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## Forgive Her! No, Never.

Well, domine, thank you for comin'—  
They told you, I s'pose, I was wild  
When I found that a store-keepin' fellow  
Had just run away with my child;  
My baby, my motherless Nancy—  
She's a baby, you see, to me, now,  
And to think she would cheat her old father  
—When was it? you ask me, "and how?"  
Well, "long about hayin'" she told me—  
Her apron half over her cheek—  
That a lad from the town came a courtin',  
"Might she see him?" I tried not to speak,  
But I couldn't keep still, an' I told her  
I'd shoot him as quick as a bound  
If he ever come near her to court her  
When we and my gun was around.  
She looked kind o' pitiful at me;  
Oh! father, I've promised," she said,  
And letters, along through the orchard  
I saw her bestowen yaller head—  
I saw her go wanderin' further—  
I knew well enough where she went,  
For her mother lies buried off yonder—  
The way that her footsteps was bent,  
An' she come when the dew was fallin',  
As-pest me with never a word;  
But out at her own little window  
A pitiful sobbin' I heard.  
Well, after that, all through the summer,  
She seem'd sort o' solemn and shy,  
She said nothin' more of her lover,  
And nothin' about his life or death.  
Last night, when the millin' was over,  
An' I sat by the steep all alone,  
Little Nancy came softly beside me,  
And took my old hand in her own.  
Her face was as red as the roses,  
I know now she tried to confess  
That her mind was made up to the weddin';  
But she hadn't the courage, I guess,  
Well, sir, when I called in the mornin',  
No sleep "Yes, father," I heard;  
I opened the door of her chamber,  
And pillow and blanket wa'n't stirred,  
All her poor little duds she had taken—  
There wa'n't such a wonderful sight—  
And a shabby and faded old victor  
Of me and her mother in white.  
She left me this scrap of paper:  
"You married her?" Well, sir, how dare you  
Come over here talkin' to me?  
"Forgive her?" No, never! no, never!  
"She wants me to bless her?" The jade!  
"She's waitin' out yonder?" No matter,  
She must lie in the bed she has made.  
I'll never—no, never—forgive her.  
Who's comin'? Oh! Nancy, my child!  
Ah, me! she is like her dead mother!  
Well, parson, we've got reconciled.

## Oppression in Turkey.

A lecturer on the "Eastern Question" says that in 1700 the Turks first came into contact with the Russians under Peter the Great, and since then, owing to the salaciousness of other nations, the Eastern question has been a political one. In 1829 the nation which had wrested Constantinople from Christendom and penetrated to Vienna was brought before a court of justice and bound over to keep the peace. She was kept in order by a foreign police. Five hundred roubles were given to the Turks to be amalgamated with any nation not professing their own religion. The Bulgarians and the Hungarians were originally peoples just as distinct, but have shown themselves capable of being molded and modified. In so long a time the lecturer did not refer to the people who speak French and dress in the latest fashion, but to the mass. The women are illiterate, and have no circle. Turkey must not be any more what is seen in Constantinople, before the foreign ambassadors, but they do not show their country in the place in which the Turkish rule and the Turkish bows down in terror. The land merchants and productive industry of Turkey in Europe are ruined. Christians till the ground and collect the profit. For all opinion in the interior there is no religion. Occasionally the magistrate says to say in explanation of some solemnity greater than usual that it was "by mistake," but that is all. The outcry in Europe after the Bulgarian atrocities caused the government to hang a few unimportant wretches, but those really to blame, who were the high generals of the army, have been promoted for their work. In regard to what should become of the Turks in case of a Christian conquest, the lecturer said: "Let them stay and let European Turkey be governed by the people who inhabit it. The Turks can live among Christians with oppression. Christians cannot live among Turks."

## Strange Adventure with Two Bandits.

As a young man named Ragan, from San Felipe, Texas, was riding along the road a few miles from Castle, two men rode up to him from the brush by the roadside and demanded his money. Both had their faces masked, but did not present their revolvers, which they carried in sight, simply saying, as they told him to hold, that they didn't think it necessary to draw on him, as he was so young. He had \$19 in his pocket, and a considerable sum in his boots. The last mentioned the robbers failed to find, but took the \$19. They then invited the young man to step into the brush and lunch with them, which he, thinking it safest to humor them, did, although his appetite was none of the most ravenous. About 100 yards from the road the men had a good lunch spread, which they took of heartily, keeping their faces masked, however. After the lunch the robbers returned \$7 to their victim and told him he could go. He didn't wait for a second bidding.

## An Ice Machine.

An ice machine in Dallas, Texas, just completed, produces ice cakes thirty feet long and six feet wide, weighing from 10,000 to 12,000 pounds each. They are formed by freezing fine rain or spring water in the manner of an icicle. When the operation is completed, the bottom and sides of the cake are thawed loose from the inclined plane, and the cake slides out upon a platform, where it is cut into chunks six feet square. Four cakes a day are frozen. The works cost \$30,000.

## MAP OF THE SCENE OF WAR IN EUROPE.



## The War in Europe—Our Map.

The conflict between the Russian and the Turk has commenced, and the whole civilized world watches the bitter struggle with intense interest. In order to give our readers a comprehensive idea of the ground on which the stand of the Turk is to be made, we have secured a map of the scene of action from the New York Tribune, and are confident it will repay close study. The Russian headquarters have been at Kischeneff, while the Turkish forces have been concentrated along the right bank of the Danube, at Ruseuk, Silistria, and other points. The boundary lines separating Russia from Turkey, before and after the Crimean war, are also indicated. The Turkish defenses are in a mountainous country, and the coast is guarded by Turkish gunboats, so that it will be no easy matter for the Russians to enter the enemy's country.

## A Singular Whim.

Miss Emma Mayo, of Elizabeth, N. J., has had a handsome coffin made in a peculiar shape and style for her own occupancy, and occasionally comes to the undertaker's and admires it. It is of iron, is grained to represent oak, is six feet in length by twenty-four inches in width, and in shape resembles a wood-chopper's wedge, especially designed to appear in the shape of a key-stone. The lid bears a raised cross extending from the head to the lower extremity. The interior is lined with the finest pearl colored satin, and there is a pillow of the same material resting immediately beneath the head of the cross.

## A Dead Soldier's Ring.

A touching incident has occurred in connection with the death of Lieutenant Kelly, who fell with General Custer in that terrible fight on the Little Big Horn, last year. At the time of the battle he wore a seal ring with his crest cut upon it, and this, together with his clothing, his sword, his pistols, and all his belongings, was torn from his dead body and carried away by some one of the foe who had helped to kill him. His mother, unable to secure the ring as nearly as possible to the shape of the human form. This probably suggested Miss Mayo's whim.

## WAR BETWEEN TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

The Sultan's Proclamation.—The first battle in favor of the Turks—War Rumors. The following is the full text of the sultan's proclamation to the army: Russia has declared war. We are forced to take up arms. We have always wished peace, listening to the advice of the powers in this respect; but Russia wants to destroy our independence, and so if Russia attacks us, God who protects right and justice will grant us victory. Our soldiers will defend with their blood the country gained by their ancestors, and with the help of God maintain the independence of the Ottoman. The nation will protect the wives and children of the soldiers. Should it be necessary, the sultan will go to the army and raise the standard of the Khalifat and the Sultan. The sultan is ready to sacrifice his life for the honor and independence of the country.

## CUROSITIES OF MATRIMONY.

Innovations in Public Wedding Services in England—A Quaker Marriage. A London letter says: It looks as if we were about to have a rebellion among the fashionable young people against the marriage service of the Church of England. It is not only because sentiment has outgrown the promise of the bride to "obey," on which the clergy still insist, though instances increase in which the ladies refuse to utter it; but there are some portions of the service which are almost coarse and make the young people blush. The clergyman has, of course, no right to modify the service. There are now so many marriages performed by the registrars alone that they find it important to provide neat rooms in which to receive wedding companies. The registrar simply asks the man and woman by name if there is any legal impediment, and then asks each if he and she will take the other as husband, as wife; it requires that they should say "no" to the impediment question and "yes" to the last, and by the utterance of those two words they are married. The witnesses sign the certificate, the registrar pockets his small fixed fee, and the affair is over. This kind of marriage is largely resorted to where one of the parties has been divorced, in which case few of the clergy will officiate, and still more in cases where the parties hold different religious opinions.

## A Scheme That Won't Work.

The Burlington Hawkeye, speaking of the scheme of shooting ramrods with string attachments into the windows of burning hotels, observes: "This is indeed a grand idea. The only drawback to its practical operation is that a terrified guest standing to a window, shrieking and howling for help, would have been very much surprised, and not greatly tranquilized or reassured on finding himself suddenly transfixed with a three-foot ramrod and a coil of string. And unless the fire department is vastly better on the shoot than the police, the probability is that not a window in the hotel would have been broken, while the streets of St. Louis would have been full of howling firemen and weeping citizens, pulling out ramrod iron of each other."

## A Pathetic Tragedy.

One of those pathetic tragedies that touch the human mind deeper than the most vivid pictures drawn by the pens of skillful novelists, emanated in Ohio. About fifteen years ago there appeared at a Shaker settlement, in that State, a young mother with an infant daughter in her arms. The mother had been deserted by one of those cold blooded villains who throw aside a woman's priceless love as the playing of a day. The Shakers adopted the mother and child, which befell a young man while out shooting. A stray shot entered one of his eyes and extinguished it. This gentleman was highly educated and connected, though without fortune, and he was only twenty-three years of age. He was brought to his lodging house in London, where he lay suffering. But a wealthy and handsome young widow, whose estates he happened to be shooting when the accident occurred, came and took up her abode in the same house, in order to nurse him. Her care was extended through several weeks, but alas, the other eye sympathized with that which had been put out, and it, too, was extinguished, leaving the widow an orphan and hopelessly and totally blind. But the pretty widow was equal to the occasion. She proposed to him—marriage. The result was a splendid company alighting at the door of a fashionable church in the neighborhood; a beautiful dame of thirty, attended by her two little children, leading a blind youth of twenty-three to the altar, there to endow him with all her extensive worldly goods; and the two are now enjoying their honeymoon on the fine estates, where the gentleman may meditate on the ancient sayings which declare misfortune and fortune to be near neighbors.

## The Lesson of a Sneeze.

As a rule, a sneeze is the warning nature gives that some part of the body is exposed to a cooler temperature than the other parts, that the sneezer is "catching cold." Next to the warning, what is the use of a sneeze? It throws open the pores of the whole body, and induces a gentle perspiration; in a word it throws out the cold. A child who sneezes more than twice—perspiration is readily induced in youth; an old man, on the contrary, sneezes half a dozen to a dozen times with a loud "catcogue." It is harder to set him perspiring. When one is sitting by an open window, and finds himself sneezing, nature tells him he is taking cold. He should get up instantly, walk about, and take a full tumbler of cold water to keep up the gentle perspiration that the sneeze set in motion. If he does this, he will not be telling, an hour after, that he has a "cold in his head," or chest, or lungs.

## Domesticated Buffaloes.

James McKay has six buffaloes on his grazing farm at Long Lake in Manitoba; two of these are calves brought in from the West last fall; the others are older, some of them full grown. They feed with cattle during the winter, accompany them to the river for water every day, and are the first among the herd to enter the warm stables for shelter at night. The buffaloes, from natural instinct, are conscious of an approaching storm some time before felt, and retire to comfortable quarters in the stable sometimes an hour or two before the storm arises.

## M. Blanc, the celebrated gambler of Monte Carlo.

M. Blanc, the celebrated gambler of Monte Carlo, pays the prince of Monaco, who owns the property which he employs, \$20,000 per annum, and pays in addition to the prince, in the shape of a present, a sum of \$50,000. Much of his income, however, he derives from legitimate trade, as he controls nearly all the industries of the place.

## MONKS IN THE DESERT.

Where No Woman May Enter—A Church Sunk in Solid Rock. The San Francisco Chronicle says: A letter of introduction is necessary to secure admission. Mar Saba, the Greek patriarch of Jerusalem provides it. You ring at the great gate of the convent on the top of the cliff; some one looks out of a high tower and takes an observation; you give a word of friendly greeting and wave your letter in the air. At this stage keys are dropped down into an inner court. An attendant takes them, opens the outer gate a few inches, examines the passport, and then, looking to see that we are not likely to be women in disguise, we are admitted. Another gate still shuts us out from the convent. Our Bedawee is not permitted to come even this far, for the place has several times been the scene of hideous slaughter. At last we are given welcome by a monk, who is to pilot us over the face of the cliff, and show us how like the birds they all live at Mar Saba. Down stairs—fifty of them—into a stone court with a chapel; up stairs into another chapel, sunk in the solid rock, all ablaze with golden lamps and sweet with incense, for the bones of 600 martyrs lie under the pavement—part of them you see through a grating when the monk thrusts a flaming taper in among them. They were all hermits, and lived with the swallows until the Persians hordes fell upon them, and cast their bodies to the jackals in the abyss below. Bridges leap from chamber to chamber; tunnels dart through the cliffs, and in the walls are windows looking out upon the most desolate spots in the world; and doors that open into cells just big enough to creep into, and there curl up into a holy heap.

Mar Saba, or St. Saba, was born in the fifth century. He renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil at the age of eight. It might have been a harder duty a little later in life. At eighteen St. Saba, who had been ten years in a monastery, finding the monks there gay and frivolous, plunged headlong into the howling wilderness, and joined St. Enthyimus and his Laura in the Kidron gorge. This amazing hive of monks grew out of the enthusiasm of the young saint, who before his death had achieved some and was surrounded by a host of neophytes, who entered the spiritual order in his severely simple life. One day as St. Saba was returning to his cell in the cliff, he found a lion sleeping within. Lions were not rare in those good old times. Saba said to him: "Be good enough to come out of that," but the lion replied that he had as good a right to it as any one, and so he lay where he was. Then Saba seized him and threw him out of the way; but the lion returned, and matters were growing unpleasant, when the saint said: "Well, let us share it together," and they slept in the same cave, and had their portraits painted for the monastery which was to grow out of the rock, and grew to be thirteen centuries old before I was to have the pleasure of seeing it and hearing this veritable tale from the lips of a monk as I sat in the cave of Saba and the lion.

There is a solitary palm tree reigning over one of the small garden terraces, and this palm is said to have been planted by St. Saba himself. The monk said so; and then he took me up stairs and down stairs, through trap doors into subterranean passages full of surprises and queer smells; he gave me "rakee," the strong drink of the East, and a pipe on one of the terraces, and brought rosaries and carved crucifixes scented with fragrant gums. He sold as much as he could, and then begged a little more, but he had well earned all that he got from our caravan, for the Peris who were shut out of this Greek Eden with its one lonely palm discouraged the spirit of generosity which the marvelous place had awakened.

How marvelous it is! Even in sunshine it is a tangle of shadows that hang in long fringes from the cornice of the cliff. In twilight it is swallowed up in a purple glow through which the stars fall like dew—those showers of redness stars that dart through the heavens above the orient. When the moon is full a vision of Mar Saba is like a relief in pale-tinted marble, chiseled by the hands of gods.

The Albany Argus has the following account of a queer freak: "Emil Tidner, of Goshen, Ind., a short time since wrote to Rev. Father Noethen for the vacant position of organist at the Church of the Holy Cross. Father Noethen replied, and the result of the correspondence was that Tidner came on at the commencement of the present week. Through the kindly offices of the priest Tidner was installed in a private family near the park, whither he moved his luggage. A rehearsal was arranged for at the church a few evenings thereafter, when Tidner was to make his debut as organist. The evening came, the choir assembled, and everything was in readiness when the new organist arrived. He was given a written score of the music to be rehearsed, and refused it, saying he read nothing but printed music. The printed score was produced, but as it transpired, he was as ignorant of it as the other. Finding himself exposed, he sprang up, left the choir and church, and disappeared. Tidner's motive in soliciting and obtaining the position of organist when, as it would seem, he knew nothing of music has not transpired."

## A Fish Story.

A writer in Forest and Stream states that while fishing in a pond a few years ago he saw a pickerel of about a pound weight leap out of the water near the bank, toward which its head was pointed. A few moments after, hearing a great outcry from a frog, he looked again toward the spot, and saw what appeared to be the same pickerel, with his whole length out of the water on the bank, and a frog in his month. The frog screamed out lustily, but the fish flipped back into the water with its prize, of which it probably made a luscious meal. The observer supposed that the pickerel made the first leap out of the water to discover the exact position of the frog, and at the second jump made sure to reach and capture it.