

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Laurie J. Blakely, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Ridgway, Pa.

T. T. Abrams, Attorney at Law, Lock Haven, Pa.

Souther & Willis, Attorneys at Law, Ridgway Elk Co. Pa.

Chapin & Wilbur, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Office in Chapin's Block, Ridgway Elk Co. Pa.

John G. Hall, Attorney at Law, Ridgway Elk County Penna.

Dr. W. James Blakely, St. Mary's Elk County Pa.

Dr. W. W. Shaw, Practices Medicines & Surgery, Centreville Elk Co. Pa.

Dr. J. S. Bordwell, Eclectic Physician, (Lately of Warren County Pa.)

Dr. C. R. Earley, Kersey Elk Co. Pa. Will attend to all call night or day. July 21, 1861.

Hotel Cards, Fountain House, John G. Porterfield, Proprietor, Ridgway, Elk County Penna.

Fred. Korbs, Eagle Hotel, Luthersburg, Clearfield County Pa.

Luthersburg Hotel, Luthersburg, Clearfield Co. Pa.

William Schwem, Proprietor, Luthersburg, July 27th 1861.—1f.

Natural Hotel, Corner of Peach Street and the Buffalo Road, Erie Pa.

Enos B. Hoyt, Proprietor, This House is new and fitted up with a special care for the convenience and comfort of guests, at moderate rates.

Exchange Hotel, Ridgway, Elk county Pa., David Thayer, Prop'r.

Hyde House, Mrs. E. O. Clements, Proprietress, Ridgway Elk County Penna.

Clearfield House, Corner of Market and Water St's, Clearfield Pa.

St. Mary's Hotel, St. Mary's Elk County Penna, M. Wellendorf, Prop'r.

Fallen House, Lock Haven, Pa., E. W. Bigony, Proprietor.

Moorhead House, Main St Brookville Pa., C. N. Kretz, Prop'r.

Business Cards, Woods & Wright, Lock Haven, Clinton County Pa.

Dealers in Flour, Grain and Feed—near the Passenger Depot, Ridgway Markets.

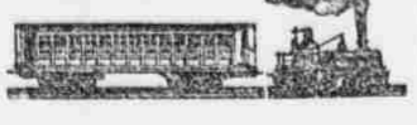
Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Apples, Buckwheat, Beans, Butter, Beef, Boards, Corn, Flour, Hides, Hay, Oats, Wheat, Rye, Shingles, Eggs.

The Elk Advocate.

P. W. BARRETT Editor [INDEPENDENT.] TERMS—\$1 50 per Annum if paid in Advance

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PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RAILROAD.—This great line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie.

It has been leased by the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company, and is operated by them.

Its entire length was opened for passenger and freight business, October 17th, 1864.

TIME OF PASSENGER TRAINS AT RIDGWAY.

Leave Eastward. Through Mail Train 1 53 p. m. Accommodation a. m.

Leave Westward. Through Mail Train 12 33 p. m. Accommodation p. m.

Passenger cars run through without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.

ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS on Express Trains both ways between Williamsport and Baltimore, and Williamsport and Philadelphia.

For information respecting Passenger business apply at the S. E. corner 30th and Market Sts.

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DICKINSON & Co.—DEALERS in Merchandise Provisions &c., on the Ready pay system, at prices much to the advantage of purchasers.

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FRANK X. ENZ TAILOR, Centreville, Elk county Pa.

A DOLPH TIMM, Centreville, Elk county Pa.

General Manufacturer of Wagons, Buggies &c.—ALSO Furniture, such as Bureaus, Tables, Stands, Bedsteads and Chairs. All kind of Repairing done at reasonable rates.

ST. MARY'S, ELK COUNTY PA. In the room formerly occupied by Doct. Blakely.

COUNTY DIRECTORY. President Judge, Hon. R. G. White, Wellsborough.

Associate Judges, Hon. V. S. Brockway, Jay tp. Hon. E. C. Schultze, St. Mary's.

Sheriff, P. W. Hays, Ridgway. Prothonotary, Reg. and Rec., George Ed. Weis, Ridgway.

District Attorney, L. J. Blakely, Ridgway. Treasurer, Charles Lühr, St. Mary's.

County Surveyor, George Walmley, St. Mary's. Commissioners, Charles Weis, St. Mary's.

Geo. Dickinson, Ridgway. Joseph W. Taylor, Fox. Auditors, R. T. Kyler, Fox.

OUT IN THE SNOW. BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

It was a fearful night in mid-winter. Miss Madeline Prescott shuddered as she drew near the glowing fire on the broad hearth.

The wind moaned wildly in the great chimney of the Moor House, and rattled a loose blind against the drawing-room window.

The pressure of air penetrated even that closely sheltered apartment, and struck cold and chill across the uncovered shoulders of the heiress.

She drew up her magnificent shawl of some bright wools, and shrank closer into the protection of the deep arm-chair she occupied.

"Nothing she said between her shut, white teeth," could cross the moors to night, and still be living. Well—she paused—her red lips compressed, the veins standing out like cords on her forehead.

The whistle of a locomotive, shrill and clear, burst over the din of the elements, and in a moment Miss Prescott heard the thundering rumble of the train.

It halted at Moor House station, only a few rods away, and directly there was a sound of labored footsteps—the hall door was thrown open—some body stamped off the snow, spoke to True the great Spanish hound, and then the drawing-room was invaded by a tall figure wrapped in furs, and gray with snow.

"Your pardon, Miss Prescott, but the hall lamp was dark, and I could not see to get myself out of my packing. How comfortable you look. And without the atmosphere is fit for the poles."

"The train was late?" Miss Prescott, looking at him with her eyes of fire. "Two hours; delayed by the storm. Marplot Ledge is ten feet under. The men at the village turned out and showed us through. I haven't known such a storm for years."

He settled himself in his chair with a breath of satisfaction. Miss Prescott took up her crochets, and began working with fingers that quivered in spite of her.

"You are industrious, Madeline. I do not see Miss Pembroke nor my mother. I trust they are not indisposed?" "Mrs. Prescott is in her room. Miss Pembroke at the village," returned Madeline, coldly.

"At the village? She was here this morning?" "True. She went just before it began to storm. She had a letter, an imperative call from"—she hesitated. "From Mr. Montgomery?"

"Yes, from Mr. Montgomery. You have guessed it: I have not told you. His regiment was to pass through Southgate this afternoon, on the way to the seat of war, and he wrote for her to meet him there."

"She took the carriage, I suppose?" "No she went on foot. Papa use the horses himself." "She will stop at Southgate all night, then?"

"I think it was not her intention; thought Mr. Montgomery may, if he remains, induce her to do so. She has not been so eager and fluttered for a long while as when his letter came. We all tried to dissuade her from going, the moors are so dangerous at this season; but she would not listen."

Rolf Erskine's face grew set as marble. Just then, Mrs. Prescott came in. It was easy to trace the relationship between mother and son. The same proud, clear-cut features, the same pure complexion and bronze gold hair.

was vacated. Madeline had gone up to her chamber. When she entered its luxurious precincts, she shut herself in from all intrusion. She double locked the door, and dispensing with fire and lights set down by the window which commanded a view of the desolate waste of moorland from which the old mansion took its name.

Bare and bleak, and white with drifted snow, the dreary tract stretched out for more than three miles. At its foot lay the village of Southgate. Madeline's set face was pressed closely against the glass, as if she hoped to pierce with those wild eyes of hers the gray obscurity of the night.

The wind swooped down, and shook ruthlessly the tall old elms in the yard, and tossed the snow into great hillocks of foamy white.

Madeline did not know that she was cold—she did not think that on the morrow her roses would be white ones, it she kept this midnight vigil. She only remembered that Rolf Erskine was in deadly peril; she indulged beneath all a cruel hope that Annie Pembroke, her fair young cousin, had gone out alive from Moor House for the last time.

Through the whirling blast Rolf Erskine strode manfully on. There was a fire in his heart which defied all the cold around him. He started nervously at every fresh hillock of snow, and the dwarf pines thrilled him like the presence of a human being.

Every dozen paces he stopped to listen, hoping, yet dreading, to hear the voice of Annie Pembroke calling for assistance.

It was a dreiful tramp. He sunk waist deep at every step, and the wind filled his hair, and enervated his face with keen, cutting particles of frozen sleet, almost blinding him. In spite of the time and place he found himself, almost unconsciously, reviewing his brief acquaintance with Miss Pembroke.

A little more than a year before his mother, of whom he was the only child, had married Mr. Prescott, Madeline's father. Six months after the marriage, Rolf had come to Southgate to practise his profession. The physician located there for many years had died, and Rolf stepped into the opening thus made.

Much of the time his nights had been spent at Moor House. That was his home, though he kept his rooms in the village. At Moor House he had first met Annie Pembroke. She was a poor cousin of Madeline's. Her parents were dead, and Mr. Prescott had taken her home. She performed the part of seamstress and waiting-maid to her haughty cousin.

Madeline was beautiful, queenly, her admirers said; but she was not always gentle, and Annie's lot was a hard one. Erskine had read something of her trial in the sweet, sad face, with eyes of deepest brown, and hair the same shade. She had avoided him always. He would have been very kind to her, but she gave him no opportunity. He was piqued a little, and spoke of it to Miss Prescott.

She laughed. Annie was engaged, she said, to Roy Montgomery, a young lieutenant in the army, and had no thought for any other man. And seeing her daily, the sweet countenances of Annie Pembroke grew into Rolf Erskine's deepest heart, until there was no nook nor corner unfilled by the sacred presence. Now, she had gone to meet her lover. Erskine said the words over slowly, bitterly, now there were none to hear him. Still, that fact did not lessen his obligation to save her, if possible.

The violence of the storm had in a measure abated, but the wind still blew with undiminished fury. A stray star peeped out above the whirling masses of dark clouds speeding eastward; it was nearly time for the moon to rise. Suddenly True started forward, his noise in the air, and gave utterance to a short sharp bark.

"True, old boy, what is it?" The dog repeated the sound, and dashed away. His master followed as fast as he was able, breathless, and panting with his eager haste. He struck his foot against something. True whined. Half buried in the snow, the brute was digging vigorously with his fore paws, only pausing to utter that piteous whine, so expressive to the ear of Rolf Erskine.

The man stooped down, and his hand touched the soft garments of a woman. A moment more, and beheld Annie Pembroke in his arms. Her face fell against his, it was cold as death, and the rigid hands he took in his were like ice. He tore off his fur coat, and wrapped it around her, holding her so very closely to his bosom—feeling in every fibre how he had loved her—how, dead or living, he loved her still.

The clouds broke in the eastward, and the moon looked forth. The ghastly light fell athwart Annie's face making it frightful in its pallor, but it showed Erskine his exact locality. Not more than a dozen yards off was the hut of some basket makers, who had cut osiers there the previous winter. It was long since deserted, but still it was a shelter. He hurried toward it, preceded by True.

and bearing to body of the girl. There were some bundles of fagots inside and tearing up his pocket diary for kindling Erskine soon had a fire burning. Then he applied himself to the task of restoring his apparently lifeless companion, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her eyes unclose. Like one waking from a deep sleep, she gazed wonderingly around her, until her eyes fell on the face of Erskine. She colored to her temples, and lifted her head from the shoulders, where it had been lying. He remembered Mr. Montgomery then, and rose and went to the other side of the fire—Annie spoke first.

"Mr. Erskine, how came I here?" "You were missing, and I come in pursuit of you."

"And found me where?" "Out on the moors."

"Then you saved my life? I suppose I ought to thank you."

"It is no consequence," he replied, coldly. "I did no more than my duty."

"I remember now," she said speaking slowly. "I got very tired and sleepy, and sat down for a moment in the snow to rest. I thought I must be near Moor House, I had come so far, and felt so weary. At the village they said I was rash to attempt to cross the moors in such a storm, but I was so disappointed at not seeing Roy, I was hardly."

"Roy?" "Yes. Mr. Montgomery. It was so hard not to be allowed to say farewell!—The regiment passed through Southgate yesterday. Some one was cruel enough to deceive me."

"I am sorry. Your lover will doubtless regret it, also."

"My lover? Sir, I do not understand you."

She looked up to him, her brown eyes full of wonder. "Forgive me. The allusion was indelicate." But I imagined from your regard for Mr. Montgomery—

"My regard is no stronger than that a sister should feel for her dear and only brother. I would have willingly walked one hundred miles for the privilege of kissing my brother farewell."

"Your brother! Miss Pembroke! Annie! tell me, at once, is Roy Montgomery not your lover?" "He is my half brother. We had the same mother. He was the child of her first marriage my only near living relative."

Rolf Erskine was holding both hands now, and his face was close to hers. His heart beat so fiercely it almost stopped his breath.

"And they told me you were engaged to this Montgomery; Madeline Prescott lied to me! God forgive her, I will not. O, Annie, I have lived an age of agony since I thought I had lost you. Do you care?"

"For what?" she asked softly. "That I have suffered; that I love you, Annie? Say the words that shall make me happy!" "Teach them to me—"

"Put your arms around my neck, Annie, and say—Rolf, I love you entire-ly."

HOW TO MANAGE MEN.—When you want to manage men, do as bees keepers do when they want to manage bees. Here are two men that have bees in a hive. One says, "I own these bees, and am going to divide them, and move them. He prepares a place for them, and then goes to the hive, thrusts his hand rudely into the midst of them, and very soon he has bees all over him, and he moves himself very rapidly. That is just as I have seen men attempt to manage them. Another man gets a bowl of sugar and water, and washes his hands all over, and goes with the utmost quietness and serenity, and opens the hive, and puts his hand in gently, and the bees find everything sweet, and he can scoop them up as though they were so much flour, and put them in as many hives as he pleases (if he only takes care to put a queen bee in each), and they will not sting him or fly away. And people say, "Wonderful! that man has a real magnetic power with bees. So he has when he has sugar on his hands. Now, when you want to manage men, wash your hands with sugar and water.—Henry Ward Beecher.

STORY OF A HAT.

There was a startling development, at Mount Holyoke Seminary, not long since. One of the young ladies had just returned from a visit to the outside world, and soon after a vigilant teacher looked into her room and discovered a gentleman's hat there. Another teacher also satisfied herself of the existence of the alarming object, and the pupil forthwith summoned to the hall of judgment. It was a most delicate subject of inquiry, and the point of attack was only reached by gradual and zigzag approaches. The pupil who manifested her depravity by half-concealed merriment, and showed no disposition penitently to unbecom herself, was at last brought up with a plump question as to the hat in the room. There was a moment of painfully anxious suspense, followed by a sudden collapse, when the offender confessed that she had brought in one of her father's old hats to cut up for rolls for her hair. She was pronounced excused, and there was great fun in the halls, as the story circulated.—Springfield Republican.

A Female Monster. In-deed!

"A man, named Hadlock, has met his fate, in Hawesville, Kentucky, lately, under the following circumstances:—There is a woman in town who keeps a grog shop, and who had been notified by Hadlock to remove by a certain time. The time having expired, Hadlock made his appearance at the window of her denouche, which he smashed in, and notified her that, if she did not leave by night he would return and murder her."

At night he returned, and discovered the woman and her son setting in the house. He broke the window and pushed his head in, when she struck him on the head with a mallet, and he fell heavily to the earth. She listened a few minutes, and hearing him groan, went outside and found him lying in an almost dying condition. She called for her son to bring her an axe. The son did so, and she took it from him, and deliberately chopped the body up into small pieces and left it for the hogs to devour. She went back into the house and retired to bed. At last accounts, she had not been arrested, nor was she likely to be, as the citizens justified the act."

A FAIR OFFER.—A veteran relates the following: It once happened that a mule driver was engaged in leading an unruly mule for a short distance which job proved about as much as he was able to do, and gave full employment for both of his hands, as he was thus engaged; a newly appointed brigadier rode up near him in all of the consequential radiance of his starlight, when the mule driver hailed him as follows: "I say, I wish you would send a couple of men down here to help me to manage this mule."

The brigadier, indignant at being so familiarly addressed, sternly replied—"Do you know who I am, sir?" "Yes," was the reply, "you are Gen. I believe."

"Then why do you not salute me before addressing me?" inquired the brigadier.

"I will respond to the M. D., if you will get off and hold the mule." The brigadier retired in good order.

The race for getting married displays itself in sundry matrimonial advertisements in the newspapers. Those who desire to attempt the lottery of marriage, should remember Dr. Johnson said of it, that it was like flies on a window, those outside wanting to get in, those inside wanting to get out; or the words of Sir Thomas More's father, who compares a man disposed to marry to one who put his hand into a bag containing one ocel to a hundred snakes, where the adventurer is more likely to be bitten than to secure a prize.

None are so fond of secrets as those who don't mean to keep them. Such persons covet secrets as a spend. Thrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.

The aim of genius should, like its own nature, be lofty, truly lofty, above meanness, and selfishness, and indolence, venturing all for the accomplishment of great results in the achievement of real good.

An Irish witness in a court of justice, being asked what kind of "ear-marks" the hog in question had, replied, "Had no particular earmarks, except a very short tail."