

THE ELK COUNTY ADVOCATE.

VOL. 1.

RIDGWAY, PA., DEC. 18, 1869.

NO. 10.

The Advocate.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
AT \$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.
Advs. and Extra notices, each, 6 times, \$ 3 00
And for notices, each, 3 times, 3 00
Cautions and Extras each, 3 times, 3 00
Transient Advertising per square of 8 lines
or less—3 times, or less, 2 00
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 3 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, 6 quires, per quire,1 75
Blanks, over 6 quires per quire,1 50
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,2 50
" 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 Kyles.
District Attorney—J. K. P. Hall.
Sheriff—Jacob McCanley.
Prothonotary &c.—Fred. Schoening.
Treasurer—Claudius V. Gillis.
Co. Superintendent—Rufus Lucore.
Commissioners—H. Warner, Jos. W. Taylor, Louis Vollmer.
Auditors—Clark Wilcox, George D. County Surveyor—Geo. Walsley.
Messenger, and Joseph Wilhelm.
Jury Commissioners—George Dickison, and Horace Little.
TIME OF HOLDING COURT.
Second Monday in January.
Last Monday in April.
First Monday in August.
First Monday in November.

HYDE HOUSE, RIDGWAY, ELK CO., PA.
W. H. SCHRAM, Proprietor.
Thankful for the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon him, the new proprietor, hopes, by paying strict attention to the comfort and convenience of guests, to merit a continuance of the same.
Oct 30 1869.

THAYER HOUSE, RIDGWAY, PA.
DAVID THAYER, Proprietor.
The undersigned having fitted up a large and commodious hotel on the southwest corner of Centre and Mill streets, with good and convenient stabling attached, respectfully solicits the patronage of his old friends and the public generally.
Dec 13 69 ly DAVID THAYER.

KERSHY HOUSE, CENTREVILLE, ELK CO., PA.
H. B. LEACH, Proprietor.
Thankful for the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon him, the new proprietor, hopes, by paying strict attention to the comfort and convenience of guests, to merit a continuance of the same.
vln29ly

MORTON HOUSE, ERIE, PA.
M. V. Moore, (late of the Hyde House) Proprietor.
Open Day and Night
n30ft.

CARDS, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads, Tags, Handbills, &c., done in a neat manner, and at the lowest prices. FOR CASH, at the Elk Advocate Printing Office.

LOUIS H. GARNER,
PRACTICAL MACHINIST.
Can be found at his Foundry at St. Mary's where he is ready to have all shop-work in his line done on short notice. St. Mary's, Bensinger P. O., Elk Co., Pa. my1'68 ly

J. D. PARSONS,
Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots & Shoes,
Main St., opposite Hotel,
nov27y Wilcox, Pa.

H. F. C. KRUMME, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, Ridgway Elk Co., Pa. Office above store of R. G. Gillis. Office hours from 8 to 10 A. M. and 6 to 8 P. M. vln29ly

WORDS OF WISDOM.
FOR YOUNG MEN,
On the Ruling Passion in Youth and Early Manhood, with SELF HELP for the Erring and unfortunate. Sent in sealed letter on envelope, free of charge. Address, HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Box P, Philadelphia, Pa.

HENRY SOUTHER, Attorney-at-Law
Ridgway, Pa. (feb29'68)

VISITING CARDS NEATLY EXECUTED at this office.

EXECUTIONS, SUMMONS, SUBPOENAS, Warrants, &c., on hand and for sale at this office.

Select Miscellany.

A GUESS FOR LIFE.

A volume could be filled of the strange delusions entertained by bad men—the remarkable pertinacity and cunning they displayed in carrying out the whims of their disordered minds. In their wild freaks maniacs frequently evince a method in their planning, an adroitness and coolness that would do credit to the shrewdest sarge person. We give below a thrilling incident which actually occurred as related, one of the parties to it having been a prominent army officer:

When my regiment was mustered out of service, I bade adieu to my old comrades, and to the army, and opened an office in the flourishing town of L—.

As I was starting for the supper table, on the evening of the third day after my arrival, the office bell rang violently, and soon the boy came in and said that a man wanted to see the doctor.

The visitor was standing by the fire when I entered. He was a tall, powerful man—a perfect giant compared to my "five foot six;" and his great head and bushy black hair were well fitted to the monstrous form.

"If you are at liberty, doctor, please come with me. It is but a few steps, and you will not need a carriage."

I put on my coat and hat and followed him. It was my first call in L—, and I fondly hoped it was the forerunner of many others.

The man strode on a pace ahead of me all the time, notwithstanding my endeavors to keep at his side, and spoke not a word, not even answering my questions. Stopping before a substantial looking residence on one of the principal streets, applied the latch key, and led me into a pleasant little room on the second floor (a study, I thought it), hung about with good paintings, and elegant chromos, and lined with books of every name.

"Take a seat, doctor; I will step out a moment. Take this chair by the fire. It is a bitter cold night."

The chair was a great unweild thing, but exceedingly comfortable. I threw my feet upon the fender, and leaned back on the cushion, very well satisfied to warm a little before seeing my patient.

I heard the man approach the door, open and close it again. I supposed he had gone out, but did not look around to see.

Indeed, I had no time, for a stout cord was thrown over my wrists and across my breast, and a handkerchief bound over my mouth so quickly that I could make no move to prevent it. When I was perfectly secure, my conductor stepped in front of me and looked with much interest at my vain attempts to free myself.

"Good stout cord, isn't it?" he asked. "It has never been broken, and many a stouter man than you has tried it. There, now, be quiet a while and I will tell you what I want."

He went to a cabinet that stood in the corner of the room, and taking a long, wicked-looking knife from one of the drawers, ran his thumb over the edge, and felt of the point, all the while talking in the most common place manner imaginable.

"I have studied the art of guessing for years," said he. "I can guess anything; that is my guessing chair that you are sitting in now; and I take great pleasure in imparting my knowledge to others. This is what I want of you to-night. I did intend to make you guess that, but I have thought of something better."

He had become satisfied with edge and point of his knife, and was pacing up and down the room, giving me a full history of the world, interspersed with facts relative to the art of guessing, at which time he always stepped in front of me.

"Did you ever study it, doctor? I know you haven't I am the only one that ever reduced it to a science. Since I left my noble veterans, I have devoted my whole time to it; and now I am about to initiate you into its mysteries, if you are worthy." He was standing before me so very calm that I did not think that he intended to harm me; but when I looked into his eyes, burning with fire of insanity, I felt my situation was desperate indeed.

"I must test you," he said. "I must see whether you are naturally gifted or not, before I waste much time with you. If I remove the handkerchief will you answer my questions?"

I nodded an affirmative, and he removed it.

"Now, my dear doctor, you are an entire stranger to me. Without the least doubt

you have often heard of me, but it will be a hard task to distinguish me my name from all other great men of the time. You may guess it, doctor. What is it?"

He had brought his face so near to mine that I could feel his hot breath and fancied that I could feel the heat of those terrible eyes. The long keen blade he was holding over me—for what? to take my life if I failed.

"Guess! guess!" he screamed. "If you fail, it will be your last guess in the world. I dared not cry out; the knife was too near; I could not escape for the strong cords bound me to that chair I could not lift, and raise myself and I could not be there, and lose my life. What could I do?"

"It is a hard guess, and I will give you three minutes to answer it," he said.

I summoned all my courage, which had never yet failed me—even in the awful hour of battle—and looking him steadily in the eye, said:

"I know you sir; so where is the use of guessing? I have seen you on the battlefield marshalling your hosts to victory. I have seen you cut down a score of men with your own single arm. I have seen you put to flight a whole battalion. I know you—everybody knows you. Your name is in my mouth."

I remembered what he had said about his veterans, and had tried this harangue to divert his attention. I paused to mark the effect.

"Yes!—yes, doctor! But what is it," he screamed again. "Thirty seconds!"

"Great God! What would I have not given for a clue to that madman's fancy! Thirty seconds, and how short a second is! The knife was raised higher, that it might gain motion by the distance. His body was braced for the stroke, and his eyes on the mark.

"Only ten seconds more! What is it?" There was only one hope for me, and that was to guess. I felt that he considered himself some great man; as he had spoken of veterans, some military chieflain. I thought of our own heroes and the name, of many of them were upon my lips, but I dared not utter them. It was the greatest chance game I had ever played. My life depended on the guessing of a name. I thought of all the European generals, but cast them aside again and came back to our own side of the water.

"Two seconds?" screamed the lunatic. Without a thought, almost without a violation, I spoke a name, breathing a silent prayer that it might be the right one: "Nepoleon Bonaparte."

"Right!" said the madman, throwing aside his knife and undoing the cords that held me. "I was mistaken in you, doctor, you have true genius; this is your first lesson; come at this hour every evening and I will teach you the beautiful art—the way to immortal fame."

As I arose from the chair, weak and trembling, the door opened softly and four strong men entered and secured the maniac. I started for home well pleased that I had got through with my first guessing lesson, and fervently hoping I should never be called upon to take another.

Who GOT IT—A young lawyer was examining a bankrupt as to how he had spent his money. There were about two thousand dollars unaccounted for, when the attorney put on a severe scrutinizing face, and exclaimed with much self-complacency, "Now sir, I want you to tell this court and jury how you used those two thousand dollars?" The bankrupt put on a serio-comic face, winked at the audience and exclaimed: "The lawyers got that!" The judge and the audience were convulsed with laughter, and the counselor was glad to let the bankrupt go.

HEARKEN unto what the Rev. J. D. Fulton, of Boston, says to the Scribes and Pharisees of Gotham. And here, says he, is 'your' Theodore Tilton, editor of 'your Independent,' a paper that tells the young men of America not to drink. Yet when I dined at Delmonico's once, great was my astonishment to see him unblushingly drinking wine. 'What!' said I, 'are you drinking wine, Theodore?' 'Yes; I drink it for the sake of my brains.' 'Then, for the sake of your reputation, stop.'

WHEN Anna Dickinson was at Salt Lake City, a crowd gathered at the hotel to serenade somebody, when a call was made for "Miss Dickinson." A dispute took place as to whether it was "Miss or Mister," when a compromise was effected by an individual who shouted, 'bring it out!'

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal writes from Marblehead;

"The schooner Henry W. Brown, of Marblehead, which arrived from the Banks yesterday, reports the loss of two of the hands, under the following circumstances: In a gale of last Thursday, while on the home trip, it blew so hard that it became necessary to take in sail. In doing so the main sheet got loose, and one of the hands, John McEachran by name, sprang to fasten it. As he caught the slack of the sheet in his hand the vessel gave a lurch, and the boom drawing the sheet tight, snapped young McEachran overboard.

"Another hand named Geo. Ramsdell, seeing the condition of his shipmate, caught the rope, and throwing over the line lost his footing and pitched into the sea. The agony of those on board may be imagined when it is known that the father of young McEachran stood on the vessel's deck and saw his son drowning before his eyes and he powerless to help him. Life bouys were thrown to the men, striking within a foot of them, but owing to the high sea they sank before they could reach the bouys. Although a dangerous sea was running, the crew threw out a drag and tried every possible means to succor them, but it was useless. They sank before aid could reach them.

"As the vessel came up the harbor with her flag at half mast, of course quite a crowd was attracted to learn the cause. When the crew landed on the wharf a brother of young McEachran ran up to his father crying out: 'Father, where is John? Why don't John come? The father burst out crying, and the lookers-on turned away with tears in their eyes. The scene of the desolate father, with tears running down his cheeks, leading his sobbing and heartbroken little boy from the wharf, is one which the spectators will never forget."

AN OIL STORY.

Sam Black, who owned a snug little farm, was somewhat startled one day by an offer of more than double the worth of it in greenbacks.

"Shall you sell the farm, Samuel?" asked his wife.

"Certainly I shall," said Sam, "if the excited individuals don't back out or prove to be a couple of escaped lunatics, as I shall suppose them to be."

After the bargain was made and the money paid, one of them took Sam and his wife to the back part of the farm, where was a small excavation in the ground, filled up by the recent rain.

"See what you've lost and we've gained!" said the excited individual, scooping up some of the water in an old tin cup, and holding it up for inspection.

Sure enough, the oil was half an inch thick on the top of the water.

Sam was indignant. If he had not been a fool, as he said to his wife, and watched for indications, he might have died a millionaire.

Sam's wife was bursting with laughter, but constraining herself, she coaxed her husband into the house, and told him the whole story.

"You remember when I had my cough last winter and the doctor recommended cod liver oil, Sam, and you brought home a whole gallon, because you got it cheap, and made me promise to take a dose three times a day? Well, I didn't, and it stood in the closet until I cleaned the house, when I threw it into the hole at the foot of the garden."

Sam saw the joke, and pocketed the cream of it in the shape of a pile of greenbacks.

At last accounts Sam was living in clover, while the hunters were industriously boring—and may be yet, for all we know.

A doting mother of a waggish boy having bottled a lot of nice preserves, labeled them, "Put up by Mrs. D—." Johnny, having discovered them, soon ate the contents of one bottle, wrote on the bottom label, "Put down by Johnny D—."

Gregg Harper is 124 year-old negro, of whom Indiana makes her boast. He expects to be a celestial Harper.

It is calculated that five out of six letter writers wind up with "Yours truly," while the rest add "Respectfully Yours."

PLOWING WITH ELEPHANTS.

Several years ago Mr P. T. Barnum put an elephant to the plow on a piece of land he owned on the line of the New York and New Haven Railroad, at Bridgeport. The duly costumed and turbaned "Asiatic" who attended the elephant was sure to be seen busily engaged in plowing whenever a train passed by, and ere long all the papers in the country noticed this new and wonderful feature in agriculture in Connecticut. Thousands of persons came from all parts of the country to see Barnum's elephant plow. Presidents and secretaries of agricultural societies wrote to Barnum to know whether the elephant really was a valuable addition to the animals used for farm labor; how much work he could do; how much food he required, and how much he could draw.

To which Mr. Barnum invariably replied that the cost of keeping such an animal, to say nothing of the original cost of from \$10,000 to \$30,000 for an elephant, would preclude the general introduction of elephants upon New England farms. But then, as to how much an elephant could draw, why he calculated that this elephant, plowing in Bridgeport, would draw at least 100,000 visitors during the summer to Barnum's Museum in New York.

And no doubt it did. There never was a better bit of out-door advertising.

But in England they are now manufacturing large numbers of elephant plows, which are sent to India, for there the animal is made serviceable in this way. Two men guide the plow, another man directs the animal, and the elephant Marches along all day, turning up a ridge and leaving a furrow three feet deep and four and a half feet broad. This is deep and sub-soil plowing with a vengeance.

TOO FOND OF SUGAR.

The Knoxville Press and Herald relates the following:

"Our friend T—likes sweet things

From the lips of a pretty maiden to a lump of sugar, nothing comes amiss to him in the saccharine line. Especially is he fond of sugar. Sugar in the case, sugar in his drinks, or sugar *per se*, finds an ardent lover in T—. Living in a picturesque hamlet, not twenty miles from Knoxville, he often comes to town on business or pleasure. On such occasions he plays havoc with confectioner's sweet-meats, and is a mortal foe to the samplers of sugar in the whole sale merchant's sample rooms. On Saturday, friend T—, being in town, called at the store of one of our largest wholesale firms. While engaged in the purchase of a line of teas and coffees, he noticed a sample of white sugar on a sheet of letter paper, and thoughtlessly, by force of habit, tasted it. Before long the sugar had disappeared.

A clerk in the employ of the firm, coming into the room a few minutes afterwards, noticed the disappearance of the sugar. Aware of the peccant of T— for sweets, the clerk at once came to the conclusion the disappearance of the sugar was to be aid at the door or rather at the mouth of the gentleman from the country. Being well acquainted with T—, the clerk conceived a joke at his expense. Calling to the merchant, who was engaged conversing with T— the clerk excitedly asked him if he had noticed that rat poison lying around?

"Rat poison, where is it?"

"Lying about here on a piece of paper."

"Uh—what did it look like?" said the now startled T—.

"Well, it looked like white sugar. The fact is, it was white sugar, impregnated with arsenic acid," quietly answered the clerk.

"Oh! ah! hold me! I'm dying! I thought it was sugar, and I eat it," shouted the now thoroughly frightened sugar eater.

"My gracious, it will kill you! No, it won't either, if you don't drink any water Rats eat it, and then drink water, and bust," maliciously cried the clerk.

The sugar, together with the desire for a drink of water, aided by the heated imagination of poor T—, made him think he was dying with the thirst produced by the poison, and lastly striding toward the door, he shouted hoarsely:

"A doctor—for God's sake, lead me to a doctor; I'm poisoned."

Cost of a Woman of the Period, Fully Made Up.

Her beautiful, luxuriant blonde hair is worth—if it be a wig—from fifty to two hundred dollars; if it be a switch, from ten to one hundred dollars; if it be curls, from ten to fifty dollars.

Her pure white brow, her dark, arched, eyebrows, cost from four dollars to four hundred.

Her large, liquid eyes are worth a dollar. Her white face and neck (when enameled) are procured at a price ranging from fifteen dollars to thirty-five dollars.

The glowing rose and virgin lily of her cheek cost everywhere, with the various soaps, cosmetics, etc., five dollars.

Her faultless, gleaming ivory, if false, cost her from twenty-five to two hundred dollars.

Her ruby lips are worth about twenty-five cents.

Her round, plump cheeks, if plumpers, cost five dollars.

Her swelling bosom is gotten up, if pads, for one or two dollars; if respirators, for five dollars to ten dollars; if balm and developers, for fourteen dollars.

Her Grecian bend is worth anywhere from nothing to ten dollars.

KEEPING POTATOES.—It is a bad plan to place potatoes against the damp walls of a cellar, or to put them in large, deep bins, where they will be likely to gather moisture. If bins are used, the bottom should be made of straws, with small spaces left between, to admit air. Barrels or open boxes are also good, as well as convenient vessels, in which to keep potatoes, and whenever it is necessary to look over and pick out decayed tubers, it is more easily done than when a large number of bushels are placed in one heap or bin. Cellars in which potatoes are kept should not be too light, because it will, as every farmer knows, make them turn green, and injure their flavor and value.—*Heart's and Home.*

Did you ever notice how the weeds get ready for winter? The perennial ones such as Dock, Thistles and Dandelions, etc., from this year's seeds have grown into neat little plants with a rosette of leaves which lays close to the ground. In this condition they look very innocent, but just lift one of them and see what a root it has. Without making any show about it, it has been laying in an underground store of food, and as soon as warm weather comes, it will push with astonishing vigor. It does no good to cut their heads off with a hoe at this time, for the leaves have done their work. Nothing short of uprooting will be certain to destroy them.

The billiardist Carme, who is now in New Orleans, places twelve balls in a line, nearly touching each other, across one end of the table and striking them one by one in succession, all of them going round the table twice, so that nearly all of them are in motion at the same time, running hither and thither over the table in different directions, crossing and re-crossing each other so swiftly as to bewilder the eye, and yet not one touches the other, but each ball swinging round in its own particular orbit, like the stars, until at last all of them nestle lovingly together in one corner of the table, so that a hat may cover them all. Another shot of his is to place eight balls in a similar position as described above, and make them move between twelve bottles on the table without touching either the bottles or each other.

A lawyer, when he first domiciled in Detroit, was so poor that he described his poverty as follows: "When I first went to Detroit I was in perfect rags; the smallest hole in my shirt was the one I stuck my head through, and I had to have my only shirt washed by the dozen, for it was twelve pieces. And now the case is reversed; my clients haven't any shirts, and I have a trunk full."

A temperance lecturer, descending on the superior virtue of the cold water, remarked: "When the world had become so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water." "Yes," replied a toper present, "but it killed every critter on the face of the earth."

An ugly old bachelor, about town, whom no woman would have, being raised on his matrimonial prospects with, "Don't despair there is as good fish in the sea as ever was caught, you know," is said to have replied: "Yes I know—but somehow it seems to me that they don't bite as they used to."