

The Elk Advocate,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
Devoted to the Interests of the People of Elk Co.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
BY JOHN F. MOORE,
Office in the Court House.
TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per
annum, payable in advance. No divi-
dend from these terms.
JOHN G. HALL, Proprietor.

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Having lately added materially to
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not be excelled by any establishment
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and any other work usually done in a coun-
try office.

Elk County Directory.
COUNTY OFFICERS.
President Judge—R. G. White.
Additional Law Judge—Henry W.
Williams.
Associate Judges—E. C. Schultze,
Jesse Kyler.
District Attorney—L. J. Blakely.
Sheriff—James A. Malone.
Prothonotary, &c.—G. A. Rathbun.
Treasurer—James Coyne.
Co. Superintendent—James Blakely.
Commissioners—William A. Bly, J.
W. Taylor, Louis Volmer.
Auditors—Clark Wilcox, Byron J.
Jones, Jacob McCauley.
County Surveyor—Geo. Walmsley.

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

BEALES

(LATE POWELL'S)
EMBRICATION!
FOR ALL DISEASES INCIDENT TO
HORSES, CATTLE AND THE HUMAN FLESH,
requiring the use of an external application.
This new Compound, prepared by a prac-
tical Chemist having a full knowledge of
all the medicinal virtues of each ingredi-
ent that enters into its composition, is war-
ranted to exceed anything of the kind yet
offered to the public as an external ap-
plication for the diseases for which it is recom-
mended. We are satisfied that it will work
its way into the system of all who use it,
and those who try it once will never be
without it, and therefore we rely on ex-
perience as the best test of its usefulness.
It is pronounced by Farriers, and all who
have tried it to be the best application
ever used. This Embrication has been put
up for over eight years, and it is only
through the increasing demand and urgent
request of my friends and the Public that
I send it forth as the grand remedial agent
for the various diseases to which that noble
and useful animal, the Horse, is subject.
Many remedies have been offered to the
Public under different names, some of these
are injurious, others at best of little use,
and many wholly improper to answer the
purpose for which they are recommended.
A judicious and really useful composition
free from those objections, has therefore
long been desired by many gentlemen who
have valuable horses, and are unwilling to
trust them to the care of designing and
pretending Farriers. Their wishes are at
length fully gratified, by Dr. Beale's
Embrication, which has proved so efficacious
in the various diseases to be prepared and
brought out to the public.
This Embrication was extensively used
by the Government during the war.
Address all orders to
DR. EDMOND BEALE,
692, South Second St., Phil'a.
For Sale by Bardwell & Messenger,
Ridgway, Pa. ap30ly

THE MOST RELIABLE CUSHION used on Billiard Tables is the CAT-GUT CUSHION.

Manufactured by Kavanagh & Decker, and
patented Dec 18, 1866. (See Scientific Ameri-
can, volume 16, number 11.)
It is the ONLY Cushion that possesses all
the qualities essential to a perfect Cushion.
It is the most elastic and most durable
Cushion ever offered to the billiard-playing
public, as is abundantly proven by the
great demand for it since its introduction.
The peculiarity which distinguishes the
CAT-GUT Cushion and renders it superior
to all others, is the tightened cord of cat-
gut which overlies the face and edge of the
rubber, and running the full length of the
Cushion, which prevents the ball from bed-
ding into the rubber and jumping from the
table. The addition of the cat-gut cord
also adds much to the elasticity of the Cushion.
The CAT-GUT Cushion has already been
applied to over 1000 tables which are in
constant use. It can be applied to tables
of any make, for \$75 per set.
KAVANAGH & DECKER'S Factory, at
the corner of Centre and Canal Streets, N. Y.,
is the most complete of its kind in the
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proved character, the lumber drying room
the largest in the United States, the material
used the best that can be purchased, and
the workmen thoroughly skilled.
Billiard Cloth, Balls, Cues and Trimmings,
all of the best make, constantly on hand.
Kavanagh and Decker are the only agents
in this country for KAY'S CEMENT, ad-
justed by competent authorities to be
the best cement ever used.
Full Size Tables set down for \$100.
Send for Illustrated Price List.
KAVANAGH & DECKER,
Cor. of Centre and Canal Sts.,
ap31ly New York City.

The Elk Advocate.

JOHN G. HALL, Proprietor.

RIDGWAY, PENNA., JUNE 6th, 1867.

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Selected Miscellany.

THE BRAVE SHEPHERD.

A True Story of the Australian Bush.

Some years ago two men, Charles and Edward Ladbury, had charge of an outlying sheep station, belonging to Mr. John Hassall, a wealthy Australian squatter. The first named was the shepherd, the second the hutkeeper. Their hut stood in the midst of a scene of primitive nature. Except the folds for the flocks, there were no inclosures of any description. The country was an expanse of grass, with a few undulations dotted sparsely with evergreen trees, mostly of the stringy-bark species. The walls of the hut were built of rough stakes, with mud and reeds between them; other long poles formed the roof, which was covered with rushes. The fire place was constructed of stones collected from the neighborhood, and in this the men baked their daily damper, composed of flour and water and salt, and boiled their kettle of tea. Their stores consisted of salt beef and pork, flour and rice in casks, a chest of tea, some sugar and raisins, and a few other articles. Tin cups and plates, and two or three knives and forks, formed their dinner and tea service; a kettle and saucepan and gridiron were their chief utensils; some rough slabs of the stringy-bark trees on treasels, ticking filled with wool, a couple of blankets, and a kangaroo-skin rug a-piece formed their bed.

Such a life as they led, in spite of its sameness, its solitude, and danger, has its charms for many men. They were contented. May be, their early days had been spent in poverty and starvation in some crowded city, amid scenes of profligacy, squalor, and suffering. Here they enjoyed pure air, a bright sky, and abundance of food, and were removed from the temptations which once beset them. Those who have once occupied nearly every position in life will be found among the shepherds and hut-keepers of Australia—brought to poverty either through their own faults or the faults of others. Few like to speak of their early lives. What ever had been the position of Storey and Ladbury, they were now steadily performing their duty. Having despatched their early breakfast, the two men counted and examined the sheep as they came out of the fold, and picked out those requiring any particular treatment. Storey then started with the flock to a distant pasture.

Ladbury had no lack of duties. There was the fold to repair here and there, some sick sheep to doctor, the roof of the hut to patch, and a piece of garden ground, which he had wisely begun to cultivate to attend to. His dinner was quickly dispatched. His usual companion a favorite dog, had disappeared; he could not tell how, but much feared it had been bitten by a snake and had died in the bush. He lit his pipe, and smoked and thought awhile. Again he busied himself out of doors, and once more returned to the hut to prepare the evening meal for himself and his companion. He was about to hook the freshly-made dampers out of the ashes, when he heard a low moan. He listened—the sound was repeated. He hurried out and looked about him. It must have been fancy, he thought, and was about to return to the hut, when the same sound again reached his ears. It came from a cluster of bushes at a little distance off. With an anxious heart he ran to the place, and there found his companion lying on the ground, bleeding from numerous wounds, and with a spear-head still sticking in his body. Lifting Storey in his arms, he carried him to the hut and laid him on his bed.

"It's the work of those black fellows," said Ladbury, looking out round the hut. None were in sight. He came back, and warming some water, bathed poor Storey's wounds; then he carefully cut out the barbed head of the spear, and continued bathing the wound, except for a short time, when he poured some warm tea down the sufferer's throat. Every moment while thus employed he expected the natives to attack the hut. He had no longer Rover to give him warning of the approach of a foe. There was little doubt that his poor dog had also been speared. The pain being soothed, Storey returned to consciousness, and explained that he had been attacked early in the day by natives. He had run from them after receiving several wounds, but had speared again half a mile or so from the hut, and had crawled the rest of the distance, till he fainted from loss of blood and the pain he was suffering. Sad indeed was the condition of these two poor fellows, with no white man nearer than twenty miles, and no surgeon within, probably, two hundred. Night at length came on, when, as the natives never move

about in the dark, they knew that they were safe. But they both felt certain the attack would be renewed by daylight, and the event proved that they were right.

Soon after dawn Ladbury, who, overcome with fatigue, had dozed off, was startled by the sound of a spear being forced through the reed-made door of the hut. Another and another followed through the slightly formed walls. "We shall be murdered, mate, if I don't put them to flight," he exclaimed, taking his pocket-knife and bill-hook, the only weapons he possessed, the first in his left hand, the other partly covered by his coat, so that it looked like a pistol. "All ready. We may never meet again in this world, so good-bye Charley but I'll chance it." Suddenly he sprang through the doorway, shouting to the blacks, nearly fifty of whom he saw before him, that he would shoot if they didn't run. They, scarcely dared to look at what they believed to be his pistol, alter exchanging a few words with each other, to his great relief began to retire, and as he shouted louder took to their heels.

"We are saved, Charley," he exclaimed, almost breathless with excitement. "But the niggers will be back again. Do you think you could move along if I were to help you?" "No, Ned, that I couldn't," answered Storey. "But do you get away. You'd easily reach Jennymung before nightfall, and if you can bring help I know you will; if not—why my sand is pretty nigh run out as it is. God's will be done."

"Leave you, Charley!—that's not what I think of doing," said Ladbury firmly. "While you have life I'll stay by you, and tend you as well as I can; so that matter is settled." The hours passed slowly by. Ladbury cooked their food and nursed his mate as gently as a woman could have done. Night came, and at length they both slept. Ladbury was awake by a call from Storey.

"Ned, sleep has done me good; I think I could travel if I were once on my legs," he said. Ladbury silently made up their bedding and the few household articles they possessed into a bundle, which he hoisted on to his broad shoulders.

"Now, mate, come along," he said, lifting Storey up, and making him rest on his arm. It was two hours past midnight, and they hoped to get a good start of the blacks. But they had not proceeded many hundred yards before found he had overrated his strength, and sank to the ground.

"Now, Ned, you must go," he whispered. "Save yourself; I can but die once, and you'll only lose your life if you stop to help me." "What I've said I'll do, I hope to stick to," answered Ladbury. Still Storey urged him to continue his journey alone. Ned made no reply, but suddenly started off at a quick pace. Sad indeed must have been poor Storey's feelings when he saw him disappear in the gloom of night. Death was coming sure enough. Already he repeated of having urged his friend to fly. Daylight would discover him to the blacks, and they would finish their work in revenge for the escape of his companion. Suddenly a footstep was heard. Ladbury appeared without his bundle.

"What I did you think I really was going?" he asked, in a low voice. "You'll not beg me to leave you again, mate. Come, get on my shoulders; we'll see what I can do."

Ladbury walked on with the wounded man on his back for half a mile or more. "Now sit down here, and I'll go back for the bundle," he said, placing him under a bush. No one but a man long accustomed to the wilds of Australia could have found his way as Ladbury did. He soon passed Storey with their bundle on his shoulders, and once more returned for his mate. Thus they journeyed on till the sun rose, when they reached a stream which they well knew, having traveled about seven miles. Ladbury, however, was so completely exhausted by his exertions that he felt unable to crawl another mile, much less to carry his two burdens. Storey had again become so ill, and his wounds were so painful, that it seemed doubtful that he would survive if moved further. Though the danger was great, Ladbury resolved to camp where they were for some days, till Storey had partly recovered his strength. At last he hit upon a plan, that though Storey could not walk, and he could no longer carry him on his shoulders, he might drag him along, should the blacks not have traced them out. He accordingly, with the aid of some sticks cut from the bush, and their bedding, formed a sledge, which without much difficulty, he could drag along. On this he placed the wounded man, with such provisions as remained, and recommenced his toilsome journey over the grass. He could move but slowly, and often had to make a wide circuit to avoid any copes or rocky ground which lay in his course. Even now, too, they

were not safe, for the blacks, finding the hut empty, might pursue and overtake them. Still the brave Ladbury toiled on: his own strength was rapidly giving way. Once more he was obliged to halt near a stream.

"We must camp here to-night, mate," he said to Storey. "Perhaps to-morrow my legs will be able to move; to-day they can do no more." The night passed away in silence; the morning was ushered in with the strange sounds of the Australian bush, and the sun rose, casting a fiery heat over the plain. Storey had not moved. Ladbury looked at him, anxiously expecting to find him no longer alive. He roused up, however, and after some breakfast, again Ladbury harnessed himself to the sledge and moved on. Often he was obliged to halt; sometimes he could move only a few hundred yards at a time; a few minutes' rest enabled him again to go on. Still the stags became shorter and the rests longer as the evening approached. He felt that he could not exist another night in the bush. The station could not now be far off. A faintness was creeping over him. On, on, he went, as if in a dream. Several times he stumbled and could scarcely recover himself. A sound reached his ears; it was a dog's bark. With the conviction that help could not now be far off, his strength seemed to return. The roofs of the wood sheds and huts appeared. No one could be seen. Even then he and his friend might perish if he did not go on. It was the supper hour at the station. On he must go. He got nearer and nearer, stumbling and panting. The door of the chief hut was reached, and he sank fainting across the threshold. Every attention was paid to the two men. Ladbury soon recovered. Poor Storey was conveyed to the hospital at Albany, but so great had been the shock to his system that, in a short time, he sank under its effects.

We read of the gallant acts of our soldiers and sailors in the face of an enemy, but is there not also heroism in the character of this Australian shepherd—heroism which might never have been suspected had not circumstances occurred to draw it out?

IMPORTANCE OF SMALL THINGS.—Among the every day causes of much inconvenience, and often of serious loss and suffering, that of negligence in the payment of small debts is not the least in its evil effects. Merchants, tradesmen and mechanics are frequently subjected to the necessity of borrowing from banks to meet their liabilities or renew their stocks, only because their customers fail in the payment of small balances. Every individual debtor looks upon the sum he owes as of very little consequence, and especially if owed to a printer, and does not pay through mere indifference or forgetfulness. To the creditor these petty sums make, in the aggregate, a large amount, and become to him sometimes a matter of vital importance. Most of the ills of life that canker human existence, are the daily annoyance of adverse events, each a trifle in itself, but summing up a wearing amount that constitutes the burden of which all complain. It is the duty of each individual not to add to the cares of his neighbor by omitting the discharge of any one of his own obligations. Strict attention to this would save many a heart-ache and prevent much corroding anxiety. We want these little amounts—that's what's the matter.—*Corry Democrat.*

The reckless course pursued by the Radicals, who are largely in the majority in both branches of the Pennsylvania Legislature, is awakening public attention and earnest comment. The manner in which many bills were passed last session, to say nothing of their questionable character, has startled thousands throughout the Commonwealth. The people, everywhere, are demanding reform. They see the absolute necessity of changing the style of legislation. They now look to the Democracy to correct the evil, and, if good men are placed in nomination by the Democratic conventions, hundreds who never before voted our ticket will rush to its support. In view of this fact, the approaching delegate elections are invested with the greatest importance. The first thing to accomplish is to elect sound and reliable men as our representatives in the several nominating conventions. If this be done, the battle will be an easy one, and the victory will be overwhelming.—*The Age.*

Among the names of those recently called to the bar in the Middle Temple, London, appears that of Budrooden Tyabjee. This gentleman is a Mohammedan, and the first ever called to the English bar. The oaths of allegiance, &c., were administered to him in the usual terms, but he was sworn on the Koran. He intends to practice at the bar in Bombay, where he will be the first disciple of the Prophet who has ever held such a position in India.

Selected Poetry.

IF YOU WANT A KISS, TAKE IT.

There's a jolly Saxon proverb
That is pretty much like this,
That a man is half in heaven
When he has a woman's kiss;
But there's danger in delaying—
And the sweetness may forsake it;
So I tell you, bashful lover,
If you want a kiss, why take it.
Never let another fellow
Steal a march on you in this;
Never let a laughing maiden
See you sporting for a kiss;
There's a royal way to kissing,
And the jolly ones who make it
Have a motto that is winning—
If you want a kiss, why take it.
Any fool may face a cannon;
Anybody wear a crown,
But a man must win a woman,
If he'd have her for his own;
Would you find the golden apple,
You must find the tree and shake it;
If the thing is worth the having,
And you want a kiss, why take it.
Who would burn upon the desert,
With a forest smiling by?
Who would give his sunny summer
For a bleak and wintry sky?
Oh! I tell you there is magic,
And you cannot, cannot break it;
For the sweetest part of loving
Is to want a kiss, and take it.

YOUNG GRIMES.

Old Grimes is dead—that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
But he has left a son who bears
The name that Old Grimes bore.
He wears a coat of latest cut,
His hat is new and gay;
He cannot bear to see distress,
So turns from it away.
His pants are gaiters—fitting snug
O'er patent leather shoes;
His hair is by a barber curled
He smokes cigars and chews.
A chain of massive gold is borne
Above his flashy vest;
His clothes are better every day
Than were old Grimes' best.
In fashion's court he often walks,
Where he delight doth shed;
His hands are white and very soft,
But softer is his head.
He's six feet tall—no post more straight—
His teeth are pearly white;
In habits he is sometimes loose,
And sometimes very tight.
His manners are of sweetest grace,
His voice of softest tone;
His diamond pin's the very one
That old Grimes used to own.
His mustache adorns his face,
His neck a scarf of blue;
He sometimes goes to church for change,
And sleeps in Grimes' pew.
He sports the fastest "cab" in town;
Is always quick to bet;
He never knows who's President,
But thinks old Tip's in yet.
He has drunk wines of every kind,
And liquors cold and hot;
Young Grimes, in short, is just what sort
Of man—old Grimes was not.

WHO WROTE THAT DIARY.—The question as to whom we are to ascribe the composition of the diary that is asserted to be from the pen, or rather pencil, of J. Wilkes Booth, is looming up into importance, and may, ere long, rival the celebrated nursery query, "Who killed Cock Robin?" If the items it contains were written on the days on which they purport to be, they exhibit a remarkable degree of precision on the part of the part of the author. It is well known that the assassination of the late President took place but an hour or two before midnight on Friday, April 14, and that the first announcement of the catastrophe by the press was made on the morning of the 15th. The diary, however, contains under the date of "April 13-14" these words: "I struck boldly, and not as the papers say." If the writer of this sentence was not gifted with a foreknowledge of the contents of the next day's papers, why then it is not surprising that a veil of doubt should be cast over the matter. Again, the memorandum in question begins "Until to-day," etc., and towards its close says, "This night, before the deed," etc., yet in the middle appears the remark, "I passed all his pickets, rode sixty miles THAT night," etc. Here is an evident desire to make it appear that the memorandum was written on the day to which it alludes; but the carelessness or incompetence of the writer causes him to insert in the body of the note a pronoun which refers to the past, a grammatical error that a person of Booth's mental acquirements would hardly be likely to commit; that is supposing he wrote it on the day it was dated. But supposing that he wrote the whole or a portion of the memorandum a day or two after, it is difficult to believe that he would write "this night" a few lines after he had written "that night"—the "this" and the "that," it must be observed, both referring to the same night. With these facts before us, we cannot wonder that the authorship of this strange diary should be a subject of doubt among many of fact people.—*New York Sun.*

A Little of Everything

—The murder indictment against Surratt is to be abandoned.
—The Miantonomah iron clad has not been sold to Russia, as reported.
—Virginia has 50,000 more white than colored voters.
—There were 300,000 marriages in the United States last year.
—It is difficult to decide which is the greater infliction, Nasby or the weather.
—General Frank Blair was at Omaha last Friday, on business connected with the United States.
—A deaf and dumb man has been arrested in an Ohio town for using bad language. So says a local paper.
—A Tennessee paper says that Parson Brownlow will not die until the school fund of that State is exhausted.
—At Erie, Pa., the gas is so bad that the boy who puts out the lights in the streets carries a lantern to find the posts.
—Pio Nono gets fifty-eight thousand dollars from the private contributions of the Roman Catholics of Philadelphia.
—Joel Lindsay, who whipped his boy to death, has been released on bail at Auburn to stand a new trial.
—Owing to the late frosts the peach orchards in Delaware, along the bay shore, are not expected to yield more than a quarter crop.
—A Chicago clerk fell in the dummy of a dry goods house from the fifth story to the cellar, and strange to say, was picked up alive.
—One dry goods house in Chicago last year did a business of 9,200,000, and fifty-eight firms did a business of over \$1,000,000 each.
—A widow in Erie, Penna., advertises a "grand hop" to procure funds with which to defray the expenses of burying her husband.
—The railroad speculators and land thieves are industriously engaged in cooking up an immense war of extermination with the Indians.
—A Count de Angoles, once on Fremont's staff, has been before the Court of General Sessions on a charge of larceny committed at the Metropolitan Hotel in the city of New York.
—The Montreal papers say that Mr. Davis keeps pretty much within doors, and that he went on from New York alone, his family not leaving until the day after.
—The Government receipts for the quarter ending March 31, 1867, were \$289,242,824, and the expenditures, \$132,731,651. The statement for the current quarter will not prove so satisfactory by \$500,000.
—Forney dates his letters "at sea" to "my two papers, both daily." This is perfectly natural to Forney, who is always "at sea," and seldom writes anything unless he is "half seas over."
—J. M. Brinkley, lately law clerk in the office of the Attorney General, and formerly an editorial writer on the *National Intelligencer*, has been appointed Assistant Attorney General, vice Aston, resigned.
—Eggs with iron shells, it has already been announced, have been laid by the highly educated hens of Prussia. A Berlin chemist, who caused his hens to lay them, did so by teaching the hens to eat a preparation in which iron was used and compelling them to abstain from lime.
—A few weeks since, six car-loads of oil took fire on a train which was coming down the mountain near Kittaning Point, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and about two hundred barrels burned up. The flame illumined the whole valley between the Allegheny and Brush Mountains.
—Mary O'Gorman hanged herself in Jersey City one day last week. She was driven to commit the act by the cruelty and abuse of her sons, who were in the habit of beating her to compel her to give them money. After the deed one of the wretches stole \$45 from the person of his dead mother and escaped.
—A gentleman writes to the *London Times* in reference to hydrophobia, which is now agitating England as well as this country, that the late Sir Benjamin Brodie recommends caustic potash to cauterize the part bitten by a mad dog. Sir Benjamin's reason for this, as given in his works, is, that dissolved potash penetrates further than nitrate of silver, and is, therefore, preferable to the latter, as more likely to follow the course of the poison and neutralize its effects.
—Not long since a kind-hearted and generous man died, leaving behind a fearful, jealous, somber-minded wife to mourn his loss. After the poor man was dead, she began to exhibit signs of repentance, and acknowledged to her friends that she had done her poor dead husband a great wrong while on earth. She was advised to visit a medium, and ask his forgiveness, which she did. The medium called up the departed spirit of the husband, when the following dialogue took place: Wife—Is this the spirit of my dear husband? A. It is. Wife—Will you forgive me for my wickedness toward you while on earth? A. Yes. Wife—Are you more happy now than you were while living? A. Much happier. Wife—Do you desire to return to earth? A. No. Wife—Where are you? A. In hell! Exit bereaved widow.
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