

# The Elk County Advertiser.

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

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NO. 16.

## My Heart is Thine.

When spring's first violet on the gale  
Her tender perfume flings;  
When in some sequestered vale,  
The thrush his love lays sings;  
When all bright things of earth and sky  
In hymns of praise combine;  
One song, one prayer, alone breathes I  
"Sweet love, wilt thou be mine?"

When from the woodland still and lone,  
Through the long summer night,  
Sad Philomel's impassioned tone  
Thrills with love's deep delight;  
When, steeped in balmy breath of June,  
The earth seems half divine,  
No change know I in words or tune,  
But sing: "Wilt thou be mine?"

When autumn's red and autumn's gold,  
Paint wood and woad and hill;  
When winter nights grow drear and cold,  
Love, I am chagrinous still.  
Though winter's cold, roses fade,  
Love's calendar and mine  
Mark summer still in sun and shade,  
And still my heart is thine!

## WHY MRS. JONES DIDN'T MOVE.

In a comfortable quarter of a general street in the metropolis, at an inviting breakfast table, sat Theophilus Jones. He had long since climbed up to a good position in the store which he had entered when a boy, and therefore took his time at his morning paper, he got it as a luxury, and put it by the plate of Mrs. Jones.

"Hm!" said that lady, entreating with a smiling and savory dish in her hands, and beholding Mr. Jones reading his customary conservative sheet, "I should think, Mr. Jones, as a matter of economy, one morning paper would be enough for you."

"And so it is, Maria," said Mr. Jones. "I got the other for you."

"I'm much obliged for your liberality," she replied, "but it is a matter in which you are about as much concerned as myself. I wish you would read out some of the advertisements. If we're going to move, we'd better begin to look about us."

"To move?" said Mr. Jones.

"Yes, to move. I thought that was settled last night. You say you won't sleep on the third floor, and I can't stand the smell of the gas in the back parlor. Rosalie needs the front parlor for her company, and I certainly think, Mr. Jones, that I ought at least to have some sort of a hole to receive my friends in."

"Well, but my dear," expostulated Mr. Jones, with his finger resting upon the place in the editorial he was reading, "why is it necessary that we should be driven from the parlor because Rosy has a beau or two there? Live and let live, is my motto. I shan't mind them a bit. You and Jean chat and read and get along in our usual way. We mustn't be put out by the young folks."

"Yes; but do you suppose the young folks won't be put out by us? How long do you imagine Rosalie would keep her beaux if you and I were stuck there under their noses all the time? They'd take it as a prying impertinence on our part, and serve us right, too. It's about time, Theophilus, that Rosalie should have the parlor to herself; she was eighteen last June."

"Yes, I remember," said Mr. Jones; "the month of roses, Maria. And she is the sweetest rose we ever owned. It's hard to put her out of our hands in this way, wife. I love to watch her winsome ways, and hear the sweet tones of her voice. Her tricks and witticisms are dearer to me, I'll wager, than to any of the empty-headed coxcombs that flock about our young maid."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones, "you love to watch and listen; and there ain't a young man nowadays that will stand such a thing. You'll have our young maid an old maid; then, perhaps, you'll be satisfied."

Mr. Jones smiled gently but incredulously.

"On the other side of the Atlantic, my dear," he said, "they manage things better than we do. The lads and lassies there contrive to fall in love and marry right under the eyes of the old folks. And it gives one a chance to get used to the wench of parting; and maybe, if parents are overlivey, they grow fond of the marauder himself."

"Now stop there, Mr. Jones," said his wife, putting the chairs to the table. "I know what you mean, I know which of Rosalie's admirers is your favorite; and how you can stand the idea of throwing away your only daughter on that miserable Scotchman up stairs, with an invalid mother hanging on his hands, and no salary to speak of or look forward to—how you can be so indifferent and criminal to the future of Rosalie, I can't see. For my part, I hate foreigners. An American was good enough for me; though, goodness knows, since you've been going over there to buy goods, you've got to be such a toady to their ways that you might just as well be a serf yourself."

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Yes, Heaven knows she was weary and sick at heart with her undertaking. Day after day she had plodded on with that dogged pluck and perseverance which were the main points in her character, and day after day she became more disheartened.

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