

# The Elk County Advocate.

VOLUME I

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## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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August 5, 1893—ly

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## POPULAR TALES.

### HOW SHE WON HIM.

By Cecelia L. Whitely.

From Forney's Weekly Press.

Mr. S— took up a pen and Alice took herself out, greatly amazed at her employer's manner of ending the conversation. Stopping on the other landing to collect her bewildered thoughts, she asked herself: "Can this be all he had to say? only to reproach me for that miserable past folly, and in such a way?"

"What a pair of fools!" ejaculated the old editor in his turn. "A couple of ninnyes. Just as if I was blind. Ha! ha! she is a sensible little thing, and, by Jove! she loves the boy well enough to sacrifice her silly little woman heart for his sake, or mine, perhaps, bless her! But she shan't! I'll not allow it! Let the boy win her, and take care of her, like a man. If the rascal don't speak soon, I'll—why, I'll marry her myself. Allen don't want any of your die-away young ladies for a wife, to flit and worry his life out. How well that dear boy of mine knows me, and the girl—well, well, she will in time. Ten to one but he is waiting on the lower stairs to take her home. Ah, me! well they are young, and in love. Their sun is bright, and I am not the cloud to obscure it."

The old man smiled as he lit his cigar, and thought of those two young people very tenderly all the way to his quiet home.

Mr. S— was right. Allen was waiting for Alice on the stairs. Doubtless his thoughtful sire had given him a slight hint to that effect, and with a confident—"I am going with you," he laid her passive hand on his arm.

Silently they walked along the pleasant street he was vainly trying to read the new expression of her sad, averted face. Presently he asked, with something of his father's abruptness: "Alice, when will you marry me?"

Her surprise was too great for words. After a moment she found voice.

"Mr. S—, you forget my station and yours so poor as I, for I will never—"

"Nonsense!" he interrupted, "I love you, and you love me, and what more is necessary? I have fixed my heart on you, Alice. We will have a glorious life together. I see its dawn brightening all around us, even this day. I can give you wealth, station, love; oh! boundless love, that shall take a lifetime to fathom; and you bless me in return with your splendid beauty, perfect truth, and pure affections—a heart all my own: love unsullied to sanctify my home; a companion for my mature manhood; a mate to share my dawnings—all this to be embodied in the three sweet words, 'Alice, my wife.'"

"But your father, he will never consent," reminded Alice, while her heart was repeating the sweet love-picture he had drawn.

"My father is the best man in the world, dear Alice. He knows your worth, and that I love you. I think I can now find a solution of your changed manner. My father has been making your acquaintance in his eccentric way, and like thousands of others, you misunderstood him entirely. Am I not right?"

Alice related the conversation that had taken place between them, and acknowledged that she had greatly misjudged his kind nature, but that Mr. S— certainly seemed to warn her against thinking too kindly of his son.

Allen laughed.

"My dear old father! it was only his way of introducing himself to his future daughter. Doubtless he was recalling his own young days, and the time when he loved and married my mother, who was a poor girl, Alice, but she made his life rich with blessings. She is dead now, and her memory is the dearest thing in the world to him. You will soon learn to love my father—our father, Alice—from this hour."

"Thus my friend was betrothed, and life all a sparkle with the new hopes growing from the ashes of old despair. That same evening Allen walked into his father's study, and said, with earnest voice:

## SELECT POETRY.

### Woman's Rights.

By Gen. Charles G. Halpin.

Oh, ladies, will you hear a truth,

Of late too seldom told to you,

Nor deem—he begs it of your ruth—

The writer over-held to you!

For, by the pulses of his youth,

He never yet was cold to you,

And therefore 'tis in sober truth

That he would now unfold to you

What may—apart from rhythmic flights—

Be called the sum of "Woman's Rights."

For us, of life's calm seasons bowers,

For us to kneel and sue to you;

Your feet upon the path of flowers

We struggle still to strew to you;

For you to drop the healing showers

Of kindness—gentle dew to you—

On falling heads and wasted powers—

The task is nothing now to you:

"Oh, then, indeed?"—"In Love indites—"

"These are unquestioned Woman's Rights."

All hail! we cry, the stormiest hours,

If thus a joy we woo to you;

For us, of life's dull drugged bowers,

For us the sweets of love to you;

When many a heavy day was ours,

Fond retrospection flew to you;

Good husbands and unstinted dowers,

And smiling babes scarce to you;

And, let me ask, what maiden flights

These latter-mentioned "Woman's Rights!"

The faithfulness, the grace, the high,

Pure thoughts of life we gain by you;

The vision of a softer eye,

The finer touch attain by you:

Weak hopes that unto death are nigh

Out-calling, we sustained by you;

And when misfortune sweeps the sky,

Our anchored hearts remain by you.

Long days of toil and feverish nights

Would ill repay these "Woman's Rights."

Why quit the calm and holy hearth

That is heaven's outpost to us,

To face the stormier scenes of earth,

The troubles that greet us here?

Why change your souls unneeded mirth

For woes that rush so fast to us,

That we would daily curse our birth,

Were not your sphere at last to us,

That sphere of home, which well requites

The loss of these unsexed rights!

"Father, with your consent, Alice Lee has promised to be my wife."

"But, suppose I do not consent?"

"As my best friend and only parent, you will. I want her love and companionship to perfect my life. I mean to write my name high, and with Alice by my side, I will ever have a good angel as a true guide forever to keep me worthy of manhood and the position I would attain. I see by the light in your eyes that you think with me."

"Yes, my boy, take her, for I am confident that Alice Lee is worthy of all that even you can give. I made her cry the other day, poor thing, but, sir, you must never cause her to shed a tear—I won't allow it. Some day, my son, I hope she will love me with your truth and confidence, and that is all an old man can ask of his children. Transplant her at once from the case to your home; her busy little fingers have toiled long enough. Take her, as soon as you please, and God bless you both."

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Just one month from that date I was her bridesmaid, and six months later, a bride myself. Immediately after we went West to settle, where George started a weekly newspaper, which prospered famously. He was editor, foreman, business clerk, while I did the duty of compositor combined with proof-reading. I also looked after the poetry and light matter, and frequently, in cases of emergency, doing the local, and manipulating the exchanges. On several occasions I was obliged to aspire to the editorials, one of which got me into trouble, and I was called to account by an indignant member of the opposition party, who threatened fearful vengeance on the writer of the obnoxious article whom he supposed was my innocent husband. While George was away to the Legislature, I ran short of editorials. We were too poor to pay for such things, and so I mustered courage to again write one. Of course I was quite familiar with my husband's style and way of thinking, so I dashed into the subject with pure partisan zeal, and the result was a triumphant success for our combined efforts—mine in the office and his on the "stump"—elected his party, since which time we have prospered wonderfully.

In due time, Mr. Lester was sent to Congress; and I believe he called an eminently capable and promising man by the people of his State. I know him to be a true patriot, a good husband, and a faithful friend, and that satisfies me completely.

Alice, as all the world knows, is the honored wife of Mr. S—, the famous Senator from —. The brilliant lawyer, orator and statesman, is said to be the coming leader of his party, and his wife the most beautiful woman at the capital. She is the pride of society, and shares her husband's fame with wonderful grace. In velvet and diamonds she reigns a star in the fashionable world, but the heart of her girlhood remains unchanged in the midst of the splendor that surrounds her. To me she is still sweet Alice Lee, and in silk and calico her nature will ever be pure and good.

Mrs. S—, as not, as the world goes, accomplished; but that graceful head of hers contains a deal of useful knowledge, and every word she utters bespeaks a richly cultivated mind. Her dainty white hands have set up many a column; nor has the slender fingers forgotten their cunning, as you shall see.

Alice paid me a long visit last winter. Mr. Lester, at the present time, is the proprietor of a very influential daily paper published in the city of —. I left the office long ago; children came to claim my care—and, as their is no longer any need of me as a worker, I am severely kicked in the establishment. Well, as I said, Alice came to make a long visit—we are always Alice and Mary to each other, except when society demands strict etiquette.

One evening the business editor called in to see me, passing in a perfect fever of anxiety and haste trying his utmost, he said, to procure two or three extra compositors for a few hours, for they had just received the President's message, which must be in type by three o'clock. Mr. Ross was determined that his readers should get the message in the morning's issue, besides he wished to get the start of his rival across the way, who he understood, from good authority, was still messageless, although every moment expecting the arrival of that important document. Mr. Ross knew nothing about our printing ability, and therefore could hardly hope to find help from Alice, when she said consolingly: "Perhaps Mrs. Lester and I may find an extra hand in your dire necessity; suppose we look about, Mary?"

Mr. Ross regarded her incredulously, and with a nod of thanks, bade us a hurried good night, and rushed away, intent on finding a few extra hands.

"Come," said Alice gleefully, "let's go. — It will be such capital fun. 'Just fancy you and I our old trade again.'"

I assented, delighted we speedily repaired to the office. The printers were astounded when we made our debut, and doubly so when we made known our intentions, and modestly demanded a case. But I am certain that after watching us for a few moments, we gained immeasurably in their good opinion. The case seemed an old friend, and in five minutes we were as clever as ever, while the admiring compositors silently applauded our skill, Alice especially, who used to boast that no one could rival her in the craft.

We all went to work with a will on the message, determined to get ahead of the other papers. Mr. Ross came in near midnight, looking very tired and cross. His brow relaxed on beholding the almost complete form. He instantly turned to the foreman with words of delight on his lips, but they were suddenly checked on seeing us busily at work.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Mrs. Lester, is it possible? Am I dreaming, Mrs. S—?" Please explain, for I am utterly at a loss."

"You are not dreaming, Mr. Ross," laughed Alice. "Did you not know that Mrs. Lester and I were capital printers? We graduated ten years ago, at least I did. I promised you a hand or two, and here they are. We were famous in our day, and I think even now you will find our work correct."

'Too astonished to reply, Mr. Ross sat down, faintly articulating a number of suppressed thanks for our valuable services.— At half-past one the message was ready for the press, and we went home, as we used to do these long-ago busy nights, accompanied by an obliging printer, and so very tired that

we thought the old days were back again, and husband, home, and children a dream that would vanish with the light peeping softly through the window in the room where my baby lay. Alice thought of the past, too, and so our babies were dearer that night than ever before.

The next morning we read the damp paper with a new interest. "Not an error," cried Alice, merrily waving the sheet above her head. "I looked to the proofs last night, and here we have perfection! I tell you, Mary, we are a credit to our profession, and I am quite proud of our four columns."

She wrote to her husband—as I did to George—an amusing account of the affair.— They commended us highly, and the rival over the way wondered how Mr. Ross could have possibly have issued the message so promptly. It is, and probably always will, remain a mystery as to where he procured his two extra hands on that special occasion.

"Senator S— once gravely asked me if Alice cried over the types, as she did that time when his father kindly warned her of the imprudence of long walks. She is his darling yet, his home-joy. In his wife and children—the jewels of his beautiful home—he finds a secure retreat from the cares of his exalted life."

Now, Maggie, you know the love story of his youth, and the way in which he won his charming wife. Alice won the noblest husband in the land, and all through her being a pretty, hard working, and sensible little printer. And I have kept my promise and finished my bit of romance.

### "He Died for Me."

Many interesting narratives and experiences are told at Henry Ward Beecher's Friday evening prayer meetings. Last week, one of the prominent citizens of Brooklyn doing business in Wall street, related the following. We reproduce the story as it fell from his lips:

"Not long since I found myself at Cincinnati, with a little spare time, and I thought I would improve it in visiting some of the Southern battle fields and burial places. I first proceeded to Nashville. On going out to the Soldiers' Cemetery, I observed a man planting a flower over a grave. I approached him and asked if his son was buried there:

"No," was the response.

"A son-in-law?"

"No."

"A brother?"

"No."

"A relative?"

"No."

"Whose memory then do you cherish?" I ventured to ask.

After delaying a moment and putting down a small board which he held in his hand he replied:

"Well, I will tell you. When the war broke out, I lived in Illinois. I was poor and had a large family of children dependent upon me for daily bread.—Finally, as the war continued, I was drafted. No draft money was given me; I was unable to procure a substitute, and made up my mind to go. After I had got everything in readiness and was just leaving to report at the conscript camp, a young man whom I had known came to me and said:

"You have a big family to support, whom your wife cannot support while you are gone; I will go for you."

I in the battle of Chickamauga the poor fellow was dangerously wounded. Owing to Bragg's offensive demonstrations on Chattanooga he, along with others, was taken to the hospital at Nashville. After a lingering illness he died and was buried there. Ever since hearing of his death I have been desirous of coming to Nashville and seeing that his remains were properly buried. Having sufficient funds, I came on yesterday, and have to-day found the poor fellow's grave. On completing his story the man took up the small board and inserted it at the foot of the grave. Turning to look at it I saw this simple inscription, and nothing more:—"He died for me."

### Facetiae.

A race of sculptors—the Chip-aways.

The Prussian diet—Lager beer and pretzels.

Shifting the responsibility—Dressing the baby.

When is a lawyer strongest? When he is fee-blest.

The cup that cheers but not inebriates—the buttercup.

What soup would cannibals prefer? The "broth of a boy."

A favorite tune of the milkmen—Shall we gather the river?

Matters of moment ought to be described in a minute manner.

The shoo-cocks mostly worn in hats now-a-days are bricks.

Is a man who has made a fool of himself to be considered a self-made man?

Why is a specimen of handwriting like a dead pig? Because it is done with the pen.

Woman's rights—If she cannot be captain of a ship, she may always command a smack.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because, though first in pity, he is the last in help.

Why are your eyes like friends separated by distant climes? They correspond, but never meet.

It is suggested that the Fenian letters found so plentifully in Ireland are nothing but GREEN'S.

Scrub, speaking financially, says it was the last camel's hair for Mrs. S. which broke his back.

Subjects for chromos—"The Barber"—after Beard; "The Muenster"—after Cole; "The Walk Home"—after Church.

A man taking his nap or his newspaper comes to about the same thing. He enjoys in either case his snooze.

Why is a young lady just from boarding school like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

Sambo, in speaking of the happiness of married people, said: "Dat ar' pends altogether how dey enjoys demselves."