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The Tryst.
There was not a cloud in the deep blue sky,
Nor a fanning crest on the sea;
The winds were asleep, in the arms of the deep,
And their breath came noiselessly,
The soft sweet rays of the harvest moon,
And the light was shed on the Abbey head,
And the tombstones that watch the quiet dead,
And in calm I kept our tryst.
The blank black sky, and the blank black sea,
Blent in the angry night;
The wild winds met, where the waters fret,
In a belt of luminous light.
They thundered along the hollow strand,
Where the rain like a python hissed;
And near and far, from rock and scar,
Rang the mighty challenge of Nature's war,
And in storm I kept our tryst.
White, veiled and ghastly crept the fog,
Over river, and moor, and coast;
Each fast-moored boat, on the harbor adrift,
Loomed like a threatening ghost.
The sea lay moaning sullenly,
Under the veiling mist;
And the buoy-bell ring, with its ominous tongue,
Where the tide on the lip of the rock was rung,
And in gloom I kept our tryst.
For while holy grief and loving trust
With me kept watch together,
I reckon not, I, of sea or sky;
Our hearts hold tranquil weather,
So I know, in the royal right of love,
I may claim you, and I list;
So my hand may reach, in its silent speech,
To the spirit greeting where each meets each.
In faith I kept our tryst.
—All the Year Round.

A WOOING BY PROXY.

She is leaning back in a deep crimson chair, with a white dress sweeping in long shining folds about her. She is talking to two or three men with that rather wary grace which has grown accustomed to see in her, and which is so different from the jocular smiles of the Jeanne de Beaulieu whom he had loved so long ago. He is watching her from the opposite side of the salon as she stands beside his hostess, and he tells himself it is for the last time. He is going to her presently and he knows just how coldly she will raise the dark eyes that once never met his without confessing that she loved him. He knows just what he will say and what she will answer, and there is no need of haste in this last scene of his tragedy. "A man should know when he is beaten," he is thinking, while he smiles vaguely in reply to Madame de Soule's commonplace. "There is no more stupidity than courage in not accepting a defeat while there is yet time to retreat with some dignity. For six weeks I have shown her, with a directness that has, I dare say, been amusing to our mutual friends, that after ten years' acquaintance my only object in returning to Paris is her society. She cannot avoid meeting me in public, but she has steadily refused to receive me when I call upon her or to permit me a word with her alone. I have been a fool to forget that all these years in which I have regretted her she has naturally despised me, but at least it is not just of her to refuse me a hearing." The moment he has been waiting for is come. The little court about her disperses until there is but one man beside her, and she glances around with a look of mild amazement against the continuance of his society. De Palissier has escaped from his hostess in an instant, and the next he is murmuring, with the faintest suspicion of a tremor in his voice, "Will Madame de Miramon permit me a dance?" "Thanks, M. de Palissier, but I am not dancing this evening," she replies, with exactly the glance and tone he expects. "Will Madame de Miramon give me a few moments serious conversation?" and this time the tremor is distinct, for even the nineteenth century horror of melodrama cannot keep a man's nerves quite steady when he is asking a question on which his whole future depends. "One does not come to balls for serious conversation," she begins, lightly. "Where may I come, then?" he interrupts, eagerly. "Nowhere. There is no need for serious conversation between us, M. de Palissier," she replies, haughtily, and rising she takes the arm of the much-edified gentleman beside her and moves away. It is all as he has prophesied to himself, and yet for a moment the lights swim dizzily before him and the passionate sweetness of that Strauss waltz the band is playing stabs his heart like a knife. For a moment he does not realize that he is standing quite motionless, gazing, with despair in his eyes, after Madame de Miramon's slender white-clad figure, and that two or three people, who have seen and heard, are looking at him with that amused pity which sentimental catastrophes always inspire in the spectators. Some one touches his arm presently with her fan, and with a start he comes to himself and recognizes Lucille de Beaulieu, the young sister of Madame de Miramon, whom he remembers years ago as a child, and with whom he has danced several times this winter. "And our waltz, monsieur?" she asks, gaily. "Do not tell me you have forgotten it. That is evident enough, but you should not admit it." "Mille pardons, mademoiselle," he mutters, hurriedly. "I am very good to-night," she says, putting her hand on his mechanically extended arm. "Though the waltz is half over, there is still time for you to get me an ice."

also that she should care to be so kind to a man whom her sister has treated with such marked dislike. The refreshment-room is almost empty, and she seats herself and motions him to a chair beside her when he has brought her an ice. "Do you think, M. de Marquis, that it was only to eat fees with you that I have forced my society so resolutely upon you?" she asks, with a look of earnestness very rare on her bright, coquettish face. "I think you an angel of compassion to an old friend of your childhood, Mademoiselle Lucille." "It was compassion, but more for my sister than for you," she says, gravely. "Your sister!" he echoes, bitterly. "It has not occurred to me that Madame de Miramon is in need of compassion, and yours is too sweet to be wasted." "Chut, monsieur," she interrupted. "Forget that I am as fond of pretty speeches as most young women and think of me only as Jeanne de Miramon's sister, who believes that much as she loves her, you love her even more."

For the second time this evening De Palissier forgets possible observers and clasps both the girl's slender hands in his, as he murmurs, unsteadily, "God bless you!" "You forget that we have an audience, monsieur," she says, withdrawing her hands quickly, but with a smile of frank friendship. "I have a story to tell you, and not much time to tell it in. Years ago, when Jeanne left her convent on becoming fiancee to M. de Miramon, she met you at her first ball, and you loved each other. It was very foolish for you were a cadet of your house and only a sous-lieutenant, and Jeanne had not a sou, so both the families were furious; but all would have ended as well as a fairy tale if you had been reasonable. Jeanne met you time after time in secret, and promised any amount of patience, but she would not run away and marry you in defiance of her parents; so you tormented her with doubts and shamed her with suspicions until she dreaded those secret meetings almost as much as she longed for them. At last, after making a more violent quarrel than usual, you exchanged from your regiment at Versailles to one in Algiers, and left her no refuge from the reproaches of our father and mother but to marry M. de Miramon. He might have refused to marry her after hearing her confess, as she did, that she had given her heart to you, and that only your desertion had induced her to consent to their marriage. But he did not; he had a better revenge than that. He married her, and for eight years he tortured her in every way that a jealous and cruel man can torture a proud pure woman. He opened all her letters, he made spies of her servants, and not a day passed that he did not make some mention of your name. Our parents died within a few months of the marriage, and I was at my convent. There was nothing to be done with her misery but endure it, knowing that she owed it all to your impudence. Can you wonder that she is unforgiving?" He is leaning on the small table between them with folded arms and down-bent eyes, and he is very pale, even through the bronze of ten African summers. "I loved her always," he says, almost inaudibly; then pauses; nor does he finish his sentence, though she waits for him to do so. "You loved her? You could not have wrecked her life more utterly if you had hated her. Can you wonder that she has grown to fear the thought of love that has been so cruel to her as yours and her husband's? Monsieur my brother-in-law died two years ago—God is so good!" continues Lucille, fiercely. "Since then Jeanne has been at peace, and she shrinks with absolute terror from disturbing the calm which has come to her after such storms. She fears you, she avoids you, because—shall I tell you why?" She can see his lips quiver even under the heavy mustache, but he neither speaks nor raises his eyes. "She loves you," murmurs Lucille, just aloud. He lifts his eyes now and looks at her dumbly for an instant, then, rising abruptly, walks away.

"Ils des beaux yeux, mon Dieu!" she thinks, with a thrill of wonder that Jeanne should have had the courage to refuse him anything in the days when they were young together. He comes back presently. "My child," he says, very gently, "do not try to make me believe that, unless you are very sure, for if I once believe it again, I—"

"If there were, monsieur, I should never have proposed my plot," she replies, with dignity. "It is because I have watched you all these weeks, and know that your love is worthy of my sister, that I trust you. But it is not with one's heart that one pretends. *Enfin*, it is with you to consent or decline."

"Decline!" he echoes, with a passion none the less intense for its quietness. "Does a dying man decline his last chance of life, however desperate it may be?" The next week is full of bitter surprises to the proud and patient woman, whose pathetic clinging to her new-found peace Lucille so well understands. Though it is long since she has permitted herself to remember anything of the lover of her youth except his jealousy, she has believed in his faithfulness as utterly as she believed in his love, and when she receives De Palissier's note asking the consent of his old friend to his love for her sister, the pain she feels bewilders and dismays her. With a smile whose cynicism is as much for herself as for him, she gives the note to Lucille, expecting an instant rejection of the man whose motive in pursuing them she had both so misunderstood. But with a gay laugh, "Then my sympathy has been without cause," the girl cries. "By all means let him come, my Jeanne. He cannot wound you, who have long ago ceased to regret him; but he is the best *parti* in Paris, and *trou valet homme* for his age."

It is quite true there can be no objection to the wealthy and distinguished Marquis de Palissier if Lucille is willing—none but the pain at her heart which she is ashamed even to confess to herself. So a note is written fixing an hour for his first visit, and Madame de Miramon prepares herself to meet the man whom she last saw alone in all the passionate anguish of a lover's quarrel. Is this wild flutter in her throat a sign of the peace she has resolved to possess? Thank God! she can at least promise herself that whatever she may suffer, neither he nor Lucille shall grieve it. There is a sound of wheels in the courtyard, and she rises, with a hasty glance at her fair reflection in a mirror. "His old friend!" she murmurs, scornfully. "I dare say I look an old woman beside Lucille." Then she turns with a look of graceful welcome for the door is thrown open, and a servant announces: "M. de Marquis de Palissier."

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to receive as my sister's suitor the old friend of whom the world tells me such noble things." She utters her little speech as naturally as though she had not rehearsed it a dozen times, and holds out her pretty hand to him. Her surprise he does not take it. How should she guess that he dares not trust himself to touch calmly the hand he would have risked his life to kiss any time these ten years? "You are too good, madame," he replies, very low; and she reflects that he is of course a little embarrassed. "I am afraid you had much to forgive in those days so long ago, but time, I trust, has changed me."

"It would be sad indeed if time did not give us wisdom and coldness in exchange for all it takes from us," she says, with a quick thrill of pain that he should speak of ten years as if it were an eternity. "Not coldness," he exclaimed, coming nearer, and looking at her with eyes that make her feel a girl again. "If you could see my heart, you—" "May I enter, my sister?" asks the gay voice of Lucille, as she appears from behind the portiere at so fortunate a moment for the success of her plot that it is to be feared she had been oversteering. De Palissier turns at once and presses her hand to his lips. "Mademoiselle," he says, tenderly, "I am at your feet."

There is an instant pause between the conspirators, and while De Palissier's eyes wistfully follow Madame de Miramon, Lucille seizes her opportunity with a promptness that would have done credit to a Richelieu or a Talleyrand, or any other prince of schemers. "Courage, monsieur," she murmurs. "She has been cold to me ever since your note came. You would make a charming *jeune premier* at the Francais, only when you say anything very tender, do remember to look at me instead of Jeanne." And she breaks into a laugh so utterly amused that he presently laughs too, and the sound of their mirth causes an odd blot in the poor chaperon's writing. A month has dragged by, wretchedly enough both to the conspirators and their victim, and, like all things earthly, has come to an end at last. Even Lucille's energy could not keep De Palissier in his role if he did not believe that in surrendering it he must give up the bitter-sweet of Jeanne's daily presence, which, even in its supreme indifference, has become the one charm of life to him. Madame de Miramon and her sister are spending a week at her villa near Paris, and De Palissier, who is to accompany them on a riding party, has arrived a little late, and finds both sisters already in the courtyard, with some horses and grooms, when he enters. Lucille comes to him at once as he mounts, with a look of alarm instead of her usual coquetry. "Do not let Jeanne ride Etolite," she says, anxiously. "She has thrown Guillaume this morning."

A PRINCESS OF ROMANCE.

The Story of the Widow of the Last Elector of Hesse.

The London Telegraph says: Of the strange life story that may be gleaned from that portion of the "Almanach de Gotha" dealing with dynastic and personal facts, few are more romantic than that which has just been concluded by the demise of Gertrude von Hanau, the widow of the last elector of Hesse. Her titular description, taken from the German civilstands-register, or official obituary record, is in itself the skeleton of a three-volume novel. It runs as follows: "Gertrude, Princess of Hanau, Countess of Schaumburg, nee Falkenstein, divorcee Lehmann."

This interesting personage, who died a short time ago at Prague, in her seventy-seventh year, was the daughter of a well-to-do wine merchant established at Bonn about the commencement of the present century. Endowed by nature with extraordinary personal attractions, she had several offers of marriage while still in her teens, and bestowed her hand, some fifty-five years ago, upon a young Prussian cavalryman called Lehmann, then serving in the Seventh Lancers, a regiment quartered at Marienwerder, in West Prussia. Shortly after her union to this person she paid a visit to her parents in her native town, and during her stay with them made the acquaintance of Frederick William, electoral prince of Hesse and a captain of Prussian cavalry in garrison at Bonn. The young officer, who had quitted his father's court in consequence of a quarrel with the reigning elector's "friend," Countess Reichenbach, and was, oddly enough, notorious for his disapproval of princely peccadilloes, fell desperately in love with "Mrs. Captain Lehmann," and soon proposed to make practical recantation of his high principles in her favor, by carrying her off from her husband. The fair Gertrude, however, promptly gave him to understand that her views were exclusively matrimonial. She was, indeed, already a wife, but suggested to his serene highness to substitute a divorce suit against his wife upon the plea of "incompatibility of temperament," and as soon as the degree of *separation* had been pronounced, Gertrude Falkenstein, ex-Lehmann, was led to the altar by her "all-serenest" suitor, who a few months later conferred upon her the title of Countess von Schaumburg. The wedding took place in the autumn of 1831, the year in which popular discontent with the elector William's regime in Hesse culminated in the resignation of the elector to nominate his son, Frederick William, as his successor. It was a step which practically amounted to his abdication in favor of Frederick William. Frau von Schaumburg, therefore, at that time in the zenith of her beauty—had not long to wait for the position and power to which she had aspired when she resolved to part from the husband of her girlhood's choice, who, by the way, had been compelled to throw up his commission in the Prussian service by his brother officers, and vanished into dishonorable obscurity with the price of his infamy. When she took up her abode, however, in the Hessians' capital her new mother-in-law, the electress—an aunt of the present German emperor—refused to sit in the same box with her at the court theatre, whereupon Frederick William gave orders that his mother should thenceforth not be admitted to that place of entertainment. Toward the end of the year the aged electress, ignoring her son's prohibition, paid a visit to the theatre one evening, and was enthusiastically cheered by the audience upon her appearance in a private box. This demonstration was continued in the streets when she left the house, and led to the populace being charged by the elector's brother-in-law, the Hessians never forgave their elector for giving this barbarous order. By causing his subjects to be ridden and cut down for cheering his own mother—a venerable and deeply respected princess—Frederick William utterly destroyed his popularity in the realm of his ancestors. Between 1831 and 1850 Countess Schaumburg bore her husband seven sons and two daughters. Early in the latter year she was created Princess of Hanau by the emperor of Austria. On the elector's death in 1875 she inherited the whole of his enormous fortune, invested in state securities and railway stock, which will be divided among her eight surviving children, the youngest of whom is a lieutenant in the Fourth regiment of Austrian lancers.

Playing for Their Fingers.

The Malays have at all times been addicted to gambling. In those days, in Ceylon, they would "play away the ends of their fingers" over the draught-board. They would sit down with a fire burning, whereon was set a pot of walnut or sesame oil, while beside it lay a small hatchet with an exceedingly sharp edge. The loser placed his hand upon a stone, and the winner chopped off a joint, when the mutilated finger was plunged into the boiling oil and thereby cauterized. Some men, fond of the game, but unskillful or unlucky, had every finger shorn of its tip.

Coronations.

The present czar of Russia, after having announced that his coronation would take place with great pomp at Moscow, in the middle of August, suddenly postponed the ceremony to an indefinite period. Several reasons were alleged for this singular decision. It was said that the health of the czarina was such as to make it necessary to postpone it. It was declared that the czar was unwilling to mark the occasion with concessions as to Russian land, which the peasants expected and demanded. Finally it was gravely whispered that the czar feared to be crowned, lest such an event would give the nihilists an opportunity to attempt his life. The latter surmise is a very likely one. It is known that the authorities of Moscow have plainly told the czar that if he was crowned in that city they could not answer for the preservation of order or for his personal safety. Preparations to attempt the czar's life have been detected in the ancient capital of Muscovy; and more than one plot to murder him on the day of coronation has been unearthed. It may be that the Czar Alexander III. will never be crowned. But this is merely the omission of a tradition, but after all, an empty ceremony. It does not add at all to a monarch's authority to rule to be crowned. It is merely a matter of historic pomp and pageantry; it confers no new right or prerogative. Many sovereigns have reigned through long periods and have died uncrowned.

Coronation is, indeed, a very ancient as well as a very imposing rite. It is known, for instance, that Solomon was crowned with great display; and it is probable that the Assyrian and Egyptian kings were all crowned. Coronation, too, in almost every country and period has been a sacred as well as a political ceremony. The head of the sovereign has been anointed with oil, which signifies his consecration to the service of God as well as of the state. The old Saxon kings of England were wont to be crowned, not at London, but in the ancient and august cathedral of Winchester, or in that lovely riverside town, Kingston-on-Thames. Since the time of the Norman kings, however, the sovereigns of England have always been crowned in Westminster Abbey; and since the time of Edward the First each sovereign has been crowned on the same throne, beneath which rests the "Stone of Destiny" brought from Scotland by the great Edward. It was formerly the custom in England to date the reign of a king from the day of his coronation, but of his accession, but of his coronation. Between these two events the coronation was called "Lord of England," not king, which title he only assumed after he had been duly crowned. This was the case both with Richard the Lion-Hearted and his brother John. Various reasons have served to cause from time to time the omission of the ceremony of coronation. It is said that Napoleon III. never dared to be crowned, for fear of some catastrophe similar to that which prevented the coronation of his grandfather, Napoleon I. had no such fear, and was crowned with great magnificence at Notre Dame. The ceremony of coronation is still kept up with much state and grandeur in nearly every monarchy in Christendom; but a king is just as much a king without it as with it. It is the oath which every sovereign takes at the moment of his accession which endows him with the right and the responsibility of ruling over his subjects.—*Youth's Companion.*

How the Chinese Make Dwarf Trees.

We have all known from childhood how the Chinese cramp their women's feet and so manage to make them keepers-at-home; but how they grow miniature pines and oaks in flower-pots for half a century has always been much of a secret. They aim first and last at the seat of vigorous growth, endeavoring to weaken it as much as may be consistent with the preservation of life. Take a young plant—say a seedling or cutting of cedar—when only two or three inches high, cut off its tap-root as soon as it has other rootlets to live upon, and replant it in an earthen pot or pan. The end of the tap-root is generally made to rest on a stone within it. Alluvial clay is then put into the pot, much of it in bits the size of beans, and just enough in kind and quantity to furnish a scanty nourishment to the plant. Water enough is given to keep it in growth, but not enough to excite a vigorous habit. So, likewise, in the application of light and heat. As the Chinese pride themselves on the shape of their miniature trees, they use strings, wires and pegs and various other mechanical contrivances to promote symmetry of habit or to fashion their pots into odd, fancy figures.

Jefferson's Monument.

The new monument granted by Congress to mark the grave of Thomas Jefferson, at Monticello, Va., will be shaped in accordance with a memorandum found among the papers of the deceased. It will consist of a cubical die of granite four feet square, on which is set a granite obelisk about eleven feet in height, the whole standing on a granite platform, composed of two stone steps, each nine inches in height. The height of the monument will be eighteen feet. The following inscription, in sunken letters, will be put upon the obelisk:

The Dead.

The dead alone are great,
While heavenly plants abide on earth;
Their soil is one of dewless dew,
But when they die a mourning shower
Comes down and makes their memories
flower
With odors sweet, though late.
The dead alone are dear.
When they are here strange shadows fall
From our own forms and darken all;
But when they leave us all the shade
Is round our own sad footsteps made;
And they alone are dear.
The dead alone are best.
When they are here clouds make their day,
And bitter snow-falls nip their May;
But when their temperate time is done
The light and head of Heaven's iron sun
Brood on their land of rest.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

William Tell had an arrow escape.
Gum Arabic—the language talked
by a toothless pasha.
The bachelor's refrain—a lass! The maiden's refrain—a man.
If the mosquito would only stay to hum—but they do not; they stay to sting.
"Yes," said a farmer, "barbed wire fences are expensive, but the hired man doesn't stop and rest every time he has to climb it."
A woman who waits for her husband to return from the lodge has an object in view, and more than likely another in hand.
Stoves are supposed to be a somewhat modern invention, but the Egyptians were warmed by Alexander the Great B. C. 300.
"They tell me you have had some money left you," said Brown. "Yes," replied Fogg, sadly, "it left me long ago."
"Prisoner, this is the third time this year that you have appeared before this court. What has brought you here now, eh?" "The police, sir!"

This bit of conversation, which we find in an exchange, is both timely and expressive: "I think this ice cream tastes a little cool," said he. "Mine tastes bulky," said she.
A lad who had been bathing when one of his shoes rolled down the rock and disappeared in the water. In attempting to rescue it he lost the other one also, whereupon contemplating his feet with a most melancholy expression, he apostrophized: "Well, you're a nice pair of orphans, ain't you?"
Their house in the country was raised a few feet from the ground, and Tommy, to escape a well-deserved whipping, ran from his mother and crept under the house. Presently the father came home, and hearing where the boy had taken refuge, crept under to bring him out. As he approached on his hands and knees, Tommy asked: "Is she after you, too?"

A French photographer boasts of having been able to catch the impression of a flying bird. There is nothing at all wonderful about that. A man who has no scientific attainments whatever, without any effort on his part, caught the impression of a flying bat. It was a very clear impression. He was offering a resolution at a ward meeting when the accident occurred.
"Guess we're all right now!" puffed the old gentleman as, mopping the perspiration from his forehead, he reached the steambath landing with his wife, just in time to be too late; "guess we're all right!" "Guess we're all right, do you?" rejoined she, catching a glimpse of the steamer as it appeared around a bend in the river; "guess we're all right! Well, I guess we're all left." And so they were.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE ESTHETIC YOUNG LADY.
There was a fair maid named Louise,
Who for her hair-work, painted her face;
The room was quite big,
Yet she had a very clear complexion.
This woman, aesthetic Louise,
But alas! for the lady Louise—
Who wore at the end of her fingers—
The style of that day.
Had long passed away.
Ere she'd come to the end of her frizet!
So, in time, to the group at her knees
(The grandchildren whom she would please)
She said: "Twill improve it,
I'm sure to remove it."
And that was the end of her frizet!
—*Joel Stacy, in St. Nicholas.*

Progeny in Whose Veins Flows the Blood of the Five Races.

"Now, if I told you the cold fact that I saw human beings in whose veins flow the blood of all five races into which mankind is divided, you wouldn't believe it, would you? And you would say I never carried a little hatchet, using mild language wouldn't you?" said a well-known historic gentleman, just returned from the Sandwich Islands, to a reporter.
"No, I would not believe it," was the frank reply.
"Well, here's the case, and it is a genuine one: The present Mrs. Brown, of Honolulu, was born in the Hawaiian kingdom. Her father was part negro and part American Indian, and her mother a native Hawaiian woman. In Mrs. Brown's veins, therefore, flowed the blood of three races—the negro, the Indian and the Malay. So far so good, eh? Mrs. Brown's first daughter by that woman, and a daughter by that marriage, now the wife of the Rev. Dr. Lyman, a clergyman at Hilo, united in her veins the blood of four races—the yellow or Mongolian being added to her mother's mixed life blood. Now Mrs. Lyman is the mother of children by a Caucasian father, and doesn't that make these innocent little ones carry a very mixed kind of blood, uniting, so to speak, all the colors—white, black, red, yellow and brown?"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*
In 1870 the value of all the men's clothing manufactured in the United States was \$147,000,000. In 1880 \$125,000,000 worth was made in the five cities of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston and Cincinnati.

On the die will be inscribed:

Born April 4, 1744, O. S. Died July 4, 1826.
These words were penned by the great statesman for his epitaph.