

The Elk Advocate.

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

VOL. 5 RIDGWAY ELK COUNTY PENNA. SATURDAY October, 7th 1865 NO 44

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAURIE J. BLAKELY
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.
Ridgway, [or Lehigh P. O.] Elk Co. Pa.

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 Counselors 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 BLARELY
St. Mary's Elk County Pa.

DR. W. W. SHAW
Practices Medicines Surgery
Centerville Elk Co. Pa.

DR. J. S. BORDWELL
ELECTRIC 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.

DR. C. R. EARLEY, Kersy Elk Co., Pa. Will attend to all call night or day. July 23, 1861.

HOTEL CARDS.
FRED. KORB'S,
Eagle Hotel
Luthersburg, Clearfield County Pa.

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

NATIONAL HOTEL
Corner of Peach Street and the Buffalo Road,
ERIE PA.

ENOS B. HOYT, Proprietor
This House is new and fitted up with special care for the convenience and comfort of guests, at moderate rates. GOOD STABLES ATTACHED.
Ridgway, Elk county Pa., July 28, 1860.

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 house room and stabling, and the proprietor will spare no pains to render the stay of his guests pleasant and agreeable.

HYDE HOUSE
BOYINGTON & 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. WELLENDORF, Prop'r.

FALLEN HOUSE
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
E. W. BIGONY, Proprietor.

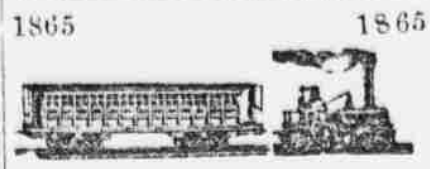
Omnibus running to and from the Depot free of charge.

MOORHEAD HOUSE, Main St. Brookville Pa., C. 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,
Dealers in Drugs and Chemicals, PAINTS, OILS AND VARNISH, Perfumery & Toilet Articles & Stationery.
Ridgway, Elk county Penna.

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

Corrected weekly:
Apples, (dry) bushel - - - 8 4 00
Buckwheat " " " " - - - 1 50
Beans, " " " " - - - 4 00
Butter " lb - - - 45
Beef " " " " - - - 9@12
Boards " M - - - 20 00
Corn " bushel - - - 1 50
Flour " bbl - - - 10 00
Hides " lb - - - 05
Hay " ton - - - 15 00
Oats " bu. - - - 80
Wheat " " " " - - - 2 50
Rye " " " " - - - 1 75
Shingles " M - - - 4 50
Eggs " dozen - - - 30
Horn " lb - - - 25
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 *Pennsylvania 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.

ELEGANT 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. HOBSON, Gen'l. Freight Ag't. Phil'a.
H. W. GWINNER, Gen'l. Ticket Ag't. Phil'a.
JOS. D. POTTS, General Manager, Wash't.

DR. W. B. HARTMAN,
ST. MARY'S ELK CO. PA.
[Late of the Army of the Potomac.]
Particular attention given to all cases of surgical nature.

W. T. LESHER
Dealer in
Clothing, Hats, & Men's Furnishing Goods.
WATER STREET,
LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON CO. PA.

ADOLPH TIMM,
Centerville, Elk county Pa.
General Manufacturer of Wagons, Buggies &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 Luhr, St. Mary's.
County Surveyor,
George Walmesley, St. Mary's.

Commissioners,
Charles Weis, St. Mary's.
Geo. Dickinson, Ridgway.
Joseph W. Taylor, Fox.

Auditors,
R. T. Kyler, Fox.
Jacob McCauley, Fox.
H. D. Derr, Benzoyett.

Scal 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 & Lehigh 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. Etorer & 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.

LAURIE J. BLAKELY, Atty
for GERING & CO. & ETOER & CO.
St. Mary's February, 20th '65—5f.

SONG.

I've oft, at night,
Seen forms of light,
Fresh from the fields of air;
But never yet
Till now have met
A mortal maid as fair;
On golden sands
Of starry lands
I thought such maids might shine;
But did not know
That earth could show
Such loveliness as thine.

Eyes brighter far
Than gem or star
Shall haunt me evermore,
Where'er my path,
In peace or wrath,
Shall be no sea or shore;
Now maids not fair
Of earth or air
For me in vain shall shine,
Their eyes, though bright,
Have not the light
That fills that glance of thine.

Oh, glossy tress
I will thee bless
If thou wilt give to me;
When far apart,
Oh, them, my heart
'Twill firmly bind to thee.
In shade or ray,
Where'er I stray,
When eyes and tresses shine,
— O maiden there,
Of earth or air,
I'll meet with charms like thine.

The rover's home,
On land or foam,
The tent or plank with thee,
Or humblest cot,
In any spot,
A palace were to me.
Alike all others,
If those bright eyes
On me would fondly shine;
All else that's dear
To bosoms here
I'd yield to call thee mine!

[Home Journal.]

The House.

BY R. W. EMERSON

There is no architect
Can build as the Muse can;
She is skilful to select
Materials for her plan;
She trends dark Alpine forests,
Or valleys by the sea,
In many lands with painful steps,
Ere she can find a tree,

She ransacks mines and ledges,
And quarries every rock,
To how the famous adamant
For each eternal block,
She lays her beams in music,
In music every one,
To the chance of the whirling world
Which dances round the sun;

That so they shall not be displaced
By lapses or by wars,
But, for the love of happy souls,
Outlive the newest stars.

IN A FOOT.—A few years ago, there lived in the town of —, a son of Judge B., whom we will call Joe, who frequently imbibed more than he could comfortably carry. There also resided in the neighborhood a painter named W., who kept a saloon.—Now W. was a great practical joker. On one occasion, Joe came into W.'s saloon, and rather early in the morning got very much intoxicated, and finally fell asleep in his chair. Joe was very near-sighted, and always wore spectacles. After he had slept some time, W. took off his spectacles, blotted the glasses, put them back again, lighted the lamps, and awoke Joe, telling him that it was about twelve o'clock at night, and he wanted to shut up.

Joe started, and remarked that he had slept some time.
W. then said:
"Joe, it is very dark, and if you will bring it back again, I will lend you a lantern."
W. lighted the lantern, gave it to Joe and helped him up stairs. Joe went off towards home, (up the main business street) in the middle of the day, with his lantern, everybody looking at him, and wondering what was the matter.

Mr. Smooth's First Waltz

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I'm as respectable and nice a young man as you can find in Heppford, to say nothing about the rest of creation. I you know of one more respectable, just you send him to me, by express, at my expense and I'll take the stiffening out of him quick'n light. My patent Consolidated E Pluribus Unum Bitters will do the business for any man.

Of course you've been told of them bitters? Everybody has! From the Gulf of Patagonia to the burning mountains in Kam-earky they're known and took, and recommended! The man in the moon himself would use 'em! The Empress of Mexico keeps 'em sellers by him, and his wife Mrs. Charlotte, she never goes to bed without taking a dose of 'em.

Well, I'm the man that discovered these wonderful bitters, and my name is Samuel Smooth, and I was born and brought in the town of Heppford, in the Commonwealth of New Hampshire.

I don't hesitate to say, that nothing can stand alongside of my bitters. If you don't believe it, just you get a bottle and take 'em faithfully, and if you don't wish you hadn't, then I'll give you another bottle.

They're sweet to smell,
They're smooth to take,
They'll make you well
Of stomach ache;
They'll cleanse the blood,
And make you feel
Tremendous good—
And lumber as an eel.

I made the poetry myself, and if there's anybody that it don't suit, why just let 'em make some more on the same subject.

I took half a bottle of my bitters once, and I thought I shouldn't live from one end to t'other! Marm said I looked just like a wrung out dishcloth. Nothing in 'em but yeast boiled in new rum. Perfectly harmless! A kitten might take 'em and never know what she was a hatching of. They'll make the old young, and vice versa—they'll operate just as you want 'em to! only two dollars a bottle owing to the price of gold, which is falling so fast that I suspect to be able to afford 'em for nothing afore long.

Well a little better'n a fortnight ago I went to the city of — I guess I won't tell the name for fear other cities will be jealous—to establish an agency for my bitters.

I had just rate luck, and as there was going to be a ball at the Washington House I concluded to see a little of high life, and attend.

I got a pair of white pantaloons, tight as my skin, a scarlet neck tie, a squizzing glass, and a pair of white kids.

was only putting myself in the right attitude.
"Bully for the attitude!" said I—the attitude and Pluribus Unum Bitters for ever! and how shall I do?"
"Like the others you see—" said she, "I just grabbed her around the waist and drew her up till her rats could get into my shirt bosom, and her erminoline coated out behind like the mouth of a coal scuttle, and then we began to whirl."
"Jubiter Jinks! Of all the messes that ever I got into that was the worst! We was all snarled up as bad as ever I seed a skein of marm's stocking yarn, when she was a coloring blue in the old wooden dye pot to home."
"My legs was all pounded black and blue by the skillions of the woman banging against 'em and the toes of the men's patent leathers. My eyes like to have got put out with the great gold arrets stuck into a tall woman's hair, and I broke a string of yellow beads into more than forty pieces, which a mighty stylish feminine saw fit to hitch onto my coat buttons."
"In five minnits I was as dizzy as a top, and if anybody had asked me which end my head was on I'd been just as likely to have told 'em one as t'other."
"Stop there! stop! this lady's flounce is tangled!" cried a man that was whirling a woman with nothing on her but a few flowers and a couple of bunches of flowers.
"I didn't know whether he was speaking to me, or to somebody else, and what was more I didn't care—so I kept right on."
"The women was hung fast to my buttons by her laces and fandangles, and having her and Dora to whirl was a little to many guns for me."
"Let go of Dora and me!" yelled I—"I'm a little green in this ere humming top bizness, but I'm bound to learn."
"Release my drapery!" said she—short as pie crust.
"Haint got it!" said I—"and I don't want it, neither!"
"The wretch!" cried she—"It makes me shudder to speak of him!"
"Have a bottle of my bitters! They're a grand pacific for the shivers!" said I, pulling a bottle from my pocket.
She struck at it, knocked it out of my hand, and spilt the contents all over my pantaloons. I was mad—and give a sudden wrench, and was parted—the lace stretched out full five yards, and the woman fell backwards into a pot of hellebore, and I smashed her combs and hair pins all to flinders.

I hopped over her, and Dora she fol lowed, and the waltz continued. I got so dizzy at last that I couldn't tell who I was, and thought I'd go across the room and ask an old lady that I seed sitting there. I let go of Dora and started off, and when I got the lady I went right straight through her, and come to find out she was only her own reflection in the big looking glass.

I whirled off on another track, and catching my foot into somebody's spinning crumpline, I pitched head first into the lap of a woman with specks, who was reading Watts on the Mind.

"Jool heave is?" cried she—"How shall I free myself from this insatiate friend?"
"Take my E Pluribus Unum Bitters," said I.
"Do you add to insult to injury?" said she growing strong.
"I thought you was billyus!" said I—"such a yellor skin is a sure sign, though it may be natural for a person of your age to be yellor—old folks are apt to—"
"I didn't get any further before she gave me a sounding clap on the side of the head with her back, and a good gracious! the room swarmed with tin snobos stars!

I saw a table handy, and made a spring for it, hoping to get out of the way of that dreadful female. Yes, I made the spring, and I know its dread ful unpolite to write it, but the truth must be told—I burst my suspenders, otherwise known as gallowases—and grabbing the top of my unwhisperables with both hands I skeddiddled!

I haint d'need sense. It don't agree with my constitution. But my bitters are still unapproachable.

The medicine for the million. Only two dollars a bottle! Warranted pure and the factiously likeness and ortygraft of Samuel Smooth thereon in.

FRUIT TREES.—Dig around and remove the grass from the roots of fruit trees. In the cultivation of every description of trees it is a good plan to keep the most thorough and perfect system. Good tillage, good manuring and judicious pruning will generally ensure success in the cultivation of any tree, fruit-bearing or ornamental. With good management, no tree can be rendered profitable.

During an irksome delay of two hours on the Troy and Boston Railroad the other day, two young men just tall time, proposed to young ladies respectively, and a clergyman being at hand, were married on the spot.

RARE ATTRACTION.—Arcturus Ward, in the prospectus of his Irving Hall entertainment in New York, tempts the public to come and see him with the following inducements:
The festivities will be commenced by the pianist, a gentleman who used to board in the same street with Gotta's chalk. The man who kept the boarding house remembers it distinctly. The overture will consist of a medley of airs, including the touching new ballad, "Dear Sister, is there any Pie in the House?" "My Gentle Father, have you any Fine Cut about you?" "Moth, or is the Battle O'er, and is it safe for me to come home from Canada?" and (by request of several families who have not heard it) "Tramp, Traup, the boys are Munching." While the enraptured ear drinks in this sweet music [we pay our pianist nine dollars a week and "find him,"] the eye will be enchained by the magnificent green baize covering of the Panorama. This green baize cost forty cents a yard at Mr. Stewart's store. It was bought in deference to the present popularity of "The Wearing of the Green." We shall keep up with the times if we spend the last dollar our friends have got.

CHRONIC TOBER.—Uncle John Morris was a chronic toper. One day while returning from a tavern he found locomotion impossible, and brought up in the corner of a worm fence, where he remained standing. He had been there only a few minutes, when the minister came along.
"Uncle John," said he, "where do you suppose you will go when you come to die?"
"If I can't go any better than I can now I shan't go anywhere," replied Uncle John.

As a number of ladies continued standing on the benches, notwithstanding the frequent hints from the minister to sit down, at length a reverend old gentleman, noted for his good humor, arose and said:
"I think if those ladies standing on the benches knew they had holes in their stockings they would sit down."
This address had the desired effect—there was an immediate sinking into the seats.

A young minister standing behind the speaker, and blushing to the temples, said:
"O, brother, how could you say that?"
"Say that," said the old gentleman, "it's a fact, if they hadn't holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on!"

A NOBLE WOMAN.—A scene recently took place at a Paris wedding, in which the refining influence of love and French politeness combined to make a very charming picture. The bridegroom an honest and industrious locksmith, and when called on to join the register, marked a cross. The bride on the contrary, although belonging to a poor family, had received an excellent education. Nevertheless, when the pen was passed to her she signed a cross. The bridesmaid a former schoolfellow of the bride, having expressed her astonishment, the young wife replied: "Would you have me humiliate my husband? To-morrow I will commence teaching him to read and write."

WHAT DID HE SAY. LYDIA?—Good old Mrs. Call was very hard of hearing, being somewhat advanced in years. Her daughter Lydia was a bouncing lass, who loved a good frolic and knew well how to get one up. Lyd had arranged a junket, and the young men and maids were all on hand. Among the rest was the General—one of 'em. In the midst of the fun he popped old deacon —, to see how the widow fared. This was a wet blanket to the merriment, and the deacon held on till Lydia was out of all patience. She wished he would go, and by and by he gets up to depart.

"Oh, Deacon," said mother Call, "don't think of going before tea. Oh, do stop to eat."
The good Deacon, so strongly urged, replied:
"Well, I rather think I will, as the folks will not expect me home till dark."
"What did he say, Lyd a?" asked the widow.

Lydia had a ready answer.
"He says he will not, to day, mo'her, as the folks expect him home before dark. Why, how deaf you are, mo'her a?"
"Oh, well, some other day, Deacon, won't you?" said mother Call, as she showed the Deacon out.

"Suart girl, that," said the old Deacon, as he trudged along home.—"She'll find her way through, I'll warrant."
A MAMMOTH CIGAR.—A correspondent relates the following incident of lieutenant Gen. Grant's passage through Brunswick, Maine:
An old man—an inveterate smoker—had learned that the general sometimes, in fact frequently, smokes, set his genius to work to obtain an interview with him. A cigar occurred to him as the best pass within the guard-circle, and he therefore, upon hearing that he was coming, obtained one upwards of a foot in length. When the General came the old fellow rushed pell-mill into the crowd, and disengaging with all forms of etiquette, drew his mammoth Havana, and politely but roguishly presented it to the General expressing the hope that he might enjoy a long and pleasant smoke. His act was of course the signal for great laughter on the part of the crowd, and none joined in it more heartily than the General.