditor; its efforts to keep up
appearances and final abandonment of
all regard for appearances; I say, when
we get at the real thing, it proves to be
a very disagreeable and repulsive thing.

But it may be your only chance of
having any success at all. You may
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SETTLING ACCOUNTS.

A View of Matters and Things at the End of

the year.

Bishop Clark writes to the *Ledger* as
follows: "The end of the year is the
time for settling our accounts. We look
into our affairs to see how we stand in
the world. And how are you getting on?
I hear, in reply, all sorts of voices in the
air, some quite cheerful and others very
sad.

The first to which I give heed is
neither joyful or mournful—the man
says: "I hold my own; I owe no one
anything that I cannot pay; I have
been able to obtain food and raiment for
myself and my family, and therefore I
suppose I ought to be content. I com-
pare, however, that I should have had
a laid up something against a rainy day;
I would like to have made some little in-
vestment that would bring me an income
without working for it so hard; I would
like to put up something for my chil-
dren, as I see my neighbors doing around
me. There are a few of us who have
sympathies with this feeling. But, if
your work has been well done, you
have gained something beside food and
clothing; the fiber of your soul has
been made stronger, and if you can
leave your children the legacy of a good
example, you have done more than
acquire an honest living as you have
done, they will be better off in the end
than if you bequeathed to them the
means of living in idleness and luxury.
The strong men are those who find their
capital in their brains, and earn credit
by their conduct. These are the men
who rule."

From another quarter I hear a more
doleful sound, and the voice says: "I
am worse off than I was when the year
began. I had nothing then, and I have
less than nothing now, because I have
accumulated debts which I am unable to
pay." This is bad, very bad; for we
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iful make-shifts and dismal contrivances,
skulking around corners, and slipping
quickly into doorkways to avoid the in-
fernal creditor; its efforts to keep up
appearances and final abandonment of
all regard for appearances; I say, when
we get at the real thing, it proves to be
a very disagreeable and repulsive thing.

But it may be your only chance of
having any success at all. You may
never sentimentalize about the moral
beauties of poverty as much as we please,
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