The Elk County Advocate.

VOL 1. RIDGWAY, PA., MARCH 12, 1870. NO. 22.

The Advocate.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

AT $2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

Adm'r and Ex'rs notices, exc. 6 times, $	3 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 00
For each subsequent insertion	50
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, subpœnas, 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. Jno. P. Vincent.

Associate Judges—E. C. Schultze, Jesse Kyler.

District Attorney—J. K. P. Hall.

Sheriff—Jacob McCauley.

Prothonotary &c.,—Fred. Schmuing.

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 Parkins, and Horace 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. 22th, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

Mail Train leaves Philadelphia	9.35 p. m
" " " Ridgway	2.40 p. m
" " arrive at Erie	8.20 p. m.
Erie Exp leaves Philadelphia	11.50 a. m.
" " " Ridgway	2.35 a. m
" " arrive at Erie	10.00 a. m

EASTWARD.

Mail Train leaves Erie	8.10 a. m.
" " " Ridgway	2.50 p. m.
" " arrive at Phila'a	6.30 a. m
Erie Express leaves Erie	4.00 p. m.
" " " Ridgway	9.41 p. m.
" " arrive 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.
Arriviving 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 Irvineton for Oil City and Pittsburg. At Franklin with Jamestown and Franklin R. R. Connections with West Penn, R. R. at West Penn Junction for Blairsville and all points on the main line of the Pennsylvania R. R.

Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

J. J. LAWRENCE, General Supt.
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. 83 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 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. 29'67.-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. MARYS;
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 tf.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
ST. MARYS, PA.
LARGEY & MALONE, Prop'rs.

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

H. LARGEY.
may19-1866-1y J. A. MALONE.

MARTIN Kessler, Brass Kettles, Parchment Sieve Pans, French Candy, Lance Pens, and some 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 kindly 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 20-1869.

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.

dec17'68 1y DAVID THAYER.

FOREST HOUSE,
CENTREVILLE, ELK Co., PA.
H. B LEACH, Proprietor.

Thankful for the patronage heretofore so kindly 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.
W. P. Howe, (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 RATES. 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 Elk, Corry, Pa. Bank 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. (feb25'68).

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.

WASHINGTON'S MARRIAGE.

It was in the spring of 1758 Mr. Curtis, a planter residing at his estate called the "White House," was out one morning, when he met, coming from the northward, a young gentleman of military appearance, excellently mounted, and accompanied by a good old servant, or sergeant, who rode respectfully a few paces behind his master. The new comer was Col. George Washington, on his way from Winchester to Williamsburg, and his attendant, Bishop, formerly Braddock's body servant, but now his own.

Washington was twenty-five years of age at that time, and a young man of great sedateness and dignity. He was in chief command on the frontier, and saw or thought little of the fair sex. But, on this spring morning of 1758, his "time had come."

Mr. Curtis greeted him, and invited him to stop at the White House. His business was pressing; he must hasten on to see his excellency at Williamsburg. And conversing, they rode back and reached the White House. Here Washington dismounted, and delivered his his horse to Bishop, with orders to wait him there; he would continue his journey in half an hour. Bishop saluted gravely, with hand raised to his hat; his master entered the house; and the half hour passed—the old servant waiting patiently.

His master did not, however, make his appearance The event was unheard of. Col Washington was the soul of punctuality; he was on pressing public business; what could be the meaning of this strange and unwonted delay?

An hour passed—two hours passed. Col. Washington did not re appear. But a servant came out and delivered an order from him to the motionless old bodyguard He would conduct the horses to the stable; his master would dine, and possibly pass the night with Mr. Curtis. Bishop obeyed—the world was clearly coming to an end—and Col. Washington was the guest of the owner of the White House.

On the next morning, Bishop, in obedience to orders to that effect, saddled the horses and waited before the door for the colonel, who designed setting out, he said, immediately. An hour passed; the Colonel did not appear Two hours afterwards, there was still no sign of him. Then the servant came again, and directed that the horses be led back; Col. Washington would remain to dinner, and then continue his journey.

The day was far spent when the young soldier made his appearence and vaulted into the saddle. Tall, vigorous, graceful and with a certain loftiness of bearing, even then distinguishable, he was a gallant-looking cavalier—one whom any woman might admire.

One was gazing at him through the window—a young lady of about his own age, with rosy cheeks, bright eyes, hair carried back from the forehead, and a neck resembling snow, above the squarecut bodice. The young colonel reined his high spirited horse, nearly throwing him on his haunches, made a courteous salute with his right hand, (it was nearly the attitude of a bronze statue of him made afterwards.) and galloped away, thinking probably of the bright eyes and red lips.

"Colonel George Washington, of Mount Vernon," had seen for the first time Mrs. Martha Curtis, the beautiful young widow, who, a year after, was to become his wife.

Tradition relates that the ceremony took place in old St. Peter's Church in New Kent county. The scene was a brilliant one, and may interest the reader. It was in January, 1759. The Rev. Dr. Mossom, parson of the parish, attended in full canonicals, and the pair advanced, followed by a bevy of beauties and groomsmen. Washington was clad in a suit of blue and silver, lined with red silk; his waistcoat was embroidered; his knee and shoe buckles were of gold; his hair was powdered and he wore a dress sword. The bride was dressed in white satin with rich point-lace ruffles; pearl ornaments in her hair; pearl necklace, ear-rings and bracelets; white satin shoes with high heels and diamond buckles; and was followed, as has been said, by an array of beautiful and richly dressed girls, leaning upon the arms of groomsmen, in costumes as imposing.

The vice regal Governor of Virginia, in a suit of scarlet, embroidered with gold, with huge bag-wag and dress-sword, was seen in the midst of a number of officers of the English army and navy, and a great crowd of what were then called "the gentry"—friends and relations of the bride and groom—filled the church; all intent upon the interesting ceremony. One personage has been forgotten—Bishop, the old body servant. He, too, was present With folded arms, and much emotion in his aged face, he gazed at the ceremony with the rest.

It soon ended, and the brilliant crowd flowed forth from the old church. Tradition relates that the bride, and as many of her fair attendants as could do so, entered the great chariot, which rolled off, drawn by its six spirited horses; while the bride groom, louder of riding on horseback, mounted the splendid English charger bequeathed to him by Braddock, and cantered after the coach, attended by a number of gallant youths.

Such was that picturesque scene in the life of "Father of His Country."

SELF MADE MEN.

We do not wonder that great men have been born mechanics; for those who have been brought up exclusively in drawing rooms, intelligence is a game, a recreation; for those who have held the sword or the helm, who have driven the plow or worked chisel, intelligence becomes a passion, a force, a beauty, a worship, and a love divine. It is from the stall, the shop, the work room that the most powerful minds issued Moliere from the upholster's Burns from the farmer's.—Shakspeare from the hosier's shop.—Rousseau from the wheelwright's—long engaged in a struggle with physical nature, they all took refuge in the free domain of thought. Even an inferior mind would soon be tempered to strength in these mechanical apprenticeships; and if ever the spirit of reform which has seized on the world should extend to the act creating citizens, we doubt not that good sense will gain a victory over custom; and that one of the most important parts of every education will be henceforth the due admixture of the development of the mind and its nature.

SPLINTERS.

Song for a deaf person—'Come back to Erin."

Really the very latest thing out—The street lamps.

When is love deformed?—When it is all on one side.

When are bakers hard up?—When they kneed their bread.

Why do thieves lead a comfortable life?—Because they take things easy.

What is the greatest want of the age?—Want of funds.

A drunken man, who had slipped down, thought it singular that water always freezes with the slippery side up.

A near-sighted man walked off the bridge into the Kennebeck River, and upon being miraculously saved was "darnation glad he didn't loose his kane and specs."

THREE HANDS.—An observer of human nature reports that he has seen some people possessing the peculiarity of three hands—a right hand, a left hand, and a little behind hand.

C——, of Kalamazoo, thought highly of whiskey for preserving leather, and always had a skin-full. He sold his driving horse to a distiller. H——, seeing it passing one day, hauling a load of "Luke's Best," remarked: "That horse has changed owners, but keeps on at the same work, *only he hauls it now in barrels.*"

NAT M——was a queer genius. A neighbor found him one day at work at an enormous wood-pile, sawing away for dear life with an intolerably dull saw. "Why don't you sharpen your saw, Nat?" asked the neighbor, Looking up with an inimitably droll expreision, "I should think I had work enough to do to saw up this wood-pile, without stopping to sharpen saws."

Said a distinguished politician to his son: "Look at me! I began as an alderman, and here I am at the top of the tree; and what is my reward? Why, when I die my son will be the greatest rascal in the United States." To this the young hopeful replied: "Yes dad, when you die, and not till then."

A committee met to settle upon the color with which they should paint their new church. An old sailor happened to be among them, who rose and said: "Gentlemen, I move that it be painted a gum color, for you all know that Deacon Smith's nose is painted that color and that it has been growing brighter every year."

A SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

The Muskegan, Mich., *Enterprise* relates the following singular adventure:

When we were publishing a paper in Lewisburg West Virginia, several year ago, a very singular accidint befel a young man there, which we narrated briefly at the time. A few days ago we chanced to meet him here in Muskegan, and he narrated his adventure at our request. It occurred on the farm of Gen. A. W. G. Davis in Greenbrier county, in 1856. We give his story in his own words, as near as we can recollect them: "I was ploughing on General Davises' farm, in 1856," said he, "unsuspicious of being on insecure ground, when suddenly the earth seemed to fall beneath me. I saw the horses descending, but was too frightened to let go the plough handles. The pitch of the horses with the earth gave my fall an impetus, and somehow I caught the mane of one of them in my fall, and so held on instinctively. What I thought when falling I can hardly tell. At any rate, I did some rapid thinking. When I landed, I fell on the horse whose mane I had hold of, and although the horse was instantkilled, I was merily stunned and confused. On recovering myself I looked up, and the hole through which I had fallen looked so small, I concluded I must have fallen 150 feet. My first thought was to call for aid, but I instantly recalled the fact that I was at least a mile from Gen. Davis' house, and that there was not the remotest probability that any one had seen me descend into the earth. It was then early in the morning, and as I had brought my dinner with me, no one would miss me, before nightfall. While going over these facts in my own mind, I heard the rush of water near at hand, and it occurred to me that I must fallen upon the bed of sinking creek, which as you know, falls into the earth above Frankford, and does not come out but once till it reaches the banks of the Greenbrier river. To say where I was, or to attempt to follow the subterranean passage, was the next question. I sometimes took the team home to my own tenant stable, and therefore, might not be missed for days; so I determined to follow the stream. I waded in it, and, judging from its debth of from one to three feet, I concluded it must be the identical Sinking creek spoken of. Leaving my dead companion behind me, I followed the stream. For the most part I had petty easy work of it, but sometimes I came to a deep place, where I was forced to swim for a considerable distance; again I was often precipitated headlong into deep water by the precipitious nature of the stream. Talk about the darkness of the grave! A grave itself could not have been more impalpably dark than the passage I was following. The occasional rippling of the waters was an expressibly dear sound to my ears. Day and night were the same to me. At last, wearied with my efforts, I laid down on a comparitively dry rock to rest, and must have slept for hours. When I awoke again I took to the water, carefully ascertaining which way it ran, so as not to loose my labor by retracing my steps. It seemed that the farther I went the more difficult progress became. When I had gone perhaps a mile, I came to a place where the archway narrowed so much that I had to crawl on my hands and knees in the water. Here was a dilemma I had not looked for. I tried either bank of the river, but found no passage. I could swim under water for a considerable distance, but the distance before me was unknown, and I halted long before making the dangerous venture. At last I concluded that my fate was equally doubtful in returning as in proceeding, and plunged boldly into the current, and soon found that it was so swift in its confined passage that I only needed to hold my breath to go through, In the course of twenty or thirty feet I again got my head above water, and took a long breathing spell. Again the archway above seemed to enlarge and the bed of the stream became more even. I sped along comparatively rapid, keeping my hands outstretched to prevent my running against the jagged rocks. Wearied out, I again laid down and slept soundly in my went clothes. On awaking, I pursued my course down the subterranean stream, and at last, in the long distance, I saw a glimmer that looked very bright in the darkness I was then put in. Nearing this I found that it did not increase in brightness; and when I had gone perhaps a mile, I came to another place where my path narrowed to the very tunnel filled with the water. My case had now become more desperate I could not possibly retrace my steps, so I submitted myself to the current, and was immeasurably overjoyed to find myself rapidly swept into daylight. Exhausted and half drowned, I crept out upon the land and was not long in recognizing the objects about me. I had come out into the Greenbrier river, as I knew from the familiar look of Gen. Davis' mill on the bank. On reaching home I found that I had been over forty-eight hours in making my perilous journery of six miles underground." The hole where this man went through is now fenced round. On listning one can plainly hear the rush of water below, and a stone thrown down will sometimes be heard to splash in the stream.

"MOST ANYTHING AT ALL."—How easily the world is satisfied, especially the world of ones's friends. If you promise to make a present to a friend, and ask him what he will have, the invariable answer will be "most anything at all."

Now it is this very disposition to take whatever shall first come to hand—to be satisfied with anything that may turn up in the path of endeavor, which holds one in the condition never to attain any great good.

Do not, therefore, be satisfied with "most anything," but make up your mind to some purpose, or object, and then work to obtain, or secure it. Let your hopes or asperations always surpass your ability—strive to be good and get goodness—strive to be great and get greatness, and rather than to pick up "most anything at all" which lies at your feet, reach upward and onward for something rich or noble, though it be far beyond your utmost stretch, for only by constant effort can you pass to the goal of success.

WHY DO WE OIL OUR WHETSTONES?—We oil our whet stones for several reasons. The first is that almost all stones, unless oiled become glazed or over burnished on the surface, so that they no longer abrade the metal. The second reason is that most stones, after being oiled, give a finer edge than they do in a dry or merely wet state. The pores of the stone become in a measure filled up, and while the action is rendered continuous, its character is altered. A dry stone is very apt to give a wire edge to a tool, and although this sometimes happens when oil is used, it does not occur near so often. It has been said a little carbonic acid dissolved in the water which is used to moisten a whetstone or a griudstone will greatly increase the friction, and thus promote the action of the stone upon the steel instrument. If this be true, and there be no unforseen drawbacks, carbonic acid will prove valuable to all who have to sharpen tools or grind metallic surfaces.

A good story is told of a certain promising railroad gentleman of Phi'adelphia, who is equally renowned for his ability to make a joke. A railroad employee whose home is in Avon, came on Saturday night to ask for a pass to visit his family.

"Are you in the employ of the railroad?" inquired the gentleman alluded to.

"Yes."

"Do you receive your pay reglurly?"

"Yes."

"Well now suppose you were working for a farmer instead of of a railroad company, would you expect your employer to hitch up his team every Saturday night to carry you home?"

This seemed a poser, but wasn't.

"No," was the man's answer, "I would not expect that, but if the farmer had his team hitched up and was going my way, I should call him a darned mean cuss, if he did not let me ride."

The man came out three minutes afterwards with a pass.

THERE is a club in Paris consisting chiefly of rich merchants, formed for the purpose of enabling its members to witness public executions. This club has made an engagement with the proprietor of a wine shop in the Place de la Roquette, whose windows are immediately opposite to the spot where the guillotine is erected. Whenever an execution is to take place, the members of the club pass the night at this wineshop over a bowl of punch, so as to be ready for a good view when the "interesting moment" arrives. The following is a specimen of the circular which is sent to the members by the secretary of the club previous to an execution: "I am happy to inform you that the execution of —— will take place to morrow. Don't fail to be present. He is afraid to die; that will be amusing."