

'Well I don't think anybody can ever deceive me again on that day. Once in a lifetime is enough for any sensible person to be tricked on the first of April.'

There was quite a group of young folks, assembled to dance the old year out and the new year in. Mabel Hughes took precedence at most of the village gatherings, by right of acknowledged belle, and her father's large hospitable house was the rendezvous on the present occasion.

As she now made her speech she looked full in the face of the supposed perpetrator of the last year's joke, and was answered by a pair of sunny frank eyes, that looked fully equal to fun of any sort.

'I can deceive you again,' he declared in answer to her implied challenge. 'You have no idea how pretty you looked when you curled up your nose and puckered your lips over that berry.'

'Why, where were you?'

'In the hall enjoying the joke.'

'Well make the most of the recollection, for you will never see me in a like scrape again.'

'Until next April.'

'Never!'

'We'll see! I'll take the next three months to invent something absolutely impenetrable.'

'I defy you.'

'Hark!'

'Slowly the peal of bells from the neighboring church sounded the midnight hour. As the first stroke fell upon the air, the group rose to their feet, joined hands, in a ring, and stood motionless till the last echo died away.'

'So John Martyn will play me another trick this year,' thought Mabel, the next morning, as she stood before the glass twisting the bright curls round her fingers.

For John Martyn was going into the world to seek his fortune. One year ago he had given to home, though alone in his cottage a brotherless orphan. He had not intended to stay so long, but there was a magnetism in Mabel Hughes dark eyes that bound him to the village, until the admiration deepened into sincere, earnest love, and then the conviction grew that he must win wealth before he dared to tell his passion.

Mr. Hughes was wealthy, a lawyer in good practice, but there were nine children in the luxurious home, and the estate would give but a moderate competency to each one.

John Martyn was not the man to woo Mabel from her home, unless he could offer at least comfort in his own, and he had drained his purse the year following his return from college. Somewhere in Texas he had an uncle who had written to him that he had an opening for an enterprising young man, as a stock raiser.

'I am very old,' so the letter ran, 'and very poor, so you must not come out here with any idea of finding wealth made to your hand. You will have to work hard—very hard, but if you are not afraid of that, I will give you a start drawn from experience, and a shake-down in my ranches.'

So he had written, and his nephew gladly accepted the invitation. He had remained to see the New Year in, but Mabel knew on that day his call on that day would be to say farewell for months, years, perhaps—perhaps, she thought sadly, 'never to meet again.' She had never questioned her heart about John Martyn, content to take his gallant speeches, his deferential words, or, in other words his half saucy jokes, his laughing badinage for the amusement of the hour. But on that New Year's day she was restless, nervous, and excited, finding herself talking at random to her callers, saying yes where she should have said no, and listening intently for a footfall and voice that lingered away from her.

At last he came, timing his call to miss the morning visitors, and when the luncheon bell cleared the room of the family. Declining Mrs. Hughes' invitation to join them at the table, he kept Mabel for a few parting words. He did not bind her; he did not ask a return of his love; he only told her his prospects and hopes, and then said if he ever had a home to offer his bride, he should come to his native village to seek one. Very vague this, but Mabel looking into his dark earnest eyes, silently resolved that his bride should be waiting for him when he returned. Night found him speeding

# The Elk Advocate.

JOHN G. HALL, Proprietor.

JOHN F. MOORE, Publisher.

RIDGWAY, PENNA., JULY 25, 1867.

VOLUME SEVEN—NUMBER 20.

TERMS—1 50 PER ANNUM.

over the iron road to New York, on the long journey to Texas.

My little heroine spoke no word to any one of the hope in her heart. Some day, she thought, her secret fount of hope and happiness might be open to her friends but not now—not until words were given that made her blissful dream a certainty of joy.

John Martyn wrote a strange story. Upon his arrival in Texas he had found his uncle fast sinking under a fatal disease, partly the effect of starvation and exposure. In a miserable hut, with no bed but a blanket spread upon the mud floor, half clothed and half famished, the prematurely old man lay dying.

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ter. The foolish challenge of New Year's Eve had been crowded from his memory by the hurrying change of events, and, therefore the explanation of her silence did not occur to him. No, she did not love him; he had been foolish, blind, vain, to believe that all her gentle winning ways meant more than friendship. Summer heat was warning him from Texas, and, arranging his affairs, he left his uncle's grave, and the miserable hut, and started for a tour of the States, previous to an intended trip to Europe. He would travel and forget this boyish love and folly.

It was Christmas Eve, and Mrs. Greenway was to give a large party, to which all the upper crust of New York society were invited. Mrs. Greenway was to introduce her niece, and when an old friend requested permission to bring his son's college chum a young millionaire, on a flying visit to New York, and about to start for Europe, Mrs. Greenway graciously gave the requested permission.

So they met, Mabel was listlessly looking over the room full of strange faces, trying to feel the interest her aunt expected in her guests, when John Martyn entered the room.

'Who is that, Aunt Helen? How came he here?' she asked in an eager whisper.

'Where, my dear? Oh, that must be the gentleman Mr. Lee was telling me about. Quite a romantic story, and then she told Mabel what she had believed to be a cruel jest.

One part of the letter true. Was the rest so? The quick blood flashed through her veins with suffocating speed; her breath came in short gasps, but with nervous self-control she stood quiet. They came forward to greet the hostess, and as John turned from Mrs. Greenway to acknowledge the introduction to her niece, his eyes fell upon Mabel.

She did not pause to think whether it was forward or not. With both hands extended, her eyes lifted imploringly, her whole frame quivering with emotion, she said:—

'Oh, John, was it an April Joke?' And then the date of his letter flashed upon his memory. With quick tact he drew her hand through his arm and led her to the door.

'Where can we be alone?' he whispered, for she trembled violently, while the color was fading from her face with alarming rapidity.

'In the library. Come.'

Well, reader, you and I need not go too. When, in the early spring, John Martyn sailed for Europe, Mabel was by his side, a fair, sunny bride, and the April day that threatened to crush the happiness of two lives, will do to recall for an old woman's warning when silver threads creep in among her clustering curls.

RIDICULE the foolish changes in fashion of the ladies as much as they may, the masculine gender sometimes approach a degree of absurdity in their dress which is not far behind, if any. The present pattern of pantaloons is a fair example. Arrayed in the height of the style, with pants fitting tight to the legs, and coats reaching—well it is not polite to say where—some of our fancy men cut a figure that would make a capital illustration for a comic almanac. A kangaroo on stilts is the nearest similitude we can think of a present.

KISSING.—Josh Billings says there is "one cold, blue, lean kiss, that always makes him shiver to see. Two persons (or the female persuasion) who have witnessed a great many more younger and more pulpy daze, meet in sum public place, and not having saw each other for twenty-four hours, the kiss immediately—then the talk about the weather and the young man that preached yesterday, and then the kiss immediately, and the blush and lark at what she says to each other, and kiss immediately. That kind of kissing always put me in mind of two old flirts trying to strike fire."

BEAUTY.—Let me see a female possessing that beauty of a meek and modest deportment—of an eye that speaks intelligence and purity within—of the lips to speak no guile; let me see in her a kind and benevolent disposition, a heart that can sympathize with distress, and I never ask for the beauty that dwells in "ruby lips" or "flowing tresses," or "snowy hands," or the forty other ceteras upon which our poets have harped for so many ages. These fade when touched by the hand of time; but those ever enduring qualities of the heart shall outlive this reign and grow brighter and fresher as the ages of eternity roll away.

Congressmen Pomeroy and Judd were arrested and fined in Washington on the Fourth, for "shooting" firecrackers in the street.

A PARTISAN JUDICIARY. The Radical party of this State are fully committed in favor of a partisan judiciary. The seventh resolution adopted by their State Convention, which nominated Mr. Williams for a Judge of the Supreme Court, declares "that, warned by past misfortunes, we ask that the Supreme Court of the State be placed in harmony with the political opinions of the majority of the people," so that "it may become and remain a fit and faithful interpreter of the liberal spirit of the age, a bulwark of public faith, and an impartial and fearless exponent of the equal rights of man." This resolution has been endorsed and applauded by all the Radical papers of the State, and the Press of the 13th instant announced that "a Union State should have a Union Judiciary, and every Republican is called upon to contribute to this desirable end by voting in October next for Henry W. Williams, as Judge of the Supreme Court."

Now, what do the Radicals mean by this seventh resolution, and what is the import of this declaration that "a Union State should have a Union Judiciary?" The business of judges is to interpret the laws according to those well-known principles which underly and give security and stability to the whole structure of society. They are to be pure men, free from personal bias or political prejudices. They may and will have political opinions, but these opinions are never to influence their judgments or govern their actions in a party or personal direction. The Constitution of the State and nation, and the laws enacted by competent legislative bodies, are to be their rule of action. No man's cause is to be prejudiced because he may differ from the judge upon the bench, nor are laws to be looked at through misty atmosphere of party clamor and excitement. Before and in the eyes of the law all men of all political faiths, all religious beliefs, are equal, and in that attitude they must be viewed by a judge if justice is to hold a place upon the bench.

To this exposition of the character and duties of a judge the Radicals will not agree, and that disagreement furnishes an answer to the question propounded above. They are not only in favor of putting politicians upon the bench, but for pledging those politicians in advance to fashion all their legal opinions and decisions "in harmony with the political opinions" of the party by which they were elected. This is the position occupied by the Radical party in this State with reference to the Supreme Court and its Judges. Such a principle, if carried into effect, would turn the superior judicial tribunal of this, or any other State, into a star chamber, where political vengeance would be executed, and neither law, justice, nor equity be administered. All the judges would be heated and bigoted partisans, instead of calm-minded, independent citizens, guided by facts and the law; and life, property, and character would be held by the gossamer thread of popular opinion. Each shifting phase of political action would find its reflection in the judgments of the court. To-day the needs of politicians would drive them in one direction, and the court must follow. On the morrow a returning wave would obliterate the record, and cut a fresh channel across the liberties of the people, the security of property, and the sanctity of those ties which bind together civilized society. Life, liberty, and all other rights now surrounded by the safeguards of constitutional law, and protected by impartial judges, will, if the Radical idea is accepted, soon fall before the spirit of agrarianism which is beginning to invest with fresh danger the movements of the ruling party of the country.

The phrase, "a Union State should have a Union Judiciary," used by the Press, is but another way of enforcing the idea that in the future, if citizens desire their rights to be respected in the Supreme Court of this State, they must place themselves "in harmony with the political opinions of the majority of the people." The State Convention of the Radical party has declared that doctrine; it has been endorsed by the Radical press, and Mr. Williams, by allowing his name to be used as a candidate, gives his public assent to the principle. With colleagues upon the bench of the same political faith, Mr. Williams can turn all the decisions of the Supreme Court into the path marked out by the Radical State Convention. Instead, then, of merchants, manufacturers, bankers and others trusting to the supreme judicial tribunal of the land as an impartial body, which will administer law without "fear, favor or affection," they will know that political considerations are thrown into the scales of justice, and the judges are influenced by partisan considerations in making up their opinions and judgments. This will be the effect of placing Mr. Williams upon the bench of the Supreme Court. He was nominated as a Radical

politician, not as a lawyer. He will decide as a politician, act as a politician; in a word, carry out the seventh resolution of the State Convention, and place all the decisions of the Supreme Court "in harmony with the political opinions of the majority of the people.—Philadelphia Daily Age.

ABOLITIONISTS. The word Abolitionist is derived from the transitive verb, abolish, which Webster defines as follows: "Abolish—1 To make void; to annul; to abrogate; applied chiefly and appropriately to established laws, contracts, rites, customs, and institutions. 1. To destroy." Now let us see what our Abolitionists have abolished, destroyed, annulled and made void:

They have abolished liberty.

They have abolished the Union.

They have abolished the Constitution.

They have abolished trial by jury.

They have abolished the laws and the courts.

They have abolished ten States.

They have abolished a Republican form of government.

They have abolished the peace and fraternity of the country.

They have abolished all respect for a written Constitution.

They have abolished the sacredness of the church.

They have abolished the freedom of speech.

They have abolished the freedom of the press.

They have abolished the freedom of religion.

They have abolished the freedom of opinion.

They have abolished all that the late war was waged for.

They have abolished all that our forefathers fought for.

They have abolished gold and silver.

They have abolished equal rights to all.

They have abolished equal taxation.

They have abolished economy and honesty in the administration of the government.

They have abolished low prices, cheap living, good times and general prosperity.

They have abolished a million lives.

They have abolished from three to six thousand millions of treasure.

They have abolished our Southern market.

They have abolished our commerce upon the seas.

They have abolished our independence of Eastern manufacturers and iron mongers.

They have abolished representation as a corollary of taxation.

They have abolished the United States Senate.

They have abolished the United States House of representatives.

They have abolished the United States.

With such a record and such achievements only to boast of, what more appropriate name could they bear than that of Abolitionists?

"MY BOY DRUNK!"—"Drunk! my boy drunk!" and the tears started from the mother's eyes, as she bent her head in unutterable sorrow. In that moment the vision of a useful and honorable career was destroyed, and one of worthlessness, if not absolute dishonor, presented itself. Well did she know that intemperance walks hand in hand with poverty, shame and death; and her mother-heart was pierced with a sharp pointed steel. Ah! young man, if the holy feeling of love for her who bore you is not dead within you, shun that which gives her pain—adhere to that which gives her joy. If she is with you on earth, she does not, cannot desire to see her son a drunkard; if she is with her Father in Heaven shun that course of life which shuts the gates of Heaven against you, and debars you from her society forever. The drunkard cannot inherit the Kingdom of God.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER TO AN ATHEIST.—A writer illustrating the fact that some errors are lifted into importance by efforts to refute them, when they need to be treated with contempt and ridicule, observers that all the blows inflicted by the herculean club of certain logicians, are not half so effectual as a box on the ear of a celebrated atheist by the hand of some charming beauty. After having in vain preached to a circle of ladies, he attempted to excuse himself by saying:—"Pardon my error, ladies, I did not imagine that in a house where wit lives with grace, I alone should have the honor of not believing in God." "You are not alone, sir," answered the mistress of the house, "my horse, my dog, my cat, share the honor with you; only these poor brutes have the good sense not to boast of it."

"That's what I call repetition," exclaimed a wag, the other day. "What's that, Tom?" said his friend. "Why look at the sign across the way—J. E. Weller, jeweler."

—Somebody has written the following about the girls:

God bless the girls,  
Whose golden curls  
Blend with our evening dreams;  
They haunt our lives,  
Like spirit wives,  
Or, Naiads haunt the streams;  
They soothe our pains,  
They fill our brains  
With dreams of summer hours,  
God bless the curls,  
God bless the girls,  
God bless our human flowers.

—The wives are quite as deserving of blessing as the girls, and we submit the following:

God bless our wives,  
They fill our lives,  
With little bees and honey;  
They cease life's shocks,  
They mend our socks,  
But don't they spend the money.

When we are sick,  
They heal us quick,  
That is if they do love us;  
If not, we die,  
And yet they cry,  
And place tombstones above us.

Of roughish girls,  
With sunny curls,  
We may in fancy dream;  
But wives—true wives—  
Throughout our lives,  
Are everything they seem.

—We think the lords of creation come in for a share of these God-blessings, too. So here goes:

God bless the men,  
We say amen,  
Who buy us shawls and dresses,  
Or candle drops,  
Or lemon drops,  
Stand treat when heat oppresses,  
The ducks and dears,  
We'll soothe their fears,  
And show a heap of sorrow,  
Just as it suits,  
For gloves or boots,  
That's wanted for the morrow.  
Oh, can't we wile,  
And coax and smile,  
When they of cash seem weary,  
To get the "job"  
And ease their fob,  
Leaving them ne'er a "nary."

God bless the boys,  
Who thrill our joys,  
With loving, tender kisses!  
Who squeeze our hands  
Or loose our bands  
Of flowing, silken tresses!  
Then romp and swing  
Us, o'er the spring,  
Adown the shady hollow;  
'Tis all the same,  
They're not to blame,  
Love leads, and they but follow.

### THE PRINTER.

The following beautiful tribute to the followers of the "stick and rule" is from the pen of B. F. Taylor, of the Chicago Evening Journal:

The printer is the adjunct of thought, and this explains the mystery of the wonderful word that can kindle a hope as no song can; that can warm a heart as no hope can; that word "we" with hand-in-hand warmth in it—for the author and printer are engineers together. Engineers indeed! When the little Corsican bombarded Cadiz, at the distance of five miles, it was deemed the very triumph of engineering. But what is that range to this, whereby they bombard the ages yet to be? There at the "case" he stands and marshals into line the forces armed for truth, clothed in immortality and English. And what can be nobler than that equipment of a thought in sterling Saxon—Saxon with a spear or shield thrown and that commissioning it when we are dead, to move grandly on to the latest syllable of recorded time. This is to win a victory from death, for this has no dying in it.

The printer is called a laborer and the office he performs is toil. Oh, it is not work but a sublime life he is performing, when he thus sights the engine that is to fling a worded truth in grander curve than missile e'er before described; fling it into the bosom of an age yet unborn. He throws off his coat indeed; we but wonder the rather, that he does not put his shoes from off his feet, for the place where he stands is holy ground.

A little song was uttered somewhere long ago; it wandered through the twilight feebler than a star; it died upon the ear. But the printer takes it up where it was lying there in the silence like a wounded bird, and it flies on into the future with the olive branch of peace, and around the world with melody, like the dawning of a spring morning.

### Eating while Fatigued.

There are very few habits more injurious to health than eating when the body is fatigued. If the brain or any part or organ of the body becomes unduly fatigued, the whole system requires rest, until the nervous influence and the circulation of the blood are equalized throughout the body, before another demand is made upon the vital energies. If the stomach is filled without this rest, the food becomes unassimilated, ferments and becomes sour, and irritates the stomach, producing disease of the digestive organs, and, through them, of the whole system.

Statistics show that cows in good condition require about thirty pounds of hay per day.