

The Elk Advocate,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

Devoted to the Interests of the People of Elk Co

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

BY JOHN F. MOORE,

Office in the Court House.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per

annum, invariably in advance. No devia-

tion from these terms.

Rates of Advertising:

Transient Advertisements per square of

10 lines or less, 3 times or less, \$2 00

For each subsequent insertion, 25

Administrators' and Exrs' notices, 2 50

Auditors' notices, 2 50

Disputations, Cautions and Errata, 2 00

Local and Obituary notices per line, 15

Professional cards, 1 year, 5 00

YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS:

1 square, \$7 00; 1 column, \$20 00

2 squares, 12 00; 2 columns, 35 00

3 squares, 15 00; 3 columns, 66 00

The above rates will be strictly adhered

to in all advertising from this date.

BLANKS.

Single quire, \$2 50; 6 quires 7 qu., \$1 75

3 quires 7 qu., 2 50; Over 6, 7 qu., 1 50

HANDBILLS.

1 sheet, 25 or less 200; 1 sheet, 25 or less 5 00

1 sheet, 25 or less 300; 1 sheet, 24 or less 9 00

Nov. 28, 1867. JOHN F. MOORE,

Editor and Proprietor.

TIME OF HOLDING COURT.

Second Monday in January.

Last Monday in April.

First Monday in August.

First Monday in November.

J. S. BORDWELL, M. D.

ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN.

The word eclectic means to choose or

select medicines from all the different

schools of medicine; using remedies that

are safe, and discarding from practice all

medicines that have an impure effect on

the system, such as mercury, antimony,

lead, opium, &c.

I lay aside the lance—the old blood-

letter, reducer or depletor, and equalize the

circulation and restore the system to its

natural state by alteratives and tonics. I

shall hereafter give particular attention to

chronic diseases, such as Pheumatism,

Dyspepsia, Liver complaint, Catarrh, Neu-

ralgia, diseases of the throat, urinary or-

gans, and all diseases peculiar to females,

&c.

CATARRH I treat with a new instrument of

a late invention, which cures every case.

TEETH extracted without pain.

Office and residence south of the jail, on

Centre St. Office hours from 7 to 8 a. m.

12 to 1 p. m.; 6 to 7 p. m.

Dec. 23'67. J. S. BORDWELL.

GREAT REDUCTION

IN THE

PRICE OF FURNITURE!

Mr. Charles L. Bayer desires respect-fully

to inform the citizens of Elk County that

he has now the most complete, cheapest,

and best lot of Furniture in the county.—

His Furniture is all made in his own shop,

he can therefore warrant it to be neat and

lasting. He has a large assortment of

Bureaus, Lounges, Sofas, Chairs, Tables,

Wardrobes, Cupboards, Bookcases, Book-

stands, Washstands, Towel Racks, Hall

Racks, What Nois, Bedsteads of White-wood,

Walnut and Cherry, Brackets, Picture

Frames, and everything usually kept in a

first class Furniture Ware-Room.

He has connected with his establishment

a steam turning lathe, which will enable

him to do all kinds of turning in a neat and

workmanlike manner.

All he asks is a fair trial, and if his

wares do not give satisfaction, he will re-

fund the money.

CHARLES L. BAYER,

my 2218671y St. Macy's Pa.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEW-

ING MACHINES.—The under-

signed having been appointed Sole Agent

for the sale of Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing

Machines for Elk county. He keeps an

assortment constantly on hand. Machines

sold at Philadelphia and New York prices.—

Any parties desirous of obtaining them can

address J. K. WHITMORE,

March 9-'68-1y. at Ridgway, Pa.

NOTICE OF APPEAL.—The Commis-

sioners of Elk County, will hold ap-

peals, at the time and places mentioned as

follows:

Feb. 18, for Spring Creek, at Irwins.

" 19, for Jones, at the Wilcox House.

" 20, for Highland, at Charles Stubbs.

" 25, for Horton, at D. Oysters.

" 26, for Fox, at John Koels.

" 27, for Jay, at M. Spangler's.

" 28, for Benzet, at Aliza Winslow's.

Mar. 2, for St. Mar's at M. Willendorf's.

" 3, for Benzing, at J. Windfelder's.

" 4, for Ridgway, at Com. Office.

On the 5th of March the appeal on un-

seated lands will be held at Ridgway.

PROPOSALS FOR

LUMBER!

The Columbia Bridge Company will re-

ceive proposals, addressed to G. B. Rob-

erts, Chief Engineer, Office Pennsylvania

Railroad Company, Philadelphia, until

February 20, 1868, for about

3,300,000 Feet White Pine, B. M.

700,000 Feet White Oak, B. M.

1,900,000 Short Joint Shingles.

To be delivered on the framing ground,

at the Bridge in Columbia, Pa., on or be-

fore the 1st day of August 1868.

The lumber to be of the best quality of

bridge lumber, and subject to the inspec-

tion, measurement, and approval of such

Agent as the Company may appoint. De-

tailed bills and specifications can be pro-

duced by addressing G. B. ROBERTS,

Penn'a R. R. Office, Philad'a.

Feb. 8, '68-3l.

ATTENTION LUMBERMEN!

THE EAGLE TURBINE WATER

WHEEL, patented July 30, 1867, is

superior to any wheel in use. The under-

signed have the agency for said wheel in

the State of Pennsylvania, and can recom-

mend it as being the best manufactured.

For further particulars, and circulars, in-

quire at our Foundry in Kersey, where

machinery, mill-gearing, castings and steam

engines will be made to order at reasonable

prices. We expect by giving satisfaction in

our work to receive a good share of pub-

lic patronage.

J. F. ROBERTSON,

R. BELL,

Kersey, Pa., Jan 16 1868 Spl.

THE ELK ADVOCATE

RIDGWAY, PENNA. MARCH, 7, 1868.

JOHN F. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor.

VOLUME SEVEN—NUMBER 51.

Not a Drop More Daniel.

Daniel Akin had become a common drunkard. So fully had he come under the dominion of his appetite, that he was perfectly miserable when he could not obtain the means of gratifying his thirst. He had neglected his family till his wife's father had taken her and her children to the parental roof. He had spent all his substance for drink, and was kept from the poor house only by performing menial services for his food, and by the kindness of Thomas Edgerton, a member of the Society of Friends who had known him from his youth, and had a strong hope that in the course of time he would see his folly and turn again into the right path. The leading merchant of the place had left him have drink as long as his money lasted, but would trust him no longer. He was loafing about the store one bright moonlight evening, pleading with the merchant to treat him for a drink. His reply was, "not a drop more, Daniel." He remained a while longer and left. As the cool air of the evening fell upon him, he all at once began to give utterance to his feelings in the following strain:

"Not a drop more, Daniel. Am I drunk, or am I sober. I am sober. Not a drop more, Daniel. Did Haskins think a drop more would hurt me? No! but my money is gone. He has got everything I had. He has got the Bible mother gave me. He has got the shoes which my wife bought for Jennie, and paid for with her own earnings. Not a drop more, Daniel. Daniel, what say you to that? I say so too. I once had good clothes, and now have nothing but rags. Not a drop more, Daniel, till I have others as good as when Mary and I were married. I once had a good watch, but that too is gone. Not a drop more, Daniel, till I have another as good as the one I pawned to Haskins for drink. I have seen the time when I had a good horse and buggy, and could ride into the village in as good style as any man in the place. Not a drop more, Daniel, till I own another horse and buggy as good as I once had. I once had cows which furnished my family with butter and cheese, but Haskins has got them. Not a drop more, Daniel, till those cows or others as good as those are mine again. I once had this wallet full of bills, but now there is not a cent. Not a drop more, Daniel, till this wallet is well filled again."

By this time he had reached the place where he had formerly resided, and he stood and leaned against the fence, and mused for a long time in silence. He viewed the desolateness of the scene by the light of the moon, and his eyes ranged over the house and barn once his own, which had become out of repair.

He then said, "Once I owned this house and farm. Here I was born. Here my father and mother died. I was the pride of their hearts, but I brought down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Here I commenced my married life, and all that heart could wish was mine. Here Mary and I took comfort till Haskins came here and opened his rum shop, and now he calls it his. In that south room my children were born; and there my Jennie died. O, how sorrowful she looked when she saw me take the shoes and start for the store to pawn them for rum, while she lay sick! And then how she begged me before she died, never to strike her mother again! I can see her now, her pale face, her wasted form, but she cannot come to me again. And O, my wife, how shamefully have I abused you! It was not your Daniel that did it. No! it was that cursed rum that Haskins sold me. No wonder you were taken from me by those who loved you and would not see you abused. They won't have me in the house. They will not let me live with you. Not a drop more, Daniel, till this house is mine again. Not a drop more, Daniel, till these broad acres are again in my possession, and that wife and the children that are living are in yonder rooms, and

we are a happy family once more. Not a drop more, Daniel, so help me God, till all these things are accomplished. I thank you, Haskins, for those words. I shall not forget them!"

He had become so much occupied with his thoughts, and spoken in a tone so loud, that he had not heard the wagon, which by this time reached the road, in which was seated the kind-hearted Quaker who has been mentioned. He stopped his horse, and heard distinctly the language which Daniel used. As he closed his soliloquy he turned and saw Thomas Edgerton, who said, "Daniel, does thee mean to keep thy vow?"

He answered, "I do."

"Thee has promised a great many times that thee would drink no more. What makes thee think thee will keep thy vow?"

"I know, Friend Edgerton, I have often vowed to drink no more, but now I feel different from what I ever did before. My heart is broken, and I feel my weakness, and I believe God will help me this time."

"God grant it may be so. Daniel, get in and take a seat. Thee must be hungry; go home with me."

On the way the Quaker drew out of him all that has been written; and he advised him to go to California. He told him to go to New York and work his passage around the Cape. He determined to do so. The Quaker furnished him with suitable apparel.

"Thee wants to see thy wife and children before thee goes."

"Yes, Friend Edgerton, I do, but they have become estranged from me. If I went perhaps they would not believe what I say. It is better that I should not see them. Indeed it is better that they should not know where I am. I want to surprise them, as I hope to do, by coming back a sober man, and with money enough to make them comfortable. I prefer that you and your wife should be the only persons in the place who should know where I am and what I am doing."

Thus while riding toward the quiet farm house of the Quaker, the whole of the place, the horse was put in the barn, and they entered the house. He said as they took seats before the fire, "Amy, thee may put on another plate; Daniel will stay with us a few days, and then he will go to California."

The benevolent Quaker was confident that Daniel Akin would keep his resolve.

At length when everything was in readiness the old horse was harnessed, and before daybreak Daniel Akin was on his way to a railway station. He had not been in the village since the night when the words "Not a drop more, Daniel," were uttered. He was missed from his customary haunts, but it was supposed that he had gone off on a spree, and so nothing was thought of his absence. His wife's father lived in the adjoining town, and some thought he had gone there.

No inquiries were made, for all were rejoiced that he was missing, and cared not for his return.

He had been gone somewhat more than a year when the Quaker was in the store of Haskins and remarked that he wished to hire a pasture for the coming season. "I have got one I will let you have free of rent if you will put up the fences on the place."

"Where is it?" said the Quaker.

"On the Akin farm."

"If thee will let it at that rate, thee must have let it get out of repair."

"It is so indeed; I cannot leave the store to see it. The house is poor, and the family that lived in it last were too shiftless to buy wood, and burnt up the rails. I had rather sell it than rent it."

"What will thee take for it?"

"It cost me some \$1,000."

"Yes, but thee paid in goods, and charged thee own price on them."

"To be sure I did; Akin could not get trusted anywhere else, and I let I was running a great risk in letting him have goods, and I charged accordingly,

just as everybody else would under the circumstances."

"Thee has not told me what thee would take for the place; I will give thee eight hundred for it, if that is any object to thee."

Haskins thought long enough to conclude that the interest of eight hundred dollars was far better for him than the farm, for the use of which he realized scarcely anything, and said, "You can have it."

"Thee can make out the deed to-morrow, and thee can have thy money. By the way, does thee know what his become of Daniel Akin?"

"No. He has not been in the village for more than a year. At any rate I have not seen him."

We may tell the reader what Haskins did not know. The Quaker had that day received a letter from Daniel Akin, stating that he was at the mines hard at work, and was sticking to his motto, "Not a drop more, Daniel," and that he had laid up a few hundred dollars and desired him to inquire what the place he once owned could be bought for. Mr. Edgerton had taken the method above mentioned to find out Haskins' views. So confident was he that Daniel Akin would come home a sober man, with money in his pocket that he ventured to purchase it, for the purpose of keeping it for him.

He wrote to Akin what he had done, and about three months after he received a letter stating that by express he had sent five hundred dollars to a banker in New York, with orders to sell and remit proceeds to him, to go toward the farm. Gold commanded a large premium, and the five hundred commanded more than eight hundred before it reached friend Edgerton's hands. Akin requested him to draw a deed, giving the whole property to his wife, Mary, and have it duly recorded and left with the Register of Deeds.

In his letter he said: "If perchance I should ever break my resolution, I should have a home secured for my wife and family; I prefer, however, that they should not know anything of this at present. If I live to come home I will give Mary the deed with my own hands—if not you can do it. Now that the farm is bought, you had better stock it, for I will stick to my motto,—'Not another drop, Daniel.'"

Another year passed. By this time Friend Edgerton had stocked the farm with young cattle and sheep. The fences were put in repair—and everything about the house were a tidy appearance.

Another remittance came which paid for all the stock, with an overplus with which to repair the house.

Carpenters were busy, and the villagers who happened to pass that way found that extensive repairs were going on; still there was no one presumed to question the Quaker with respect to his plans.

These repairs all completed, furniture found its way to the house. A yoke of cattle was seen on the farm. The villagers were astonished to see the Quaker driving an elegant horse and riding in a new buggy.

He received this short note one day: "I have arrived all safe and sound. Go and get Mary and the children."

He rode over to the adjoining town, and called at Mary's father's, and invited him and his family to go home with him and make him and his wife a visit. They accepted the invitation, and he took them home.

The next afternoon he said, "Mary, I have to go to the railroad station; but thee and the children can stay with Amy." He went and got Daniel Akin and did not reach home until after dark.

The next morning, he said: "Mary, I suppose thee has heard that I have bought thy old place. I have got it fitted up, and I want thee and the children to ride over and see it after breakfast. I think thee will like it."

They rode over and were surprised to see the changes that had taken place. They could scarcely believe their own eyes. They looked through the lower

rooms first. Over the mantle in the sitting room was a frame, and under the glass in large letters were these words:

"NOT ANOTHER DROP, DANIEL."

Mrs. Akin said, "O, if Daniel could have only said those words and stuck to them, this beautiful place might have been his."

The Quaker said, "Then thee doesn't know where Daniel is?"

"No, I have not heard a lip from him for more than three years."

"Thee would like to see him?"

"Yes, indeed," answered

"Let us walk up stairs." As they went up the front stairs, Daniel Akin slipped down the back ones, and took his stand in the sitting room. When they returned, Mrs. Akin noticed a servant man standing in the room with his back to the hall door, and started back for an instant. The Quaker said, "It is a friend, Mary." Upon this Daniel turned round, and in the man with heavy beard and mustache, she did not recognize her husband.

"Don't you know me, Mary? Have you forgotten your husband?"

We leave the reader to imagine what the meeting was. Friend Edgerton said, "I must go and get Amy. Mary, this house and farm are thine; Daniel has the papers for thee. Then can stay here as long as thee likes. Thee will live happily now—be that (pointing to the frame over the mantle.) Not Another Drop, Daniel, is his motto now, and will be during his life."

A FIRST COUSIN'S HOTEL.—What is that, pray? Let us tell you a story, reader, and then you will understand the point of the thing. A farmer living in the Western part of Massachusetts applied to the proper authorities for a license to keep a hotel. It was replied that he lived on a by-road, little travelled, and where entertainment was seldom openly asked for.

"I know it," he answered, "and yet there is a considerable demand for horse-feeding and single meals of victuals."

The result was that his application was granted. He raised his sign, "Entertainment for man and beast," and for an hour his traffic filled off. In two years' time he disappeared from the list of landlords in the county, and the sign was removed. Our informant asked him,—

"What in the name of common sense induced you to ask for a license?"

"I had most excellent reasons for the application. Before I raised my sign, I had lots of cousins, more than I had an idea of, to visit me, to feed their horses, themselves, and stop over night. As soon as I hung out my sign my cousins began to fall off, and in a year or more not one came to see me. Keeping a hotel has killed that business."

Bonner, who by his encouragement to fast horses, fast "pulpit orators," fast "philosophers" and nanby-nanby literature for fast girls and boys, has made himself the Barnum of the press, is turning his organ into the channel of politics, but not to so great an extent as the moral world could desire for its own purification. His is one of those so-called literary papers which can touch pitch—aye, and roll in pitch—and not be defiled. The "dirty pool of politics" could scarcely add a stain to pages whose subtle, sensuous poison is slowly but surely submerging the souls and sapping the foundations of happiness of thousands of youthful beings.—Patriot & Union.

—A gentleman of color working on one of the boats on the Alabama river, was asked the other day whether he was best off now or before he was free. The negro scratched his wool, and said: "Wall, when I tumbled overboard before, the captain stopped the ship, and put back and picked me up, and they gave me a glass of hot whiskey and water, and then they gave me twenty lash, as for falling overboard. But now, if I'd tumble overboard, the captain he'd say, 'What's that? oh, only dat damn nigger. Go ahead.'"

Violin strings of the best quality are made in Naples from the intestines of the Neapolitan sheep. The process is one involving great care and labor, being scraped, steeped in ley, clarified with slum, bleached, drawn through an aperture in a thimble, sulphured, washed, twisted and polished.

A town in Iowa has the pointed name of Scmicolonville. This would be a capital place to make a full stop for a short period.