

The Elk Advocate.

P. W. BARRETT Editor [INDEPENDENT] TERMS—\$1.50 per Annum if paid in Advance
VOL. 6 RIDGWAY ELK COUNTY PENNA. SATURDAY JANUARY, 13th 1866. NO 1

PROFESSIONAL CADRS
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.

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

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

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

DR. W. W. SHAW
Practices Medicines & Surgery
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. EARLEY, 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.

Fredrick Korb Proprietor having 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 SCHWEM, Proprietor.
Luthersburg, July 27th 1864.—1f.

NATIONAL HOTEL!
Corner of Peach Street and the Buffalo Road,
B R I E P A.

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.

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.
Ridgway July 28, 1860.

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

CLEARFIELD HOUSE,
CORNER OF MARKET AND WATER ST.
Clearfield 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.

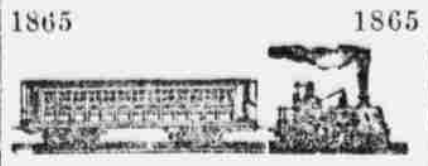
Omnibus running to and from the Depot free of charge.

BUSINESS CARDS
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) @ basket	\$ 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	08
Hay " ton	15 00
Oats " bu.	80
Wheat " "	2 50
Rye " "	1 75
Shingles " M.	4 50
Eggs " dozen	30
Hams " lb	25
Pork " "	20



PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RAIL ROAD.—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 8 30 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 6.00 p. m., Arrive at Erie 3.37 a. m.
Leave Erie at 1.55 p. m., arrive at New York 1.15 p. m.
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 Agt. Phil'a.
H. W. GWINNER,
Gen'l. Ticket Agt. Phil'a.
ALFRED L. TYLER,
General Supt. Wm't.

DR. W. B. HARTMAN,
ST. MARY'S, ELK CO., PA.
[Lately 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 TUMM,
Centreville, Elk county Pa.,
General Manufacturer of Wagons, Buggies &c.—ALSO Furniture, such as Bureaus, Tables, Stands, Bedsteads and Chairs. All kind of Repairing done at reasonable rate.

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.

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. Tyler, Fox
Jacob McCauley, Fox.
H. D. Derr, Benzett.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to late Firms of C. Luhr & 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 Com'r.
LAURIE J. BLAKELY,
District Attorney.

Better than Beauty.
My love is not a beauty
To other eyes than mine;
Her curls are not the fairest,
Her eyes are not divine;
Nor yet like rosebuds parted,
Her lips of love may be;
But though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

Her neck is far from swan like,
Her bosom unlike snow;
Nor walks she like a daisy
This breathing world below;
Yet there's a light of happiness
Within, which all may see;
And though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

I would not give the kindness,
The grace that dwells in her,
For all that Cupid's blindness
In others might prefer!
I would not change her sweetness
For pearls of any sea;
For better far than beauty
Is one *kin* heart to me.

Am I Right? Or Am I Wrong?
We've been friends since childhood's time,
We have known each other long;
I have lived to love thee now—
Am I right? or am I wrong?

Mine is not the flitting thrall
Of a passing glance or song;
'Tis affection, firm and true—
Am I right? or am I wrong?

I have floated on the tale
Of the world's relentless sea,
With no beacon-light ahead,
Till I saw it shine from thee.

Give me hope, that I may guide
My frail bark of life along;
Say that, loving thee, I'm right,
And not wholly lost or wrong.

OR I think thy heart is mine,
With its depth of passion strong;
When thus dreaming, can it be
Am I right? or am I wrong?

Words Fitly Spoken.
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Have you called to see Mr. Parsons?" asked Mrs. Fuller, addressing her husband.
"Not yet. The fact is I feel diffident about going to see him. If I had any suggestions to make or anything to offer it would be different. Some men are peculiarly sensitive when things go wrong with them. I know how it is with myself. He might consider my visit an intrusion."
Mrs. Fuller thought differently. She did not see the case from her husband's point of view.

"Most people," she replied, "are grateful for any manifested interest in time of grief or trouble, if it be sincere. They easily discriminate between curious intrusion and genuine good feeling."
"Very true," answered Mr. Fuller. "But a man in Mr. Parsons' condition wants something more than sympathy. He wants help."
"Perhaps you can help him," said Mrs. Fuller.
"Me!" The surprise of Mr. Fuller was unfeigned.

"Help comes by many ways. You may be able to suggest the very thing he needs."
"To a man who has been living for the last ten years at an expense of four times greater than his income! Oh, no, I can't help him. If I had ten thousand dollars to spare there would be some sense in my calling."
But Mrs. Fuller could not see it in that light.

"Self-help is the sorest help," she returned. "A quick, suggestive mind may get more of the true material prosperity from a hint than from thousands of dollars."
"Not from any hint of mine. It's of no use for you to argue with me in that direction. Parsons can teach me twenty things where I can teach him one."
"And your one may be of more use to him than his twenty to you."

The woman saw she was right, and did not yield. Will is very persevering. After tea—for it was in the evening—Mrs. Fuller drifted upon the subject of their unfortunate neighbor again and insisted that it was her husband's duty to take him a call.

"If I could see any use in it," answered Mr. Fuller, "if I had any suggestions to make that would be of value to him."
"It would be of use for him to know that you have not forgotten an old friend and neighbor," replied Mrs. Fuller. "There will be enough to recede to stand afar off to look upon him coldly, or to pass him by as of but small

account in the world, seeing that he no longer has the old money value."
In the end Mrs. Fuller prevailed. Her husband, after concluding to make her visit, thought he would defer it until the next evening; but she urged that the present hour for a kind act was the best hour.

It was after eight o'clock when Fuller stood at Mr. Parsons' door. He felt sure that his visit would be considered an intrusion if not an impertinence; that Parsons would see in it a rude intrusion that they were now on the same social level. His hand grasped the bell but he hesitated to ring. If the thought of his wife and what she would say if he went home without accomplishing the errand that took him out had not then crossed his mind, he would have gone home. But that thought stimulated his wavering purpose and the bell was rung. A servant showed him into the library where he found Mr. Parsons, who received him with a cordial hand-clasp.

"I fear this may be an interruption," said Fuller.
"No; your coming is welcome and timely. I was just wishing for a cool, clear-seeing, conscientious friend with whom to take counsel. The failure of Lawrence & James involves everything I have. I am on their paper for more than I am worth. They will have assets, but in the meantime my credit is gone. My name is dishonored—I am a broken merchant."
"Commercial dishonor is one thing—personal dishonor is another," said Fuller. "Men who go down into the valley of misfortune tread on slippery ground. They must look well to their feet. On safer ground we may recover a false step; here it is very difficult—impossible. We are no longer masters of the situation. It will not do to risk anything; all doubtful expedients should be avoided—they are never safe under the most favorable circumstances; but when misfortune limits and cripples a man they almost always fall and leave him more unhappily situated than before."

"Unquestionably you are right," said Parsons. "When a man gets into trouble it is of the first importance to him to show a clear record. As the case now stands I think mine is clear. I will be misjudged no doubt—all men are who fail in business. These are difficult waters to navigate; the man is in danger—of losing their integrity."
"With honor at the helm and rectitude for pilot, the passage is safe."
"And faith in God," said Parsons, speaking from a sudden impulse. His countenance lighted up; his eyes grew calm and steady.

"Yes, faith in God, always. He is very near us, especially in trouble; and if we desire to do right He will show us what is right. We must not hesitate to put our trust in Him. No matter how many lions are in the path of duty our safest way is right onward. If we turn aside, our souls are in peril."
After sitting with Mr. Parsons for an hour, Mr. Fuller went home. The conversation had been of the general character we have seen—touching mainly on those principles that lie at the basis of all right actions.

"It was kind in you to call," said Parsons, as his visitor retired. "You have helped me to see some things in a strong light that were obscure. It is often very dark with men so hard pressed as I am—with men who grope amid the ruins of a fallen fortune—and friendly counsel is good for them. Come and see me again."
It was perhaps a month later that Mr. Fuller, urged once more by his wife, called upon Mr. Parsons. He was one of your diffident, retiring men, who are always afraid of intruding themselves. His wife, who knew his worth as a man and understood his true value among men, was always disposed to push him out of himself, and farther into the social circle than he was inclined, of his own accord, to go.

"Ah, Mr. Fuller, I am glad to see you. Why have you not called before?" was the warm greeting he received. Mr. Parsons still had a care-worn look but his manner was more cheerful and confident.
"I have had it on my thoughts many times; but did not wish to intrude myself."
"Your calls can never be regarded as intrusive. No, never; I think your visit one month ago, at a time when I was in great darkness and bewilderment, was a direct interposition of Providence. When you called, I was deeply revolving a scheme that promised extrication. It was not a very safe scheme—it was hardly just—nay, it was not just, for if it had failed it would have involved in loss persons in no way concerned with my affairs at the time. That it must have failed is now clear to me and I should have hurt myself inwardly and given fair cause for a harsh judgment. But to day I bear a clear conscience. I am right with myself and can look every man fairly in the face. I have

thanked you a hundred times for your fitly spoken words; they were apples of gold in pictures of silver."
"And yet I came with great reluctance, fearing to intrude."
"If we mean kindly we shall never intrude," Mr. Parsons answered. "In time of trouble our friends and neighbors are apt to recede from us; not for lack of interest or sympathy, I am sure, but from a false impression that we are sullen, morose, or full of sensitive pride, and will repel advances. But it is not so. Misfortune sweeps up a great deal of pride and mellow the hardest. There are few men in trouble who will consider the call of an old friend or acquaintance as untimely. Thousands, I am persuaded, might be saved from false steps if their friends would come close about them and help them to find the right path for their straying and stumbling feet. In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. I speak feelingly, for I know how it has been with myself. My feet were just about turning aside, when you showed me the right way, and I thank God that He gave me the courage to walk therein. I shall ever hold you in grateful remembrance as one of my best friends."

A ROADSIDE DIALOGUE.—"And so, Squire, you don't take a county paper?"
"No, Major, I get the city papers on much better terms, I take couple of them."
"But, Squire, the county papers often prove a great convenience to us. The more we encourage them, the better the editor can afford to make them."
"Why, I don't know any convenience they are to me."
"The farm you sold last fall was advertised in one of them, and thereby you obtained a customer. Did you not?"
"Very true, Major, but I paid three dollars for it."
"And you made more than three hundred dollars by it. Now, if your neighbor had not maintained the press and kept it up ready for use, you would have been without the means to advertise your property. But I saw your daughter's marriage in those papers; did that cost you anything?"
"No, but—"
"And your brother's death, with a long obituary notice. And the destruction of our neighbor Rigg's house by fire. You know these things are exaggerated till the authentic accounts of the newspapers set them right."
"O, true, but—"
"And when your cousin Splash was up for the Legislature, you appeared much gratified at his defence, which cost him nothing."
"Yes, yes, but these things are interesting to the readers. They cause the people to take the paper."
"No, Squire, if all were like you. Now I tell you, the day will surely come when somebody will write a long eulogy on your life and character, and the printer will put it in types with a heavy black out over it, and with all your riches, this will be done for your grave as a pauper. Your wealth, your morality, and all such things will be spoken of, but the printer boy as he spells the words in arranging the type to these sayings will remark of you—poor, mean devil he is even sponging his obituary! Good morning, Squire."

WISE THIEVES STEAL AND COMPROMISE.—Last summer a bank clerk in New York stole \$100,000. He lost the money by "fighting the tiger." He then called upon a lawyer and informed him that he was a ruined man, and thought of suicide. This led to the following dialogue:
"How much does your defalcation amount to?"
"One hundred thousand dollars."
"Got any of it left?"
"Not a cent."
"That's bad; you have nothing left to work with."
"What must be done?"
"You must return to your desk and abstract another hundred thousand."
"What must I do that for?"
"To preserve your character and save you from the State Prison. With the hundred thousand dollars you are to steal to-morrow, I intend to compromise with the bank—Your stealing after to-morrow will amount to \$200,000. I will call at the bank and confess your offence, I will represent myself as your heart-broken uncle, 'honest but poor.' I will offer the bank \$50,000 to hush up the matter. The bank will accept. This will leave \$50,000 to divide between you and me—that is \$25,000 apiece. With this sum you can retire from business."
The young man listened and took on wisdom. He doubled his defalcation and compromised as the lawyer said he should. He is now worth \$250,000, and is counted "one of the most respectable gentlemen" in the city of New York.

THE two smallest animals mentioned in the Bible—the "widow's mite" and the "wicked flea" (Hea).

ALPHABETICAL QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.—Why is the letter A like the meridian? Because it is in the middle of day. Why is the letter B like hot fire? Because it makes oil boil. Why is the letter D like a fallen angel? Because by its association with evil it becomes a devil. Why is the letter E like the end of time? Because it is beginning of eternity. Why is the letter F like death? Because it makes all fall. Why is the letter G like wisdom? Because it is the beginning of greatness and goodness. Why is the letter H like the dying words of Adams? 'This is the last of earth.' Why is the letter J like the end of spring? Because it is the beginning of June. Why is the letter K like a pig's tail? Because it is the end of pork.

A COUNTRY school-teacher, preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils, and wrote down the questions which he would put to them on examination day. The day arrived, and so did the hopefuls, all but one. The pupils took their places as had been arranged, and all went off glibly until the question of the absentee came, when the teacher asked, "In whom do you believe?" "Napoleon Bonaparte!" was the answer very quickly returned. "You believe in the Holy Catholic Church, do you not?" "No," said the youngster, amid the roars of laughter, "the boy that believes in that church hasn't come to school to-day; he's at home sick abed."

AT one of the anniversaries of a Sabbath-school in London two little girls presented themselves to receive the prize, one of whom had recited one more than the other, both having learned several thousand verses of Scripture. The gentleman who presided inquired: "And couldn't you have learned one verse more, and thus have kept up with Martha?"

"Yes, sir, the blushing child replied; but I loved Martha, and kept back on purpose."
"And was there any one of all the verses you have learned," again inquired the president, "that taught you this lesson?"
"There was, sir," she answered, blushing still more deeply: "In honor preferring one another."

TO MAKE CIDER VINEGAR.—Almost every family in the country have the materials for manufacturing pure cider vinegar, if they will only use them. Common dried apples is all you need to make the best cider vinegar.—Soak your apples a few hours, washing and rubbing them occasionally, then take them out of the water, and thoroughly strain the latter through a tight woven cloth—put it into a jug, and half a pint of molasses to a gallon of liquor, and a piece of common brown paper, and set in the sun or by the fire, and in a few days your vinegar will be fit for use. Have two jugs and use out of the one while the other is working. No family need be destitute of good vinegar who will follow the above directions.

COST OF RAISING CORN IN ILLINOIS.—A Warren county correspondent of the *Prairie Flower* says: "The great staple crop of this section is corn, for which the soil is particularly well adapted. Corn properly taken care of does not generally cost over twelve cents per bushel cribbed. Last year I raised over four thousand bushels when cribbed, with the husks on. Any person doubting this, can have the figures of every item charged in my farm account."

STARVING BOSOMS AND COLLARS.
Pour a pint of boiling water upon two ounces of gum arabic, cover it and let it stand overnight; in the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep for future use. A tablespoon full of this gum arabic water, stirred into a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give to lawns, either white or printed, a look of newness when nothing else can restore them after they have been washed. To every pint of starch add a piece of butter, lard, tallow, or spermaceti candle, the size of a chestnut.

**SOME years ago there were five public houses in the Gallowtree Gate in Leicester, viz: "The Bear," "the Angel," "the Three Cups," "the Three Tuns," and the "White Horse." In opposition to the others, the host of the latter house had the following line inscribed upon his sign:
"My 'White Horse' shall bite the 'Bear,'
And make the 'Angel' fly;
'He'll turn the 'Three Cups' upside down,
And drink the 'Three Tuns' dry."**

HOW TO CUT HARD DRY BEEF.—Take a sharp plane, not too rankly set, invert it and taking the beef firmly in the hand, push it across the plane, and the beef, very nicely shaven, will drop through the opening, on a towel below. It must be very dry to cut thus, but when dry, it is much more expeditiously and nicely done than with a knife.—Try it.—*Ger. Telegraph.*

THAT which moveth the heart most is the best poetry; it comes nearest unto God, the source of all power.

JOKE by a reformed drunkard: The reason why the giants couldn't take heaven by storm, was that they were all tigit 'uns (Titans).

Why do lovers shed tears when they part in the twilight? Because they can't separate without adieu (a dew).