

# The Elk Advocate.

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

VOL. 5 RIDGWAY ELK COUNTY PENNA. ATURDAY November, 25th 1865 NO 49

## PROFESSIONAL CASES

**LAURIE J. BLAKELY**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR  
AT LAW.  
UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER.  
Ridgway, [at Elizabeth P. O.] Elk Co.  
Pa.

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

**SOUTHER & WILLIS**  
Attorney's 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**  
At. Mary's Elk County Pa.

**DR. W. W. SHAW**  
Practices Medicine at Ridgway  
Centreville 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. FARLEY,** Kersey Elk Co., Pa. Will attend to all call night or day. July 21, 1861.

**DR. A. S. HILL.**  
Kersey, Elk County Pennsylvania.

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

## HOTEL CARDS.

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

Frederick Korb Proprietor has built a large and commodious house, is now prepared to cater to the wants of the traveling public.  
Luthersburg, July 16th 1864.—1y.

**LUTHERSBURG HOTEL.**  
Luthersburg Clearfield County Penna.

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

**NATIONAL HOTEL**  
Corner of Peach Street and the Buffalo Road.  
E. K. R. P. A.

**ENOS B. HOYT,** Proprietor

This House is new and fitted up with especial care for the convenience and comfort of guests, at moderate rates.  
GOOD STABLES & TACKLE.

**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-rooms and stabling, and the proprietor will spare no pains to render the stay of his guests pleasant and agreeable.  
Ridgway, July 23, 1861.

**HYDE HOUSE**  
BOYINGTON & MOORE,  
Proprietors.  
Ridgway Elk County Penna.

**CLEARFIELD HOUSE,**  
CORNER OF MARKET AND WATER STS.  
Clarified Pa.

**GEO. N. COLBURN,** PROPRIETOR

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

**FALLEN HOUSE**  
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

**E. W. BIGONY,** Proprietor.

Omnibus running to and from the Depot free of charge.

**BUSINESS CARDS**

**BORDWILL & MESSENGER**  
DEALERS  
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	4 00
Buckwheat " "	1 50
Beans, " "	4 00
Butter " lb	45
Beef " "	9@12
Boards " M	25 00
Corn " bushel	1 50
Flour " bbl	10 00
Hides " lb	0
Hay " ton	15 00
Oats " bu	8
Wheat " " "	2 50
Rye " " "	1 75
Shingles " M	4 50
Eggs " dozen	25
Hams " "	3
Pork " "	20

1865 1865 [From the Phila. Sunday Mercury.]

## A RIDE IN THE CARS.

BY A. F. HILL.

Slow! slow! slow!  
We're beginning to go?  
The engine is working,  
Puffing and jerking—  
Faster we're gliding,  
Onward we're riding,  
Off and away,  
So a final 'good-day'  
To that friend or relation  
Who came to the station  
To see me away.

With puff and blow,  
Away we go,  
Winding round hills,  
Leaping o'er rills  
And larger streams;  
While the whistle screams,  
As much as to say,  
'Out of the way!'

Forest and farms,  
Houses and barns,  
Fences, and hosts  
Of telegraph posts,  
And bushes and trees,  
On the left and the right,  
Dark bay as in flight,  
As swift as the breeze,  
And are soon out of sight.

The hours pass by  
As we onward fly;  
The fight of the day  
Fades gently away.  
The golden sun—  
His days work done—  
Sinks in the west;  
And still he don't rest.  
The stars peep out,  
And the moon, no doubt,  
Will soon cheer the night  
With her silvery light.

Why, we're stopping let's see—  
O, yes! it's for tea.  
Now a rush for the door,  
(Which never before  
Seemed so small);  
Twenty minutes is all  
The time we have  
To eat supper and leave.

But—let me see—  
It first must be  
My aim and ambition  
To arrange my feet,  
On, or under, the seat,  
In some easy position.

But that is a feat,  
Which without deceit,  
Requires great skill  
And forever will  
Fairly bid defiance  
To art or to science.

Half asleep, half awake,  
Our way we take  
Through the shades of night;  
Now passing the light  
Of some little rill  
With a whistle shrill  
We rattle by;

Then onward still  
To the shadowy hill  
We swiftly fly  
Round its base we sweep,  
Then onward leap  
Thro' the wild mountain scene—  
The gorge or ravine—  
Half awake, half asleep.

And thus, at last—  
The night half past—  
We arrive at a station  
Some where in creation,  
And, looking out,  
We find—beyond doubt—  
To our consolation—  
'Tis our destination.

A party of children recently discovered a bomb shell in the woods near Bradenburg, Kentucky. While playing with the shell, it exploded, killing and wounding nine of the children.

A cat caught a sparrow, and was about to devour it, but the sparrow said: "No gentleman eats until he washes his face." The cat, struck at this remark set the sparrow down, and began to wash his face with his paw, but the sparrow flew away. This vexed puss extremely and he said: "As long as I live I will eat first and wash my face afterwards, which all cats do to this day."

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 Coal 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 8 39 a. m.  
Erie Express Train 7 57 p. m.

Leave Westward.  
Erie Mail Train 11 37 a. m.  
Erie Express Train 10 10 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 3.40 a. m.  
Leave Erie at 2.05 p. m., arrive at New York 12. noon.

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. HOUSTON,  
Gen'l. Freight Ag't. Phil'a.  
H. W. GWINNER,  
Gen'l. Ticket Ag't. Phil'a.  
ALFRED L. TYLER,  
General Supt. 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. BISHOP,**  
Dealer in  
Clothing, Hats, & Men's Furnishing Goods  
WATER STREET,  
LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON CO., PA.

**ADOLPH TIMM,**  
Centreville, 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 rate.

**MODERATE 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.

## COUNTY DIRECTORY

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

Associate Judges,  
Hon. V. S. Beckway, 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 Walmesley, St. Mary's.

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

Auditors,  
R. T. Kaylor, Fox.  
Jacob McAnley, Fox.  
H. D. Derr, Benozett.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to late Firm of C. Lahr & Co., and Fred Schoning & Co. are requested their accounts by the 1st of July next, either by note or otherwise, when the account's 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 heretofore 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,  
**LAURIE J. BLAKELY,**  
District Attorney.

1865 [From the New York Mercury.]

## THE LONG-LOST SON.

BY W. O. EATON.

A shiftless, not to say shirtless, idly-vagabond of a fellow, having wandered into a small country town and begged his meal, was sitting upon a plank side walk, with his heels in the gutter, and while amusing himself at his dexterity at playing "stick" with a jack-knife, in thus soliloquized:

"How to make a living easy! That's the cheese. That's what all the world is aiming after, and I don't pretend to be any better than the majority. But I can't think of no plan, nobow. The ideas don't seem to give down well, when I set to work a thinking. I recollect how I once read of somebody or other who was the long-lost son of some body or other, and slipped into a large portion slicker than nobin'. I wish I was—or I wish I could pretend I was, and make somebody believe me. But where is the right person?—Plenty of people with children they wish were lost; but nobody that I know of wants to find one. I might advertise—I am the long-lost son, and so forth, and anybody who has lost can find, by addressing so and so. But I expect I should stand a better chance if I was a little baby. And then I shouldn't want to be found and owned by everybody. I want a rich parent, with a portion already for me. I'd give a commission to anybody who would find one for me, or put me on the track of one. Who will, I wonder? Take a nap, Sam Tongs, it might liber up your ideas.

After his nap, Sam Tongs wandered about, and was so limbered up and lucky as to hear of a lone woman, reported wealthy, who was said to be in want of a gardener. She was called gloomy and secretive, and supposed to be a widow; and as she was often seen to sigh and weep, the impression was that she was inconsolable for the loss of husband or children, and perhaps both, and may be something worse. Her name was understood to be Mrs. Rosini Nipkin.

"Stranger things have happened in this curious world, and she may be just the sort of woman for my money," thought the hopeful Tongs, as he straightway called at the house, under the plea that he wanted to do her gardening. He found her to be a lankom healthy looking, and not extremely ugly-faced woman, of forty years standing—quite old enough to be the mother of a long lost son. Her sociability at the interview so encouraged Samuel, that he expressed a tender solicitude to know the real cause of her reported habitual sadness.

"Your husband, wasn't it?" asked he, plumply.

"Ah, no!" said she, with a heavy-sided sigh. "But for my infant son, who was born when I was seventeen."

"Young piece, wasn't you? What did he die of? I suppose it was measles, teething—eh?"

"No."

"Then, what?"

"I am not sure he is dead."

"What? You don't mean to say he was lost?"

"No—he was sent away, soon after he was born."

"Pho! What ye do that for? Is that the child's father, up there in that ere picture?"

"Alas! it is. Oh, dear!"

"And is the old man dead?"

"He is—he is!" said Mrs. Nipkin, in a tremulous voice. "Ah, me! would I had never seen him."

"What do you wish that for? Say."

"O, young man, don't press me so. I must. Say why."

"Alas! I—I—fell."

"Must have hurt you—how far did you fall?"

"You jest at my misfortune."

"I don't jest, a mite."

"Then, why do you seem so anxious to know?"

"Why, because, if you will have it out before-hand, I am nobin' but a foundlin' child, and my feelin's tell me I am your long-lost son."

"Angels of a mercy!"

"Yes, Ma'am. For years I have wandered in search of you, my mother. Ain't you about forty year old?"

"About."

"Well, as nigh as I know, I am twenty-three, and put that to seventeen and it jest makes it."

"Can it be so?"

"Yes, oh yes; easy. Dry your tears, dear me, and tell me all about me?"

"Oh, son, I cannot."

"I stick to it. I say yes. Let on, it's your dooty. Tell me of my father, of yourself, and all about it. If it comes out as I expect, Heaven has fetched me to ye by accident, a purpose, to protect ye." With this her a final hug—

"Forgive the netral motion of a long-lost son, who now clasps eye on his mother for the first time, as far as he can remember."

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"Then, dear boy, I will tell you all." "So do, and I'll do as much for you; here ought to be no secrets between a mother and her own true son."

"I was a gay and sinless young miller in the city, and exactly sixteen years old; very stylish—"

"And much sought arter—I can see how it is—go on?"

"On the day when your elegant and captivating father—"

"That's the man in the picture?"

"The same man—made my acquaintance at a ball. His name was Adolphus Darby."

"Generous! Am I at Darby? I tho't I was a Tonge."

"He was much struck—and so was I. It was one of two cases of love at first sight; and we so understood it when we went home that night, at a very early hour in the morning. He swore he must marry me, and I told him I had no objection, only his father was too rich."

"What did that matter? You wasn't going to marry his father?"

"But I, being poor, was of course, very proud. 'But never mind my money, Rosini,' says he; 'only consent to be mine—be Mrs. Darby.'"

"Well, that was square in father, so far."

"Confident that his father wouldn't consent, we were secretly married, and lived together in a private way—and in the course of human nature you were born."

"And much objected to—though I've had a pooty hard tug of life since we seen each other."

"It was not my fault, my son. Your father proved to be a gay and ruthless deceiver. Our marriage proved to be a mock marriage, and deserting me, he married a belle of fortune. For appearance sake, I now consoled you to the care of a Mrs. Bean."

"Bean! I remember that name."

"She was a tall, fat woman, with short thin hair."

"Same woman."

"Lived in Philander lane."

"And continuing on at the millinery-business, that I might earn an honest living, and pay your board, but few were aware I had ever had a son. One day, to my horror, I discovered that Mrs. Bean had fled from Philander lane and from that time forth I never knew what became of her or you."

"The blame jade left me on a doorstep, and I was picked up by a tinker—been wandering ever since."

"Your father, on his deathbed, confessed his guilt, and willed me a large property."

"Blessings on him!"

"And I, weary of him, having lost both son and lover—married again."

"Eh?"

"Real marriage this time—hoping to drown memory in the domestic cares of life."

"Happy thought, ma'!"

erful I went with your wacey, red dyed hair, and excessive lusher, and told to think you was sixteen?"

"No, I didn't. I married again."

"Great Jehu! You must have a big heart."

"I was only twenty four when I was joined to my third husband."

"Young enough—any children?"

"Only one."

"Any of 'em still alive?"

"No—both died about a year after the marriage."

"Sickly couple, I expect. But you didn't go and bounce in agin, did, you mother?"

"If you think I can stand it."

"I was married seven times in all, and the mock marriage made eight."

"Holy Babylon!"

"Adolphus at seventeen," continued the widow, counting oamly on her fingers, "my first at twenty, my second at twenty-two, with twins, my third at twenty-four, one child, my fourth at twenty-six, fifth, twenty-eight, sixth, thirty-two—a child a piece, and all dead—and my seventh at thirty-four—and that was Mr. Nipkin."

"And the last. Well, mother, you must have a constitution. But what an unlucky family our is! yet I suppose all's for the best. When did old Nipkin peg out?"

"Bless you, he isn't dead. Oh no—He finally heard about my previous marriages, and got into a terrible rage, and said he would be revenged."

"He did! I'd like to know what he, since it was of his."

"He said he had been deceived, and two years ago he ran off with most of the property, and one child three years old, leaving me in debt, and now expecting every day to be called on to move."

"The devil!" exclaimed Sam Tongs, with a look of intense disappointment; "then you have had, in all, eight husbands, and one alive and one child now, and no money?"

"Just as I told you—but my comfort is, that I have found you my first-born, who will protect me the remainder of my days. Shade