

THE POTTER JOURNAL

AND

NEWS ITEM.

Jno. S. Mann,
Proprietor.

S. F. Hamilton,
Publisher.

VOLUME XXV, NO. 1.

COUDERSPORT, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1873.

\$1.75 A YEAR

The POTTER JOURNAL

AND

NEWS ITEM.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AT
COUDERSPORT, PA.

(Office Cor. Main and Third.)

TERMS \$1.75 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Jno. S. Mann, S. F. Hamilton,
Proprietor, Publisher.

C. J. CURTIS,
Attorney at Law and District Attorney,
Office on MAIN ST., over the Post Office,
COUDERSPORT, PA.

Solicits all business pertaining to his profession.
Special attention given to collections.

ARTHUR B. MANN
JOHN S. MANN & SON,
Attorneys at Law and Conveyancers,
COUDERSPORT, PA.

ARTHUR B. MANN,
General Insurance Agent & Notary Public.

S. S. GREENMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
(OFFICE OVER FORSTER'S STORE),
COUDERSPORT, PA.

D. C. LARRABEE
OLMSTED & LARRABEE,
ATTORNEYS AND CONVEYANCERS AT LAW
(Second St. opposite Court House),
COUDERSPORT, PENN'A.

SETH LEWIS,
Attorney at Law and Insurance Agent,
LEWISVILLE, PA.

A. M. REYNOLDS,
DENTIST,
(OFFICE IN OLIVIER'S BLOCK),
COUDERSPORT, PA.

Baker House,
BROWN & KELLY, PROP'RS,
Corner of SECOND and EAST Streets,
COUDERSPORT, PENN'A.

Attention paid to the convenience and
comfort of guests.

Lewisville Hotel,
Corner of MAIN and NORTH Streets,
LEWISVILLE, PA.

Good Stabling attached.

PEARSALL & WEBSTER,
PAINTERS,
101 ST. ABOVE SECOND, (over French's store),
COUDERSPORT, PA.

Painting, Glazing, Graining, Calculating,
Shoe-making, Paper-hanging, etc., done
with neatness, promptness and
satisfaction guaranteed.

PAINTS for sale. 2122-1

J. S. MANN
THOMPSON & MANN,
DEALERS IN
Medicines, Books, Stationery,
PHOTOGRAPHS, PRINTS, OILS, WALL PAPER, ETC.,
Cor. Main and Third Sts.,
COUDERSPORT, PA.

S. F. HAMILTON,
BOOK AND JOB PRINTER
(Corner Main and Third.)
COUDERSPORT, PA.

C. M. ALLEN,
Surgical and Mechanical Dentist,
LEWISVILLE, PA.

Work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

D. J. CROWELL,
D. H. Ball Jetter & Bolting Machine,
SINCE INVENTING, Chambers Co., Pa.
THE SIDE CUT SINGLE MACHINE
No. 18 to 25 inches.
Sewing Machines and General Custom Work
2122-4

John Grom,
House, Sign,
Ornamental, Decorative & Fresco
PAINTER,
COUDERSPORT, PA.

Painting and PAPER HANGING done
with neatness and dispatch.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Work done with
BAKER HOUSE
is promptly attended to.

D. B. NEEFE,
CARRIAGE FACTORY,
COUDERSPORT, PENN'A.

Wagon-making, Blacksmithing,
Carriage Trimming and Repairing done
with neatness and durability. Charges
reasonable.

C. BREUNLE,
MARBLE WORK,
COUDERSPORT, PA.

Granite, Headstones, etc., furnished to order,
in the most artistic style and workmanship on
reasonable terms.
Orders sent by mail or left at the office of Jock
& News Item will receive prompt attention.

SINNING AND REPENTING.

There seemeth oft but little odds
Between the sinner and the saint;
Both seem to have their earthly gods—
Both bear the marks of human taint.

The outward cup and platter are
About alike to either man;
Thus doth the skeptic tongue declare,
In cavil at the Christian plan.

'Tis true, all sin who dwell on earth;
But one repents—the other, not;
This is the test of spirit birth:
Repentance mourns and hates each blot.

The heart renewed will ever try—
And, in the end, too, will prevail—
To pass the world's affumens by,
Which saint and sinner both assail.

While man, with his weak, insect power,
Assays a judge's throne to fill,
God, in the germ, beholds the flower
And judges actions by the will.

Our errors oft from virtues rise,
And He who doth the motive scan
Regards us with indulgent eyes,
If we but do the best we can.

We, sinning and repenting go,
Who most lament besetting sin,
And God will measure every thro,
With which we strive to enter in.

N. Y. Observer.

How I Caught a Robber.

Twenty years ago I left a country home and took a clerkship in the wholesale house of B— & Co., New York, a firm then known as one of the wealthiest in the metropolis. They dealt largely in fine imported fabrics, such as silks and laces.

I had been in my position nearly a year when the store was robbed of about five thousand dollars worth of silks. The robbery was perpetrated in such an adroit manner that it could not be discovered how the robber had gained an entrance—and even the precise night of the crime could not be determined. Experienced detectives were soon at work on the case; but some weeks elapsed and they seemed to have gained no clue, when, to the astonishment of all, a second robbery, as daring and mysterious as the first, was perpetrated.

Mr. —, the senior member of the firm resolved secretly to employ several trusty employees to take turns at guarding the building night after night, in the hope of entrapping the burglar, and he chose three for the purpose—I being one. I was fond of adventure and being a rustic country youth, I would not have hesitated to grapple with any ordinary burglar. Arms were not so much used in those days.

So we three clerks began our vigil, each staying alone in the great gloomy building one night in three. A couple of weeks thus passed and nothing unusual happened.

One moonlight summer night I was on the lower floor and was just musing that it was scarcely probable that the burglar would be so audacious as to attempt a third robbery, when I chanced to look above me and discovered that I was immediately under the hoistway and that for once the trap doors of every floor had imprudently been left open and I could see to the very roof which was amply supplied with skylights.

"Ah, Joe Williams!" I said, addressing the porter—a stout, good-natured fellow—as though he were present, instead of at home and fast asleep. "This is a serious neglect, and might cost you your situation if known at headquarters; but as you are a poor man, old fellow, and not generally remiss, I will conceal your fault this time and caution you about it to-morrow."

With the view of closing the traps, I crept softly up the four broad flights of stairs to begin my task at the fifth floor. It was so dark on the stairs that I had to feel my way chiefly, but then I knew every inch of the building and easily made my way to the roof.

In these days I should have stated, that there were no steam-elevators in stores, and goods were hoisted or lowered, a bale at a time, by means of a huge pendent rope, to which an iron hook was attached. This was worked by the porter, who manipulated another large rope applied to that mechanical power known as the wheel and axle. Such was our hoisting apparatus.

When I reached the fifth floor, I found that objects were quite distinguishable, owing to the mellow light which the moon supplied through the sky-lights. To this day I remember the peculiar shudder that ran over me as I found myself up there under the roof, alone with the great bales and boxes, from

whose shadows it was natural to imagine the hideous faces of burglars leering at me.

Awed by the silence, I stood a moment at the head of the stairway, and it just occurred to me that the mysterious robber might have got in through the skylights. At the same moment I was startled by seeing in the dim light, the figure of a man moving among the boxes and bales so noiselessly and so perfectly at ease that he did not seem to be earthly. My first thought was actually of ghosts, and I felt an impulse to rush headlong down stairs; but as instant reflection told me that the figure was that of a man—and very probably the very man I had been looking for. So, moving slightly, so as to stand in the shadow of a pillar, I watched his movements.

No, it was not a ghost. Ghosts go not about among the rich goods of a wholesale house, quietly collecting valuable little packages from newly arrived boxes of silks and tying them together in convenient bundles. This party did. He was a man—and a big man, too.

His movements at last brought him to within ten feet of me and I felt that the time had come. He was evidently larger than myself, but the consciousness, that I was in an honest cause nerved me and I sprang from my covert and grasped him around the body.

He dropped his bundle, uttering a startled exclamation, but recovered his self-possession almost instantly and strove to free himself. Then began a desperate struggle—on his own part for liberty, on my part probably for life.

We reeled hither and thither, swaying against boxes and pillars, falling to the floor and rolling over and over, with a clatter that waked the building to its foundation; and finally still struggling, once more rose to our feet. At last his strength proved superior to mine and he succeeded in disengaging himself, when he hurled me from him and sent me staggering some feet. We stood an instant confronting each other and in that instant I recognized him.

"Joe Williams!" I exclaimed, or rather gasped, for my breath was nearly gone.

Yes, it was Joe Williams the porter—the good-natured and reputedly honest fellow, who had been for years in the service of B— & Co. He was on the point of fleeing when I spoke, but he now confronted me fiercely, exclaiming:

"Yes, Harvey Slater; but you shall not live to expose me!"

As he spoke he drew a heavy single-barreled pistol and leveled it at my breast—the muzzle scarcely a yard distant. He naturally took a step backward in doing so, and that step probably saved my life; for he stepped fairly into the open hatchway and fell backward with a startled scream. So sudden and unlooked-for was his disappearance that I could not realize it at first, and was beginning to fancy it all a dream; but I was brought to my senses by hearing the clattering noise far below, and a loud report that woke harsh echoes in every corner and recess of the building. The pistol had fallen to the lower floor and exploded. At that moment a neighboring church clock struck one and the tolling of the hour had never sounded so ghostly before. I fancied it the funeral knell of that wretched man, who must have fallen fifty feet, and who now probably lay a hideous mass on the lower floor. I stood a moment listening, while a cold perspiration started from my forehead, and I trembled as with ague. A deep groan reached my ears; then I heard rapid footsteps on the deserted street, followed by a bold knocking at the front door.

"What's wrong in there?" shouted an authoritative voice, "Open the door!"

And the knocking grew louder.

I crept to a window, opened it and looked down upon the street. Several policemen were at the door.

"Are you officers?" I asked, still trembling.

"Yes, what's the matter?"

"I will come down and open the door," I rejoined, closing the window.

I hurried down the four flights of stairs and dark as it was it seemed but a second till I reached the street door, which I unfastened and opened. To my surprise one of the officers seized me saying:

"Oho! We've got you at last, eh? Don't try to escape, or you are a dead man."

"Let go of me!" I said half-indignantly. "You need not fear my escaping. I am employed by B— & Co., and have been watching the store, as I can easily prove to you. I encountered a burglar on the fifth floor and he has fallen down the hatchway."

"Well, I guess you're telling the truth," said the officer, taking his hand off my arm; but we must keep an eye on you. Will you light the gas?"

"Certainly."

I had some matches in my pocket and quickly lighted several burners. A pistol was found on the floor; but no mangled body. We peered up the open hoistway; "but now that the lower story was lighted all looked gloomy above."

"Let us search every floor," said one of the officers.

"Better secure the door first," I suggested.

"True enough!" he replied. "I think you're right or you wouldn't want yourself looked in."

I carefully locked the door and with the three policemen ascended from floor to floor, lighting the gas in each story, but finding nothing on the second or third floor to reward our search. On reaching the fourth, however, a horrible and ghastly sight met our eyes. It was the figure of a man hanging in mid-air at the hoistway, his dangling feet nearly on a level with the floor. The body was apparently lifeless, the head had fallen over on the left shoulder and the face was deathly pale; but we heard a slight groan as we approached.

The figure was that of the porter and he was not dead or even fatally hurt. In his fall he had been caught by the point of the iron hook at the end of the rope hanging in the hoistway. It had entered the thick muscles of the right arm between the shoulder and elbow and had thus held him suspended and saved him a fall of fifty feet. The pain, however, had been so intense that he had immediately fainted and was still unconscious. He was now speedily released from his terrible situation, resuscitated and carried to a police station.

Joe Williams made a full confession and nearly all the stolen goods were recovered. He had accomplices, who were all arrested and sent to prison. They were a gang of bad characters and it appears that they had tempted Joe and succeeded in corrupting him and inducing him to steal his employers' property and pass it out to them. Their plan of operations was very ingenious. Joe would contrive to remain in the building at closing-time in the evening and in the middle of the night would abstract valuable packages of silks, and the like, and drop them from a rear window into a little court, where they were caught by his confederates and concealed in a small basement near by which was occupied for a blind as a drinking saloon. Here they were kept stored till such time as they might be safely removed.

Joe escaped punishment by turning state's evidence, recovered from his wound and so far as I know, there after conducted himself honestly. He died a few years ago.

I was rewarded with the increased confidence of B— & Co., was rapidly promoted and eventually became a member of the firm.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

The San Francisco Post is responsible for the following pretty story: The old government buildings on Washington street are making way for the Appraisers' stores, and with them will disappear the molly book-venders, the candy merchants, the marking-ink enologists and all those traders who have so long made this their rendezvous. There is a little story in connection with these buildings which the writer learned from a gentleman who knew the parties con-

cerned. Like many of the incidents which occur daily in this country of change and excitement, it has a strong spice of romance and would not furnish a bad plot for the writers in the sensational weeklies.

Every day for five years, no matter how heavily the winter rain came down, or the gusty summer winds swept from the hilltops, an old man took up his position near the post office and sat until dusk behind his tray of assorted candies. Children on their way to mail or demand letters, patroined the old candy-merchant. He appeared to shun acquaintance with his professional brethren and no matter what novelties they introduced in their business, he kept aloof from competition and adhered strictly to the legitimate sweet stuffs.

Among his customers came one day a bright-eyed, neatly dressed urchin, who put down his five cents and boldly demanded its equivalent in molasses candy. While the old fellow wrapped it up in the scanty piece of brown paper he looked wistfully into the urchin's eyes. The boy took his candy and went off with his month full. The next day the little chap turned up again, and again purchased his five cents worth of candy. One morning the candy merchant, whilst wrapping up his young customer's purchase, asked the name of his patron. The little fellow gave it.

The candy man immediately removed his tray to the care of a fellow-merchant, and told the boy that he would accompany him to his mother's house. The boy conducted him to a pleasant residence on Bryant street. His mother opened the door and the moment her eyes fell on the candy merchant she threw her arms around him, and sobbing violently, called him "Father."

It appears that at one time the candy man was a well-to-do merchant in Portland, Maine. His eldest daughter eloped with a gambler, a man who had a very hard reputation in that town. On coming to California, however, he gave up his regular encounters with the "tiger" and devoted himself to speculating in mining stocks. He was fortunate, grew wealthy, bought real estate and won the name of being an honorable and generous man. His wife wrote back to Portland, but her letters were returned, for her father had failed in business, her mother was dead, and the other members of the family settled in New York. The old man then came to California, not knowing of his daughter's whereabouts, and after many unsuccessful efforts finally went into selling candy.—Something in the little boy's face reminded him of his daughter's, and when he heard the name he remembered the handsome gambler against whom he had so often warned his willful child. The reunion was a very happy one and the candy profession has lost one of its members.

A South-African Adventure.

It was on the afternoon of one of the hottest days of an African summer that I left my farm to ascend the Draakensburg Mountains for the purpose of finding, if possible, an eland, a species of antelope, to replenish my larder for the coming Christmas. I was at the time living alone in a glen formed by two spurs of the mountain, with but few neighbors and no town within fifty miles, but, as my Kafirs had become sufficiently civilized to understand that Christmas-time meant unlimited eating, I wished, by providing game, to save an ox. I had only five or six miles to go and was well mounted, so I did not hurry, but, leading my horse up the steep pass, reached the place where I intended to sleep just as the sun was setting.

The scene around, though quite different from our ideas of what it should be in December, was very beautiful. There was no snow; no leafless trees with their delicate tracery set off by the glistening hoarfrost, nor dark green firs bending under their white load; but still there was enough to keep me standing, forgetful of firewood and all I had to do for my comfort during the night. I was on a narrow ledge of rock separated from the net-work of hills

beyond by a deep perpendicular gorge at the bottom of which, so far down that I could hardly distinguish it, ran a little burn. The setting sun gave the peaks that rich purple hue seldom seen away from heather; and on the other side, as far as the eye could reach, lay the thorn covered flats and hills of Natal.

Under the rock was a large cave, where I determined to sleep. It had in olden times been a regular resort of the Bushmen, but few came near it now; but on going in I found some calabashes and the ashes of a newly-made fire, which could have been only left by them. There were other marks on the walls, though evidently of great antiquity; rude sketches and drawings of horses, cattle, bows and arrows, and even of a Bushman riding. It is most curious that a race so low down in the scale of humanity that their language contains but a few words made up of unpronounceable clicks, and who, with the exception of the use of fire, in their mode of life differ but little from the ape, should have learned to do this. It may be that it is a remnant of an old sign-language, or the last relic of some former civilization. It was a full moon and after admiring the wonderful lights and shadows thrown by it on the broken ground I turned in and slept till near daylight.

As soon as I could see I started to hunt. Much to my annoyance at the time, though I had afterwards cause to be thankful that my horse was spared such a gallop as riding down an eland entails, I could find nothing and could tell by the spoor that no herd had been about for some days. It was nearly noon before I became convinced of this; and, tempted by the shade of a line of trees edging a little brook whose bubble sounded refreshingly amid the great heat, I took my saddle off, knee-halttered Prince and lay down. Of course I soon dozed off, but became awake again in about a couple of hours: I say "became awake," because it was not the natural rousing up of a person who has been asleep, but a sudden return to consciousness, without any movement and with all my wits about me, and that inward feeling which perhaps some of my readers may have experienced of something being wrong and a tension of all the powers of hearing to discover what it is. I had not long to wait: whiz came a tiny arrow, striking the stone on which my head had been resting, and where my cap still was. It did not require much thinking to know that a Bushman's hand held the bow and it had come from, nor to determine that the safest thing to do was to roll quietly into the bed of the little brook below me. Luckily, this would afford good shelter, and I could almost reach the edge with my hand.

The tremendous violence with which these streams come down from the hills during the heavy thunderstorms, wears a deep passage even in the hardest ground, and though there was only about an inch of water and it was not a yard broad the banks were to the full four feet high. Leaving my cap where it was I rolled over as quietly as I could, but just as I was disappearing another arrow came and struck me in the thigh, the only part not yet in safety. It took all my self-control to continue my movements as before until I stood crouching at the bottom. "Why," the reader may exclaim, "the pain of such a tiny arrow could not be very great." No, neither is the bite of a snake in itself, yet of the two the latter is the least to be dreaded. It was, of course, poisoned with that deadly skill for which the whole tribe is famous; and as I stood below I knew I had little chance of seeing another sunrise.

However, with that self help that men who lead a solitary life acquire, I instantly drew my hunting-knife, ripped up the trousers and with a steady hand cut out the arrow-head, not sparing myself. I then took my flask and poured powder into the wound, and gently striking a match set fire to it. That done, I took off my belt and using all my force strapped it a little above, as tight as it would go.

I do not think that in doing this I had any hope of saving my life; there was only a sort of feeling that

I was doing my duty. The pain was not very great, and my chief thought was for vengeance on the malignant creature that I looked upon as my murderer. I rightly imagined he was not aware of his success. No doubt he thought he had missed me and I was still lying asleep, in proof of which I soon heard the whiz of another arrow striking above. Moving down about a yard to where the overhanging ferns would conceal me, I quietly raised my head; the ground was slightly rising and I could see around for some distance. There was my horse unconsciously grazing away, but the grass was too long for me to see my enemy's whereabouts. I, however, guessed that he would try and get between us and so I waited, watching, and grasping my rifle.

Ten minutes passed in silence and then I fancied that the grass was moving unnaturally. In another second a hand and bow appeared, I heard a little twang and saw the tiny messenger of death again pierce the spot where I had been. I kept myself from firing, though I covered the place. Surely he would become impatient and give me a better chance. Another ten minutes and suddenly, in a different spot, which commanded a better view of my cap, a little black head peered over the grass. It was enough; and as I fired a shrill shriek and a spasmodic spring into the air told me that I had nothing more to fear.

Getting out as quickly as possible I dragged myself, for the limb was now much swollen, and becoming more and more painful, to my saddle, where I carried in a little bottle some eau de luce for snake bites, and poured out a large dose. After drinking it I caught my horse, saddled it, and picking up two of the arrows went to have a look at the dead Bushman. He was scarcely over four feet high with arms so long and thin as to reach deformity, short and bow-kneed legs supporting a little round body—he had evidently not been starving lately—and features so closely resembling those of an intelligent ape that had there been a tail no one would have thought twice about the matter. I did not remain long; there was no time to lose so, taking his bow, I mounted and putting the horse at his best pace started on my long ride. I knew perfectly well that the only chance, such as it was, of saving my life depended on my reaching Ladysmith that night and obtaining medical assistance.

The distance was fully sixty miles and, with but one exception, there were nothing but Dutch boers' houses on the road, whence I could not hope for any help. For the first twenty miles I kept steadily on my way, though the agony was dreadful and I could hardly sit on my horse. I then reached an Englishman's farm, pulled up, told my story and asked for spirits to keep my strength up, and the loan of a fresh horse. I shall not easily forget his wife's scared look as she came out and saw me by the light of her flickering candle. I suppose I must have seemed half mad. They brought me out a full bottle of whiskey and a tumbler, which I filled and drank off neat; but they had not got a horse "up." They were, he said, all running and it would take hours to find them. So I started again.

I do not remember much more of that wild moonlit ride; I became drowsy and half delirious, just retaining sense enough to go straight. How I did it I do not know, as for the greater part of the way there was no road, and even in daylight and with nothing the matter I should have hesitated in more than one place. However, providence or instinct guided me right and, as I was afterwards told, for I remembered nothing about it, I reached the town at one o'clock, p. m.,—just eleven hours after I had left. I had finished the whiskey on the road and it was to that the doctor ascribed my ultimate recovery. For nine days I was in a high fever and delirious, and it was more than six weeks before I got up; and for years afterwards the wound did not heal. Even to the present day it occasionally bursts out afresh, and will probably continue to do so to the end of my existence.—Chambers.