



R. A. M'KIE, Editor and Publisher.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

Terms, \$2 per year in advance.

VOLUME 3.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1869.

NUMBER 21.

ALTOONA NOT YET IN RUINS!
WOLFF'S MAMMOTH
CLOTHING BAZAAR!!
STILL RIGHT SIDE UP!

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING!
IN IMMENSE PROFUSION!

ALL WANTS SUPPLIED!
ALL TASTES SUITED!
ALL BUYERS PLEASED!
SUITS FOR OLD PEOPLE!
SUITS FOR MIDDLE AGED!
SUITS FOR YOUNG AMERICA!

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!
TO FIT EVERY MAN AND BOY!

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS,
OF ALL STYLES AND SIZES.

Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags,
Umbrellas, &c., &c.

STOCK THE LARGEST!
GOODS THE VERY BEST!
STYLES THE NEATEST!
PRICES THE LOWEST!

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER
of any goods or style desired.

CALL AND SEE! CALL AND SEE!
I CAN SHOW YOU GOODS & PRICES.

STORE ON ANNIE STREET, one
block north of the Post Office.
Don't mistake the place and there will be no
excuse about your getting good bargains.
GODFREY WOLFF
Altoona, April 28, 1869-d.

THE GREAT PACIFIC RAILROAD
IS FINISHED!

First Mortgage Bonds
OF THE
UNION AND CENTRAL
PACIFIC RAILROADS

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

DE HAVEN & BROTHER,

Bankers and Dealers in Governments,
No. 40 S. Third Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,

WASHINGTON STREET,
Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE.

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,
Together with all manner of Western Produce,
such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT,
CABBAGE OIL, &c., &c.

Wholesale and retail orders solicited
and promptly filled on the shortest notice and
most reasonable terms.
WOOD, MORRELL & CO.
Johnstown, April 28, 1869. 1y.

LAWSON & BAKER,

FRANKLIN STREET,
In the Old POST OFFICE BUILDING,
Johnstown, Pa.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS
AND DEALERS IN

WESTERN PRODUCE!

LAWSON & BAKER keep constantly on
hand a large supply
of BACON, SYRUPS, MOLASSES, TEAS,
COFFEES, FLOUR, BACON, POTATOES,
DRIED AND GREEN FRUITS, TOBACCO,
CIGARS, &c., &c.

Orders solicited from retail dealers, and satis-
faction in goods and prices guaranteed.
Johnstown, April 28, 1869.

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE
AT
BUCK'S MILLS, Allegheny Township.

The subscriber would respectfully announce
to his friends and the public in general that he
has just opened at Buck's Mills a large and
superb stock of seasonal merchandise, com-
prising all kinds of DRY GOODS, DRESS
GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, FUR-
NITURE, HARDWARE, and all other arti-
cles usually kept in a country store.

Having paid cash for my goods I am de-
termined to dispose of them either for cash,
lumber or country produce at as low prices as
like goods can be bought from any dealer in
the country. A liberal patronage is respectfully
solicited.
W. M. J. BUCK.
Buck's Mills, April 29, 1869. 4f.

1869. A NEW THING, 1869.
A BIG THING, 1869.
And a GOOD THING in EBENSBURG.

ROYALTY SUPERCEDED!
The "House of Tudor" Surrendered
TO THE SMALL FRY!

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!
New Inducements!

{ High Street! } { Low Prices! }

A. G. FRY
Has taken possession of the rooms on High
Street, (three doors from Centre Street),
recently occupied by R. H. Tudor,
into which he has just introduced
a mammoth assortment of

DRY & DRESS GOODS,
Groceries, Hardware, &c.,
consisting of everything and much more than
any dealer in this "neck of timber" has
ever pretended to keep, and every
article of which will be

SOLD VERY CHEAP FOR CASH!
OR IN EXCHANGE FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE.

NO DEALER KEEPS BETTER GOODS!
NO DEALER SELLS MORE GOODS!
NO DEALER SELLS CHEAPER!
NO DEALER SELLS MORE!

TRY FRY! TRY FRY!! TRY FRY!!!
Buy from Fry! Buy from Fry!!!

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY
the finest Dress Goods at the fairest prices.

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY
Muslins, Checks, Ginghams, Tickings, Shir-
tings, Denims, Drills, Jeans, Cloths, Cas-
simeres, Suitings, Dolanses, Lawns,
Prints, &c., &c., and wish to get
the full worth of your money.

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY
Boots and Shoes for Men's, Ladies' and Chil-
dren's wear, unexcelled in quality and
nowhere undersold in prices.

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY
Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Carpets,
Oil Cloths, &c., of the best and most
stylish at the lowest figures.

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY
Hams, Sides, Shoulders, Meas Pork, Fish, Salt,
Lard, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Coffee, Sugar,
Teas, Spices, Candles, Spices,
or anything else in that line.

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY
anything and everything worth buying, and be
sure that at all times you will be supplied
at the LOWEST CASH RATES.

Oh my! my eye! it is no lie
That at the Dry Goods Store and Grocery
Just opened by A. G. Fry,
On the street called High,
More for your money you can buy
Than from any one else, far or nigh.

I desire to keep a full line of
DRESS GOODS of the most
desirable styles and textures,
and as I am determined to sell as CHEAP AS
THE WIND, I respectfully solicit a call
from all the ladies, and especially from those
who have been in the habit of visiting other
places to make their purchases. Whoever
you want to buy, be sure first to try the store
of
A. G. FRY.
Ebensburg, May 27, 1869.

DR. JOHN FRY,
Assisted by his Daughter,
SURGEON DENTIST!
Office on Franklin Street,
(OPPOSITE THE MARKET HOUSE).
Residence One House above Kernville Bridge,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

TESTIMONIALS
We, the undersigned, citizens of Latrobe and
Ligonier, Westmoreland county, Pa., cheerfully
submit the following as expressive of our
estimate of Dr. Fry's abilities as a Dentist:
We regard Dr. Fry as naturally adapted to
the profession of his choice. His mechanical
ingenuity has furnished to his art many invalu-
able modifications and improvements, and we
deem it due to him and the public at large to
say that, from a long and intimate acquaint-
ance, we can confidently recommend him to all
who may feel interested, as an able, faithful
and experienced workman.

LATROBE—Eli Ferguson, M. D., John Mc-
Girr, M. D., Rev. Jerome Kearney, J. L. Cham-
berlain, E. S. Bond, Joseph A. Head, Mitchell Bos-
worth, David Williams.

LIGONIER—L. T. Ream, M. D., Wm. Ash-
comb, Jacob Elcher, N. M. Marker, Esq., Jacob
Breiner, P. M., Joseph Scroggs, D. D.

LACONIA—Messrs.—Robert Loutler, Esq., A.
G. Arnold, P. M.

FAIRFIELD—Dr. James Taylor. [my 6-1y]

LOOK WELL TO YOUR
UNDERSTANDINGS!

BOOTS AND SHOES
For Men's and Boys' Wear.

The undersigned respectfully informs his nume-
rous customers and the public generally that
he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and
SHOES of any desired size or quality, from
the finest French calfskin boots to the coarsest
brogan, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the short-
est notice, and at as moderate prices as like
work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made
at my establishment need no assurance as to
the superior quality of my work. Others can
easily be convinced of the fact if they will only
give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended
to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that
my work and prices will commend me to a con-
tinuation and increase.
JOHN D. THOMAS.
Ebensburg, April 28, 1869.

M. L. OATMAN,
EBENSBURG, PA.

Is the sole owner of the Right to Manufacture
and sell
THE UNEQUALLED
METROPOLITAN OIL!!

Original Poetry.

THE AMERICAN STAR.
Tune—"Marching On."

When freedom first dawned on the land of the
West,
And the signal of strife lit each hill top afar,
And hope grew and waned in the patriot's
breast.

Then first brightly beamed the American
Cross—Shining on, shining on, light of li-
berty, light of liberty;
Shining on, shining on, star of victory, of vic-
tory, of victory.

Like a hale old shone o'er the ranks of the brave,
As it led freedom's phalanx through danger
and war,
And it shines where our banners in triumph
still wave,
As the bright and unfading American Star.
Chorus.

The impetuous youth bore along in the train
of success, as he climbs freedom's moun-
tain afar,
Will wave his bright standard, again and again,
To the planets that greet the American Star.
Chorus.

Sterner manhood that struggle's on life's stormy
sea,
As a soldier still bearing some time honored
Will gaze with delight on the flag of the free,
And triumph beneath the American Star.
Chorus.

When hoary age bends o'er the brink of the
grave,
And recounts all the sorrows that life's path
His dimmed eye will brighten, if that banner
wave
That bears on its folds the American Star.
Chorus.

The proud ship that rides on the billowy main
shall bear it aloft on its uppermost spar,
And despite and tyrants shall tremble again
Each time they behold the American Star.
Chorus.

And when Time's rapid wheels shall have
borne me away
To the shadowy past, on his pall burdened
These millions unborn will then honor the day
That freedom unfurled the American Star.
Chorus.

June 7, 1869. S. B. M.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY.

A Race of Sentient Beings Invisible to the Naked Eye Discovered with the Microscope.

The Mobile Register, of the 13th ult., contains an account of a most remarkable discovery. It says:

We accepted an invitation yesterday to examine one of the most wonderful and awful discoveries ever made by man, a community of microscopic human beings!

The gentleman who made the discovery is a well-known citizen of Mobile, whose name we are not at liberty to reveal, but whom for the sake of convenience we shall call Mr. A.

Mr. A. is a gentleman in easy circumstances, who has devoted much time to scientific pursuits, particularly to experiments with the microscope. It was his ex-
amination with the instrument a specimen of moss or lichen taken from the roots of a live oak tree near the Spring Hill road, that Mr. A. made his astounding discovery.

He saw clinging to the minute branches of the lichen that he had been turning about so unconsciously, a human being, perfect in form, and with a countenance revealing the wildest terror. The microscopic man was magnified to the size of a small red ant, and when he first met the eye of Mr. A., it is doubtful which of the two were most terrified, the experimenter at the unexpected discovery, or his microscopic fellow-creature at finding himself subject to such rough treatment.

"One look was enough," said Mr. A.; "I laid aside the specimen, and for weeks I did not venture to use the microscope again. Was it really true that I had seen a sentient being, where I expected to see only the lower orders of animal life; or had I fallen a victim to my enthusiasm in the prosecution of discoveries in the microscopic world? Had my mind become deranged? I kept my terrible secret to myself, for I could not bear the thought of being laughed at about a matter that had caused such sensation to my mind. At last I determined to make further examinations of the specimen of lichen. It remained as I had at first examined it. The microscope was adjusted over it. I looked again, with what interest my eye well be imagined, and there lay the man that I had seen before, but living no longer. He had died, probably of exhaustion, and there he lay clinging with a death grip to the lichen boughs, whether he had doubtless ventured in search of game.

"Further examination convinced me of the truth of the hypothesis. I discovered several animalcules recently slain. As well as could be made out by the magnifying power of my microscope, the legs of the animalcules were tied together as visible boys tie squirrels and partridges. The microscopic man evidently wore clothes, but of what material or how formed it was impossible to determine."

Convinced beyond a doubt by what he had seen, of the existence of a race of microscopic human beings, and somewhat familiarized with the idea that so revolted him at first, Mr. A. continued his researches with the greatest zeal.

The examination of several more specimens of the lichen, and the soil on which it grew, revealed a few more individuals like that mentioned above. Mr. A. was careful not to treat them so roughly as he did the first one discovered, for the

thought of having inadvertently killed a fellow-creature has greatly disturbed him.

After a long and careful search of the lichen and the space occupied by them, Mr. A. had the gratification of making his great and crowning discovery, the capital city of the microscopic nation.

This he carefully removed with the foundations on which it stood, and transferred it to a flower pot in his back yard.

It was there that he had the pleasure of beholding the wonderful and minute creation.

The portion of the city so far examined contains a population of three millions, or a number about equal to that of London.

It is impossible with the microscope in Mr. A.'s possession to tell of what material the houses are built—whether they are of earth or wood, or both combined.

The streets appear under the microscope to be about a quarter of an inch in width, and thronged with people hurrying to and fro, whether in the pursuit of commerce or on account of the late shocks their city experienced during its transfer from the root of the tree to the flower pot, cannot, of course, be ascertained.

But there they were—men and women magnified to the size of pygmies, and displaying all the signs of tumultuous human life!

While we were watching the ever changing crowd we saw one person rush out of a house and another one pursue him.

The pursuer was soon joined by the crowd in the street, and after an exciting chase of about the twentieth part of an inch, measured by the naked eye, the thief, for such the first mentioned individual must have been, surrendered himself, evidently exhausted by his long race.

He was taken away by persons seeming to have authority. What the stolen property was he held in his hand to the last, the microscope was not powerful enough to determine. During the pursuit of the thief the people showed every symptom of excitement common among the larger species of human beings. They clapped their hands, thrust their neighbors rudely aside, and showed by their gesticulations the deepest interest in what was going on, and curiously concerning it.

Their shouts and screams on the occasion were doubtless deafening to one another, but of course they could not be heard by us.

Want of space compels us to bring this subject to a close for the present, although we have recorded but a small fraction of the interesting incidents that came under our own observation, and the more numerous ones that were observed from time to time by Mr. A. When the more powerful microscope ordered by that gentleman arrives, and the expected results are obtained by observations with it, we shall lay the facts before our readers.

The extent of Mr. A.'s discovery may be summed up as follows: A race of sentient beings, invisible to the naked eye, in shape perfect men and women, apparently with all the passions, hopes and fears that sway the larger species. They are considerably advanced in civilization, for they dwell in densely populated cities, a state of society in which the science of government and many of the arts that contribute to the comforts and embellishments of life must necessarily have been developed.

The use of a more powerful microscope will lead to the verification of such an hypothesis, or prove its fallacy.

As the matter stands, all who are interested in the progress of science, and in the spread of Christianity, will feel the deepest solicitude concerning the possibility of communicating with these newly discovered sentient beings in the microscopic world.

How is that to be accomplished. Their voices cannot reach our ears, and to them our voices must be what the music of the spheres is to us. Worlds go whirling thro' space with a clatter that fills the universe and becomes to mundane ears the equivalent of silence. Such must be the hum of the visible terrestrial creation to the microscopic.

Whether the existence of sentient beings in the microscopic world was ever before suspected we are not prepared to say, but had such a theory been advanced before the discovery we have recorded, it would not have been becoming to a philosopher to reject it without due consideration.

The magnitude of matter, so far as it comes within the comprehension of a finite mind, exists only relatively.

To an inhabitant of the sun, surpassing the visible man in magnitude in the same proportion that the sun surpasses the earth, and the rulers of the earth become reduced to microscopic beings.

The following case for gout is taken from an old work: First, The person afflicted must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of fifty years who never had a wish to change her condition.—Second, He must wash it in an honest miller's pond. Third, He must dry it on the hedge of a person who was never covetous. Fourth, He must send it to a doctor who never killed a patient. Fifth, He must mark it with the ink of a lawyer who never cheated a client. Sixth, Apply it to the part affected and a cure will speedily follow.

Why is laziness like money? Because the more a man has the more he wants.

A MINER'S STORY.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

I ain't got much learnin', bein' as I'm only a poor laborin' man, an' am a bad band at tellin' a story, but I'll try to do my best, such as it is. It's about the only thing like an adventure that ever happened to me, as my path through life has been pretty much in a straight down into the bowels of the earth mostwise. I've been a miner about ever since I was grown, an' I'm not far off from forty years of age now; quite a long time to be delvin' and burrowin' into the ground, an' to be none the richer for it, or little at best, I've saved somethin' in them years, to be sure; but I'm forgettin'—all this here ain't my story, an' I must stick to the text.

It don't matter much where it happened, I suppose; one place is quite as good as another, as far as that goes; but if you're particular about knowin', it was away out in Nevada, no nigher to home than that, an' close on to nine years ago. I wasn't quite thirty at the time, an' might never have got to be any older, but for—well, I think I may say presence of mind, as it's called. However, I'm here to day, an' that's pretty good proof, I take it, that I wasn't killed outright.

You see, we were enlargin' one that we'd already opened, makin' a connection between the new shaft an' the old mine, you understand. It had proved pretty rich, the part we'd worked, an' it was thought the parts we were then at would turn out even more so; an' the idea was well founded, as was prov'd afterward. Minin' ain't the pleasantest business in the world, nor the easiest. When I first went at it, I used to feel considerable queer as I began to go gradually down in the bucket, an' daylight grew a little less all the while. An' then to look up when I'd reach the bottom, an' see the blue sky shine through a hole away overhead, and feel myself shut in all about by a solid wall of rock. But I soon got used to all these things, altho' it took me longer to get over the hurry about bein' drawn up after the train was once lit. What an everlasting time it did seem till I'd been at the business for a month or more; but at last I got over this, too, an' learned to whistle all the while the windlass was goin' round an' round at the mouth of the shaft, an' I was bein' slowly drawn up again into the sunlight; then the little excitement got to be pleasant, an' I missed it if I didn't go through with it each-day, till by an'-by the excitement itself died out, an' there was nothin' in it all any more than climbin' a tree or diggin' with a spade into the ground.

There were eight of us at work at this shaft, all old miners. I wasn't quite so heavy as I am now, although, as you may judge by my height, I was no light weight then. We used to take turns goin' down into the shaft, although if there was a young'un among us any smaller than the rest, it was usual to send him down. I rather think we'd got somewhere about forty feet into the ground on the day I speak of, an' were blastin' away so as to make the connection between the new shaft an' the old mine, or the part we'd already worked. The rock was pretty rich; and the men we were workin' for formed a sort of company. They must have all made lots o' money out of it, I think, for there was silver in plenty there, as 'twas easy to see. But a deal of villainy was practised out there in that section of country. Why, bless you, it was as common to "salt" a mine, as they call it, as it was to blast in search of the metal. I've seen mines opened—if you might call 'em mines—that hadn't a trace of silver, or hardly any; an' before long, they fetched big prices, all on account of "salting"—that is, scattering loose silver, the dust, you know, all about among the rock. But even this got played out after a while, for people came to be too knowin', an' you could only come once in a while over strangers or "Injuns," as they were called out there.

But I must come to my story before long, or your patience will be worn out. Well, it's a short one, the story is, an' won't take me long to tell, so there's consolation in that.

It was a pleasant day for that season of the year in Nevada; an' that was my first trip in the bucket—my first trip up. I mean, that mornin'. The train I'd laid was rather a long one, with a heavier charge than usual, for the portion of rock to be split was broader and bigger than was common. The bottom of the shaft was pretty well littered up with fragments an' loose pieces, so as to be rough and very uneven, and the side walls too, were jagged an' broken, with sharp edges most all the way. I had lit the train, an' was bein' drawn up in the bucket somethin' slower, it seemed to me some how, than usual.

Foot by foot I was bein' raised. I must have reached twenty-five feet—a little more than half way. "Creak, creak," went the windlass; I could hear it distinctly up above, as well as the sound of the rope passin' over it. I could hear, too, the voice of the man at the mouth of the shaft. I remember noticin' the sharp, rough edges of the wall on my way, an' the veins of metal here and there in the rock, as well as glancin' down to see if my train was all right, and seein' it burnin' below. "Creak, creak, creak"—shorter and shorter grew the rock, nearer and nearer I came to the sunlight an'

free air above; I was losin' the earthy smell of the shaft away down. Up, up, still a little higher, till I could distinguish the words the men spoke. Yes, I must have reached twenty-five feet, every inch of it, when—what was it that made me wish to be hauled up faster that mornin', I wonder? Was it some inklin' I had that the rope was goin' to break?—Break it did, all of a sudden—snapped short off like twine, only with a report somethin' like that of a pistol, an' yet not exactly like any other sound that ever I heard. It makes my heart thump even now, the thought of it. It couldn't have taken me long to reach the bottom of the shaft, that's certain; an' yet it seems to me now that I thought of every thing in the world in that little space—every thing an' every body that ever I knew. It was sure death for me, I thought, anyhow, even if I wasn't killed by the fall; and it's a wonder I'm alive to-day to tell of it. There was my train frin' away like a great golden snake dartin' along towards the powder; whole yards of sparks it appeared. I must have struck against the sharp side walls on my way down, from a cut in my face that I found afterward. I believe I clapped my hands to my ears expectin' to be stunned by the blast when the fire should be blown bodily out of the openin' right at the feet of the men at the windlass. Of course I was thrown from my balance by the partin' of rope, an' went along with it, right on to the loose, sharp fragments of rock that lay on the bottom. The bucket was of oak, firmly welded together with strong iron bands, otherwise it would have broken to pieces. As for myself, I had my hands and face cut; but somehow I had guided my fall—I didn't exactly know how—an' wasn't killed without any help from the gunpowder; but I reckon I wasn't born to be blown up, not that time at least.

My first thought was of the train—There it was burnin' away, an' further on, was the blast waitin' for it to blow me to perdition. Just a moment more—but I won't speculate as to what might have happened. It was but the work of a second; the idea no sooner occurred to me than I flung myself on the loose powder—we worked in that way out there at the time, an' it was lucky for me we did—flung myself upon it, lay on it, hugged the rock close, rolled upon it, an' when I felt no longer any heat beneath me rose, almost blinded by the blood streaming from a wound in my temple; trod ant stamped upon the train, no longer sparkin' like a great golden snake, but black an' harmless.

Then I drew a long breath, an' began to feel faint. The men up above knew, of course what had happened, but were afraid to look down into the shaft at first lest the blast should explode. After a while they threw some water down; this fell on me an' revived me. Then, when they had waited some little time longer, an' knew all was right, they got a new rope an' bucket, an' sent it down after me; one of 'em lookin' over the edge of the shaft an' callin' out to me to know if I was alive.

That was, as I have said, about the only thing like an adventure that ever happened to me, an' I'm quite content that that it is so.

STRANGE STORY OF A CITY.

The visitor to what was once the focus of Oldsm, Pitohole, will naturally fall into a train of thought like the one that inspired Goldsmith to sing of
"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."

Not that Pitohole ever was a "lovely village," but its utter decay from what was once a bustling place, running over with life and excitement, will suggest the simile. The fungus growth of tows is a salient feature of American life. They are the result of various causes; the discovery of a mine of precious metal; the inception point of some great national work—a railroad, perhaps; or the discovery of remarkable oil "indications;" or any great popular furore that calls men together with its irresistible attraction. They cause towns, and even cities to spring up in a single night as it were—some of them to achieve permanency, and stand as a perpetual wonder in the eyes of the world; others to crumble away with the speed of their growth, like the once famous Pitohole. The picture that this town presents is sadly unlike its old self. It was once the headquarters of the oil King; and the amazing swiftness of its growth has hardly a counterpart in this land. One cause after another, however, sapped its prosperity; the decrease in the production of oil; the discovery of petroleum in new localities, and a terrible visitation by fire, have almost blighted Pitohole out of existence. A person who knew the town in the days of its prosperity, will experience curious sensations, if he visits it now. The crowds that once thronged its streets; the oil teams, almost countless; the elegant hotels—save one—that were once its pride, and the peer in some respects, of those of the Metropolis itself—all are gone. The "Morey Farm Hotel" was erected at a cost of \$50,000, sumptuously furnished, and supplied with gas, and all the cunning works for comfort and convenience that distinguish the choicest hotels in the most fashionable cities. The very nabobs of Shoddy and Lucre were wont to give wine dinners here, and revel in everything that plethoric pockets

could command. The "Morey" was set on fire by an incendiary, in 1865, and destroyed. Then there were the "Chase" and "Bonta" Houses. The first was a favorite headquarters for the "aristocracy" of Pitohole; and a writer in the Titusville Herald says that the names of some of the wealthiest and wisest men of the country, as well as some of the greatest villains, can be found upon its register. It was moved to Pleasantville last spring. Sir Morton Peto and party were entertained at this house during their tour through the oil regions. The "Bonta" was an elegant affair, and its proprietor at one time proposed to dispose of it by lottery. It has been taken down and lugged away. The only hotels remaining are the "Danforth House" and the "United States Hotel," the former, only, is in use.

The once lively banking house of Wadsworth is now doing duty as a drug store; and the Postoffice that once ranked as the third in Pennsylvania, has wasted away to the dimensions of such as can be found at divers cross roads in the country. "At one time," says a correspondent, "great wagon loads of mails were received, and so great was the rush to get news from home, that we have frequently seen a line extending from the delivery window for ten rods down Holmden street, and individuals who were fortunate enough to be near the head of the column, have frequently sold out their chances to impatient letter seekers near the foot for one dollar and upwards."

A locality known as the "Fl