

The Elk Advocate.

Secrets of Masonry.

At an inn in the west of England, several persons were sitting around the fire in a large kitchen through which was a passage to the other apartments of the house, and amongst whom was a female traveler and a tailor. At this inn a lodge of Free and Accepted Masons was held, it being lodge night several of their members passed the company in the way to the meeting room. This circumstance introduced observations on the occult signs by which Masons could be known to each other; when the female observed that there was not so much mystery in masonry as many imagined, and that she herself could show any person a Mason's sign.

"What?" said the tailor, "that of a Freemason?" "Yes," she replied, "and I'll bet you a half-crown bowl of punch, to be decided by any of the members you may please to appoint, that I perform my promise."

"Why," said the tailor, "a woman was never admitted, then how is it possible you can procure the secret?" "No matter for that," replied the lady, "I will readily forfeit the money I lay if I do not prove the fact."

The company urged the tailor to accept the challenge, and the amount of the bet was deposited. The woman immediately started up, and took the tailor by the collar— "Come," said she, "follow me," which he did, trembling as he went along, fearing he was to undergo some part of the discipline in making a mason, of which he had heard such a dreadful report. She led him into the street, and pointing to the sign of the Lion and the Lamb, asked him whose sign that was? The tailor answered, "Mr. Lodge," as the name of the innkeeper.

"Oh, sir, how can I thank you?" said Edward, full of gratitude. "By prescribing your integrity. As I presume you are in present need of money, I will pay you one quarter in advance. Here is a check for fifty dollars which you can get cashed at the bank. And, by the way, you may have the rest of the day to yourself."

Edward flew to the bank, and with his sudden riches hastened to the market where he purchased a supply of provisions such as he knew would be welcome at home, and then made haste home to announce his good fortune.

A weight seemed to fall off the hearts of mother and daughter as she heard his hurried story, and Mrs. Jones thanked God for bestowing upon her a son whose good principles had brought them this great relief.

And Mr. Hubbard slept none the worse that night, that at a slight pecuniary sacrifice he had done a kind action, confirmed a boy in his integrity, and gladdened a struggling family. If there were more employers as considerate as he, there would be fewer dishonest clerks.

From the Freeman's Journal.

A Shot Back.

The Presbyterians are very uneasy. They exhibit enlargement of the pupils of the eyes, and itching of the nose.

They have been making what they call "deliverances," but they are such deliverances as the inspired prophet spoke of—they have brought forth wind, only!

They say the "man of sin" troubles them. We know—and so do many of their own people—that men of sin abound among them. The "man of sin" is, in their view, the Pope, or Popery itself. As a dying spasm, they try, once more, the old sing-song of abuse of the Catholic Church. They have been "delivering" on the matter in their annual assembly. They are alarmed at the strides of Popery!

Some "religious" body, lately Presbyterian or Methodist, wanted to make a religious matter of insisting on the admission of negroes to the right to vote! They wanted them, they said, to counter-balance the Irish and German Catholics. They claimed the negroes as Protestants. But President Johnson, who has lived all his life in Slave States, told a set of negro preachers that the negroes, thus claimed as reliable Protestants—to the number of "four millions," "live in open and notorious concubinage!" Is that what makes them reliable as Protestants?

There are, however, two bodies, each claiming to be the Presbyterian Church in these States. One claims to be the old original Jacobs. They split and blackened each others eyes, in a quarrel, nearly thirty years ago, on some notions none of them knew anything about. The gist of it was that one party held that it was in the eternal decrees of God to damn some men eternally and it was foolish in these to try and save their souls. The other "Church," we believe, held that some people ought to be damned eternally!

These "played out" Presbyterian ministers think they can get up a persecution of Catholics! Poor fools! That persecution is last coming on, in this land, but Presbyterian, or any other sect professing the name of Christ, will not be as the dust in the balance toward promoting it! The time is not just yet.

We recommend to these feeble folk of Presbyterian to put blankets round them, put their feet to the fire, and to take Fanstook's remedy. If it don't do good it can't do hurt, and they are in a bad way!

Verily, verily, in view of these criminations, on the part of the part our brethren of the "Religious" Press—we, secular journalists, who are outside of the pale, may be pardoned for saying,—"Behold how these Christians, (in a Pickwickian sense) love one another!"

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

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POETRY.

THE PRINTERS FRIEND.

The night was dark—and not a star
Peeped through the gathering gloom;
And silence brooded o'er the type
In the composing room.

The printers had to supper gone,
And vacant were their places,
When through the door a willian crept,
And stole Dick Johnson's spaces!

O, foulest wrong beneath the sun!
O, deepest of disgraces!
The darkest crime that can be done
Is that of stealing spaces.

When the forgiving angel's pen
All other sin erases,
Alone, untouched, shall still remain
The sin of stealing spaces,

Dick went to "lunch," and left his case
Filled—running o'er with letter,
And thought he would return again
When copy should get fatter.

When he came back he took his place
Again before his cases—
You should have seen his attitude
When he beheld his spaces.

It was no time for charity,
Or other Christian graces;
He wildly cried—"I'll dot the eyes
Of him who stole my spaces!"

The fiend still lives and walks the earth,
And so must walk forever!
He cannot die—a wretch like him—
For rest awaits him never!

And printers, for long years to come,
Will tremble at their cases,
Well knowing that his spirit still
Is fond of stealing spaces!

Edwards Temptation.

It was six o'clock in the afternoon. At this time the great wholesale warehouse of Messrs. Hubbard & Son was wont to close, unless the pressure of business compelled the partners to keep open later.

The duty of closing usually devolved upon Edward Jones, a boy of fourteen, who had lately been engaged to perform a few slight duties for which he received the sum of fifty dollars annually. He was the "boy," but if he behaved himself so as to win the approbation of his employers his chance of promotion was good.

Yet there were some things that rendered this small salary a hard trial to him—circumstances with which his employees were unacquainted. His mother was a widow. The sudden death of Mr. Jones had thrown the entire family upon their own resources and these were indeed but slender.

There was an elder sister who assisted her mother to sew, and this, with Edward's salary, constituted the entire income of the family. Yet by means of untiring industry, they have continued thus far to live, using strict economy, of course. Yet they had wanted none of the absolute necessities of life.

But Mary Jones—Edward's sister—grew sick. She had taken a severe cold which terminated in a fever. This not only cut off the income arising from her own labor, and also prevented her mother from accomplishing as much as she otherwise would have been able to do.

On the morning of the day on which our story commences, Mary had expressed a longing for an orange. In her fever it would have been most grateful to her.

It was hard, indeed, when we are obliged to deny those we love that which would be a refreshment and benefit to them.

Mrs. Jones felt this and so did Edward.

"I only wish I could buy you one Mary," said Edward, just as he set out for the store. Next year I shall receive a larger salary, and then we shan't have to pinch so much."

"Never mind, Edward," said Mary, smiling faintly. "I ought not to have asked for it, knowing how hard you and mother find it to get along without me."

"Don't trouble yourself about that, Mary," said Mrs. Jones, soothingly, though her heart sank within her at the thought of her empty larder. Only get well, and we shall get on well enough afterwards."

It was with the memory of this scene that Edward went to the store in the morning.

All around him were boxes of rich goods representing thousands of dollars in money.

value of one of these boxes how much good it would do poor Mary," and Edward sighed.

The long day wore away at last, and Edward was about to close the warehouse.

But as he passed the desk of his employer his attention was drawn to a bit of paper lying on the floor beneath.

He picked it up, and to his great joy found it to be a ten dollar bill.

The first thought that flashed upon him was, "How much good this will do Mary. I can buy her the oranges she wants, and she shall have some every day. And perhaps she would like a chicken."

But a moment later his countenance fell.

"It isn't mine," he sighed. "It must be Mr. Hubbard's. This is his desk, and he must have dropped it."

"Still," urged the tempter, he will never know it; and after all what are ten dollars to him? He is worth a hundred thousand.

Still Edward was not satisfied. Whether Mr. Hubbard could spare it or not was not the question. It was rightfully his and must be given back to him.

"I'll go to his house and give it to him this very night," said Edward. "Otherwise I might be tempted to keep it."

He determined to go to Mr. Hubbard's before he went home. The sight of his sick sister might perhaps weaken his resolution, and this must never do at all hazards.

He knew where Mr. Hubbard lived. It was a large, fine looking house, on a fashionable street. He had passed it several times and wondered whether a man must not feel wretched who was able to live in such style.

Without any necessary delay therefore, he went to the house, ascended the steps, and rang the bell.

A servant came to the door. "Well? he said.

"Is Mr. Hubbard at home?" "Yes, but he has just come in, and I don't think he can see you," was the rather supercilious reply.

"I am in his employ," said Edward, quietly, "and have just come from the store. I think he will see me if you mention this to him."

"Very well, you can come in."

Edward was left standing in the hall, while Mr. Hubbard was sought by the servant.

"Well?" he asked inquiringly, "has any thing happened?"

"No, sir," said Edward, "but I picked up this bill near your desk, and supposed you dropped it. I thought I had better bring it here directly."

"You have done well," said Mr. Hubbard, "and I will remember it. Honesty is a very valuable quality in a boy just commencing a business career. Hereafter I shall have perfect confidence in your honesty."

Edward was gratified by his assurance, yet as the door closed behind him, and he walked out into the street, the thought of his sick sister at home again intruded upon him, and he thought regretfully how much good could have been done with ten dollars. Not that he had regretted that he had been honest. There was a satisfaction in doing right.

Mrs. Jones brought some toast to her daughter's bedside, but Mary motioned it away.

"I thank you for taking the trouble to make it mother," said she, "but I don't think I can possibly eat it."

"Is there anything that you could relish, Mary?"

"No," said she hesitatingly, "nothing that we can get."

Mrs. Jones sighed a sigh which Edward echoed.

It was with a heavy heart that Edward started for the Warehouse the next morning. He had never felt the craving for wealth which now took possession of him.

He sat about his duties as usual. About two hours after he had arrived at the warehouse, Mr. Hubbard entered. He did not at first appear to notice Edward, but in about half an hour summoned him to the office, which was partitioned off from the remainder of the spacious rooms in which goods were stored.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Laurie J. Blakely
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.
Ridgway, [for Benzinger P. O.] Elk Co., Pa.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

SOUTHER & WILLIS.
Attorneys at Law, Ridgway Elk county Pa., will attend to all professional business promptly.

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

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.)
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. EARLEY, Kersey Elk Co., Pa. Will attend to all call night or day. July 21, 1861.

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Ridgway, Elk County Penna.

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Eagle Hotel

Luthersburg, Clearfield County Pa.

Frederick Korb Proprietor, having built a large and commodious house, is now prepared to cater to the wants of the traveling public.
Luthersburg, July 16th 1864.—1y.

LUTHERSBURG HOTEL,
Luthersburg Clearfield County Penna.

WILLIAM SCHWEM, Proprietor.
Luthersburg, July 27th 1864.—1y.

NATIONAL HOTEL!

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

ENOS B. HOYT, Proprietor

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

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This house is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Clarion, in the lower end of the town, is well provided with horse-room and stabling, and the proprietor will spare no pains to render the stay of his guests pleasant and agreeable.
Ridgway July 28, 1860.

HYDE HOUSE
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Proprietress
Ridgway Elk County Penna.

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CORNER OF MARKET AND WATER ST'S
Clearfield Pa

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ST. MARY'S HOTEL
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DEALERS IN Flour, Grain and Feed—near the Passenger Depot

Ridgway Markets.

Corrected weekly:	
Apples, (dry) 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
Hides " lb	08
Hay " ton	50 00
Oats " bu	1 00
Wheat " "	2 50
Rye " "	1 75
Shingles " M	4 50
Eggs " dozen	30
Hams " lb	25
Pork " "	15

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 Railroad Company, and is operated by them.

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

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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 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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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 Luhr, St. Mary's
County Surveyor.
George Walsley, St. Mary's

Commissioners.
Charles Weis, St. Mary's
Geo. Dickinson, Ridgway.
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Auditors.
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The subscriber offers for sale the Coal privilege, with the right of mining and other minerals under 465 acres of land situated in Fox tp., Clearfield county Pennsylvania, within 2 miles of the Ridgway & Shawmut R.R., which connects with the Phila. & Erie R. R., at Ridgway, with a six foot vein of Bituminous Coal upon it, which is now commanding such enormous prices, for manufacturing purposes. For sale cheap, terms cash, a good title given.

For further particulars, address
C. L. BARRETT,
Clearfield P. O.,
Clearfield Co., Pa

NOTICE.—The Books and accounts of Jacob J. Storer & Co., and Charles H. Gering & Co., of St. Mary's, have been placed in the hands of the undersigned for settlement. Parties indebted to either of the above firms, are notified that their accounts must be settled by payment to the undersigned, within 30 days.

Laurie J. Blakely, Atty
for GERING & CO., & STORER & CO.
St. Mary's February, 29th '65.—3t.