Advocate. PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

AT ST PER ANNUM

Rates of Advertising. Adre'r and Ex'rs notices, eac, 6 times, \$ Fransient Advertising per squre of 8 lines or less-3 times, or less......2 00 For each subsequent insertion50

Official advertising for each square of 8 Professional cards, 5 liner, 1 yr 6 00 Loal notices, per lins, one time......15 Blanks, three quire......2 00

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Elh County Directory.

Over 25 of each of above at proportionate rates

COUNTY OFFICERS. President Judge-S. P. Johnson. Additional Law Judge-Hon. Jho. P. Tincent.

Associate Judges-E. C. Schultze, Josse Kyler. District Attorney-J. K. P. Hall.

Sheriff-Jacob McCauley. Prothonotary &c., -Fred. Schening. Treasurer-Claudius V. Gillis. Co. Superintendent-Rafas Lucere. Commissioners-H. Warner, Jos. W. Taylor, Louis Vollmer.

Auditors-Clark · Wilcox, George D. Messenger, and Joseph Wilhelm. County Surveyor-Geo. Walmsley. Jury Commissioners .- George Dickinsn, and Horace Little.

TIME OF HOLDING COURT. Second Monday in January, Last Monday in April. First Monday in August. First Monday in November.

RAILROADS.

PHILAD LPHIA & ERIE RAILROAD.

SUMMER TIME TABLE. and after MONDAY, MAY 30th, 1870, O'N and after MONDAY, MAY 30th, 1870, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad will run as follows:

Mail Train leaves Philadelphia 10.20 p. m.11.20 n. m " arrivent Eris

EASTWARD. Mail Train leaves Eric Ridgway......... 2.4s p. m. .. arrive at Philada...... 6.20 a. m. Erie Express leaves Erie 9 00 p. m. " " Bidgway...... 1.20 a. m. " nerat Philadelphia.... 5.30 p. m. Express, Mail and Accommodation, east and west, connect at Corry and all west bound trains and Mail accommodation east at Irvinon with the Oil Creek and Allegheny River

WM. A. BALDWIN.

A LLEGHENY VALLEY BAIL BOAD.

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 10,30 a. m. Day Express leaves Oil City at Arriving at Pittshurg at Night Express leaves Oil City at 5,30 p. m. 9,30 p. m. Arriving at Pitisburg at Kittauning Acc. leaves Emlenton 7.00 n. m. 6.10 p. m. Arriviving at Etitaining Mixel Way leaves Oil City at Arriving at West Ponn Junction at 7,00 a. m. 7,65 p. m.

GOING NORTH. 7,15 a. m. Day Express leaves Pittsburg at Arriving at Oil City at Night Express leaves Pittsburg at 1,55 p. m. Arriving at Oil City at 6,00 a m. Parker Acc. leaves Kittauning 7,20 a. m. Arriving at Parker Mixed Way leave West Penn June, 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.

Night Trains both ways from Pittsbrgh to J. J. LAWRENCE, General Supt.

THOS. M. KING, Asst. Supt.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR Struggles and Triumphs of

BARNUM Written by himself. In one large octavo vol-

ume—nearly 800 pages—printed in English and German. 33 full page engravings. It em-braces 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.

TOB WORK of all kinds and descri-

B LANKS of all kinds for sale at this fice. done at this office.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. S. BORDWELL, M. D.

ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN

The word eclectic means to choose or se-lect medicines from all the different medicines from all the different schools of medicine; using remedies that are safe, and discarding from practice all medicines that have an imjurious effect on the system, such as mercury, antimony, lead, cop-

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, Ne tralgia, diseases of the throat, urinary organs, and all diseases pecu-

liar 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. J. S. BORDWELL.

JOHN G. HALL, Attorney at law, Ridg way, Elk county Pa. [mar-22'66 ly JOHN G. HALL......JAS. K. P. HALL.

HALL & BRO.

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

8. Bordwell, M. D. Eelectle 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.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, St. MARY'S, PA. LARGEY & MALONE, PROPR'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. J. A. MALONE. nay30 -1803-15

M ASLIN Kettles, Brass Kettles, Porclean Sauce Pans, French Tined Sauce Pans. cans the cheapest and best, at W. S. ERVICE'S, Hardware Store, Pidgway, Pa.

YDE HOUSE,

W. H. SCHRAM, Proprietor. Thunkful 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 street, with good and convenient stabling attached, respectfully solicits the patronage of his old friends DAVID THAYER dec13'66 ly

K ERSEY HOUSE, CENTREVIL CENTREVILLE, ELE Co., PA.

JOHN COLLINS, Proprietor. Thankful for the patronage heretotore so

liberally bestowed upon him, the new pro-prietor, hopes, by paying strict attention to the comfort and convenience of guests, to merit a continuance of the same.

MORTON HOUSE,

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

Open Day and Night-

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

MANUELOPES, LABELS & TAGS neatly printed to the Advocate Office.

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

DR C. H. FULLER,

BOTANIC PHYSICIAN. Ringway, PA. Residence and office opposite the Thayer

ENRY SOUTHER, Attorney-at-Law Ridgway, Pa. (feb29'58), HENRY BOO.

T D. PARSONS,

Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots & Shoes,

Main St., opposite Hotel,

nov27v WILCOX, PA.

DOARDING HOUSE, Near the Depot, Wilcox, Pa.

MARTIN SOWERS, Proprietor.

The undersigned has opened a large boarding house at the above place, where he is amply prepared to satisfy the wants of those who may worhim with their custom,

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

The Poet's Cornen.

WHAT IS NOBLE.

What is noble? To inherit Wealth, estate, and proud degree? There must be some other merit Higher yet than these for me! Something greater far must enter Into life's majestic span; Fitted to create and centre

True nobility in man ! What is noble! 'Tis the finer Portion of our Mind and Heart, Linked to something still diviner Than mere laughing can impart ; Ever promoting-ever seeing Some improvement yet to plan;

To aplift our fellow-being.
And like man to feel for man. What is noble? Is the score Nobler than the humble spade? There's a dignity in labor

Truer than e're pomp arrayed? He who seeks the Mind's improvement Aids the world, in aiding Mind : Every great commanding movement Serves not one-but all mankind.

O'er the Forge's heat and ashes, O'er the Engine's fron head, Where the rapit shuttle flashes, And the spindle whirls its ihrend; There is labor lowly tending Each requirement of the hour.

There is genius still extending Science—and its world of power! 'Mid the dust, and speed and clamor, Of the loom-shed and the mill: , Mid the clank of wheel and hammer Great results are growing still,

Though, too cit, by Fa-hion's creatures, Work and workers may be blamed, Commerce need not hide her features! . Industry is not ashamed. What is noble? That which places

Truth in its entrauchise will; Leaving steps, like angels traces, That mankind may follow still? E'en the' Scorn's maligant glances Proved him postes, of his ctan, He's the Noble-who advances Freedom and the Cause of Man.

Select Miscellang.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

A dusty looking traveler turned in at the great gate, and pared up the walk leading to the Hayward farmhouse.

There was nothing preparacising in his appearance. The clothes he wore, though not of coarse material, were yet seedy and threadbare; and his hat, fashioned a quarter of a century before, showed long and close acquaintance with sunshine and storm. He was quite old, too, although he stepped quite nimbly up the gravel walk. though tired, for he had tramped many miles under the broiling heat of that July sun. Withal, there was a look of shrewdness and knowledge of the world that

seemd to belie his judigent appearance. He glauced about him at the well-cultivated fields, the comfortable dwelling the commodious barn and the numerous outhouses, and muttered:

"Very well situated, whoever they are. will stop and rest awhile, it they will allow such a rag shag in the house."

And the last thought seemed to afford him immense pleasure.

He walked up to the front door, which

was open; but the sound of voices within drew his attention, and he stopped, with his hands yet raised to rap. "John Hayward, I'm ashamed of you!"

spoke a harsh, metallic, female voice, "That my son should so forget himself as to stoop to even look at my hired help much, more to make love to her, is ridiculous! shameful! What is she? Everybody But John did not see it; for he was watchknows that Harriet Sinclair is nothing but ing Hatty as she flitted here and there, a beggar, at the best! and how do we know that she is even as good as that? Yet you he and Maria left the kitchen. persist in seeing something attractive about her. For my part, I do not see how you can even look at her, while that splendid Maria Dalton is here! Yes, John, splendid is the word! and she is rich, too! You know her uncle allows her an annuity sufficient to keep you both in style, and when he dies she will have the whole. I eannot see into it; and, John Hayward 1 will not have it! I will send the girl

"Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled the man at the door. "Breezy! I do not like this eavesdropping, but I declare I must hear 'John's' reply."

"Mother," began a voice, deep-toned and calm, yet determined, "I will overlook your aspersions, for you are angry; but if you send Hatty away, I shall go too! She shall not come to barm through any means of ours. As to Miss Dalton, I will only say that she can never be my wife!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" again chuck! I the man at the door. "He's the right sort for me I will risk this Hatty Sinclair with him. Now I'll step around to the other door, and see what there is there."

He cautiously made his way around to your Uncle James!" the rear door, which he found open like | Hatty gave a glad cry; but the next

the front, and he also heard voices.

"Let's see what the weather is on this side of the house," said he, stopping to listen.

"Harriet Sinclair, how dare you look me in the face and tell me that?" came in shrill, angry tones through the open door.

And the little old man chuckled again, and muttered: "Whoever this Harriet Sinclair is, she is getting up quite a stir among these tolks.

I rather like her. There goes that other one again. I suppose it is Maria Dalton; but she's made a slight mistake!" "What do you suppose John Hayward cares for you? You have not even a pretty face to recommend you; and, then, you

are nothing but a beggar! Bah! what a ninny you are!" "Will you tell me one thing?" came in a faint, pleading voice. "Are you and

John going to be married?" There was quite a pause, and the man

at the door grew impatient. Then came the answer, sharp and malicious :

'Yes we are!' 40h !"

This exclamation came from Hatty, and it was so full of pain and despair, that the

'The weather appears to be unsettled," said he to himself, and I shall not be surprised if some of those folks get wrecked in the storm. What a horner's nest it must be! And there's the queen herself,' he added, as his gaze fell upon Maria Dalton's dark, handsome face.

She stood in the door leading into the great entry, with hand raised threateningly, and her black eyes flashing angrily, while Hatty Sinclair stood by the window with her back turned to her tormenter, that she might hide the tears which were streaming down her flushed checks.

Neither of them saw the old man, and he spoke to make his prescuce known. "Good day, ladies. I've been taking slittle tramp hereabouts, and as I got rather tired, I thought I would stop in and rest a little."

'You are welcome,' said Hatty, turning her tearful face toward him.

· But Maria spoke tartly : 'We do not keep a hotel. You will find one at the village."

'But I am not at the village," said the man, cooly taking a seat, and chuckling to himself as he saw the dark cloud gathering on Maria's face. 'I am very tired, too, and quite hungry.'

The cloud grew blackr; but ere the storm burst, John Hayward entered the

Instantly Maria's face was all sunshine. 'Storm is past for the present,' thought the little man; but there is no knowing how long we shall have fair weather, so I will make the most of it.' Then to John Hayward: 'I just stopped in to rest a moment, and get a bite to eat."

'You are welcome, sir,' said John frank ly. 'Hatty will, you get him a lunch? Or perhaps you will stay to tea, sir?"

'Thank you, sir; but I will go on to the village, where that lady tells me there is a

Maria shot him a look out of her flashing eyes that called a smile to his face. preparing the lunch for the visitor. Then

The man was apparently very hungry judging from the length of time required to satisfy himself. And all the while he was plying Hatty with questions about herself and her parents, till the poor girl began to think he was crazy. But at length he rose to go; and with many thanks to Hatty, and a promise to see her again soon, he took his departure.

A week passed, and the old man again stood at the door of the Hayward farm, house. It was quite dark, and he sat down on the stone step, listening to the joyous music and happy laughter that

came from the house. Presently a little figure flitted past him, and he recognized Hatty Sinclair. He hurried after her, and soon overtook her.

'You have left them at last?' said be. inquiringly. 'Where are you going?' 'I cannot tell,' said she stopping and looking back to the house.

Poor child! She had not thought of 'You can go with me,' said the man,

Your father was my brother, Hatty! I am

had driven her away, and burst into tears. Poor girl! Did they drive you away?"

'He is going to be married to Maria tonight,' said she, musingly,

'It is talse!' said the old man.

'Maria told me so,' replied Hatty, yet in a state of abstraction, and I could stay there no longer.' 'It is false !' repeated the old man. 'I

heard John Hayward say that Maria Dalton should never be his wife, and he will not break his word. She told you a falsehood. But never mind now. Go home with me, and we will show Miss Maria Dulton that she has overreached herself.' 'Oh, I hope he will not marry her!

not be happy with her !" 'You unselfish child exclaimed her Unc'e James. 'He does not deserve to be happy, if he does marry that empty head! But he will not; so we will hurry on to the village, and take a train for my

There was much consternation at the Hayward farmhouse the next morning. Mrs. Hayward was really vexed when she leared that Hatty had left her, for she had been very faithful; but withal was a feelold man involuntarely stepped into the ling of relief that the 'girl' was out of John's

> Maria Dalton pretended to be greatly shocked, and hinted in various subtle ways that nothing better could have been expec-

John was very much grieved, and came very near being angry with his mother.

'It is a shame!' said he, indignantly and no one shall ever say, with truth, that John Hayward ever allowed the humblest of God's creatures to be driven away from the Hayward home-stead. I shall go after her and bring her back."

'She never comes inside of my house again!' said Mrs. Hayward, 'The artful

beggar!' 'Then I never shall,' said John, with compressed lips, and a white face.

He went out to the stables, and saddling a horse galloped off to the village. Terhe he learned that Hatty had taken the train in company with an old man, John kuew by the description that he was the same called at the farm.

next train took him away on his search.

Mrs. Hayward was more incensed than ever when she received John's note. 'I declare! he shall never have a cent of

the property if I can help it !' she exclaimed. 'The great simpleton!' Maria Dalton was considerably alarmed, for, if he learned what a falsehood she had told, there would be no more hope. She consoled her troubled mind, however, with the belief that he would not find Hatty;

strengthened that belief. Then there came a letter, stating that the eccentricities of human nature, and find he would be at home soon, but saying nothhis way as best he could.'-Germantown ing whatever about Hatty; from which they judged that he had failed, and given

up the search. The Monday following, an elegant earriage, drawn by two thoroughbreds, stopned before the Hayward farmhouse and a

servant hurried up to the house. For Miss Maria Dalton,' said he, placing eard in Mrs. Hayward's hand.

Maria was in the parlor in a flutter of excitement. She gave a cry of joy when she read the name. 'Sohn Sinclair, my uncle,' said she proudly. 'Mrs. Hayward, will you have the

kindness to tell the servant to show him An elderly gentleman alighted, and walk-

ed slowly toward the house. Maria could not want to see this rich uncie, and she met him at the door.

'My niece. Maria Dalton?' said the gen-'Yes, uncle,' said Maria, leaning the way to the parlor.

'I can stop but a few moments,' said Mr. Sinclair, atter being presented to Mrs. Hayward. 'I have been looking up my connections since my return from India, and, quite fortunately, chanced to ffud another niece Perhaps you may remember her-Hatty

Sinclair.' Mrs. Hayward gave a scream, and Maria, to hide her chagrin and vexation, covered her face with her handkerchief.

Mr. Sinclair continuad: 'Hatty and her husband are now in the

carriage. I will call them." John Hayward soon appeared with Hatty | guilt.

moment she thought of the misery that | leaning on his arm; and if Maria spoke the truth when she said that Hatty had not even a pretty face to recommend her, then that face must have changed, for she look surpassingly beautiful, as she stood there beside her noble husband.

> Mother, I have found her,' said John, and brought her back, but not to stay. She does not like this part of the country, and we have consented to make our home with Mr. Smelair. We shall expect to see you there quite often."

The poer woman was so much astonished that she could not utter a word, and Mr. Sinclair took advantage of the silence to call Maria back, for she was slipping out of the room exclaimed Hatty; 'for I fear that he would

'One moment more, Maria,' said he.' 'I am sorty to disappoint you, but when I was here in the summer-by-the way, I found that hotel-I saw that you were not a proper person to be intrusted with wealth, so I have concluded to let Hatty have it. I have also decided to discontinue the liberal allowance which you have enjoyed, untill such time as you shall have learned to treat every person, however humble, with becoming respect. That is all.'

With a low bow to her and Mrs. Hayward, he left the room, followed by John and Hatty.

'Oh! why didn't I know this!' exclaimed Maria, bursting into tears. Mrs. Hayward did not feel so bad after

the first shock was over, for John had mar-She became a frequent visitor at John's palatial home, where all, for John's sake,

gave her a cordial welcome. Maria returned to her own home accepting the change that her own folly had wrought with a grace deserving of praise. Her uncle took pity on her, and allowed her a small annuity. She never married, nor forgot that unfortunate summer.

A Singular Statement.

A Chester county correspondent sends us the following singular statement: 'There is a young man of Irish descent, John Maloney by name, seventeen years of age, living near by, who has never been known to speak a word in the presence of a stranger, though he has the full faculty of speech, 'Thank God that she has found even so and can talk in his family as well as other humble a friend as he!' murmured John. persons. He has been sent to school, but He wrote a hasty note to his mother, tel- no bribe coaxing, or threat of punishment ing her that he was after Hatty, and sent the could induce him to speak. He will play note and horse back to the farm; and the at games for hours with other boys without saying a word. If he is working with horses and a stranger is by he will make no sound to stop his horses, but allow them to go on till they stop of their own accord. A few days ago a traveler, passing where he was ploughing, hailed him to know the way. Receiving no responce, and thinking him dull of hearing, he walked on towards him, repeating his inquires, John allowed him to come as as near as he thought safe, when he cleared and his letters, which came regularly, the fence and disappeard in an adjoing wood, leaving the traveler to meditate on

> A Georgia paper which is endeavoring to still keep alive the smouldering embers of rebellion in the South, advances the opinion that England is likely to be drawn into the European war, and that in such a contingency the United States would likewise become involved in the contest. The wish is probably father to the thought. Unfortun ately, there are many people in that section who are insane enough to hope yet for some turn in events which may assist them to accomplish their cherished scheme of a separate slaveholding confederacy. They are hoping against hope. Not if all Europe were arrayed in war against us could another Southern rebellion now succeed .-

Telegraph.

Raftman's Journal. Rations that one can seldom live upon-

spirations. It is to live twice when you can enjoy the recollection of your former life.

The manner of giving, shows the character of the giver more than the act itself. Our greatest honor consists, not in pever failing, but in rising every time we fall Innocence of life, consciousness of worth

and great expectations, are the best foundations of courage. Shun evil speaking. Deal tenderly with the absent; say nothing to inflict a wound

on their reputation. Adversity, how blunt are all the arrow.

of thy quiver in comparison with those of

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