

THE ELK COUNTY ADVOCATE.

RIDGWAY, PA., NOV. 20, 1869.

NO. 6.

VOL. 1.

The Advocate.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
AT \$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.
For each subsequent insertion, 50
Official advertising for each square of 8
lines or less—3 times or less.....2 00
For each subsequent insertion.....50
Professional cards, 5 lines, 1 yr.....5 00
Local notices, per line, one time.....15
Obituary notices, over 5 lines.....10
Yearly Advertising, one-half column.....50 00
Yearly Advertising, one column.....100 00
Blanks, single quire.....2 50
Blanks, three quires.....7 50
Blanks, over 6 quires, per quire.....1 75
For bank notes, subpoenas, summons, ex-
ecutions, warrants, constable sales,
road and school orders, each per doz.....25
Handbills, eight sheet 25 or less.....1 50
" fourth sheet 25 or less.....5 00
" half sheet 25 or less.....4 50
" whole sheet 25 or less.....8 00
Over 25 of each of above at proportionate rates.

Elk County Directory.

COUNTY OFFICERS.
President Judge—S. P. Johnson.
Additional Law Judge—Hon. Jho. P. Vincent.
Associate Judges—E. C. Schultze, Jesse Klyer.
District Attorney—J. K. P. Hall.
Sheriff—James A. Malone.
Prothonotary, &c.—G. A. Rathbun.
Treasurer—Claudius V. Gillis.
Co. Superintendent—Rufus Lucore.
Commissioners—H. Warner, J. W. Taylor, Louis Vollmer.
Auditors—Clark Wilcox, Byron J. Jones, Jacob McCauley.
County Surveyor—Geo. Walmsley.
TIME OF HOLDING COURT.
Second Monday in January.
Last Monday in April.
First Monday in August.
First Monday in November.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY

CLOTHING for the MILLION

Go to A. DURLACHER,
DEALER IN

CLOTHING! CLOTHING

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS.

TRAVELING BAGS, &c.
ST. MARY'S, ELK COUNTY, PENNA.
Jan 218681ypd

HYDE HOUSE,

RIDGWAY, ELK CO., PA.
W. H. SCHRAM, Proprietor.

Thankful for the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon him, the new proprietor, beseeches, by paying strict attention to the comfort and convenience of guests, to merit a continuance of the same.

TO OWNERS OF UNPATENTED LANDS.

SURVEYOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Harrisburg, Penna. Nov. 20, 1869.
In obedience to an Act of Assembly approved the 8th day of April, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, you are hereby notified that the County Land Lien Docket, containing the list of unpatented lands for Elk county, prepared under the Act of Assembly of the twentieth of May, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, and the supplement thereto, has this day been forwarded to the Prothonotary of the county, at whose office it may be examined. The liens can only be liquidated by the payment of the purchase money, interest and fees, and receiving patents through this department.
JACOB M. CAMPBELL,
Nov. 13, 1869. Surveyor General.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PROCURE CHEAP

BARGAINS IN
HARNESS, SADDLES, VALISES,
TRUNKS, WHIPS, &c.

J. M. HEARD, having just returned from Philadelphia, where he has purchased a large assortment of the above goods, along with nearly everything in his line, would respectfully invite the attention of the public to them. He is at all times prepared to manufacture to order all kinds of harness, or anything else in his line.

BOSTON TEAM COLLARS,

The best collar for lumbering purposes, are KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION AS TO PRICE, STYLE OR QUALITY.

Give me a call at my establishment,
ABOVE THE CORNER OF MAIN
AND DEPOT STREETS,
RIDGWAY, PA.

nov 6, '69-ly J. M. HEARD.

The Goat's Corner.

MY DARLING.

My darling is the sweetest maid
That ever lived on marmalade
Or wanted wings, to make her
The angel that she ought to be;
But then—unluckily for me;
I'm five and forty, and you see,
She's only twelve—deuce take her!

Why, I was over thirty-three
Before she had begun to be—
That B you see leads me to D,
Because the fates miscarry.
To letter her be my wife a bar
They prove—nor suffer letter R
To make my MARY marry!

Her hair is gold in wavy curls,
Her eyes are stars, her teeth are pearls,
Her boots are bronze and lace up,
Her cheek is bloomy like the plum,
Her breath is sweet as majorum;
But poetry is weak to sum
Her figure and her face up.

Alas, the truth I must aver—
My nephew Dick's in love with her,
While Prudence says I should prefer
Her aunt, who's plain and heavy.
O, would—but why ask Fate to grant
A boon which I'm aware it can't
O, would that she had been her aunt,
Or I had been my nevery.

A YEAR'S WORK.

Sitting beside the casement
In the chill October day,
While Twilight, wrapped in her misty veil,
Was sobbing her life away;
Hearing the tinkle of the beek,
And the chirp of the lingering bird,
And the whistle of the homeward hind,
And the low of the distant herd;
Watching the red leaves floating down
From the branches one by one;
Thinking of all that a year could do,
Of all that a year had done.

Sweet as an April morn it rose,
The love that had failed so soon,
Strewing her path with bright May flowers,
Brilliant and warm as June,
It dropped in August's fervid smile,
It fell like the year's last rose;
She will scarcely trace its resting place
'Neath December's coming snows.
The blossoms will bloom into life again
At the call of the summer sun,
But no time nor tide can undo for her
What a single year has done.

Sitting beside the casement
Till the stars gleam through the fire,
The large tears dropping, slow and cold,
On those folded hands of hers,
They glitter as bright in the red freight
As the diamond that she wore
Ere she drew it off, the mocking freight
Of a truth whose truth was o'er,
The hollow darkness around her creeps;
The day's long work is run;
And all that they swore but death could do
A little year has done.

Select Miscellany.

THE GRIZZLY.

A CALIFORNIA TALE.

Sitting in the luxurious apartments of my noble mansion on Fifth Avenue, I often recall a scene in my life the very thought of which fills me still with terror.

I was not born to riches. I was well educated and extremely poor when I commenced life. At that time, just when I was seriously debating whether I should teach school or open a retail grocery store out West, the startling tidings came of great gold discoveries in California, which set on fire the brain of a world. I yielded to the potent influence of the gold-fever at once, and was one of the very first who went out to the new "El Dorado." I sailed out in a vessel which from the hold to the cradles, was literally crammed with human beings, and landed on the streets of the embryonic city of San Francisco with scarcely a rag on my back.

I hurried off at once to a place just then discovered, and whither a large crowd of human beings—the representatives of nearly every nation under heaven—had already assembled. Desperate characters they were to be sure! Convicts recently escaped from prison and broken-down lawyers; ticket-of-leave men from Botany Bay and Norfolk Island, with impoverished clergymen; retired organ-grinders, with graduates of European universities—all were there. I marvel now at the coolness with which I ventured into the midst of such a crowd of desperadoes. But I myself was a desperado.

I chose, after a long search, a place in a remote canon as the scene of my labors. Here I made my rude hut and proceeded to dig. There were neighbors around me. In fact it was difficult to avoid neighbors, even if it had been desirable. No matter where a man might go, some one would be sure to track him. So I made the best of it, and put up with the presence of others.

Take them all in all my neighbors were about as villainous looking a set of men as I had ever seen out of jail. One was a negro of enormous proportions, black as a coal, with the expression of an untamable savage

in his brutal features. Another was a long thin, cunning, treacherous miscreant, who (as I afterward learned) had been confined for twelve years in the Sing Sing prison for an atrocious crime. Another was a short, thick-set man, with a heavy beard which almost concealed his features, but added to his ferocious expression. Among all the wild adventurers whom I had encountered, none were altogether so repulsive as these. They went respectively by the names of "Nigger," "Sing Sing" and "Pirate."

I tried to get away from the neighborhood of these men, but fatality seemed to attend my efforts. On three different occasions I moved to new places, and actually, each time, I encountered these men, who had moved on before me. It looked as though I was actually following them. So I tried to get rid of my aversion, and turned myself to work.

At the last place to which we came there was a very remarkable man who had been living there for some time. He was a Spaniard, was tall and well formed, with a wonderful expression of resolution and daring in his face. His face was pale, his eyes dark, and his general appearance commanded involuntary respect. He lived in a hut above a cavern on the side of a neighboring hill. This place he had selected for a residence some time previously. He was never seen digging anywhere in particular, and it was generally surmised that he had some mysterious diggings in the immediate neighborhood of his cavern.

I dug on patiently for some months, and gained barely enough to supply the necessities of life. I began to be very greatly discouraged. One evening I sat moodily near the place where I had been working. I had lost all hope. For three days I had gained absolutely nothing.

"Buenos dias, Señor!"
Looking up I saw the Spaniard. I bowed and was silent.

"You have a deep hole there," he said.
'I should think so,' I replied.

"Are you encouraged, Señor? Pardon me, but you look disheartened, I think."
'I have reason to be. I have gained nothing. I must leave this place.'

The Spaniard's eye lightened up. "No, Señor, do not."

"Do not?—why should I waste my time longer?"
'One must be patient, Señor.'

"Yes, but patience has its limits."
The Spaniard gave me a look of the deepest meaning.

"Señor," he said, "if you are wise you will wait and work yet longer."
I looked inquiringly at him, but he turned away, and before I could speak had gone. As I looked up I saw close beside me the trio before mentioned. They had evidently overheard our conversation. They were exchanging glances. I turned away and began to whistle. In a few moments I was at my work again and they had gone.

I had scarcely given more than a dozen blows with my pick before I heard a loud cry. I recognized the Spaniard's voice. It was in the direction of his hut. To seize my two revolvers, and to bound forward in the direction in which I heard the voice, was but the work of a moment.

There stood the Spaniard with the three men around him. He held a keen knife in his hand, and stood at bay. They were all armed with axes.

"Help, Señor!" shouted the Spaniard.
'Back, you infernal fool!' cried 'Sing Sing,' waving me off.

"You murderous villains!" I exclaimed, leveling both revolvers. "If you don't make tracks double quick you'll never leave this place alive!"

The men fell back, cowed completely by my terrible revolvers. The Spaniard smiled sarcastically, bowed to me, turned away and disappeared among the trees. The men walked off, scowling and muttering. I too turned away.

A week passed. I worked on. At last the hour came. Great heavens! can I ever forget that time—the moment when the hopes of years, the longings of a lifetime lay fulfilled before me!

It was sunset. The clouds were all aflame. The river rolled gloriously by. The trees tossed up their branches in the evening wind as though bidding the day day farewell; from the forest came a burst of melody.

There I stood, a rough, ragged miner, in the bottom of a deep, wet, muddy hole. There I stood with thrills of rapture running through me. All my soul entranced, all my gaze riveted on one glittering mass at my feet.

I was master of wealth untold.

After the first burst of my joy a revulsion came. I had found my treasure, but how could I secure it? How could I secure it? How could I carry it away unscathed? Where should I take it? Or, if I did not carry it away where should I hide it?

These thoughts flashed with the rapidity of light through my head. I was overcome with perplexity.

It was a lonely place. There were the trio and the Spaniard—no other neighbors were near. The first were dangerous, the latter helpless. My strength lay in myself. My resolution was soon formed. I would bury as much of my treasure as I could carry into my tent, cover up the hole, and watch all night.

It was ten o'clock before I had buried all that I wanted in my hut, and covered up the hole to my satisfaction. The intense excitement of the occasion, already began to have its effects. I fancied I heard footsteps. A moment after I reached forth to get my revolvers, which in my hurry and agitation I had left in my tent some hours before.

The weapons were gone.

A cold sweat burst out upon me. I rushed back to the hole hoping to find them there. A tall figure stood there. He had my pistols in his hands, displaying them with a triumphant gesture to two others.

It was Nigger, with Sing Sing and Pirate.

"I am lost!" I groaned. To stay here is death, to go back to my hut is destruction. I am unarmed. These men would think no more of killing me than of crushing a fly! These thoughts came and passed in a moment.

Where should I go.

I could only think of the Spaniard. Without giving another moment's thought I turned and fled. My movements were seen. I was discovered. With a loud and savage shout they ran after me. Six bullets whistled past my head, but fortunately none touched me. If ever fear lent wings it was at that moment. I bounded along the path and down the hill and up on the other side toward where the Spaniard lived.

I heard them call on me to stop.

"Never mind," cried another voice which I recognized as that of "Pirate;" "we'll get them both together this time!"

On, on I ran. The clatter of footsteps was close behind.

With the frenzy of desperation, I rattled at the Spaniard's door. My pursuers were close upon me.

"Let me in! Save me!" I shouted.

Hurried footsteps sounded within. The bars rattled. I heard a heavy sound, I was pulled violently inside, the door was banged to and secured just as the eager blows of my pursuers fell upon it.

"Just in time!" he murmured, breathlessly. "Up stairs, quick!"

He held a lantern in his hand. By its light I saw a rude ladder which ascended to an opening above. I clambered up as I was directed. The Spaniard came up after me.

"All right!" said he, as he gave me a meaning glance.

The men below had dealt some tremendous blows at the door, which yet held on, however. I heard them eagerly shouting to one another. They said not a word to us. "No quarter" was their motto.

A few minutes of silence elapsed. They had gone off. They soon returned, however. I heard their heavy steps.

"This'll fix 'em," said one.

A moment after a terrific blow, as if dealt by some huge beam, struck the door. The hinges yielded. But in a moment a tremendous growl sounded out and drowned every other sound. It was a wild, deep, terrific roar. My blood ran cold within me. I had heard the sound before, but never so near. Then there arose to heaven shriek after shriek, and pitiful calls for mercy.

The only answer was the terrific roar which had first sounded, and sounds as if breaking, crushing bones. In a few minutes all was still. The Spaniard desecrated. He was not gone long.

"It's all over!" he said, returning. I descended. There on the floor lay the mangled bodies of the wretches, and in the corner was the gigantic form of the fiercest and largest grizzly bear that I ever saw.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE.—We believe our young readers as well as those older ones to whom the story of Charlotte Temple is familiar, will be interested in the following sketch, copied from *Appleton's Journal*:

"Among the countless throngs who daily pass and repass Trinity Church, how many know that within a few feet of the crowded thoroughfare of Broadway, is a grave which covers all the remains of a once beautiful and fascinating woman, the record of whose sorrows has dimmed the eyes of thousands? No date of birth, no indication of family, and no date of death appear on the stone that covers the grave of Charlotte Temple, whose tragic story, once the theme of every circle, is probably unknown to the greater number of our young readers. The most beautiful girl in New York—so it is claimed—she attracted the attention of a young officer, a member of one of England's oldest and proudest families, who with his regiment entered the city when the British occupied New York, after the battle of Long Island. Charlotte, then only seventeen years of age, was wooed and won by the dashing young officer. He deserted her, and then—the old story—she soon after died of a broken heart. A little daughter which she was left was tenderly cared for, at a proper age was taken to England, and a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars settled upon her by the head of her father's family, the late Earl of Derby, grandfather of the present Lord Stanley. She, like a true daughter and a true woman, returned to New York and erected the monument which now marks the mother's grave. The inscription upon it was engraved on a solid tablet of brass, an inch in thickness, heavily plated with silver, and thus it read: "Sacred to the memory of Charlotte Stanley, aged nineteen years." This filial duty performed, she returned to England and lived a life of unobtrusive piety and usefulness. The plate placed upon the stone that marks the grave was supposed to be of solid silver, and tempted the cupidity of certain vandals, who, with hammer and chisels, succeeded in prying it from the slab. They were never detected. Many years afterward, some good Samaritan caused the simple name of Charlotte Temple to be cut underneath the excavation. There it may be seen, within a few feet of Broadway, by any one who will take the trouble to look through the iron railing. The last time we glanced at the slab, now almost embedded in the ground, we saw several sparrows taking a bath in the water which had collected in the excavation from which the villains took the plate; a requiem over her grave—near which we were glad to observe a forget-me-not, doubtless planted there by some kind heart who, in childhood had wept over the sad and romantic story of the blue-eyed girl."

A law court in Santiago, Chili, is puzzled by a remarkable suit. The plaintiff has married a woman and sues for a divorce, founding her application on the simple fact that her husband is of the same sex as herself. The court can easily separate husband and wife, but the questions of the property are an enigma. The lady who undertook the part of husband married the other for her money and her prospects. Madame, the husband, in all the pride of manhood, employed, herself busily in making purchases and contracts in her wife's name and with her wife's marriage portion. Now, the question arises whether the wife should be responsible for the debts incurred by the husband while managing her affairs. Also what punishment should be inflicted on the husband for contempt of law and forgery committed in signing the marriage contract and other documents under an assumed sex. The learned magistrate of Santiago will doubtless find some solution for this matrimonial riddle.

The editor of the Hartford Times is visiting California, and observing the Chinese. He thus describes a barber shop scene:

In a little room six feet square I saw one Chinaman shaving another. The razor was two inches long, an inch and a half broad, and half an inch thick, and square at the end. It looked like a meat cleaver. The barber shaved his customer's head, all round, leaving the tuft and queue. Then he shaved his face and his forehead with the back of the razor. Then he shaved off one-half of each eyebrow as clean as a bone, leaving little tufts next to his nose; and then he shaved his nose all over carefully, and polished that. What next he did with this Sun Child, as he sat upright upon a little stool, both feet coiled under him, I know not, for I came away. Why he shaved the creature at all I could not tell, as he hid no beard. Perhaps he shaved him with pork fat as a finish. If so Chang Wo was ready for business, and would go through you in a trade.

BOYS, READ THIS.

A few years ago a large drug firm in New York advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman, who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store promptly said:

"Can't take him; places all full; besides he is too small."

"I know that he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful."

There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he 'did not see what they wanted with such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider.' But after consultation the boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay at night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of the others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if it was all right in the store, and presently discovered his youthful protegee busy scissoring labels.

"What are you doing?" said he, "I did not tell you to work at nights."

"I know you did not tell me to, but I thought I might as well be doing something."

In the morning the cashier got orders to 'double that boy's wages, for he is willing.'

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and, very naturally, all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at a rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and after a struggle captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when all others quit their work, his answer was:

"You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."

Orders were immediately given 'once more: 'Double that boy's wages, he is willing and faithful.'

To day that boy is getting a salary of \$2,500, and next January will become a member of the firm.

HOW TO MAKE A TOWN.

The true secret of the growth of any place is, the inducement and encouragement held out to strangers to settle among them. Encourage active and worthy men, whether they have any money or not. Their labor alone is worth money. Stimulate every legitimate enterprise by giving it all the friendly aid in your power. Cultivate a public spirit, and help your neighbor. If he is in danger of breaking down, help him. If he gets fairly down before you know his situation, set him on his feet again. His misfortune is to be pitied, not blamed, and his talents and labor are worth money to the community. Besides, it may some day be our turn to need a corresponding sympathy. Let us speak well of our neighbor. Talk well and encouragingly of our town, of its growth, its prospects, its advantages, and in short, everything likely to advance its welfare.

One day lately, a prisoner was being conveyed from Carbondale to the jail, at Wilkesbarre, in a train on the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad, which was then making about thirty-five miles per hour. While crossing an embankment the prisoner suddenly jumped out a car window, and rolled down the steep bank, with the velocity of a cannon ball. The train was stopped as soon as possible, and backed back to pick up the "mangled remains," which everybody expected to see. But on reaching the spot the lively corpse was discovered making a bee line across a field, at 2.40 speed, and apparently uninjured. The fellow escaped.

Over four hundred thousand dollars a month have been saved to the Government in the administration of the Navy department since the election of General Grant. We trust this fact will be fully noted by Democratic journalists, to the disparagement of Republican rule. Keep the facts before the people, that they may see the vindication of their choice for the offices of the Government.

Subscribe and pay for the ADVOCATE.