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A Child's Night Musings.

From her chamber window peering
Stood a little child one night,
As the sleeping shadows near
Mingled with the waning light.
Scorn the landscape, faint and fainter,
Which she loved to look upon,
Lay a gloomy mass before her,
All its grace and form were gone.
Gazing thus, her eyes grew fearful
When the day's last beam had fled,
While her little heart grew fearful,
To herself she softly said—
"Who will mind the sheep, I wonder?
For the shepherd cannot see;
And the cattle graze no longer,
Oh how lonely they must be!
"Grandpa says the Saviour keepeth
Watch o'er all things here below,
That He slumbers not, nor doeth,
Nor doth ever weary grow.
"Are the stars so highly beaming,
And the moon with silvery light,
O'er the darkened earth now streaming,
Helps to Jesus in the night?
"Does the moon shine round the steeples,
So that He should see the way
To the homes of all his people,
When the sun is gone away?
"I love to think He stands beside me
When I say my evening prayer,
And though all is dark around me,
His watchful love may share."

THE FACTORY GIRL.

It was just such a village as you see in pictures. A background of superb bold mountain, all clothed in blue-green cedars, with a torrent thundering down a deep gorge and falling in billows of foam; a river reflecting the azure of the sky; and a knot of houses with a church spire at one end and a thicket of factory chimneys at the other, whose black smoke wrote ever-changing hieroglyphics against the brilliancy of the sky. This was Dapplevale. And in the rosy sunset of this blossomy June day the girls were all pouring out of the broad door-way, while Gerard Blake, the foreman, sat behind his desk, a pen behind his ear and his small beady black eyes drawn back, as it were, in the shelter of a precipice of shaggy eyebrow.

One by one the girls stopped and received their pay for the week's work, for this was Saturday night. One by one they filed out with fretful, discontented faces, until the last one passed in front of the high-railed desk.

She was slight and tall, with large velvety blue eyes, a complexion as delicately grained and transparent as rose-colored wax, and an abundance of glossy hair of so dark a brown that the casual observer would have pronounced it black; and there was something in the way the blue ribbon at her throat was tied and the manner in which the simple details of her dress were arranged, that bespoke her of foreign birth.

"Well, Mademoiselle Annette," said Mr. Blake, jocosely nodding, "and how do you like factory life?" "It is not disagreeable," she answered, a slight accent clinging to her tones, like fragrance to a flower, as she extended her hand for the money the foreman was counting out.

"You have given me but four dollars," she said. "It was to be eight by the contract."

Mr. Blake shrugged his shoulders disagreeably. "Humph!" granted he; "you ain't much accustomed to our way of doing things, are you, Mademoiselle? Eight—of course; but we deduct two for a fee—"

"A fee! For what?" Mademoiselle Annette demanded, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"For getting you the situation, Mademoiselle, to be sure," said Mr. Blake, in a superior sort of way, as if he rather pitied her lack of information. "Such places don't grow on every bush. And folks naturally expect to pay something for the privilege."

"I did not!" flashed out Annette Duvelle.

"Oh—well—all right. Because, you know, you ain't obliged to stay unless you choose. There's plenty of girls would be glad of the chance of getting into the Dapplevale Calico Works."

"Do you mean," hesitated Annette, "that if I do not pay you this money—"

"You can't expect to stay in the works," said Mr. Blake, easily hitching up his collar. "Yes; that's about the plain English of it, Mademoiselle."

"But the other two dollars?" "Oh," said Mr. Blake, "that's a percentage the girls all pay."

"But what is it for?" Mr. Blake laughed.

"Well, it kind o' helps my salary

along. Of course, you know, the girls all expect to pay something every week for keeping their situations in a place where there's so many anxious to get in. You may consider yourself very fortunate, Mademoiselle Annette, to secure so desirable a post."

All this Mr. Blake uttered, in a slow deliberate way, through his nose. Annette Duvelle looked scornfully at him.

"And Mr. Elderslie?" "Oh, Mr. Elderslie," repeated Blake. "He han't nothing to do with it. I run this little machine of the Dapplevale Calico Works."

"Mr. Elderslie owns it, I believe?" "Well, yes, he owns it. But I manage everything. Mr. Elderslie reposes the utmost confidence in my capacity, ability and—and—responsibility. Mr. Elderslie is a good business man. He understands his own interest. And now, Mademoiselle, if you've any more questions to ask—"

"I have none," said Annette, wistfully. "But I need this money myself. I work hard for it. I earn it righteously. I cannot afford, any more than the others among these poor laboring girls, to pay it to your greed—"

"Eh!" ejaculated Mr. Blake, jumping from his seat as if some noxious insect had stung him.

"And I will not pay it," calmly concluded Mademoiselle Annette.

"Very well—very well. Just as you can afford, Mademoiselle," cried the foreman, turning red in the face. "Only if you won't conform to the rules of the Dapplevale Works—"

"Are these the rules?" scornfully demanded Annette.

"Pray consider your name crossed off the books," went on Mr. Blake. "You are no longer in my employ. Good evening, Mademoiselle. What-ever-you-may-call-yourself."

And Mr. Blake slammed down the cover of his desk as if it were a patent guillotine and Annette Duvelle's neck were under it.

Two or three of the factory girls, who had hovered around the open door to hear the discussion, looked with awe-stricken faces at Annette, as she came out with the four dollars which she had received from the cashier in her hand.

"You've lost your place, Ma'am-selle," whispered Jenny Purple, a pale, dark-eyed little thing, who supported a crippled mother and two little sisters out of her mulcted earnings.

"And he'll never let you in again," added Mary Rice. "He's as vindictive as—the old Evil One himself."

"It matters not," said Annette. "He is a rogue, and rogues sometimes out-general themselves."

"But you can't starve," said Jenny. "Look here, Ma'am-selle, come home with me. It's a poor place, but we'll make you welcome till—"

Annette turned and impulsively kissed Jenny on her lips.

"I thank you," she said; "but I do not need your kindness. My friends are nearer than you think."

And Annette Duvelle went back to the little red brick cottage, all thatched with the growth of wood-bine and trumpet-creeper, where she lodged with the wife of the man who tended the engines in the Dapplevale Works.

"Does he cheat you, too, of your money?" she asked, when Simon Pettengill came home, smoke stained and grimy, to eat his supper.

"One-sixth I pays to him," said Simon, with an involuntary groan, as he looked at the five little ones around his board. "Yes, Miss, he's villain, but the world is full o' 'em. And I finds it a pretty middlin' hard world to get along with. Mr. Elderslie never comes here, or maybe things would be a bit different. Mr. Elderslie lives in Paris, they say."

"He is in this country now," said Annette. "I intend to write to him."

Simon Pettengill shrugged his shoulders. "T'won't do no good, Miss," said he.

"Yes, it will," said Annette, quietly.

The petals of the June roses had fallen, a pink carpet all along the edge of the woods, and the long July

days had come, epics of sunshine, jeweled at either end by dew and moonlight. And the Dapplevale Works wore their holiday guise, evenly down to Simon Pettengill's newly-brightened steam-engine, for Mr. Elderslie and his bride were to visit the works on their wedding tour.

"It's a pity Ma'am-selle Annette went away so soon," said Simon to his assistant; "cause they say the master's kind-hearted in the main, and she might ha' spoke up for herself."

Mr. Gerald Blake, in his best broadcloth suit and mustache newly dyed, stood smiling at the broad doorway as the carriage drove up to the door, and Mr. Elderslie, a handsome blonde-browed man, sprang out and assisted a young lady, in a dove-colored traveling suit, to alight.

"Blake, how are you?" he said, with the carelessness of conscious superiority. "Annette, my love, this is Blake, my foreman."

"Mademoiselle Annette!"

And Mr. Gerald Blake found himself standing before the slight French girl he had turned from the factory door a month before.

"I must beg to look at the books, Blake," said Elderslie, authoritatively. "My wife tells me some strange stories about the way things are managed here. It became so notorious that the rumors reached her even at Blythesdale Springs, and she chose to come and see for herself. Annette, my darling, the best wedding gift we can make to these poor working girls is a new foreman. Blake, you may consider yourself dismissed."

"But, sir—"

"Not another word," cried Elderslie, with lowering brow; and Mr. Gerald Blake crept away with an uncomfortable consciousness of Annette's scornful blue eyes following him.

Elderslie turned to his wife. "You were right, my love," said he. "The man's face is sufficient evidence against him."

And a new reign began for poor Jenny Purple and the working girls, as well as for Simon Pettengill.

And Annette never regretted her week's apprenticeship in the Dapplevale Calico Works.—Lodge.

Letters of Recommendation.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he in a short time selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation?"

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in and closed the door after him, showing he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn instead of pushing and crowding, showing he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger-nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet like that handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket. Don't you call those letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the fine letters he can bring me."

THE LIBYAN DESERT.

On the western horizon of the Libyan Desert, as viewed from the summit of the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh, a conical hill stands in solitary grandeur, far removed from the route of desert travelers. This has long been supposed to be the ruins of a pyramid, yet nowhere is it recorded to have been visited by any but the Bedouin tribes who pass within a few miles of it, on the old caravan route to the Faoom. It is enumerated by Lepsius as one of the pyramids of Egypt and in a recent work on the Great Pyramid it is called Dr. Leiders' Pyramid, "until a better name be found for it," merely from its having been pointed out to the

author by the late Dr. Leiders, of Cairo, who, however, had never visited it.

The following narrative of a visit to the eminence by Mr. Wymann Dixon, engineer, and Dr. Grant, of Cairo, and of their discovery of a very remarkable petrified forest near its base, whose gigantic trees lie scattered about the desert in profusion, has been communicated to us by the former gentleman.

Leaving the pyramids behind and lighted by the clear silver moonlight, we set out into the desert by the caravan route to the Faoom, leading to a solitary valley, in the rocks of which are cut ancient Egyptian tanks and mummy pits. Presently we turn off from the regular track and take our way into the unfrequented desert, steering straight westward for the distant pyramidal hill. The sand of the desert is here hard and compact, and traveling easy; indeed with the exception of one or two places where the sand is soft and heavy, a wheeled carriage might drive all the way and to most of travelers would be much preferable to camel, or even donkey riding.

After many hours' hard riding, we at last reach the top of the slight eminence and across the wide valley in front of us is the place of our destination.

These long valleys, or "wadys," have much of interest about them; throughout may be seen the dry water courses where the rare rain showers carry down the sand into the bed and leave all the little hills and eminences covered by flints as big as potatoes and with surfaces so brightly polished as to give the desert a silvery look by moonlight, or by day to cause the appearance of rippled water where they reflect the sunlight.

The zoology and botany, too, of the desert are very interesting. There are numbers of little "jerboa," a species of rat, with long hind legs and long tail with a tuft of hair at its end, which hops about like a kangaroo. Now and then may be seen a gazelle or two scampering off at the unusual sight of a caravan.

A few small birds get a precarious existence in the sky an eagle or vulture sometimes wings its way. The insects are few and the herbage is extremely scant and it is a marvel what the animals live on. There are here and there in the water courses small tufts of camel-thorn—a little shrub not unlike a whin, another with a coral-like growth and now and then a handful of a tough wiry sort of grass, but what these again subsist on it is hard to say, for there is not a shower more than once or twice a year and for nine months there is no dew, while the heat of the sand at midday in summer is over 100 degrees.

Arrived at our destination before daybreak, we dismount from our camels and while the Bedouins are unloading the baggage, we hasten as fast as our legs, stiff with camel riding, will permit, up the heaps of sands and flints to the so-called Pyramid, to find, on attaining it, that it is but the conical end of a prism-shaped hill stretching westward, and standing boldly out of the desert plain.

Near the top the rock crops out and appears to be a species of friable sandstone fretted by the weather into curious shapes, but the actual summit is covered with flints and sand, and what strikes one as being very strange, many fragments of petrified wood.

Taking a general survey from this coign of vantage, we choose the best spot to the north of the hill to pitch our camp, exposed to the slight north wind which blows incessantly here and descending its steep sides, at the bottom are surprised to find near the chosen spot three large stone trees lying prostrate on the sand. The largest is 51 feet in length and 3 feet 6 inches in diameter at its widest end and 2 feet at its smallest; they are branching exogenous trees, apparently a species of pine, and the one before us has the fork of a large branch very complete.

Wandering on up the wady to the north of the hill, named by us "Kom el Khashob," the bill of wood, we find the whole desert littered with fragments of petrified wood, from twigs the size of one's finger to pieces

of large branches or trunks of trees; and on the flank of the hill to the north are hundreds of immense trees, lying half buried in the sand, some seventy feet long and in many instances with the back still attached. All of them are exogenous trees—no single instance of a palm could we discover—and from the absence of roots it may be presumed have been drifted here by the sea. The stratum is apparently sandstone, overlying the limestone of the Nile valley; there are also here and there patches of a dark chocolate-colored friable mineral with specks of green which looked like copper; but proved on subsequent analysis to be carbonate of iron; beds of what the Arabs call "Gyps" or gypsum, and nodules of an intensely hard black granulated looking stone—not unlike emery stone; the whole geological character suggesting the—possibly delusive—suspicion of the existence of coal under the surface.

Having carefully surveyed this neighborhood we again climbed the "Kommel el Khashob," taking instruments to measure its height and determine its position; the former of which we found to be 752 feet above the Nile level at Cairo, 602 feet above the northeast socket of the Great Pyramid and consequently about 140 feet higher than its summit.

Having secured one or two sketches of the hill and the sun being now near setting, we "fold up our tents like the Arabs and silently steal away." Mounting our camels again and taking a slightly different route on our return, we pass some ancient solitary well-tombs away in the desert, but without mark or hieroglyphic inscription on them. All the way we notice fragments of petrified wood and near to the pyramids extensive beds of oyster shells. This forest may almost be said to be a continuation—doubtless going much farther westward than we penetrated—of the well known petrified forest in the Abassiak Desert to the east of Cairo, which extends a long way in the direction of Suez, but is inferior both in extent and in the size and perfectness of the trees to that of the newly discovered forest. The formation of the land here would lead to the supposition that it was the ancient coast line and that trees drifted to where they are now found and were then left in the briny waters of an evaporating sea or salt lake; and as the fibre of the wood decayed slowly away, the space of each cell has been filled up by the crystallizing silica which was held in solution in the water that surrounded it.

Since the discovery of this forest it has been visited by many Europeans in Cairo and English travelers and to geologists especially it is well worthy of a visit. It may be easily reached from the Great Pyramid either by donkey, camel or horse, and is distant under three hours from it—a journey which in the winter may with comfort be accomplished in one day from Cairo. Indeed, if His Highness, the Khedive, who has done so much for the comfort of travelers in making a magnificent road to the pyramids, were to extend it for some half mile farther through the tract of soft sand, carriages could easily drive all the way to the Kommel el Khashob. The locality is now well known to the Pyramid Arabs and most able and intelligent guides will be found in Ali Dohre, Omar, or others of this Bedouin tribe.—Nature.

Too Much for His Nerves.

Several nights ago, a young gentleman of this city invited a lady to accompany him on a moonlight ride. At the appointed time the wagon was at the door and together they started for the Cliff House. During the ride the conversation turned on things supernatural, and the Donkey-ghost was discussed at length. The gentleman professed to be free altogether, from that dread of the mysterious unknown, which deters some people from entering graveyards after nightfall, or sitting alone with the dead. He declared that he would even be willing to have a tele-tele interview with any ghostly visitant who might choose to make him a call in the still hours of the night. After a couple of hours spent pleasantly at the cliff, the horses' heads were turned homeward. The road was deserted, the pleasure-seekers

had all returned and as they bowed along the smooth road still they conversed on the supernatural. When a short distance beyond the toll-gate the horses stopped suddenly and began to tremble and snort violently. The driver stood up in the wagon to find out the cause, and lo! a coffin lay at the side of the road. The moonlight shone on the silver plate and the courageous young man immediately let go the reins and dropped into the bottom of the wagon as if he had been shot. The lady fortunately caught the lines and thus prevented a runaway and probable disaster. As she was endeavoring to restore the presence of mind which had fled from her crouching companion, an undertaker's cart drove up and the driver dismounting, lifted the coffin into it. "Get up!" said the lady. "Is that horrid thing gone?" growled the gentleman and ventured to peep out from the buggy robe in which he had wrapped his pallid face. It appeared that the undertaker was carrying the coffin to a house on Geary-street, when his wagon broke down and he was compelled to leave it on the roadside while he returned for repairs. The gentleman drove weckly home and has not since been heard to declare his indifference to ghostly visitations.—San Francisco Bulletin.

How Young Men Fail.

"There is Alfred Sutton home with his family to live on the old folks," said one neighbor to another: "It seems hard after all his father has done to fit him for business and the capital he invested to start him so fairly. He is a steady young man, no bad habits, as far as I know; he has a good education and was always considered smart, but he doesn't succeed in anything. I am told he has tried a number of different kinds of business and sunk money every time. What can be the trouble with Alfred, I should like to know, for I don't want my boy to take his turn."

"Alfred is smart enough," said the other, "and has education enough but he lacks the one element of success. He never wants to give a dollar's worth of labor for a dollar of money and there is no other way for a young man to make his fortune. He must dig if he would get gold. All the men that have succeeded, honestly or dishonestly, in making money have had to work for it, the sharpest sometimes the hardest of all. Alfred wishes to set his train in motion and let it take care of itself. No wonder it soon ran off the track and a smash-up the result. Teach your boy, friend Archer, to work with a will when he does work. Give him play enough to make him healthy and happy, but let him early that work is the business of life. Patient, self-denying work is the price of success. Ease and indolence eat away, not capital only, but worse still, all of man's nerve power. Present gratification tends to put off duty until to-morrow or next week. It is getting to be a race thing for the sons of rich men to die rich. Too often they squander in a half score of years what their fathers were a life-time in accumulating. In wish I could ring it into the ears of every aspiring young man that work—hard work, of head and hands—is the price of success."—Country Gentleman.

HE WANTED TO ARRIVE.

A seedy looking individual walked into the Crawford House, Cincinnati, a few evenings ago, and stepping up to the counter, seized a pen and registered his name at the foot of a long list of the day's arrivals. It was a noble name—George Washington Botts—written in a firm, bold hand and with a big flourish underneath. It was plain that the seedy man was accustomed to making a flourish in the world, if it were only with a goose-quill.

"Have a room?" inquired Captain Oakes, the proprietor, incidentally measuring the man with his eagle eye to see if he wouldn't fit in one of the sky Boudoirs.

"No," said seedy, shortly, picking his teeth with a splinter tooth-pick he had selected from the well-assorted supply always found on the counter.

"Supper, then, I suppose?" added the Captain, preparing to add an "S" to the end of George Washington Botts' name.

"No, sir, no supper," said Mr. Botts with severity; "I simply want to arrive. I want neither room, supper, nor anything else, but I particularly wanted to arrive. It is a long time since I have arrived at a hotel—a very long time (his voice choked a little) and I thought if you hadn't any objection—I would like to arrive once more before I died."

Here he was obliged to hide his emotions in his coat-tail, in the absence of a pocket handkerchief—Captain Oakes, always ready to do a good action, generously allowed the unfortunate individual to arrive and George Washington Botts, hastily drying his eyes with the pen-wiper, wrung the Captain's hand in mute but heartfelt gratitude and then stalked gloomily forth into the darkness and the night.

He had arrived.