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JOHN G. HALL,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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SELECTED POETRY.

A Sister's Appeal.

AIR—Just Before the Battle Mother.

Don't go near the bar room, brother,
Listen to a sister's prayer,
Do not yield to its temptation,
Sin and death are lurking there.
Oh! do not heed the gilded palace,
'Tis a mask the tempter wears,
And beneath it frowns destruction—
It will meet you unawares.

CHORUS.

Don't go near the bar room, brother,
Listen to a sister's prayer,
Do not yield to its temptation—
Sin and death are lurking there.

Don't go near the bar room, brother,
Shun it as an evil place;
It will bring you desolation,
Cover you with deep disgrace.
Oh, friends and kindred all around you,
Counsel you to pass it by,
And the pleadings of a sister,
Strengthen you once more to try.

Don't go near the bar room, brother,
Touch not, taste not of the wine;
There is poison in its contact—
Do not worship at its shrine.
Yes! join the grand "tee-total army,"
Shun the bar room and the cup—
Then we'll work and wait together,
'Till the monster shall give up.

SELECT STORY.

[From the Weekly Press.]
CHERISHED WRONGS.

Joshua Harold was evidently a firm believer in the proverb, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." He was brutal, not only to his children, but also to his wife—a meek looking creature, who seemed to be troubled with a load of grief almost too much for her to bear. The family consisted of three children, two girls and a boy; the latter was fourteen years of age, and the eldest of the three. From his childhood he never knew of having received a single kind word from his father. Angry words and blows were his portion, and he dreaded the approach of the harsh man, not knowing whether he would not receive either an angry word or a blow, for frequently he got one or the other without having deserved either.

One day after the father had inflicted an unusually severe beating on his son, he made use of the following strange words:

"If you were my son, I'd take the hide off your back!"

"Your son!" queried Richard, the boy, addressing himself more to his mother, who sat pale and trembling in the corner.

"Yes, if I had a boy like you, I'd break or kill him," said Harold fiercely.

"Mother," said the boy "am I your son?"

"Yes," was the trembling reply, as she glanced timidly towards her husband and found his evil eye fixed menacingly upon her.

"Is that man not my father?" asked he, his form rising to its full height, and glancing at Harold with scorn and defiance.

"He admitted that he was not," replied she, as if fearful of committing an act which would bring her husband's anger upon her own devoted head.

"But tell me, mother," urged the boy, "do you know it to be as he intimated?"

"Yes," was her low reply, as she bowed her head.

"Who, then, is my father?" demanded Richard.

"I cannot tell you," moaned she.

"Am I a thing of shame?" asked he bitterly.

"No, no," was the quick response, as she raised her face and glanced fondly at her boy, "you are of honorable birth; if there is any shame connected with it, it rests solely with your poor heart-broken mother."

"Enough of this sentimentality," rudely interposed the brute; "woman, leave the room; and as for you, sir, just mind your business or I'll dress you off better yet than what I have just done."

"Will you, indeed?" was the low rejoinder.

"I have received the last flogging from you, Joshua Harold; and mark my words, if ever you dare again lay violent hands on me I'll strike you down as I would a mad cur!"

Harold stood in dumb surprise as he listened to those words. Was this the once crushing boy who took the chastisements like a dog? Could he believe his eyes and ears at such an unusual sight and such unexpected words?

This rendered the boy frantic. To see his beloved mother, ever kind to him, treated like a beast, was more than he could endure. Seizing a chair he sprang towards the brutal man, and the next moment Harold lay crushed upon the floor!

Thinking him dead, Richard hastily entered the room where his mother was; then, barring the door, he embraced her, bid her farewell, after promising to write to her; then left the house and town with all the speed he was master of.

But Joshua Harold was not killed; he was only stunned, and, save a bruised head and a broken arm, he escaped serious injury. He swore dire vengeance on the boy should he ever return; but days, weeks and months passed, and Richard returned not.

Through the medium of a neighbor, Mrs. Harold received occasional tidings from her boy, who was apprehensive that his letters would not reach her, but fell into Harold's hands should he write direct to her, Richard was well, and was cabin-boy on board a merchant vessel plying between New York and Charleston, South Carolina.

Finally, he wrote that he had engaged himself as clerk on board a steamer to cross the Atlantic, and he would write to her when he reached England. "Unknowingly he will tread the shores of his native land," murmured Mrs. Harold. "Fate surely has put the thought into his head, and he may be only fulfilling his destiny, as I am mine, here—an exile from my native soil."

Mrs. Harold was most unhappy; her husband never treated her with the respect due to a woman or a wife. He seemed to take a special delight in wounding her feelings, and never missed an opportunity to do so. But since the day when Richard administered to him the chastisement he so richly merited, the brutal man began a systematic species of tyranny towards his wife which soon bore its results. Mrs. Harold, her spirit already broken by years of cruelty, began to yield under the harsh treatment; her health became more fragile daily, until she finally took to her bed. Harold rather rejoiced than grieved at this, and, though he did not refuse her medical aid, he was as harsh to her as ever. It was evident that he desired her death—a fact the poor woman seemed sadly aware of.

Among the neighbors who visited her was Mrs. Wilbank, a childless widow who resided but a few doors below. This lady was the person who received Richard's letters, which she afterwards placed in his mother's hands for perusal.

Mrs. Wilbank sat by the invalid's bedside one evening. Harold had gone out, and the two women were alone.

"Mrs. Wilbank," said the sufferer, "now that we are alone, I have a secret to entrust you with—a secret I dare not divulge in my life; but after my death, you will learn all. Here is a small key; it fits a desk you see in that corner; the desk is my own, with all it contains. Knowing the love you bare my son, I can safely place in your care a package, to be kept until my boy returns. A letter addressed to you is also within, which you may read when I am under the sod. In the back of the desk you will see a black spot like an ink blot; press that hard, and a secret packet will be revealed; within the opening you will find the package. Follow its written instructions, and thus prove yourself the sincere friend I always took you to be. Into whose hands it should accidentally fall, and that person fails to do as I directed, shall feel my curse throughout life."

Mrs. Wilbank faithfully promised to do all she requested, and the speaker had no fear that she would prove faithless.

The request was made none too soon, for Mrs. Harold expired two hours later! She breathed her last in the presence of him who had been the bane of her life. No one else was present.

Scarcely had her spirit fled when Joshua Harold locked the door, and with catlike tread crept to the desk aforementioned. A key—the very counterpart to that in the possession of Mrs. Wilbank was quietly inserted into the lock and he raised the lid. Taking out the various articles, Harold searched for and found the black spot; pressing it, he discovered the opening and from thence took a sealed package, after which he closed the secret slide, replaced the articles in the desk and locked it; then seating himself at the table, he unhesitatingly broke the seal and read the contents of the documents within.

He had overheard all that passed between his wife and her friend, and thus became master of the position. Besides the papers, the package contained money to the amount of one thousand dollars; two hundred Mrs. Wilbank was to retain for her own use, the remainder she was directed to keep in trust for Richard.

Harold's face grew purple with passion, as he read the words traced by the

hands of his wife; a secret which she had sworn to keep was here revealed, intended for the eye of a woman he had long looked upon with admiration, and whom in the event of his wife's death, he had resolved to take for his second wife. But all his hopes in that quarter would have been forever crushed, and instead of favor he would have met with scorn and loathing, had these lines ever reached the eyes of Mrs. Wilbank!

"How fortunate that I overheard them," muttered he, crushing the paper in his hand. "What an escape! Surely fate has decreed it so. So Mrs. Harold," continued he, fiercely glancing at the bed, as though the inanimate clay could hear his words. "So you would fain evade the oath I made you take, by revealing our secret in writing? But it would have been strange, indeed, if you who were ever my slave in life, should thus triumph over me in death. Nay, I am the victor as ever, and thus do I forever obliterate what you have so carefully penned."

He placed the elaborately written documents on the burning coal in the stove and in a moment they were consumed! The money he placed in a drawer of a desk of his own, and then wrote a few sheets of foolscap, full of what purport to have been written by his wife. This he placed, neatly folded, in the package; then resealing it, he returned it to its secret hiding place, and replacing all the articles as he found them, he locked the desk and threw the key into the stove.

"Now, Mrs. Wilbank," muttered he, "you may read all! But I'm afraid there will be a far different tale revealed to you than what my English wife intended. I have managed to throw all the blame of our unhappy marriage upon herself, which will go far to further my suit with the pretty widow. I do not think Richard will ever trouble me again with his presence; if he should do so, I shall settle that little matter with him in a manner not very agreeable to him."

Half an hour later the heartless man announced to his children the death of their mother, after which he left the house to summon some of the neighbors.

Mrs. Harold was laid in the tomb, and Mrs. Wilbank obtained possession of the desk. Harold falsely told her that just previous to her death, Mrs. Harold had made him promise to give it to Mrs. Wilbank, and he did so.

What the widow read in the lines addressed to her by the deceased, (as she believed) had a tendency to lessen her esteem for the poor woman and increase her respect for the base hypocrite. She had frequently noticed that Harold evidently admired her, and her heart was quite susceptible; nor had she vowed to remain a widow, dearly as she had loved her husband.

Months flew by, and Harold became a frequent visitor at the house of Mrs. Wilbank. The gossips winked and whispered; they knew what would be the end of all this; at least so some of them said, and doubtless all believed that a wedding was inevitable.

But "time works wonders," is a true saying, and, in the present case, it proved no exception. Harold suddenly ceased visiting the widow, and the gossips were sorely perplexed as to the cause of it. Vain were their endeavors to ascertain why Joshua Harold quit visiting Mrs. Wilbank. They made direct inquiries when indirect ones failed, but all to no purpose. The mystery remained a mystery, though all who concerned themselves about the matter were positive that the widow, innocent though she appeared, could unravel it were she so inclined.

Mrs. Wilbank kept a small, though well stocked trimming store; Harold did the same; in fact the two shops had always displayed an innocent rivalry, while Mrs. Harold lived, and since the poor woman's death it was whispered that Harold sought the hand of Mrs. Wilbank, solely in order to remove the competition, and by being united to her, the two stores, by combination, would secure the monopoly of the town.

Possibly such were his thoughts, but he was evidently disappointed in bringing about such a result, and the suspicion that the widow rejected him, was made manifest by the fact that in a week or two after he ceased his visits there he reduced the prices of his goods to such a low figure that he drew away many of Mrs. Wilbank's customers, and those who continued to patronize her predicted her utter ruin within a year, if Harold persisted in the course he was pursuing.

At first the widow felt annoyed at the fact so pointedly brought to her notice; but, relying on the patronage of those who viewed Harold's proceedings in the right light, she continued to sell her wares at the usual price.

However, her custom diminished daily, and bankruptcy certainly stared her in the face, unless she reduced her prices to a standard with those of her avowed rival, if not enemy.

Several months elapsed, and the citizens were one morning astonished to see

a grand display of goods in the window and before the doors of Mrs. Wilbank, with prices attached to the crowds who hurriedly drew away the goods which formerly flocked to the store of Harold. The latter was no less surprised than indignant; though that he should be indignant was rather strange, for had he not inaugurated the "war of prices."

In less than a week Harold had marked his goods still lower than those of his enterprising rival, fully expecting to thus effectually crush her, and compel her to abandon the unequal contest, as he styled it. But if he meant that his rival was the party who was unequal in the contest, he was destined to be greatly mistaken, for to the surprise of the whole town, as well as of himself, Mrs. Wilbank not only reduced her goods to a level with his prices, but actually had a new stock forwarded to her from one of the most prominent establishments in Philadelphia, all of which she offered at the prices Harold asked for his old stock.

The unhappy rivalry was checked at this stage. Harold was obliged to succumb; he had almost ruined himself in the unmanly endeavor to effect that of another. He put the former standard prices on his goods, supposing his successful rival would follow his example. But in this he was disappointed. The Mrs. Wilbank did raise the prices, she still sold her goods lower than Harold. She sold at a slight advance of first cost, so she said, and hoped to secure the patronage of the town when the citizens would learn that her prices were no higher than those of Philadelphia. This assertion was ascertained to be a literal fact, and the consequence was that she secured the balance of power in her hand, and held it, too. Harold was completely defeated, though he would not acknowledge it.

Months flew by, and one night the store of Mrs. Wilbank was burned to the ground. Some of the citizens secretly suspected it to be the work of Harold; but, as there was no evidence to warrant such a charge, none accused him of it, though he was base enough for such a dastardly deed. However, contrary to the fears of her friends, Mrs. Wilbank was not at all depressed in spirits. She made arrangements with a neighbor to open a shop in his residence, and, in a few weeks, a richer display of goods than ever was presented to the astonished gaze of the citizens.

Harold was heard to say that he believed the evil one aided her, or that she must have had a large sum of money in bank, to enable her to recover so soon from her misfortune. Part of the mystery was made clear by the fact that both her property and goods had been fully insured; hence no loss had been sustained by her, save the temporary suspension of business occasioned by the fire.

A new building, larger than the former, was in course of erection in a short time, and ere many months had expired Mrs. Wilbank was established in her new store, which was stocked with goods of every description pertaining to the dry goods profession. Harold's store dwindled into a "thread and needle shop," when compared with the "new store," and every day that saw the prosperity of the widow witnessed the decline of Joshua Harold. Doubtless, he saw the folly he had been guilty of when too late, and in chewing the cud of better reflection, he severely condemned his more fortunate rival, yet scarcely once thought that this strange state of affairs had mostly been brought about by his own acts.

It is now time to explain how a woman, who was supposed to be only a remove or two above dependence, could compete so successfully with so determined and persevering a rival as Joshua Harold had proved himself.

Some years before our story opened Harold was traveling in Europe. He became intimate with a young married lady named Downe. Her husband was absent from home at the time, and Harold, being a handsome young fellow, with fascinating address, contrived to entice her from her home, taking her only child, a boy, with her. They came to America, and in the meantime were informed of the death of Chas. Downe, her husband. He died of grief, so the statement said.

Richard Harold, or as his real name was, Richard Downe, met his uncle, Edward Downe, in Liverpool, whence he intended to embark for the New World, in search of the boy, who, in the meantime had become heir to an earldom and immense estates. Edward Downe, being an upright person, and declining to appropriate the wealth and title of another while a hope remained of his existence, was delighted to meet with our hero, whom he recognized by his strong resemblance to his (Richard's) father. Explanations followed, and Richard Harold became Earl of Dedham.

It was about the time he came into possession of his vast wealth that he received the intelligence of his tyrant's (Harold's) spiteful rivalry against Mrs. Wilbank. Richard had written to her,

exposing Harold's villainy, hence her sudden dismissal of her hitherto welcome suitor. When Richard learned that the brutal man was still disposed to work evil by attempting to ruin Mrs. Wilbank financially, through petty spite, he at once requested her to accept of a draft for a thousand dollars, which would enable her to replenish her stock of goods until his return to America, which would be within six months.

Richard reached — at dusk, and, grown to manhood, he was not recognized by the few who saw him and had known him a few years before. The meeting between him and his mother's best friend was most affectionate and tender, and the young man wept tears of sorrow for his loved, though criminal mother.

But while shedding tears over the grave of his mother, he vowed eternal enmity to her destroyer. Three months after his return to the town where he passed his boyhood, he had the satisfaction of seeing his former tyrant cowering under the invisible lash. Mrs. Wilbank, directed by the hand of her young friend, prospered daily, while Harold began to show signs of poverty.

About this time the fire alluded to occurred, and Harold for a brief period seemed to regain his former patronage; but this respite was short, his inveterate, though invisible foe had his eye on him. Not until the villain was crushed to the very earth would the young man reveal himself; and that period was fast approaching.

Harold disposed of his small stock of goods and vacated the premises where he once enjoyed prosperity. He left, not with a chastened spirit, but with evil in his heart; for now, in order to support himself he would be obliged to resort to daily labor. This was very galling to his pride, but he had no other alternative. His children had both left him long since, for he was a cruel father. The elder married and the other was employed as a domestic in a neighboring town.

One day, while working at digging a cellar with other laborers, he saw a form approaching which caused the blood to rush to his temples in one tumultuous flood. Well did he know that face and figure; they were those of the boy he had so greatly wronged in years now gone. He glanced up once more, and Richard stood within a few yards from where he was digging! With bowed head he toiled on, hoping thus to avoid the gaze of the young man, and probably evade being spoken to. He might have set his mind at rest on one point. Richard did not intend to address the man; that would only, probably end in a quarrel. He was fully satisfied to see his former taskmaster brought to so low a depth, and to know that Joshua Harold recognized him was ample revenge for the time. For full half an hour he stood there, watching Harold at his manual toil, and who can tell the torture the cruel man endured during that period?

One week later Richard left for England. The splendid edifice and stock of goods which had been his were transferred to Mrs. Wilbank, who was now reputed the wealthiest widow in the county.

Several days after the departure of Richard Downe, Joshua Harold was found dead in bed; in his hands he grasped a letter, which when released from his stiffened fingers, revealed much which had hitherto been a mystery to the citizens of —. The letter was from Richard, and in it he made known to Harold to what extent he had been the cause of his (Harold's) present degrading position. Probably the revelation caused congestion of the brain; and thus died a man whose death may be attributed to the wrongs he had inflicted on a boy, who, after having grown to manhood, remembered them against him.

The moral herein to be learned is in the retribution which, in some shape, almost inevitably results from the infliction of unnecessary punishment on a child, for children grow up to be men and women, and many a tyrant will be made to suffer the vengeance of Cherished Wrongs.

J. L. Z.

YOUNG AMERICA WONDER—Wonder why mamma keeps Bridget at home from church to work all day, and then says it is wicked for me to build my rabbit hutch on Sunday. Wonder why our minister bought that pretty cane with the yellow lion's head on the top, and then asked me for my cent to put in the missionary box? Don't I want a jewsharp just as well as he wanted a cane? Wonder what makes papa tell such nice stories to visitors, about his hiding the master's ratten when he went to school, and about his running away from the school-mistress when she was going to whip him, and then shut me up all day in a dark room because I tried once to be as smart as he was? Oh, dear! there are lots of things I want to know. How I wish I was a man!

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A GOOD BUBLESQUE.

Dan Rice before the Reconstruction Committee

The Committee on Reconstruction still persists in suppressing the most important testimony elicited before it.— Dan Rice has recently been on a circus tour through the lately rebellious States, and has had opportunities such as are afforded to few for observing the condition of the Southern people as to loyalty. His testimony will be found to show the true feeling that exists in the South when the thin crust of pretended loyalty is melted away and true character is revealed as under the exhilarating influence of a menagerie, when man stands in the presence of the untamed forces of nature, separated only therefrom by the thin partition of an iron cage. Mr. Rice being duly sworn, testified thus:

Q.—You have an unruly animal, known as a pet mule, with your circus, have you not?

A.—I have.

Q.—What are the idiosyncracies of that beast?

A.—He is much given to kicking.

Q.—It is almost impossible to ride him, is it not?

A.—It is. I generally offer \$25 to any man who will ride him round the ring.

Q.—On your late visit to the South, did you receive any offers to ride that mule?

A.—I did.

Q.—State what occurred on those occasions?

A.—In Richmond, a discharged Confederate soldier attempted to ride him, but was immediately thrown flat on his back.

Q.—What did the Confederate soldier say to this?

A.—He said the mule was a d—d Yankee cuss?

Q.—Did any others make the attempt?

A.—Another of Lee's veterans tried to ride him and succeeded.

Q.—What did he say?

A.—He said, after he had dismounted, that if he'd had a regiment o' the n'ere cavalry, he'd have whipped Kilpat- rick all to smash; and that in the next war against the Yankees, he intended to raise a brigade of them.

Cross-examined by Mr. Stevens.

Q.—Is that a he mule, or a she mule?

A.—It's a he mule.

Q.—You have monkeys in your show, have you not?

A.—I have.

Q.—Have you ever heard any disloyal remarks in relation to those monkeys?

A.—I can't say that I have.

Q.—Have you ever heard anything said in their presence?

A.—A couple of young ladies were one day standing in front of the cage, and I heard one of them say it looked like a Freedmen's Bureau.

Q.—How was the remark received?

A.—It created much laughter.

Q.—Were there any personal allusions made on that occasion?

A.—Some one in the crowd said, pointing to the orang-outang, "That's Sumner."

Q.—Did that please the bystanders?

A.—Very much.

Q.—Did you ever hear any observations about the bears?

A.—I heard it said once about a one-eyed bear that he looked like Ben Butler, and about a grizzly that it ought to be called Ben Wade.

Q.—Were the points of resemblance stated?

A.—They were not. The observation was made on the tout ensemble, with special reference, perhaps, to the ocular deformity in the case of the one-eyed animal.

Q.—Have you side-shows with your circus?

A.—I have.

Q.—State if you have ever heard disloyal remarks in relation to them?

A.—I believe I heard something of the kind once about Daniel in the lion's den.

Q.—State what it was.

A.—A young lady asked me which was Daniel and which was the lion.

Q.—What was your reply?

A.—I told her it was easy to distinguish Daniel from the lion, as the former wore a swallow-tail coat, and had a cotton umbrella under his arm.

Q.—What did she say?

A.—After looking into the cage, she said, very spitefully, that Daniel looked like a mean Yankee, and she wished the lion would chew him up. MACK.

At a hotel table at Meridian, Miss., a Union soldier rose from his seat and kindly waited upon a one armed Confederate soldier, who could not help himself very well. The attention was naturally and delicately paid and graciously received, and it made a decided impression upon the other guests.

Lemuel Cook, one of the last of the Revolutionary heroes, died a few days since at Clarendon, Orleans County, New York, aged one hundred and two years.