The Elk County Advocate.

VOL. 1. RIDGWAY, PA., MARCH 5, 1870. NO. 21.

The Advocate.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

AT $2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

Adm'r and Ex'rs notices, enc, 6 times,	$ 2 00
Auditor's notices, each,	3 00
Cautions and Estrays each, 3 times	3 00
Transient Advertising per squre of 8 lines or less—3 times, or less	2
For each subsequent insertion	
Official advertising for each square of 8 liner or less—3 times or less	2 00
For each subsequent insertion	50
Professional cards, 5 liner, 1 yr	6 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 quire	2 00
Blanks, 6 quires, per quire	1 75
Blanks, over 6 quires per quire	1 50
For bank notes, subpoenas, summons, executions, 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 sect 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 Kyler.

District Attorney—J. K. P. Hall.

Sheriff—Jacob McCauley.

Prothonotary &c.,—Fred. Schœning.

Treasurer—Claudius V. Gillis.

Co. Superintendent—Rufus Lucore.

Commissioners—H. Warner, Jos. W. Taylor, Louis Vollmer.

Auditors—Clark Wilcox, George D. Messenger, and Joseph Wilhelm.

County Surveyor—Geo. Walmsley.

Jury Commissioners.—George Dickinson, and Homer Little.

TIME OF HOLDING COURT.

Second Monday in January.

Last Monday in April.

First Monday in August.

First Monday in November.

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RAILROAD.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

On and after MONDAY, NOV. 28th, 1869, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

Mail Express leaves Philadelphia	9.05 p. m.
" " Williamsport	2.05 p. m.
" " arrive at Erie	8.20 a. m.
Erie Express leaves Philadelphia	11.50 a. m.
" " Williamsport	2.35 a. m.
" " arrive at Erie	10.00 a. m.

EASTWARD.

Mail Express leaves Erie	8.10 a. m.
" " " Ridgway	2.50 p. m.
" " arrive at Philadelphia	6.20 a. m.
Erie Express leaves Erie	4.00 p. m.
" " " Ridgway	9.41 p. m.
" " arrive at Philadelphia	12.45 p. m.

Express east connects at Corry. Mail east at Corry and Irvinton with trains on Oil Creek & Allegheny River R. R.

ALFRED L. TYLER,
General Superintendent.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAIL ROAD.

The only direct route to Pittsburg

WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS

from Oil City.

On and after Monday Nov. 22d 1869, trains will run as follows:

GOING SOUTH

Day Express leaves Oil City at	10.30 a. m.
Arriving at Pittsburg at	5.30 p. m.
Night Express leaves Oil City at	9.30 p. m.
Arriving at Pittsburg at	7.00 a. m.
Kittanning Acc. leaves Emlenton	6.10 p. m.
Arriving at Kittanning	9.00 p. m.
Mixed Way leaves Oil City at	7.00 a. m.
Arriving at West Penn Junction at	7.05 p. m.

GOING NORTH.

Day Express leaves Pittsburg at	7.15 a. m.
Arriving at Oil City at	1.55 p. m.
Night Express leaves Pittsburg at	8.00 p. m.
Arriving at Oil City at	6.00 a. m.
Parker Acc. leaves Kittanning	7.20 a. m.
Arriving at Parker	9.55 a. m.
Mixed Way leave West Penn Junc. at	7.00 a. m.
Arriving at Oil City at	6.00 p. m.

Connections at Corry and Irvine'on for Oil City and Pittsburg. At Franklin with Jamestown and Franklin R. R. Connections with West Penn. R. R. at West Penn Junction for Rimersville and all points on the main line of the Pennsylvania R. R.

Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

J. J. LAWRENCE, General Sup't.
Thos. M. King, Asst. Supt.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR
Struggles and Triumphs of

P. T. BARNUM,

Written by himself. In one large octavo volume—nearly 800 pages—printed in English and German. 30 full page engravings. It embraces forty year recollections of his busy life, as a merchant, manager, banker, lecturer and showman. No book published so acceptable to all classes. Every one wants it. Agents average from 50 to 100 subscribers a week. We offer extra inducements. Illustrated catalogue and terms to agents sent free.

J. B. BURR & CO., Publishers,
8w Hartford, Conn.

DR. C. H. FULLER,

BOTANIC PHYSICIAN,
RIDGWAY, PA.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. S. BORDWELL, M. D.

ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN

The word eclectic means to choose or select medicines from all the different schools of medicine; using remedies that are safe, and discarding from practice all medicines that have an injurious effect on the system, such as mercury, antimony, lead, copper, &c.

I lay aside the lance—the old bloodletter, reducer or depleter, and equalize the circulation and restore the system to its natural state by alteratives and tonics. I shall hereafter give particular attention to chronic diseases, such as Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Liver complaint, Catarrh, Neuralgia, diseases of the throat, urinary organs, and all diseases peculiar to females, &c.

CATARRH I treat with a new instrument of a late invention which cures every case.

TEETH extracted without pain.

Office and residence South of the jail on Centre St. Office hours from 7 to 8 a.; m 12 to 1 p. m: 6 to 7 p. m.

Dec 23'67.-1y. J. S. BORDWELL.

JOHN G. HALL, Attorney at law, Ridgway, Elk county Pa. [mar.22'66 1y

JOHN G. HALL.....JAS. K. P. HALL.

HALL & BRO.

Attorneys -at -Law
ST. MARY'S:
BENZINGER P. O. ELK COUNTY, PA.
September 20, 1866. 1y.

J. S. Bordwell, M. D. Eclectic Physician. Office and residence opposite the Jail, on Centre St., Ridgway, Pa. Prompt attention will be given to all calls. Office hours: 7 to 8 A. M.: 12 to 2 P. M.; and 6 to 7 P. M. Mar. 22, 66 1y.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
ST. MARY'S, PA.
LARGEY & MALONE, Props's.

The proprietors respectfully ask the attention of their friends and the public in general to their large and commodious hotel. Every attention paid to the convenience of guests.

H LARGEY,
may19 1865-1y J. A. MALONE.

MASLIN Kettles, Brass Kettles, Porcleau Sauce Pans, French Tined Sauce Pans, Frost coins the cheapest and best, at W. S. SERVICE'S, Hardware Store, Ridgway, Pa.

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.

O 1 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.

dec13'66 1y DAVID THAYER.

KERSEY HOUSE,
CENT. AVILLE, 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.

v1n20ly.

All orders for Stoves and Hardware will be promptly attended to as soon as received, at the

12'67 ST. MARY'S HARDWARE STORE.

MORTON HOUSE,
ERIE PA.
M. V Moore, (late of the Hyde House) Proprietor.

Open Day and Night.

n30tf.

CARDS, Bill Heads, Letter-Heads, Tags, Handbills, &c., done in a neat manner, and at the LOWEST PRICE, 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, Benzinger P. O.] Elk co., Pa. my1'68 1y

J. D. PARSONS,

Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots & Shoes,

Main St., opposite Hotel,

nov27y WILCOX, PA.

JACOB YOUNG & CO., Book Binders And Blank Book Manufacturers, Wright's Blk. Corry, Pa. Blank Books Made to Order.

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. v1n8tf.

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

BLANKS of all kinds for sale at this office.

C. H. VOLK, Manufacturer and Dealer in Lager Beer, opposite the Railroad Depot, St. Mary's, Elk county Pa. Mar-22'66-1.

ENVELOPES, LABELS & TAGS neatly printed at the Advocate Office.

I WAS cured of Deafness and Catarrh by a simple remedy, and will send the receipt free. MRS. M. C LEGGETT,
4w Hoboken, N. J.

Select Miscellany.

A TRAVELER'S STORY

BY ITHEL DACRE.

"Is this seat engaged, sir?"

I glanced up from the paper I was reading, and met the smiling regard of a genial-looking gentleman, apparently in the prime of life.

"It is not, sir."

"With your permission, then," and he seated himself beside me.

The train had already started, and presently the conductor made his appearance collecting the tickets. Reaching us, he detached the appropriate coupons from our tickets, handing back the remainder with the unusual "check."

"Pardon me," said my companion, "but I perceive that you place your ticket in your wallet."

"Yes."

"It is unwise, unsafe."

"Why do you considerate it so?" I inquired, with some curiosity, returning my wallet to my pocket.

"Suppose through carelessness, or we will say accident, your wallet is lost. Your pocket may be picked, for instance?"

"Yes."

"Your money and ticket are both gone. Probably you do not appreciate the manifold beauties of such a position; I do not think it possible except by experience."

"It would certainly be an undesirable situation, I can see that clearly enough. Pardon the question naturally suggested—were you ever so placed?"

"Once; once once."

"How was that?"

"You wish to profit by my experience? Well I don't know that I mind telling you the story. It may serve to amuse you, if nothing more."

It occurred quite a number of years ago, and over what road I was traveling at the time is of little consequence. I had taken the early morning express train, and being somewhat tired and altogether sleepy, had stretched myself upon the seat for as comfortable a nap as circumstances would admit. I slept soundly, for I could in those days, sleep well almost anywhere, and did not awaken until the conductor came for my ticket. The essential bit of pasteboard could not be found. I was positive I had purchased a ticket; indeed, I remembered distinctly having shown it to the baggage clerk at the time of checking my trunk. The conductor grew impatient, passed to the end of the car and returned to me. I had not found the ticket, but had made the discovery that my pocket-book also was gone. I explained to the conductor that my pocket had been picked and in proof of my story showed him my baggage check. It was useless. If you have traveled much, you are aware that a virtuous conductor takes no man's word; in fact, all men have designs upon the company's dividends except himself. It is perfectly natural, therefore that the faithful steward in question should say:

"The check is all right; but how do I know that it belongs to you? I will take the money for your fare or stop the train and put you off, as you choose."

What could I do? Protestations amounted to nothing, and my fellow passengers, with the usual tendency of humanity to trample upon a fallen man, showed clearly by their looks and expressions, that they thought me a sneaking rogue, who would steal a passage if I could. They paid their money; why should not I pay mine? Few men would ever see heaven if judgment were rendered by jury—except themselves.

My search for the lost ticket had brought to light about a dollar and eighty cents. This I told the conductor was every cent I had about me. He said it was fifty cents short of the usual fare to Lauderdale City, but that he would pass me through for it rather than stop the train. I gave it to him. From Lauderdale, a city of much importance, I could write to my partner for money. It would certainly be as well as to tramp ten miles back to the city I had left, and where I should be no better off, being equally a stranger there.

In due time I found myself at Lauderdale; went to the best hotel; telegraphed for money, and wrote an explanatory letter to my partner. This business attended to, I sallied out to see what of a place Lauderdale City might be. There was nothing for me to do but to amuse myself as best I could until the money should come, and I determined to make the most of my involuntary holiday. As I strolled leisurely up the main street a newsboy darted out of a paper office, crying:

"*Daily Banner*; extra edition; all about the murder; great accident on the E—— road!" etc., etc. Have an extra?"

I took the sheet and thrust my hand in my pocket for the money but without a moment's thought. You may imagine my feelings when compelled to return that two-penny bit of paper to the boy, with the muttered excuse that I "had no change," and the utterly contemptuous expression on the boy's face as he received it! I immediately stepped into the office of the *Daily Banner* and wrote a paragraph descriptive of my recent mishap, taking care to make it as amusing as possible. When completed I handed it to the clerk. He read it, laughed and took it onto the private office. Coming back in a few minutes after, he told the book keeper to give me fifty cents. It was not much, but more than I expected. Well, I continued my walk until I finally reached the end of the street, which terminated at the S—— River, here spanned by a long bridge. I crossed the bridge and was surprised to see, upon reaching the opposite side, that I would be required to pay toll. A young girl came to the door of the little toll office as I stepped up to it and inquired how much I should pay, drawing forth my solitary shinplaster.

"O," she said, with a smile and a slight blush, "we do not charge ministers anything."

It was not a bad joke, but I suppressed the laugh that rose to my lips, and thanking her for the consideration shown to the clergy, I turned about and retraced my steps to the hotel, not without some slight twinges of concience for allowing the mistake to pass, and taking advantage of it. The remainder of the day was spent very quietly, as was also the evening which followed.

My first duty the next morning was to seek some knight of the razor. I had noticed a pleasent little shop at no great distance from the hotel, in my walk the previous day, and thinking that I should do no better by looking further, I repaired to that. There was in attendance only a boy of about twelve years of age, who stated that his father, the proprietor of the shop, had gone to a neighboring city and would not return before noon. Without any hesitation I requested the lone of a razor, and proceeded to operate on myself. While thus employed, the customers began to present themselves, expressing great dissatisfaction upon learning how matters stood. Now, although I am a proud man, I am not, thank God, cursed with that specious of vanity which prevents a man from doing certain kinds of honest labor simply because they are not "genteel." Here was an opportunity offered for me to, at least, earn the price of my breakfast, I took advantage of it. Told the first man who entered after I had completed shaving myself, that I would shave him. I did so. Others coming in, I shaved them also. In fact, I did quite a business for a couple of hours; and if the unfortunate individuals who came under my hand had any doubt about my fitness for the business, they certainly expressed none. At the expiration of this time, I began to think that I had done sufficient, and feeling rather hungry, having had no breakfast, I divided the proceeds with the boy, and prepared to return to my hotel. But I was not done yet. As I was brushing my hat, a young, dandied specimen of humanity came in, and resolving that he should be the last, I went to work upon him. When he came to pay me, I was, to say the least, somewhat surprised to see him deliberately paoduce my pocket-book—the one I had lost! Standing upon no ceremony, I snatched it from his hand, and demanded, in no gentle tones, how it came in his posession? Without stopping to reply other than by a volley of imprecations as he reached the door, he tumbled rather than ran down the stairs into the street. Waiting for neither hat nor coat, I followed; the pocket-book in my hand. We measured off considerable ground in a short time. Men, boys, dogs, joined in pursuit; the cries of "stop thief," and the like, growing louder and increasing. What an uproar there was! Suddenly came a flash of light, sharp and vivid for an instant, then utter darkness. A policeman had hit me for the thief, had gently tapped me upon the head, as their custom is, and with the usual result; the thief escaped, and I the victim, was apprehended. My appearance told heavily against me; but my story being fully coaroborated by the boy at the barbar shop, I was released.

Upon examining the wallet, I found my own money intact, and about one hundred and thirty dollars beside. That is all the story.

"Not a bad speculation after all!" said I, as he concluded.

"Well perhaps not, No, it was not, but still my advice holds good Never place a railway ticket in your wallet.

SOLDIER'S "HOMES."

One of the saddest and most humiliating sights American eyes can see is that of a maimed and shattered soldier of the Union incapacitated by reason of his wounds from providing for himself, reduced to the necessity of begging his bread. And yet in the great cities—those human hives where the preponderance of mouths to be filled is always vastly in excess of the supply of food to fill them—the spectacle of a battle-scarred hero, with but the remnant of his own stalwart frame, clad in the old army blue, frequently looks up at the passers by, to ask the alms of which the poor, pinched and shrunken face mutely pleads the necessity. Who has not beheld the sight with a feeling of shame as he acknowledged that to that soldier's patriotic devotion to his country, and to his wounds, he owed a share of the blessings of free government, and realized that the hand of the suppliant had more nobly and truly earned the right to enjoy its privileges than himself? And his services had been repaid with scars and beggary!

This being true, all good people, and especially the comrades of such unfortunates will learn with great gratification that efforts are being made to provide "homes" for disabled soldier's in the several States Such an asylum now exists in Ohio in which hundreds of our gallant boys find a secure retreat from the sufferings of poverty, and in New York a meeting was recently held to consider the erection of a "home" for its soldiers. One of the largest audiences ever assembled in the COOPER Institute answered the call, and the proceedings were of the most encouraging nature. General SHERMAN made a noble speech, in which he said:

I cannot tell how it hurts my feelings as a soldier to hear that soldiers who have been disabled in the service of the country, and who are now unable to earn their daily bread, have been sent to Blackwell's Island [Cries, "It is so!"] I hope none of my soldiers are there, none of the men who fought at my side. If so, I will take care that they need go there no longer. [Wild applause.] You who remained here at home, while we went down to the front—you who cheered us on, promised us that those of us who lost their lives on the battlefield would have their children taken care of; and if any of us lost our limbs to defend you, you would take care of us. It was a compact—a national compact.

It was a most holy compact, sealed in the best blood of the land, and the hearts of soldiers' friends are rejoicing all over the country to day in the knowledge that the people's part of it is being fulfilled. The legitimate consequences of the war have been reached, its fruits have been garnered, and now comes the duty we owe to those who in protecting us lost the power to protect themselves. We have done well by the orphans of our deceased soldiers, let us be true to those veterans, through their remaining years, whose lives have been wrecked in the defense of our honor as a nation.

A YANKEE TRICK.—One of our peculiar, slab sided, gaunt Yankees lately emigrated and settled down in the West. He was the picture of a mean man, and as he put himself to work in good earnest to get his house to rights, the neighbors willingly lent him a hand. After he had got every thing fixed to his notion, a thought struck him that he had no chickens, and he was powerfully fond of raw eggs. He was too honest to steal them, and too mean to buy them. At last a thought struck him—he could borrow. He went to a neighbor and thus accosted him:

„Wall, I reckon you han't got no old hen nor nothin' you'd lend me for a few weeks, have you, neighbor?"

"I'll lend you one with pleasure," replied the gentleman, picking out the very finest in the coop.

The Yankee took the hen home, and then went to another neighbor and borrowed a dozen eggs. He then set the hen, and in due course of time she hatched out a dozen chickens.

The Yankee was again puzzled; he could return the hen, but how was he to return the eggs? Another idea—and who ever saw a live Yankee without one—he would keep the hen untill she laid a dozen eggs.

This he did and then returned the hen and eggs to their respective owners, remarking as he did so:

'Wall, I reckon I've got as fine a dozen of chickens as you ever had your eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent nuther.'

GONE THROUGH THE WARS.—We have employed in our office a man who has been in the English army thirty five years; was at the seige of Lucknow; had both of his ears cut off while sticking his head out of a sallyport. He afterwards served on the staff of Wellington at Waterloo, and subsequently accompanied Bonaparte in his celebrated Egyptian campaign, where he was arrested for conniving at an elopement with the Sphynx, and was confined in the pyramids for three years. He has been in 481 pitched battles, and a great many that were not pitched. Everybody has heard of the butcher who was killing a beef for the Commissary when the Balaklava charge was sounded, and who seized an axe, mounted a horse, and went through the battery and back safely. Well, this is the man we are writing about. He relates that thrilling episode in his checkered history with much enthusiasm. He used to have a medal, but a grizzly bear snatched it off his shirt-bosom while he was laying the last tie on the China and Siberian Railroad, Eastern Division. He says he is now tired of travel and adventure, and proposes to settle down, and it is the general opinion that he will. He neither smokes, chews, drinks whiskey nor swears, and can set type as well as he used to fight.—*Minnesota Tribune.*

AT a very successful seance in Cincinnati the other night, a man burst into tears when the medium described accurately a tall, blu-eyed spirit standing by him, with light side-whiskers and his hair parted in the middle. "Do you know him?" inquired a man at his side, in a sympathetic whisper.

"Know him? I guess I do," replied the unhappy man, wiping his eyes. "He was engaged to my wife. If he hadn't died he would have been her husband instead of me. O George! George!" he murmured in a voice choked with emotion, why, why did you peg out?"

A newly-married lady in Chicago complained to her ma, that on her reception day her card basket was overrun with circulars from lawyers, announcing terms of divorce. "So absured, you know, ma, before our honeymoon is over." "True, dear," replied ma, (who had been twice divorced,) "but I'd put them in a safe place; you may find them useful in a year or two.'

"I owe you one," said a withered old bachelor to a lady, the other night, at a party. "For what?" said she. "Why, for calling me a young gentleman. "If I did so," was the rather ill-natured reply. "I beg you will not regard it as a compliment; for, though an old *man*, you may be still a young *gentleman*."

A major in the United States army was crossing from England in one of the Cunard steamers, when one afternoon a band on deck played "Yankee Doodle." A gruff Englishmen who stood by inquired whether that was the tune the old cow died of. "Not at all," retorted the major, "that's the tune the old bull died of."

A man lately made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire engine. He was asked, "What facilities have you in your town for extinguishing fire?" "Well, it rains sometimes, he replied, with great simplicity.

Men often boast of progress when they are only moving in a circle; and are sure they are in the right path, because with every circut the footprints multiply, when they are only following their own tracks.

A man in Illinois cured a sore throat by hanging himself with a rope. They say that a rope properly adjusted can be relied on for that purpose.

Two Savannah doctors making arrangements for a duel agreed that the one who hurt the other, should cure him for nothing. Nothing like keeping trade in the family.

Be not stingy of kind words and pleasing acts, for such are fragrant gifts, whose perfume will gladden the heart and sweeten the life of all who hear or receive them.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.