

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,  
and  
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,  
PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

# THE ELK ADVOCATE.

FOR THE RIGHT AT ALL TIMES.

RIDGWAY, PENNA., SEPT., 9, 1868.

JOHN F. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor.

VOLUME EIGHT—NUMBER 23.

Read the following carefully, and you will find that  
these medicines are the most valuable and reliable  
that have ever been discovered. They are the  
most important of the human system, and without  
them we could not live. They are the most  
valuable of the human system, and without  
them we could not live.

**Hoofland's German Bitters**  
is a most valuable medicine, and contains  
no alcohol. It is a compound of the most  
valuable of the human system, and without  
them we could not live.

**Hoofland's German Tonic**  
is a most valuable medicine, and contains  
no alcohol. It is a compound of the most  
valuable of the human system, and without  
them we could not live.

**CONSUMPTION.**  
Thousands of cases, with the patient  
supposed to be cured, are daily  
renewed, and the patient is daily  
wasting away.

**DEBILITY.**  
There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's  
German Bitters for the cure of  
debility, and it is the most valuable  
of the human system.

**Weak and Delicate Children**  
are made strong by the use of  
Hoofland's German Bitters, and it  
is the most valuable of the human  
system.

**Blood Purifiers**  
are made strong by the use of  
Hoofland's German Bitters, and it  
is the most valuable of the human  
system.

**THE CONSUMPTION.**  
Thousands of cases, with the patient  
supposed to be cured, are daily  
renewed, and the patient is daily  
wasting away.

**CAUTION.**  
Hoofland's German Bitters are  
counterfeited. The genuine has the  
signature of C. M. Jackson on the  
front of the wrapper of each bottle,  
and the name of the article blown in  
each bottle. All others  
are counterfeit.

**READ THE RECOMMENDATIONS.**  
FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,  
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania,  
Philadelphia, March 10th, 1867.

**FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,**  
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania,  
Philadelphia, April 25th, 1868.

**FROM HON. J. H. BURNETT,**  
Pastor of the Third Baptist Church, Philadelphia,  
Philadelphia, June 10th, 1868.

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## FANT LIFE AT SARATOGA. ITS GAMBLING PALACES.

SARATOGA, August 10, 1868.  
Dropped in the center of an undulating plain, well fringed with shade trees, and the axle of a charming landscape, Saratoga, of itself, would attract the attention of a weary sipper of city frivolities. A majority of the natives are plain, industrious countrymen, who in tone a psalm and say grace before breakfast. The minority are tinged with metropolitan vices, and gaze at the yearly throng of visitors with an itching palm, viewing them in the same light that a backwoodsman scans a pigeon-roost—so many fat birds to be clubbed and plucked without delay. Virtue and morality hover over the little village for nine months in the year, and are then driven off by the flap of the gilded wings of vice and pleasure. During the winter, the natives rest in a dead quietude, like bears in hollow trees. About the latter part of May they awake from their long sleep, and wash themselves. Gardens are raked, shade trees are trimmed, a thousand paint brushes travel over the boarding-houses and hotels, and everybody overhauls his wardrobe in anticipation of the yearly northern migration of fashionable swallows. While the Lelands are seated in the Metropolitan Hotel in your city, laying out their plans for the summer campaign at this point, the Saratogians are whirling their grindstones and sharpening their knives in preparation for the reception of their guests. These natives worry a Yorker worse than sand flies in Florida, worse than wood ticks in Virginia, and worse than muskotos in New Jersey.

The importunities of an Arab for buckskins are capped by the incessant demands of a native Saratogian. A genuine native will take a dollar for a glass of Congress water, and thank you without flinching. If you rub against a hack, its proprietor will demand three dollars, and should you smell of a banana or an orange, you are gone unless you have a supply of small change. One word of advice to those visiting Saratoga. Before leaving New York go to a broker's and secure 1,000 ten-cent stamps (these for the Congress water boys), 500 quarter-stamps (these for New York papers, boot blacks and cigars), 250 fifty-cent stamps, (these for waiters, Aunt Sally men, haws and arrows, ten-pins, billiards, and wisp professionals), 100 dollar bills, (these for chauffermaids, neckties, barbers, etc.), and five 20 dollar bills for wine, hack hire, etc. Modest gentlemen will need this supply. But, writing seriously, everything is as cheap and even cheaper here than in New York city, if one doggedly stands upon his rights and gives the sharpers the idea that he has traveled. Good board at the Union Hotel—one of the finest in the city—can be secured at \$25 per week. There is no lack of accommodations. The table surpasses even the spread in New York. And, singular as it may seem, there are more hotels in Saratoga than either Boston or Philadelphia. People throughout the country generally have an idea that there are but four or five hotels in this place. In point of fact there are 37. Even these are insufficient for a floating population of from 15,000 to 20,000, and the Union, when boiling over, has a reserve of 72 cottages for the accommodation of its guests.

Saratoga should be a pious village. The town is running over with ministers. There are 27 at a hotel. They are designated as the pious brigade. As a rule their hotel bills are paid by wealthy parishioners. The venerable Dr. Gardner Spring is stopping at the Union—Father Walsh, of Philadelphia, and Father Gleason, of Brooklyn, are also here. Another point, Saratoga is alive with brides and bridegrooms. At Leland's hop, on Saturday evening, I counted 34. They are easily distinguishable, having peculiarly sheepish expressions of countenance, and hanging on each other's arms with the graceful languidness marking the droop of a weeping willow—Harbeck, the great shipping merchant of New York, is at the Union. The parlors and balconies of the hotels are lighted with the rich dyes of 5,000 ladies. More money is wasted here on silks and laces than on horse races. A well known diamond merchant estimates the value of the precious stones worn at Saratoga at the present time, at over \$1,500,000, and groups them as follows: \$750,000 at Congress Hall, \$750,000 at Leland's Union, \$350,000 at the Clarendon, \$200,000 at the American, and the remainder at various hotels and cottages. Diamonds are really as plentiful as fireflies on a soft July night. So much for gossip.

Saratoga is a volcano, with an annual eruption of extravagance. The lava of morality is very thin and scarcely cooled, and a burning stream of vice oozes from the hot sea underneath at every can thrust. The greatest of these streams is the gambling fever. Thousands are won and lost in the twinkling of an eye. A simple spring of a jockey at a critical moment is worth half a million, a quick turn of a card will bring its thousands, and the soft rumble of a roulette table takes cool hundreds from a bystander's pocket. The faro table and the sweat cloth have been planted within fifty feet of the cars—Old gents with seedy umbrellas, spruce young men with neckties as small as juniper berries, loud swells with diamonds on their fingers nearly as large as door plates, and majestic old men with immense gold-headed canes, stand around these tables, clicking piles of ivory chips within their fingers, and closely watching the noiseless side of the cards and the gentle dance of the dice over the green baize. Some win. More lose. The more you put down the less you take up, and the less you take up the more you put down—this is the rule frequently followed by brainless flats until their pockets are destitute of a "souvenir," and the plucked victim reels into the street with a dull ringing in his head and a consciousness of ruin staring him in the face. He is not missed from the crowd about the tables. The dealing blackleg lazily yawns as he shuffles the cards at the close of the last turn, and nonchalantly raps the silver deal-box as the crier clucks the deck to its place. The cager crowd drop their chips on their favorite cards, and the new deal is opened.

These are genuine blacklegs, who quietly fish a man's earnings through the secret springs of knavery, and who would as quickly knock him on the head and rob him, were it not for their fear of detection. Gambling is a fearful business at the best, but it almost seems to be a necessary evil, and if we must bear it, let it be on the square. If a man is willing to take the risk of a thousand dollars on the turn of a card, it seems to be, to a certain extent, his own business, but the card should be honestly turned. There is a club house in Saratoga. Here they tell me gambling is done on the square. Doubtless this is true. If the reader will take my arm we will visit it together.

Leaving the balcony of the Congress one hour before midnight, we cross the street to the entrance of the garden fronting the Opera House. The light laugh of the ladies lounging on the piazzas of the hotels floats on the evening air, melted in the songs of the crickets, and the half growled curses of the betting turfmen. Lounging through the arched entrance the garden, we find a scene only wanting a silvery lagoon to make it Venetian in character. Here are waving treasuries, musical with insect life. A tiny fountain tosses a thousand golden beads in the gaslight, and seated in cone-bottomed rockers beneath whispering branches, with the cool evening breeze tossing five hundred delicate rings, groups of ladies and gentlemen dreamily chat away the midnight hour. There is a ball in the dining room, and the lively notes of Offenbach's music come chafing each other to our ears. Let us wander down the central walk. The steady glow of each gas light brings out in bold relief the faces of fifty well known authorities, politicians, and men of business. Here an idler tips his chair against a tree, and lazily watches the smoke curling from the end of his cigar. There is a select party of Cubans and Mexicans roll soft Spanish words from their tongues with a characteristic ardor. Now we meet a red faced aboriginal wearily plodding to her hut with her unsold beads and trinkets glistening in the basket, trembling on her arm. We near the opera house, and hear the hoarse tones of the pool seller, now pleading, anon imprecating, and then joyfully announcing a heavy bid. First it is "McDaniel's filly," then "Morri's entry" has it, and finally "Sanford's stable" brings up the rear. "Now, gen-le-m'n, how much for just chics—start 'em again—how much?" The circling circles below nod their heads and puff their cigars in lively sympathy, while the quick-eyed Docter catches the bids and sturdily calls for more. Turn to the right and now to the left of the bath houses. On fifty feet further. Here is a drab colored brick building, shadily embowered, and surrounded with thickets of rose bushes. The crickets merrily chirp about the door. Up six board steps, a Venetian blind confronts us. A pull at the thin bell knob, and the blind flies open. A

colored gentleman in evening costume acts as usher. We find ourselves in a modest hallway, furnished respectfully but not gaudily. A thin, sallow complexioned gentleman meets us at the door and grasps our hands. This is Mr. George W. Hill, owner and proprietor of the Club House. He is a gambler and is not a hamed to own it. Why should he be? He risks his money against the money of his patrons, and allows an honest turn of the cards to decide the issue. Mr. Hill says this in a conscientious tone, and undoubtedly conscientiously means it. "We were just about to sit down to supper gentle men, and should esteem it a great honor if you would favor us with your company." Certainly. We stepped within in a handsomely furnished front parlor. A large silver waiter and urn of the same precious metal crowned the mantelpiece, a small but elegantly furnished sideboard stands in one corner, and a table fairly groaning under a weight of delicious viands is stretched in the centre of the room. Mr. Hill takes the head of the table, and with gentlemanly courtesy places us at his right. He has a smile and a jest for every guest, and his eyes flash with a brilliancy not surpassed by the diamonds twinkling on his bosom. First we have oysters on the shell, and Little Neck clams. There are no vacant seats at the table. On the left of Mr. Hill sits Henry Colton, a partner with Danic of No. 8 Barclay st., and the owner of the most fashionable gaming houses in New York City. Next we have a Cincinnati merchant who yearly visits Saratoga, and yearly loses from \$10,000 to \$15,000 at the faro table. For 15 years has he kept this up, and still he holds his own. At his side we find a well known officer, but his wealth disappeared in the smoke of the war, and while venturing but a few dollars at the faro table, he invariably turns up at the supper hour. The man dissecting the body of a woodcock is a New York Judge. Plays!—of course he plays; and I am told that three New York Judges have been seen in front of the gaming table here at one time. And here is a well preserved old gentleman, whose gold headed cane stands in one corner of the room. He came very near being, at one time, Secretary of War. He has a military bearing, and is a military man. These frog-legs are fine eating and so is the Salmon, the trout, the woodcock, the plover, the snipe, the picked olives, the bananas, the pate de foie gras, and the dozen uncooked dishes. The finest Champagne flows unreservedly, and regardless of expense, and you find it necessary to caution the attentive waiter if you wish to leave with a temperate allowance. Supper is over and you are handed a fine flavored cigar—This feast is a free one, and is paid out of the slight percentage on split cards allowed the proprietor at a faro table. We lounge into the opposite parlor. This is the inner den of the tiger. At our right a dealer is running off the cards in a game of faro, with a keen look-out, and a drowsy cue keeper at his side and directly in our front we hear the mellow trip of the ball on the roulette table. In a room on our left we catch a glimpse of another faro bank in full operation. A soft carpet seeps beneath our feet, and cushioned arm chair invites us to drop and rest. With this exception, the room is furnished quite plainly. The walls are not frescoed. The ruddy gaslight throws a cosy mellowness over the group of gamblers, and every thing is quiet. You hear scarcely a word from the gaming-tables, where men are hourly losing or winning their thousands, and save for the gentle hum arising from our own party, the room would be as quiet as a sitting room at home. Mr. Hill sits at our side retailing a hundred gambling reminiscences, how he lost \$50,000 at one sitting, how he made \$20,000 at another, and how he cleared over \$250,000 in one year at the corner of Broadway and Prince streets, in the very rooms now occupied by Barney Jackman. He points to the roulette table, and gives "Jean Paul's" experience. Jean won money so fast that he was on the alert for a boy with a basket, in which to carry it away; but in ten minutes the luck changed, and Paul left the jungle of the tiger with a heavy heart and a light pocket. Hill is a man of nerve. His quiet confident manner of talking and the decisive style in which he chews his cigar assures of that. Let us look at the table. At one end of it is a little sink with a flat sliding wheel, on which are a score of small compartments all numbered, and alternately painted black and red. These numbers run as high as 19, topping off with a box in which is painted an eagle. The other and larger end of the table presents a flat surface, ruled something similar to

plan introducing the school game of fox and geese. The ruled blocks are painted white and red, and numbered correspondingly with the numbers on the sink. You bet on any number you please. The flat sunken wheel is whirled to the right, and a little ivory ball is sent spinning to the left, around the circle surrounding the wheel. If you have laid \$30 on the eagle, and the ball lodges in the eagle compartment you get twenty for one—that is, you get \$630 for your \$30. If you bet on 17 you get 17 for one, and so on. "A prominent gambler walked up to this table last week," says Mr. Hill, "and walked off with \$7,000 of my money made in two bets." There are two blank blocks, painted white and red, on which you may bet, even on the colors if you choose. "Is not this game similar to rouge et noir, Mr. Hill?" "Something like it but there is a slight difference. I did intend to introduce that game here, but the tables are costly, and there would probably be only two or three games a week in full play, so that it would hardly pay the expenses of an attendant. Besides, Americans prefer faro." "Have you many Cuban or Mexican visitors? They generally gamble very heavily." "Very few of them visit me. They prefer monte dealing. One of these days I shall start a monte table, but just now the games are heavy enough as they are." "There are well furnished rooms on the floor above, and in each room a select party of poker players are hard at work. No oaths are heard. No slang offends the ear. Each gambler attends to his business in perfect silence, and as the bits of excited pasteboard are shuffled, a soft r r r rip is the only sound heard. The lace curtains flutter in the morning breeze, and the gaslights dance within their figured shades as we pass the faro table, around which sit the wearied but collected group of players, and we rise from our chairs to bid our host farewell.

"Take a parting glass of wine with me, gentlemen!" A waiter springs to Hill's side in an instant, our glasses are filled, we select a fresh cigar, and pass without the door. More than \$250,000 changed hands within this pile of yellow faced bricks since 9 o'clock last evening. The statement widely published, that Morrissey runs a maison de jeu in Saratoga is untrue. He neither owns nor has an interest in one. The club house of Geo. Hill is the fashionable gambling resort. You have seen all there is to be seen, and should return home well satisfied with this glance at the velvety claws of the tiger.

**A LIONESS ATTACKS ITS TRAINER.**  
A few evenings ago a terrible accident occurred at the exhibition of Ames' Menagerie at Madison, Indiana, in which Herr Lengel, the famous lion tamer, was seriously wounded, and narrowly escaped instant death. He had nearly completed his usual performance in the lion's cage, and was in the act of firing off his pistol as the finale, when one of the lionesses sprang furiously at him, and tore the flesh in shreds from his arms and legs. The unfortunate man's bones snapped under the terrible violence, and all the spectators were stricken with fear, expecting to see him killed outright. The employees of the menagerie, however, quickly realized the peril of the situation and made a furious attack on the lioness with spears and lances. They succeeded, with some difficulty in beating her off, and in rescuing their comrade, who was immediately placed under treatment, and his wounds dressed. The crowd of spectators were thrown into great confusion during the affair, and many fearing for their lives, fled from the scene, but fortunately none were injured.—Ez.

**Terrific fires have again broken out in the woods in the neighborhood of Bell, Ewart and Sunnidae, on the Northern railway, in Canada. On Saturday the station at Sunnidae caught fire, and in a short time the entire village, embracing twenty-five or thirty houses, was in ashes. The inhabitants were taken to New Lowell, and were cared for by the railway. The woods were still burning yesterday, and other villages on the road in imminent danger.**

**It costs something to get a seat in the English parliament. The average amount spent by the members of the last House of Commons was \$6,440, and the aggregate amount expended was about \$3,600,000 in gold, yet no member receives any salary.**

## FEMALE AFFECTION.

Woman is not half so selfish a creature as man. When man is in love, the object of his passion is himself. When woman is enamoured of man she forgets herself, the world, and all it contains, and wishes to exist only for the object of her affection. How few men make any violent sacrifice to sentiment. How many women does every man know who have sacrificed fortunes and honors to noble, pure and disinterested motives! A man mounts a breach; he braves danger and obtains a victory. This is glorious and great. He has saved his country, and he has acquired fame, preferment, and riches. Whenever he appears, respect awaits him admiration attends him, crowds press to meet him, and theaters receive him with bursts of applause. His glory dies not with him. History preserves his memory from oblivion. That thought cheers his dying hour—and his last words, pronounced with feeble pleasure are, *I shall not die.*

A woman sends her husband to war; she lives but in that husband. Her soul goes with him. She trembles for his safety. Every billow that swells she thinks is to be his tomb; every ball that flies, she imagines directed against him. A brilliant capital, appears to be a dreary desert; her universe is a man, and that man, her terror tell her, is in danger. Her days are days of sorrow; her nights are sleepless. She sits immovable in her mourning, in all the dignity and composure of grief, like Agrippa in his chair; and when at night she seeks repose, repose has fled her couch; the silent tear steals down her cheek, and wets her pillow; or, if by chance, exhausted nature finds an hour's slumber, her dazed soul sees in that sleep a bleeding lover or his mangled corpse. Time passes, and her grief increases, until worn out at length by too much tenderness, she falls a victim of too exquisite sensibility, and sinks with sorrow to the grave! No, cold, unfeeling reader! these are not the pictures of my own creation. They are neither changed nor embellished, but faithfully copied from nature.

**QUARRELING.**—If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after it than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and what is worse, blunts his sensibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other.—The truth is, the more peacefully and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the better course is, if a man cheats you, cease to deal with him, if he is abusive, quit his company; and if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

**RADICAL ECONOMY.**—Robbing the people of sixty-five thousand dollars to pay for evidence upon which to ground articles of impeachment against the President. Think of a band of Congressional rogues, such as Butler, Bingham, Schenk, Williams, &c., plundering the treasury of thousands of dollars to impeach an honest man!

**Owing to the recent unexampled heat, all the tropical plants in the gardens of Paris have flowered and produced fruit and seeds. The indigo, cinnamon, coffee, banana, and cotton plant are among the number.**

**We are authorized to say that General Grant will make no more bargains this summer. He will smoke his cigar, and Colfax can take the stump.—Prentice.**

**Pay the debt national debt in Greenbacks, and you reduce the burdens of the people. Everything we eat, drink and wear, are now taxed to pay the bondholder.**

**The Radicals say pay the bondholder in gold. The Democracy say pay the bondholder according to his contract, [Greenbacks.] Choose ye between.**

**Vermont gave Abraham Lincoln 28,008 majority for President. Only full returns of Tuesday's election can show whether there has been a Radical gain or not.**

**Hon. Geo. W. Woodward has been renominated for Congress by the Democracy of the Luzerne and Susquehanna district.**

**In Nashville they have a breed of sweet potatoes which measure 25 inches in length and weighs fifteen pounds.**

**A Buffalo manager wants Edwin Booth bad enough to offer him \$500 a night for six nights.**

**Pay the debt in Greenbacks, and you stimulate industry and invigorate business.**

**Love's young dream often turns out to be the nightmare.**