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CHAPIN & WILBUR, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Office in Chapin's Block, Ridgway Elk Co. Pa. Particular attention given to collections and all monies promptly remitted. Will also practice in adjoining counties.

ALSO.—Branch of the National Claim Agency of Washington D. C., conducted by Harvey, Collins and Bruce, for the prosecution before Congress, the Court of Claims and the Departments of Government at Washington, D. C., applications for Invalid's Widows and Mothers Army Pensions, Soldier's Claims for Bounty Money and Arrears of Pay, Patents, Bounty Lands, extra Pay and general claims against the Government or Departments thereof of whatever character. These wishing applications of the above nature will be promptly and satisfactorily accommodated by applying to the above named firm.

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DR. J. S. BORDWELL, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, (Lately of Warren county Pa.) Will promptly answer all professional calls by night or day.—Residence one door East of the late residence of Hon. J. L. Gillis.

DR. C. R. FARLEY, Kersey Elk Co., Pa. Will attend to all calls night or day. July 21, 1864.

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This House is new and fitted up with a special care for the convenience and comfort of guests, at moderate rates. GOOD STABLES ATTACHED.

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Without the Children.

O, the weary, solemn silence Of a house without the children, Of the strange, oppressive stillness Where the children come no more, Ah! the longing of the sleepless For the soft arms of the children, Ah! the longing for the faces, Faces gone forevermore! Peeping through the opening door— Strange it is to wake at midnight, And not hear the children breathing, Nothing but the old clock ticking, Ticking, ticking by the door, Strange to see the little dresses Hanging up there all the morning, And the gaiters—ah! their patter, We will hear it never more On our mirth forsaken floor.

What is home without the children? 'Tis the earth without its verdure, And the sky without its sunshine; Life is withered to the core! So we'll leave this dreary desert, And we'll follow the Good Shepherd To the greener pastures vernal, Where the lambs have "gone before" With the Shepherd evermore!

An Incident of Life.

Now arises before my troubled gaze a terrible phantom. It is that of a man in a convict's dress, with heavy irons on his arms and legs. Slowly he raises his mangled hands above his head, and with a ghastly, threatening, his ghostly eyes gaze in my face with a hard, cold stony stare.

See, his lips move, and although no sound is heard I know he is invoking the curse of heaven on me, his destroyer.

Hark to the dreadful clanging of his felon chains—chains which by right should be struck off his limbs and rived out on mine for he is innocent, and I am guilty of a crime to which that for which he now innocently suffers is but a venial fault. Twenty years ago Edward Houghton called me his friend; but a time came when he crossed my path and I with hideous treachery swept him away. He knew and loved a girl, on whom I had also cast my unholy eyes. My attentions were received by the lady in such a manner as to lead me to believe that, but for Edward Houghton, my suit would be successful. At that time I was rich, he very poor. On several occasions I had assisted him with slight loans and thought that I had thus established a claim to demand from him the greatest sacrifice which a man can make—the sacrifice of his love.

First I tried my hand on the girl the object of my passion. I offered her wealth, position and all that usually dazzles and inflames a woman's mind. She repulsed me, not angrily but firmly, somewhat sadly. An idea took possession of my soul that she loved me, but that she was bound by some promise to my rival. I resolved at once, either by fair means or foul, to undermine his influence over her, or to remove him from my path.

In thinking that Edward Houghton would relinquish his love voluntarily I was bitterly mistaken. I took an opportunity to inform him that I had conceived an attachment for the girl. I spoke carelessly, as if I had no idea that he also was a suitor, or that I could fail to succeed.

He at once told me that his hopes in that quarter were vain, for that he himself loved the girl, and she loved him in return.

I dissembled my rage and mortification at these words, and from that moment commenced a series of machinations intended to estrange the lovers.

For months I labored at my unholy task—I exhausted all my ingenuity but could not succeed. By means of deep-laid plots I strove in turn to convince each one that the other was false—in vain—for always some accident, or rather, their perfect confidence in each other, frustrated my design and again and again was I thus baffled. I caused letters to be forged most damning to my friend—letters which would convincingly prove his falsehood to the most truthful and cunning woman.

At last, I thought so. These letters I managed should fall into the hands of Myra Neville; for so was she named.

They failed in producing the desired effect.

She at once took them to her lover and asked him if they had been written by him. He looked at them with utter astonishment and dismay; his handwriting had been so skillfully imitated, that at first he hardly knew whether or not to acknowledge them; but on glancing at their contents a flush of indignation came to his cheek, and he declared they were base forgeries—the handiwork of a secret enemy.

I was present at the time, and beheld with impotent fury the failure of my deep laid schemes, and saw Myra cling confidently to my arrival, accepting, unquestioned, his base word, against what seemed irrefragible proof of falsehood.

Then the demons of hate and jealousy took full possession of my soul. With a smile on my face, but with the demon in my heart, I took my leave, resolved, at all hazards, to free myself of the man who was my friend, and whom I determined ruthlessly to destroy as my enemy.

I was long, very long, meditating on a plan. At last I invented and matured a plot worthy of Judas Iscariot. Edward Houghton was not in good circumstances. He was pressed for money, although on the death of a very aged relative, he would possess a competence. He had various small debts owing—sums ranging from twenty to a hundred pounds—perhaps two or three hundred in all. But his creditors, knowing that he was an honorable man, and that, in all human probability, he would soon be in a position to pay, forbore to press him.

I, however, employed a sharp London attorney to buy up all these debts, and then to press for payment.

Great was the consternation of Edward Houghton when he found himself thus suddenly and unexpectedly pressed. He could not understand it, and had not the most remote idea of the means by which it was brought about.

He confided his troubles to me. I listened to all he had to say. "How much would clear you of everything?" said I.

"How much! About three hundred pounds."

"Supposing I lend you the money?" "If you will do so, you will confer another and lasting obligation on me. I am sore I and Myra shall be forever grateful."

At hearing Myra's name mentioned thus in connection with his, my heart grew hard as adamant. We were alone in my study. I resolved to carry out my infamous design.

"I will lend you the money," I said. I took my cheque book from a drawer in the bureau, and handed it to him.

"Fill up a cheque for the amount you require," I said. "Had you not better do so?"

I excused myself by saying that I had sprained one of my fingers.

Edward Houghton filled up the body of the cheque and handed it to me for signature. I took the pen and wrote my name in a reigned, unnatural hand, imitating the writing of the body of the cheque as close as possible.

I handed it to him. He took it, and placed it in his pocket-book; then grasping my hand, he said merrily—"Old fellow, you are a true friend; I shall never forget your kindness."

A shudder went through my frame at these words.

Edward Houghton left me, and I remained racked with contending emotions. At one time I thought I would not do this thing; but on the same day I met my rival walking with his arm around the waist of Myra Neville—I saw them, and his doom was sealed.

That night I left London.

The next day the cheque presented and although at the bank they looked with surprise at the strangeness of the signature, it was paid without question, for Edward Houghton was known to be intimate with me, and his character was spotless.

I wrote down to London for my account at the bank to be made up. The particulars, as to the amounts I had drawn and the balance in hand, were sent by return of post.

Among the cancelled cheques was the one I had given to Houghton. I returned it to the bank in an envelope, with a note, saying that there must be some mistake, for I had never given such a cheque.

Then I awaited the result. On the next day a special messenger arrived by the post from Edward Houghton, bearing an indignant letter. He had been arrested for forgery, and wrote for me to come down at once and clear him. I did come down at the examination before the magistrates, I kissed the bible, and swore distinctly that I had never signed the cheque in question, or given any one authority so to do.

On hearing this dreadful perjury Edward Houghton looked mysteriously in my face.

I sprang before that terrible glance and lowered my eyes; once again I saw him look like that in the flesh—in the court his terrible blood-red eyes are always on me.

On hearing me that swear to such a terrible falsehood, Edward Houghton seemed to resign himself to his fate.

"What say you, gentlemen of the jury guilty or not guilty?" "Guilty."

Then Edward Houghton was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

As the sentence was pronounced a piercing shriek ran through the justice hall. It came from the lips of a woman.

"Natalie!" she screamed wildly. "He is innocent—innocent! I say so—I Myra Houghton—I, his lawful loving wife say so."

I was thunderstruck at these words.

DO GOOD.

THOUSANDS of men breathe, move and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They do not a particle of good in the world, and none could wish to be the instrument of their redemption; not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; the light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insect of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal! Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Thus your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

A Duellman thus describes an accident: "Once a long time ago, I went into mine apple orchard to climb a pear tree to get some beeches to make mine wife a plum pudding mit; and when I got on the tobermost branch I fell from the lowermost limb mit one leg on both sides of de fence, and like to stove my out sides in."

The second officer in the command of a band of Kentucky guerrillas is a woman, named Sue Monday. She dresses in male attire, generally sporting a full Confederate uniform. Upon her head she wears a jaunty plumed hat, beneath which escapes a wealth of dark brown hair, falling around and down her shoulders in luxuriant curls. She is possessed of a comely form, has a dark, piercing eye, is a bold rider, and a driving leader. Prior to meeting herself with a gang of outlaws, she was associated with the band commanded by the notorious scoundrel, Captain Alexander, who met his doom—a tragic death—a short time ago, in Southern Kentucky, near Flowers, or Sue Monday, is a practical roofer, and many ladies, who have been so unfortunate as to meet her on the highway, can testify with what sang froid she presents a pistol and commands "stand and deliver." Her name is becoming widely known, and to the ladies it is always associated with horror.

A Postman—"That's the best to do, do it with all thy might," said a clergyman to his son one morning.

"So I did this morning," replied Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

"Ah! what was it, my darling?" and father's hand ran through his offspring's curls.

"Why, I walloped Jack Edwards till he yelled like blazes; you should have heard him holler, dad."

"Dad!" looked unhappy while he explained that the concept did not fit a case like that, and concluded mildly with—

"You should not have done that, my child."

"Then he'd a walloped me," retorted Bill.

"Better," expostulated his sire, "for you to have fled from the wrath to come."

"Yes," argued Bill, by way of a final clincher, "but Jack can run twice as fast as I can." The good man sighed, went to his study, took up a pen, and endeavored to compose himself and a sermon reconciling Practice and Precept.

A lawyer, somewhat disgusted at seeing a couple of Irishmen looking at a six-sided building which he occupied lifted up the window, put his head out and addressed them thus:

"What do you stand there for, like a pair of blockheads, gazing at my office? Do you take it for a church?"

"Faix," answered one of them, "I was thinkin' so, till I saw the devil poke his head out of the windy."

Why is the letter Y like the retina? Because it is in the middle of eye.

SCRAPS.

What three vowels spell out of the United States? I O A.

Why are Germans heavy people? They are all Teutons (two tons).

When is a horse not a horse? When it is turned into a stable.

An acceptance at sight receiving a black eye.

A nice thing in bonnets—The wearer's face.

Every man is involuntarily original in at least one thing—his manner of sneezing.

Why must a shoemaker finish his shoe at the beginning? Because he commences at the last.

A young lady should take heed when an admirer bends low before her. The bent bean is dangerous.

A young man who has recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as to get fat.

Horace Walpole tells a story of the Lord Mayor of London, in his time, who, having heard that a friend had the small-pox twice, and died of it, inquired if he died the first time or second.

A contemporary finds fault with the practice of putting Latin inscriptions on tombstones. But what more appropriate place than a grave yard can there be for a DEAD language?

A friend said to an Irishman:—"Good morning, Patrick; this slippery this morning." "Slippery? and be jabbers, it is nothing else, yer honor. Upon my word and I slid down three times without getting up once!"

An exchange, commenting on the fact that a number of the Cincinnati young ladies had been married & carried away to other places, says no city has a better claim to supply spare ribs for the immense West.

Oh, papa, Dr. Marsh had such work to pull mother's tooth! "Had he, my son?" "Yes; I saw him first try with his picklers, and then he put his mouth right close to mother's and pulled it out with his teeth."

The following dialogue between hostile pickets is decidedly good:—Yank—"You fellows are awful ragged, but I swear you fight like all git out." Re—"Ragged! fight! I reckon wa do. But you just wait till we get naked—that's all!"

To deceive mosquitoes.—Enter your room in the dark quietly, fix a pillow under the sheet representing a person in bed, fix the mosquito bars snugly around it so as to prevent their entrance, undress and get under the bed, and you will have a good sleep.

"How far is it to Taunton?" asked a countryman, who was walking the wrong way to reach that town. "Bout twenty four thousand nine hundred and ninety nine miles," said the lad he asked, "if you go the way you are going now; 'bout a mile if you turn round and going 'tuther way."

Why does the operation of hanging kill a man? Inquired Dr. Whately. A physiologist replied, "Because inspiration is checked, circulation stopped, and blood confuses and congests the brain." "Bosh," replied his Grace, "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

"I was never on intimate terms with the prisoner," said a burglar who was used as a Queen's evidence against a "pal." "He was no gentleman. I've known him when he was robbing a house to drink a gentleman's champagne and go off with his silver, without leaving a word of thanks on the dining-room table. He brought discredit on the perfish."

A young minister, in a highly elaborate sermon which he preached, said several times, "The commentators did not agree with me here." Next morning a poor woman came to see him, with something in her apron. She said her husband heard his sermon, and thought it was a very fine one; and as he said the commentators did not agree with him, he sent him some of the very best kidneys.

An Irishman went into the grocery store of Mr. C——, and after looking around, remarked that he wanted something he hardly knew what, but believed he would have some crackers. They were done up, he took them, held them a minute and then said:

"Come to think, I am more dry than hungry, and would like it if you would take the crackers back, and let me have a bottle of beer."

The exchange was made, and Paddy started, when Mr. C—— called him back, telling him he had not paid for the beer.

"Why, yes," retorted Paddy, "I gave you the crackers for the beer."

"But you have not paid for the crackers."

"Well," said he, "and haven't you got the crackers?"

He left Mr. C—— to study it out at his leisure.

An old Dutch hyposochondriac was complaining to a neighbor; said he, "I have a pig pain in mind stetter (stomach), and some-times I gits putter and some-times I gits worse, and one day I shust gits right out on my head."

An editor having read in another paper that the use of a certain kind of tobacco, if a man smokes at chess, will make him forget that he owes a dollar in the world, innocently concludes that many of his subscribers have been translated with the article.