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SELECT POETRY.

Speak Gently, Mother.

Gently, mother, gently,
Chide thy little one,
Tis a toilsome journey
It has just begun;
Many a vale of sorrow,
Many a rugged steep,
Lies in its pathway.

And full of it will weep—
Oh! then, gently—gently.
Kindly, mother, kindly,
Speak in tender tone;
That dear child, remember,
Echoes back thine own;
Teach in gentle accents,
Teach in words of love;
Let the softest breeze,
Its young heart's straying move;
Kindly—mother—kindly.

Wouldst thou have the setting
Of a gem most fair,
In a crown of beauty,
It were thine to wear?
Nether, train with caution
That dear little one;
Gently, approve, and ever
Let the work be done
Gently—mother—gently.

SELECT STORIES.

Love, Cards and Suicide.

On the 4th day of July, 1849, at midnight, after a rather tedious voyage of twenty-seven days, the schooner on which I had taken passage at Hills Bay, Hawaii, dropped its anchor in the harbor of San Francisco, between the main land upon which the city stands and the rugged island of Yerba Buena.

As the vessel swung to the tide, two guns, placed on the summit of Telegraph Hill, opened their iron throats and belched forth the national salute. Each report, as it came down the entrance of the bay was echoed and re-echoed by the green, the rocky walls of the Golden Gate, and then died in faint reverberations as the wind carried it toward the sea. Hardly had the salute on the hill ended, when from the Presidio there came in more regular succession the voices of pieces of artillery stationed in it by order of the government.

Looking toward the city, the eye saw beyond a few wooden superstructures and shanties perched on the margin of the bay, and the slight ascent that led to the Plaza, a canvas, torn, tattered, and ragged, as if an army had been suddenly brought to a halt, and its regiments and brigades were resting for the night from a long and fatiguing march.

As I thus hastily scanned the shore, my mind, noticing the roughness, not to say the broadness of the site of the new great and soon to be imperial city of the Pacific world, a pleasure yacht, fitted with velvet, swept past the stern of the schooner, with its bow pointed toward what is called Angel Island, which, fourteen years ago, was more familiarly known to gold adventurers by its Spanish title, *Isle de Los Angeles*.

As I watched the yacht, I suddenly started and ran to the port side of the vessel to observe more closely those who were sailing and shouting in the joyousness of their hearts, gliding past me. Seated at the stern, with the rudder held firm in his hand, sat one whom I had known for years; who, when I saw him last, stood on one of the docks of the East River, New York, and with a friendly grasp of the hand bade me God speed on the voyage I was about to undertake.

This was four years previous to the time of which I am now writing. He caught my eye, and springing to his feet, stood for a moment seemingly irresolute, debating in his mind whether he should put about and welcome me, or proceed on his trip of pleasure. Then he raised his hat, and shouted as he did so:

"Captain, welcome! I will see you tonight. Go to Parker's on the Plaza!"
I bowed an assent, and before I had time to respond by voice to the familiar greeting of my friend, the graceful vessel in which he was took the wind fully and shot like an arrow toward the straits. Presently as it ran through the Gate, its size to my eyes was reduced to a speck, and in less time than I can express it, it was entirely lost to me as it turned the headland.

"So Walter is here!" I exclaimed, "what can possibly have induced that noble fellow to venture so far? Surely not the desire for gold? Of that he had enough in New York; and the beautiful Emily, when I last saw the sweet girl, did she acquiesce? Well, well, I will perhaps have my questions answered this evening. It is better not to raise conjectures, when presently my pardonable curiosity may be gratified."

Walter Edgeworth (I trust the family name will not be recognized, as I have changed the last syllable) was a gentleman of medium stature, but of impressive countenance. His hair, brown and eyes were dark as the wings of the raven, and the latter were, an unusual thing in black eyes, exceedingly soft, almost feminine in their expression, except when he became excited, as the humor moved him with anger or morrow; it was, indeed, when the former took possession of his soul. Us-

ually he was of equable temperament. His voice was low and musical, and his ready command of words and power of imitation made it a pleasure to his friends to listen to him, when, on an evening they gathered around the social board and conversed of men and events.

Walter was a gentleman of leisure. His position gave him access to the most refined society, and among his many female friends was Emily Bond, a girl who was fair and beautiful as nature could make a daughter of our great Mother Eve. Constant associates with Emily assured Walter that in all womanhood he could not select one who would, like Emily, make him so amiable and loving a friend in his journey through the world.

Like all heroes, he of course fell desperately in love with the pretty girl. He wooed, and I had satisfied myself by general reasoning, however, that he had won her, and long before I had recognized him in the bay of San Francisco, even when wandering along the skirts of the Celestial Kingdom, determined in my mind they were long since, according to the physiology of the church, "bone of one bone, and flesh of one flesh."

Toward the close of the day, just as the golden rays of the sun were kissing the purple crowned hills of the coast, I placed myself in the boat of the schooner, by the side of its captain, and was landed on the beach near the line of what is now called Montgomery street, the Wall street of the metropolis of the western side of our continent.

A few minutes walk, aided by the direction of persons I inquired of in the street, brought me to the Plaza, an open space, bounded on its westerly side by a long abode building, which had been devoted, previous to my arrival, to a variety of government purposes, but which had been turned into an indifferent sort of stable at one end, and a house of entertainment for children of Asia who had, about the same time with those of Europe, been attacked with the *ore teres*; and must needs come to California to participate in the fabulous wealth which it was supposed to yield with no guiding hand to all who worshipped at the shrine of Mammon, on the easterly side were the El Dorado, the United States, Dennison's Exchange, and the Parker House. Into the last named I unhesitatingly entered.

I found myself, on ascending a flight of stairs, in a spacious saloon, around the walls of which, and through the centre were placed "sofa," "sofa," and "sofa;" tables. On each of these were placed, in regular order, piles of Mexican silver dollars, golden coins, American notes and bags of various sizes and shape, made of every conceivable material, filled with auriferous metal which those who had entered and sweated, and toiled under the burning sun, had bought thither, that they might enjoy a few minutes' excitement at the gaming table.

Those who were attracted to these tables were dressed in every possible style of costume, and wags of every country under the sun. All were engaged, winning and losing their hundreds, and in stances, thousands of dollars with a nonchalance that to one so accustomed to such scenes as I was, was really astonishing.

At one table, at the other end of the saloon, I noticed a number of gentlemen elegantly attired, compared with those in the other parts of the room. To this table I presently made my way, and before it, gambling desperately, I found Walter Edgeworth.

"A thousand on ten," I heard him exclaim, and then, as I drew to his side, he whispered, as the dealer turned a card in a low, hoarse, tremulous voice:

"Lost!"
Again the game was resumed, and while it was progressing, Walter wrote on a slip an acceptance, which he handed to the keeper of the table, who nodded assentingly, as he glanced over it.

"Place it on the Queen!" said Walter, as he saw that his credit was good with the bank.

ating heat and poisoned atmosphere of the room, which had by this time been brilliantly lighted up.

As I followed closely on his steps I congratulated myself that I had not been recognized by him while he was at the table, as it might have placed him and myself in rather awkward positions, which might call for mutual explanations. While thus reasoning with myself, Walter stepped onward and passed through a throng that was making toward the centre of the saloon.

My progress was momentarily interrupted, and I lost sight of my friend. However, I hastened through the crowd as best I could, and finally reached the doorway.

The night was exceedingly dark, and I paused, chagrined at the thought that Walter had escaped me.

While I stood hesitating uncertain which path to pursue in the hope of overtaking him, a pistol whistled on the Plaza; and next I heard, but could but dimly discern, a number of persons hastening in the direction from whence the report had come. Impelled by curiosity, I also followed, and soon I came up to a group of men who were apparently looking at something lying prone upon the ground. I was about to make inquiry, when one of those standing near exclaimed—

"Poor fellow! he has blown his brains out!"
"Who is he?" cried another, "let us take him into the house, whoever he is."

Very carefully the body of the man was raised and carried to the hallway of the Dennison House, where there was a strong light, and where it was suggested a physician could be found.

When they had placed him on the floor, I had an opportunity, for the first time of noticing the features.

Great God! it was the body of my friend, Walter Edgeworth. I knelt by his side and voluntarily placed a hand on his breast. His heart had ceased to pulsate. He was dead. Fifteen minutes previously he was in the vigor of life—in the flush of manly beauty!

It was not until I had returned to New York, some three years subsequently, to the sad event here related, that I was enabled to gather the full particulars of the motives which induced Walter Edgeworth to adventure to California.

The old story of the reputed affection was told me. Walter fell, as I had long been satisfied, desperately, madly in love with the sweet, amiable, pretty Emily Bond; and when in a moment of sweet communion he had vowed his passion and asked for her hand, the fair creature sighed, and in melting tones declared the honor of an alliance—she was already engaged.

A Sheriff's Attachment.

Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon a Sheriff at term time, he was led to the door of a beautiful widow on the sunny side of thirty, who, by the way, had often bestowed melting glances on the aforesaid Sheriff. He was admitted, and the widow appeared. The confusion and fright which the arrival of her visitor occasioned, set off to greater advantage the captivating charms of the widow. Her cheek bore the beautiful blended tints of the apple blossom; her lips resembled the rosebud, upon which the morning dew yet lingered, and her eyes were like quivers of Cupid, and glances of love and tenderness with which they were filled, resembled arrows which only invited a "beam" (pardon the pun) to do full execution. After a few commonplace remarks, "Madam," said the matter-of-fact Sheriff, "I have an attachment for you." A deeper blush than usual mantled the cheeks of the fair widow, while the glances of her beautiful eyes, were centered upon her beautiful foot, which, half concealed by flowing drapery, peeped the floor. She with equal candor replied: "Sir, the attachment is reciprocal." For some time the Sheriff maintained an astonished silence, and at length said: "Madam, will you proceed to court?" "Proceed to court," then shaking her head, she said: "No, sir, though this is leap year, I will not take advantage of the license therein granted to my sex, and therefore I greatly prefer that you should proceed to court." "But, madam, the justice is waiting." "Let him wait; I am not disposed to hurry matters, and besides, sir, when the ceremony is performed, I wish you to understand I greatly prefer a minister to a justice of the peace." A light dawned on the Sheriff's brain, "Madam," said he, rising from the chair with solemn dignity, "there is a great mistake here; my language has been misunderstood; the attachment of which I speak was issued from the office of Squire O—, and commands me to bring you instantly before him to answer a contempt of court, disobeying subpoena in the case of Smith vs Jones."

PLEASE AS TO THE LATE—Robert Wilson was before Justice Milliton of Chicago, last week, charged with intoxication. He pled "half guilty," stating that he could drink a great deal and be perfectly amiable. His head always remained clear, but his knees went off too freely, and he became drunk below his hips. The officer found him on a dour step, at an early hour in the morning, leaning back a little, he was striking at his legs, and was abusing them in the fiercest manner for their base and contemptible conduct. "I have lived with you for nearly thirty years; I have led and clothed you; I have put you good and nice pantaloons and comfortable drawers. And now, at this hour in the night, when it is wet and want to go home, you go back on me, and leave me in this place. Now aren't you ashamed of yourselves—a pretty pair that you are?" From this time on he began to treat you differently. I believe I'll begin now, confound you—you shall have a warning!" With that he began to take off his pantaloons, but the benevolent officer arrested him. He was fined three dollars and deported, with many vengeance against his extremities.

A GREAT WIDOW—When a disappointed youth goes astray, friends gather around him, in order to rescue him to the path of virtue. Goodness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back again to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor errand girl has been betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the ways of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected and esteemed; but his raised, heart-broken victim knows there is no rest for her this side of the grave. Society has no helping hand for her—no smile of peace—no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities—they are unknown of Heaven. There is deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences. The injustice of society is vividly brought to mind in the case delineated.

—What to do with the national debt—leave it a loan.

—Unpopular Soldiers—Private Pique and Corporal Punishment.

—Why is nibbled cheese like a concluded treaty? Because it has been ratified.

—It is suggested, that the graduates of female colleges be dubbed *Artful Maidens*.

—The key to the mother's heart is the baby. Keep that well oiled with praise, and you can unlock all the pantries in the house.

—It is the belief of old cotton factors at Nashville that not more than forty thousand bales will reach that city this season.

The Housekeeper.

CAN'T COOK—It is a sad defect when young ladies are "incapable of directing their own servants—shoes without soles, or wristbands without a shirt are not more useless than one of these. One day shortly after his marriage, a young merchant went home, and seeing his wife not ready, and his wife appearing anxious and confused, asked:

"What is the matter?"
"Nothing," replied his wife, and the chambermaid knows no more about cooking a dinner than a man in the moon.

"You don't see how she is under your direction?" replied the husband very coolly.

"Under my direction? I should like to see a dinner cooked, under my direction."

"Why so?" asked the husband in surprise.
"You certainly do not think I could?" replied the wife; "how should I know anything about cooking?"

The husband was silent, but his look of astonishment perplexed and worried his wife.

"You look very much surprised," she said after a moment or two of clasped hands.

"And so I am," answered he "as much surprised as I should be to find the captain of one of my ships unacquainted with navigation. You don't know how to cook, and the mistress of a family! Now, if there is a cooking school anywhere in the city, go to it and complete your education, for it is sufficient in a very important particular."

COFFEE CRUSHED vs. GROUND—The following is from the *Journal of Scientific Dietetics*:
"It is not known generally that coffee which has been beaten is better than that which has been ground. Such, however, is the fact, and in this brief article on the subject, Savarian gives what he considers the reason for the difference. As he remarks, a mere decoction of green coffee is a most insipid drink, but carbonization develops the aroma, and as oil which is the peculiarity of the coffee we drink. He agrees with other writers that the Turks excel in this. They employ no mills, but beat the berry with wooden pestles in mortars. When long used, these pestles become precious and bring great prices. He determines, by actual experiment, which of the two methods is the best. He brewed secretly a pound of good Mocha, and separated it into two equal portions. The one was passed through the mill, the other was beaten after the Turkish fashion in a mortar. He made coffee of each. Taking equal weights of each, and pouring on an equal weight of boiling water, he treated them both precisely alike. He tasted the coffee himself and caused other competent judges to do so. The unanimous opinion was, that coffee beaten in mortar was far better than that ground in a mill."

TO MAKE HARD SOAP—Four ounces of boiling water over six pounds of washing soda (sodium carbonate) and three pounds of unslaked lime. Stir the mixture well, and let it settle until it is perfectly clear. It is better to let it stand all night, as it takes some time to settle. When clear, strain the water, put six pounds of fat with it, and boil it for two hours, stirring it most of the time. If it does not seem thin enough, put another gallon of water on the grounds, stir and drain off, and add as is wanted to the boiling mixture. Its thickness can be tried by occasionally putting a little on a plate to cool. Stir in a handful of salt just before taking it off the fire. Have a tub ready soaked, to prevent the soap from sticking, pour it in, and let it settle until solid, when you will have from the above quantity of ingredients about forty pounds of nice white soap.

BUILDINGS—A little labor upon them now will tell. A board here and a nail there, and a few shingles newly set, will save many dollars' worth of loss or expense later in the season, when storms and wind do their work, and rain and snow penetrate. Warm close stables, with good ventilation, should be looked to. Make sheds to shelter manure if it is thrown out of barn windows and doors. No matter how good your barn yard, the manure is a great deal better kept under cover. Even the hog yard ought to be thus covered, though there should be space for the sun to shine in, and make a good place the good part of the day. Painting may be done in October to excellent advantage. Take time also to rain when surfaces are clean and when there will be no dust flying.

VINEGAR—Take the parings and cores of apples, pour on boiling water, with a little molasses and yeast, put all into a large stone jar, and keep it where it is moderately warm. In three weeks you will have good sharp vinegar.

Sharp Practice.

As a certain Judge in New Mexico walked into court one morning, he thought to examine whether it was time for business, and feeling for his watch, found it was not in his pocket.

"As usual," said he to a friend who accompanied him as he passed through the door, "I have again left my watch at home under my pillow."

He went on the bench and thought on a moment in the court adjourned, and he returned home.

As soon as he was quietly seated in his parlor he bethought him of his time piece, and turning to his wife, requested her to send for it to his chamber.

"But my dear judge," she said, "I sent it to you three hours ago."

"Sent it to me, my dear. Certainly not."

"Unquestionably," replied the lady, "and by the person you sent for it."

"The person I sent for it!" echoed the judge.

"Precisely, my dear; the very person you sent for it. You had not left more than an hour when a well-dressed man asked to see me. He had one of the finest turkeys I ever saw, brought it in, and said that on your return from court you must have had a number of fowls, and having bought this one at quite a bargain you had given him two real to bring it home, with a request that I should have it killed, plucked and put to cool, as you intended to invite your brother judges to a meal of malle with you tomorrow. And, oh! by the way, senior," said he, "the judge requested me to ask you to give yourself the trouble to go to your chamber and take his watch from under the pillow, where he says he left it as usual this morning, and send it to him; and of course, my dear, I did so."

"You did?" said the judge.

"Certainly," said the lady.

"Well," replied he, "all I can say to you, my dear, is that you are as great a goose as the bird is a turkey. You have been robbed, my dear; the man was a thief; I didn't send for my watch; you have been imposed upon; and as a necessary consequence, the so-called watch is lost forever."

The trick was a cunning one, and after a laugh it was resolved actually to have the turkey for to-morrow's dinner, and his brothers of the bench to enjoy so dear a meal. Accordingly, after the adjournment of the court next day, they repaired to his dwelling, with appetites sharpened by the expectation of a rare feast.

Scarcely had he entered the house, when the lady broke forth with congratulations upon the recovery of the stolen watch.

"How happy I am," exclaimed she, "that the victim was apprehended."

"Apprehended!" said the judge with surprise.

"Yes, and doubtless convicted, too, by this time," said his wife.

"You are always talking riddles," replied he. "Explain yourself, my dear, I know nothing of the thief, watch or conviction."

"It can't be possible that I have again been deceived," quoth the lady.

"But this is the story: About 1 o'clock to-day a pile of rather interesting looking young gentlemen, dressed in a second suit of black, came to the house in great haste, almost out of breath. He said that he had just come from court; that he was one of the clerks; that the great villain who had the audacity to steal your watch had just been apprehended; that the evidence was nearly perfect to convict him, and all that was required to complete it was the turkey, which must be brought into court; for that he had been sent with a porter by your express orders."

"And you gave it to him?"

"Of course I did. Who could have doubted him, or resisted the orders of a judge?"

"What a turkey both you and Pray, my dear, what is the world we live in here for dinner?"

"—Wagon is a cat like a tea pot? When your tea is hot."

—The personal expenses of the Pope do not amount to five shillings a day.

—A writer in the *New York Evening Post* calls charity "the regulator overcoat of the Christian soldier."

—Governor Cony of Maine has appointed Thursday the 29th inst., as a day of thanksgiving.

—Robert T. Bryant, a pupil in a business college in Chicago, took by mistake two swallows of nitric acid from a bottle marked blackberry cordial, and died in a few hours.

—Jerrold had a favorite dog that followed him everywhere. One day, in the country, a lady who was passing turned around and said audibly: "What an ugly little brute," whereupon Jerrold, addressing the lady, replied: "O, Madam! I wonder what he thinks about us at this moment."