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JOHN G. HALL, Editor.
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Selected Poetry.

THE UNFAILING CRUISE.

Is the cruise of comfort waiting?
Rise and share it with another;
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.
Love divine shall fill thy storehouse,
Or the hand of God shall renew;
Scented fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving;
All wealth is golden grain;
Seeds that mellow in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden,
God shall bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountain,
Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
Lay on their wounds thy balm,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is thine heart a void left empty?
Only God the void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longing still.
To thine heart a living power,
Self-contained its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE GREAT VICTORY.

Obedience to the laws is the first, the most imperative, and the most sacred duty of the citizen. The second is like unto it—to see that the laws are respected by all, and enforced upon those who may dare to violate them. The greatest danger to governments which adopt the Democratic form is to be found in the organization of parties which show themselves willing hastily to overturn ancient and established laws for the furtherance of selfish ends. Republics are peculiarly liable to perish by such assaults. On the ocean shore of a melancholy past lies the wreck of more than one proud political fabric, destroyed by designing and selfish demagogues, who have led the people astray during periods of great popular excitement.

In ordinary times the masses display some love and reverence for laws which have stood the test of time, and under which preceding generations have lived and prospered. Courts of Justice are revered, and every intelligent citizen is ready at once to do all in his power to preserve the majesty of the law inviolate. Great principles of justice, rendered sacred by long application and secured by the concurrent judicial decisions of succeeding centuries, come to be held as the sacred franchises of every freeman. In a well regulated State, any assault upon the established law of the land is rightly regarded as the act of a public enemy. Such is the normal condition of thought in any Government deserving to be called free.

But there are periods of excitement in which the masses seem to be easily made the dupes of designing and unprincipled demagogues. There are times in the life of Republics when the populace seem to be seized with some strange and unaccountable madness. Days of folly now and then occur, during which whole peoples seem to delight in destruction. More than once the work of a very brief period has laid prostrate in the dust governmental fabrics which the wisdom and care of centuries had been constantly employed in building. At the bidding of tools and criminals, nations which boasted of their intelligence, and prided themselves upon devotion to liberty, have committed political suicide, or inflicted upon themselves injuries which ages could not repair.

It has not been our lot to escape from the follies of former generations. All our boasted wisdom proved to be insufficient to prevent this nation from being plunged, by selfish and designing demagogues, into the most destructive civil war the world ever witnessed. Nor is it strange that amid its intense excitement some of the great principles of liberty should have been trampled under foot. Well, indeed, is it for this people that the war is comparatively short duration. During its continuance very many of the oldest and most sacred of laws were ruthlessly violated. The inalienable rights of the citizen, rights to gain a recognition of which our English ancestors perilled all on a hundred bloody fields, were fast being lost sight of. Nay, it came to pass, in this land which was accustomed to boast of its freedom, that he who dared to plead for the dearest and most sacred rights of the citizen was denounced as a traitor. If liberty should survive, and our free institutions be perpetuated, those who occupy our places a century hence will find it almost impossible to believe that such a state of affairs really existed. They will read with wonder and fierce indignation, mingled, it may be, with contempt for us, the story of the innumerable outrages which were perpetrated by the party now in power. They

will wonder how it could happen in a nation pretending to be free, that citizens should be seized and thrust into dungeons without form or warrant of law; will read with incredulity of the abolition of trial by jury; will shudder to think that civilians were dragged before military tribunals and condemned to death with as little formality as is displayed by a drumhead court martial; will have their faith in a Republican form of government shaken when they call to mind the fact that the press was muzzled, and newspapers suppressed and destroyed for protesting against the outrages which were being perpetrated; they will be utterly unable to comprehend how it came to pass that the people permitted the voice of any bold speaker to be silenced, at a time when not to speak out boldly was a crime. Those who come after us will realize more fully than we can do the great dangers to which our free form of government has been subjected.

If this Republic survives it will owe its existence to the firmness of the present Executive, to the wisdom and the exalted character of the Supreme Court, and to the vigilance of the great Democratic party. The recent decisions of the Supreme Court are but a reaffirmation of great fundamental legal principles, which our forefathers forced Kings to recognize; which, for centuries past, have been held as too sacred to be called in question; and which were incorporated in the Constitution of the United States by its framers. Their violation by those in power is a disgrace from which history will never absolve them. If the people of this country are fit to be freemen they will sustain the Supreme Court with a unanimous approval. To suppose they would not do so, would be to concede that they are only fit to be made the slaves of some despotic ruler.—*Lawrence Intelligence.*

VALUABLE TABLE LEGS.—A young man went from New York city to the West where he commenced business on his own account, and married. His friends in the city were interested in his welfare, and when a merchant was about to journey to the place where the young man was located, he was requested to visit the emigrant, and ascertain how he lived, and what sort of a woman he had chosen, his prospects, etc. Accordingly the New Yorker ascertained the residence of his young friend, and called upon him right early in the morning. He found him in a small, neat cottage and just taking breakfast. The introduction of the New Yorker to his wife was quiet, off-handed and unceremonious, and he was requested to be seated and partake of the morning meal. The young wife had prepared the steak, his cut and coffee with her own hands, and for a table had used a kneeling board, over which a napkin was spread, and the board placed on her lap. The New Yorker declined a seat at the table, and in telling his New York friends as to how his young friend was living, he described the style as "magnificent!" and if he were the owner of the young man's furniture he would not take ten thousand dollars for the legs of the table!

PULLING OFF A SHOE.—The Jews attached a more extended significance to this old Masonic custom of "pulling off a shoe" than most readers understand. 1. Entering the Temple of the Lord, they pulled off their shoes, that no dust or pollution might profane the holy ground. 2. It was the closing or cement of the holy contract among the Eastern nations—the party conveying the right of privilege pulled off his shoe, and gave it to his fellow as a pledge of his fidelity. 3. Among the Jews it was a token of renunciation. Thus the Kinsman of Ruth renounced his claim upon her in favor of Boaz. He loosed his shoe from his foot, which showed Ruth was released from all engagements by which the laws of her country bound her to her nearest kin.

—Bobby, why don't you go home and have your mother sew up that hole in your trousers? "Oh! go along! old woman, our folks are at the sewing circle, working for the heathen."

—"Why, doctor," said a sick lady, "you are giving me the same medicine that you are giving to my husband. Why is that?" "All right," replied the doctor, "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

—A youngster perusing a chapter of Genesis, turned to his mother, and inquired if people in those days used to do sums on the ground. He had been reading the passage, "And the people multiplied on the face of the earth."

—A gentleman having bought a pair of geese, asked the seller why he was so unwilling to dispose of one alone. "Why, sir," said he "they have been constant companions five and twenty years, and I had not the heart to part them."

SALMON FISHING.

An Extraordinary Struggle.

[From the London Field.]

Last week we quoted from the Dundee Courier one of the most remarkable struggles with a salmon upon record, which went of space alone prevented us from commenting on. On Wednesday, the 24th, Mr. Colin Wood, while fishing on the North Esk, hooked an enormous salmon. The time at which the fish was hooked is stated to have been 5:55. At this time of the year it soon becomes dark after that hour, and for some time the struggle was carried on in the dark; but Mr. Wood's tackle was good, and he was an experienced angler, so he contrived to keep up the connection until the moon rose. Several persons appear to have been with him at this time, but as hour after hour stole by they left him, having far to go, until the party was reduced to three. Mr. Wood's two companions at length grew weary, and laid down under a bush to obtain a few hours' nap; and now Mr. Wood left to himself, continued the struggle alone for hours through the silent night, and by the light of the moon. It must have been a grand fight, under these circumstances. At length, when the fish had been about ten hours on the hook, one of Mr. Wood's friends came to his assistance and relieved him of the rod, and worn out, as he well might be, indeed, with the fatigue of such an encounter, Mr. Wood fell soundly asleep. The moon waned, and still the struggle went on. Morn came, and Mr. Wood was awakened, and having taken some refreshment he was ready to renew the contest and resumed the rod. Other fishermen began to arrive on the river bank, and there found Mr. Wood still fast in the salmon, which had resisted all his efforts to land him throughout the evening night. Up and down went the anxious group, following the fish to and fro until the day advanced, the morning passed, and noon arrived, when it was thought that the fish began to show signs of distress, but Mr. Wood was again compelled, from utter exhaustion, to relinquish the rod, which was taken by Sergeant Milne, a skillful fisherman; and shortly after this the hook parted from his hold and the line came home, leaving the gallant fish to its well-earned liberty, after having tired out three foes and been on the hook for nineteen hours and a half!

Such is the history related by the Dundee Courier, and if it is substantially accurate in its main details, as we have no reason whatever to doubt, it is the most extraordinary battle with a salmon on record. There is a story of a grand encounter between a young Highlander and a huge salmon in the Awe, which some years ago was rife in our fishing books. The fish was hooked late in the afternoon, and after showing some fine sport, sank to the bottom of the pool and sulked. The fisherman finding that the salmon had taken up his quarters for the night, laid down his teeth—so that if the fish moved in the night it would instantly awake him—and went to sleep; but the fish did not move, and in the morning the fishermen came to work with their nets. The pool was swept, and the noble fish came to an inglorious end. It is said that it weighed 72 pounds.

Some three or four years since Mr. Denison, the Speaker's brother, hooked a very large fish in the Homepools, reared by him on the Ness. The fish fought well, keeping the tangles on the move up and down the bank from evening until about four in the morning, when, by some accident, the reel caught in Mr. Denison's watch guard and the fish broke away; as they had been him several times, he was estimated at hard upon 50 lbs. Probably 10 or 11 hours would have been the actual extent of the time consumed in the contest; but it is evident that both these incidents fell short in point of endurance to that which occurred to Mr. Wood, who must be held to have fought the stoutest fight with a salmon ever known. The weight of the fish is supposed to have been at least 60 lbs.; he was never seen, and only broke the water twice during the night. It would be very interesting to the lovers of salmon angling if Mr. Wood would favor the angling public with a detailed and more intimate account of the affair than has yet been given, as it must henceforth (until it is exceeded, which is not likely) be our pattern incident in salmon fishing; our battle of Troy, which would need a piscatory Homer to do justice to its relation.

—Sammy, Sammy, my son, don't stand there scratching your head—sir, your stumps, or you will make no progress in life. "Why, Father," replied the hopeful, "I've often heard you say that the only way to get on in this world was to scratch a head!"

—When was Ruth very rude to Boaz?—When she pulled his ears and trod on his corn.

FRANK BURTON:

The Story of a Paper Collar.

BY "SIX NAX."

"Well I declare, if here isn't another empty collar box!" said Frank Burton one evening. "I believe that chambermaid uses them to build me a box. Now what am I to do? I don't believe I shall have time to send for any more, for it's getting late; but I must have some, or I can't see my Susie Jane, and I wouldn't miss seeing her for all the collars in creation! So here goes!" and the sentences were finished by the jerking of a bell, in answer to which a tow-headed urchin made his appearance, and was despatched for a box of "Gray's best," with the incentive of a quarter if he would hurry.

Frank was a clerk in a commission house with a good salary, and when he chose to be he was a fine, generous and handsome young fellow as one would meet in a day's ride. Being rather of a romantic turn of mind he was passionately fond of yellow covered literature; and to lose himself in the mysteries of a good story was his delight; and he had even declared his intention of writing a stunning story himself "when he got time."

"Here's yer collars, Mister Frank," exclaimed the tow-head, suddenly driving into the room. "Here's yer collars—size fourteen." And pocketing his quarter, he made his exit as suddenly as his appearance had been, to reveal in the dreams of lasses candy which that stamp would buy.

Frank hastily threw off the lid, seized one, placed his neck-tie between the folds, and was about to button it on when something on the inside caught his eye. Holding it nearer the light he saw traced on the shining surface in a delicate female hand, "Miss Maggie Poe, Boston, Mass."

Here was a mystery—a lady's name in a paper collar, evidently written by herself, and for what purpose? These were the thoughts that flashed through Frank's brain. Perhaps she was in trouble and a captive—some unrequited love—or a cruel father; in any case, he determined to write to her—to declare himself the champion—her avenger. With this idea firmly fixed on his mind he took out his memorandum book and jotted down "Miss Maggie Poe, Boston Mass;" and laying the collars carefully away in one corner of the drawer for future examination, he hurriedly proceeded with his toilet for he had made an engagement to take Miss Susie to the opera that evening; and besides, his clock, Ben, Penton, was to call at his room and go with him to see Susie's sister Emma. He was expecting him every moment; a light footstep on the stairs and a merry voice singing a familiar air convinced him that somebody about Ben's size was coming, which conviction was further strengthened by the unceremonious opening of the door, and in stalked Ben, exclaiming,—"What, not ready yet? Here, I've been ready this hour! What a slow coach you are, to be sure? But hurry up!"

While Frank was hurrying himself nearly to death, Ben very coolly sat down, and picking up the memorandum book saw written in it: "Address found in a collar; Miss Maggie Poe, Boston, Mass."

This set him to thinking. Now you must know Ben was very fond of corresponding with the young ladies, and here thought he, is a fine opportunity for commencing a correspondence. So while Frank's back was turned, and without saying a word to him, he very quietly transferred the address to a piece of paper, put it in his pocket, and by the time Frank was ready he made up his mind that he would have a correspondent in Boston before a week.

A few days after if you had examined the evening mail from New York to Boston, you might have seen two letters therein addressed to Miss Maggie Poe, though in different handwriting. They were the mental productions of our friends Frank and Ben, both claiming to have found the address on the collar; one of them declaring himself a friend in all distress, particularly to handsome young ladies, and desiring to know if he could be of any service to her, and signed "Hope." The other desiring correspondence, making all sorts of promises and protestations, friendship and photographs included in the former, and signed "Tecumseh." The answer to both were to be addressed to "Station A., New York city."

"Some letters for you at the office, Mr. Smith," said the clerk of the Boston Post office one morning to Bob Smith, the greatest practical joker in town, and some for that distant relative of yours, Miss Poe. "I hope she is well," he added with a grin.

"Very well, I assure you," said Bob; "in fact, you may always judge of her welfare by myself; when I am well she is well; when I've got the small-pox, the mumps or the measles; she is affected

likewise. But I must go around and get those letters."

To proceed to the office, get the letters and carry them to his room was but the work of a moment; and after reading them and indulging in a hearty laugh, he proceeded to carry on the joke by sitting down and writing to each gay Lothario; assuring Ben of Miss Poe's appreciation of the compliments bestowed, and her willingness to take part in a correspondence and telling Frank of his inability to express her gratitude for her kindness in proffering her sympathy for one in distress, and went on with such a torrent of thanks and expressions of esteem that he was perfectly beside himself with joy, vowing he would go knee-deep, in blood and thunder for her.

For the next few weeks things went swimmingly, Frank received as many as three letters a week from the fair unknown, in which she informed him she was the daughter of a very wealthy but not retired merchant, who was very strict with her, and permitted her to mingle in society but very seldom, and then only under his own personal supervision; that she had no one to love, and all that sort of thing, until at length poor Frank's feelings were worked up to such a pitch that he determined to see her if he could get her permission to do so; and in his next letter he begged her to allow him to call on her when he came to Boston, which he expected to do in a short time.

This she consented to do, only on the same terms she was corresponding with him, and that was the most profound secrecy, she having both friends and relations in New York; and if they once got an inkling of what was going on they would expose her to her father, and then his wrath would be terrible.

To these terms he readily consented and kept his promise too, for he was a true gentleman, though so romantic. He informed her that he should be in Boston a week from that date, and of course as her father would not be willing for him to see her at his residence, the only course to pursue would be for her to indicate where and at what time he could see her. In reply she named a place for him to go, and the hour, stating that he would find a trustworthy servant waiting there to conduct him to her, and he would know the servant by a white ribbon, which he would wear in his coat, and desiring Frank to wear a bit of red ribbon, that the servant might recognize him.

Meanwhile Ben was making fair progress with his correspondence, and although he often hinted to Frank about a young lady in Boston, still he had also promised secrecy, and dared not tell him the circumstances. He had proposed an appointment to his fair but unknown charmer, and she in reply told him she would be most happy to see him, but just at that time it was impossible for her to comply with his request, but that she would appoint a place of meeting in a few days; and sure enough the very next letter informed him that if he would be at a certain place at a certain hour, (naming the identical time and spot she did to Frank) he would see a servant wearing a red ribbon, who would guide him to her presence, and that the servant might recognize him, she requested him to wear a white ribbon in his buttonhole.

On the evening before the day appointed for the meeting Frank, having informed his employers that he was about to visit Boston that evening, and placing the collar that was now so precious in his sight, in one corner of his valise, left New York in the evening train, arrived in Boston the next morning, and proceeded at once to one of the principal hotels, engaged a room and went to bed in order to be in good trim for the meeting that was to take place that afternoon.

But sleep was entirely out of the question. The thought of the meeting too much occupied his mind to allow him to woo the "royal god," and after several hours of ineffectual attempts to outstrip himself into anything like slumber, he arose and looked at his watch, and seeing it was near time for the appointment, proceeded to dress himself, taking more than usual pains to see that his cravat was fashionably tied, and that each lock of hair was adjusted to its proper position; and having dispatched the boy for some red ribbon, he proceeded to fix a neat bow in his buttonhole, surveyed himself in the mirror until he was satisfied he would do, and then started forth in quest of adventure.

Meanwhile Ben had come to the conclusion that it might be a sell; at any rate he determined to be on the alert for breakers; and it was not without some misgiving on his part that he took his seat in the Boston train on the morning of the eventful day; in fact, after he had purchased his ticket, he had half a notion to retreat; but faint heart never won fair lady, thought he, and he resolved to go on. He was very careful to tell no one his errand. Arriving in Bos-

ton, he took a room at a hotel some distance from the one where Frank was stopping, and when the hour of the appointment came he was ready, his box of ribbon included. But he, more cautious than Frank, determined to reconnoitre a little before putting it on. He proceeded to the place of meeting, carefully surveying each person he met in his search for the servant with the red ribbon; but no trace could he find of the "Guide to Beauty."

At length it occurred to him that perhaps the other was waiting to see him before putting on his badge; and after taking one more careful survey at the persons around him, he tied on his ribbon, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and stepping back in one corner watched the progress of events.

An "intelligent guardian of the peace," who had noticed him acting so suspiciously, now determined to watch him, as he looked very much like a bounty jumper they had been in search of for some time, and consequently he resolved to be very careful that he didn't slip through his fingers this time.

At length Ben saw a person coming around the corner with the indicated badge in his coat that he had been looking for—the red ribbon—and stepping forward to get a better view of him, to his inexpressible horror he saw it was his friend Frank Burton.

In an instant the thought flashed upon him that he was the victim of one of Frank's jokes, but thinking that Frank had not seen him, he resolved to hunt a hasty retreat. And wheeling round he started up the street as fast as he could walk. But Frank's quick eye had caught the flutter of the white ribbon, and thinking it was his guide he instantly started in pursuit, and was in turn followed by the policeman. Ben walked up to the corner of the street at a rapid rate, and looking behind and seeing that Frank was close at his heels he made a dive down the neighboring street; while Frank, now recognizing him and determined to sift the matter to the bottom, started on a run after him.

The policeman, now fearful lest he should lose his prey, sounded an alarm and started in pursuit of both fugitives. Away they went, up this street and down that, until directly the game was checked by Ben's being knocked down by an officer, with the exclamation "Ho, ho! we've got you at last, my ever!" and our two heroes were collared by the two officers who prepared to take them to the station house.

But this proceeding was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Bob Smith, who exclaimed,—

"Hello, Frank! hello Ben! What's the matter? What's all this row about?" "Matter!" exclaimed Ben, "just ask Frank what's the matter. Oh, wouldn't I like to kick the stuffing out of you—you scoundrel!" shaking his fist at him.

"Oh, it's all very well for you to say ask Frank, when you have been playing this kind of game on me. But you shall give me satisfaction," said Frank. "You shall!"

"I've been playing a game on you," said Ben, "didn't you put your name, random in my way for the purpose of leading me on this wild goose chase all the way from New York?"

At this juncture Bob called the officers aside, and made some explanations to them, which called forth considerable merriment on their part. After which he called a carriage and persuaded Frank and Ben to enter after the officers informed them that they were not wanted at the station house, and driving to the hotel proceeded to his room, where he made a full confession of the part he had taken in the affair, stated that he had written that name in several different boxes, but that he had no idea his correspondents "Hope" and "Tecumseh" were themselves.

"But what's done can't be helped," said Ben; and the best thing we can do is to shake hands over it, and quit square.

The return train that evening carried Frank and Ben, wiser if not better men than they were when they started, but to this day Frank never puts on a paper collar without looking on the inside to see if there is a name in it.

MORAL.—Beware of the young lady that wishes you to wear the fancy ribbon.

TURKISH PROVERBS.—A small stone makes a great noise. A foolish friend is, at times, a greater annoyance than a wise enemy. You'll not sweeten your mouth by saying "hokey." If a man would live in peace he should be blind, deaf and dumb. Do good and throw it into the sea, if the fish know it not, the Lord will. Who fears God need not fear man. If thy foe be as small as a gnat, fancy him as large as an elephant. A man who weeps for every one will soon have lost his eyesight. Much is learned from conversation than from books. A friend is of more worth than a kinsman. He rides seldom who never rides any but a borrowed horse. Trust to the willingness of his turban who bought the soap on credit. Death is a black cloud that kneels before every man's door.