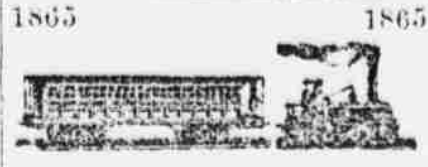


The Elk Advocate.

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

VOL. 5 RIDGWAY ELK COUNTY PENNA. SATURDAY NOVEMBER, 4th 1865 NO 47



1865 1865

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 *Lehigh Valley Railroad 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.

Erie Mail Train 7 25 a. m.
Erie Express Train 7 44 p. m.

Leave Westward.

Erie Mail Train 11 52 a. m.
Erie Express Train 10 15 p. m.

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

NEW YORK CONNECTION.
Leave New York at 7.00 p. m., arrive at Erie 3.40 a. m.
Leave Erie at 2.05 p. m., arrive at New York 12 noon.

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.

And for Freight business of the Company's Agents:

S. B. Kingston, Jr. Cor. 13th and Market Sts. Philadelphia.
J. W. Reynolds Erie.
W. Brown, Agent N. C. R. R. Baltimore.

H. H. HOUSTON,
Gen'l. Freight Ag't. Phil'a.

H. W. GWINNER,
Gen'l. Ticket Ag't. Phil'a.

ALFRED J. TYLER,
General Supt. Wm'p't.

DR. W. B. HARTMAN,
ST. MARY'S, ELK CO., PA.
[Late of the Army of the Potomac] Particular attention given to all cases of surgical nature.

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

ADOLPH TUMM,
Centreville, Elk county Pa.

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

MOORHEAD HOUSE, Main St., Brookville Pa. G. N. Kretz, Prop'r. This house has been refitted and furnished in a neat style, and is every way adapted to the wants of the public.

ST. MARY'S HOTEL, ST. MARY'S, ELK COUNTY, PENNA. M. WELLENBORN, Prop'r.

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

Omnibus running to and from the Depot free of charge.

BUSINESS CARDS

BORDWILL & BESENER, DRUGGISTS,
Dealers in Drugs and Chemicals, PAINTS, OILS AND VARNISH. Perfumery & Toilet Articles & Stationery. Ridgway, Elk County Penna.

WOODS & WRIGHT, LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON COUNTY PA. 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.	10 00
Hides " lb	08
Hay " ton	15 00
Oats " bu.	80
Wheat " "	2 50
Rye " "	1 75
Shingles " M.	4 50
Eggs " dozen	30
Hams " "	25
Pork " "	20

Notice.—Parties attending Court as witnesses in Commonwealth cases, must hereafter claim their fees of the undersigned, before leaving Court, or they will not be taxed in the bill of costs.

By order of the County Com'r's,
LAURIE J. BLAKELY,
District Attorney.

Forget Not The Unhappy.

Forget not the unhappy.
Avoid the bright and gay.
The world can give you nothing
It will not take away;
Make much then of the moments
You never can renew,
And forget not the unhappy.
For, oh! their friends are few!

Their friends are few, and faintly
They whisper comfort now;
And offer scant assistance
With cold and cautious brow;
Each minute they are gazing
Upon their watch to go;
Oh! forget not the unhappy,
For kindness cometh slow!

Forget not the unhappy.
Though sorrow may annoy,
There's something then for memory
Remember to enjoy!
Oh! still from Fortune's garland
Some flowers for others steal;
And forget not the unhappy,
For, ah! their friends are few!

The Amateur Mechanic.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Jack Crawford was a very odd sort of fellow. He took particular delight in disquisitions, romances, mysteries, and adventures generally. Therefore he was continually getting into scrapes of all kinds; and, naturally enough, there was almost always a lady in the case.

This made him a little misogynical—a mild sort of a woman hater. Yet, for all that, somehow he could never let the sex alone.

A profound love of Nature and jolly times led Jack and myself to the pretty village of St. Blossom, one summer. We went to fish, to sketch, to see the scenery, and perhaps to drink the waters of the springs there; for, as Jack remarked, 'they possessed peculiarly refreshing qualities—when mixed with a little cogniac.'

The morning of the third day of our sojourn found us seated upon a flowery slope, skirted by pollard willows, whose gnarled roots were bathed by the clear waters of a stream that emptied into the bay. We had sought the spot to smoke an after-breakfast cigar and to indulge in a quiet chat with the beauties of Nature before our eyes.

As is painfully apt to be the case when two young men are together, our talk was all of women. Women! what an inexhaustible subject for contemplation, for conversation, for writing, for prating, for painting, for sculpture, and for matrimony!

'It is all gammon,' said Jack, 'women don't appreciate cultivation, intellect, nor good fellowship. All they look for is wealth and position, even when they are in love. If they don't find those amiable attributes, they won't love at all, generally; and if a fellow hasn't got them, he'd better let the sex alone—'

'As you do?'

'That's neither here nor there—it takes a gilded key to unlock their precious little hearts, that's so.'

'You are sadly mistaken, Jack; and the worst of it is, you know it. You are angry with the husband hunters who have given you chase so long, and revenge yourself by assailing the entire institution of matrimony. You are all wrong. A fellow like you, young, rich, and—well, yes, I think I may say tolerably good looking—has no chance to see women in their true colors. The modest ones do not care to complete with the designing ones, who are bound to marry your bank account in spite of yourself and so play off their charms up on you, ad nauseam.'

'But are there any artless ones' who don't want money above all things? I hardly think it.'

'That's because you never find them crowding about you. Only the brazen faced fortune hunters do that, and they have accustomed you to being sought. The really good girls require seeking; and as that isn't in your line, you never know how many nice women there are in the world.'

Jack started up.
'I'll tell you what I'll do,' cried he, flinging his cigar-end into the stream; 'I'll test the question! I'll test it here in this very place! I'll ignore my money, turn mechanic, make love to the prettiest, proudest girl in the village, and show you that she won't have me on any terms. Then I'll come out in my own character, and prove that cash and family are puissant to accomplish that which my acquirements and character can never begin to do!'

'What, marry her?'

'Not much! Make her ask me to, and laugh at her!'

I confess that I hoped Jack would not put the matter to such a severe test. He was a capital fellow, as rich in accomplishments as in money; and I knew that St. Blossom contained some very charming girls—daughters of retired sea captains, bankers, etc., who however much they might love a journeyman mechanic, would see him hanged, almost, before they would consent to marry him. Au contraire, a young gentle-

man of wealth and position would probably prove very acceptable to any of the marriageable ones.

But Jack was determined; and when I returned to the city, a few days afterward, I left him busily arranging a chest carpenter's tools, and getting himself up in a paper cap and pair of blue overalls.

He had a wonderful talent, had Jack, for doing everything tolerably well. He played upon a half a dozen or so of cent musical instruments, could survey, sketched prettily in pencil or water colors, understood short hand, had dabbled in surgery and medicine, was a finished jockey, a fair gardener, had built a stone bridge, written an epic, and half-sealed a pair of boots!

With these somewhat varied accomplishments, he had no fear, of course, but what he should be able to get on very well as a carpenter. Nobody knew him in St. Blossom; and when he introduced himself to the boss' carpenter of the village, he succeeded in convincing him that he Jack, was a journeyman of unusual talent.

He received several commissions, during the first fortnight of his experiment; but on the whole, it was lucky that he was not compelled to subsist on the proceeds of his labors, as he might have found some little difficulty in paying his board and minor expenses—especially as he commissioned me to send him some five dollars worth of cigars every week.

One fine day, after he had nearly exhausted his patience, and had done no end of plotting and planning in vain, the village carpenter asked him to undertake the restoration of a cornice on one of the oldest houses in St. Blossom.

Jack agreed; and in a short time was mounted on a scaffold about on a level with the third story windows of the mansion of old Judge Preston, the richest, and perhaps the most aristocratic man in the village.

Jack did not find his task an easy one. The work was rather elaborate, and the weather was warm. Two days elapsed, and he had only got ready to commence putting up the brackets that sustained—or appeared to sustain the heavy moldings. Lunch-time came, and the amateur mechanic, getting into the shade, unpacked his little tin dinner pail, and began a repast at once simple and nourishing, when he saw that the window nearest him was open, and some papers lying on the escritoire inside were in danger of getting blown away.

'I know it is a trespass,' meditated he; 'but it is for the proprietor's good. I'll step into the room, and save, perhaps, some valuable documents.'

A little gymnastic exercise brought him down from his scaffold, through the window, and into a very elegant chamber.

'Hem!' said Jack, a woman's apartment, evidently.

There were paintings, statuettes, vases, and tawdry other luxuries nothings such as women of taste love to gather around them. A guitar reposed upon the bed, which stood in a crimson curtained alcove, was strewn with books, in French, English and Italian, as if tataric deity of the room had been lying down and amusing herself with music and literature.

There was a portfolio open on the table with a very nice little water color sketch, half finished; a well selected, though small library, in a corner, and everything about the apartment, from the bed, with the snowy coverlid and lace embroidered pillows, to the canary bird in the window, bespoke refinement and delicacy of taste on the part of whoever had arranged the chamber.

'Something elegant about all this,' amused Jack; 'I must investigate this. Here's an opening for a splendid bit of romance—poor young carpenter, and dieh, lovely woman, oh? Lord bless me! there have been bashful of romances written on the spot!'

He gathered up the scattered papers, and placed them beneath a paper weight on the escritoire; then rekindling his scaffold, he finished his lunch and went to work again a little more hopefully than before.

Several days passed thus, and Jack got into a very imprudent habit of entering the chamber almost daily, in the hope of meeting the occupant of so charming a temple. He became familiar with all the books, pictures, and music; whistled the canary into convulsions of song, and drove himself half crazy with speculations concerning the fair unknown.

He had heard her sing very sweetly, of a morning, when she opened the window, and had caught a glimpse of a fair form; but she, seeing him, had suddenly withdrawn, and he had been unable to discover whether she was beautiful as a rosebud, or ugly as a camel.

He found that her customary costume was of pale blue and white, and that she was given to wearing coquettish little head dresses of faint blue.

Evidently, the girl was a blonde. He found gutters of delicate color,

exquisite shape, and wonderful smallness; gloves of corresponding delicacy and size; tasteful morning robes and saques, and things, such as nice girls array themselves in when at home and alone.

He feasted upon the atmosphere of the place, so pure, so refined, so suggestive of beauty and cultivation.

What will you say, O matter-of-fact reader, when I tell you that my friend, Jack Crawford, fell desperately in love with a girl he had never seen—of whom he knew nothing, almost.

Yes he did.

Quite naturally, the erection of the cornice progressed but slowly. The master carpenter wondered at it; but Jack assured him, every morning, that it would take only a day or two longer.

One day, he found an essay of music written in the same fine, feminine hand which he had so often seen and admired on the margins of books, and on other manuscripts in the chamber. This essay, unfinished, and lying exposed on the portfolio, could not be private; so Jack, grown impertinent to the last degree, laid down the saw that he had unconsciously brought with him, and taking a seat in a cushioned arm-chair, perused the writing carefully.

It was well expressed and fanciful; the fair writer had made a slight error in philosophy. It would be dull for me to explain here the mistake which Jack detected at once. Suffice it, that the young lady had confused the laws which govern melody and harmony, and Jack wished devoutly for an opportunity to set her right.

Just at this juncture, the door opened, and his *desse inconnue* entered.

Figure to yourself a young girl, say of nineteen or twenty, whose every line and contour bespoke grace and health; whose peach-tinted cheeks, bright blue eyes, and like the inner fold of some tropic shell, told of vivacity, freshness and purity of spirit. Her hair was of that peculiar, rare shade of brown, best described, perhaps, as wood-color—a mingling of ashy and golden tints—and fell tangled masses, half ringlets and half disorder, on each side of a neck as white as the creamy petals of the magnolia.

She did not faint or scream when she saw the carpenter sitting coolly in her arm chair, making himself objectionably at home. She only opened her large, violet eyes hesitated a moment, and said, deliberately:

'Well, sir?'

'Jack arose, and bowed politely.'

'What do you wish, sir?'

Jack was put to his trumps.

'I wished to see what kind of divinity inhabited so delightful a place.'

Truly, a nice speech for a journeyman carpenter to make to Judge Preston's only daughter.

'Well, sir, now that you have satisfied that curiosity, perhaps you will oblige me by withdrawing. You are intruding, sir.'

'Certainly,' said Jack, now in the full enjoyment of the thing; 'I will go immediately; but you must pardon me one more word—I wish to explain a trifling question, on which you do not seem quite clear. Harmony, in music, is that which appeals to the intellectual faculties—the reasoning portion of the soul. Melody, on the contrary, appeals to the affectional, or passions.'

The young girl drew back, and looked at Jack in alarm.

'No, said he, divining her suspicion 'I am not crazy; I have taken the liberty of reading your essay, here. In it, you say, "Education alone can refine and intensify our perception of melody. You should have said, "of harmony; for that rules the brain, which organ is especially susceptible to the influence of education. Melody is lord of the heart alone; and you, mademoiselle ought to be aware that the heart can't be taught, either in music or in love.'

Mias Preston was astounded.

'Sir,' she said, 'I do not know what to make of your conduct. You are very imprudent, and your intrusion here is very—very—'

'Yes, I know—very audacious and impertinent. I acknowledge that; but you must pardon me. I first entered your room to restore some papers that were liable to blow out of the window. There was no harm in that; but once inside, the elegance and cultivation exhibited here attracted me inexpressibly. Doubtless, you have observed that one's surroundings become permeated, as it were, with something of one's sphere—'one's magnetism, or whatever it is. So, in your room, I felt the presence of a nameless, invisible, yet charming spirit, and made bold to enter often—hoping that, if you knew my feelings, you would pardon them.'

Woman never repulses admiration, even from a (so-called) inferior, if it be delicately expressed. Miss Preston began to be pleased with the carpenter, despite his shirt sleeves and paper cap.

The conversation proceeded. Jack proved to the fair essayist that she was in error, as he had said, and contentiously

surprised her by the depth of his theoretical variety of his knowledge, and the elegance of his diction.

In leaving, he held out his hand, almost as soft and white as her own; and she, stifling the last traces of a false prejudice gave it a cordial pressure.

You have not worked long at your trade,' she said.

'Since my boyhood,' brazenly replied Jack; 'but—and he glanced down at his hands—I have always done the nicer kinds of work—joinery, and tea like.'

This explanation passed well enough with a girl who had never before been honored with the acquaintance of a mechanic.

The next morning, when the window was open'd, the twain exchanged salutations fell into a discussion that became so interesting, that Jack was once more compelled to enter the apartment.

Alas, for the progression of the new cornice!

For nearly two weeks, this state of things continued, until Laura Preston was forced to confess, maugre her pride, that she sincerely loved Jack Crawford, the journeyman carpenter.

He would not believe it—it contradicted his theory of the mercenary character of woman.

And, I notice, we never believe anything which contradicts our theories.

Finally, when the cornice became ridiculous, and had to be finished whether or no, Laura petitioned her father to have some wardrobes put up—especially an ornamented one, in her chamber, with any amount of nice work on it. Of course, Jack had the task, though the old judge grumbled terribly about employing so slow a workman.

It took six weeks to finish that wardrobe!

By the time it was done up, Jack's theory was done up too; and sweet Laura Preston had promised to become his wife, in spite of her father's pride—in spite of Jack's blue overalls and paper cap—in spite of the world's notions.

Sensible girl!

There was only one thing for Jack to do, and that was to reveal his true position to Laura and her father—a task that didn't take him so long as putting up a cornice.

Three months afterward, I said a joyful good-bye to a newly wedded pair, just starting for Europe on the honeymoon trip.

As I shook the tiny, white-gloved hand of the bride, and saw her charming face beneath the gossamer tissued veil that depended from her 'love of a bonnet,' I turned to the proud and happy bridegroom.

'Well, Jack,' said I, 'if you remember our conversation, last summer, on the bank of the stream, at St. Blossom, perhaps you can tell me what you think now of the sentiments you then expressed.'

'My dear George, said the quondam mechanic, 'there are exceptions to all rules.'

A company has been formed in New York City to import a number of camels to this country, to be used for transportation purposes on the Western plains next summer.

A Copperhead has recently been defined to be "a man who won't consent to marry a negro wench," stubbornly adhere to the "white trash."

New Orleans papers announce that the Hon. Pierre Soule is soon expected to arrive in that city and make it his permanent home.

The St. Paul Pioneer estimates that the wheat crop of Minnesota this year will thresh out nearly nine mil. 10 bushels.

GETTING MARRIED.—A loafer, who had been noisy, was up before the Mayor's court. His honor told him to pay over five dollars for his fine.

'C-c-c can't do it,' muttered he; 'a-a-in't got the p p pewter.'

'Are you a married man?' inquired the Mayor.

'N-n-n-not exactly so f.f.far gone yet, sir.'

'Well, I will have to send you to the work house.'

'T-t-t-ain't nuthin' to-g-g go there,' said Alick—'b b but when you t-t-talked about m-m-marrried, old fellow, you f-f-frightened me?'

HOW LONG PAT WORE HIS SHIRT.—An officer who was inspecting his company one morning, spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed.

'Patrick O'Flynn!' called out the Captain.

'Here, your honor!' promptly responded Pat, with his hand to his cap.

'How long do you wear a shirt?' thundered the officer.

'Twenty-eight inches,' was the adjointer.

A gentleman who had the curiosity to spend a dime in answering an advertisement which promised "valuable information" for that amount, received by mail the following answer. It's about the average:

FRIEND: For ten cents postage, please find enclosed advice which may be of great value to you. As many persons are injured for weeks, months and years by the careless use of a knife, therefore, my advice is when you use a knife, *always whittle from you!*

Funny—to see a young lady with both hands in soft dough, and a musquitto on the end of her nose.

A wag having married a girl named Church, says he has enjoyed more happiness since he joined the Church than he ever did before.

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