

# The Elk Advocate.

P. W. BARRETT Editor [INDEPENDENT] TERMS—\$1 50 per Annum if paid in Advance  
VOL. 6 RIDGWAY ELK COUNTY PENNA. SATURDAY December, 23d 1865. NO 1

BALE T. R.—This disorder is a loss and unsightly difficulty, and one very liable to run through a herd of cattle to the serious detriment of the appearance of the stock. The remedy is a very simple one, and as we are informed by a correspondent, a very efficient one. Take a coarse cob, and rub the affected part until the surface is smooth, and apply some grease as an emollient.

A driver of a coach in Texas, stopping to get some water for the young ladies in the carriage, being asked what he stopped for, replied, "I am watering my flowers." A delicate compliment.

A young Miss, dressed in a white waist and blue skirt, when asked where the red needed to form the tri-color was, simply pointed to her cheeks.

A clergyman said in a recent sermon that the path of rectitude had been travelled so little of late years it had completely run to grass.

A Miss of thirteen summers, residing in Portland, Maine, weighs three hundred and five pounds, and is gaining finely.

It is funny to see a young lady with both hands in soft dough, and a mosquito on the end of her nose.

Artemus Ward says his hair resembles lovers on the eve of separation. It is hard to part.

A Western editor apologizes to his readers after this fashion: "We expected to have a death and a marriage to publish this week, but a violent storm prevented the wedding, and the doctor being sick, the patient recovered, and we are accordingly cheated out of both."

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.

"Say, Sam, what do you sell dem shoes for?"  
"Can't sell dem, Pong."  
"Why not?"  
"Kase, dey's half' sold already."

The following is dedicated to the Fitholders:  
There was a little monkey sat on a little tree—  
He sat there as long as he wanted for to be;  
And when he got tired he got down, don't you see?  
And went and sat on another little tree.

A moon-struck wooer presented a rose to a lady, accompanied with the following lines:  
Accept, dear maid, this beautiful rose,  
To deck thy breast most fair;  
Observe its hue, no wonder why  
It blushes to be there!

I will accept thy beautiful rose,  
And on my breast enslave it;  
But should it blush, I should suppose  
'Tis for the fool that gave it!

"Do you like codfish balls, Mr. Wiggin?" Mr. Wiggin, hesitatingly; "I really don't know, miss, I never recollect attending one."

One of our contemporaries says he had a horse given him. He forgot to add the word "whipping."

Why is a convalescent dyspeptic like a revived criminal?  
Because he can't digest yet.

He who gets angry in a discussion while his opponent keeps cool, holds the lot end of the poker.

About three hundred second lieutenants are to be immediately appointed in the regular army. The number will be apportioned among the Congressional Districts. All applicants must have served two years in the volunteers, and been honorably discharged therefrom. A Board is in session to examine the testimonials of candidates, and select such for personal examination as may seem fitted.

ROBBERY NEAR GALLITZIN.—Some time since, an old citizen of this county named Maguire, residing near Gallitzin, was knocked down and robbed of over \$100 in money, while crossing the mountain from the coal mines, near the tunnel, on the Blair side. He was so much stunned by the blow that he did not recover for several hours, when he found his way to the Justice's office at Gallitzin. Constable Ely, of Altoona, was telegraphed the next morning to go up and capture the highwayman. Mr. Maguire had seen the man just as he was about to strike, and gave a description of his height and appearance. With this the constable started on a visit to the mines, and soon laid hold of a man who answered the description. He protested that he was innocent. On taking him before Maguire, the latter identified him as the man who had struck him. On searching his person, \$80 of the money taken from Maguire was found. The affair happened in Blair county, where bail was entered for the appearance of the miner at next court.

**PROFESSIONAL CADRS**  
**SOUTHER & WILLIS**  
Attorneys at Law, Ridgway Elk county Pa., will attend to all professional business promptly.  
J. C. CHAPIN  
Attorney and counselor 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.

**LAURIE J. BLAKELY**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.  
UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER.  
Ridgway, [or Benzinger P. O.] Elk Co. Pa.

**T. T. ABRAMS**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

**DR. W. JAMES BLAKELY**  
St. Mary's Elk County Pa.

**DR. W. W. SHAW**  
Practises Medicines & Surgery  
Centerville Elk Co. Pa.

**DR. J. S. BORDWELL**  
ELECTRIC 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.

**DR. A. S. HILL**  
Kersey, Elk County Pennsylvania.  
Will promptly answer all professional calls, by night or day.

**HOTEL CARDS.**  
**FRED. KORB'S**  
**Eagle Hotel**  
Luthersburg, Clearfield County Pa.

Fredrick Korb Proprietor has 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.—1f.

**NATIONAL HOTEL!**  
Corner of Peach Street and the Buffalo Road, B & I W P A.

**ENOS B. HOYT**, Proprietor  
This House is new and fitted up with especial care for the convenience and comfort of guests, at moderate rates.  
GOOD STABLE ATTACHED.

**EXCHANGE HOTEL**, Ridgway, Elk county Pa.,  
**DAVID THAYER**, Prop'r.

This house is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Clarion, in the lower end of the town, is well provided with house-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**  
BOYINGTON & MOORE, Proprietors  
Ridgway Elk County Penna.

**CLEARFIELD HOUSE**, CORNER OF MARKET AND WATER ST.  
Clearfield Pa  
GEO. N. COLBURN, PROPRIETOR

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

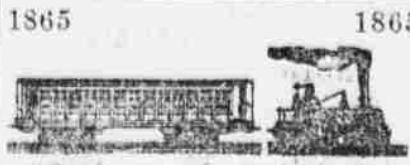
**FALLEN HOUSE**  
LOCK HAVEN, PA.  
E. W. BIGONY, Proprietor.

Omnibus running to and from the Depot free of charge.

**BUSINESS CARDS**  
**BORDWELL & MESSENGER**  
DRUGGISTS,  
Dealers in Drugs and Chemicals, PAINTS, OILS AND VARNISH, Stationery & Toilet Articles & Stationary.  
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  
Sticks " " " " - - - 30  
Hams " " " " - - - 25  
Pork " " " " - - - 20



**PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RAIL ROAD.**—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.  
Erie Mail Train 8 39 a. m.  
Erie Express Train 7 57 p. m.

Leave Westward.  
Erie Mail Train 11 37 a. m.  
Erie Express Train 10 10 p. m.

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

**NEW YORK CONNECTION.**  
Leave New York at 6.00 p. m., Arrive at Erie 3.37 a. m.  
Leave Erie at 1.55 p. m., arrive at New York 1.15 p. m.

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 L. TYLER, General Supt. Wm'st.

**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. LESHER** Dealer in Clothing, Hats, & Men's Furnishing Goods WATER STREET, LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON CO., PA.

**ADOLPH TIMM**, Centerville, 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 rate.

**MOORHEAD HOUSE**, Main St. Brookville Pa., C. 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.

**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 Lahr, St. Mary's  
County Surveyor, George Walmsley, St. Marys  
Commissioners, Charles Weis, St. Mary's  
Geo. Dickinson, Ridgway.  
Joseph W. Taylor, Fox.  
Auditors, R. T. Kyler, Fox  
Jacob McCauley, Fox.  
H. D. Derr, Benzett.

**A Fix**  
A farmer had occasion to send his men (who, by the way, was a jolly Dutchman), to a neighboring town for a barrel of molasses. The weather being warm, the road rough and the driver moreover driving rather fast, the molasses took a notion to "work" as it is generally called. But we will let the Dutchman tell the story in his own way: "Well, I coomed along, and I coomed along, till I got to the hill vat stands on to top up to plackmit shop, ant ten I looks round behint my punglehole tinks I vil shopt dat; so I stoped to cart ant scotched ter oxen mit grabble rok, ant droves de punhole in as tight as never vas woodnot, and coomed along agin, till I got war to forks of te road crosses one toder mit te meetin' hose, and I looks round behint mi pack agin, ant te sthuff vas all running ofer mit te parcel. "O," says I, "I fix you sow!" ant I picks up a chook mit all my might, ant te punglehole flew out mit a noise like a cannon ant knocked me down on de road flat mit my pack, ant scaret te cart and dey runs away mit te oxen ant turn dem all ofer ant proke evrytings in pieces, ant I am coomed home mit myself gist ant te cart be run to te tyful.

**NOTICE.**—All persons indebted to late Firm of C. Lahr & Co. and Fred Schoening & Co. are requested their accounts by the 1st of July next, either by note or otherwise, when the accounts will then be left for immediate collection. Persons indebted to Fred Schoening & Co. will find their accounts at Centerville until the above stated time.

CHAS. LAHR, St. Mary's, May 15th 1865.

**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 Court's,  
LAURIE J. BLAKELY,  
District Attorney.

**Wit, Wisdom and Fun.**  
[We commence this column with the following rare hit of laughable ingenuity on the typographical errors of "My First Poem"]—  
Ah! here it is! I'm famous now—  
An author and a poet!  
It really is in print! ye gods!  
How proud I'll be to show it!  
And gentle Annie! What a thrill  
Will animate her breast,  
To read these ardent lines and know  
To whom they are addressed.

Why, bless my soul!—here's something strange:  
What can the paper mean  
By talking of the "graceful books  
That gander o'er the green."  
And here's a r instead of e,  
Which makes it "tipping rill";  
"We'll seek the shad," instead of "shade,"  
And "hell," instead of "hill."

"They look so"—What! I recollect,  
"I was 'sweet' and then 'was kind';  
And now to think the stupid fool  
For 'bland' has printed 'blind';  
Was ever such provoking work—  
'Tis curious, by the by  
How anything is rendered 'blind'  
By giving it an eye.

"Hast thou no tears," the T's left out,  
"Hast thou no cars," instead;  
"I hope that thou art dear" is put  
"I hope that thou art dead."  
Who ever saw in such a space  
So many blunders crammed!  
"Those gentle eyes bedimmed" is spelt  
"Those gentle eyes badimmed."

"The color of the rose" is "nose,"  
"Affection" is "affliction";  
I wonder if the likeness holds  
In fact as well as fiction.  
"Thou art a friend," the n is gone;  
Who ever would have deemed  
That such a trifling thing could change  
"A friend" into a "fiend!"

"Thou art the same" is rendered "lame!"  
It really is too bad;  
And here, because an I is out,  
My "lovely maid" is "mad";  
They drove her blind by poking in  
An eye—a process new;  
And now they've gonged it out again,  
And made her crazy, too.

"Where are the muses fled, that thou  
Shouldst live so long unsung  
Thus red my vision—here it is—  
"Shouldst live so long unhang."  
"The fate of woman's love is thine,  
And it commences 'fate';  
How small a circumstance will turn  
A woman's love to hate.

I'll read no more! What more I do!  
I'll never dare to send it!—  
The paper's scattered far and wide—  
"Tis now too late to mend it,  
Oh Fame! thou cheat of human bliss!  
Why did I ever write!  
I wish my poem had been burnt  
Before it saw the light.

Let's stop and recapitulate—  
I've d'm'd her eyes, that's plain;  
I've told her she's a lunatic,  
And blind, and deaf and lame.  
Was ever such a horrid hash  
In poetry or in prose?  
I've said she was a fiend, and praised  
The color of her nose.

I wish I had that editor  
About a mile a minute;  
I'd bang him to his hear's content,  
And wish an U begin it.  
I'd jam his body, eyes and bones,  
And spell it with a U.  
And send him to that hill of his—  
He spells it with an z.

**A Fix**  
A farmer had occasion to send his men (who, by the way, was a jolly Dutchman), to a neighboring town for a barrel of molasses. The weather being warm, the road rough and the driver moreover driving rather fast, the molasses took a notion to "work" as it is generally called. But we will let the Dutchman tell the story in his own way: "Well, I coomed along, and I coomed along, till I got to the hill vat stands on to top up to plackmit shop, ant ten I looks round behint my punglehole tinks I vil shopt dat; so I stoped to cart ant scotched ter oxen mit grabble rok, ant droves de punhole in as tight as never vas woodnot, and coomed along agin, till I got war to forks of te road crosses one toder mit te meetin' hose, and I looks round behint mi pack agin, ant te sthuff vas all running ofer mit te parcel. "O," says I, "I fix you sow!" ant I picks up a chook mit all my might, ant te punglehole flew out mit a noise like a cannon ant knocked me down on de road flat mit my pack, ant scaret te cart and dey runs away mit te oxen ant turn dem all ofer ant proke evrytings in pieces, ant I am coomed home mit myself gist ant te cart be run to te tyful.

**Sermons.**  
The custom of taking a text as the basis of a sermon is said to have originated about the time of Ezra, who, accompanied by several Levites in a public congregation of men and women, ascended the pulpit, opened the book of law, and after addressing a prayer to the Deity to which the people said "Amen," read the law of God distinctly, gave the sense and caused them to understand the reading. Previous to the time of Ezra (457 years B. C.) the patriarchs delivered in public assemblies either prophesies or moral instruction for the people; and it was not until the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity, during which they had almost lost the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain as well as to read the scriptures to them—a practice adopted by Ezra, and since universally followed. In later times (Acts xv, 31) the book of Moses was read in the Synagogue every Sabbath day. To this habit our Saviour conformed, and in the Synagogue, on Sabbath day, read a passage from the prophet Isaiah, then closing the book, returned it to the priest, and preached from the text.

**FORK YOUR GARDENS.**—Professed gardeners well understand the full management of these important little family farms. It is needless to tell them how much the success of next year's crops depends upon turning up the ground late in November intended for such crops. But there are many others—those who have small gardens—and in this class are many of our well-to-do farmers—who only raise half crops of vegetables, and these of an inferior quality, and wonder why it is so.

Now, if they will use the garden fork, and turn the soil up full fork deep, allowing it to remain in lumps all winter exposed to the frost, it will put the soil in excellent condition and tend greatly to add to the production of next year's crops. Gardens, especially old ones, should also be limed about once in five years, and salted about every other year, applying of lime at the rate of about thirty bushels to the acre, and of salt from eight to ten. In applying salt keep it from coming in contact with boxwood and all other evergreens, very small trees, &c. Such a course will bring up your old gardens in a surprising manner. Turnips, radishes, &c., will grow as well as they ever did, and all other vegetables be largely benefited.

**A GOOD WIFE.**—A translation of a Welsh triad:  
She is modest, void of deceit and obedient.  
Pure of conscience, gracious of tongue, and true to her husband.  
Her heart not proud, her manners affable, and her bosom full of compassion for the poor.

Laboring to be tidy, skillful of hand, and fond of praying to God.  
Her conversation aimable, her dress decent and her house orderly.  
Quick of hand, quick of eyes, and quick of understanding.  
Her person shapely, her manners agreeable, and her heart innocent.

Her face benignant, her head intelligent, and provident.  
Neighorly, gentle, and of a liberal way of thinking.  
Able in directing, providing what is wanting, and a good mother to her children.

Loving her husband, loving peace, and loving God.  
Happy is the man who possesses such a wife.

**Care of Horses.**  
I will give my men the credit of taking good care of their horses! Of course, they do not clean them as thoroughly as they should—few men do. There is not one farm horse in a hundred that is more than half groomed. A little curry-combing, in the morning, is frequently all the cleaning that horses get. I have seen horses brought home dripping wet, and left for the night without as much as a with of straw being rubbed over them. If such men were obliged to sleep in their wet clothes, they would, perhaps, appreciate the cruelty of their conduct. Most farm men seem to have a mortal dread of doing anything by candle light. If left to themselves, they would, at this season, quit work at five o'clock, water their horses as they bring them in, take off the harness, give them some grain and fill the racks with hay, bed them down, and then leave them till half past five or six o'clock next morning! Shade of my forefathers! what would you say to such teamsters?—Cor, exchange paper.

The best capital for a young mechanic is a capital young wife. It is at least a sort of capital that is generally productive, a point always considered in making investments.

**A Deaf Crier.**  
An old court crier, who had grown grey in the cause, and as deaf as a beetle, was in the habit of calling the names of witnesses (which he generally managed to get wrong) from the second story window of the court house, in such a stentorian voice as to be heard with distinctness for a square or more. On one occasion, in the course of a very serious and somewhat important suit, the presence of a witness, named Arabella Hanks, was needed. The crier, like a parrot, sat nodding on his perch, when he was aroused from his slumber by an order from the Court to call the witness. Looking anxiously at the Judge with his hand to his ear, in order to catch the sound correctly, he said:  
"What, your lordship?"  
"Call Arabella Hanks," said Judge.  
Still in doubt, the poor crier arose from his seat and said again, with a much puzzled look. "What, your lordship?"  
"Call Arabella Hanks, crier, and delay the court no longer!" said the Judge much provoked.

The old crier, thereupon, with a countenance which indicated both doubt and desperation, proceeded to the window, and in his loudest voice called out:  
"Yaller Belly Shanks! Yaller Belly Shanks! come into court!"  
It is needless to say that the seriousness of the court room was conclusively dispelled; and quiet was restored only to be again disturbed by the laughter caused by the crier, who in answer to the Court as to whether or not the witness replied, said, "No, your lordship; and I don't believe there is such a person in the county, for I've lived here forty years, and I never he'erd of him before!"

**THE LABOR OF WRITING.**—A rapid penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his quill through the space of one rod six teen and one-half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong; in five and one-third hours one mile.

We make, on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make four hundred and eighty-eight to each minute; in an hour, twenty-eight thousand eight hundred; in a day of only five hours, one hundred and forty-four thousand; in a year of three hundred days in a year forty-three millions two hundred thousand.

The man who makes one hundred million of strokes with a pen in a month is not all remarkable. Many men make four millions.

Here we have in the aggregate a mark three hundred miles long, to be traced on paper by each writer in a year. In making each letter of ordinary alphabet we must make from three to seven strokes of the pen—on an average three and a half to four.—*Commercial College Monthly.*

**AGAINST THE CURRENT.**—A waggish chap, whose vixen wife by drowning lost her precious life, called out to her neighbors, all around, and told 'em that his spouse was drowned, and in spite of search could not be found. He knew, he said, the very nook, where she had tumbled in the brook, and he had dragged along the shore, above the place a mile or more.  
"Above the place?" the people cried; "why, what'd ye mean?"  
The man replied:  
"Of course you don't suppose I'd go and waste the time to search below? I've known the woman quite a spell, and learnt her fashions to 'ble well: alive or dead, she'd go, I swear, against the current, anyhow!"

**A HAPPY REPORT.**—A man was brought into court on the charge of having stolen some ducks from a farmer.  
"How do you know they are your ducks?" asked the defendant's counsel.  
"Oh, I should know them anywhere," replied the farmer, who proceeded to describe their peculiarities.  
"Why," said the prisoner's counsel, "those ducks can't be such a rare breed—I have some very like them in my yard."  
"That's not unlikely sir," said the farmer, "they are not the only ducks I've had stolen lately."  
"Call the next witness."

An Irishman, in describing America, said, "You might roll England thru it, an' it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh water oceans inside that we might drown old Ireland in; and as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner and ye'd never be able to find it out, except might be by the smell of whisky."

The following name is published in the list of advertised letters remaining in the New York postoffice:  
John Ollenbanquegratentsteinersbo. beebicker.