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THE ELK ADVOCATE

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JOHN F. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor.

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The Abduction.

The Peruvian women are extremely beautiful. Some of the handsomest women I have ever seen, were natives of Peru. One of them was Inez Kantac.

I have already anticipated some by telling you that the lady preferred my friend Juan; but my story does not end with her marriage, which exasperated Miguel to such a degree that, but for the intervention of friends, he would have challenged his more successful rival.

Juan took with him a number of miners, and one servant, an old negro woman. This last, would be all the domestic assistance they needed, as little company need be expected in that out-of-the-way region.

I promised to avail myself of the invitation; and in the month of June, having no business to detain me, started from Lima on my way towards the mountains. I was three days in reaching there, having performed the journey almost entirely on horseback.

It was in the forenoon when I reached my friend's house. At twelve we dined. After dinner we had cigars, then a short siesta, completely relieved me from all fatigue I had felt from my journey.

Seven miles are considered nothing of a ride in those Southern countries, if it is in reality. Our path, however, was along the side of the mountain, and for the most part over a rugged road, affording little opportunity for a gallop, so that our progress was but slow.

Some hours were spent in examining the progress which had been made by the workmen, and night overtook us ere we had seen all. The men had ceased to work, and were engaged in taking supper inside their huts—for these were nothing more, built for the most part of earth, and affording but limited accommodation.

"Are you armed?" asked Juan of me, as we prepared to mount.

"It is well to be prepared," continued my friend. "I seldom travel at night, and it is said there is some lawless people abroad, though I think there is little danger of being molested between here and the house."

"Perhaps I had better accompany you," said the overseer, whose name was Besson, a Frenchman by birth.

In less than a quarter of an hour we were on the road. It was a lovely night; the moon shone with unsurpassed effulgence, rendering the way as plain to be followed as at mid-day.

We had ridden a little over five miles when we heard through the stillness the panting of some animal coming towards us on the road.

"What can it be?" asked Besson.

"It sounds like a dog," said Juan. Just at that moment as we reached the base of the mountain, and the road stretched out straight and level before us, we saw a black shadow moving rapidly along it.

"It must be Carlo," said Juan; "his mistress has probably sent him to hurry us on to supper."

In less than it takes to tell it, the dog was close at our heels, panting, barking, and starting forward on a run; then returning, and barking still more, he would rush forward again as before, seeming almost frantic in his desire to convey to us something which the poor brute had no other means of communicating than by those dumb signs.

"We had better ride forward," said Juan, somewhat agitated. We have a smooth road before us now. And there may be something wrong."

We put spurs to our horses and started on a sharp gallop, closely followed by Carlo, breathing harder than ever, from the long run he had had. Fifteen minutes gave us a distant view of Juan's house. A shrill scream, that of a woman, greeted our ears as we caught sight of the roof shining in the moonlight.

"Ah!" exclaimed my friend, "it is Inez's voice; for the love of Heaven, press forward!"

Into our horses' flanks went the spurs; away they bounded at a pace which distanced poor Carlo, who strove in vain to keep up with us. Juan had the fleetest horse—he was some lengths ahead; Besson and I kept neck and neck. So swift was our gait, we seemed to fly over the ground. As we neared the house, we saw two horses standing waiting in the road. At the instant I saw these, two men appeared upon the scene, dragging between them a woman, struggling in vain to free herself of their grasp, while another female clung beseechingly holding on as if for dear life.

"Let go, you black devil!" exclaimed the man with a terrible oath, dealing her at the same time a terrible blow that felled her to the ground.

Then lifting her mistress into the saddle, where his companion was already seated, he vaulted into his own, and the two sped on their own way like the wind.

The villains had the start of us, but our steeds were as fleet if not fleetier than theirs. Soon this last proved to be the case, for we gained on them rapidly. As Juan approached, he drew a pistol from his holster and aimed it at the foremost, who had fast hold of Inez in his saddle; her long, streaming, black hair floated to one side, with her white arms stretched imploringly towards us.

"Stand! you black-hearted scoundrel!" shouted Juan.

"Hold!" cried Besson; "save your fire—you may wound her."

He had drawn his revolver as well; he was a dead shot, as I afterwards learned. Crack went his pistol; the man reeled in his saddle, threw his arms wildly in the air, and dropped dead to the road. Juan sprang from his horse, and caught the oar of the now insensible Inez in his arms. The other rider kept on his way; we heard the clatter of his horse's hoof lessening in the distance as he made good his escape. I turned the form of his now prostrate companion over on his back. The face was hidden by a mask. I uncovered it; the moon shone full upon the face of Antonio Miguel.

I brought water in my hat, and we sprinkled the pale face of Inez. After a time she revived. We lifted her into the saddle, and bore her home, where we found the colored servant, recovering from the effects of the blow she had received, sitting in the place she had fallen wailing and lamenting the supposed fate

of her mistress. Her joy was great on beholding her in our safe keeping. Carlo stood waiting for us at the gate; on seeing us approach, he came forward, still panting, to meet us. Brave, faithful, Carlo! When the horse was besieged by the two villains, his mistress let him out at a side door; and, appreciating her danger, he hastened to assist him of it. Brave Carlo! by that act he won the life-long gratitude of both master and mistress.

The body of Antonio Miguel was delivered to the authorities of the nearest town. After a short inquiry, they were convinced of the justifiable nature of the homicide, and so ended the whole matter.

—There is something very touching in the following extract from the Thanks giving proclamation of Governor Jenkins, of Georgia:

"The people of Georgia have much to be thankful for—and very much to pray for.

To destitution unparalleled in their history, the result of protracted war, an abundant harvest has succeeded. Pestilence, which among neighboring peoples has slain thousands, has been unknown within their borders. Subjected to a form of government not of their own choosing, nor congenial to their cherished love of liberty, and menaced with social disorder and popular confusion, by the evil machinations of unoffical intruders and agitators, yet, patiently awaiting the prevalence of better counsels, they find to-day that apprehended tumult and violence have thus far been averted by an unseen Power, greater than that of all earthly agents and potentates.

These and many other blessings, earnestly besought in the past, call for devoutly grateful acknowledgment of their present realization.

Whatever of physical, social or spiritual good they may properly desire, it is their privilege and their duty to implore at the Mercy seat of Omnipotence."

This patient submission and appeal has in it also for us a deep sense of humiliation. Is it not dishonorable to know that our acts are such that a despairing people pray God to avert them?

—Three cockneys being out one evening in a dense fog, came up to a building that they thus described. The first said: "There's a mouse." "No," said the second, "it's a rat." The third said: "Your both wrong—it's a pig."

—It is said that a girl in Brooklyn was struck dumb by the firing of an evening gun at the Navy Yard. Since then a number of married men have invited the artillery to come and discharge their pieces on their premises.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Wash the hands, and, without using a towel, apply a small quantity of honey and rub in well. Use once a day, and it will make the hands very soft, and cure as well as prevent chapped hands.

—A Providence man, having occasion to receive a small sum for a correspondent in another city, gave the following very improper direction: "As property is unsafe, and exchanges are shockingly deranged, you may remit the balance in rum."

TO CURE A FELON.—As soon as the parts begin to swell, wrap the part affected with a cloth thoroughly saturated with tincture of lobelia, and the felon is dead. An old physician says he has known it to cure in scores of cases, and it never fails, if applied in season.

—We clip the following from a Western paper: "To rent, a house on Melrose avenue, located immediately alongside of a fine plum garden, from which an abundant supply of the delicious fruit may be stolen during the whole season. Rent low—and the greater part taken in plums."

—A beggar importuned a lady for alms—she gave him a dime. "God bless your ladyship," said he; "this will prevent me from executing a resolution." The lady alarmed, and thinking he meditated suicide, asked him what he meant. "Alas, madam," said he, "but for this shilling I should be obliged to go to work."

—A Gascon officer, demanded his salary from the Minister of War, declared that he was in danger of dying with hunger. The Minister, who saw that his visage was full and ruddy, told him that his face contradicted his statement. "Ah, sir," said he, "do not trust that, this face is not mine, it belongs to my landlord, who has given me credit for a long time past!"

—These periodicals are most likely to explode which haven't a spark in or about them.

Weston, the Pedestrian.

The interest in Weston's pedestrian feat seems to have culminated in Ohio, where the third trial for one hundred miles in twenty-four hours took place. The reporter for the Cleveland papers accompanied him for a part of the way and furnished considerable gossip for their papers. The Leader's reporter thus describes the great pedestrian as he appeared on Saturday morning, the 10th ultimo, when crossing the Ohio State line:

WESTON'S STYLE OF DRESS.

Dark, tight, knee breeches, red hose, a white flowing shirt, heavy, dusty, leathery shoes, and a white lace bell cap, is his costume, and he swings jauntily the light ivory handled whip, sometimes holding it by each end and his arms swing from side to side, and his legs and shoulders jerk forward with each step, springing and elastic as though thumped with steel. Would they were steel, and not the flesh and bones of poor humanity, strained to the rack of a possibility like this! He bows and responds graciously to our salute, but without a moment's pause points over his shoulder to his escort, and the brown, dusty rollers reach forward, the terrible and remorseless one hundred and twenty miles per minute, four miles and a half per hour, the stride that has brought that slight, nervous boy from the Atlantic to Lake Erie more quickly than human foot ever compassed the distance before.

HOW HE WALKS.

To the spectator the walking of Weston is an athletic delight. Not a movement is wasted. Watch that broad, dusty shoe as it touches the ground. No flat, brute tread; it touches the dust distinctly as the slipper of the ballet dancer; instantly the heel rises, turns inward, the foot pivoting on the toe, and away it goes with an elastic spring that knows no weariness, skirts along close to the ground and touches a full yard from its latest track. And so forward, two steps per second, five miles an hour; to Ashtabula by eleven o'clock, to Chicago by the twenty eighth day of November.

POPULAR SYMPATHY.

Five minutes in the presence of the pedestrian and his escort explain the unprecedented degree of popular sympathy that the movement has elicited. Weston is a gentleman. He has nothing of the short hair and heavy canine jaw that we are accustomed to find contesting a wager. Vainly we scan the party for the dyed moustache, the barred pantaloons and the garish jewelry of the sporting clan. Modest, refined and unassuming, his fluid demeanor, his devotion to his family, and his earnestness in his work have all been his passports to the hearts of the best people of all the thousands who have thronged his path from Maine to Ohio.

The throng increases, crowds of people coming out in every imaginable vehicle, some on horseback, and others hurrying breathlessly forward on foot. Through the snoring, boisterous, but respectful multitude, and the eddying dust, the white cap hobs gaily forward, and at five minutes before twelve, twelve hours and twenty five minutes from the moment of starting, the pedestrian darts through the crowd into the National Hotel at Erie, with sixty of the terrible hundred miles before him. The mob cheers, and a moment afterwards the thin, dusty face is seen at the window to bow and smile, and then turns to the business dinner.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

Weston is not accompanied by a train. He has never employed one and he is his own general in matters of diet, &c. With regard to the time and distance of his walk he follows the advice of his attendants. It has been stated that only four tenths of the ten thousand dollars would be won by the pedestrian and his backer, if, failing to accomplish the one hundred miles in twenty four hours, he reaches Chicago within the specified time. This is an error. In the above case he wins \$7,500, losing only \$2,500 on the entire wager by failing to reach Chicago on time loses everything.

NINETY-ONE MILES ACCOMPLISHED.

To return to Weston. At Springfield he complained somewhat of blistered feet, but his increasing gait left no room for apprehension. Three miles beyond Conant the road becomes sandy, but it seemed to have no effect upon the walker, who kept the horses on a brisk trot, and entered the Tremont House at Conant at 7:45, having walked 91 miles, and still having three hours and nine minutes in which to accomplish the remaining nine miles. He complained of a slight dizziness and asked for some tea. While this was in preparation an examination of his feet showed that they had been so blistered by the fearful ordeal of the day that further progress for the present impolitic and cruel. He was earnest and stubborn in his determination to finish his feat, but a council of his advisers decided against him and he yielded.

—A woman named Emily Price was burned to death in Montreal, her clothing catching fire from the explosion of a kerosene lamp.

—Why is a coquetish female like a steam engine? Because she scatters the sparks and distributes the males.

Dickensiana.

Everything relating to the great novelist is now snatched at as eagerly as a starving man would snatch at the crumbs which would give him a few more hours of life. Nearly every paper we take up contains something as to his looks, his habits, his past history, or his opinions. The latest item of any particular interest we find in the New York Sun, an English correspondent of which gives us some additional information respecting Dickens, who, he declares, comes to America to make money to supply somewhat erratic and extravagant tastes, and to buy promotions for his son in the British army, as well as to administer to the needs of a retinue of poor relations, dignitaries, and sycophants. In person, says the correspondent, Dickens is not bad looking, though his eye, as might be expected, is the most striking feature, and he makes the most of it. He is about the middle stature, with a sturdy, healthy-made frame, which he nurses carefully, correcting his profile and reading MS. while walking up and down Chancery's pilgrim's road, the hills and vales of Kent, where his country residence is, twenty-four miles from London, which he has been known to walk occasionally, even at night-time, to his office in the Strand. His house and a few acres of land at Gad's Hill, facing the Sir John Falstaff's Hotel, a place immortalized by Shakespeare, he bought about twelve years ago, and immediately set about making poetic alterations. Nearly all the plain windows were removed, and large bow windows substituted. His study especially is made open to the light, being due east, and the morning sun strikes full upon it. He appeared, before Bumbleton, in the shape of the road trustees of the locality to ask that he might tunnel under the Canterbury road passing his house, so as to communicate with a garden he had on the other side, in imitation of the poet Shenstone at the Leasowes.

He is separated from his wife, and not blamelessly, as is said. The people round Gad's Hill were scandalized because he allowed some of his folks to play cricket on the Sunday in his meadow near the house. He occasionally has a party down from London, when they have a right merry time. On festive and other occasions he hoists the French tricolor, in which country he spends a great portion of each season. His love for display and jewelry is somewhat marked, and last year he showed a taste for work-wear, which he so decides in others, in having as his guest the Earl of Barnley, who was another friend of Jeff Davis, and for his amusement had the ploughboys of the neighborhood engaged in rude rustic sports to make fools of themselves, in feudal English style, for an aristocratic holiday.

—Wanted, at this office, a bull-dog, of any order except pumpkin-and-milk; of respectable size, snub nose, cropped ears, abbreviated continuation and disposition—who can come when called with a raw beefsteak, and will bite the man who spits tobacco juice on the stove, and steals exchanges. Any person having an animal answering this description, which he's willing to part with for the valuable consideration of the editor's thanks, is respectfully requested to call soon.

—A few days ago, as two young men were passed near Trinity Church, they were stopped by an old woman (who was sitting on the outside of the railing) with—"Young gentlemen, please help the blind?"

"How do you know we are young gentlemen," said one, "if you are blind?" "Beg pardon, gentlemen," says she, "I meant deaf and dumb." They gave her a copper for her smartness.

—It is stated that a negro woman, near Savannah, a few days ago, gave birth to three children—two coal black and one pure white.

—2,707 persons died in New Orleans of yellow fever between the 7th of July and 20th of October.