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POETRY.

A WOMAN'S VEIL.

BY J. B. BRADFORD.

It was long many a season since,
When I was summering at Cape May—
They had a foolish fashion then—
That every lady in the dance,
If pleased with any should not fall
Into the partner she preferred,
To give her veil.

And there was one I mind me of,
Whose name—well, never mind her name!
Helen or Alice, Blanche or Marie,
For you who read will be the same,
But that old fashion of the veils,
Happily rests the past, and stirs
Memories that enter round the night.
She gave me hers.

She flushed, poor child, in giving it,
And I too felt my brow grow warm.
As laughing, with fingers deft,
She knotted it about my arm.
I thought I saw a shadow there,
I thought I saw a shadow there,
I thought I saw a shadow there,
I thought I saw a shadow there.

The dance was over and we strolled
Out from the hall-room's glittering press,
To meet the breeze that my arm
Clasped each one in its cool embrace;
And scattering on us reached the sea—
The far, far, far, far, far, far,
Mixed with the sound of waves that died
About our feet.

We talked of what I now forget,
But earnestly, or seeming so;
Next day I was to leave, but then
I thought I saw a shadow there,
Ah, well-a-day! the gods dispose,
And ruined hopes are worse than vain;
She laughed, and good-by I new saw
Her face again.

Time changes us not for the best,
Though grief sometimes defeats his art,
And keeps a little patch spring-green
In the white winter of the heart.
And mine, though colored green with years,
Feels that it is not frozen quite,
As memory goes wandering back
To that June night.

And sometimes on the summer eve,
Within my chamber all alone,
I watch the moonlight on the roofs
And think I hear the ocean tone;
And through the smoke of my cigar
See loves and joys I have not met,
That, as they vanish in the haze,
Leave me in silence.

L. G.'s and pearly, and our hearts
Grow faint in searching for the clue;
She went before at twenty-five,
And I live on at forty-two,
And wait the end of the same show,
That I shall meet her without fail,
On some spring morning—and till then,
I keep the veil.

THE STORY-TELLER.

JOHNSON'S FOLLY.

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER.

Nearly thirty years have elapsed since the events I am about to relate occurred, and yet my remembrance of the details of the narrative is as distinct as if the terrible scenes through which I passed had taken place but yesterday, so vividly were they impressed on my youthful mind.

Sometime in the winter of 1840, my father, Eben Johnson, emigrated in company with four other families to what was then a Territory, now the State of Kansas. The emigration association consisted of my father and mother, my elder brother, Thomas, my two sisters, Annie and Mary, an adopted brother, Elphinstone, familiarly known to us all as Liph, and the Willis family, the Montanys, the Starbuckes, and old Hanks (as our boys used to call him), his two sons and daughter—all agriculturists. Besides these families, there were several artisans—a blacksmith, wheelwright, carpenter, a physician, and some young men from Buffalo, with the usual complement of wagoners and guides.

I was then eight years old. I remember it was winter, from the fact that our wagons were frequently stopped by snow-drifts. We had in our train fifteen wagons—three wagons to each family—each vehicle drawn by six oxen; there were, besides, two spare oxen allowed to every wagon. There were also in our party five young men on horseback, each of whom brought with him two led horses for future service, all of them carrying packs proportionate in size and weight to the strength of the respective animals.

The wagons were, of course, packed with such wares, provisions and utensils as were necessary for use in the new country to which we were wending our way. The settlers, except in very bad weather, walked either in front or rear of the wagons, with the exception of the old women and such of the emigrants as were taken sick by the way. There were in our party, as I said before, five families; that with the young men who had joined us after starting, made up our numbers to sixty-three people. Of this number, sixteen were women and ten children. My father, who had planned the expedition, was what is called a well-to-do farmer in Indiana, and the families who joined him were all pretty much of the same class; having sold their farms, they converted the proceeds into such articles as were required on the frontier, and such trinkets as would prove attractive in exchanging with the Indians for furs, skins and other things. We proceeded at the rate of about ten miles a day, although sometimes, in good weather, we travelled fifteen. This, however, was generally more than the women could walk. At night the wagons were parked, and the oxen and horses picketed; the fires were lighted, and a regular guard detailed to keep a lookout for the wild tribes of Indians who occasionally were seen on our trail.

We were thoroughly armed and equipped every man provided with two rifles, a brace of pistols, and a long knife; even the boys carried a rifle. By day we amused ourselves on the march in doing a little hunting after buffalo and antelope; but this was only when the train halted for several hours, as they did once in each day. Our destination was a point on the prairie about sixty miles southwest from Fort Leavenworth, and on the edge of a belt of wooded

country which bordered the Kansas river, now the fertile region in the heart of which the city of Topeka has lately reared its spires to the sky, and from whose workshops and factories the smoke curls up lazily in the clear atmosphere of the prairie-land.

Three weary months were passed from the time we left Indianapolis (where we fitted out) until we reached our destination. Arriving at our journey's end, after a careful examination and survey of the country, the ground on which we agreed to settle was parceled out among the different families, and axes were soon brought into requisition, timber felled, and in a few days a dozen or more log-cabins were erected, and the settlement, as it had now become, was beginning to put on quite a business-like appearance. Let it not be understood that the log-houses of the settlers were near to each other; on the contrary, each settler built on the land assigned to him by the association, locating his cabin in the center of a tract of from one to two hundred acres, or as much as he thought he could cultivate. This arrangement brought our cabins at least a mile apart from each other; it would have been better, as the result will show, if they had been nearer together.

Four years had elapsed; the cabins were all built with stockades to protect us from sudden attacks of the Indians; the farms were all in a high state of cultivation; settlers had been arriving and filling up the nearest town, which was about fifty miles distant, and we lived in comparative security. Trading with the Indians had been carried on extensively, and my father's wisdom in the selection of the site, near the confluence of the Kansas and Missouri rivers, was acknowledged by all, as furs and skins were brought down in great quantities by the red men in their canoes.

I think it was the spring of 1844 or 1845, if I recollect rightly, my father had built a new cabin, a better one than the one which consisted of a second or upper story, and as this was rather an innovation on the prevailing style of architecture of the settlement, it was shortly designated as Johnson's Folly. Whether this act of my father's was one of wisdom or the contrary, we shall see. I say "think" it was 1844, for I am sure we had just heard of the election of Polk. For several months previous there had been occasional marauding parties from a new tribe, the Arapahoes, who had lately made their appearance, but they were friendly to our allies, the Blackfeet, and apprehended no serious trouble; still, however, we were all felt in the settlement, and the Indians who had come to live with us shared the anxiety. It was not considered safe to be away from home after nightfall. My eldest brother—at least I call him such, though he was really but an adopted son, whose name was Elphinstone—Liph was in the habit of visiting at the Hanks cabin. Old Hanks had a beautiful daughter named Amanda. She was a perfect picture; her features were regular, her eyes deep hazel, her hands small and delicate, and, as her old father said of her, "they were too small to show, and her nose was like a pin."

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"Don't do it, Eben," mother said; but father stalked across the room, and, gathering himself up to his full height, drew the latch and swung the door wide open. The light of the fire streamed out upon the dark, crouching form of a half breed, who had always been looked upon with distrust by the settlers, but who made himself useful in various ways.

My father's astonishment upon seeing him at this hour did not in the least disconcert him. He said he had run out of powder, and as the store was fifteen miles off, and he wanted to go hunting the following day, he had called to borrow some powder and shot, if my father could spare any. My father cautiously replied that "he could not spare much," but let the fellow have some. He thanked him, and left. My father walked out with him to the gate of the stockade, leaving the door open. I heard distinctly the clattering of a horse's hoof over the hard ground. My mother, whose hearing was impaired, did not observe this.

When my father returned, my mother asked what he thought of the half-breed's visit. She was much alarmed, and insisted that it boded no good. My father laughed, but when he approached the candle again to take up his paper, I observed his countenance was deadly pale. "What could he have seen when he went out to the gate of the inclosure?"

"My father was a brave, strong-hearted man. My mother presently went to bed—she slept in a room adjoining the main sitting-room. About nine o'clock the gate of the stockade swung open loudly, and my brother Liph came walking up the pathway, and hammered a loud knock on the door, which echoed back from the corner of the stockade; but as Liph came in, I thought he was not so cheery as usual. Father took him aside and asked him if he had seen anything.

Liph said he had; a man riding a white horse very rapidly, just after he left Hanks's house. "Then," says my father, "there is something wrong, for the fellow who rode past the stockade an hour since was on a black horse."

Then my father called me to him, and said: "Stevie, you are not afraid of anything, are you?" I said I supposed not. "Well," said my father, "I've a mind to send you over to Hanks's cabin for some powder. I would not let that half-breed rascal know how little I had, but have nearly run out, and we may want all we can get before morning."

So I started for Hanks's. At the gate, my father said: "Stevie, be careful how you go; the reason why I send you is, they will not notice you, as you are small; if Tom, or Liph, or I should go, we could not hide as well as you. I fear there are some bad Indians about. Keep close along the timber; don't show your self in the open prairie at all. Keep your eyes about you. Get all the powder Hanks can spare. Hurry back before the moon rises."

I reached Hanks's in safety, saw nothing, told him what father thought, got all the ammunition I could carry, and started back; but I had not proceeded far before I saw half a dozen Indians riding on the prairie. They were going to the top of their horses' speed in the direction of our house.

My father let me in; we closed and barred the gate, then we closed the door and barred it, and the father examined the heavy shutters; they were all tight. Then, said he: "Boys, wake up! Tom, we must get to work and load every rifle and pistol in the house." I woke up Tom.

After we got through loading, my father made me lie down, and he lay down himself. Liph said he would keep watch.

The clock kept ticking away, as though nothing unusual was at hand, and father seeing the hands pointed to two, said he thought it was a false alarm, and turned over and fell asleep.

It seemed to me I had been asleep only a few minutes, when Nero sprang up, and gave a loud cry, as though he had just been shot. Father had his rifle in hand instantly. We listened—not a sound—the dog with his nose to the sill kept up a low growl.

I did so. What was my astonishment when I saw at least a party of them coming right down toward the stockade, and at the same moment a large band of them swarmed out of the woods and came running across the prairie, firing as they advanced.

My father saw there was no time to be lost. "Back to the house, quick, for your lives!" he shouted.

In we all rushed; the door was barred and barricaded; tables and chairs were placed against it. "Now, up the ladder, all of you!" said my father.

He was the last to come up, bringing with him all the extra guns, powder-flasks and shot-pouches.

Father ordered the upper shutters to be thrown open. Then he drew up the ladder and let the trap down, and then pulled a bedstead over it. He pulled off the mattress and stuffed it in the window; then he got all the bags of meal he could find, and, with our assistance, piled them up against the window, leaving a narrow place in the centre, through which we could fire.

It was not long before we saw the wisdom of these preparations, for the Indians had now cleared the stockade and surrounded the house, and soon the frantic crashing of clubs for us threatened to us their intention of killing us all. They fired two volleys through the windows of the lower story, where they supposed us to be, and then bursting in the doors, discovered that they had not harmed us.

But, with cries of vengeance, they pressed upon us with terrible force, and their bullets ever could have accomplished.

Again a hailstorm of balls poured in through the window, but father had ordered us all to lie down flat, and we obeyed. By-and-by father got up, and, holding a mattress doubled up in front of him, peered out at the side.

"My God!" he said, "Hanks's house is in flames!" and he came back from the window.

With that upsprang Liph like a tiger, and rushed to the window. He would have thrown himself out but for father, who caught him and dragged him back by main force; and, after struggling again and again with father, Liph fell back on the floor, with his hands in his head.

Then we heard a cracking sound under the door, and the wild cries of the savages broke out with renewed vigor, and several shots were fired upward, from below, but the bullets only thumped hard against the yellow oak flooring—they did not penetrate. Soon we perceived strong fumes of smoke, and it seemed to rise from within, and curled up past the window, and at the same time from within, where the flooring joined the side of the house, and where the joints were not perfect. My father exclaimed, with an agonized look: "We are lost!"

The fumes grew denser, and we heard their crackling beneath the door, and the Indians had piled up blinding fogs all around the cabin, and in a great pyramid in the sitting-room. Mother strove to raise Liph of the floor, but he lay like one dead. Father sat motionless, with head between his hands, groaning aloud. My sisters sobbed and cried, but only, seemed perfectly himself, but he was always stolid.

Outside the stockade the dragons tied their horses. The men, regardless of the cries and moans of their adversaries, were watering their animals from the tank in the yard, while the flames of our cabin curled upward with devouring rapidity.

Captain Leconte, who commanded the detachment, then told my father that two nights before, he had been warned by a friendly Indian of the contemplated massacre of our colony. He had at once saddled up, and he and his gallant band had ridden sixty miles, at a hard gallop the best part of the way, hoping to reach us before they had done us any harm. Soon the dragons began to come in; for their captain, with commendable skill, had distributed his force through the colony before attacking. They brought woeful tidings. The Starbuckes were all murdered. So were the Willis family. The Montanys had shared a similar fate. Old Hanks had been found murdered, by the side of his son Joshua; his younger son Sam and his beautiful daughter Amanda were not to be found; either they had been burned in the house or carried off by the Arapahoes.

When Liph heard this, he raised his hands to heaven, then tore his hair in a frenzy, and grasping a rifle that lay on the ground, essayed to take his own life, but some dragons seized him and held him fast. He raved like a maniac for several hours; then, his strength exhausted, he sank to the ground.

Not long afterward the dragons commenced making preparations for our capture. Their horses were watered and fed; the men sat down, and, opening their haversacks, partook of a frugal meal of salt pork and army biscuit—the latter better known among military men as hard-tack—their canteens all being filled from our tank.

Everything being ready, and our own horses having been saddled up (for I omitted to state that the stable was untouched by the flames, and the Indians had not time to get away with any of the horses), we took a last look at the smoldering embers of our desolated cabin; the bugles sounding "Boots and saddles!" we, preceded by the dragons, started out on the prairie in the direction of Fort Leavenworth.

Poor Liph! he was terribly shattered. He spoke not a word; his eyes wandered hopelessly across the prairie, as if he could penetrate to where his beloved one had been taken. Then a look of desperate resolve succeeded this, and his head dropped suddenly upon his breast. The stout, strong man bent beneath the weight of affliction.

Walking the horses slowly, we proceeded that day without an incident to disturb our monotonous march. At night we laid down by the bivouac-fires and slept; refreshing and welcome sleep fell alike on wearied man and beast. The next morning we were all up at break of day, and, after partaking of the same frugal meal as before, we proceeded more rapidly, we all having somewhat recovered from the fatigue of the previous night.

Arriving at a little settlement known as Allersontown (since destroyed), judge of our astonishment at seeing Sam Hanks sitting on a stump in front of a cabin, and beside him, on the grass, wrapped in a buffalo-robe, Amanda!—Amanda, the pride of the colony!—Amanda, safe and well, but pale and agitated; her eyes red with weeping, her hair unkempt, and hanging wildly about her shoulders.

To spring from his saddle, to seize the prostrate girl in his muscular arms, was for Liph the work of an instant, and the dragons opened wide their eyes with amazement at seeing him, in an ecstasy of joy, kissing his lost sweetheart.

Amanda had been terribly shaken by the news of her father's death, and still further overwhelmed at hearing the rumor that all of our family had perished in the flames of our cabin.

The account given to us by Sam Hanks was, that on that memorable night, after I left the stockade, his father became alarmed, and ordered him to saddle up two horses, and, taking Amanda with him, to ride with all speed toward Fort Leavenworth. His sister, however, becoming exhausted, they could not proceed beyond Allersontown. This accounted for our meeting them there.

Liph and Amanda riding side by side all the way to Fort Leavenworth, which we reached in safety the next day.

We were treated with great kindness, and remained upward of a year near the post. Amanda shortly afterward was married at Captain Leconte's quarters, and I left the post, and my father, Elphinstone, who swore eternal love and truth. Every one who heard his manly voice felt that he was worthy of all trust and confidence, and particularly qualified to become the guardian and protector of the beautiful and gentle Amanda, "the pride of the colony."

Laboring Men and Men of Leisure.

One of the prominent speakers, at the meeting of employers in this city on Saturday, stated very distinctly that there were in the late strikes some very marked traces of communism, and that the question had been frequently heard among the strikers, "Why should we, too, not live in brown stone houses?" Twenty years ago, the sole object of a strike was to obtain a slight increase in wages; to-day most of the leaders, at least, look on themselves as doing something to hasten a social reorganization, in which there shall be no class except from manual labor.

Professional men, clerks, and all others whose work is mainly of the mental kind, or is at all events clean work, which may be done without disfigurement of any kind, have become in their eyes nearly as obnoxious as the regular loungers. In short, the ideal society of the labor reformers, everywhere, though more vaguely held in some places than others, is one in which all shall be in a greater or less measure manual laborers, so that the social distinction now created by a man's not laboring with his hands shall disappear.

The effect of such a revolution as this on civilization—that is, of the disappearance from society of everybody who did not settle down every morning to some distasteful physical task, and work at it as long as his nervous energy enabled him, and of everybody who owed anything in the way of greater social freedom, or the greater freedom in the choice of pursuits which wealth gives, to his father's accumulations or his own rapid success—would form a curious subject of speculation.

It is well to remember, when we talk about "civilization" and glory in the difference it has made between us and our skinned forefathers, that ninety-nine hundredths of it are the result of the work of what we may call the "leisured class," that is, the class of whom our social reasoning and laying out of the imagination; and the rapidity of the rise of every people into civilization has been in the ratio of the number of those whom it was able to release in this way from the common drudgery of life. A great majority of these have always, will always, to all outward appearance, think and act in vain, as if they were an essential feature in the moral order of the universe that there should be this seeming waste of effort in every department of human activity.

But the number of those who have tried to make such contributions without success, and the number of those who have made trifling contributions not great enough to rescue their names from oblivion but good enough to help the others, the Keplers, Newtons, Davys, and Harveys, to their discoveries, has doubtless been almost beyond count. But they could not have shown them selves at all, in a society of manual laborers such as some working men dream of.

God has somehow not organized society according to our notions of justice. He has made some men strong and healthy, others weak and sickly; some men wise and able, other men foolish and stupid; some women handsome and beautiful, others plain; He has made one half of the human species the pains of reproduction, to the other half He has given only its pleasures, and on this inequality, human society is organized. Every man has his post, but there is an enormous difference in the comfort and dignity of the different posts.

The safety and progress of humanity, as a whole, depends on each man's serving faithfully and without murmuring. The rude fishermen of the Northern sea, as a great English writer has finely said, collects the oil which fills the scholar's lamp in the luxurious capital three thousand miles away. Should the day ever come when the fisherman will insist on the scholar's collecting his own oil, the day when there will be neither scholars, fishermen nor oil will not be far distant.—*Christian Union.*

How Long should a Man Stick to His Engine?

A correspondent of the *Locomotive Engineers' Journal*, writing from Rutland, Vt., speaking of the duty and extent of the responsibility of an engine man in case of accident, says:

Where an accident takes place, such as a globe carting, or a collision with another train—a bridge may be gone, a culvert washed away—may be the fatal leap; I ask you, thinking your experience is worth as much as mine, would there be anything heroic for me to stand on the foot board and plunge with my engine into certain and dreadful death? Is there anything brave about it? Have you no responsibilities here on earth, no matter if you have ten cars loaded with passengers that must follow the engine as the case may be? Now I consider an engine's responsibility ceases, in such cases, when he has sounded his whistle properly and reversed his engine, opened his throttle, pulled open his sand box. He has done his whole duty to God and man as far as he can to stop the train, and if he has time and opportunity, if he is true to himself, he will try to get off and go down to the bottom calling for brakes. Many engineers go down and collide and are killed, for the reason they do not have time after doing their duty. I never should feel as a man was fit to run an engine if he had not courage to do his whole duty. But after that has been put into his hands to do, then I say he is a man who will try and save his own life.

A young lady in Plattsburg asked her mamma, "How long does the honey-moon last?" to which the practical mother replied, "Until you ask your husband for money."

Facts and Figures.

A Detroit ferry boat passes free all citizens over 90.

Georgia banks close at one o'clock during the summer months.

A Georgia baby has a double set of jaws all full of teeth, but no eyes.

Kansas has a wild sea serpent traveling about and devouring cattle.

The Mayor and Council of Des Moines have been arrested for contempt of court.

A woman has had to pay \$100 for selling a glass of whiskey at Whitehall, Ill.

A lady of Springfield, Va., was bitten by a cat having the hydrophobia the other day.

A budget of 2,912 love letters passed between a couple now about to unite at Fort Wayne, Ind.

The 100 girls in the St. Louis Normal School wear calico dresses, and no chignons as waterfalls.

Nebraska is the only State that had a railroad in running order when admitted into the Union.

A Cedar Falls minister preached in defense of Croquet. His text was, "And she took the mallet."

A prying reporter in Richmond declares that a lady there has ordered a \$12 pair of stockings for her wedding.

A man in Richmond, Va., has worn the same pair of linen trousers forty-nine summers. They are just in style this year.

A vicious horse in Michigan lately kicked his master's jaw off and knocked his teeth down his throat, choking him to death.

Macon, Ga., dispenses Brooklyn's claim as the "City of Churches." She has a church to less than every thousand inhabitants.

Mrs. Robinson, of Dubuque, was married on Tuesday, unmarried on Wednesday, and on Thursday ran off with another man.

A California jury, in a suicide case lately returned the following verdict: "We, the jury, find that the deceased was a fool."

A daughter of the owner of the Crystal Gold Mine in California, lately fell 170 feet down a shaft, and was brought out a shapeless mass.

An Irish lecturer of note solemnly said, one evening, "Parents, you may have children; or if you have not, your daughters may have."

The Colorado desert, by a late railroad survey has been found to be in places 200 feet below the level of the sea. Scientists are in a quandary.

They have a flower in Alameda, Cal., called "Aaron's cup," which measures two feet eight inches from the base of the flower to the tip of the cup.

A gentle father in Vicksburg, Miss., a short time ago, tied his twelve-year-old son to the rafters of the house by his feet and flogged him till he was nearly dead.

Limestone, Ill., boasts of a porker with a head and tail at each end, and two sets of legs between. It must be awkward for the animal to attempt to go ahead.

An advertisement in a Western paper informs the public that board for the summer can be obtained "at a large and shady brick gentleman's residence in the country."

The latest snake story is to the effect that lately in Crawford Co., Ind., a viper attempted to swallow a black snake larger than himself, and was choked in the operation.

Solomon City, Kansas, does not seem to be a very healthy place, for married men. One day last week five wives deserted their respective husbands and went back East to "live with mamma."

The following is a certificate given by a Troy lawyer to an applicant for admission to the bar: "I hereby certify that the bearer, _____, was a student in my office for ten months; that during the whole of that time his character for piety, chastity, and honesty was above reproach; and his example well such that from my daily contact with him I have now become a pious and consistent member of the church, and a useful member of society."