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JOBGING DEPARTMENT.

Having lately added materially to our stock of Job Types, we are prepared to do all kinds of work in a manner which can not be excelled by any establishment between Williamsport and Erie.

Cards, Bill Heads, Programmes  
Checks, Notes, Handbills,  
Blanks, Envelopes, Labels,  
Tags, Visiting Cards, Letter Heads  
and any other work usually done in a country office.

Elk County Directory.

COUNTY OFFICERS.  
President Judge—R. G. White.  
Additional Law Judge—Henry W. Williams.  
Associate Judges—E. C. Schulze, Jessa Klyer.  
District Attorney—L. J. Blakely.  
Sheriff—James A. Malona.  
Prothonotary, &c.—G. A. Rathbun.  
Treasurer—James Coyne.  
Co. Superintendent—James Blakely.  
Commissioners—William A. Bly, J. W. Taylor, Louis Vollmer.  
Auditors—Clark Wilcox, Byron J. Jones, Jacob McCauley.

TIME OF HOLDING COURT.  
Second Monday in January.  
Last Monday in April.  
First Monday in August.  
First Monday in November.

Selected Miscellany.

THE LIVELY JENNY.

When, after a long and proper probation, I was fairly set up and married to Fanny, a fine, bold girl that liked me, I believe, as much as I liked her, we sensibly agreed that, instead of setting up housekeeping,—furniture and such inconveniences,—we should suit ourselves with a house that was infinitely more to our taste. Fanny had been born and bred on the northwest coast of Ireland, beside the breakers of the Atlantic. She was a handsome, clever creature, with a classical and reflective face,—a born sailor, whom it was pleasant, when our dainty guests were growing green and uncomfortable, to see sitting on the deck, with rising color, welcoming the stiff breezes.

I had done a good deal in coast sailing, and was to have been put into the navy (but wasn't, which is a long story); so, instead of going through the anxieties of selecting a new and plastery house, with furniture that was to prove prematurely infirm and crippled, we read the one thought in each other's eyes—a yacht! It was spring. Such a thing was soon "picked up." It was a nautical friend living near Leamington that "looked out" for the yacht for us,—a man of large experience and with an eye for a "good out of a thing." After a time he picked up on little craft; the very thing for us, and a dead bargain besides,—a tight, handy little schooner, a good sea boat, that shook the waves from her like a spirited horse, easily handled, thirty tons, tomy below, airy, large for that tonnage, and built of mahogany. She cost us only three hundred pounds, was reckoned a dead bargain, and was called "The Lively Jenny." It was a joyful morning when we learned she was lying in Kingstown harbor, having come in at midnight. The news was brought in by the new skipper himself, whom I and Fanny went down to the parlor to meet as if he were an ambassador, which he was, from "The Lively Jenny."

Now, if we were to have a treasure in our yacht, we were to have a far more important one in our skipper. He had been picked up also, by the sheerest good luck. Our nautical friend had written in the most extravagant terms of his merits. He had known Clarke from a boy; a fleet sailor never stopped a deck; as steady as a rock, sober as a judge, as moral as an apostle. "I have an interest in the man," he wrote, "as I know all about him and know what he has gone through. I look upon this as a much greater piece of luck than lighting on 'The Lively Jenny.'"

And this paragon was now in the parlor. We almost felt, Fanny and I, that we were sincerely virtuous company enough for him. There he was now, and we started. Clarke was a man of about thirty, good-looking and sailor-like,—that is, would have been good-looking, but for a very disagreeable long, inflamed scar that ran slanting from his forehead over his left eye to his ear. It was raw and unpleasant altogether. He had a cold, steady, measured way of talking, and, as he spoke, looked out cautiously at us with the eye that was under the scar. But there could be no

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JOHN G. HALL, Proprietor.  
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mistake about his testimonials, and he was, on the best authority a treasure.—Fanny did not relish his look at all. She much preferred Dan, a young 'salt' from her own wild coast, who was 'off the estate,' and was to be our other sailor. It was about him that Clarke first spoke.

"I brought over a steady man that I have known for years, and can be depended upon. A man with some religion in him, which," he added, smiling, "is not usual among us sailors. I could go on excellently well with him."

"C, we have got Dan," said Fanny. "We could not do without Dan!"

"Of course it is with you, madam; but is right to tell you this Dan came off to us last night when we had moored, and I could see plainly he had been drinking."

Fanny colored up, "you must have been mistaken. We all know Dan from a child. He never was drunk in his life. We can't have any one else."

Clarke bowed. Then he gave him all sorts of directions, and let him go.

"I don't like that man at all, for all his good character," said Fanny wisely. "And then to go and slander poor Dan!"

"I don't relish him extravagantly, but character, my dear, is everything aboard ship," said I.

"Aboard ship," said she, laughing; "that sounds charming."

We were to sail in two days, and certainly we almost at once found the merits of our skipper; for by his quiet forethought and measured energy he did wonders; got in stores, the yacht fitted, and what not.

"You see, my dear," I said, "those are the sterling qualities that pass show. Dan is a little too impulsive, and not half so practical. A word now about Dan."

Dan was a sort of foster brother of Fanny's, that used to row her on the Atlantic, no less, fit up during little skiffs, with sails and all complete, to make a bold voyage across to a distant island. He was a handsome, strong, bold, dashing young fellow, only one and twenty, and could swim like a fish. He always called her Miss Fanny, though corrected again and again. The only mystery was that of the drink, which puzzled us, for we had never even heard a suspicion of such a thing. Fanny shook her head.

"I could explain it," she said.

"Ah!" said I, "you don't know, dear. These sea towns, young fellows fall into temptations."

We were to go on a coasting cruise. First to Falmouth, then to Cowes, and finally on to Cherbourg; leave the yacht under shelter of the famous breakwater ("she will be very snug there," we both said, speaking of her cozily, as if she were a baby), and we ourselves would run up to Paris. We could not have too much of the sea. Two sailors only and a boy, and myself, as good as another, and Fanny very nearly—she only wanted strength—as good as a fourth. Early at six o'clock on a fine morning we went down by that pleasant little strip of sea-coast railway that winds like a ribbon from Dublin to Kingstown, found a fresh breeze, a blue sea, and "The Lively Jenny" fluttering her sails impatiently, as if they were the lace and lappets of her cap. We took up our moorings in a moment, and flew out steadily to sea.

We were in great delight with our new "house." She sailed charmingly, lay over on her side in the true yacht attitude, and made the water hiss as she shot through it. We were as compact, as snug, and even elegant as could be conceived. Below were two charming little rooms, perfect boudoirs, one a little saloon for dining. It was full of "lookers" and pigeon holes for keeping all sorts of things; and it was with peculiar delight that we discovered, as you went down stairs a sort of sliding panel on each side, which unrolled and discovered a shelf, known to the men as the "sail room," only thick; but which, on an emergency, could be turned into an elegant and commodious sleeping apartment. Dinner on the swing table was the most charming of meals, and full of slippery excitement.

On the morning of the second day, when there was not much of a breeze, I noticed our skipper seated on the "after" portion of the bowsprit, reading. It was Fanny called my attention to this. Dan was walking up and down contemptuously. From curiosity, I went up to see what book it was, and found it to be "The Confessions of B. B. Rudge, Esq., with some of his Letters."

"Why, who on earth is Rudge?" I asked.

Clarke stood up respectfully.

"Rudge, sir," said he, "was a common fireman on an engine, who took to drinking and was reclaimed. He tells the whole story there; and afterwards he became not only an apostle of temperance, but a minister, preaching and winning souls to Christ."

"O, that's what he was," I said, "I am afraid with marked disgust in my face; for that sort of thing is well enough

ashore, but doesn't fit handy on a sailor. I came out and told Fanny.

"Canting creature," said Fanny.

"I observed, too, that Dan and he had very little conversation."

That night, about eleven, was a very beautiful moonlight night. I talked with Clarke about the course; we then fell off to other things, and I saw what a good sailor he was. He told me more about B. B. Rudge and himself.

"He did a great deal for me, sir, that man," he said. "You wouldn't have taken me, sir, if you had seen me as Mr. Rudge first saw me. You can little conceive what a wretch I was. Drunken, depraved, abandoned in every sense. It was in a vile, drunken quarrel I got this, sir," and he pointed to his ugly scar. "It nearly killed me, and I lay for weeks between life and death, until that good and gracious man came and raised me up."

"Of course, you mean in a spiritual sense," I said, with a sort of sneer.

"Quite right, sir," he said calmly. "And I owe to him more than to my father." Then he said, "this was the last voyage that he would make, thanks to his own exertions."

"And to B. B. Rudge?"

"Yes, sir. In fact, he wishes me to join his ministry; and after this voyage there is a young girl who has grace, at Falmouth where we are now going, who would be content to take her lot with me."

"Is she a brand pluck; too?" I could not help asking. But he gave me a look of reproach which the sea made savage. "I am only joking," I said, hastily.

"I am sure she is a very good girl, and all that."

Fanny, when I reported this conversation in a little rage.

"What an old hypocrite! I am so sorry we shipped him."

"Canting, whining creature," I said; "poor Dan will have a fine time of it."

We got to Falmouth, and went ashore. But the wind suddenly fell, and it looked as if there was to be a change in the weather. We determined to run up to London, which we did. We there met pleasant friends, who insisted on doing us, &c., and so a very pleasant week went by in next to no time. Then we went down to our craft, and found the drum up. It was only a stiff breeze, so we determined to put out to sea at once. But there was a great change in our skipper. Dan was on board, riotous with spirits, singing and whistling; in Clarke was noticed a great alteration. His composed serenity was gone. He was doggedly moody, and his eyes glared. He did not speak to Dan, who told us that they had had a quarrel ashore. Both Fanny and I remarked this, and I noticed Clarke following Dan with lowering brow and dark suspicious eyes, as he walked past him on the deck. The evening was very fine, the drum was down, and we promised ourselves a charming voyage to Cherbourg, our destination, and then hey for Paris!

Before we started, Fanny had got it all out of Dan. There was a young woman in the case,—in fact, the young woman at Falmouth,—a nice, fresh, gay girl, not at all "serious," though our friend wished to make her so.

"It 'ad have been a pity, marm," said Dan, "to have handed the likes of her over to psalm singing for the rest of her life. And fair I just talked to her a little quietly, quietly, and put the comethur on her, or she put it on herself, but at the end she gave the coward shoulder to my friend Jonny Calvin there! Sorry a hand or part I had in it, wittily, warmly, or knowin'ly."

"You did quite right, Dan," said my Fanny, with enthusiasm.

"I was on deck when Clarke came to me."

"Don't go for a day or two yet, sir," he said, gloomily. "Take my advice; there is bad weather coming on."

"It don't look much like it," I said, pleasantly.

"I know these things, sir," he said. "There'll be a storm before morning."

"Ah, what are ye talking of," said Dan laughing. "Don't be humbuggin' the mather." There was a twinkle in his eye as he spoke. "D'ye want another sight at little Susan?"

The ferocious look the other gave him shocked me and Fanny. I saw the reason now. "We go to-night," I said, firmly; "get up the moorings."

We got out to sea. The night was very fine. It came to ten, eleven, midnight. Then Fanny went down.

"Well, Clark," I said, "what d'ye say now?—or have you forgotten Susan by this time?"

There was another black look of ferocity, and his eyes wandering to Dan, who was at the fore-castle,—"fo'castle," I mean,—looking out, dancing from one foot to the other and whistling St. Patrick's Day.

"He will have to account to Heaven for what he has done. She was a good girl, and would have made me a good wife, and worked to save souls with me

Now she will be lost and go after vanity. God forgive him."

"In short, not plucked from the burning." Now, look here, Clarke; I must speak to you seriously. In the first place, I must ask you to drop that jargon of yours, which is all very well in its way and on shore, but here you know—in short, it don't fit a British seaman."

"I should have thought, sir, with the dangers of the sea, and the heavens, and the tempests overhead, that a seaman had more need of it than any one. Why who knows how much we shall want of prayer before the night is done, and this frail plank—"

"O, come, I said, 'I don't pay my sailors to preach to me. Of course, I don't object to prayer and piety. It depends on the sincerity my friend. You see I hate cant. Now, I have observed that your heart is full of animosity to that young man there. I see it in your really ferocious looks."

"I dare say, sir," he said, humbly; "and it is what I do feel at moments when the Lord withdraws his strength. I have naturally a vile, wicked temper full of the most frightful passions. But, I wrestle with it, thank the Lord. I forgive him; that is, I try to forgive him. And I struggled with my own vile nature. In a day I shall have all subdued, and look on him as a brother in sin, though he has done me a cruel injury,—ah, yes, sir, a cruel injury. Do you see that cloud there, sir? There is something coming. We had better get all tight."

I walked away and went to tell Fanny, who was reading in the little cabin by a swinging lamp. "A regular Heep," I said, "A Uriah of the first water. He has been 'swaddling' on a tub there for the last quarter of an hour."

Fanny said, gravely, "I wish we were rid of him. I am sure he is a dangerous man, and may do some mischief."

"I tell you what, Fan," I said seriously, "I think so too; and when we get to Cherbourg, I shall just speak quietly to him, and look out for another hand, and send him home, Fan."

But, now, almost as we were speaking, a gale had arisen, and our little bark, without notice of any kind, had given a sort of vindictive 'shy,' as if she wanted to 'throw' her riders. For a second the sea had become like a mass of black molten iron, and was rolling in huge waves. In another moment we were rushing through the waters with a stiff hissing sound, and every spar and sail cracked and clattered. The sky had grown black also. It seemed as if a thunderbolt was on us.

Clarke came to me, "We can stand under but little canvass," he said. "The worst has not come as yet. We shall have the hand of the Almighty strong upon us to-night."

It grew darker and darker, and the storm increased. Our boat was reeling and tumbling, lurching violently, as if she wanted to go down headforemost, then rocking and rolling from side to side, as if she wished to dash our sides in. Fanny's face appeared above the companion-ladder a little anxious; but still perhaps enjoying the gale. She recollected her own native coast.

"This is not the worst," said Clarke, coming to me again; "not for an hour yet. There will be sad work to-night on the ocean. All the better for men who have clear consciences, and have done no wrong to their fellows," and by a flash of lightning I saw one of his vindictive glances flash also towards Dan. That young fellow had been doing wonders,—climbing to set free the sail which had got fixed, hanging on like a cat, being here, there, everywhere, making everything 'tight!'

"He gives us no jargon," I said to Fanny, who, like a brave girl, was up on deck, "but considers doing his duty the best way of praying."

But "Heep was right. The worst had not come. Crack! There went a spar and sail, blown through as if it had been so much paper. Great seas came pouring in upon deck, yet Fanny would not go below, though it was next to impossible to keep one's feet securely. At times our bows were half under water. It was an awful night. Suddenly we saw, through the darkness, a faint red light and two other lights."

"A steamer," said Clarke. "We must only keep by her. It will be something; and, unless this is a strong boat—"

I was very near getting out some of my Shakespeare in a most indignant burst, and saying to him, "Out upon ye, ye owls! Nothing but songs of death!" but restrained myself. At that moment soap went our job, with an explosion like that of a small cannon. The two men ran forward to 'clear away.' There was a great lurch, a half cry from Fanny, who was standing down on the stairs. I ran to her.

"O! she said, in an agony. 'Did you see? Quick—quick! Save him!

That wretch! I saw him do it! O, poor, poor, Dan—"

"I knew at once what she meant, and rushed to the bows, where I met Clarke coming to me. I could not see his face."

"O!" he said, in a low thick voice. "He is gone,—gone overboard, poor wretch,—and with all his sins on his head!"

I could not speak for a second.

"Put the vessel about quick!" I said. "I shall save him!"

"You will sink us!" the villain said. "If we turn a hair's breadth from this course we are lost."

"Save him!" said he, almost contemptuously. "That is beyond us. The Almighty may do something for him. Why, do you know how far he had the poor wretch is now! I suppose three miles."

"Put her about!" I said, furiously. "This is too famous!"

"You will sink us!" the villain said. "If we turn a hair's breadth from this course, we are lost!"

"Put her about!" I said. And the boy at the helm did so. But Clarke was right: for as her head came round, a tremendous sea came tumbling over her with the force of a discharge of stones from a mountain. There was a sound like a smash. I thought we were 'gone' at that moment; and for a moment more our little boat was quite stunned. She recovered herself slowly. We found our bulwarks a heap of laths. Uriah was right. We saw it would not do. Poor, Dan!

"Go aft," I said to him sternly, but in a voice that trembled.

He did so calmly. Fanny and I held a hurried consultation. Of course, now, nothing could be done until the storm abated, if it ever to abate for us. We could not do without such help as he could give us. So, until we reached Cherbourg, if we ever did reach it, we should dissemble. This was the only thing to be done; though Fanny was for no such temporizing.

"I cannot look or speak to the wretch. To think we are shut up here with a—"

She covered her face.

"I went to him. 'What do you think now?' I said, forcing myself to speak calmly."

"Another hour," he said, "if we pull through that, there might be a change. That poor wretch," he went on, "what a judgment! I knew I might leave my case to the Lord. Yet poor Dan, my heart bleeds for him, and I do repent—"

He stopped. "We should leave our case in the hands of him who rules the storm. There! I declare, there is a break yonder!"

That long and dreadful night at length me to an end. Morning broke at last. But though the storm broke at last, the wind had not gone down; through the whole day we had to go before it, and were blown on steadily. Clarke was, it must be said, admirably in regulating our vessel. Indeed, we owed our safety to his skill. But Fanny, in the daylight, now kept below. She could not bear to look upon him. It made her shudder to speak of him. We beat about the whole day, and towards evening the wind began to fall, though the waves remained very high; and then we saw land, and a little port with arms stretching out, as if made of basketwork. Clarke came to me.

"Dieppe, sir," he said. "We shall be all safe ashore in half an hour. And let our first thing be to think of thanks-giving to the Almighty, who has literally and truly plucked us this night from the jaws of death!"

I was confounded at the ruffian's coolness. "And poor Dan," I said, with my eye on him, "what had he done that he should not share in this benefit?"

"Ah, sir!" he said, "those are the unseen mysteries. Poor Dan! though he injured me, from my soul I forgive him! I do indeed!" And he turned up the whites of his eyes to heaven, with a look of piety that was really appalling.

"As for going ashore," I said, "that shall be seen. You stay in the boat. You must stir. These are my orders, and I shall be obeyed"; and I touched a revolver that I had placed in my belt. "I am prepared, you see, to enforce what I wish."

"With all my heart," he said, without the least surprise, and walked forward very carelessly.

Here was the wicker-work pier at last, with the great mariner's crucifix looking out to sea; and some women in caps and red petticoats. With what delight we saw land again! We got within the wicker-work pier, came round a corner, and saw the little town. There we dropped anchor. As I walked up the wet and battered decks (our poor little, elegant craft was now all beaten, bruised, maimed, and dragged), my eye fell on a black rag lying in a pool of water. I picked it up; it was a black silk handkerchief, now a mere ribbon. It was torn. I put it carefully by. Poor, Dan! He had made a

struggle: at any rate it would some evidence.

There was a boat coming out to us with the custom-house people aboard. So Fanny, fresh and brilliant as if she had not passed through such a night, called out to me. In another moment she gave a cry. "Look! look!" she said. A deeper voice near said devoutly, "God! God be praised!" I did look, and I declare it there was not our brave fellow Dan standing up in the boat, waving a new glazed French hat. He had leaped on board in a moment. "Where's Clarke?" he cried.

I caught hold of him. "Restrain yourself," I said. "Justice will—"

He caught Clarke by both hands, which he shook again and again. "You did your best for me, indeed you did; and if that stupid handkerchief had only held, you'd have got me aboard again. You very nigh did it. Ah, sir! He was nigh killed himself. And do you know, Clarke, I was thinkin' all the times when the water was pouring in gallons into my mouth, that I had not done so well by you as to deserve it."

We listened, wondering. He then told us now he had struggled with the waves, and 'had the life all but bats out of him.' When he was driven up against the steamer we had near us, he had just strength to give a cry, and they had got him on board with infinite difficulty.

I must say Fanny and I were a little ashamed. However, we had not committed ourselves in any way, except so far as my proceedings with the revolver, which must have seemed a little curious. But we made up to him in many ways, and Dan made it up to him in his own way; for he never went back to Falmouth again, and in a very short time Dan's residence there and its effects were quite forgotten, and matters came back to the old happy footing. In short, all ended well and happily, and for many years he and Dan sailed with us in that well-known tight, an excellent sea boat, 'The Lively Jenny.'

NEWS ITEMS.

—Two hundred and forty-one patents will be issued for the week ending May 17.

—General Ord has detailed army officers to take the place of State officers removed by him in Arkansas.

—Two Fenians—Burke and Doran—have been sentenced at Dublin to be hanged on the 29 inst.

—The Treasury Department is still in receipt of conscience money, \$3,500 having been received from Cincinnati on Saturday.

—Gov. Patton, of Alabama, was so ill on Thursday last as to be unable to attend to business or even to leave his private room.

—At Wilmington, Delaware, Pusey Smith, proprietor of the Indian Queen Hotel, was stabbed to death by Joseph Pratt, in a bed room at the latter's house.

—Six thousand dogs have been killed in Chicago since the dog war commenced, and the daily slaughter now going on will add largely to the number already slain.

—It was decided in the Supreme Court of the United States that the City of Philadelphia, being a manufacturer of gas, must pay tax on that article, the same as private parties.

—The Supreme Court has decided in the Massachusetts liquor cases that payment of internal revenue taxes is no protection to dealers in articles, the sale of which is prohibited by State law.

—The following words are attributed to Marshal Niel, the French Minister of War: "Let me know the day the Emperor Napoleon wishes to have five hundred thousand men on the Eastern frontier, and they shall be there."

—M. du Chaila, the great explorer of Africa, though born in Paris in 1832, came to the United States when quite a boy, and as soon as he was of age, took out his letters of naturalization. His love of natural history and taste for ethnological studies developed themselves early, and he became a regular attendant at the meetings of our New York geographical and ethnological societies.

—Ex-Governor John Seldon Roane, of Arkansas, died on the 8th inst, after a long illness, at his home near Pine Bluff, Jefferson county, in that State. He was elected Governor of Arkansas on the Democratic ticket in 1848. He served in the Mexican war, attaining the rank of Colonel. During the rebellion he was an officer in the Confederate army, and was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General.

—As an illustration of the perfect condition to which the working of the Atlantic cable has been brought, a London paper mentions that recently in the business of three entire days, during which messages were transmitted containing 24,440 letters (or 48,880 letters when doubled for repetitions,) the repetitions showed a mistake of only one letter, consisting in the substitution of Patterson for Patterson.

—A St. Louis dispatch of yesterday says: "The latest accounts from the river say that the flood had reached its height, and the water is slowly receding, and there is no fear of further danger to the Pacific railroad entertained, and the recent damage will be speedily repaired. The worst break was near Elkhorn Station where four hundred yards of track was washed away. The road between Omaha and Chicago is badly damaged, and the water is still rising."