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The Indian Camp.

Out from the Northern forest, dim and vast;
Cut from the mystery
Of yet more shadowy times, a pathless pass,
Untracked by history.

Strangely he comes into our commonplace,
From the misty
And like a faded star beside the bay's
Silvery shores.

Upon the curved shore of the shining lake
His tent he pitches—
A modern chief, in white man's wide-awake
And Christian trappings.

Beckless of the deeds and forms of law,
He freely chooses
Whatever shape or costume suits his squaw
And little reason.

Why not? The owners of the land were red,
Holding dominion
Wherever struck the foot of beast or spread
The eagle's pinion.

And privileged, until they welcomed here
Their rancored brother,
To hunt and kill, sometimes the bear and deer,
Sometimes each other.

How often to this lake, down yonder dark
And shadowy
The painted warriors, in their bark,
Went down the river.

This lank-haired chieftain is his child, and heir
To a great nation,
And well might it, in his safety, anywhere
Be his habitation.

Has he too come to hunt the bear and deer,
To trap the otter?
Alas! there's no more stirring here,
On land or water.

To have a little traffic with the town,
Once more he chooses
The ancient custom of bringing his brown
Squaw and parsonage.

No tent was here in yesterday's bush;
But the day, dawned
Transfigured with a pale, pale light,
His things awaiting.

The camp smoke curling in the misty light,
And the faint
To the grove, all this is something quite
Fresh and enchanting.

Viewed not too closely, lest the glancing wings,
The birds
Soft colors of romance, give place to things
Not quite so pleasant.

The gossamer glittering on the dewy turf;
Of fishing-trout
The shimmering lilies by the rippling cove;
A fresh breeze bringing
The fragrance of the pines, all in the grove
The distant mountains.

Make the day sweet. But other still and sound
And color fill it
You find, as you approach your camping ground
And reaching shelter.

The ill-fog crush out with wailing back;
A dim young girl
A slim young girl, both-limbed and dark
As a volcano statue.

A horn passes about the camp-fire poles
In the distance
And on the ground there, by the blazing coals,
Sits the old grandam.

Wrinkled and lean, her skirt a matted rag,
In plain
Of old-fashioned leggings, the smoke-dried hair
Sweeps over her forehead.

Dressing a marmot which the boys have shot;
Which, she says
With tawny claws, she has just put
The dead, red pieces.

The chief meanwhile has in some mischief found
A smoking pipe
Who knows, how you can find it is bound
To have a burning.

The stole of the woods, stern and unmoved,
And the
Ticking of the clock, in approved
Factory fashion.

And he sits, in a wicker chair, to read
A book
The boy thinks, but of course we read,
The book is a wicker chair.

Where has he a hat made of the eagle's tail
Or a
War, blue and red, and the eagle's tail
That kind of eagle.

In ceasing to be savage, he is not
A
That suit of his, and the heavy boots
Are many things.

For common use he rather likes, I think,
The white man's
Hatchet an indispensable white man's drink,
I fear, a trifle.

With neighbors' seals, locks, and such bagatelles,
He never
Bows, bags, and I hardly know what else,
Do make up his outfit.

Quite civilized, you see, he is aware
Of his
Does he, for all the white man's love and care,
For his outfit?

Feathers and war paint he no more enjoys;
But he is proud
Of long-tailed coat and cap, and corollary,
And white man's powder.

And he can trade his milk and mungusk skins
Baskets of
For white man's trinkets and necessities
For white man's liquor.

His mantle is passing, with each stranger,
Wild man
He has the Indian game for a chance,
And Indian money.

He owns his cabin and potato patch,
And
Industrious! Quills, when there are fish to catch,
Or shanks to whittle.

Though all about him, like a rising dew,
Flows the
He has—and while it pleases us may keep—
His reservation.

Filled with his tribe in such a paradise,
That
That they should still be given to petty vice,
Brokers and gamblers.

Incentives to renounce their Indian tricks
Are
With white man's diet and potatoes
For their sustenance.

But are they happier now than when, some night,
The
Of tattered warriors who fought to fight
The fierce Dakotas?

Still under that sedate, impassive port,
That
A spirit within, a demon's in short,
The same old siner!

Within those inky pools, his eyes, I see
Reverence and
The midnight musk, which may be,
The blazing village.

When will he mend his wicked ways, indeed,
Kill
Depart, and leave to us the lands we need?
To put it plainly.

Yet in our dealings with his race, in crimes
Who
Who is the Christian, one might ask sometimes
And who is the heathen?

His traits are ours, seen in a dusky glass,
And
Of heathen, who are, yet, black!
Have left behind us!

In right for white race wrong for black and red?
A man
What hue, however, after all that's said,
Is simply human.

Viewed from the smoke and misery of his dim
Civilization,
How seem "the Indian's" how seems to him
The "white man's"?

I shape the question as he answers nigh,
But
We turn to prior his waves instead, and buy,
A trifle.

But this is strange! A man without pretense
Of
Where did he get his intelligence,
That plain good-breeding?

With him long rations, fortune unspent,
Unpaid
Culture with us, and in the dissonant,
Pride, and respect.

Something we gain of him and bear away
With
Wepok awhile upon the quivering bay
And shimmering lilies.

The young squaw bearing up from the canoe
Below
Along the beach a picturesque papoose
Splashing and wading!

The wretched crane, the camp smoke's slow ascent,
The
The girl, her silhouette on the sun-lit tent
The puff that blind her.

The stalwart brave, watching his burdened wife,
Ere
We look, and think with pity of a life
So poor and staid!

There at the cheering signal of a bell
We
Back to the world, with the great hotel
Looming up yonder.

—J. T. Z. Trubridge, in Harper's Magazine.

MABEL'S DREAM.

"Well, petite, is it to be wine or coffee?"

Standing in his own doorway and looking out over the thousand acres of waving grain which surrounded the home where he had been born and reared, James Burton had rather disdained the city, where men jostle each other, the strong mounting on the downfall of the weak, until a summer visit brought Mabel Aberdeen, a butterfly of fashion, to win his heart and conquer his prejudice, so that winter found him at her side in the city home, holding the hand that bore his ring, and saying with a smile:

"I have been brought up to believe that wine is a mocker, and strong-drink raving," but when one is in Rome, you know—and I don't want to bring discredit on my patroness by unconventional singularity, which I believe is the greatest crime in your social code. So I leave you to decide—wine or coffee."

She looked at his strength. Of all men there could be no danger of him.

And women would think it a country prejudice should he decline wine.

"Come to me the first thing in the morning, and then do as I bid you," was her decision.

And five minutes later the crisp snow crunched under his firm tread, and she had gone to her own room to tell Cousin Grace what a splendid fellow he was, and afterward to dream of to-morrow's festivities.

The frosty air seemed to fairly dance with the jingle of bells.

The reception-room was like a hall in a fairy palace.

"Wine or coffee?"

And with her jeweled hand she held a fragile wine-glass brimming with the red blood of the grape, and looked into his eyes with a smile that a siren might have envied.

"To the health of our fair hostess! May her beauty never wane!"

And for good or ill the wine had passed his lips.

"Gentlemen, am I my own master or not?"

"But, Burton, you are not fit to go to her now. Come, there's a good fellow!—we'll get you to bed, and in the morning you'll be all right again. You see you ain't seasoned like us old stagers, but the women don't take that into account, and she'll think you're on the high road to ruin, and all that."

"I promised her I would go to her the first thing in the morning, and I never fail in the performance of a promise when it is avoidable."

"That's all right as a rule, but you can tell her that you know she would be too tired to see you and all that."

"No, I won't lie to her in the merest trifle. But, Blake, you're making a mountain out of a mole-hill. I tell you I am all right. Here, let me out of the carriage. I'll show you that I can walk as straight as any of you. Halloa, driver, pull up!"

"We'll take that for granted, Burton. But if you are determined to go you must at least take a plain soda and give your head a sense in cold water."

"Nothing of the sort. You've intimated that I am drunk, and I'll prove to you that I am not. I shall go into Miss Aberdeen's presence, and she will not notice any change in me whatever!"

They had to yield.

When before all those present, he raised her hand to his lips and said:

"Mabel, I love you!"

It was the first she had occasion to blush for him, and the first time she was stricken with fear for herself.

"Halloo, there! Have you got anything for me to eat?" he demanded.

"No, dear, not a mouthful!" said the woman, in a pleading voice, hastily setting the saucepan under the stove.

"What's that you say? Are you lying to me? I can smell something you've been cooking. What is that you are putting under the stove? You're hiding it from me, are you? Fetch it out this minute."

He sat on the edge of the bed and glared at her angrily.

"James, it's only a little broth for Henry. Remember, he's sick and he's had nothing to eat since yesterday."

The anguish-strung words fell from her lips in piteous, pleading tones that have moved any one not insane with liquor.

"Confound you and your child," cried the man, "you do nothing but coddle him and he does nothing but whine. Why don't you send him out to beg or work? He's old enough. But no, he must sit in the house feeding on dainties, while I starve. Bring that saucepan here!"

"James, the child is starving! Look at him!" cried the mother, in despair.

With an oath the man got up and approached the grate.

"Husband, you must not take it. Oh, you cannot. Our child is dying—dying of hunger—and that is all I have to give him."

"We'll see what I can do. Stand aside, I tell you."

With an oath he struck her to the floor. She had slipped her child, and delicately ate its contents.

"We'll see who is master of this house," said the brute. "That's only a beginning. Now this brat has got to go out and beg. He's played the drone long enough. Here, sir, come out of that bed."

And seizing the frightened boy by the shoulder he dragged him out.

"James, James! what are you going to do?" screamed the mother, throwing herself on her knees and catching her child in her arms.

"Take him out to the street corner and make him beg."

"No, no; the child will freeze to death. He is already sick and starving. You shall not take him out into the cold—you shall not!"

Desperately she clung to the boy, while his father wrenched at his arm, until the child fainted with grief and pain.

Then with an oath at his weakness, the father buried the limp body back upon her.

"Have you got any money?" he demanded.

"No, James. The last penny went to buy the broth of which you deprived our starving child. Oh, my husband! how could you?"

"I wonder if these things would fetch anything in the pawnshop?" And he tossed over the ragged bedclothes to find something that would bring the price of a single drink.

"The whole lot wouldn't fetch a shilling," he growled, and then walked out of the room, slamming the rickety door, angrily.

Then the mother rose with her unconscious boy and laid him on the bed. There was a terrible look on her face as she drew from a closet a pan of charcoal and set it on a stove. With an icy call she walked into the room, stuffing rags in all the crevices, and when this was done, ignited the charcoal. She bent over the child to take a last long look—a look of devouring love and pity. She kissed his lips, brood and emaciated hands. Then she laid down and gathered her mind to her heart.

"God cannot judge me harshly for this," she said. "It will end my misery and mine."

But a throb of anguish convulsed her, as she thought that she would never see her child again in this world, never hear his voice, never feel the clasp of his arms nor the touch of his lips. As if her clasp awakened him, he moved and cried:

"Mamma, mamma!"

Then the poisonous vapors that rose from the charcoal seemed to clear away, and the voice became more distant, resolving itself into the words:

"Mabel! Mabel! what is the matter with you?"

Mabel Aberdeen shook off the nightmare that held her in thrall. She was no longer a starving wretch, counting death for herself and child, but a young lady in the full bloom of health and happiness, surrounded by every comfort and luxury. And it was only Cousin Grace she held in such a convulsive grasp, while she trembled from head to foot and a cold perspiration oozed from every pore in her body.

And this morning James Burton, no wrecked drunkard, but her noble James, so strong and good, would be there; and she was to decide whether he should drink wine or coffee.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

What Women Have Done.

Ten years ago a woman who lived in a large New England village was left a widow with four children and a little less than \$300 in money. Friends, after the fashion that friends have at such times, advised her to "put the children out and perhaps she could support herself by sewing or teaching;" but, like the plucky woman that she was, she made answer:

"My children shall not be separated and I will have health and strength to work for them."

She rented a house with a few acres of land adjoining, invested the greater part of the \$300 in poultry, feed and "fixtures," and went to work. The friends predicted a speedy failure.

"Did she expect to support a family of five on the profits from a few chickens?"

"Yes, I expect to do just that," she answered. "When I was a girl I always managed the poultry on father's farm, and as I made it pay then, I see no reason why I cannot make it pay now."

"You'll see," said the wise ones. "It's a private opinion that you have thrown away the little money that you had. Five dollars for a rooster! and eyes were rolled up and heads shaken over the 'shiftness' of the woman who paid 'five dollars for a rooster.' Last winter I met this woman at a poultry show, and she told me of her success. She had educated her children, paid for her little farm (worth \$800), and had \$3000 in the bank."

Another woman, whose husband fell from a building and was crippled for life, took up poultry-raising because it was the only thing she could do at home; that was thirteen years ago, and to-day she owns a fine farm well stocked, has money in bonds and in the bank.

A young woman whose health failed in the close confinement of the school-room went to raising poultry because she was obliged to do something for a living, and because the doctors advised mental rest, and as much active outdoor exercise as possible. In two years her health was firmly established, but in the meantime she had found poultry-keeping so pleasant and profitable that she refused to teach again. She has been in the business five years, and is earning a fortune as fast as ever a pair of woman's hands earned one.

Last year the writer made a clear profit of almost \$1,000 on a breeding stock of 200 chickens, ducks and turkeys. I do not publish this to boast over my success, but to show other women what a woman can do under the most favorable circumstances. The favorable circumstances in my case were a splendid stock of breeding fowls, healthy location, a thorough knowledge of my business, and a certain amount of capital to start with.

Of course, some doubtful individuals stand ready to declare that it is impossible to make five dollars profit on every adult fowl kept, but if they will stop and consider that I get spring chickens into market during the months of April and May, when they sell readily for one dollar each, and that I can and regularly pound capons for thirty cents a pound; that I manage to have eggs to sell in winter when I can get from thirty to thirty-five cents a dozen, and that I sell a few trios of exhibition birds every year, they will see where the big profit comes in.

Now don't stop right here and give up all ideas of raising chickens, just because you cannot get such prices in your locality, but wait until I give you a few hints from my experience.

I have kept poultry in the West where eggs sold at the "stores" for eight cents a dozen in summer, and poultry sold in the fall for seven cents a pound, live weight, but I made it pay. We lived on a line of railroad, 200 miles from a city market, but I soon found out that all the poultry and eggs from our place went to the city, and I could not for the life of me see why I could not ship such things just as well as the merchants, so I sent a thirty-dozen package of fresh eggs to a commission house in the city; they sold readily, and there was a call for more. "These small packages of eggs, every one warranted fresh, are just what we want," wrote the commission man. I did some more thinking, and then put on my good clothes and went to the city. Once there it did not take me long to find a grocer who wanted thirty dozen fresh eggs a week, so I shipped the eggs direct to him, and he sold them at a profit of some 25 cents. In the fall I sold my poultry the same way.

There was no thought of poultry in the vicinity except that in my yards, and when people began to find out that my chickens were superior to the common mongrel fowls, they bought a great many eggs, establishing. There was not one pair of any of the improved varieties of ducks in the county. I sent a thousand miles for a pair of Pekins, and within a month after they arrived everybody had the duck fever, and I was overrun with orders for ducks before a single egg hatched. I also procured some bronze turkeys that I raised at good prices.

Every woman who goes into poultry-raising may not be able to get in those "extras," but every woman who desires to earn money by raising poultry, and goes into the business with a determination to succeed, will be sure to make it pay, even if she sells every egg and every chicken at market prices.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Fashion Freaks.

Spain lace, Breton, thread and steel, or jettied laces are used for garniture.

Pink or blue muslin hems an inch wide are all around wide mud neckties.

An effort is made to revive the old-fashioned silver gray shades to use with steel and silver laces.

Shirred cuffs of India muslin are to be worn outside the dressed sleeves, turned up from the wrists.

The material for which the greatest popularity is predicted is the satin crepe-velvet in bayadere stripes.

The poke with higher brim and narrower sides is among the latest bonnets. It is more conspicuous than even.

VACCINATION.

What the Best French Authority Has to Say About It.

We give below the conclusions of Dr. Frossard, a celebrated French writer on smallpox, regarding vaccination:

1. Vaccination has preserved and still preserves an incalculable number of lives.
2. The number of blind and deaf has considerably diminished under the influence of vaccination.
3. Vaccination preserves human beauty.
4. The charges made against vaccination, when sifted down, are found to have no foundation.
5. Vaccination does not cause enfeebled constitutions nor destroy the health.
6. It does not make typhoid fever more prevalent.
7. It does not increase the number of consumptives.
8. It does not transmit scrofula and skin diseases.
9. It is only dangerous in the hands of ignorant and incompetent practitioners.
10. The innocence of the practice is so marked that in many countries vaccination is obligatory.
11. Vaccination is not infallible.
12. Revaccination is necessary when the initial vaccination has left poor marks.
13. The fact of an interior variolous eruption does not dispense with a revaccination.
14. It is necessary to revaccinate at ten years, at twenty years, and at forty years.
15. Beyond the age of forty it is not necessary to revaccinate the fourth time, only during periods of violent epidemics.
16. It is necessary to vaccinate as soon as possible.
17. Vaccination can be practiced at the date of birth.
18. Vaccinations can be practiced at all seasons.
19. The period of dentition should not prevent vaccination if the urgency of the case demands such a step.
20. No age is safe from variola, provided the subject be unvaccinated.
21. Vaccination and revaccination should only be performed by a physician.
22. Well-chosen vaccine matter exposes the subject to no transmissible disease.
23. Animal vaccine has no superiority over well-chosen humanized virus.
24. Well-chosen vaccine, from the cow or cow-pox, must be carefully gathered to make stock for human vaccination.
25. Living vaccine, inoculated from arm to arm, must always be preferred to vaccine in tubes and on quills.
26. All vaccine on points coming from an unknown source must be rejected.
27. It is necessary to place the value of vaccine in the following order: First—Spontaneous cow-pox vaccine. Second—Human vaccine transmitted from arm to arm. Third—Human vaccine transmitted on heifers. Fourth—Recently preserved vaccine from a pure source.
28. It is prudent to make a certain number of incisions.
29. The impression of variola may be made until the fifth day of vaccination.
30. An infant is not enfeebled by vaccination.
31. Revaccinations recognize the same rules as vaccination.
32. Pregnancy and nursing are not impediments to vaccination.
33. It is altogether an advantage to vaccinate or revaccinate in times of epidemic.

A Point of Etiquette.

As about one day a sparrow caught; Eat to eat it up, "Stop!" cried the sparrow; "gentlemen Should wash before they eat." Grimalkin panted; to be presumed So fine was rather nice. "Quite true," he said, and dropped the bird To follow her advice.

Of flew the sparrow. "Ah, you rogue!" Cried pussy, in a rage, "So that's your game? But I'll be wise In future, I'll engage! I'll never wash before I eat, But after." Which is still A fashion that the cats keep up! And, doubtless, always will.

—Our Animal Friends.

HUMOROUS.

Gift-takers think there is no time like the present time.

A young lady at a ball called her beau an Indian because he was on her trail all the time.

The mournful cry of the merchant who does not advertise is: "No sale from day to day."—*Rome Sentinel.*

Mr. Edison is now perfecting an invention to draw cold water from a watch spring.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

How do the learned editor Delight to clip and write! He gathers items all day long, And writes them up at night.

An exchange tells of a man who says he has invented perpetual motion. But it doesn't tell how he got out of the asylum.

A hen is more apt to have a higher appreciation of the value of an egg than a human being has, because she sets more on it.

A Boston physician who advised a dyspeptic patient to take plenty of exercise was quite taken aback when the patient told him that he was a letter-carrier.

The Detroit Free Press states that the average time consumed by men in buying hats is seven minutes. The average time of the other sex is 177 minutes.

We see it stated that it is impossible to get warm in cold weather with undigested food in your stomach. Jones says it is all humbug. When he goes home from a hot supper, somewhere in the neighborhood of 1 A. M., with his stomach full of undigested food clear up to his esophagus he finds it warm enough. This is about the time Mrs. J. gets her tongue a-going.—*Boston Transcript.*

Eminent Shoemakers.

Perhaps it was Coleridge who first remarked upon the great number of shoe makers that have become eminent in various walks of life; and certain it is that magicians and newspapers have found in men who, from their employment to higher things many subjects for interesting sketches, obituary notices and special articles.

There was a man some years ago in Portland—probably a shoemaker, but at all events, too modest to give his name—who published a book which he called "Eminent Shoemakers," and the recent novel, "John Mackintosh," a shoemaker of Aberdeen, has written two volumes of a "History of Civilization in Scotland" will give interest to some of the celebrated names which the Portland shoemaker succeeded in bringing together.

William Gifford, the founder and long the editor of our *Quarterly Review*, and that who, by the way, no shoemaker ever had "one stirrer" thrown at him more often or with better effect, toiled, we are informed, six long years at the trade which he said himself he "hated with a perfect hatred." George Fox, whom, by the way, Carlyle has celebrated as one of the noblest men in England, "making himself a suit of leather," divided his time between making shoes and caring for sheep until he began to preach those sermons of his, and to do that Christian work which finally gave unto the world the first organization of the Society of Quakers. Robert Bloomfield, the poet, made shoes, and of him it was once said that he was "the most spiritual shoemaker that ever handled an awl." Hans Sachs, the friend of Luther, who wrote five folios volumes in verse that are printed, and five others that are not, was a most diligent maker of shoes in quaint old Nuremberg, and, for all he wrote, never made a shoe the less, he said, and virtually reared a large family by the labor of his hands, independent of his poetry.

Among others this author mentions no less a name than Noah Worcester, Roger Sherman, too, is on his list, and Thomas Holcroft. Others might be—Henry Wilson one of them. Indeed, it should not be forgotten that the father of John Adams, our second president and the father of our sixth, made many a shoe in his day during the leisure which his farm-life gave him.

Little Johnny's Possum.

Possums has tobacco pouches on their stomachs, and one time there was a possum which was a show, a fellow came to see the show, and he had a bunch of free-crackers, 'cause it was the Fourth of July. The fellow he took one off and put it in his mouth, then he lit one of the others and held 'em out to the possum, and said: "Have a cigarette?" The possum it snatched them, and crammed 'em in its pouch, and wank its eyes like it said: "Now you can just whistle for your old cigarettes, for I am a regular savings bank, I am!"

But bimely the crackers went off wild and you never see such a busted bank like that possum!

Mr. Lancaster, near London, has forty-six acres of celery, and his celery commands the highest prices in market. His plantation, at 10,000 plants per acre, requires 400,000 plants. They are set in trenches, and vast quantities of manure are used. Seven horses are used in his eighty-acre vegetable garden. Radishes between the celery bring about \$140 per acre, and the celery \$250 per acre. The labor costs to \$250 per week in summer.—*Harper's.*