

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 deviation
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 Ex's notices..... 2 50
Auditors' notices..... 2 50
Dissolutions, Cautions and Estrays..... 2 00
Local and Obituary notices per line..... 15
Professional cards, 1 year..... 5 00
YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS.
1 square.....\$ 7 00 | column.....\$20 00
2 squares..... 12 00 | column..... 35 00
3 squares..... 15 00 | column..... 65 00
The above rates will be strictly adhered
to in all advertising from this date.
BLANKS.
Single quire.....\$2 50 6 quires 7¹/₂ qr.....\$1 75
3 quires 7¹/₂ qr..... 2 50 Over 6, 7¹/₂ qr. 1 50
HANDBILLS.
1 sheet, 25 or less 2 00 | sheet, 25 or less 5 00
1 sheet, 25 or less 3 00 | 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 impurifying effect
on the system, such as mercury, antimony,
lead, copper, &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 Ptoemmatism,
Dyspepsia, Liver complaint, Catarrh, Neu-
ralgia, disease of the throat, urinary or-
gans, and all diseases peculiar to females,
&c.

CATARH treated 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. 23rd 67. -ly. J. S. BORDWELL.

GREAT REDUCTION

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
durable. He has a large assortment of
Bureaus, Lounges, Sofas, Chairs, Tables,
War-irobes, Cupboards, Bookcases, Book-
stands, Washstands, Towel Racks, Hall
Racks, What Nots, 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,
my221867ly St. Mary'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. WHELFORD,
March 9th '66-ly. 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 Kochs.
" 27, for Jay, at M. Spanghr's.
" 28, for Benzot, at Aliza Winslow's.
Mar. 2, for St. Mar's at M. Wellendorfer's.
" 3, for Benzinger, at J. Windfelder's.
" 4, for Ridgway, at Com. Office.
On the 5th of March the appeal on un-
settled 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-
cured by addressing G. B. ROBERTS,
Penn'a R. R. Office, Philad'a.
Feb. 8, '68-34.

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
our work to receive a good share of pub-
lic patronage.
J. F. ROBERTSON,
R. BELL,
Kersey, Pa., Jan 10 1868^{pt}.

THE ELK ADVOCATE

RIDGWAY, PENNA. MARCH, 14, 1868.

JOHN F. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor.

VOLUME SEVEN—NUMBER 52.

The Little Old Maid.

'Oh, Aunt Fanny, how lovely! Are they for Laura, or for me?' The speaker, a pretty, but rather an insipid looking blonde held up, as she spoke, a cluster of fine gold ornaments for the hair, a sprig of wheat and stripped grass, very graceful and pretty. Where have you kept them hidden?
'They are a keepsake from an old friend, and have been among my treasures for thirteen years, Bertha,' was the reply.

'And now they are for me,' said the young girl caressingly. 'They will be so lovely for to-morrow evening, and I must look my best; for the girls will all don their most fascinating attire an honor of the occasion.'

'Is it not rather marked to be so very anxious?' inquired her aunt. 'In my young days, ladies waited to be sought and courted; but, to judge from what you have told me, this hero of yours may have any one in Silverdale for asking.'

'Well, he won't know it,' replied Bertha. 'But Lawrence Lane, he went abroad, report says, he was one of the most talented men of the day; and that old Methodist, Lucy Harding, always speaks of him as a 'true Christian gentleman'; so I suppose he adds charity to the best of attractions, for she is not lavish of praise except on those who are willing to assist her.'

'A true Christian gentleman?'
Aunt Fanny repeated the phrase in a musing tone, while a soft light came into her dark eyes and a smile hovered over her lips. Bertha, seeing that the gold ornaments were not to decorate her hair, went off singing, with tender touch Aunt Fanny replaced her treasures in her jewel case.

The next evening, Laura, and Bertha, in fleecy white blush robes, and other delicate flowers in their hair, and looping the lace folds here and there, stood before the long mirror in the drawing room, prouting.

'I can't see what she wants to go for,' said Laura, pettishly. 'She has'nt been to a party since ma died, and that's ten years ago—that little old maid!'

'I wonder if she's husband hunting at her age?' said Bertha. 'Why she is thirty if she is a day, and the beauty of eighteen shook her curls contemptuously at the idea of such an advanced age being attractive.'

In the meantime the object of their ill-natured remarks the gentle aunt, who for ten years had filled a mother's place to these, her sister's children, waited in her own room for her nieces. She had clad her small, slight figure in black silk, the severe simplicity of which was relieved by rich falls of black lace, delicately embroidered with golden clusters of wheat. Her round white arms and throat were not decked with jewels, but in the braids of black hair glistened the golden ornaments which the little old maid had cherished for thirteen years.

She was not beautiful, yet there was a charm in her sweet face, a grace in her gentle movements, and a music in her voice that were sought in vain in her more dashing nieces. As she waited, her eyes rested upon a letter, discolored and worn, which had been long hidden under her treasured ornaments, and she read:

'DEAR FRANCES.—Since you will not disobey your father, and I cannot command the sum he demands to pay my father's debt to him, we must part—part for a time only, for though seas roll between us, and we may not write, your heart and mine can never be wholly severed. Trust me—trust me, darling! for though years may elapse I will return, true to my pledge to you. Will you keep the little gold sprigs I ventured to offer on your birthday, that something of mine may be yours? Oh, my darling, how I linger, dreading to write farewell! But it must be done. Your resolution never to marry clandestinely commands my respect, as your gentle sweetness has long ago won my love. Heaven guide you, and keep you from further sorrow! Till we meet pray for
LAWRENCE.'

It was a brilliant party that Mrs. Haskins, the leader of fashion in Silverdale, gave to her returned nephew. He had left home struggling against fortune, and depressed with a knowledge of his father's large debts. Vainly striving to pay these, he had lived close, dressed with economy, and been well known as one upon whom the iron hand of poverty rested heavily. No farewell party had been given when he announced his intention of seeking his fortune in a foreign land. His relatives were rather glad to get rid of him; and of all his friends watched for his return. No word had come to any, till a letter to his aunt had announced his return after thirteen years sojourn in Australia. All his father's debts were paid, and his letter spoke of large sums invested in various ways, so Mrs. Haskins consulted "her set," and the result was the brilliant assemblage which Laura and Bertha were to honor, and where that "little old maid," their aunt, was to appear in society after ten years seclusion.

The hero of the evening had not appeared when the trio, under the escort of Mr. Leslie, Bertha and Laura's father-entered, but soon a movement towards the door announced his arrival, a tall, distinguished looking man of thirty-five or six with finished manners and well modulated voice—a man to notice in every circle, for the broad, intellectual brow, and large honest eyes that greeted yours; but now, with the glitter of his wealth, a man, Silverdale thought, to fall down and worship.

He had greeted his hostess, had made nearly the circuit of the room, bowing to new friends, greeting with warm cordiality his old ones, when his eyes fell upon a golden ear of wheat, resting upon a broad braid of black hair. The light that sprang in his eyes, the smile upon his lips, carried such deep peace to one heart, gave one life of patient waiting such a new spring of happiness, that the words of polite greeting fell upon ears that scarcely heard them.

True—true! Her trust repaid—her long constancy rewarded!

No one else noted more than the quiet greeting of old friends, but two hearts were full of deep joy, rest after weary longing. Some of the guests were invited by the returned Australian to a house warming, learning for the first time that a new mansion, the building and furnishing of which had long been a source of speculation, was to be the future home of Lawrence Lane.

Of course, everybody accepted the invitation, and many a young heart fluttered at the thought that so splendid a mansion must soon need a mistress.

One week soon glided away. Aunt Fanny was very kind in helping to trim new peach colored silks for the sisters; but there was an odd smile on her lip when Lawrence Lane's matrimonial prospects were discussed.

A few days before the eventful night, Aunt Fanny, to her nieces' surprise, went on a visit to some old friends.

The evening appointed for the house warming came at last. Carriage after carriage set down its load of fair beauties before the superb mansion, the windows of which blazed with light. Merry voices rang through the hall and rooms, gay footsteps flew from one beautiful apartment to another, till it was whispered—no one knew by whom that the revelers were invited to meet the mistress as well as the master of the mansion. The closed doors, which shut off a small room, were eagerly watched, as the guests assembled, and no host came to welcome them.

At length they were opened, and the tall handsome hero of the hour entered; with a small, white-robed figure on his arm, and more than one cry of astonishment greeted "Frances Somers;" and more than one ill-natured whisper was directed at Lawrence Lane's taste in choosing, when all the beauty of Silverdale was before him, "That Little Old Maid."

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

—Eighty thousand people have fled from Buenos Ayres to avoid the cholera.

—In January, 19,000 acres of land were disposed of at the United States Land Office at Ionia, Michigan.

—The Kearsarge, which sunk the Alabama, sailed for the Pacific last week from Boston.

—Gold bearing bonds—the bonds of matrimony. The coupons are payable annually, or thereabouts.

—Mr. Adams held the office of Minister to England longer than any other person since 1835.

—La Crosse, Wis., has had a skating park benefit, with the mercury thirty degrees below zero! Nobody frozed!

—Louis Napoleon gets \$14,240 per day; Queen Victoria, \$6,029; Francis Joseph, \$10,950, and the King of Prussia, \$8,210.

—In reply to a paper which called Gen. Sherman "the coming man," a Georgia journal pettishly says it hopes he is not coming that way again.

—A greenback of mammoth poster size, bearing a portrait of Mr. Pendleton, is one of the devices at the West to secure the nomination of that gentleman for President.

—Highway robbers in Montana are known as "road agents," and their sworn enemies are the "Vigilants," who hang them without judge or jury when they catch them.

—The Murfreesboro (Tenn.) Watchman says: "We have had a greater amount of cold weather this winter in this latitude than has been known for many years."

—The wife of a retired soldier living at Nunn's Hill, near Valparaiso, has recently brought forth, at one birth, four boys and two girls, and is suckling her children herself.

—Judges Black, of Pennsylvania, and Curtis, of Boston, and Mr. Evarts, of New York, it is said, have been selected to defend the President in the court of the impeachers.

—Plato was wont to say of his master, Socrates, "He was like the apothecaries' gallypots, which had on the outside apes, and owls, and satyrs; but within, precious drugs."

—An Abolition sheet asks, "What holds the Republican party together?" That's not a bit hard to answer—it's the 'cohesive power of public plunder' of course.

—Burying alive their new-born children is a common practice with the Southern negro women. The quantity of voters thus sacrificed is alarming. Radicals should look to it.

—Why is a thief your only true Philosopher? Because he regards everything from an abstract point of view, is opposed to all notions of protection, and is open to conviction.

—The cemetery at Tippinsville is about undergoing various improvement. In the course of an argument in favor of the proposed renovation, good old Deacon T— remarked that it was a duty to render the place as attractive as possible, "because," with a sigh, "we shall all be buried there if we live!"

—Every third man and boy in Boston whistles the air of the Grand Duchess as he goes through the streets. An evening or two since one of the brethren at a prayer meeting unconsciously led off with the Sabre Song, and only discovered his error when the meeting didn't join in the "chorus."

—Sir Matthew Hale says: "Converse not with a liar, or a swearer, or a man of obscene or wanton language; for either it will corrupt you, or at least it will hazard your reputation to be of the like making; and if it doth neither, yet it will fill your memory with such discourses that it will be troublesome to you in after time; and the returns of the remembrance of the passages of this nature which you have long since heard, will haunt when your thoughts should be better employed."

THE OLD UNION.

Reader have you ever seriously thought of how glorious a fabric was the old Union?

Have you ever reflected on the beauties of that simple structure of civil government that hath passed away like the baseless fabric of a vision?

Have you ever contemplated the fair proportion of that temple of freedom, now crumbled to the dust through the corruption of the priests of the sanctuary?

Have you ever formed an adequate conception of the benefits conferred on humanity by that highest triumph of man's genius, that broadest effort of man's philanthropy—the Old Union?

Have you ever realized the controlling influence exercised among the nations of the earth by that original creation of American liberty—the Old Union?

Not alone was it a blessing to the dwellers beneath its starry ægis.

Not alone was it a home for the weary and oppressed, who fled from the iron heel of tyranny, or from anarchy's dread blight.

Not alone was it the peculiar home and province of earth's unfortunates, who gathered to worship beneath its protection.

Not alone to these, but by the magic of its name and the influence of its lofty statesmanship it exerted an ameliorating influence on the condition of those whose homes were on other continents, whose destinies were linked with other climes.

To the dwellers by the Rhine, the Danube and the Po; on the sunny plains of India, and the vine-clad hills of Italy; to those who dwell where the fairy isles of the Pacific sleep upon their coral beds, to the toiling Asiatic, as well as to the ambitious European, the name of America was synonymous with the name of Liberty.

The Old Union was the gift of the Creator to the human family—it was the luminary from which the rays of Liberty were to permeate to the remotest regions of the globe.

With the fall of this majestic structure came the deep wailing from the myriad crushed hearts of Columbia's children, who were mangled and torn by its dying convulsions.

But they who went down amid the din and shock of contending armies;—they who died in the serried ranks of war; they whose requiems were sung by the hissing bullets; they who were ushered into eternity from the red fields of strife—they were not as deeply to be pitied as many who survived them.

Ask of the thinly clad widow, shivering over the fireless grate, vainly trying to warm her perishing babe—ask her why is she thus reduced to want and misery?

Ask of the homeless orphan, imploring for shelter from the mighty blast, and a mouthful of food to sustain exhausted nature.

Ask of the maimed soldier, striving to eke out a scanty subsistence from the grudging charity of the purse-proud parvenus, whose flaunting robes were purchased by trafficking in his blood—ask of these stricken ones, why they are reduced to this pitiable necessity—and they will tell you it is because of the dreadful war that has compassed the destruction of that more than human edifice, the Old Union.

The Union of love.

The Union of mutual respect and confidence.

The Union cemented by the blood of pure patriots, and sanctioned by the approval of incorruptible statesmen.

The Union that was based on the affections of the people.

The Union that was canonized in the hearts of all the friends of liberty.

The Union that was the grandest practical illustration of the great truths of Democracy.

The Union that was discovered and destroyed by the fell spirit of Radicalism.

The Union that was prostrated by the iron hand of military power.

The Union that was established by the Conservative, and destroyed by the Puritan.

Democrats, freemen, is not the re-establishment of the Union as it was an undertaking worthy of your noblest efforts?

Can there be any sacrifice too great, any offering too costly, any price too exorbitant for the resuscitation of the fires of liberty?

May "He who who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand," aid and defend the RIGHT in the coming struggle with the hireling instruments of illegal power.

May the true white men of America again shape the destinies of their native land, until it shall regain its ancient power, and prestige, and splendor, and may its future be as bright as its past is glorious.—*La Crosse Democrat.*

Don't read this line.