The Elk County Advocate.

VOL 1. RIDGWAY, PA., JULY 16, 1870. NO. 3

The Advocate.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

AT $2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

Adm'r and Ex'rs notices, eac, 6 times,	$ 3 00
Auditor's notices, each,	3 00
Cautions and Estrays each, 3 times	3 00
Transient Advertising per squre of 8 lines or less—3 times, or less	2 00
For each subsequent insertion	50
Official advertising for each square of 8 liner or less—3 times or less	2 00
For each subsequent insertion	50
Professional cards, 5 liner, 1 yr	6 00
Local notices, per line, one time	15
Obituary notices, over 5 lines	10
Yearly Advertising, one-half column	50 00
Yearly Advertising, one column	100 00
Blanks, single quire	2 50
Blanks, three quire	2 00
Blanks, 6 quires, per quire	1 75
Blanks, over 6 quires per quire	1 50
For bank notes, subpoenas, summons, executions, warrants, constable sales, road and school ordors, each per doz	25
Handbills, eight sheet 25 or less	1 50
" fourth sheet 25 or less	2 50
" half sheet 25 or less	4 50
" whole sect 25 or less	8 00

Over 25 of each of above at proportionate rates.

Elk County Directory.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

President Judge—S. P. Johnson.

Additional Law Judge—Hon. Jno. P. Vincent.

Associate Judges—E. C. Schultze, Jesse Kyler.

District Attorney—J. K. P. Hall.

Sheriff—Jacob McCauley.

Prothonotary &c.—Fred. Schoening.

Treasurer—Claudius V. Gillis.

Co. Superintendent—Rufus Lucore.

Commissioners—H. Warner, Jos. W. Taylor, Louis Vollmer.

Auditors—Clark Wilcox, George D. Messenger, and Joseph Wilhelm.

County Surveyor—Geo. Walmsley.

Jury Commissioners.—George Dickinsn, and Horace Little.

TIME OF HOLDING COURT.

Second Monday in January.
Last Monday in April.
First Monday in August.
First Monday in November.

RAILROADS.

PHILAD LPHIA & ERIE RAILROAD.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

ON and after MONDAY, MAY 30th, 1870, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

Mail Train leaves Philadelphia	10.20 p. m.
" " " Ridgway	1.57 p. m.
" " arrive at Erie	7.40 p. m.
Erie Exp leaves Philadelphia	10.50 a. m.
" " " Ridgway	2.00 a. m.
" " arrive at Erie	11.20 a. m

EASTWARD.

Mail Train leaves Erie	8.50 a. m.
" " " Ridgway	2.48 p. m.
" " arrive at Philad'a	6.20 a. m.
Erie Express leaves Erie	9.00 p. m.
" " " Ridgway	1.20 a. m.
" " arrat Philadelphia	5.30 p. m.

Express, Mail and Accommodation, east and west, connect at Corry and all west bound trains and Mail accommodation east at Irvinton with the Oil Creek and Allegheny River Rail Road.

WM. A. BALDWIN,
Gen'l Sup't.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAIL ROAD.

The only direct route to Pittsburg

WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS

from Oil City.

On and after Monday Nov. 22d 1869, trains will run as follows:

GOING SOUTH

Day Express leaves Oil City at	10.30 a. m.
Arriving at Pittsburg at	5.30 p. m.
Night Express leaves Oil City at	9.30 p. m.
Arriving at Pittsburg at	7.00 a. m.
Kittanning Acc. leaves Emlenton	6.10 p. m.
Arriviving at Kittanning	9.05 p. m.
Mixed Way leaves Oil City at	7.00 a. m.
Arriving at West Penn Junction at	7.05 p. m.

GOING NORTH.

Day Express leaves Pittsburg at	7.15 a. m.
Arriving at Oil City at	1.55 p. m.
Night Express leaves Pittsburg at	8.00 p. m.
Arriving at Oil City at	6.00 a. m.
Parker Acc. leaves Kittanning	7.20 a. m.
Arriving at Parker	9.55 a. m.
Mixed Way leave West Penn Junc. at	7.00 a. m.
Arriving at Oil City at	6.00 p. m.

Connections at Corry and Irvineton for Oil City and Pittsburg. At Franklin with Jamestown and Franklin R. R. Connections with West Penn, R. R. at West Penn Junction for Blairsville and all points on the main line of the Pennsylvania R. R.

☞"Silver Palace Sleeping Cars" on all Night Trains both ways from Pittsburgh to Corry.

J. J. LAWRENCE, General Supt.
THOS. M. KING, Asst. Supt.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR Struggles and Triumphs of

P. T. BARNUM,

Written by himself. In one large octavo volume—nearly 800 pages—printed in English and German. 33 full page engravings. It embraces forty year recollections of his busy life, as a merchant, manager, banker, lecturer and showman. No book published so acceptable to all classes. Every one wants it. Agents average from 50 to 100 subscribers a week. We offer extra inducements. Illustrated catalogue and terms to agents sent free.

J. B. BURR & CO., Publishers,
8w Hartford, Conn.

JOB WORK of all kinds and description done at this office.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. S. BORDWELL, M. D.

ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN

The word eclectic means to choose or select medicines from all the different schools of medicine; using remedies that are safe, and discarding from practice all medicines that have an injurious effect on the system, such as mercury, antimony, lead, copper, &c.

I lay aside the lance—the old bloodletter, reducer or depleter, and equalize the circulation and restore the system to its natural state by alteratives and tonics. I shall hereafter give particular attention to chronic diseases, such as Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Liver complaint, Catarrh, Neuralgia, diseases of the throat, urinary organs, and all diseases peculiar to females, &c.

CATARRH I treat with a new instrument of a late invention which cures every case.

TEETH extracted without pain.

Office and residence South of the jail on Centre St. Office hours from 7 to 8 a.; m 12 to 1 p. m; 6 to 7 p. m.

Dec. 23'67.-1y. J. S. BORDWELL.

JOHN G. HALL, Attorney at law, Ridgway, Elk county Pa. [mar-22'66 1y

JOHN G. HALL.....JAS. K. P. HALL.

HALL & BRO.

Attorneys - at - Law

ST. MARY'S:

BENZINGER P. O. ELK COUNTY, PA.

September 20, 1866. 1y.

J. S. Bordwell, M. D. Eclectic Physician. Office and residence opposite the Jail, on Centre St., Ridgway, Pa. Prompt attention will be given to all calls. Office hours: 7 to 8 A. M.; 12 to 2 P. M.; and 6 to 7 P. M. Mar. 22, 66-tf.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,

ST. MARY'S, PA.

LARGEY & MALONE, Prop'r's.

The proprietors respectfully ask the attention of their friends and the public in general to their large and commodious hotel. Every attention paid to the convenience of guests.

H. LARGEY,
may30 -1866-1y J. A. MALONE.

MASLIN Kettles, Brass Kettles, Porcelean Sauce Pans, French Tined Sauce Pans. Fruit cans the cheapest and best, at W. S. SERVICE'S, Hardware Store, Ridgway, Pa.

HYDE HOUSE,

RIDGWAY, ELK CO., PA.

W. H. SCHRAM, Proprietor.

Thankful for the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon him, the new proprietor, hopes, by paying strict attention to the comfort and convenience of guests, to merit a continuance of the same.

Oct 30, 1869.

THAYER HOUSE,

RIDGWAY, PA.

DAVID THAYER, Proprietor.

The undersigned having fitted up a large and commodious hotel on the southwest corner of Centre and Mill streets, with good and convenient stabling attached, respectfully solicits the patronage of his old friends and the public generally.

dec13'66 1y DAVID THAYER.

KERSEY HOUSE,

CENTREVILLE, ELK CO., PA.

JOHN COLLINS, Proprietor.

Thankful for the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon him, the new proprietor, hopes, by paying strict attention to the comfort and convenience of guests, to merit a continuance of the same.

v1n20ly.

MORTON HOUSE,

ERIE, PA.

M. V. Moore, (late of the Hyde House) Proprietor.

Open Day and Night.

n30tf.

HENRY SOUTHER, Attorney-at-Law Ridgway, Pa. (feb29'68),

BLANKS of all kinds for sale at this office.

C. H. VOLK, Manufacturer and Dealer in Lager Beer, opposite the Railroad Depot, St. Mary's, Elk county Pa. Mar-22'66-1.

ENVELOPES, LABELS & TAGS neatly printed at the Advocate Office.

I WAS cured of Deafness and Catarrh by a simple remedy, and will send the receipt free. MRS. M. C. LEGGETT,
4w Hoboken, N. J.

DR C. H. FULLER,

BOTANIC PHYSICIAN,

RIDGWAY, PA.

Residence and office opposite the Thayer House.

J. D. PARSONS,

Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots & Shoes,

Main St., opposite Hotel,

nov27y WILCOX, PA.

JOB WORK done with dispatch at this Office.

BOARDING HOUSE,

Near the Depot, Wilcox, Pa.

MARTIN SOWERS, Proprietor.

The undersigned has opened a large boarding house at the above place, where he is amply prepared to satisfy the wants of those who may avorhim with their custom. nov'6920,

JACOB YOUNG & CO., Book Binders And Blank Book Manufacturers, Wright's Blk Corry, Pa Blank Books Made to Order.

Select Miscellany.

"DEAD BROKE."

'He is dead broke.'

'How much does he owe?'

'One week, to-morrow, over the month,' said the clerk, examining the ledger.

'Whew!' whistled the landlord, 'Has he no friends to pay for him?'

'Plenty of friends now, but let them find out that he is broke and they'll be off like a convey of birds.'

'I must see him;' and the hotel proprietor, walking out upon the piazza, approached a young man leaning against one of the front pillars.

'Mr. Watson, your bill, I see, is in arrears one week over the settlement-day. Why is it?'

The young man flushed at first as if in anger; then a smile overspread his handsome face. 'I know I am a delinquent' Major Snow, but I can't pay at present.'

'Do you expect money soon?'

'Well, really, I don't know who should send me anything from their surfeit of cash.'

'Then I am to understand that you are not only unable to pay, but do not expect to be able.'

'Undoubtedly, Major.'

'Sorry, Watson, for you have been a favorite of the season, and I don't like to turn you out before the break-up. Nor will I. If you can give up your suit of rooms and take up with one suited to your circumstances, I will let you remain the season out, trusting you to pay me in the future.'

'You are very good, Major, and I guess I'll have to consent.'

So the baggage of Robert Watson was lifed and borne from the elegant suit on the second floor to a little seven by fourteen room on the fifth floor.

How quickly it became known that the change had been made! Every servant in the house betrayed the knowledge in the absence of the usual deference paid to the possessors of 'parlors.' At dinner, the 'boy,' who had been only too eagar to anticipate Mr. Watson's wants, suddenly became oblivious to those wants, and only answered them after repeated orders. The cashier and register clerk, always so obsequious, grew dignified and indifferent. Only the urbane Major preserved a kindly greeting for the guest too poor to pay his bill, and remaining by sufferance.

'Queer,' thought the hotel proprietor. 'He certainly had money enough when he came, for he deposited a cool five thousand in the safe. He hasn't been *fast*, I am certain, and his bloods have rather played off from him. But he has been a favorite. Not a belle in the room but would have dropped her best friend for his attendance. Hang me if I can understand it.'

Watson, hailing from Baltimore, had been a season guest at the Cascade. Friends he had in plenty. He was courteous, well-bred, good-looking, intelligent, and, apparently, rich—what more could be asked? Among the ladies he had moved quite a prince; and many were the gossamer webs woven as toils to captur him, but to all he proved a very incorrigible recusant—he would not be any one's prize. The exquisite charm of voice, manner, and sentiment, the beauty of person, the elegance of attire—all were agreeable to him, deeply so, for he seemed to enjoy them all immensely; but not the brilliant poetess, Miss Mountjoy, nor the coy and artless Miss Dumain, nor the rattle-headed young Miss Lambert, nor the haughty, elegant, and exclusive Miss Percy, nor the very rich Miss Oromanes, appeared to command him. He was to all alike, the agreeable companion, the candid friend, the shrewd resistant of all arts to lead him into love's labyrinthine mazes.

How would all these beauties of the *salon* received the announcement sure to be made of his 'altered circumstances,' as the Major expressed it?

Evidently Mr. Watson was not indifferent. He still frequented the piazzas and parlors, giving every friend, male or female, ample opportunity to 'cut' his acquaintance, or otherwise to express themselves. It was somewhat curious to note the progress of his decline, not his fall, for Watson had that in his character construction which, even in poverty and trial, would preserve him from a sacrifice of personal dignity and self-reliance. But that he was on the decline became to him a sorrowful fact.

Sorrowful, did we say? That is, judging by the usual standards of human felicity or misery. To lose one's friends, to behold your position in society gradually slipping away, to realize that no longer you are held in conveted consideration by a chosen few, is, ordinarily, a source of sorrow. But in Watson's case it was difficult to determine how keenly the knife cut to the quick of his sensibilities; for, while every acquaintance was giving full facilities for doing the disagreeable office of giving the 'cold shoulder,' the Baltimorean appeared like an interested spectator, and was as unmoved, when passed by a supposed friend without the slightest notice, as if he were a newspaper reporter, anxious to see the act and to note the fact.

Into the parlors during the evening he particularly pressed his way. If a bevy of gay fellows surrounded Miss Mountjoy, he worked his way to the circle, and, at last, received from that lady of Sappho-like lips his discharge. She did most gracefully and crushingly turn her back upon him not three days after his removal from the second-floor.

Miss Dumain he sought, confident that one so artless certainly would be above the hollow-hearted crowd, and still give him her kindly greeting. Vain conception! The artless girl was coy indeed: and when at length he cornered her, it was to his discomfiture. She suddenly turned and forced her way past him, without even one of her downcast glances. On the contrary, her eyes were fixed fully on his face, and plainly said, 'Sir, we are strangers.'

Next he tried rattle-headed Miss Lambert, and she rattled on quite as usual; but Watson soon discovered that the rattle was not for him.

Strangely enough, the proud and exclusive Miss Percy unbent somewhat from her lofty carriage, and give him a welcome; but over it all was a shadow—a fear, apparently, which made Miss Percy shy rather than haughty; and Watson began to catch glimpses of a character beneath all that conventional veil which he had not expected to find.

Of course the wealthy Miss Oromanes would scorn his further friendly relations. Her rooms were near his own second-floor apartments; she daily, all the season, had encountered him in his walks through the long corridor, and must have been one of the first to learn of his fallen fortunes. Indeed, he half surmised that her dressing-maid had made special inquire into his case, seeing her in confidential confab with the floor-stewardess and room-girls. So Watson, with a reserve or pride not entertained with others, kept apart from Mis Oromanes.

On the third evening of his changed fortunes, when the Sappho of the Cascades annihilated him, greatly to the pleasure of the young 'bloods' around her, Watson wandered away at length upon the piazzas; then up through the long, deserted halls, restless, thoughtful, digesting the notes which he had been taking of human nature, and trying to fix the relative value of a man without money. It was the crystalline truth he was learning—not the truth in mere solution, sometimes clear, sometimes opaque, but always thin, but the precipitated, hard angular, clear-cut crystals of experience, mined in unexpected places. Had he remained upon the second-floor, never would he have obtained the gems; the mere solution only would have repaid his keenest search. But that migration to the upper spaces had given him a wonderful lens; his horizon was so immeasurably extended that, barring the fact that his bill was unpaid, he was the happier, because wiser for the upward reverse.

Suddenly, in his solitary promenade, he confronted the heiress. She was walking arm in arm with young Evans, of her 'set,' in confidential communication it would appear, else why should they have been in that long hall alone? asked Watson, as, with a glance, he took in the situation. The meeting was a surprise to both parties, and the inclination of both men was to pass without recognition. Evans, indeed, frowned; Watson flushed in anger, and with head erect bore down and passed his enemies, like a suspended or cashiered officer of the line, conscious of his soldierly qualities, but equally conscious of his 'altered circumstances.'

Too high he held his head, in fact, for he caught no soft glance from the lady's eye, and tread so firmly upon the trail of her elegant evening dress as to cause a perceptible cracking of seames at the skirt pleats. Evans turned with a sudden anger.

'Dolt!' he hissed.

Watson passed on, staying to make no apology, but he heard the lady say:

'Fie, it is nothing;' and he was conscious, too, that she was looking at him wonderingly.

An hour later Watson was down on the piazzas again, evidently on the quest for some person, and he found his man ere long. Evans was the gentleman wanted. Going up to him Watson said:

'Mr. Evans, what was the word you used at the time I trod on the trail of Miss Oromanes's dress?'

'I said *dolt*, sir! and I say it again. We have hitherto supposed you to be a gentleman, and now we learn that you can not pay your bills;' and he laughed, half in scorn and half in humor of the fact so opportunely giving him to crush another.

The hot blood flew to Watson's face; his hands were clenched as if to strike; but by a strong effort, he mustered his passion.

'Evans, no gentleman ever would have uttered that sentence. Only a coward would fling another's poverty in his face. Miss Oromanes, educated as she has been to give virtue to wealth, might find in my inability to pay my hotel bill a justification for dropping my acquaintance; but I doubt if ever she would have countenanced incivility. I owe her an apology for my seeming rudeness, and will give it to her, but you I hold in two supreme contempt even to exchange more words with you. Hereafter do not speak to me, for if you do I shall slap your face, even in the presence of the ladies.' And the speaker went his way to his attic room.

This scene, overheard by several gentleman and ladies, soon was the talk of the rooms. Evans, being a recognized leader of a very aristocratic circle, soon convened others of the set; and Major Snow was, ere long, summoned to be informed that he must 'clear out Watson'—Evans offering to pay his bill.

And the news flew throughout the parlors and promenades that Major Snow was to give Mr. Robert Watson, of Baltimore, his walking papers in the morning.

An observer of the scene between the two gentleman on the piazza was Miss Oromanes. Having at once retired to her room to repair the accident to her skirt, the lady donned another dress, and to enjoy half an hour undistured, stole out upon the pleasant open weather promenade. She thus was a witness of what transpired. She, too, retired, in evident excitement, to her rooms; and when her maid, half an hour later, brought the house-news that the Major was to clear Watson out in the morning, the heiress, with perfect deliberation, but with brightened color in her cheeks, and a clear sprakle in her beautiful eyes, sat down to her desk and indited the following note:

"Major Snow will please take no action in the matter of the difference between Mr. Watson and Mr. Evans. I overheard every word that passed between the gentlemen, and I fully justify Mr. Watson. Were it not an insult to him, I would offer to become responsible for any amount which he may not now be able to pay; but I know that he is a thorough gentleman, and would equally scorn to wrong you or to leave your house at the dictation of others.

I am, sir, yours,
"HELEN OROMANES."

This the maid was instructed to place in Major's hands at once. The maid had not far to go, for she met the proprietor advancing up the stairway. He glanced at the billet and laughed; then paused and said:

'No use of my trip up five pairs of stairs. Mr. Robert Watson has the freedom of of this house for the next five seasons.'

And down stairs he went again, while the opened-eared maid, having lost not a word, returned to her mistress to find her penning another note. This was written with grrat care and many pauses. It was finally finished and read as follows:

"Mr. Watson will please excuse the boldness of this note; but, having been a witness to the meeting between yourself and Mr. Evans on the piazza, I feel it incumbent on me to say that I fully justify your proceeding and your words. I ask no apology from you. Indeed, I will be pained to receive it. Believe me, I am exceedly pained at the inference you have drawn, namely: that I could find a justification in dropping your acquaintance in the fact of your temporary embarrassment. Alas for my riches, it they compel me to bear such imputations on my sense and motives! "I am, sir, yours very sincerely,
HELLEN OROMANES."

This missive the maid bore to the fifth story. It found the romantic Robert in bed; the latter was flung in over the door ventilator.

"A letter for Monsieur Watson from my lady,' said a voice at the door; and Watson sprang up as the envelope floated down to his feet.

"A note from my lady!' What on earth did that mean? Another rumpus brewing, of course! Turning on the gas he read—astonished, pleased, delighted, as the rich color mounting to his temples testified. And then, foolish man, he kissed the note!

So very preposterous for one of his circumstances!

Many were the guests who "turned out" fully two hours before their usual ten o'clock breakfast the next morning, in order to see Mr. Robert Watson depart. To their surprise there was Watson, cheerful and content, promenading up and down the Piazza, arm in arm with Miss Oromanes, and Maj. Snow looking on admiringly. To Evans and his set it was a declaration of war: but who would dare take up arms against the spirited heiress to a million? They all retired, resolved to let events take their course.

And they did take their course, *of course*. In three days' time a magnificent equipage drove to the stand, and Watson soon appeared with the beautiful Miss Oromanes for his companion in the morning drive.

"Whose equipage is that?" demanded Evans of the Major, who had escorted his guests to the carriage.

"Oh, that's Watson's, to be sure!" was the reply.

"Watson's be hanged! Say, Major, has he payed his bill?" asked Evans, maliciously.

'Paid his bill? Lord bless you, he is rich enough to buy out this whole concern, and to hire you and me for call boys!"

"Explain yourself, then, sir!" demanded Evans irately.. 'Did you not inform the guests that he could not pay his bill, and that you had sent him up stairs out of his second-floor suit?'

'Not I! Some of the clerks may have said something, to which others added more; but I really thought too much of the gentleman to mention the matter to any one. Now it turns out that it was all a little game of his own.'

'Little game? What object could he have had in playing such hide and seek?' demanded Evans again, in tones premptory.

'Well in part I suppose, to test the value of friendship in general, and the power of money in particular—both of which I have no doubt he has done to his entire satisfaction. Ha-ha-ha! What did you think about it Mr. Evans?'

'Think about it? Why, that it was—it was—

'What?'

'Why, a very artful dodge—nothing less."

'Capital dodge, that's a fact, seeing that, as a poor man, he won Miss Oromanes, and—"

"Now, what do you mean?" fairly shouted Evans in his excitement.

'Mean? That before 10 o'clock on the morning of the day when he was to have had his walking papers, by your orders, he was dead in love with the heiress, and—"

"And what, sir?"

"And she is dead in love with him!"

"It's false, I know!" cried the man now white in the face from some inexplicable emotion.

'False, eh? Going off in that carriage together to the preacher's looks like it, don't it?'

'Good Heavens!'

The Major's conjecture was premature, as he well knew; but the shaft had struck Evans to the heart, and he fairly staggered to a seat. Evans had played a long and deep game to win the heiress. He had long been her recognized suitor—he had discounted her posessions in his gay life; and the result was *he* was dead broke!

He left the watering-place that day.

A CEREMONIOUS JUDGE.—Judge K—, of North Carolina, is a great stickler for forms. One day a soldier, who had been battered considerably in the war, was brought in as a witness. The Judge told him to hold up his right hand.

'Can't do it, sir,' said the man.

'Why not?'

'Got a shot in that arm, sir.'

'Then hold up your left.'

The man said that he had got a shot in that arm, too.

'Then,' said the Judge, sternly, "you must hold up your leg. No man can be sworn, sir, in this court by law, unless he holds up some thing!'

THE only prisoner in the Nantucket jail notifies the authorites that if they don't fix up the jail so that the sheep can't get in and bother him, he will be blowed if he will stay in there.

"Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill mountains?" "No, sah; but I've seen em kill mice."