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The Morning World.

He comes down from Youth's mountain-tops
Before his Manhood's glittering plain
Lies firchard, vales, hamlets, towers and
towns,
Huge cities, dunes and silent downs,
Wide uncrested fields of shining grain.
It seems a landscape fair as near;
So easy to be crossed and won
No mist the distant ocean hides,
And overhead majestic
The wondrous, heaven-sprung sun.
Gaze on, gaze on, thou eager boy,
For earth is lovely, life is grand;
Yet from the boundary of the plain
Thy faded eyes may turn again
Wistfully to the morning-land.
How lovely then our wastes of toil
That long-left mountain-height appear
How soft the lights and shadows glide;
How the rough places, glorified,
Tranquand by the leagues of level years.
And standing by the sea of Death,
With anchor weighed and sails unfurled,
Blessed the man before whose eyes
The very hills of Paradise
Glow, colored like his morning world.

MRS. MANCHESTER'S HOUSE.

For how long a time Mrs. Manchester had been my friend! I was younger than she, and altogether different, for she was one of those born to rule the race, and I was utterly devoid of any courage of self assertion. Perhaps our very differences explained our friendship. It often seemed to me that only the great women of history were quite her equals, and I often thought of the part she could have played had circumstances thrown her into any heroic situation, instead of making her merely a rich woman of good family. As for me, I was always an applauding audience, an admiring worshiper, delighted with her beauty, her grace, her ease, delighted that anything so good should be a woman; I watched her, I listened to her, I loved her.

My own delicate health would have hindered my making acquaintances, or entering into gayeties, if nothing else had done so. When we came to Harold and I, to live in the splendid city where she made her winter home, her house was the only place where I, at least, had any view of the great world. Harold, of course, had many more opportunities, for he was a strong and brilliant man, full of wit and charm and daring, only, as such men often are, unfortunate in everything, he touched relating to money. We were absolutely alone in the world, and we sustained toward each other a very tender relation, for I had been given a baby into his mother's arms when my own mother died, and we had been brother and sister, in all but blood, since that hour. Harold represented the whole of mankind to me, who had never had a lover; and I used to think he cared for me all the more because his untoward fate kept him apart from the girl he had loved so long—so long, for she had seen but twenty-two summers now, and she had promised herself to him six years ago. She had promised; but his father—who knew the advantages of money, its comforts and blessings, and had no idea of sacrificing the thing he loved best in the world to want and care—he had enforced another promise, this promise from Harold, and to the effect that he would not claim her hand till he could give her as his home as that from which he took her.

And so we lived on, he always hoping to seize fortune for Amy McNeil's sake, fortune always eluding his grasp, and I waiting and watching, hoping and praying, for his sake, to have the little sunbeam come and brighten my life by brightening Harold's. I never then the first wild rose, fresh as the violet, happy as a bird upon the bough, the sweetest little morsel of beautiful flesh and blood. I thought then, that ever trod the earth, and loving me, almost before she knew Harold, with one of the passions which young girls sometimes feel for stout-hearted old maids, and loved by me first on her own account, and afterward on Harold's. Every year we hoped for the good luck to crown Harold's enterprises that should entitle him to bring her home, that should give him a home to bring her to, and every year the luck fell short.

Now that I had discovered oil on his waste land in Pennsylvania, there were millions in it, the oil took fire, and burned the region out. Now he bent every energy toward procuring the running of a railway through his Michigan wood lots, whose cutting would furnish a life-long income; the railway ran miles to the south of it. Now he plunged into stocks, relying on sources of information that affected the market; his broker made a fortune, and not only stripped him of every penny, but left him in debt to a point that, with his finely-strung sense of honor, was a perpetual nightmare. At last he had settled down to the practice of his profession, with its slow returns, economizing in every way, in order that he might pay each quarter some installment on the indebtedness which galled him so, and which now seemed to make such an impassable barrier between him and his happiness, unless the great windfall of success that never came should come at last. Once in a while he went and visited the McNeils for a day and night; once in a while he sent me; he limited himself to a weekly letter, both because Amy was not a letter-writer, and because he thought it the wiser way; and of late Amy had been a little reproachful that he should think more of honor than of love, and should be depending on his indebtedness what might be amassed into a home, spurred on, I saw on the occasion of my last visit, by her father's talk about the Quixotic folly of Harold's refusing to take the poor debtor's oath, and so get rid of his cares and begin life anew. And Harold sat evening after evening at his desk, not writing leaders or reviews, I know, but poring over the little ivory miniature—that thing of beauty which was all there was to represent to him wife, home and future. It used to make my heart ache for him, and sometimes I

felt as if, were he only relieved of the burden of taking care of me, with my doctors' bills and invalid wants, he would do better; and once I hinted as much. But he wheeled about angrily, as I ought to have known he would. "Pauline!" he cried, "do you dare to say such a thing to me? Do you think life would be worth a farthing to me, if he went on, more softly, 'or to Amy either, without my sister Polly in the house?"

"You would not miss me, Harold dear, so much, after you had that little sunbeam in the house," I faltered. "She is a sunbeam," he said. "God bless her! But you are the light in the window, the fire on the hearth. Polly, don't let me hear any more such stuff. I've trouble enough now, God knows, without feeling that you are turning over such thoughts as that."

Time fled, and Harold still plodded on. Sometimes, when I was well enough—and I had been gaining lately—he dictated an article to me; sometimes I went to the libraries and gathered him data for his work, that brought him much praise and little pay. We lived in our three rooms; we studied Spanish together for the sake of some Spanish records of use to him; we found a certain quiet and healthy pleasure in every day. My only dissipation in these times were my evenings with Mrs. Manchester, seldom going on those of her grand receptions, but on the off-nights, when some cluster of distinguished people dropped in, or when she had music of a rare sort; and if there were only herself and myself, then enjoying the time all the more, for the hours that I spent with her alone gave me glimpses into her nature that were like traveling in unknown regions. She knew my circumstances, but, of course, she could offer us no such indignity as to urge upon us any other assistance than her friendship, although she did more than once beg us to give up our little rooms and come and share her little splendor. But that would have been Harold's surrender of independence, and was out of the question.

"Well," she said at one time, "it is absurd. It deprives you of comforts and enjoyments, and gives you no pleasure but the gratification of your pride. Still, I like your pride; it is healthy. As you like to be of use to you, you will like to live in my house. I will let you have your share of all that I have enjoyed, and I will let you do as you please. I shall leave you nothing in my will, for those grasping Manchester would be sure to break it if they were any chance of my surviving you!"

"But supposing there were a chance," she continued. "You have been more to me, with your guileless admiration and faith, than you ever dreamed. I love you, Pauline, and because I love you, I wish you to have your share of all that I have enjoyed, and I will let you do as you please. I shall leave you nothing in my will, for those grasping Manchester would be sure to break it if they were any chance of my surviving you!"

"Why, what nonsense, Harold!" she laughed at something he whispered as they stepped into the conservatory to see. "As if we shouldn't have all our lives together, for you to be grudging me this first and last outing!"

"Of course I do. This is the world—"

"But Amy, it is no world for you. I can never give you anything like this. Our life must be very different from this festal life."

"This I don't want it," she cried, passionately.

"Amy!"

"I mean—Oh, Harold, I shouldn't think you needed to interfere with my little bit of pleasure. And I'm going to Mrs. Colonel Torrance's in an

hour, and my eyes will be red. I never saw anything so hateful and selfish as men are. There I kiss me and let me go." And that was the end of it, she thought. But not so.

"I will kiss you, Amy, and I will let you go," said Harold, gravely; "but I am going to tell you that I think a longer term of this pleasant life will put an everlasting barrier between you and me. If you do not want that you will bid Mrs. Manchester good-bye, and go home to-morrow. It is not only ruining you, but me. I cannot endure to see you again in Peixotto's arms; I cannot endure to know—"

"You cannot endure, and you cannot endure!" cried Amy, in a sudden temper; and she flung herself away from him and he saw her no more.

But the next morning she went home to her father, having left Harold a penitential little note in which she said nothing about me, however, except to remark that if it were not for good-for-nothing prudes there never would have been any trouble between them, not having quite gotten over a word or two I had ventured to say to my little sunbeam in all gentleness and desire for hers and for Harold's happiness. And Harold went down to spend the night at the judge's, and it was all serene again.

One evening Mrs. Manchester handed me a linen envelope. "I want you to take care of this for me," she said. "It will be worth your while. It is a memorandum of something I wish to do for you. Only the half of what I wish to do, though remember that. When you have opened this envelope, which you will not do while I live, you are to make personal use of it to that which it relates, and exactly as I do, and only on that promise is it yours. And when you have done that you will find in it the means to obey my wish. I shall leave you nothing in my will, for those grasping Manchester would be sure to break it if they were any chance of my surviving you!"

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Manchester had apprehended, we did not know, and for weeks we enjoyed the occupancy of the great room, and enjoyed wandering through them with the sense of possession strong upon me. At least I should have enjoyed it immensely, it was so entirely to my mind, the rest, the luxury, the loveliness, the space of it all; but every day I grew more and more lonely, the rooms were so vast, if they were so beautiful, and Harold sat now by himself so much. I seemed to hear Mrs. Manchester's step on the stairs, the sweep of her train on the carpets; for all the rich furnishing of satin draperies and Axminster and paintings and cloisettes and carvings had faded with the house. I turned twenty times a day, expecting to see that majestic figure, with his dark sweeping silken robes about it, with the diamond arrow in the hair, move up the room, waving the old fan of black feathers.

We had been in the house a month, when I ventured once more to open the subject to Harold, and say to him that here was a home as good as—no, far better than—her own home for Amy.

"It is entirely beyond reason," said he. "To live in this house requires dress, equipage and style that are utterly out of my power."

"And do you mean that even you and I, Harold, ought not to stay here?"

"Yes, to tell the plain truth. If we could sell the house, that would be another thing; but as we can't, I think it will be cheaper for us in the end to surrender it to the heirs. It is a white elephant."

"That would be violating Mrs. Manchester's wish just as much as if we sold or rented it," I urged. "I wonder—I do wonder what she meant when she made me remember that this was only the half of what she meant to do for me. Well, Harold dear, we will do exactly as you think best, of course. But it is too bad, too bad—so beautiful, so charming a home, and so filled with Mrs. Manchester's presence as it is! And how perfectly Amy would fit it all!"

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go away, and Amy can come now to a home far surpassing her father's."

"Any will never come into this house, Pauline," he said, tossing the new-found wealth on the table; and he gave me the letter in his hand.

"Truly, she never would. She had been married to young Peixotto the day before yesterday, and she was so beautiful, and Harold sat now by himself so much. I seemed to hear Mrs. Manchester's step on the stairs, the sweep of her train on the carpets; for all the rich furnishing of satin draperies and Axminster and paintings and cloisettes and carvings had faded with the house. I turned twenty times a day, expecting to see that majestic figure, with his dark sweeping silken robes about it, with the diamond arrow in the hair, move up the room, waving the old fan of black feathers."

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FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The United States dollar of 1804 sells for \$800. If the government officials had known how highly these coins were to be valued they might have made a grand speculation by turning out a few millions of them. As it was they thought eight would "meet the business wants of the country," and eight they made.

A correspondent of a London paper warns people against throwing broken bottles among sun-dried grass or heat at this time of the year, as the bottoms of such bottles frequently act as burning glasses. The Australian knows that extensive and damaging brush fires have taken place in Australia in consequence of broken bottles having been carelessly thrown down among the dried scrub.

From the year 1875 to the present date 176 murders have been committed in Chicago. Of these, as is the case generally, nearly one-half were committed in the hot months—June, July, August and September, chiefly in July and August. Only two of the 176 murders were hung for the crime. But in that year, 1878, one of the hottest summers known, the number of murders decreased to thirteen in the summer of 1877, to six; increased next year to nineteen, and this year bids fair to exceed it.

The Main Exhibition building at Philadelphia, which cost \$1,600,000 to erect, was recently sold at auction for \$37,000. It is called to mind the young and disastrous effort to maintain a permanent exhibition within its walls with some of the shells and vestiges of the great Centennial fair. The scheme was doomed to failure from the beginning, for it was heroically supported for four years by a company of Philadelphia gentlemen who have paid dearly for their enthusiasm. Nowhere has a large permanent industrial and art exhibition been successful save at Sydenham, near London, and that has in its favor the attractiveness of the Crystal Palace and its park as a point for excursions, and the immense population of the British metropolis close at hand.

A handbook giving a general account of the Jews, just issued by Dr. R. Andree, estimates their total number throughout the world at about 6,100,000. Only 180,000 of the race are to be found in Asia, 400,000 in Africa, 300,000 in America, and 20,000 in Australia. The great majority of the race, more than 5,000,000, live in Europe. Rumania contains a far larger number of Jews in proportion to its population than any other European country, namely, 7.44 per cent.; while Norway contains only 34 individuals of the race. The local distribution of the Jewish population in different countries is traced out with great pains by J. Andree. Thus, in some of the government districts of Russian Poland the Jewish inhabitants constitute from 13 to 18 per cent. of the population. Although for the whole of Germany the Jewish element is only 12-12 per cent. of the population, in the city of Berlin it has increased to nearly 5 per cent.

There is nothing small about the new boat in India. He has chosen seven youthful and lovely brides from among the daughters of the Gondal aristocracy, and has made arrangements to lead them to the altar, one after another, upon seven successive days. It will be the pleasing duty of each bride, progressively and in regular rotation, to attend the weddings celebrated subsequent to her own, so that the first lady of the series will enjoy the unusual privilege of witnessing seven nuptial ceremonies, in all of which she will be more or less directly interested, within the limits of a single week. The seven-fold bridegroom, however, has bestowed upon all his brides wedding dresses and ornaments of the most costly material, design and value. The rooms they are destined to occupy in his palace are all furnished exactly alike; and the accident of seniority, as regards the mere date of their respective marriage ceremonies, is not to carry with it any precedence at court.

The time is not far distant when, according to scientific prognosticators (who certainly ought to know), the passage across the Atlantic will only occupy four days. This will not be, as one may hastily suppose, on account of improvements in steam power, electricity or any such out of the way attempts, but simply because in time the American continent will be something quite different from what it is to-day. The coast of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island is rising, the land round the Bay of Fundy is sinking. Greenland is slowly sinking along a line of 600 miles; New Jersey and the coasts to the east are rising, and on the Pacific there is a subsidence of water. The American continent must in time project to the North Pole. Hudson's Bay will be a fruitful valley, with just a lake or two to keep up the watery character of the place, the Newfoundland banks will become arid and St. George's bank will be part of the mainland. The coast line of all oceanic States will be carried out to the inner edge of the gulf stream.

Spiders obstruct the telegraph. One of the chief hindrances to telegraphing in Japan is the grounding of the current by spider lines. The trees bordering the highways swarm with spiders, which spin their webs everywhere between the earth, wires, posts, insulators and trees. When the spider webs are covered with heavy dews they become good conductors and run the messages to earth. The only way to remove the difficulty is by employing men to sweep the wires with brushes of bamboo; but as the spiders are more numerous and persistent than the brush workers the difficulty remains always a serious one.

The Paris Jockey club pays its chief cook \$5,000 a year, and has done so for a dozen years. His specialty is soup.

How Farmers are Swindled.

The Cincinnati Enquirer has an article describing how many Western farmers have been swindled by an organized gang of sharpers. The Enquirer says: "The farmers have often been warned against these gentry by the press, but they readily change their tactics and assume all sorts of protean forms for entrapping the unwary, and scarcely a day passes that some countryman is not made a victim of the wicked wiles of the ubiquitous scamps. The latest heard of is a gang who go about selling an alleged seeding machine, and these have victimized a number of people. The Enquirer reporter has been shown a copy of an exceedingly ingenious document which these fellows use in the operations, and by means of which they have caught more than one who thought himself entirely too smart to be duped by any city sharp. The reader is hereby presented with a fac-simile of the 'contract' drawn by these patent seed-machine fellows, which they induce farmers to sign, and which shortly afterward turns up as a plain note of hand in the possession of some paper-shaver in his neighborhood who has purchased the same of the swindlers. It is as follows:

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this _____ day of _____, 1881.

One year after date, I promise to pay John Smith or bearer Thirty Dollars when sold by order, Three Hundred and Twenty-five Dollars worth of Patent Seeding Machines for value received, at six per cent. per annum, with Thirty Dollars when due, to be payable at Indianapolis, Ind.

Sole Agent for _____ Company.

The swindlers, says the Enquirer, go to a well-to-do farmer and tell him he has been recommended as a good man to sell their machines, and ask him to become their agent. He is persuaded that they sell rapidly and that he can make a large net profit. He is told that he will not be expected to risk any money or pay anything until he has sold \$225 worth of the machines. He is induced to sign the contract above given, which, it will be seen, sets forth this agreement when read straight across. It looks fair and innocent enough, and soon the farmer, typified in the foregoing document as John Smith, puts his name in the blank space just before the words "Sole agent for _____ Company." Afterward the scamps easily change the document from a contract to sell into a promissory note by tearing off that part to the right of the line drawn through the agreement as printed. In the original presented to the farmers, of course, no line appears; and it is given here simply to show where the division takes place, and the separation at which point so radically changes the nature of the document. It will be seen at a glance that this is liable to deceive any one without close inspection, and a number of Indiana farmers have been cheated with them this summer. After the farmers' notes get into the hands of "innocent purchasers," there is no recourse but to pay them off, as they cannot well go back on their signatures. This description is got up to warn all readers of the Enquirer to sign no papers whatever that are presented to them by strangers, however innocently worded or plausibly pressed for their acceptance.

Home Life for the Blind.

In an address before the college for the blind at Upper Norwood, Henry Fawcett, the blind postmaster-general of England, said that, speaking from his own experience, the greatest service that could be rendered to the blind was to enable them to live as far as possible the same life as if they had not lost their sight. They should not be imprisoned in institutions or separated from their friends. Few who had not experienced it could imagine the indescribable joy to them of home life. Some persons hesitated to speak to the blind about outward objects. The pleasant and happiest hours of his life were those when he was with his friends who talked about everything they saw just as if he was not present, who in a room talked about the pictures, when walking spoke of the scenery they were passing through, and who described the people they met. When with the blind people should talk to them about and describe everything they saw. The speaker concluded by remarking that there was plenty of good-will to assist the blind, but what was required was better organization.

How Snakes are Shipped.

Snakes are shipped from Africa and South America to the United States in bags. These bags are enclosed in tight boxes so that the serpents have neither food nor rest during their passage. Their chief ailment is at their arrival is canker in the month. Treatment consists in grasping the snake just back on the head, forcing its mouth open by pressing on the nose, and then taking a sharp stick, removing the canker and applying British oil to the wound.

The average age at which students enter American colleges is seventeen; a century ago it was fourteen.