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RIDGWAY, PENNA., MAY 28d, 1867.

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Selected Poetry.

VIOLETS.

It was Spring, and golden arrows
Melted through the purple showers,
And the orioles and sparrows
Twittered of the coming flowers.

Life and Love with Flora tripping Gaily down the wooded sisles, Into light their brushes dripping,

Painted all the earth with smiles. Golden days they were, and faster Never ran the sweet hours by, As we strolled across the pasture, Violet hunting, Belle and L

We were young, and she was fairer Than the common type of girls; Neath her jounty hat the wearer Shook a wealth of glossy curls.

Teeth of snow-drops set in roses, Eyes like blue-bells in the snow-What to me were all the posies, If her smiles were mine to know ?

While we loitered in the meadow Where the blossoms earliest grew Belle with voice of music said, "O, I have found a violet blue !

"This wee little flower and tender Will you deign for me to wear ? "
And she twined its stem so slender In my button-hole with eare.

And I said, "O! Belle! a fairer Than the meadow ever knew, Waiteth for the happy wearer Who for his shall gather you!"

Every spring, from out the grasses, Blue and sweet the violets peep, Smiling upon him who passes By the treasures that they keep

There the marble casts a shadow, Lengthening o'era little mound; And none I walk the meadow Where a fading flower was found,

Miscellang. Selected THE LAST OF THE CORANS; OR, THE FATAL SHOT.

Among the many fair eastle homes of England, there could be none fairer or more stately than Co an Castle, Suffolk. There lived Squire Coran, a fine specimen of the olden shool—stern, r. ged a d abendi g as one of his own oaks, yet, withat genial and kindly. The meanest peasant on his estate walked brisker when he saw the squire, and smiled for five minutes after hearing his merry "Fine morning; first rate weather!"

Nearly forty years had passed since the squire laid his fair girl-wife in the vanit of the Corans-nearly twenty since he had buried by her side the one son of their short wedlock. Yet Coran Custle was not desolate. The "heir," though he had died young, had lived through the increasing demand and argent long enough to leave a widow and two through the increasing demand and properly request of my friends and the Public that or plan babes to his father's care. I send it forth as the grand remained agent for the various diseases to which that noble and useful animal, the HORSE, insubject. Many roos lies have been offered to the Public under different forms, some of these are injurious, others at least of little use, itself in the large which was a lost of little use. and many wholly improper to answer the purposes for which they are recommended.

A judicious and really useful composition that his grandsire's imperious will. free from those objections, has therefore long been desired by many gentlemen who have valuable horses, and are unwilling to The old squire was a giant in stature had small taste for field sports, and, being small and delicate in frame, constantly took to himself his grandfather's careless scoffs about " lady men " and

> " degeneracy." Not half a mile from Coran Custle was a large tract of heath and moorland, very wild and lonely, and at that time infested with highwaymen. It was necessary to cross this district to reach the neighboring village of Wrottel, One day, in the winter time, Hugh Coran had occasion to go to this village, He did not return when expected, and dinner was served without him. Just as it was over, he came in, excusing his turdiness by saying that suspicious characters had been seen on the moor, and, therefore, he had waited for companious on his homeward journey. His mother was about to commend what to her seemed but prudence, when the squire burst into a storm of invective at Hugh's "cowardice." When had he feared any mortal man-least of all, a midnight robber? The moorland offered to shelter for a band of highwaymen, and he took shame that one of his race drended encounter with a single foc. Old as he was, he would ride over Coran Moor alone at midnight, and no hand should harm him or touch his purse. He blushed-yes, that was the stinging word-for the last of the Corans of

Coran. In value did Hugh answer gently that he did not think his courage would fall if put usefully to the proof; that he owned he had but little of the reckless daring of the ancient Corans ; tus still he thought-he modestly said he thought, for the youth was no brage gart-that he would risk his own life to save another's. But the squire's last words were to much. His blue eyes flashed, he threw down his knift, left his dinner unfinished, and his mother

and sister in tears.

He did not show humself all that evening. Late at night a messenger of his head completely shattered, and came from Wrottel, bearing tidings of stains of blood on his fair, boyish face. old friend of the squire's. The man who brought the letter went on with another to a more distant neighbor.

" I shall go at once," said the squire to Emma and her mother. " I must see him again in life."

"Then Rogers will attend you? said the widow, timidly.

No. Latymer Coran was no court popinjay, who could not take care of himself; he was not afraid of the durkcowards were unknown in his young

Squire Coran went to his room to prepare for his journey. Boasting never strengthens one's own courage. and he took great care that his pistol was in good order. At another time, notwithstanding the reality of the danger, he would not have taken the pistol; but now he loaded it with deadly precision, and laid it carefully in his great-coat pocket.

Emma ran to call her brother to say good-by, but she found his door locked, and could get no answer.

"Let him alone," said her grandfather, "let him alone; example is better than precept," and so he rode

There was only a cloudy moon, but the stout hearted traveler knew his road, and was as little likely to miss his way on the moor as is a street Arab to lose himself in London. His thoughts went before him to his dying friend, and his indignation with Hugh slowly faded textfrom his mind, when, just as a cloud obscured the moon, he heard the snort of a spurred horse, a shadow fell on his path, a band suddenly caught his bridle, and a pistol was pointed at his head.

"Your money or your life!"
The words were spoken quickly, in a disguised but agitated voice. There was just light enough to see the high. wayman was a slight built man, of no apparent physical force, yet the squire remembered his vain boast as he felt how completely he was in the stripling's power. There was a moment's silence, The squire's hand was in his great-coat pocket. Did the robber think he was getting his purse? Did the squire know ie was searching for his pistel?

The highwayman spoke again in the same strange voice, which seemed full of smothered passion or grief; " I have heard you would never yield to a single

The squire's blood boiled at the imribly near his head, and he felt that in such a case neither strength nor cour. ize can always win victory. " Nor would I yield to you," he said

-he knew not what prompted himuot to you alone; but for that other fellow looking over your shoulder! "

The robber started shudderingly, and turned. Swift as lightning the squire aimed his own pistol, and fired. For a moment the moorland seemed

illumined; out of the fleudish bright. ness came a light, sharp, almost girlish shriek. A second more all was dark and quiet, and the squire realized he stood alone in the dim moonlight with a dead man at his feet.

A stern man was Latymer Coran of Coran, and he was not to be brought to a pause on his journey because he had chanced to slay a thief. Nor was it the awe and horror of justice which blanch. ed and flushed his cheek as he rode on. No, his rigid justice argued that the man deserved his death, only it was not he was seized by an uncontrollable termeet that such as he should have be, ror, and struggled against his doom trayed an honorable gentleman to deceit. with the utmost violence. It took four

beast, and saved himself -by a lie! That haunted him as he stood in the grim chamber of Wrottel Clockhouse, and saw the last of his old friend, the one to the dead robber-time enough to release himself, and he had to be for that when he returned in the morn- dragged up the steps of the scaffold by

Then he took officers of justice with him, and they respecting his position The bolt was hastily drawn, and it was and the depression in which he seemed while still wrestling with his fate that little way behind his horse. At last world. they reached the spot where the deadly deed had taken place. To their astouishment, a little group of people were enthered about, and as they drew near they heard a sound of lamentation, and the squire saw his own livery servants, one of them holding the bridle of a riderless horse. They turned startled, white faces to him, as he rode up, and of foreign hair, affectation, accomplish were silent.

"What is the matter?" he demand-

el imperiously. "Ch, he canna be dead ! " the bounie laddie!" sobbed an old Scotch groom. " Some one has shot Mr. Hugh," said two or three at ones

ome one, " for the young master has its own pistol with him."

er lay his antagonist of the night before in custody.

the sudden and dangerous illness of an The steward knelt by the corpse, disengaging the pistol from the stiff grasp of the dead. He looked at it with won. dering, bewildered eyes, and said:

"It has never been loaded !" Then the old squire understood it all -he understood that his boastful, provoking words had aggravated Hugh to put his courage to the test, in the hope of convincing him there is no trial of bravery between a honest man and a robber. And the squire understood also establishment of a village. He erected that had that unloaded pistol been what a spacious dwelling, strong and solid it seemed, he, the honorable Coran of

came and stood at either side of Latymer Coran, and his own servants fell back in horror and dismay. Alas! for the twice bereaved women, who sat waiting and weeping, and as yet hoping,

in the proud old castle towers! Latymer Coran was spared the igno-Their names the murderer and the murdered, were written on one tablet. Not a word was said of the ancient and honorable lineage, nor of the tragedy in ages, the old man and the boy, and the

" Fathers, provoke not your children to anger."

-The breaking up of a gambler's retreat in Boston, the other day, led to fleecing his victim.

A frightful crune is reported to have and a man named McNabb, she killed him by driving the spindle of a spin. ning wheel into his ear. The body was then hung up in the cabin which Hudson had inhabited, and when found t was supposed he had committed suicide. The girl married McNabb. A short time since remorse compelled her to divulge the fearful secret, and she has been arrested with her accomplices.

of having brutally outraged and then murdered a little girl of less than ten years, has just been hung in London. Although quiet during h's confinement, For he knew that he had verified his or five wardens to restrain him, and it was not until he was thrown upon the the ground that it was possible to pinion Another fit of terror seized him when he was brought in sight of the county magistrate. He dispatched no scaffold. He again struggled violently two or three wardens, and held under the beam while the rope was adjusted. plunged, walked quietly side by side, a the corvict was hurried out of the

-George Francis Train says our modern marriage service should read thus : Clergyman-Will you take this brown stone, this carriage and span, these diamonds for thy wedded husband? Yes. Will you take this unpaid milliner's bill, this high waterfall ments and feeble constitution for thy wedded wife? Yes. Then, what man has joined together let the next best man run away with, so that the first divorce court may tear them asunder,

-The police authorites of St. Louis have hit upon the novel idea of disguis-"It must have been a duel," said ing a member of the police force in woman's garments and sending him to tried on the 27th inst. those localites in the city where respec. The squire pushed his horse through table ladies are insulted by loafers. Tie

A HOUSE WITH A ROMANCE.

Three miles west of the village of Georgetown, Madison county, New York, is a place known as Mather farm. It comprises some seven hundred and thirty-five acres. A corrapondent of the Oncida Dispatch furnishes some interesting facts in its early history ;

In the year 1810, an individual known at that time as Lewis Anathe Muller, and as a French refugee, settled on this tract, then a wilderness, more desolate than now, and attempted the establishment of a village. He erected walls being constructed of hewn timber, Coran; had only escaped by a lie!

"I did it!" he said, gloomily; and the two deferential officers of justice twelve to fourteen inches thick. This fortress-like frame was well covered a nice finish and time has proved their durability. The building is of the European style of architecture of that time, miny of a trial-he did not even live to being not far from eighty teet long, and hear that the coroner's jury returned a of proportionate wiath, divided into hear that the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "misadventure." The stout old hear t was broken. Hugh's funeral of proportionate width, divided into rooms and halls. Originally, there were seven fire places. It is said that in the "engaged," though she never had an was delayed but a single day, that his cellar an apartment, undiscoverable by offer in her life. grandfather and he, "the last of the Corans," might be buried together never told, was provided. Large, com. modious out-buildings were erected, two large store houses, numerous fruit trees planted, and an artificial pond raised, the dam of which years ago was leveled in which both lives closed-only their by subsequent occupants, none of whom, to my knowledge, have owned it or any part of it. Muller brought here with him about one hundred and fifty hands, as stated by some of our ollest men, who knew him and assisted him in his enterprise, and \$150,000. Many sup. posed him to be Louis Phillippe himthe discovery of a closet with a small self, King of France, and that he sought pane of colored glass, and inside of this secluded hill and costructed this which a man was discovered with a house in its peculiar manner as a telegraph machine. The man in the means of defense in case of danger. closet and the telegrapd were useful in At any rate there was not, and is not in this wise: Whenever a countryman to-day any doubt that he was one of the

entered to play and try his luck at cards, nobility of France, for when Bonaparte he was scated at the table with his abdicated he returned to France, leavback to the closet door, thereby giving ing his family (wife and childern) in the man in the closet a fair chance to New York. Evidently no pains were see the cards held in his hands. The telegraph machine was supplied with a wire running from the machine under the carpet, to the buriness man at the cultivated taste of the exiled French table, who was thus acquainted with man. Consequently forests were leveled, all the cards he was playing against, and hundreds of acres cleared with par thus gaining advantage and ultimately ticular care. Money was lavished, and labor without stint applied to beautify this wild, seeluded hill. On going to France he left his property in care of come to light at Blandville county, Ky.

A man named Hudson went to that

But after a few years he returned to place about eleven years ago, from New York thene to leargetown to find ness in court, desiring to perplex her South Carolina, leaving his family be- his adopted home nearly descrited, every. hind him. In Blandville he seduced a thing in a dilapidated state; his valua. girl named Belcher, and on her asking ble and costly furn ure carried away or him to marry her, he told her that he broken, and of all the property which he had a wife and family. This enraged bought, amounting to \$150,000 or more, her, and with the assistance of her sister it is related that he did not recover \$150. He returned to New York, disposed of his lands and immovable estate at a ruinous bargain, and sailed for France None in this vicinity know to this day who he was, or what was his real character. The farm has ever since been owned by parties living in New York, or in castern counties, and has been worked, when worked at all, by tenants who wanted to live bad enough to do it, always at a " poor lay." A most atrocious criminal, convicted even if all their own way. An air of romance has ever since clung around that storn but stately mansion with its lofty poplars and spacious green in front. And, until recently reports were rite,

> houses, and that this was one-A THOUGHT FOR THE DISCONTEN-TED .- In the days of the Old Brewery, at the five Points, New York, a woman and her only daughter, a child five years of age, occupied a loathsome corner of the first floor. It was the custom of the mother, after covering the child with all the rags which had been collect. ed during the day, to place a few broken boards, dignified by the title of a door, in such a position as probably kept the horrible place half a degree warmer than it would been without such a shelter. On one occasion, after the mother had adjusted the boards for the yesterday, night, the child, probably experien log ome sensations at comfort, and Mother, what does poor people do that's got no door to cover them ? "

and frequently believed, that this house

was haunted, and its occupants have

peen frightened pale, and some have

been known to leave, actually believing

in the mysterious tales of haunted

-Hoo. Theodore S. Faxton, Utica, New York, has subscribed \$20, or them awastood, whose words hay 000 upon candition that the county will raise \$20,000 more, to provide a home for the aged.

It has been agreed by the Court and friend Annual most, and Humar wours counsel that John H. Surratt shall be mounting new for the shill or her heart.

-Cablegram is the latest n my for

A Little of Everything

I WANT A WIFE.

I want a wife To cheer my life; I care not what she lacks in beauty, So I but find

That she is kind, And knows and practices her duty.

I want a wife
Who throughher life
Was never known to be a first; Who'll bring to me A recipe

To keep the nuttens on a shirt.

If such a one Dwells 'neath the sun,
And don't mind leaving friends behind her
With the author of this

She'll find true bliss. By informing him where he may find her. The new india-rubber ears for ladies

are boxed every night. When is a tombstone like a rushlight?

When it is set up for a late husband.

What's best to prevent old men from despairing? Echo : "Pairing."

A young lady must make a hit if she dislikes to be a miss.

Give strict attention to your own af. fairs and consider your wife one of them. A Nevada paper wishes bachelors to

be taxed heavily enough to bring them either to matrimony or suicide. A young woman who went to buy a sewing machine blushingly requested to see one with a " feller."

It is well enough that men should be

Those ladies who have a passion for tea parties should remember that tattle begins with T.

Thirteen old maids recently assembled

at a tea party in Twenty-third street, N. Y., whose combined ages were nearly a thouand years. A clergyman gave a toast that was not

very gallant at a late fireman's celebration : " Our fire engines-May they be like old maids, ever ready but never wanted. In Washington a man shot a woman because he did not marry her; in Cin-

cinnati another shot one because be did. What can a bachelor do to save his ba-" Mrs. P. is happy, ain't she?" said a husband to his wife. "I should think she ought to be; she has a cam-

el's hair shawl, two-thirds berder," was

the reply. A very modest young lady who was on board a packet ship, it is said sprang out of her berth and jumped overboard

A young girl was one day asked: Do tell me why it is Cupid continues so long after the invention of powder to use arrows? To avoid the report of fire-arms, which would attract the jealous, was the reply.

A lawyer, neither young nor hand. some, when examing a young lady witsaid: "Miss, upon my word, you are very pretty." The young lady replied: "I would return the compliment, s'r, were I not under oath."

A young gentleman named Harry Turn recently married his cousin of the same name. When interrogated as to why he did so, he replied that it had always been a maxim of his that "one good turn deserves another," and he had acted accordingly.

"If you ever marry," said a Roman Consul to his son, "let it be one who has sense enough to superintend the setting of a meal of viotuals, taste enough to dress herself, pride enough to wash before breakfast, and sense enough to hold her tongue when she has nothing to say.

JOSH BILLINGS ON THE DEATH OF ARTEMAS WARD .- Deth has done a cruel thing lately. Deth seldom is kind, but Deth is imparshal; that is all that can be said in his favor. He mows with hiz sithe awl round the world, now in this field, now in that; wheat flowers and weeds drop, wilt and wither, for he sithes early and late, in citti and town, by the harthstun and awa oph where the wanderers are.

Deth hez done a cruel thing lately. Deth seldom iz kind. Here a father, a mother, a wee small thing, but a month on a visit; there, Mary and Charley go down in white clothes-Deth mows and never iz weary; Deth whistles and mows; menny folds are all bare, for Deth cuts cluss, as well as cruel,

Deth luvs to mow; 'tiz his stile, He

iz old, and sligh with hiz sickle; he mowed for Abel of old and for Abel ov Deth mows strangely, and round fall

the dany and grass; alone, searling, stans the kourse thissel, left for what?-Doth kant tell, for God only knows. Deth yu hav dun a cruol thing late'y; yu have moved where the wittyest one

gens latting and over the world, whose bart with a good, and az soft az a Derli, yas have mown! where toy

I am sad and I am morey.

With is the early grass like a pear, the crowd. On the blood statued heath- result is that several of the loungers a c m seages sent by the Atlantic tele. knile? Because the spring brings and the blades