

PROFESSIONAL CADRS

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

JOHN G HALL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Ridgway Elk County Penna

LAURIE J. BLAKELY
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.

UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER.
Ridgway for Benzinger P. O. Elk Co. Pa.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

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.

DR. W. JAMES BLAKELY,
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Practices Medicines & Surgery
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DR. J. S. BORDWELL
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN
(Late of Warren county Pa.)
Will promptly answer all professional calls by night or day.—Residence one door West of the late residence of Hon. J. I. Galt.

R. BARRETT, Kersey Elk Co. Pa. Will attend to all call night or day. July 21, 1864.

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

LUTHERSBURG HOTEL,
Luthersburg Clearfield County Penna.

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

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

ENOS B. HOYT, Proprietor
This House is new and fitted up with a special care for the convenience and comfort of guests, at moderate rates.
1867 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 household and stable, and the proprietor will spare no pains to render the stay of his guests pleasant and agreeable.
Ridgway Aug 28, 1863.

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. WELLENBORN, Prop'r.

FALLEN HOUSE
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

E. W. BIGONY, Proprietor.
On arrival passing 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.
R. I. P. A., Elk County Penna.

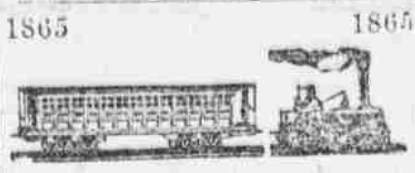
J. J. & WRIGHT
Lock Haven, CLINTON COUNTY PA.
Sellers of Flour, Grain and Feed—near the Passenger Depot

Ridgway Markets.
Corrected weekly:

Apples, (dry) @ bushel	\$ 4 00
Backwheat " " "	1 50
Beans, " " "	4 00
Butter " lb	48
Beef " " "	10 @ 15
Boards " M.	20 00
Corn " bushel	1 50
Flour " bbl.	11 00
Hides " lb	08
Hay " ton	15 00
Oats " bu.	90
Wheat " " "	2 50
Rye " " "	1 75
Shingles " M.	4 50
Hams " dozen	50
Pork " lb	25
" "	18

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, 20th 1866. NO 2



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.
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 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 Ag't. Phil'a.

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

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

W. T. WESHER, 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, Stoves, Bedsteads and Chairs. All kind of Repairing done at reasonable rate.

MORRHEAD 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. Schultz, 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 Walmsley, St. Mary's
Commissioner,
Charles Weis, St. Mary's
Geo. Dickinson, Ridgway.
Joseph W. Taylor, Fox.
Auditors,
R. T. Kyles, Fox
Jacob McCauley, Fox.
H. D. Derr, Benzett

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

CHAS. LAHR, St. Mary's, May 16th 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

W. J. BLAKELY,
Bookseller Stationer and dealer in fancy articles
Post Office Building, Centre Street,
St. Mary's, Elk county, Pa.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

Oh, don't be sorrowful, darling!
Now don't be sorrowful, pray!
For, taking the year together my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling;
Time's waves they heavily run,
But, taking the year together my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads they are growing gray;
But, taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We've had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago;
And the time of the year is coming my dear,
For the long dark nights and the snow.

But God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as of day!
And we feel and know that we can go,
Wherever He leads the way.

Ay, God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that from life leads out good wife,
Is the gate that leads to him.

MANNERS AND MORALS IN ROME.—
The Turkish women all sleep in night-caps, and the Greek with all their clothes on. The Roman women, their husbands and their children, all sleep stark naked. At Paris it is *à l'esper* to sleep in one's stockings; at Rome to sleep in a shirt. A lady had commissioned M. Edmund About, the French novelist, (at least so he says) to carry a present to her foster sister, married to a locksmith of Borgo. We went early in the morning, and knocked. "Come," exclaims a voice. He told his errand. "Excuse me," replied the man, "I am not dressed." What does that signify? "Come in then." He enters. The locksmith, stark naked, received him with a low bow, and led him to his wife, who was in bed in the same state. On seeing the present, a silver watch, she screamed with joy, and thereupon four plumbeous bipeds, two sons and two daughters, emerged from a neighboring bed.

The bath of Rome is a luxury beyond the reach of the lower class. "What do you take me for?" replied a Roman dandy. "I am a virtuous girl, and I do not dip my body in water." The same mode of thinking was once prevalent in other countries. Miss Bury, in her "Social Life of England and France," speaks from personal recollection of a time when the use of warm baths by the fair sex was far from being deemed emblematic of purity or propriety; and most readers will remember Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's reply to the French lady who suggested that her hands would be improved by a little "soap and water." "Ah, madam, if you could see my feet!"

ALL DRUNK.—A young sprig of a doctor once met, at a convivial party, several larks who were bent on placing in his hat a very heavy brick (or in plain language, to make him gloriously drunk) which they accomplished about ten o'clock at night. The poor doctor insisted upon going, and the party accompanied him to the stable to assist him to mount his horse, which they did with his face to the animal's tail. "Hal-lo," said the doctor, after feeling for the reins. "I am inside out on my horse, or face behind, I don't know which—something wrong, anyhow." "So you are," exclaimed one of the wags; "get off, doctor, and we will put you on right." "Get off the devil!" lighcoughs the doctor, "no you don't. Just turn the horse around, and it will come right—you must all be drunk."

—The head of a turtle, for several days after its separation from the body, retains and exhibits animal life and sensation. An Irishman had decapitated one, and some days afterwards was amusing himself by patting sticks into his mouth, which it bit with violence. A lady who saw the proceeding exclaimed,

"Why, Patrick, I thought the tortle was dead."
"So he is, ma'am, but the errathur's not sensible of it."

"Ma," said little Hopeful, at the breakfast table, "if a man is a Mister, is not a woman a Mistress?"
Mamma faluted.

—Three things only are essential to happiness, namely: something to do; something to love; something to hope for.

—One forgives everything to him who forgives himself nothing.

Getting in at Night.

The door was locked when I got home, and how to get in without waking up the Governor was the difficult part. I knew he'd give me particular fits if he found out as I was absent after ten and the clock had just struck one. The back yard was an impossibility, and but one chance remained. There was a porch at the front door, the roof of which was a few feet below two windows. One of them I knew was fastened down, and the other opened from a bedroom which might or might not be occupied. An old maid must have arrived on the same day and it was very probable that she was in that room, but the bed was in the corner farthest from the window and I hoped I should be able to get in and through the room without awakening her, and then I had an easy thing of it.

Getting a plank from a neighboring lumber pile, I rested it against the eaves of the shed, pulled off my shoes and put them in my pocket, and then crept. "All right, so far, but I thought it necessary in order not to arouse suspicions in the morning, to remove the plank. Dragging it up, I threw of the end, and down it went with an awful clatter on a stray dog that had followed me for two or three squares, and who immediately set up the most awful howl ever gave vent to. That started half a dozen other dogs in the neighborhood barking; a mocking bird in the window above commenced as if he intended to split his throat at it; and an old woman in her night-dresses, with a candle in her hand, appeared at a window across the street. I was safe as far as she was concerned, but if any one came to our windows the candle gave enough light to reveal me. Nobody did come, however, and the old lady, after peering up and down the street for a minute or two, popped in her head and retired. The mocking bird still kept up its eternal whistle, and it was fully half an hour before it and the dog settled down and gave me a chance to move.

Creeping slowly along the wall till I reached the window, I put my hands on the sill, sprang in, and with my legs hanging out, stopped to listen. Yes she was in that room, for I could hear her breathing. After waiting for a minute, I cautiously drew up one leg, and then the other, drew them around, and putting them down to the floor, was just conscious that I had stepped on some thing soft and yielding, and was withdrawing them when another yell broke out at my feet. The old maid jumped from her bed, crying—

"Murder! murder!" and the dogs and the mocking bird started again.

A little girl was lying on her back under the window, and I had stepped on her face and, of course, waked her up. I decided in a flash what to do. The house would be aroused, and I was caught, to a certainty, unless I could get to my room before the Governor was up; but I hadn't a moment to lose, for the little gigger was screaming, so I started for the door, made three steps and struck a chair, tumbling it over, and making the awfulest racket you ever heard in the "dead hour of night," in a peaceable house.

The darkey and the old maid now screamed louder than ever; the mocking bird screeched like a steam whistle; and the dogs made a chorus as loud as Jubilee's. I reached the door, however, swiftly and quietly opened it, and just got in the hall in time to see the old gentleman open his door, with a candle in his hand, and come hurrying up the stairs. There was a wardrobe near where I stood and I sprang behind it. Up came the Governor, reached the door, opened it and went in.

In the meantime there were all sorts of confusion and inquiry down stairs as to what was the matter. No one else came up, though from where I stood I heard every word of inquiry and explanation below and in the room. Of course they couldn't make much of it. The little darkey was too frightened and too sound asleep at the time to understand the truth and the upshot of the business was that they concluded that she had been dreaming, and the Governor, after giving her a sound shaking and explaining the matter to the aroused neighborhood, from the window, went down to his room again.

So far, so good. I now had to go down stairs, reach the back door, unbar it, get into the yard, and make for which was in the second story of a back building that stood unconnected with and about a dozen yards from the main one. After giving everybody another half hour to settle down again I started.

Boys, did you ever try to go up or down a pair of stairs at midnight, without making a noise? You may try all sorts of ways, but every step is sure to creak, each with a peculiar noise of its own, and loud enough, you are certain to wake everybody. I had gotten nearly to the bottom when a fat little dog came trotting up the entry towards me, rattling furiously. A suppressed "Come

here, sir, Old Zip," silenced him, for he recognized me; but the fat little fellow started the mocking bird, and all the dogs in the neighborhood having learned to take the cue, of course joined chorus for the third time.

I ran along the passage, reached the door, unlocked it, just as the Governor roused the second time, opened his door and seeing a man escaping from the house by the back way, of course cried "Thieves! thieves!" and made a rush after me. I was too quick for him though—opened the door, sprang out, made for the door that opened into the room below mine, and just reached it, when crash! within a foot of my head went a brick, and another voice that I knew belonged to the next door neighbor, Tompkins, who joined the Governor in the cry of "Thieves! thieves! murderer! murderer!" I was safe, though.

Rushing up the stairs, I "shelled" myself quicker than I ever did before or since, and was in bed and sound asleep in less than half a minute.

Wasn't there a row though? I never heard so many dogs before—the mocking bird, of course, was outdoing all previous efforts—the chickens began to crow—Tompkins, next door, hallooing "thieves!" and calling the Governor. I could hear screams and all sorts of talking and noises among the neighbors, until at length the old gentleman's voice was heard in the yard below calling "Tom! Tom!"

Tom fortunately was sound asleep. "Tom!" cried the old man, in a voice that would have roused a man from an epileptic fit.

I judged it prudent to wake then, and jumping from my bed, raised the window rubbing one eye, and looked particularly frightened, (which I wasn't) then asked:

"Why, father, what in the world's the matter?"

"There's thieves in the house!" was the reply; "get your gun and come down—be quick."

"He's in the room below you, Tom," hallooed Tompkins. "I'm certain of it; I saw him as he ran down, and threw a fire brick at him. I know he didn't pass the door, Mr. Jones."

I was directed to look out for myself; the Governor stood sentinel at the door below, armed with a club, while Tompkins had five minutes to collect aid from the neighbors, and in less than half that time so thoroughly was every house alarmed, there was a dozen or more men in the yard armed with guns, pistols and sticks.

The Governor led the attack. Opening the door, he called:

"Come out here, you house breaker, and surrender! If you attempt to run or resist, I'll blow your brains out!"

Nobody came, however.

"Watch the door," was the order, "while I go in;" and I was told to "look sharp and shoot the rascal if he comes up stairs!" A momentary search was sufficient to satisfy everybody that the thief was not in that room.

"He's up stairs, then," cried Tompkins, "for I'll take my bible oath he didn't pass the door."

"So up stairs they trooped, but I had lit a candle by that time, and there was no bugbear there. The strictest search, even to look under a boot, didn't show the faintest trace of him. The yard was examined, then the house, and everybody was tolerably well satisfied that he had escaped; but I was appointed sentinel for the rest of the night, and ordered not to go to sleep on my post (but I did) under the penalty of a flogging.

The articles missing, on thorough investigation the next day, were two pies and the old lady's silver thimble. The thimble turned up in a week or two, being discovered under the carpet; but the pies have not been accounted for even to this day. On oath, I could have given very material testimony as to the disposition of the stolen property, but as the case didn't come before any court, I remained quiet.

Didn't the local editors loom, though. One of them elongated himself through a quarter of a column, and headed the article "A Diabolical Attempt at Burglary and Murder!" describing with graphic particulars, the fiendish attempt to throttle Miss P.—and her servant, complimented the coolness of R. Tompkins, Esq., and perorated with withering anathemas on the want of vigilance displayed by the policeman.

It was fun for me to see with what wide awake sapacity the watchmen used to stop at our front door and listen during their nightly rounds, for a month after. And you couldn't have bribed a youngster to go under the porch on any account after dark. The excitement died away though after a while, but I'll never forget the night I tried to get in without making a noise.

"Sal, what time do your folks dine?"

"Soon as you goes; that's missus' or ders."

"Why is U the gayest letter in the alphabet?—Because it is always in frow."

Coming to the Point.

A good story is told of a Methodist preacher—and the story is true to the letter—who lived about forty years ago. He was a bachelor, and we could write his real name, but prefer to call him Smith. He resisted many persuasions to marry, which his friends were constantly making, until he had reached a tolerably advanced age and he himself began to feel the need of, or, at least, to have new ideas of the comfort of being nursed by woman's gentle care.—Shortly after entering one of his circuits, a maiden lady, also of ripe years, was strongly recommended to him, and his friends again urged that he had better get married, representing that the old lady named would probably not refuse to accept him, notwithstanding his reputed eccentricities.

"Do you think tho?" responded the dominie, for he very perceptibly lisped;—"then I'll go and see her."

He was a man of his word. His ring at the door bell was answered by the serving-maid.

"With Mith P.—within?" briskly but calmly asked the lover.

"Yes, sir. Will you walk in?"

"No I thank you. Be kind enough to thay to Mith P.—that I with to tikeap to her a moment."

Miss P.—appeared, and repeated the invitation to walk in.

"No, thank you: I'll thoon explain my buthness. I'm the new Methodist preacher. I'm unmarried. My friendah think I'd better marry. They recommend you for my wife. Have you any objections?"

"Why, really Mr. Sm—"
"There—don't anther now. I will call high day week for your reply. Good day."

On thatday week he reappeared at the door of Miss P.—'s residence. It was promptly opened by the lady herself.

"Walk in, Mr. Smith."
"Can not, ma'am. Have not time. I start on my circuit in half an hour. Th you anther ready ma'am?"

"Oh, do walk in, Mr. Smith."
"Can't indeed ma'am. Pleath anther wer me—Yeth or No?"

Well, Mr. Smith, it is a very serious matter. I should not like to get out of the way of Providence—"

I perfectly understand you Mith P.— We will be married thith day week. I will call at thith hour. Pleath be ready, ma'am."

He called on that day week, at that hour. She was ready; they were married, and lived happily several years.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

Americans are peculiar in one thing; they will sing a song to death. In our brief existence we can recall many instances of the kind. We remember how often "Old Dan Tucker" was tanned with being too late to come to his evening meal; how little rest we gave "O, Susannah," (we owe Susannah a wealthy debt,) and how entrancing we alluded to the eyes of "Dearest Mae," those orbs that rendered midnight entirely superfluous. For a long time "The Poor Old Slave" was allowed but little repose, although he had ostensibly "gone to rest." "The old Folks at home" were ruthlessly torn from that quiet and seclusion which their age imperatively demanded and forced to do duty in every minstrel and concert company in the land. "Old Dog Tray," the faithful old pup, was for a long time down by the tail through all manner of brass instruments, wound up to an agonizing pitch by piano keys, and made to howl plaintively in four voices. The "Silver Moon," had to roll on by day as well as night, constantly performing the unremunerative task of guiding the traveler on his way; apparently regardless as to whether the "nightingales song was in tune" or not. "Home, Sweet Home," has been so successfully divested of all its attractive features that many people have become satisfied to become wanderers for the remainder of their existence. "Gentle Annie," was a great bore for a time, and although we were constantly assured that "Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie," she still kept coming.

POPULAR EXCITEMENT.—Popular excitements, purely religious in their character, are sometimes for a season great and bloody. Such was the S. Sem withcraft business. But excitement in which religion and politics are combined, have usually continued the longest. Of this kind was the excitement which occasioned and kept up the crusades. Though apparently religions in its origin, it soon was interwoven with politics. Its fury lasted forty years. Millions of money were expended; rivers of blood were shed. In the bold language of the historian, "All Europe, torn up by the roots, seemed ready to precipitate itself in one combined body on Asia." But the whole excitement has for centuries been acknowledged to be a lamentable instance of the lengths to which nations may be hurried by the influence of religion and political delusion united.

It has been decided lately that a boy found on a man's door-step may not necessarily be his step son.

William Lloyd Garrison has retired from active life. This week's number of the Liberator is the last.—He says the object for which it was commenced has been gloriously consummated.

Why is U the gayest letter in the alphabet?—Because it is always in frow.