

The Elk Advocate.

P. W. BARRETT Editor [INDEPENDENT.] TERMS—\$1 50 per Annum if paid in Advance

VOL. 5 RIDGWAY ELK COUNTY PENNA. SATURDAY September, 23d 1865 NO 13

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

AURIE J. BLAKELY
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.
Ridgway, Pa. P. O. J. R. Co. Bk. Co.

T. T. ABRAMS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

SOUTHER & WILLIS,
Attorneys at Law, Ridgway Elk county Pa., will attend to all professional business promptly.

CHAPIN & WILBUR,
Attorneys and counsellors at Law, Office in Chapin's Block, Ridgway Elk Co. Pa. Particular attention given to collection and all monies promptly remitted. Will also practice in adjoining counties.

JOHN G. HALL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Ridgway Elk County Penna.

DR. W. JAMES BLAKELY
St. Mary's Elk County Pa.

J. R. W. W. SHAW
Practises Medicines Surgery
Centerville Elk Co. Pa.

DR. J. S. BORDWELL
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,
(Lately of Warren county Pa.)
Will promptly answer all professional calls by night or day.—Residence one door East of the late residence of Hon. J. L. Gillis.

D. C. R. HADLEY, Ridgway Elk Co. Pa. Will attend to all call night or day. July 21, 1865.

HOTEL CARDS.

FRED. KOHN'S,
Eagle Hotel
Luthersburg, Clearfield County Pa.

Frederick Kohn Proprietor. Having built a large and commodious house, is now prepared to cater to the wants of the traveling public.
Luthersburg, July 18th 1864.—1y.

LUTHERSBURG HOTEL,
Luthersburg, Clearfield County Penna.

WILLIAM SCHWEM, Proprietor.
Luthersburg, July 27th 1864.—1y.

NATIONAL HOTEL
Corner of Peach Street and
ENOS B. HOYT, Proprietor

This House is new and fitted up with special care for the convenience and comfort of guests, at moderate rates.
Luthersburg, Pa. July 28, 1865.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Ridgway, Elk county Pa.,
DAVID THAYER, Prop'r.

This house is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Clarion, in the lower end of the town, is well provided with comfortable rooms and stabling, and the proprietor will spare no pains to render the stay of his guests pleasant and agreeable.
Ridgway, July 28, 1865.

HYDE HOUSE
BOSTON & MOORE,
Proprietors
Ridgway Elk County Penna.

CLEARFIELD HOUSE,
CORNER OF MARKET AND WATER STS.,
Clearfield Pa.

GEO. N. COLBURN, Proprietor

ST. MARY'S HOTEL
ST. MARY'S ELK COUNTY PENNA.,
M. WELLENDORE, Prop'r.

FALLEN HOUSE
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

E. W. BIGONY, Proprietor.
On the route running to and from the Depot free of charge.

MOORHEAD HOUSE, Main St
Brookville Pa., G. N. Kretz, Prop'r.
This house has been refitted and furnished in a neat style, and is every way adapted to the wants of the public.

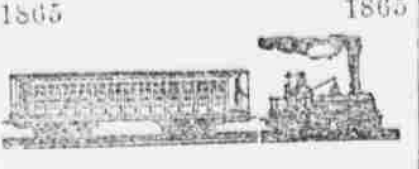
BUSINESS CARDS

BORDWELL & MESSENGER,
DRUGGISTS,
Brokers in Drugs and Chemicals,
PAINTS, OILS AND VARNISH,
Ridgway & Telfer, Auctioneers & Stationery,
Ridgway, Elk County Penna.

WOODS & WRIGHT
LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON COUNTY PA.
DEALERS in Flour, Grain and Feed—near the Passenger Depot

Ridgway Markets.

Apples, (dry) 2 bushel	3 40
Buckwheat "	1 50
Beans "	4 00
Butter "	45
Beef "	30 12
Boards "	20 50
Corn " bushel	1 50
Flour " bbl.	10 00
Hides "	08
Hay " ton	15 00
Oats " bu.	80
Wheat " "	2 50
Rye " "	1 75
Shingles " M.	4 50
Eggs " dozen	25
Hams "	20
Pork "	20



PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RAILROAD.—This great line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie.

It has been leased by the *Transylvania Rail Road company*, and is operated by them.
Its entire length was opened for passenger and freight business, October 17th, 1864.

TIME OF PASSENGER TRAINS AT RIDGWAY.
Leave Eastward.

Through Mail Train 1 53 p.m.
Accommodation a.m.
Leave Westward.

Through Mail Train 12 33 p.m.
Accommodation p.m.

Passenger cars run through without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.

EXPRESS SLEEPING CARS on Express Trains both ways between Williamsport and Baltimore, and Williamsport and Philadelphia.

For information respecting Passenger business apply at the S. E. corner 30th and Market Sts.

And for Freight business of the Company's Agents:
S. B. Kingston, Jr. Cor. 13th and Market Sts. Philadelphia.
J. W. Reynolds Erie.
W. Brown, Agent N. C. R. R. Baltimore.

H. H. HOUSTON,
Gen'l. Freight Ag't. Phil'a.

H. W. GWINNER,
Gen'l. Ticket Ag't. Phil'a.

DR. W. B. HACKMAN,
Gen'l. Ticket Ag't. Phil'a.

W. T. LESHER
Dealer in
Clothing, Hats, & Men's Furnishing Goods

ADOLPH TIMM,
LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON CO., PA.

Centre ville, Elk county Pa.

General Manufacturer of Wagons, Bureaus, &c.—ALSO Furniture, such as Bureaus, Tables, Stoves, Bedsteads and Chairs. All kind of Repairing done at reasonable rates.

COUNTY DIRECTORY

President Judge,
Hon. R. G. White, Wellsborough.
Associate Judges,
Hon. V. S. Brockway, Jay tp.
Hon. E. C. Schultze, St. Mary's.

Sheriff,
P. W. Hays, Ridgway.
Prothonotary, Reg. and Rec.,
George Ed. Weis, Ridgway.
District Attorney,
L. J. Blakely, Ridgway.

Treasurer,
Charles Lahr, St. Mary's.
County Surveyor,
George Walden, St. Mary's.
Commissioners,
Charles Weis, St. Mary's.
Geo. Dickinson, Ridgway.
Joseph W. Taylor, Fox.

Auditors,
R. T. Kaylor, Fox.
Jacob McCauley, Fox.
H. D. Derr, Benzett.

Coal Lands For Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale the Coal privilege, with the right of mining and other minerals under 495 acres of land situated in Fox tp., Clearfield county Pennsylvania, within 2 miles of the Ridgway & Haven R. R., which connects with the Phila. & Erie R. R. at Ridgway, with a six foot vein of Bituminous Coal upon it, which is now commanding such enormous prices, for manufacturing purposes. For sale cheap, terms cash, a good title given.

For further particulars, address
C. L. BARRETT,
Clearfield P. O.,
Clearfield Co., Pa.

NOTICE.—The Books and accounts of Jacob J. Storey & Co., and Charles H. Gering & Co., of St. Mary's, have been placed in the hands of the undersigned for settlement. Parties indebted to either of the above firms, are notified that their accounts must be settled by payment to the undersigned, within 30 days.

AURIE J. BLAKELY, Atty
for GERING & CO. & STOREY & CO.
St. Mary's, February, 20th 65.—2t.

Musie of Labor.

The banging of the hammer,
The whirling of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw,
The crackling of the crane,
The wringing of the awl,
The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning lathe,
The whirling of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
The fan's continual boom,
The clipping of the tailor shears;
The driving of the awl—
These sounds of industry,
I love—I love them all.

The clicking of the magic type,
The earnest talk of men,
The tolling of the giant press,
The scratching of the pen,
The tapping of the yard-stick,
The tinkling of the scales,
The whistling of the needle,
(When no bright cheek is pale),
The humming of the cook stove,
The surging of the broom,
The pattering feet of childhood,
The housewife's busy hum
The buzzing of the scholars,
The teacher's kindly call—
The sound of active industry,
I love—I love them all.

I love the plowman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft repeated shout,
Spurring his stock along,
The bustling of the market man,
As he hies him to the town,
The busy sound of threshers
As they clean their ripened grain;
The husker's joke and catch of glees
"Nearth the moonlight on the plain;
The kind voice of the dryman,
The shepherd's gentle call—
The sounds of pleasant industry,
I love—I love them all.

Reign of Intemperance.

Intemperance, like a raging flood,
Is sweeping o'er the land;
It's dire effects, in tears and blood
Are traced on every hand.

It still flows on and bears away
Ten thousand to their doom;
Who shall the mighty torrents stay,
And disappoint the tomb.

Almighty God, no hand but thine
Can check the flowing tide;
Stretch out thine arm of power Divine,
And bid the flood subside.

Dry up the source from whence it flows,
Destroy its fountain head;
That dire intemperance and its woes
No more the earth o'er spread.

CHARITY AT HOME & ABROAD.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"Aunt Matilda, please give me a pin, said a bright looking but shabbily dressed little fellow, opening the door of Mrs. Lane's kitchen. "Just see here," he added, pointing to a large rent on the knee of his trousers, "me and Will Brown were playing tag, and I fell down and tore this."

"Why don't you run home and get your mother to mend it, Johnny?" said Mrs. Lane, as she did her best to bring together the severed parts.

"Oh! 'cause mother ain't at home. She's gone to the Society for Clothing Destitute Children."

"Destitute Children!" ejaculated Mrs. Lane, as she surveyed her nephew from head to foot. "If you do not come under that class, then never a child did I why, you are all rags and tatters!"

"I know it, aunt," moodily responded the boy; "but it ain't my fault. Mother says she ain't no time to mend my clothes, and if she did, they'd be just as bad the next day; so what's the use. Father said I looked like a heathen, and he almost wished I was, for mother would then think I was worth looking after a little."

Johnny lost no time in obeying his aunt's peremptory but by no means undecorous injunction, and the contents of his plate rapidly disappeared before his energetic assault.

"I wish mother stayed at home just as you do, aunt," he said, as he opened the door, casting a lingering look back upon the cheerful, cozy looking kitchen.

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Lane as taking up the rolling pin, she resumed her labors, "if it isn't a shame for Nancy to neglect that boy so! He's so ragged and dirty that I am actually ashamed of him—and his mother an active member of half a dozen charitable societies. As for brother John, he's clean discouraged, and I don't much wonder at it. I don't believe he comes home to a warm supper once a week. I's my belief that it's a woman's business first to look after the comforts of her own family; then if she has any time to do for others, well and good. Charity ought to begin at home, if it don't stay there!"

"There's aunt Nancy now just coming into the gate," said her daughter Betsy, as looking up from the apples she was paring, she chanced to glance out of the window.

Indignant as she was, it was not in good natured Mrs. Lane's heart to refuse a kindly greeting to her sister in law, who was evidently so full of her own concerns to have noticed any lack of cordiality, had there been any.

"How dy'e do sister Lane. How dy'e do, Betsy," she said, seating herself in the first chair she came to, as if quite exhausted, though her keen black eyes looked as bright and sharp as ever. "Always cooking, I do declare! Ah! how it makes my heart ache to see you spending so much precious time in caring for this poor perishing body!"

"Folk's can't live without eating," responded Mrs. Lane, a little tartly as this remark called to mind what she considered to be her sister in law's remissness in the care of her family. Least ways, I haven't found out any other way."

"Aunt Matilda," said Mrs. Shaw, very composedly helping herself to one of the blackberry tarts which she had just baked, "these are as light as a honey comb," she added as she broke it open and proceeded to dispose of it with evident satisfaction. "I don't know when I have made any kind of pastry. Professor Syare, who lectured here, last winter, says that they are very unhealthy, entirely destroying what he called the digestive apparatus."

"Yes, I know," returned Mrs. Lane, drily. "Husband invited him home to tea one day, and I couldn't perceive that he had any particular objections to my cakes and pies. Indeed, I remember thinking that if that was his ordinary way of eating, I shouldn't like to be the one to cook for him. And let folks say what they may, I never will think that plain light pastry, eaten moderately, ever hurt anybody. I always let my children have it, and they are as hearty and rosy a set of boys and girls as you can find anywhere; as I am sure they wouldn't be if they were fed on cold, half-cooked victuals, given to them in any way, and just when it happened."

"It isn't always the rosiest," said Mrs. Shaw, helping herself to another doughnut. "Now I think of it, I am certain that I can see a purple on Betsy's nose—a sure proof of over-eating; and John Thomas isn't nigh so strong as my Johnny, who isn't more than a year or so the oldest. But I guess I'd do my errand, and be going. I called to tell you that we are going to have a fair for the oppressed Pole, I'm on the committee of arrangements, and really hope, sister Lane, that you'll take hold and do everything in your power to forward this noble and praiseworthy object."

"No, thank you," returned her sister in law. "I think I can find objects of charity nearer home than Poland."

"But there is a society, of which you are a member, that I should like to join," said Mrs. Lane, after a moment's thought; "the one for clothing and providing for destitute, neglected children."

"Mrs. Shaw's countenance brightened. "We shall be delighted," she exclaimed. "The initiation fee is only two dollars, together with a weekly payment of ten cents."

"I believe I paid the initiation fee about a year ago, when it was first organized. I did that cheerfully, though what I then considered to be duties nearer home prevented my doing more. I will pay it over again, however, only I must have the privilege of bringing a destitute child with me. I often see a little boy roaming about the streets, whose forlorn and neglected appearance fills my heart with pity."

"Certainly; that is what we expect and desire every member to do as we have opportunity. We have a number of little jacks and pots made, and there'll be some among them that will fit him. Remember, our next meeting is just a week from to-day, at Squire Mayo's."

There was a merry talk in Mrs. Lane's eyes, that night, as she superintended preparations for supper, which ever and anon deepened into a smile; but though the children were anxious to know what their mother was smiling about she kept her own counsel.

The next Wednesday afternoon a score or more of ladies were seated in Squire Mayo's parlor, with busy fingers and still more busy tongues.

"There's Mrs. Lane coming up the walk," exclaimed Mrs. Mayo, who was seated by the window. "Just see what a wretched looking boy she is leading by the hand! It can't be one of her children for they are all models of neatness."

Mrs. Shaw was too busy distributing work to even glance out the window. "I forgot to tell you, ladies," she said "that my sister in law joins our society this afternoon. The boy with her is no doubt the one that she spoke to me about the other day as a fit subject for our charity. I take considerable credit to myself," she added quite complacently, "for persuading her to this step. Sister Lane is such a home body—so wrapped up in herself and family."

"Mrs. Lane is a kind hearted woman," replied an old lady, who was knitting in one corner of the room, "and does a great deal of good in a quiet way."

"Sister Lane means well—there is no doubt of that," responded Mrs. Shaw with a magnanimous air. "But according to my way of thinking, charity without system and organization is worse than thrown away."

By this time Mrs. Lane was in the room. "Good afternoon, ladies," she said, looking around with a pleasant smile.

"You see sister Shaw, that I have kept my word, and did not come alone," she added, as that individual fixed her eyes in undisguised astonishment upon the boy, whose reluctant hand she held.

"I found this poor lad," she continued, "in an alley way, playing marbles with a number of profane and vicious boys, and who were uttering words in the blackest of the gutter, to think of one of them, in which it seems he had the worst of it."

He is very dirty and ragged, as you see; but I offer no apology for bringing him to you in this condition, as I know your society was formed for the benefit of such, and trust that under your kindly care he will soon present quite another appearance."

Twice did Mrs. Shaw essay to interrupt the speaker, but anger and shame choked her utterance. When she had concluded, she sprang to her feet.

"Malinda Lane," she ejaculated, "do you mean to pretend that you don't know that that is my boy?"

"Your boy?" exclaimed Mrs. Lane, starting with well-dissembled amazement. "Is it possible? Now, that I look at him closer, it does look like Johnny. But who would have thought it?"

"I leave it to you," she added, addressing the other ladies, "if the mistake was not a very natural one, or if ever child, apparently, stood more in your need of your friendly offices."

This assertion could not be denied by any present, certainly not by Mrs. Shaw who was completely silenced, though she looked unutterable things.

Not long after she could have been seen with poor, luckless Johnny in tow, taking a round about course in the direction for home, far unlike her sister in law, when she escorted him thither, she went by the darkest and least frequented streets.

This sharp but much needed lesson had a most happy result, as was evident by not only Johnny's improved appearance, but by the increased comfort of the whole family. Mrs. Shaw learned, what is to be feared that too many forget, that no object, however praiseworthy, can excuse the wife and mother in the neglect of home duties. That as there lies her truest happiness, so are there found the dearest objects of her care, who have the first claim upon her time and affections.

THE PUNYMAN, MASS.—Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all his transactions through life. He amassed a large fortune by using industry and punctuality; and at the advanced age of ninety years was resting quietly on his bed and calmly waiting to be called away. He had deliberately made almost every arrangement for his decease and burial. His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering in its socket when one of his sons observed:

"Father, you will but live a day or two; is it not well for you to name your heirs?"

"To be sure, my son," said the dying man, "it is well thought of and I will do it now."

He gave the names of six, the usual number, and sank back exhausted upon his pillow.

A gleam of thought passed over his withered features like a ray of light, and he rallied once more. "My son, read me the list. Is the name of Wiggins there?"

"Then, strike it off!" said he emphatically, "for he was never punctual—he was never anywhere in time, and he might hinder the procession a whole hour."

"Gwine back to Massa."—A little bullet-eyed, quick-witted, contraband, blacker than the ace of spades, found his way into the Provost Marshal's office yesterday, and demanded a pass. Before obtaining it, however, he delivered himself of his views on the subject of freedom much to the satisfaction of himself and those around him. He was but nine years of age, and belonged to Dr. Smith, in Lexington. He spoke about as follows: "Look a heah, gentlemen, I don't like de way I've been treated by de citizens of this place I thought dey knowed how to treat a nigger better dan dey does. Why de white folks put on too much style for dis child; an' de niggers thinks dey's better dan de white folks, so I stans a poor chance 'mong em both. Dey ain't sutt no. I see gwine home to massa. I see gwine straight dar; kase he's a white man all ober, an' knows how to treat folks, black an' white,—no style 'bout him. I'm a young nigger, but I've got an' self sense to know dat I wasn't made to no free nigger, an' if massa's glad to see me as I is him, de law know I've willin. Gwine de pass" He got the pass and left for home.—Louisville Democrat.

A GOOD WIFE.—A translation of a Welsh Triad:
She is modest, void of deceit, and obedient.
Pure of conscience, gracious of tongue and true to her husband.
Her heart not proud, her manners not affable and her bosom full of compassion for the poor.

Labouring to be tidy, skillful of hand, her conversation amiable, her dress decent, and her house orderly.
Quick of head, quick of eye and quick of understanding.

Her person stately, her manners agreeable, and her heart innocent.
Her face beset with her head fatelli, gent and prudent.
Neighbourly, gentle, and of a liberal way of thinking.

Able in directing, providing what is wanting, and a good mother to her children.
Loving her husband, loving peace and loving God.

Happy is the man who possesses such a wife.
WEEDS.—Allow no weeds to mature on your lands. Prudicate all, and destroy them thoroughly, for one weed will be sufficient for the perpetration of its kind, and you feel a greater extent of surface than can be cleaned effectually in a year. Most weeds make good articles in your compost heap, and when used for this purpose may be made to repay the cost for gathering them from the fields and preparing them for manure. And vegetables are more or less valuable for this purpose.

A tall keen-eyed countryman stepped into the court room at Detroit, the other day, during the progress of the rail road trial. Stepping up to a spectator, he requested that the prisoner might be pointed out to him. The man assumed being something of a wag, pointed to the jury. The fellow scanned the twelve with a distrustful eye, and when satisfied with the scrutiny, turned to his informant and whispered: "Well, they are a hard looking set ain't they? I know by their looks they ought to go to the States prison, every one of them."

"Why, Bridger," said a lady who wished to rally her servant girl for the amusement of company, upon the fantastic ornamenting of a large pie. "Did you do this? You are quite an artist. Pray how did you do it?" "Indeed, mum, it was myself that did it! Isn't it pretty? I did it with your old false teeth, mum."

"The buty ov meny ov the sermons that is preached, consists in their great length, for if it want for their length, there wouldn't be much of them."—Josh Billings.

A good story is told of a country Methodist at whose house an itinerant preacher was passing the night, who when bed time came and family prayers were suggested, in searching for a Bible, finally produced two torn leaves of the good book with the naive remark, "I didn't know I was so near out of Bibles."

Two hundred thousand dollars belonging to the government were lost to the steamer *Hesper* off the coast of Oregon.