

The Elk Advocate.

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

VOL. 5 RIDGWAY ELK COUNTY PENNA. SATURDAY November, 11th 1865 NO 48

PROFESSIONAL CADRES
LAURIE J. BLAKELY
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER.
Ridgway, [for Benzinger P. O.] Elk Co Pa.

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

J. C. CHAPIN
Attorney and counselor 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.
DR. W. W. SHAW
Practices Medicine Surgery
Centreville 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.

DR. C. R. EARLY, Kesey Elk Co., Pa. Will attend to all call night or day. July 21, 1861.

DR. A. S. HILL
Kesey, Elk County Pennsylvania.

Will promptly answer all professional calls, by night or day.

HOTEL CARDS.
FRED. KORBS.

Eagle Hotel

Luthersburg, Clearfield County Pa.

Frederick Korbs Proprietor. Having built a large and commodious house, is now prepared to cater to the wants of the traveling public.
Luthersburg, July 19th 1861.—ly.

LUTHERSBURG HOTEL.
Luthersburg Clearfield County Penna.

WILLIAM SCHWEM, Proprietor.
Luthersburg, July 27th 1861.—lf.

NATIONAL HOTEL

Corner of Peach Street and the Buffalo Road.
BRIEF

ENOS B. HOYT, Proprietor

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

EXCHANGE HOTEL.
Ridgway, Elk county Pa.

DAVID THAYER, Proprietor.
This house is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Clarion, in the lower end of the town, is well provided with house-rooms and stabling, and the proprietor will spare no pains to render the stay of his guests pleasant and agreeable.
Ridgway July 23, 1863.

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BOYINGTON & MOORE, Proprietors
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Omnibus running to and from the Depot free of charge.

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DEALERS in Flour, Grain and Feed—near the Passenger Depot

Ridgway Markets.

Corrected weekly:		
Apples, (dry) bushel	\$ 4 00	
Backwheat " "	1 50	
Beans " "	4 00	
Butter " lb	45	
Beef " "	9 12	
Boards " M	23 00	
Corn " bushel	1 50	
Flour " bbl	10 00	
Hides " lb	08	
Hay " ton	15 00	
Oats " bu	80	
Wheat " "	2 50	
Rye " "	1 75	
Shingles " M	4 50	
Eggs " dozen	25	
Hams " 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 and Erie 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.	
Erie Mail Train	7 25 a. m.
Erie Express Train	7 44 p. m.
Leave Westward.	
Erie Mail Train	11 52 a. m.
Erie Express Train	10 15 p. m.

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

NEW YORK CONNECTION.
Leave New York at 7.00 p. m., Arrive at Erie 8.40 a. m.
Leave Erie at 2.05 p. m., arrive at New York 12 noon.

EXPRESS 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. H. Kingston, Jr. Cor. 13th and Market Sts., Philadelphia.
J. W. Reynolds, Erie.
W. Brown, Agent N. C. R. R. Baltimore.

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Gen'l Freight Agt. Phil'a.

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ALBERT L. TYLER,
General Supt. Wash't.

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[Lately of the Army of the Potomac.]
Particular attention given to all cases of surgical nature.

W. T. LESHER,
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General Manufacturer of Wagons, Buggies &c.—ALSO Furniture, such as Bureaus, Tables, Stoves, Beds and Chairs. All kind of Repairing done at reasonable rate.

MOORHEAD HOUSE, Main St.
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This house has been refitted and furnished in a neat style, and is every way adapted to the wants of the public.

COUNTY DIRECTORY

President Judge.
Hon. R. G. White, Wellsborough.

Associate Judges.
Hon. V. S. Brookway, Jay tp.
Hon. B. C. Schultze, St. Mary's.

Sheriff.
P. W. Hays, Ridgway.

Prothonotary, Reg. and Rec.
George Ed. Wais, Ridgway.

District Attorney.
L. J. Blakely, Ridgway.

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Charles Lule, St. Mary's.

County Surveyor.
George Walmsley, St. Mary's.

Commissioners.
Charles Wais, St. Mary's.

Justices of the Peace.
Geo. Blackiston, Ridgway.
Joseph W. Taylor, Fox.

Auditors.
R. T. Kyle, Fox.
Jacob McCaskey, Fox.

Deputy Auditors.
H. D. Bair, Benzett.

NOTICE—All persons indebted to late Firms of C. Lule & Co. and Fred Schoning & Co. are requested their accounts by the 1st of July next, either by note or otherwise, when the accounts will then be left for immediate collection. Persons indebted to Fred Schoning & Co., will find their accounts at Centreville until the above stated time.

CHAS. LUHR.
St. Mary's, May 15th 1865.

Notice—Parties attending Court as witnesses in Commonwealth cases, must hereafter claim their fees of the undersigned, before leaving Court, or they will not be taxed in the bill of costs.

By order of the County Court's
LAURIE J. BLAKELY,
District Attorney.

Under Suspicion.

CHAPTER I.—UNDER ARREST.

"Uncle Joseph, will you see to the luggage?"

"Certainly, madam," I replied. I always called my brother's second wife, 'madam'; we never quarreled, but each thought that the other was the most disagreeable person in the universe; and as we each knew what the other thought, it may be imagined our intercourse was not a very cordial kind.

I did see to the luggage, and then took tickets for the party for the York Express by the Great Northern Railway.

Fortunately we had a compartment to ourselves, that is, Mrs. Webster, my niece Clara, and myself.

"Clara, my dear, you look as ill as you can look; no one would think, that to-morrow was your wedding day."

"Do I look ill, mama?" said Clara dreamily.

"Yes, my dear, and wretched too. I wonder you have not more sense at your age, a girl of twenty-five, and breaking her heart for love of a man who, for four years has not taken the slightest notice of you."

"Why, it was one of the conditions, Mrs. Webster, that he should not write," I exclaimed.

Clara said nothing, but looked her thanks at her old uncle.

"However, Uncle Joseph, he ought to have come back and taken his dismissal quietly. I have no patience with these poor men blighting a girl's chance of getting well settled in life in this way; however, thank goodness, it's all over now; the four years are gone this three months and to-morrow you will be the happy wife of a man whose age will command your respect, and whose position will secure you every comfort."

"And one, mama, whom nothing on earth but the solemn promise to my poor father would make me call husband."

"Well, dear, it is fortunate for your future interests that you made that promise. I'm sure Mr. Tredgar is a man after my own heart. If I hadn't other views for my children's sake, I should have set my cap at him myself."

"I'm sure, madam, Mr. Tredgar would feel too much honored if he knew your sentiments; the candid avowal of them, I think, highly calculated to add to Clara's happiness under existing circumstances."

"Well, you know, Uncle Joseph, I am candid to a fault."

"Decidedly, madam, most decidedly," I replied, a remark which caused Mrs. Webster to read a yellow covered novel for some time in silence, though shortly afterwards she dropped asleep.

Clara stole to my side of the carriage and leaned her head on my shoulder.

"Oh, uncle, I wish I were dead; can it be so very wrong to die? I am so wretched; I dread to-morrow; oh, why will not God pity me, and take away my life?"

"My dear Clara, don't! there's a good child; it's wicked to talk in this way; life must be borne; I have felt as you feel, and yet I live, and am not positively unhappy, only a vague, shadowy regret for what might have been stands between me and my happiness that might be mine. Your's are keen sufferings, but bear them patiently, and use will dull the pain."

"But, Uncle, why did he not let me hear from him, as mama says?"

"Because he was a man of honor; the four years were up last April, and this is but July; who can tell where he is? Wherever he is, he is faithful and true; I know."

"Oh, uncle, God bless you for those words. I know it too, but what can I do? I cannot delay longer; my poor father's dying words, my solemn promise to this man, my stepmother's persecutions—what can I do? Three months have I fought, and now I wish I could lie down and die. O, Uncle, is there no escape? I have such a dread that he will come back after I am married, and then,—oh! it would be worse than his death to see him! The temptation!—oh! why cannot I die?"

"Poor child! my poor child!" was all I could utter.

Bound by a vow made at her father's death bed, she was going the next day to marry a man who was old enough to be her father, and who, but for the fact of her persisting in his claim, spite of her openly expressed dislike of him, was esteemed a very good kind of a man.

True, Clara was beautiful and accomplished beyond the average of women of her class, and would be a struggle to any man to give up such a prize, looked as he was by the assurance of the stepmother, that it was only a girl's fancy, and that love coming after the marriage, was more to be trusted and more lasting than if it came before. I confess I was but a poor counsellor under such circumstances, still I loved her very truly; she was almost as my own daughter, for I was a childless widower, and I would have given my life to save her. But it was impossible, and to-morrow would seal her fate.

It was not a pleasant journey, that Mrs. Webster read and slept at intervals the whole time, and when she slept Clara nestled close to me.

We arrived at York about six o'clock and, just as the train was slackening speed into the station, a guard jumped on to the footboard, locked or unlocked the door, and remained there until the train stopped.

"Have you all your parcels, madam?"

"All thank you, Uncle Joseph, except my umbrella—oh! that's under the seat," said Mrs. Webster.

"Now guard unlock this door."

"Are you with that young lady sir?" pointing to my niece.

"Yes, certainly; unlock the door."

"Better not make a fuss, sir."

"Fuss! what do you mean?"

"Step into my office. I dare say it's all right. Better not say too much here, you know."

We followed him through the little crowd of passengers and porters, accompanied by a policeman in uniform. As we passed we heard fragmentary observations of a most pleasing kind.

"Which is it?" said one.

"It's the girl, I think."

"No, it's the old woman; she looks as if she'd do any one a mischief if it suited her."

"The old woman looks too soft for any thing," and so on.

We went into the office and I indignantly turned to the station master.

"What's the meaning of this, sir?"

"Oh! it's very simple, sir; a telegram has arrived from the police in London with orders to stop this young lady; here it is."

I took it, and read:

"The young lady looking very ill, dressed in black silk mantle, white straw bonnet with white flowers, is to be detained at the station till the arrival of the officer by the afternoon mail. She is seated in the middle compartment of the third carriage from the end of the train. Her present name is Clara Webster. To avoid the possibility of mistake she has a diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand, with the words 'From Herbert,' engraved on the inside."

It certainly was a correct description, and the name—there might be two Clara Websters, though.

"Let me see your left hand, dear."

She pulled off the glove and there was the ring.

"Let me see that ring with the diamond in it."

"Uncle what does this mean? Is there anything wrong at home?"

"I'll tell you presently, dear; give me the ring."

She took it off and gave it to me, and I read 'From Herbert' on the inside.

"Why, that's the ring Mr. Langley gave you."

"What has he to do with this?" said Mrs. Webster. "Perhaps he—"

"He what, Madam?"

"Perhaps it did not belong to him. I was going to say."

It saw it was no use to struggle; when the officer came down he would explain the mistake.

"Where can we wait?" I said.

"Wait, Uncle Joseph? what for?"

"Madam, this telegram orders the arrest of your daughter, and her detention here till the arrival of an officer here from London."

"But what for?"

"I cannot tell you; it is useless to complain; we must wait."

"I shall do nothing of the kind; I shall at once go and get my brother and Mr. Tredgar to come down."

"Pray don't, madam; there's no occasion to make more noise about this matter than can be helped."

"I shall remain with Clara; you had better go and say we are coming very soon."

"Your instructions don't include this lady or myself?" I asked.

"Not at all, sir; you are both free to go at any time, but the young lady must stay."

"Where?"

"Well, sir, I'm sure there's some mistake, and was so from the moment I saw the young lady, so if you'll give me your word not to go away, I'll take you into my house, out of the bustle of the station."

Mrs. Webster went off, and Clara and I went out of the house.

"What can it be, uncle?"

at least a week; mamma herself could not press it for to-morrow, after this."

We had dined, and got to be quite cheerful and laughing over the blunder as we sat at the window, when a rap at the door startled us both.

"Come in."

A gentleman entered.

"Miss Webster?"

Clara bowed.

"Miss Clara Webster," he said, reading the name from a letter.

Clara bowed again.

He handed her the letter, which she opened and read, and dropped on the floor exclaiming: "Thank God! thank God! O! uncle I am so happy," then fell into a chair fainting.

I picked up the letter, and calling the people of the house, very soon brought her to, and were once more alone with the bearer of the note, which ran as follows:

TREDGAR HALL.
"Mr. Francis Tredgar presents his compliments to Miss Webster, and begs to state that he must decline the fulfillment of his promise to make her his wife. The unhappy circumstances of Miss Webster's public arrest, on the charge of being in possession of a diamond ring, stolen by her former lover, will at once account to her for his decision; Mr. Tredgar's wife must be above suspicion."

"Mr. Tredgar begs also to inform Miss Webster that the services of this solicitor, Mr. Blake, (the bearer) are at her disposal."

"Well, Mr. Blake," said I, "you see we shall not require your services; I shall wait the event, and, if it is not cleared up, shall employ my own solicitor in the matter. Will you present my kind regards to Mr. Francis Tredgar, and express my own and my niece's admiration of his gentlemanly courtesy and kindness? I would write to him, if I did not consider that a correspondence with such a cowardly scoundrel was too utterly degrading to be thought of."

"I shall faithfully convey your message, sir; and allow me to assure you that I was quite ignorant of the contents of the letter, and that it shall be the last time I ever hear one from him; and now, as you will not let me help you as his solicitor, allow me to proffer my services as a friend."

"With all my heart, Mr. Blake; come in here a few minutes before the train comes in, and we shall be glad of your help."

"Was I not right, uncle dear?" said Clara, as soon as we were alone.

"O! you can't tell how happy I am, I can live now. O this glorious mistake! It's the most fortunate thing that ever happened to me in all my life. Now, you are glad, uncle, aren't you?" and she came up to me.

"With all Hope's torches lit in both her eyes, and kissed me and would have me speak."

"Yes, darling, I am glad—more glad than I have words to tell. Your fate, linked to such a man as this scoundrel, would have been a living death. I am heartily glad, Clara."

"You must sign this, sir."

"No I must not, young man," and I drew him toward me by the shoulder.

"My name's Field, Inspector Field; you understand?"

"Oh! certainly, sir. Did you catch that man the other day? I heard it from one of our clerks."

"Oh, yes, caught him safe and sound; he's at Newgate now."

"Indeed, sir," said the lad.

"You'll send that at once; the train's due in less than an hour. I'll see you do it."

"He did send it, and as I heard the click, it was like the throbbing of a new heart, the click, click, click, it was like the throbbing of a new heart circulating fiery blood in my veins for I knew it would enable me to see you, Clara, dear, and then I came down, as you see, by this train, and I feel disposed to embrace all the telegraph clerks in the kingdom."

"Well, young man, it's a dangerous game. I suppose you are aware it's an offence not lightly punished to pretend you're an officer of police," said Mr. Blake.

"My dear Mr. Blake, if it was death on the instant of discovery, and I was in the same strait, I should do the same thing over again."

"You must sign this, sir."

"No I must not, young man," and I drew him toward me by the shoulder.

"My name's Field, Inspector Field; you understand?"

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"Indeed, sir," said the lad.

"You'll send that at once; the train's due in less than an hour. I'll see you do it."

explain to us what has taken you at least, half an hour to make clear to my niece."

"Well, my dear uncle—I may call you uncle."

"Oh, yes; a month sooner is not of much consequence."

"Don't uncle," said Clara.

"You know how I went away, with just enough to pay for tools, and outfit and passage. I went to California, to the diggings, and was lucky, got a good claim, worked it made a little money, took shares in a machine, worked the claim, improved the machinery, became manager, got rich; started six months ago to come home for Clara, took the fever at Panama, was down for two months there, not able to move hand or foot, and arrived only last night in Liver-

pool. There I met an old friend, and heard all the news; poor Webster's death, the promise, and the rest, and above all, that to-morrow was the day. I started by the first train to get to London, thinking the marriage would take place and I should be in time. Looking out of the window of the carriage as the trains were passing each other at Peterborough, I saw Clara with her mother; I did not see you; I was mad—the trains had started; I could not get on. There was Clara going from me, and I from her as fast as express trains could go. What could I do? I knew nothing of where she was going, and yet my information was positive that she was going to be married to-morrow, solely because she would keep her promise."

"Can you wonder at my doing as I did? The train did not stop till it reached London, and I found that by the time I had hunted up the address to which you had gone from the servants at home, I should have lost the last train, and not been able to get here long past midnight. What to do I could not think."