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TIME OF HOLDING COURT. Second Monday in January, Last Monday in April. First Monday in August. First Monday in November.

PHILAD LINIA & ET & BA .BOAD! SUMMER TIME TABLE

Railroad will run as follow-WESTY SEE

Mail Train leaves Phyladeles at a 10 .0 p. m. P. A. winat or arrive at his Eric Exp leaves thulade ph was

n of great Philipping w consecutat Corry and all west found I the Oil Creek and A sequeny liver Kail Boad. 1 WM. A. BALDWIN

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Day Express toaves Off City at Arrang a Paistury at Night Lx, 188 leaves Off City at Arriving at Pittstorg at Kittano v Acc leaves Emfenton Arriviving a Kampa pg Mixed Way vaves Off City at Arriving at West Penn June lon at GOING NORTH.

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tion and the state system to is had at state by the acceptant ones. I shad he after give particula a second to chronic ascense such as Bhendan and Dyspen in Lever complaint. Calarth. Nethal 2 to season of the help to buncy organic and all a scares poeu-

CALCERH Lucas with a new instrument of a toyention which er of every case. Taxill expected to the State of the State on

Con . St. Office to a s 1 0 a 7 (0 8 a 3 m 12 to 10 a a 15 a 7 p at. D. 2 a 17 a 19. J. S. B 3 (DW). A.

On S. C. HALL, A constraint of the Ridge way, Ets consty Ca. | constraint and ly

HALL & BRO.

Attorneys - ht - Law ST. MARYS: BENZINGER P. O EIK COUNTY, PA. Sentember 20, 1866. ly.

S. Bordwell, M. D. Helestie Physic an-Office and residence oppose in or Centre St., Fidgway, Pa. Prompt at ten. (a) (b) be given a all calls. Office houses: 7 to 8 (c) 12 (c) P. M.; and 6 to 7 P. M. Mar. 66 of .

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LARGEY & MALUNE, PRIPR'S. The proprietors respectfully ask the attention of their friends and the public to general to their large and commissions hard. Every attention paid to the convenience of success. H. LARGEY. J. A. MAGGNE. 24730 - 15 TV

Sauce Pans, French T and Sauce Pans t cans the chappest and best, at W 8 show iCE's, Hardware Store, Pidgway, Pa

W. H. SCHRAM, Proprietor. Thankful for the patronage heretofore so bridly bestowed upon him, the new preche comfort and convenience of guests, to oct 20 1869.

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T WAS cared of Beafness and Care h bya scaple remedy, and will send the tree [Hoboken, N. J.

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The Doct's Corner.

WHY I SING.

BY C. S. WOOD.

Some ryhmen neighbor's name to lash: Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needful eash; Some rhyme to court the countra clash An' raise a din : Eor me an aim I never fash;

I rhyme for fun,-[Bunks. A bird was singing wild and clear. The woods with his music tinging; When I said to him, "What makes you sing? Said he "For the love of singing."

"Where's the moral you should bring in!" "Why this is the moral," said be to me, "I sing for the love of singing." "You're an unregenerate bird," said I, "And your little neck needs wringing;"

But he only said, and cocked his head,

Then I looked sour and said to him,

And that was all the bird would say, To this one answer clinging; And there he sang the life-long day, Just for the love of singing.

"I sing for the love of singing."

Select Miscellang.

LAURA'S MISTAKE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

Laura had been making out a bill. MISS HAYDEN.

To LAURA STETSON, DR. Satin over-skirt, - - \$5.00 Paid out for same, - - \$2.00 Ruffl og skirt, seven bais ruffles, corded on both sides, - . \$5.00 Belt with sush ends, braded, - \$1 00

"That's all ' said the tired girl, letting her pencil drop, as I breathing a sigh of

"I hope the will pay you to-night," murmered old Mrs. Stetson.

'She is well aware of our needs-nonmore so,' was the sad reply.' 'At the same time she carries her old habits of saving into her new life, for she knows I shall not charge one half the price that the regular dress-maker would. She would have to pay Madame Joliffe tweaty-five dollars, at the least,"

'Well, it's a shame,' replied her mother, that you can't get the regular price when you do the work as well and better, in my estimation. Time was when your father could have bought and sold Walter Hayden; and now you must work your fingers off for his daughter, who has neither your education, uor--'

'Oh, don't mamma!' pleaded Laura with a little laugh, that was partly hysterical. You only make it worse for me, you see calling upfold times. Just say it will all come right in the fall, as papa used to;' and with the smile still on her lips, she turned the troubled eyes away, that her mother might not see her tears.

For poor, proud Laura, earning a seant living for her mother and berself, had a memory of the Haydons hidden in her heart.

When Bart Hayden, the handsomest away, only a year before, she had thought near her tired eyes, for all that, of him for months after, may, even till now, with quickened pulses and heightened color. The Haydens were not wealthy, then; but within a short time they come into a fortune and it was rumored that young Bart was also growing rich through lucky speculation.

It was just nine months sine the death of Laura's father. He had dropped down, suddenly, while apparently in full enjoyment of health; and after the tuneral, it was found that his affairs were in a very tangled condition. In fact, only a small house was left to the widow, through the considertion of the creditors, and that far from comfortbly furnished.

Laura, the child of wealth and fashion. her father's idol, and delicate thoroughbred, elegant girl, who had hitherto sunned bersell in the warm rays of prosperity, hardly knew whether she had a heart or not, proved herself a herone. Whatever she could find to do, she worked at with all her heart. Plain sewing, embroidery, dress-making, for which she had a talent, and concerning which she had often laughingly said, that if she had not been rich she might have been famous, everything was undertaken willingly and labored at uncom- a choking sensation in her throat, plainingly. She accepted the situation. many secret tears.

'Well, I suppose I must carry the dress home,' said Laura.

'Dear, can't I take it?' she asked, gazing at her anxiouly. 'You look ill.'

'I am il!-that is my head aches; but the walk will do me good,' Laura responded, trying to look bright, 'It is not far to the flayden's Do you think I would let you carry home my work? No, indeed!' and she bent over and kissed her mother's light.

Our in the air she felt better. The ne . yous depression from which she suffered gradually left her, as she become interested in the sights and sounds about her. In gay and beautiful dresses some of her former acquaintances passed, a few with a nod of recognition, but most without noticing her at a .: - little stings they were, but she held her bundle firmly, listed her head a trifle higher, and passed bravely on. Turning a corner, she came full upon an unexpected tableau. A smartly-dressed boy, with a feather in his cap, kicked and struggled with his purse, who vainly pulled the obstinate shild till her face was purple.

'Why, Lucy! Why, Benny!' exclaimed Laurie, for the girl was nurse maid at the Hayden's and Benny the youngest hope of the house. 'What's all this?'

'Deed miss, he's awful," said the girl nearly crying. 'When he makes up his mind, it's a tiger he is, miss. Jest see him now.

Laura spoke a, few words to the boy in a low tone, and he ceased struggling for a moment.

'We're all at sixes and sevens,' said the nurse, and the misses is arful nervous. Mr. Bart's just returned from Californy, without no warning, and brought a beautiful young lady with him. I do suppose it's his wife from what I heard-and it quite upset the misses, and made such a time! Now, Benny, there's the policeman; so you had better come.'

Laura heard, and for a moment street and houses whirled round, so that she lad, much ado to keep from falling; the words rang in her ears-'I do suppose it's his wite.' The strange and sudden revulsion of feeling passed, however, leaving her deadly pale. Certainly, Burt had a perfeet right to get married; a perfect right o forget her-of course, he had, Men had done such things ever since the flood, and would, probably, to the end of time. Over and over again she said he had never committed himself, and yet in her heart apswered that he had.

Those words he had whispered, had dared to whisper, she said, to herself, with flaming cheeks. What was it but an arowel? What a tingling memory it was! She saw herself as she stood at that moment, attired in the most exquisite fabrics, the acknowledged queen of the rete; and he, handsome and poor, had brought answer to his question on her very cheeks, in

her very eyes. The blood burnt her face now; but as she came in sight of the noble dwelling, prise. it receded, leaving her pale and almost

She stormed at herself for being so su-

Hoge trunks blocked up the hall. A loud cheery voice sounded, that struck anything else.' woefully against her heart; and the first person she saw was stalwart, handsome Bart Hayden, just coming forward as he issued his orders to the men taking the boxes up stairs. What right had he to look so suddenly raidiant?

'Laura-my dear Miss Stetson!' ex-

But Laura's face was like steel. She made a cold bow; and did not choose to see the hand he extended.

'Welcome home, Mr. Hayden,' said, in a cold, set voice. 'I came to bring some-' she could not say work, 'scmething for your sister. I generally go to her room. Is she there?"

He fell back a little. Strange how the light went out of his face.

'I-I rather think she may be engaged,' he said, in a blundaring, confused way; there might have been a little anger in the voice; but-yes perhaps you had better go up,' and he turned on his heel.

'He didn't like to speak of his wife, and no wonder,' half sobbed Laura, to herself,

It was queer how the stairs bobbed not without some struggles with pride, and about; but, perhaps, the thick drops on ily repenting. his lashes might explain it. 'What iu the duce makes her net so od-

Mrs. Stetson thought of the time when tenderer voice, 'poor little thing ! it's pride, a carriage was at the call of her beautiful I suppose; but she might have seemed just as glad to see me, I think,' and then humility. 'Please forget it.' he kicked a box out of his path, and went moodily to the door.

Anne Hayden was alone.

'So glad you brought it,' she cried, 'and oh! doesn't it look beautiful? What a fairy-fingers you are !' an ! she shook out the creamy satin with exclamations of de-

'Sit down, won't you? I've so much to tell you. Bart has come home.'

·Yes, I know it; but I can't wait-not a moment. It will be getting dark, andand -- 'She grew desperate with the feat that Annie should see the tears, and the trembling mouth; and stooping snatched up the bill, and placed it in the hand of her patroness.

'Oh, so sorry! I suppose you won't mind waiting for your pay till next week ?'

'We are out of coal and wood,' said Laura, her cheeks crimson; 'and, in fact, we need the money.'

'Dear me! Dear me! I was so thoug ht less to spend every cent I had. Aut stop -I'll go down and ask Bart,'

Laura felt as if she could sink through the floor.

'Stop!' she said, detaining Annie by a hold on her arm, her face quite white and proud again. "I can wait-never mind. Of course, I can depend upon you by Wednesday?"

'Yes. I'll run round before, perhaps. Must you go? You don't know how much

I've to tell you. Well, then good-night.' Laura had not worn her veil. The tears were running down her cheeks as she hastily descended the steps of the palace-like house, and Bart Hayden, who happened to be there, saw them. Oh! the humiliation of that proud spirit! She threw a half-defiant glance at the handsome, pitying face; then, with a gesture that re pelled him, for he had come toward her, she almost flew down the street, nor hardly drew a breath till she was at home.

How dreary and meagre it all looked ! the few cheap dishes, the scanty tablecloth, the half covered floor, the faded wallpaper, the worn-out chintz on chairs and

'I'm dreadfully tired, mamma; let me lie down,' she cried, in a suppressed voice, and threw herself on the creaking old lounge.

'What is the matter, my darling? 1 see-she didn't pay of course; and not a stick of wood in the house. Oh! the heartlessness of the rich. I thought-A loud rap. Laura hid her face. Her

mother answered the call, and in strode Bart Hayden, almost defiantly. 'At least you will welcome me, Mrs. Stetson,' he said, the old fine ring in his

Laura sat up calm and cold again.

'Annie sent this by me,' he said, and laid a scaled envelope on the table. 'When did you get home?' asked Mrs. Stetson, as she had recovered from her sur-

'Only a few hours ago,' was Bart's reply. I brought cousin Jack's wife with me : she was ordered home for her health, and man in New York, some said, had gone premely foolish; but the tears were very Jack couldn't leave, so I took Mattie in charge. Poor girl! I am afraid Lome is not going to help her much, cr, indeed,

Laura made an almost imperceptible movement. She was far from cold, now; her very temples burned.

'Well, good-night,' he said, stealing a glance at Laura, as he rose, after answering Mrs. Stetsou's inquires, 'I've done my errand, and, Mrs. Etetson, you at least, claimed the young man, burrying toward will let me come, sometimes, and talk with you, won't you, for the sake of old times?" The mother's reproving eyes were fast-

> mean by acting in this way? 'To be sure!' was her quick answaer, if you will come to so humble a place. You see how the wheel has gone round with us. Poor Mr Stetson-! and the

> ened upon Laura. What did the girl

widow could go no further. 'Yes, I heard,' he said, pityingly, 'long ago, Anne wrote to me. But I am not one of the fickle kind; Mrs. Stetson.'

This with a reproachful glance at Laura. 'Good-night!' he said, the next minute. and bowed to both ladies.

He had reached the door, when a faint voice called,

Yes, it was Laura's eager cry. She was ashamod of what she had done, and heart-

He came back a half-suppressed eagerdly?' muttered young Hayden ; then in a nxious-

'I was just a little rude to-night,' she said, looking dangerously beautiful in her

'Indeed I will;' and he seized her pretty little hand, his eyes radient. 'I understand! O, yes! I quite understand-you were always such a sentitive little creature! So you forgive me, ch ?' he blundered,

'It was you who were to forgive me, I believe,' said Laura, demurely, her lips quivering, ready to cry, and to laugh, too, 'Mrs. Etetson, will you allow me to whis-

per ?' asked straightforward Bart. 'Certainly !' said the old lady, her heart beating quicker. What was going to happen? Had poverty done its worst for them? Was there, indeed, bright hope for the

Bart put up his full, shining beard close to Laura's ear, and the second time said the mystic words, that had so long lingered in ber memory. Laura did not repulse him. He felt then that her heart belonged to him, that it had not gone out to any other.

So it happoned that, after that evening, Bart Hayden kept calling, and that the widow invariably left the two young pcoelo together; and the end of it was, a brilliant wedding in less than a year,

CLIPPINGS.

Every point of thought is the centre of an ntellectual world.

The rememberances of past happiness are the wrinkles of the soul.

Man should not dispute or assert, but whisper results to his neighbors. All severity which does not tend to in-

crease good or prevent evil, is idle. What a pity that common sense, for want of use, should have become mucom-

Laws are like grapes, that being pressed too hard, yeild a hard and unwholesome

Poetry should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thought, and appear almonst as a remembrance. To exchange a present good for a prom-

ised better, is giving a greater credit to Weddings often leave the old familiar hearts and places as haunted empty as fu-

nerals. They are the funerals of old asso-

The great strugggles of life are limited to moments ; in the drooping of the head apon the bosom-in the pressure of the haud upon the brow.

Conscience is a sleeping giant; we may lull him into a longer or shorter slumber; but his starts are trightful, and terrible is the hour when he awakes.

The greater importance we attach to

our opinions, the greater our intolerance,

which is wrong even when we are right, and doubly so when we are in error, so persecution for opinion's sake can never be Do not command children under six years of age to keep anything secret, not even the pleasure you may be preparing as a surprise for a dear friend. The cleadless

heaven of a youthful open-heartedness abould not be overcast, not even by the re-

sy dawn of shypess, otherwise children will

soon learn to conceal their secrets as well

THE SMALL BIRDS .- The little painted songsters follow man, and attend upon him. It is their mission to clear his ground and trees of insects which would otherwise destroy his fruit and grain. What would the country be without its birds? Their innocent notes gladden the ear, and their beautiful forms and plumage deliget the eye. A pair of robius have been known to consume two thousand caterpillars in one week's work! The farmer who shoo : the small birds that confidentially surround his dwelling, errs both in judgment and benevolence. What if the songsters take tithe of the ripcoed produce of field and garden; it is nothing but their due. They present their bills some months after their labor was performed, and are fully entitled to their living.

A colered man recetly applied to a promgentleman residing on Fifth Avenue for a letter of recommendation by means of which he hoped to obtain a situation. Being well by the gentleman, the testimonial was readily given. It was even more complimentary than Scipio himself had expected, and that worthy, on recovering his astonishment, exclaimed: 'say, Mr .----, won't you give me something to do your self on that recommendation?"

Men don't commit suicide in Memphis When they they are tired of life they out ness in his manner, his giance wary, but and insult some one, and a are immedate-

Advocate.

For each subsequent insertion Yearly Anven way, one oalf column 50 00

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