

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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DR. C. R. EARLEY, Kersey Elk Co., Pa. Will attend to all call night or day.

HOTEL CARDS. FOUNTAIN HOUSE, JOHN G. PORTERFIELD, Proprietor.

FRED. KORBS, Eagle Hotel, Luthersburg, Clearfield County Pa.

LUTHERSBURG HOTEL, Luthersburg Clearfield County Penna.

WILLIAM SCHWEM, Proprietor, Luthersburg, July 27th 1861.

NATIONAL HOTEL, Corner of Peach Street and the Buffalo Road, ERIE PA.

SNOS B. HOYT, Proprietor, This House is new and fitted up with special care.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, Ridgway, Elk county Pa., DAVID THAYER, Proprietor.

HYDE HOUSE, Mrs. E. O. Clements, Proprietress, Ridgway Elk County Penna.

CLEARFIELD HOUSE, CORNER OF MARKET AND WATER ST'S, Clearfield Pa.

GEO. N. COLBURN, Proprietor, ST. MARY'S HOTEL, ST. MARY'S ELK COUNTY PENNA.

FALLEN HOUSE, LOCK HAVEN, PA., E. W. BIGONY, Proprietor.

Moorhead House, Main St Brookville Pa., C. N. Kretz, Proprietor.

BUSINESS CARDS WOODS & WRIGHT, LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON COUNTY PA.

Ridgway Markets, Corrected weekly:

Apples, (dry) 2 bushel . . . \$ 4 00

Buckwheat " " " " . . . 1 50

Beans " " " " . . . 4 00

Butter " lb . . . 45

Beef " " " " . . . 9@12

Boards " M . . . 20 00

Corn " bushel . . . 1 50

Flour " bbl . . . 12 00

Hay " lb . . . 68

Hides " ton . . . 50 00

Oats " bu . . . 1 00

Wheat " " " " . . . 2 50

Rye " " " " . . . 1 75

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

Express Trains carrying Goods on Express Trains both ways between Williamsport and Philadelphia, and Williamsport and Philadelphia.

For information respecting Passenger business apply at the S. B. corner 8th and Market Sts.

And for Freight business of the Company's Agents: S. B. Kingston, Jr. Cor. 12th and Market Sts. Philadelphia.

J. W. Reynolds Erie. J. M. Dell, Agent N. C. R. R. Philadelphia.

H. H. Honston, Gen'l. Freight Ag't. Phil'a. H. W. Gwensan, Gen'l. Ticket Ag't. Phil'a.

Jos. D. Potts, General Manager, Wasp't.

W. T. LESHER, Dealer in Clothing, Hats, & Men's Furnishing Goods WATER STREET, LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON CO. PA.

ADOLPH TIMM, Centreville, Elk county Pa. General Manufacturer of Wagons, Buggies &c.—ALSO Furniture, such as Bureaus, Tables, Stoves, Bedsteads and Chairs.

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

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

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

Sheriff. P. W. Hays, Ridgway. Probationary, Rep. and Rec. George Ed. Weis, Ridgway.

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

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

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

GOD BLESS THE PLOW.

Who are the truly great? Minions of pomp and state, Who the knee bow?

Then to the fields ye brave! Yours be the world to rave From our life's foe;

Now lay the furrow deep. On vale and hill-side steep— In hope ye sow,

Wreath for our yocamany, Green as the victor's be— Toil crowns their brow,

A New Poet Laureate. Theckeray's Magazine, in London, paid Tennyson, the Poet Laureate of England, sixteen hundred dollars for a poem.

What does little birdie say, In her nest at peep of day? Let me see, says little birdie—

What does little baby say, In her bed at peep of day? Baby says, like little birdie, Let me rise and haste away.

What does little piggie say, In his sty at break of day? Piggie says, like little birdie, Let me go and root to-day.

What does little froggie say, In his pond at peep of day? Let me swim, says little froggie— Bullfrog, let me swim away.

What does little piggie say, In his sty at break of day? Piggie says, like little birdie, Let me go and root to-day.

CLARA WILLIS: And the Diamond Ring. It was the night before Christmas, Mr. Almayne did not observe the little, blossomed fur-crowning by the brilliant light of the diamond ring.

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seen the velvet shine that illuminated Mr. Almayne's luxuriant drawing room that night, glowing softly on gilded tables, abacost vases, and walls of room and gold; while, just before the genial flame, the pale widow sat, thoughtfully watching the flickering spires of green emerald light, and very lonely in his splendid solitude.

"I wonder what made me think of home just then," he murmured, idly tapping his foot upon the velvet rug.

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was for her to keep back her own tears. Mr. Almayne was walking impatiently up and down his long, glittering suit of rooms in the Christmas brightness of the next day's noon, when his party first, man presented himself in the doorway.

"Well Porter?" "There's a young person and a little boy down stairs, sir, about the advertisement."

"Ask them to walk in, Porter." Porter glanced dubiously at the velvet chairs and Wilton carpet.

"They're very shabby and muddy, sir." "Never mind; show them in."

Porter departed, by no means pleased, and in a minute or two drew open the door and announced.

"The young person and the little boy." "Be seated," said Mr. Almayne, courteously. "Can you give me any information in regard to the ring I have lost?"

Ben Morrow's sister was wrapped in a faded shawl, with a high, green veil over her face. She held out the fur glove and within it a little paper box, from which blazed the white fire of the tear ring.

"My brother found it in this glove, last night, sir," she said in a low, timid voice. "The initials—M. A. correspond with your advertisement, so we brought it at once to the street and number specified."

Mr. Almayne opened his pocket book. "I have promised a liberal reward," he said, taking out a fifty-dollar bill. "Will this be sufficient?"

Clara Willis threw back her veil. "We are very poor, sir," she said, "but not so poor as to take a reward for doing our duty. Thank you all the same. Come Ben."

Henry Almayne's cheek had grown very white as he saw the golden bracelet and clear blue eyes of his wife's first love beneath the faded biased bonnet.

"Clara!" he exclaimed. "Clara Willis! Is it possible that you do not know me?"

She turned at his wild exclamation, and gazed fixedly at him with drawing recognition.

"Are you—can it be that you are Henry Almayne?" she faltered, only half certain of the correctness of her conjecture.

"It's perfectly horrible," answered the beautiful creature; they can have no sensibility of refinement; how dirty, how contemptible they are—well, thank goodness that we were born rich."

"Stop! Julia, hush! yonder is something to excite our laughter. I warrant you—ha! ha! a boy larger than myself, and he appears to be picking out the letters on that scrap of paper—bah!"

"Stand still, Arthur, do, and let us hear him; we can wait a minute."

A few paces before them sat a boy of some thirteen summers, hatless, shoeless, and with very scanty frock and trousers; the latter a mass of patches. His hair tangled and thick, hung over his down-cast eyes; and his hands, stained rough with labor, grasped a little torn piece of newspaper, which he evidently picked out of the mud.

So absorbed was he in his task that he did not notice the fair and high bred young strangers who stood regarding him with thoughtless but subtle mirth.

"Ha! ha!" said the richly clad youth, lifting his eyes sorrowfully from the tattered bit of printing, his gaze fell upon the listeners, whose beautiful lips curled with a scornful smile.

A flash of crimson started to his swarthy cheeks, mounting to the top of his forehead, as he threw off the mass of tangled curls, and his bold black eyes fell before their familiar stare.

"Ha! ha!" said the richly clad youth, lifting his eyes sorrowfully from the tattered bit of printing, his gaze fell upon the listeners, whose beautiful lips curled with a scornful smile.

The lady, at her tone of commiseration, sprang to his feet, and bent on the brother and sister such a glance of defiance, indignation and scorn that they inactively hurried onward; though the girl turned once more mockingly around, and gave utterance to a slight bantering laugh.

Still the poor lad stood—wounded to the heart's core—still he gazed after them, his full lips quivering with his mental anguish, his black eye, through the misty drops that hung tremulously on his lids, flashing fire, as though they would scathe and blast the selfish pride of those thoughtless children; then turning, he hurried up three broken steps into a dim entry, flew along a dark passage and entering a cheerless room flung himself upon the uneven floor, and wept burning tears of grief and shame.

The parlors of a stately mansion on Beacon street Boston, were brilliantly illuminated. The owner of the princely tenements had issued cards for a fashionable soiree; the hour had arrived, the guests were assembling.

The rich and the great were there, but conspicuous among all, and conversing with the ex president of the United States, the elder Adams, stood a noble looking man, in the bloom and vigor of manhood. His face was intellectually beautiful, and his high attitude commanding yet extremely graceful.

"All the evening," murmured a fashionable yet lovely lady, to Mr. Adams, as he turned toward her, "I have been striving to gain an introduction to M. M———'s distinguished guest; but he has been so surrounded—now, however, he stands alone. I should esteem it a rare honor to speak to him, but for a moment."

"You shall have the pleasure," said the ex president, smiling; and turning, he presented the beautiful and fascinating wife of a millionaire, to the talented stranger.

"We have met before, madam," bowing low to conceal a strange expression that stole over his features.

"I have forgotten," the lady made answer in her sweetest tones. "We have not—we have met before, just twenty years ago," he continued, still keeping his piercing eyes on her face—"we met in a little lane, a narrow repulsive place, where the cries of hunger resounded often upon the still air, and where rags, misery and filth, met the traveller of every step."