

Geo. G. Heall

The Elk Advocate.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Laurie J. Blakely
Attorney and Counselor
at Law.
United States Commissioner.
Ridgway, [for Benzinger P. O.] Elk Co.
Pa.

Souther & Willis
Attorneys at Law, Ridgway Elk county
Pa. will attend to all professional
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This house is new and fitted up
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of guests, at moderate rates.
FREE HACK, to and from the Depot.
GOOD STABLES ATTACHED.

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Eagle Hotel
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Luthersburg, Clearfield County Penna.

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Corrected weekly:

Apples, (dry) bushel	4 00
Buckwheat " "	1 50
Beans, " "	4 00
Butter " lb	48
Beef " "	10@15
Boards " M	20 00
Corn " bushel	1 50
Flour " "	11 00
Hides " lb	08
Hay " ton	15 00
Oats " bu.	90
Wheat " "	2 50
Rye " "	1 75
Shingles " M	4 50
Eggs " dozen	50
Hams " lb	25
Dress " "	18

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

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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 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.
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Erie Mail Train 8 39 a. m.
Erie Express Train 7 57 p. m.

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

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L. J. Blakely, Ridgway.
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Charles Luhr, St. Mary's.
County Surveyor,
George Walmesley, St. Mary's.
Commissioners,
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NOTICE.—All persons indebted to late Firms of C. Luhr & Co. and Fred Schoning & 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 Schoning & Co., will find their accounts at Centreville until the above stated time.

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

MADAM SCANDAL.

A long time ago, in the western part of England, there lived an aged couple whose time passed away since early youth in the every-day round of farm life, and who had never been known to have the least ill feeling towards each other, since the time when good old Parson Harlot had united them in the holy bonds of wedlock, twenty five years before. So well was the tact of their conjugal happiness known that they were spoken of far and near as the happiest pair in England. Now the Devil (excuse the abrupt mention of his name) had been trying for twenty years to create what is called a "fiss" in the family between these old companions. But, much to his mortification, he had not been able to induce the old gentleman to grumble about breakfast being too late or the old woman to give a single curtain lecture.

After repeated efforts, the Devil became dis-couraged, and had he not been a person of great determination, he would doubtless given the work up in despair. One day as he walked along in a very sultry mood after another attempt to get the old lady to quarrel about the pigs getting into the yard, he met an old lady, a neighbor of the aged couple. As Mr. Devil and the neighbor were very particular friends, they needs stop on the way and chat a little.

"Good morning, sir," said she, "and pray what on earth makes you look so bad this morning? Isn't the controversy between all the churches doing service?"

"Yes," replied he, "Isn't Deacon W. making plenty of bad whiskey?"

"Yes," replied she, "Well, what is the matter, my highly honored master?"

"Everything is going on well enough," replied the Devil, "but (and he looked as sour as a monkey on a crab apple tree) old Blueford and his wife over here are injuring the cause terribly by their bad example; and after trying four years to induce them to do right, I must say I consider them hopeless."

"The hag stood a moment in deep thought. 'Are you sure you have tried every way?'"

"Every way I can think of," replied he, "Are you certain?"

"Yes," replied she, "if you will promise to make me a present of a new pair of shoes, in case I succeed, I will make the attempt myself, and see if I can raise a quarrel between them?"

To this reasonable request the Devil gladly assented. The old hag went her way to old Blueford's house, and found Mrs. Blueford busily engaged in getting things ready for her husband's comfort on his return from work. After the usual compliments had passed, the following dialogue took place:

"Well, friend B., you and Mr. B. have lived a long time together."

"Five and twenty years, come November," said she.

"And all this time you have never had a quarrel?"

"Not one."

"I am truly glad to hear it," continued the hag; "I consider it my duty to warn you, though this is the case, you must not expect it to be always. Have you not observed that of late Mr. B. has grown peevish and sullen at times?"

"A very little so," observed Mrs. Blueford.

"I knew it," continued the hag, "and let me warn you to be on your guard."

"Mrs. B. did think she had better do so, and asked advice as to how she should manage the case."

"Have you not noticed," said the hag, "that your husband has a bunch of long harsh hair growing under the chin, side of his throat?"

"Yes," replied she, "These hairs are the cause of the trouble, and as long as they remain, you had better look out. Now as a friend I would advise you to cut them off the first time you get a chance, and thus end the trouble, and as long as they remain, you had better look out."

"Soon after this, the hag started for home, and made it convenient to meet Mr. B. on the way. Much the same talk in relation to his domestic happiness passed between him and the old woman.

"But, friend Blueford," said she, "I think it my duty as a Christian, to warn you to be on your guard, for I tell you your wife intends your ruin."

Old Mr. B. was very much astonished, yet he could not wholly disregard her words. When he reached home, he threw himself on a bed in perplexity, and feigning himself asleep, studied the matter over in his mind. His wife thinking this a good opportunity for cutting off the obnoxious hair, took her husband's razor, and crept softly to his side. Now the old lady was much frightened at holding a razor so close to her husband's neck; and her hand was not so steady as it once was; so, between the two, she went to work very awkwardly, and pulled the hairs, instead of cutting them off. B. opened his eye and there stood his wife with a razor at his throat. After what had been told him, and seeing this, he could not doubt but that she intended to murder him. He sprang from the bed with horror and no explanation or entreaty could convince him to the contrary. So from that time there was jaw, quarrelling, and wrangling all the time.

With delight the Devil heard of the success of the faithful emissary, and sent her word if she would meet him at the end of the lane, at a certain time he would pay her the shoes. At the appointed time she repaired to the spot, and found the Devil at the place. He put the shoes on a pole, and standing on the opposite side of the fence, handed them over to her. She was much pleased with them—they were exactly the thing.

"But there is one thing, Mr. Devil, I would like you to explain; that is, why you hand them to me on a stick?"

"Very easy to explain; replied he, 'Any one who has the cunning and meanness to do as you have done, don't get nearer than twenty feet to me.'" So saying, he fled in terror.

After a while the old woman died, and when she applied for admission to the lower regions, the Devil would not let her in, for fear she might de-throne him, as she was so much his superior. So the old woman is yet condemned to wander over the world, creating quarrels and strife in peaceful families and neighborhoods.

Would you know her name? It is Madam Scandal. When she died, the little Scandals were left orphans, but the Devil, in consideration of past services done by the mother, adopted them; and so you see he is father to that respectable class called scandal mongers.

Reader, don't you know some of the family?

'Brick Pomeroyals'—An Un-lucky Dutchman.

Hillflicker Snicksnacker, a Teutonic vender of sour kraut, wooden combs, crude cabbage, stripped mittens, cotton suspenders, and such "liddle dings," with true patriotic zeal, left his home in La Crosse at the commencement of the war, and enlisted as a sloop grocery keeper behind the sutler's tent, on the Potomac. When he went away it was the intention of making some "monish," if it took all summer, and nobody did he fight it out on this line. How he done it, is best told as he told it to us on his return, last week:

You see, Mr. Bumroy, der tram beats, and der call coons to go to wars mit arms. Ise be patriotic so much as Sheneral Washburn, Sheneral Cortiss or Sheneral Bangs, or any dem Shenerals who lives to come home great men. So I buy some liddle tings, and gets some papers from the War Committee and goes mit ter poys ter be patriots and sell some liddle dings and make some monish. I kiss my frow five, nineteen dimes, and goes mit der war. I goes to Shamborsburg and makes much monish. One day I poke my window out of mine head to hear the serenade, and dinks of somedings, when I see Stonewall Shackson mit his droops under der pig brass band coming down der street playing like ter tyfel on der brass band.

"Who's bin here since Ish bin gone?"

"Dat Stonewall Shackson is ter tyfel mit fighting, and I puts my monish in mine bocket, and mine liddle papers in mine bag, and I goes so quick as never was to Gettysburg. Und der I opens some store and sells some liddle dings. Und one day I hears men on der horse, back riding down der street like der der der and den I pokes der wider under mine head and looks myself up der street, and der goomes that tyfel Sheneral Stonewall Shackson, playing dat same older tune as I heard before."

"Who's bin here since Ish bin gone?"

"Den I make mine monish gooms inter mine bockets, und makes mine bag goome inter mine papers, und put mine sighthou ter pig store on der corner, so I losses more goods I had not got, und dinks I go to Wisconsin to see mine yrow as I haint seen dese two years, so long time as never wash."

"Den I goomes home, und knocks und der door, und my yrow she mak talk und tell me 'whose der?'"

"Den I say 'Hillflicker Snicksnacker,' und she knows dat is mine name, und she make herself gooms out der house, and give me nine, seven times kiss on mine face so good as never wash."

"Den Mr. Bumroy, I looks mine eyes, and I sees some dings! And so I ask mine yrow is shes to be married, why she makes so much grow, when I be gone mit to wars? Und I gits mad as der tyfel, and den I tinks of dat taud Sheneral Stonewall Shackson und his pig brass band; und I sings:

"Who's bin here since Ish bin gone?"

And now, Mr. Bumroy, somepody makes troubles mit me, for Ish been gone

two years, und I know some dings. I ocs pack mit ter war und sings dat taud sheneral Shackson song all ter way?"

—*La Crosse (Wis.) Democrat*
JOSH BILLINGS ON SKATING.
Having herd much about skating, arks, and the grate amount ov health and muscle they woz imparting tew the present generation at a slite advance rom rust cost, I bought a ticket and went within the fence.

I found the ice in a very slippery sandishun, covering about 5 akers of artyfishal water, which was owned by a stock company, and froze tew order.

Upon one side of the pond waz ercked little grocery buildings, where the sellers (kivered with blishes) hitched the magic iron tew their feet.

It was a most exsiting scene; the sun waz in the sky—the wind waz in the air—and the birds waz in the South—and the snow waz on the ground—and the ice lay shivering with a kold—and angels (ov both genders) fluktu ated past me pro and con, 2 and fro, here a liddle and there a good deal.

It was a most exciting scene; I wanted tew holler "Bully," or lay down und rool over.

But I kept in, and asked with glory. Health waz pikurd on menny a nobble brow.

Az the femail angels put out ov the pond, side by side with the male angels, it waz the most powerfull scene I ever stood behind.

The long red tape from their necks swum in the breeze, and the featherz in their Jockeys flat tered in the breeze, and other things (so much to mention) fluttered in the breeze.

I don't think I ever waz more crazy before in my life—on ice.

For 2 long hours I stood and gazed with dum excitement.

I felt like a kanall hoss turned suddenly out tew grass.

I didn't know how tew proceed.

Az one of the angels, more sudden than awl the rest, cum fleeing down the trak, 3 lengths ahead of her male angel awl eyes waz gorging with her heavy, early bust of speed; she seemed tew have cut luce from earth, and waz bound South, for the Cape of Good Hope, when awl tew out, with gorgous swoop terriffick, down crumbling in a lupid heap she went, with squeal terriffic; a living lovely mass ov disastrous skirt and taping ankle.

Aw! gathered around the busted angel; but le! in a minutt's space, her wings agin waz plumed, and every feather waz in its lawful place; and on she fled, lading like wine thru its bateous blishes.

I had saw enuff—more happiness than belonced to me—and as I sloly wended back tew mi hum at the tavern I felt—good

INCREDULITY PERSONIFIED.

There is living on Martha's Vineyard an old man who has never been off the Island, and the extent of his knowledge is bounded by the confines of his home. He has been told of a war between the North and South, but as he has never heard the din of battle, nor seen any soldiers, he considered it a hoax. He is utterly unable to read, and is ignorant to the last degree. An excellent story is told of his first and only day at school. He was sent, and as the teacher was classifying the school he was called in turn and interrogated as to his former studies.

Of course he had to say that he had never been to school, and know none of his letters. The schoolmistress gave him a seat on one side until she had finished the preliminary examination of the rest of the scholars. She then called him to her and drew on the black board the letter A, told him what it was and wished him to remember how it looked. He looked at it a moment and then inquired (he stuttered):

"H-h-how do you know it's A?"

The teacher replied that when she was a girl, she had been to school to an old gentleman who told her so.

The boy eyed the A for a moment and then asked, "H-h-how did he know?"

This was almost a stunner, but the teacher suddenly recollected that he had told her that when a boy he had been to a school to a lady, who taught him that it was A.

The boy eyed the letter a liddle longer, when he burst out with, "H-h-how did he know but she lied?"

The teacher could not get over this obstacle, and the poor boy was sent home as incorrigible.

A BAD FIX.—"Well, lasht night vas de vashash never vas. I thought to go down de hill to mine house, but no sooner did I walk de faster I stand still, for de darkness waz so tick I could not stir in mine boots, and de rain—dunder and blizen! In rare'n tree minutes mine skin vas vet to mine close. But alter one liddle while stopped quitten rain romeding; so I keep feeling myself all de vay long; and when I come to mine own house to walk in, vat you tink? It belong to somepody else."

Courting in Right Style

"Git out you nasty puppy—let me alone, or I'll tell ma!" exclaimed Sally to her lover, George, who sat about ten feet from her pulling dirt out of the jam.

"I ain't techin you Sal," responded George.

"Well perhaps you don't mean to nuther, do yer?"

"No, I don't."

"Cause, why, you're to tarna' scarry, you long legged, lantern jawed, slabsided, pigeon toed, gander-kneek owt you ain't got a tarna' bit o'sense; ge, along home with you."

"Now, Sal, I love you, and I can't help it, and ef you don't let me stay, and court you, my daddy will sue youn for that cow he sold him 'tother day. By jingo! he said he'd do it."

"Well, look here, George, if you want to court me, you'd better do it as a white-man does that thing—not set there as if you thort I waz pizen."

"How on arth is that Sal?"

"Why, sidle right up here and hug and kiss me as you really had some bone and sinner of a man about you. Do you a pose a woman's only made to look at, you fool. You know they are made for 'practical result,' as Kossuth says—to hug and kiss and sich like."

"Well," said George, drawin a long breath, "if I must I must, for I do love you Sal," and George commenced sidling up to her like a poker going to battle.—Laying his arms gently upon Sal's shoulder, we thought we heard Sal say

"Now you begin to please me, old hoss; that's actin like a white man orter."

"Oh, Jerusalem and pancakes!" exclaimed George, "if this ain't better than any apple sass ever marm made, a darn sight. Crackle buckwheat cakes, slajpacks and lasses ain't nowhere long side of you, Sal—Oh, how I love you!"

Here their lips came together, and the report that followed was like pulling a horse's foot out of the mire.

"The Ladies' Man."

By his air and gait, the ultra-fashionable style of his clothing the killing curl of his moustache, the "look and die" expression of his simpering face his stream of small talk, and sundry other signs and tokens of a plethora of vanity, and a lack of soul and brain, you may distinguish at a glance, the individual who plumes himself a "ladies man."

His belief in his own irresponsibility is written all over him. And to say the truth, your ladies' men have some grounds for their self conceit. It is in-dubitable that girls do sometimes fall in love who look as if they had walked out of a tailor's fashion plates, creatures that by the aid of the various artists who contribute to the "make up" of human popinjays, have been converted into superb examples of what art can effect in the way of giving man an unmanly appearance. The woman who marries one of these flutterers is to be pitied; for, if she has any glimmerings of common sense, and a heart under her bodice, she will soon discover that her dainty husband has no more of a man's spirit in him than an automatic figure on a Savoyard's hand organ. But a woman worth a true man's love is never caught by such a specimen of ornamented hol-low ware. A sensible woman is, in fact, a terror to "ladies' men," for they are aware that her penetrating eye looks through them, and sounds the depths of their emptiness. She knows the man indeed from the trumpery counterfeit, and has no touch of the mackerel propensity to jump at a fleshy bait, in her wholesome composition. The ladies' man should be permitted to live and die a bachelor. His vocation is to dangle after the sex, to talk soft nonsense, to carry shawls and luns, to astonish boarding-school misses, and to kindle love-flames as evanescent and harmless as the fizz of a squib. If, however, he must needs become a Benedict, let him be yoked with some vain and silly flirt, his natural counterpart. So shall the law of fitness not be outraged.

THE YOUNG MEN OF THE AGE.

Not long since, we saw a tear gathering in the eye of an old man as he spoke, of the past and the present—of the time when he learned pine knots upon the rude home and heath for light to obtain a scanty education, and compared the ten thousand privileges which are now scattered broadcast around every door. Oh, said he, in tremendous tones, the young men of this day, do not appreciate the light of the age they live in. The words of the old man made us sad, while at the same time, we felt mortified that so many of our young men fail to improve the advantages within their reach. They are even continually merit, ering about their lot, and pushing for positions where they can win the reward without the sweetening purifying, ennobling sacrifice of toil. The mist cloud enjoyments of a day, are eagerly sought after, to the conclusion or neglect of the more honorable, intellectual and useful. In truth here of our young men know anything of the value of the privileges around them.

LOVE—an emotion much written about by novelists and much dreamed of by school girls but nearly obsolete in practical life.

WHAT is the difference between an accepted and a rejected lover? O. O. O. kisses his miss and the other misses his kiss.

THE young lady's request—"make me an offer."