The Bradford Reporter.

S. W. ALVORD, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XXXII. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 14, 1871. NUMBER 29.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning by S. W. ALVORD at Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

☞ Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

SPECIAL NOTICES inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions.

LOCAL NOTICES, same style as reading matter, TWENTY CENTS a line.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted according to the following table of rates:

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1 inch	$1.50	3.00	5.00	6.00	10.00	$ 15
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All Resolutions of Associations; Communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS per line.

The REPORTER having a larger circulation than all the papers in the county combined, makes it the best advertising medium in Northern Pennsylvania.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER Office is well supplied with power presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates TWENTY VARIABLY CASH.

BUSINESS CARDS.

C. M. TINGLEY, *Licensed Auctioneer*, Rome, Pa. All calls promptly attended to. May9,1870

W. WALLACE KEELER, *HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTER*, Towanda, Sept. 15, 1870-yr

DAY, HUDDELL & SANDERSON Miners and Shippers of the SULLIVAN ANTHRACITE COAL, may1'71 Towanda, Pa.

CAMP & VINCENT, INSURANCE Agents.—Office formerly occupied by Mercur & Vincent, one door south of Ward House. may10,'70 W. S. VINCENT.

J. W. DIMMOCK, Dealer in all kinds of Roofing Slates, Towanda, Pa. All orders for Roofing promptly attended to. Particular attention given to Cottage and French Roofing. (:n:50:71)

R. FOWLER, REAL ESTATE DEALER, No. 160 Washington Street between LaSalle and Wells Streets, Chicago, Illinois. Real Estate purchased and sold. Investments made and Money Loaned. May 10,'70.

DRESS MAKING, PATTERNS CUTTING AND FITTING in all fashionable styles on short notice. ROOMS in Mercur's New Block, Main-st., over Porter & Kirby's Drug Store. MRS. H. E. GARVIN. Towanda, Pa., April 13, 1870.

HAIR WORK OF ALL KINDS such as SWITCHES, CURLS, BRAIDS, FRIZZETTS, &c., made in the best manner and latest style at the Ward House Barber Shop. Terms reasonable Towanda, Dec. 1, 1869.

GAYLORD BROS., *General Fire and Life Insurance Agency.* Policies covering loss and damage caused by lightning in Wyoming and other reliable companies, without additional charge. H. N. GAYLORD. Westfield, May 23, '71. S. C. GAYLORD.

JOHN DUNFEE, *BLACKSMITH*, MONROETON, PA., pays particular attention to ironing Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, &c. Tire set and repairing done on short notice. Work and charges guaranteed satisfactory. '12,16,69.

AMOS PENNYPACKER, HAS again established himself in the TAILORING BUSINESS. Shop over Rockwell's Store. Work of every description done in the latest styles. Towanda, April 21, 1870.—tf

LERAYSVILLE WOOLEN MILL The undersigned would respectfully announce to the public that he keeps constantly on hand Woolen Cloths, Cassimeres, Flannels, Yarns, and all kinds at wholesale and retail. HAIGH & BROADLEY. Aug.10,'70. Proprietor.

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL *INSURANCE AGENCY*; may24'70—tf TOWANDA, PA.

NEW TAILOR SHOP. H. SPAULDING Has opened a Tailor Shop over Kellum & Mullock's Meat Market, formerly occupied by J. H. Cary, Tailor. From long experience he feels confident he can give full satisfaction. Cutting done at all times. Towanda, July 10,'71-3m H. SPAULDING.

DAYTON & BROTHER, Dealers in WOOL, HIDES, PELTS, CALF-SKINS, FURS, &C., For which the highest cash price is paid at all times. Office in M. E. Rosenfield's Store, Main-st., A. DAYTON, C. F. DAYTON. Nov.14,'70. TOWANDA, PA.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE opened a Banking House in Towanda, under the name of W. F. MASON & CO., and are prepared to draw Bills of Exchange, and make Collections in New York, Philadelphia, and all portions of the United States, as also England, Germany, and France. To loan money, receive deposits, and do a general Banking business. G. F. Mason was one of the late firm of Laporte, Mason & Co., of Towanda, Pa., and his knowledge of the business men of Bradford and adjoining counties and having been in the banking business for about fifteen years, makes this house a desirable one through which to make collections. G. F. MASON. Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. A. G. MASON.

NEW FIRM! *NEW GOODS, LOW PRICES!* AT MONROETON, PA. TRACY & HOLLON, Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Drugs and Medicines, Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimneys, Shades, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Yankee Notions, Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff. Pure Wines and Liquors of the best quality, for medicinal purposes only. All goods sold at the very lowest prices. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours of the day and night. Give us a call. TRACY & HOLLON. Monroeton, Pa., June 24, 1869—tf.

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO IRELAND OR ENGLAND: THE A. & L. LINE OF STEAMSHIPS FROM OR TO QUEENSTOWN OR LIVERPOOL. The Anchor & Allan's old "Black Star Line" of Liverpool Packets, sailing every week. Cabin $60, Steerage $30. Excursion Tickets, $100. The Anchor Line of Packets from or to London, sailing twice a month. Rates as low as any other line. For further particulars, apply to Williams & Guion, 29 Broadway, New York, or G. F. MASON & CO., Bankers, Oct. 1, 1866. Towanda, Pa.

MYERSBURG MILLS. WHEAT, RYE, AND BUCKWHEAT FLOUR! CORN MEAL AND FEED Constantly on hand and for sale cheap for CASH. CUSTOM WORK WARRANTED. A large and large quantity of GROUND CAYUGA PLASTER, from Old Younger Beds. Wheat, Rye, Corn and Oats taken in exchange for Plaster. apr5'71 E. R. MYER.

NEW STEAM FLOURING MILL IN SHESHEQUIN, PA. The undersigned desires to give notice that his new STEAM FLOURING MILL is in successful operation, and that he is prepared to do all work in his line on short notice. CUSTOM GRINDING DONE ON THE SAME DAY THAT IT IS RECEIVED. Buckwheat and Rye Flour, Corn Meal, Feed, Bran, &c., always on hand and for sale at lowest rates. PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Persons living on the north side of the river desiring to patronize my mill, will have their forwarage paid both ways, when they bring a load of two bushels and upwards. F. S. AYERS. 1871

A NEW FIRM. The W. B. Kelly of this place and Dr. C. M. Stanton of Athens, have formed a copartnership for the practice of DENTISTRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES. They may be found at the office of Dr. Kelly, over Wickham & Black's store in Towanda, prepared at all times to treat patients in a first-class manner. All work warranted as represented. Teeth extracted without pain, by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas. Dr. Stanton will be at his office in Athens on Saturdays and Mondays until further notice. Aug. 30,'71-tf KELLY & STANLEY.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES WOOD, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

HENRY PEET, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. June 27, '68.

WM. FOYLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa., Office with Elhanan Smith, south side Mercur's Block. April 14, 70

SMITH & MONTANYE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office—corner of Main and Pine Streets, opposite Porter's Drug Store.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST. Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. May 24, '70.

DR. H. WESTON, DENTIST.—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. jan 1, '68.

L. P. WILLISTON ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA. South side of Mercur's New Block, up stairs. April 21, '70—tf

H. B. McKEAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. july 20, '68.

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW (District Attorney for Bradford County), Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. feb 15, '65—tf.

J. & D. C. DEWITT, *Attorneys-at-Law*, Towanda, Pa., having formed a co-partnership, tender their professional services to the public. Special attention given to EVERY DEPARTMENT of the business, at the county seat or elsewhere. JACOB DEWITT, D. CLINTON DEWITT. TOWANDA, Pa., Dec. 12, 1870.

JOHN N. CALIFF, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention given to Orphans' Court business, Conveyancing and Collections. ☞ Office in Wood's new block, south of the First National Bank, up stairs. Feb. 1, 1871.

C. H. WARNER, Physician and Surgeon, LeRaysville, Bradford Co., Pa. All calls promptly attended to. Office first door south of LeRaysville House. Sept. 15, 1870.—yr

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa., having entered into copartnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts. apl 14'70 E. OVERTON, JR. N. C. ELSBREE.

MERCUR & DAVIES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. The undersigned having associated themselves together in the practice of Law, offer their professional services to the public. ULYSSES MERCUR. W. T. DAVIES. March 9, 1870.

W. A. & B. M. PECK'S LAW OFFICE Main street, opposite the Court House, Towanda, Pa. Oct. 27,'70.

A. A. KEENEY, COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT, Towanda, Pa. Office with B. M. Peck, second door below the Ward House. Will be at the office the last Saturday of each month and at all other times when not called away on business connected with the Superintendency. All letters should hereafter be addressed as above. dec.1,70

BEN. MOODY, M.D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Offers his professional services to the people of Wysauking and vicinity. Office and residence at A. J. Lloyd's, Church street. Aug.10,'70

DR. J. W. LYMAN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office one door east of Reporter building Residence, corner Pine and 2nd street. Towanda, June 22, 1871.

JOHN W. MIX, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Bradford Co., Pa. GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT. Particular attention paid to Collections and Orphans' Court business. Office—Mercur's New Block, north side Public Square. apr. 1, '69.

DOCTOR O. LEWIS, A GRADUATE of the College of "Physicians and Surgeons," New York city, Class 1843-4, gives exclusive attention to the practice of his profession. Office and residence on the eastern slope of Orwell Hill, adjoining Henry Howe's. jan 14, '69.

DR. D. D. SMITH, *Dentist*, has purchased G. H. Wood's property, between Mercur's Block and the Elwell House, where he has located his office. Teeth extracted without pain by use of gas. Towanda, Oct. 20, 1870.—yr.

Hotels.

DINING ROOMS IN CONNECTION WITH THE BAKERY, Near the Court House. We are prepared to feed the hungry at all times of the day and evening. Oysters and Ice Cream in their seasons. D. W. SCOTT & CO. March 30, 1870.

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA. JOHN C. WILSON Having leased this House, is now ready to accommodate the travelling public. No pains nor expense will be spared to give satisfaction to those who may give him a call. ☞ North side of the public square, east of Mercur's new block.

RUMMERFIELD CREEK HOTEL. PETER LANDMESSER. Having purchased and thoroughly refitted this old and well-known stand, formerly kept by Sheriff Griffis, at the mouth of Rummerfield Creek, is ready to give good accommodations and satisfactory treatment to all who may favor him with a call. Dec. 23, 868—tf.

MEANS HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA., COR. MAIN AND BRIDGE STREETS. The Horses, Harness, &c. of all guests of this house, insured against loss by Fire, without any extra charge. A superior quality of Old English Bass Ale, just received. T. R. JORDAN, Proprietor. Towanda, Jan. 24,'71.

BRADFORD HOTEL, TOWANDA, PA. The subscriber having leased and lately fitted up the above Hotel, lately kept by him as a saloon and boarding house, on the south side of BRIDGE STREET, next to the rail-road, is now prepared to entertain the public with good accomodations on reasonable charges. No trouble or expense will be spared to accommodate those calling on him. His bar will be furnished with choice brands of Cigars, Liquors, Ales, &c. Good Stabling attached. WM. HENRY, Towanda, June 1,1871.*tol May'72 Proprietor.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PENN'A. This popular house, recently leased by Messrs. KOON & MEANS, and having been completely refitted, remodeled, and refurnished, affords to the public all the comforts and modern conveniences of a first-class Hotel. Situate opposite the Park on Main Street, it is eminently convenient for persons visiting Towanda, either for pleasure or business. sep6'71 KOON & MEANS, Proprietors.

LOSSES LIBERALLY ADJUSTED and promptly paid. Insure in the GERMAN INSURANCE COMPANY, OF ERIE, PA. Authorized Capital.....$500,000 Cash Capital.....$200,000 M. SCHLAUDECKER, Pres. P. A. BECKER, Treas. G. F. BREVILLIER, Vice Pres. D. H. KLINE, Secy. J. A. RECORD, Agent, Towanda, Pa. aug2'71

CHARLES F. DAYTON, Successor to Humphrey Bros., HARNESS MAKER, Over Moody's Store, Keeps on hand a full assortment of DOUBLE and SINGLE HARNESS, and all other goods in his line. Repairing and manufacturing done to order. Towanda, August 23, 1871.

NEW FIRM AND NEW GOODS! THOS. MUIR & Co. Respectfully announce to the public in general, that they have opened a large and choice stock of GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, In the store formerly occupied by John Meridath, corner Main and Franklin streets, Towanda, which they will sell as cheap as the cheapest for CASH! ☞ You will always find TOM MERIDETH there, just as happy as ever, to wait upon all old customers and as many new ones as will favor them with a call. THOS. MUIR. THOS. MUIR & CO. THOS. MERIDETH. Oct. 6, 1871.

TRY OUR TEAS AND COFFEE, COWELL & MYER.

Selected Poetry.

NEW VERSION OF CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck
A eating peanuts by the peck,
The flames that lit that battle wreck
Just singed his hair a little speck.

"Father!" he cried, in accents wild,
"Come and eat peanuts with your child!"
But not a word his father said,
Because, you see, his "dad was dead."

Then as the flames grew hot and hotter,
He thought of taking to the water;
But still he couldn't bear to go,
Because he loved the peanuts so.

Again that childlike voice he raises,
He shouts aloud, he yells like blazes;
"Father, if you don't come to me,
I'll chuck your peanuts in the sea!"

No answer greets his anxious ear,
Alone! in all his glory there,
Mid songs of sea-gulls and wild ducks,
Mid crackling flames and peanut shucks.

Poor little boy, how sad thy fate!
Thy taste for peanuts, oh how great,
Thy story sinks down in my heart,
Especially the peanut part.

'Tis thus great poets make great names—
Burn little boy-es in the flames,
Their readers sigh, "Poor little dears!"
And gently melt away to tears.

Take Young America from school—
No sickly, sentimental fool—
Place him in Casabianca's stead,
The ship on fire, his father dead,

D'you s'pose he'd stand and yell and holler,
Until he burst his paper collar,
And then not know enough to go
Unless somebody told him so?

No, sir; he wouldn't make that blunder,
He'd let the pesky ship go under;
Instead of sticking to his post,
You'd see him steering for the coast.

Twould spoil the romance of the story,
Twould take away the hero's glory,
And poet's heroes can't disponse
With glory just for common sense.

Miscellaneous.

[For the REPORTER.]

TWO DAYS AMONG THE DERRICKS.

No. II.

DEAR ALVORD: So we are here, at Franklin, a city of about six thousand inhabitants, and the county seat of Venango county. Most of the houses and other buildings here, are painted a dark brown, and those not painted so, are so colored by the cinders and smoke from the soft coal which is burned here almost universally. It produces a thick, *adhesive* smoke, which is affectionately inclined to clean shirts, and embraces every opportunity to display its regards.

Here we have a new, large, fine hotel called the "Exchange"; and now that we have got a good night's rest, and a good "square" breakfast, running through a long bill of fare, we will "exchange" our greenbacks for the value received and take a tour of observation around the city.

Here we are in the midst of the "heavy" or "lubricating" oil field. There are no wells of importance here in the city, nor indeed on the flats at all, but the derricks that spot the hillside, and loom up from the hill top, show that this oleaginous fluid is being "called from the vasty deep" in the immediate vicinity. Right across from the town, over against the steep hillside, see the walking beams, playing ever with their slow measured stroke like the beam of a steamboat.

The hill is so steep here that one cannot ride a horse up without "shearing" around by the artificially dug roads, and yet platforms are levelled off from the side hill, and derricks set up almost on the top of each other. The bores here are very small, and oil is almost sure in moderate quantities, but not to exceed fifty or sixty barrels per day, and most of them not doing more than five.

Away over the forest covered hill, to the north, we can see an occasional derrick and a column of smoke curling up above the trees.

Here we are now across the river and down below the city, so we will take a general view of the country and return to the city. And now we are at Wilkes Booth's tract, but there is nothing here of interest, except the name of the infamous owner, and in this, a great deal of the "bluster" of other places of resort is not unlike it.

A beautiful Court House adorns the city, and a fine pavement eight or ten feet wide of broad flag-stones taken from the adjacent hillside, serves as a sidewalk throughout the city.

Franklin shall not sink—the foot-pavement shall save it, for it would do honor to any city in the land. Now it is time to depart for Titusville, and we will take the "Jimtown road." At last we arrive at Oil City again, passing through a tunnel at the point of the mountain near the city, as dark as erebus. Now don't tremble so, my dear sir, on approaching Oil City. I am afraid what I said induces you to distrust humanity, and especially our fellow citizens of Oil City.

Here is the usual immense crowd, and here come the hotel porters, each putting forward his peculiar claim to the patronage of the public. Some are dusky sons of Ethiopia, some are the pure Caucasians, but from the whole company, "good Lord, deliver us." I look at the sun right over the tops of their heads, then look at my watch, and when one of them sidles up to me and looking into my face with a seductive smile, offers to take charge of my person and estate, and relieve me from care during my natural life, I take the breath out of him by simply inquiring how soon we can get to Titusville, and whether it would help matters any by taking it on foot at once.

But Oil City is a busy place, and for business men not excelled, perhaps, by any point in western Pennsylvania. A very fine new Baptist church edifice, sits pleasantly and invitingly on the sidehill, and other churches of good proportions are scattered through the city. There is a public library, open to all the good people of the town, with a good selection of books, and I am told, well patronized. A polite and agreeable young lady waits on the wants of the public as "librarian," and I see no reason why the rising generation should grow up in ignorance of "History," "Biography" or "Travel."

But here, as I said formerly, is the oil business carried to its limits. Wells are actually in the dooryards of residences, whistles from the engines are blowing off in the flower gardens, and there is a general appearance of—*grease!* throughout all the lower portion of the city. Upon the high ground we find many fine houses, and indeed in many instances the city on the heights wears a degree of comfort almost bordering on elegance.

But we are now on board the cars *en route for* Titusville, and so we have occasion to pass through the small but lively towns of Rouseville, Tarr-Farm, Reyn-Farm, Petroleum Center etc.

It is almost a continuous city from Oil City all the way up the creek. It is good oil territory almost the whole distance, and the production since 1862-3 must have been immense.

Petroleum Center is the liveliest of the towns along the route, and has the reputation of being the most abandoned to vice and disorder of any town in the oil regions: indeed, for a time it was thought that all the gamblers, thieves and burglars had met there in convention; but this was only transient, for they at last found similar difficulties to encounter that they had met elsewhere, to wit: policemen. I suppose there are nearly three thousand inhabitants in the town. And after passing through these intermediate points, and while we are discussing the country, we turn a sharp curve in the railroad and come whirling into Titusville.

Here are a number of oil refineries, situated on the lower lines of the city, and they send out such an aroma as only can come from a refinery, and to one who is accustomed to it the fact is patent to his olfactory senses that oil refining is the chief business industry in the vicinity. An eastern farmer would have become disgusted with the course of nature long before this, in this country, as the country from Oil City to this point presents a surface adapted to anything but farming. The valley of Oil Creek is narrow and tortuous, with bluffs and uneven expanses of woods and stumps. The creek flows with a sluggish motion, covered at all times with a slimy and odoriferous refuse of distillery-waste and crude oil.

Now allow me, dear sir, to introduce to you the finest city in the oil regions, Titusville. It has nine thousand inhabitants. It lies on a low, level plain a mile or mile and a half wide by say two miles long, presenting a situation really delightful. There is one view of the matter that strikes the eye of a stranger as really anomalous. Here is a city with its surging multitudes and vast material interests, but lying on a stream of water which a boy might wade almost, at any season of the year. The adjoining hills are covered with a growth of pine, oak and other timbers, and presents on some sides a view of unbroken forest.

But this is a little deceptive, for there are out at least two roads from the city fine farm lands.

Coming into the main thoroughfares from the beautiful and substantial depot buildings, we see the city is built mostly of brick, and the shop windows fairly blazing with splendor and wealth, discover at once to the traveler that here is the *monetary* center of this district; some dry goods stores carry from sixty to one hundred thousand dollars worth of stock, and I was credibly informed that the sales of one house for private and individual use, in anticipation of a certain wedding, were ten thousand dollars.

But all this is of no consequence, except as it serves to illustrate the resources of the country. No sensible person cares a fig how much money Flora McFlimsey spends to get "something to wear," or how many well dressed idiots there are in society, or how much or how fast the ignorant beggar of yesterday rides his horses to-day; still the statistics of oil development and all dependent upon it, are and must be of interest to every thinking mind, as it certainly is becoming one of the most important interests of the State.

While I write this, cargoes of refined oil are being unloaded in Southern Africa and Eastern Asia.

I promised to give you a brief sketch of society in my last, but must remark that to be known well it must be seen. You must first be informed that not one person in twenty-five has a residence of five years' standing in any locality here. They are people who have come from the four quarters of the globe—from Europe, Canada, and all the States, east, west, north and south. Many of them, it is true, adventurers from the rebel and union armies, but most of them simply energetic business men, called here by that restless spirit of enterprise that is the very nerve-life of our civilization; and like the residents of the Pacific States, you seldom meet a man that does n't call some *other place* "*home.*" Yet here we find many magnificent residences, furnished inside and finished outside in all the completeness that taste and wealth can conceive or execute. Some have been erected during the last year at a cost of not less than thirty-five thousand dollars. The dwellings are all tastily designed and pleasantly situated.

I have never seen anything outside of the sea-board cities equal in "style" to the "turn-outs" on the street where the "fast" driving is done, and you may well say that there is a good deal of it done. I speak now of pleasure driving. The service wagon is an institution of itself—the wagon used universally here for riding, or business, over the hills and through the valleys, is a peculiar thing, called a "buck-board," generally with iron axletrees and a set of, say ten or twelve half-springs or half elipses of steel, resting each end on the axletree, and with the convex side up supporting the seat. It is impossible to tip one over, and no live man or beast can break one. They are sometimes made with high cushioned seats, and tops, and look very elegant: in such cases costing from one hundred and twenty to two hundred dollars. But the great institution of conveyance here thro'out the whole country (if we may except Titusville and Tidioute partially, where proportionately more wagons are used), is the saddle-horse.

The first thing a man does when he gets a "strike," is to buy a saddle horse, and with the regular army saddle, (and you see none other) his rubber coat or blanket strapped in a roll behind, he dashes along, presenting quite a martial appearance.

A great excitement was caused here in Titusville recently by the falling of a superb five story brick block. It fell at eleven o'clock P. M., knocking a hole in the side of the Parshall Opera House, large enough to drive a *small* load of hay through, crushing in a wood building, and killing one person. There was some kind of theatrical performance in the Opera House at the time, but, no panic occurred. I will remark here, by the way, that there is a first class opera house and hotel combined in one block, built by a citizen of Tidioute as a speculation, at a cost of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

There is now in process of construction a network of railroads with Titusville as a center, which will materially affect and alter the railroad map of the present. A line will run through from Tidioute to Erie, also a branch or branches passing off to connect with the Pithole road at that place, and also to Petroleum Center, connecting with the "Jimtown" road direct for Cleveland, by way of Oil City and Franklin.

But I beg to guard you from falling into the general (or at least too general) notion that "everything is lovely," and that in this country a laboring man or a capitalist has only to stay one night and return home fabulously rich.

I am doubtful if there is a place anywhere, where there is so *little a percentage of hopes realized!* and that is equivalent to saying that there is a vast deal of baffled endeavors, blasted hopes, and crushed aspirations in the matter of fortue hunting. Neither is it a rule that the millionaires of to-day were the beggars of yesterday; on the contrary, in a large majority of cases, those who possess the wealth are those who have toiled and worked night and day for years, gaining step by step, (long "steps" may be) until they could command as well as comprehend a good thing in a business way. Speaking of the falling of the building just now, reminds me that it is owned by the proprietor of the patent right for the making and use of the "nitro-glycerine torpedoes." Those are terrible little things thirty times as powerful as the same bulk of rifle powder—a little case like the half of a dinner horn, filled with glycerine run down by a wire to the bottom of the well; a little weight silently slid down after it, striking a cap, a bullet is discharged, which enters the can of glycerine, precisely as if it were shot from a gun; this explodes it: a low, rumbling sound, the water shoots up sometimes a hundred feet out of the well—the rock has been shattered away down, down, maybe six or eight hundred feet; the machinery is set to work again, and the torpedo which cost, say ninety dollars, has increased the flow of oil from thirty to forty barrels per day. That is why people will continue to kill themselves and each other with nitro-glycerine.

I must not forget to mention that since I wrote you my last, a new strike has been made on *old* territory at Pithole, where a well has flowed as high as a thousand barrels per day, which eclipses anything of the kind during the last five years at at least.

Pithole was at one time considered the best producing oil field in the district, but it ran down to a mere wreck. I would dare to say that the very land upon which this new well is, might have been bought for one hundred dollars per acre within one year; now the single well is sold for over seventy thousand dollars.

I simply state facts; let those speculate and theorize on the rise or decline of the oil interests who have talent and taste for the effort.

But I must cut my letter off. I find I am "carrying the thing too far." I will write you the rest at some future time. And now imagining for the moment that you have been with me all the time and seen all that I have seen, I will ask you, of the oil regions, as the Yankee asked Brigham Young, of matrimony, "How do you like it as far as *you have gone?*" D. D. F.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Now that so many families are settling down in their homes for the sober and serious work of the year, we would like to make a suggestion in the interest of the little ones. Why not, in their behalf, set apart an hour each day, to be definitely known as "The Children's Hour," and to be made as pleasant and as useful to them as the combined resources of a Christian household will permit?

The very best hour for such a purpose will be that immediately following an early tea, or (better still) a late dinner. Then the whole family will be together; and the older members will need rest and recreation, which they will best secure by giving themselves—body, mind and soul—for an hour or so to little ones who make home happy for them. Owing to the rush and whirl of business, many children grow up now-a-days in practical ignorance of the father whom they are bound to love and obey, while the father is equally ignorant of the childish natures which he is bound to train, govern and develop. The older brothers and sisters in a family, too, with their own studies, their own business or their own pleasures to engross their attention—get in the way of practically absolving themselves from all but the most imperative responsibility for the welfare and happpiness of the little ones of the household. On the patient, overburdened, much enduring mother, pretty much all the work of guiding, governing and amusing the lambs of the flock depends.

Why should father settle down, as soon as he has bolted his supper, to his newspaper or his bank account, John to his book, and Mary and Jenny to their plans for to-morrow's party? Haven't they some responsibility for the welfare of Willie and Charlie and Susie? And shouldn't they feel and manifest some practical interest in those little prattlers? Wouldn't they do two hours' work between seven and eight, for a good romp between six and seven? Do not the clamors and bickerings of the nurslings—who have exhausted, hours ago, their slender stock of patience and their scanty means of amusement—plead for some better rejoinder than "Do stop your noise?" Why stop their nose for them—father and mother, brother and sisters—by giving the little ones a right good time before they lay their curly heads on their pillows? You won't mind their noise, you know, when you are making twice as much yourselves.

There are a great many things which may be done to make the Children's Hour a season of joy to the childish heart. We don't object ourselves to a good round game of "Blind Man's Buff," or "Pass in the Corner;" but if mamma thinks that is too exhilarating for the hour just before bed-time, there is still enough to be done to make the time pass pleasantly. The practical mechanism of the family can bring joy to many a little heart by repairing the day's mishaps among the playthings, and setting things to rights for another vigorous campaign. The embryo novelist of the family can gather a little group about her to listen to some simple story. The musicians of the family will naturally cluster about the piano, and take it out in singing. And if father is excluded from either group, how can he be better employed than in adjusting childish grievances or removing childish difficulties, whether they spring up within the home circle or line the rough and thorny road to school?

Enough to do, dear friends, if you have only the mind and heart to do it; and something that will richly pay to do, as a month's experience will demonstrate. Your little ones will grow up profoundly impressed with the fact that "there is no place like home;" and that impression is the surest safeguard against moral pollution that can be found outside the religion of Jesus Christ. Indeed, we should think the Children's Hour practically a failure if it did not serve, at least indirectly, to interest the little ones in Him who so dearly loved them. The story of the Cross is the most interesting of stories; and why might not the hour end in a childish hymn and a childish prayer? We can conceive of a Children's Hour which should be as bright as the sunshine, as cheery as the breeze, and yet seem to demand some recognition of the Giver of all Good at its close. At that juncture little Tommy might be brought in (who—instead of being thrashed or shut up in a dark closet, for being naughty—had been simply debarred from all part and lot in Children's Hour,) and we warrant you, by that time Tommy would be truly penitent and firmly resolved not to do so any more.—Thus the Children's Hour might be made a means of discipline in more senses than one.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

FIRE AND RAIN.

The atmosphere surrounding the earth contains, as everybody knows, a certain quantity of humidity or watery vapor, supplied from evaporation from the ocean; which is either held in invisible solution in the upper air, or collected visibly in clouds, when it descends in cold weather in the shape of hail or snow, or in warm weather as rain. When a wide column of air (such, for instance, as a column of air co-extensive with the circumference of a large city,) is from any cause more greatly heated than the circumambient atmosphere, it begins, in consequence of the diminution of its specific gravity, to ascend into space. The colder air immediately rushes in from all points of the compass to fill up the vacuum, and coming in contact with the heat below, precipitates the moisture which it previously held in solution. Thus the winds that blew so furiously over the unhappy city of Chicago, and the rain that fell in such copious torrents were alike produced by the immensity of the conflagration. It has often been remarked by historians and philosophers that great battles by sea and land are invariably followed or interrupted by heavy rains. It was not so in ancient times when men fought hand to hand with sword and spear, and armies discharged their arrows at each other; but when vast quantities of gunpowder are exploded, either at sea or on shore, and great heat generated over a large space occupied by the combatants, the rain descends with the certainty of cause and effect.

In like manner, and for a similar reason, rain in such great and populous cities as London, Manchester and Glasgow, is always more frequent and more copious than in the rural districts twenty or thirty miles beyond. The thousands and tens of thousands of chimneys of dwelling-houses—and the taller chimneys of factories—that pour not only smoke but heat into the atmosphere, produce the rain, from which the more sparsely peopled villages and towns, beyond the reach of the too abundant caloric, are comparatively free. The tall chimneys of cotton-mills, foundries, and other factories with which most of our largest cities abound, act on a smaller scale the part played by mountains in the economy of nature. The mountain tops receive and discharge electricity, and the electricity precipitates from the clouds the moisture which they contain.—*All the Year Round.*

JOSH BILLINGS says it is not every man thinks he can keep a hotel, and he can—which accounts for the great number of "cussed mean ones in the country."

TRUTH, they say, lies in a well; but we cannot see that truth *lies* at all.

WHY is a loaf of bread like a caterpillar? Because it's the grub that makes the butter-fly!

HOPE is the heavenly angel who light our pathway through the gloomy vale of adversity.

THE CONDUCTOR'S THANSKGIVING STORY.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

Good arable? Yes, sir; and if you look at it in the way of scenery, it's as pretty a bit of land as you'll find in Kent County. That stretch now ahead. By the way, there was a queer thing happened on the track there three years ago come Thanksgiving—as queer as ever came in my way since I've been railroading. It occurred in this way: I'll have time to tell it, I reckon. We have to switch off for the express at the next station, and lay by a while.

This branch road, you see, was built for the local peach business. I was put on as conductor of the first train that was run. By George! how the engine woke the country up? The Delawareans are genuine southerners—lazy and hospitable. They were hospitable to the very train in a way commercial people couldn't understand. It wasn't a matter of business; it was a home affair to them, like their church, or their darkies; something to chuckle and gossip over and boast about. The stations used to be crowded with young fellows with flashy neckties, and their sweethearts, nice, modest little girls, loaded with cheap finery, who had made up parties and come down from the interior to see the train go by. Every old farmer on the route thought he owned the engine (the General Jackson it was,) and knew each seperate car as well as he did his own bulls and sheep. They'd treat their wives to few miles ride, as you town-people would run over to Europe with yourn.

Of course, sir, I was at home here on the road in two weeks. Everybody called me Dick. Ther were scores of places where I could drop in for an odd meal. I began to doubt whether they were my uncles and cousins or not. Besides, a man here, after fifty, has no other business than loafing. All the old fellows got free passes over the road, and forsook their corners by the tavern-fire for the baggage car. There they smoked day after day, and told queer stories of their neighbor's families for the benefit of anybody that chose to listen. I knew all the gossip by heart directly. It was just when the peaches were in bloom, too, when I went on the road, and I soon was punching open the buds with my thumb-nail, and talking learnedly of Early Blush and Morris Whites with the rest. Its a curious sight to see that pink flush above the early spring mud, from one end of the State to the other, and to think that crop is the one matter of life and death to the people.

The peaches had come and gone, though, when one day, about a month before Thanksgiving, an old fellow came on board with his family, who had a pass for two down to St. George's. I saw at a glance he was none of my usual deadhead squad. A thin, wiry old man, white-headed, but as active as a boy of sixteen, and with the Delawaraen knack of finding friends and showing himself friendly. He was a reporter on some Philadelphia penny-paper, and had his note-book out every minute, pumping me about the Washington whipping-post, Sloan's fish-breeding experiment, and the condition of the free negroes.

"Makes items, makes items!" he said. "Pushes the paper wonderfully into local circulation."

He had been a doctor or a lawyer, I forget which, in New York, and was starved out, he told me, so took up journalizing. He did not impress me as a man of ability, and besides, the poor old fellow was worn out. It was high time for him to lie by and loaf with others in the baggage car.

"Newspaper work," he said, "pays handsomely, compared to my own profession. We get on comfortably on my salary; quite comfortably."

I noticed, however, that both he and his women folks were thinly and shabily dressed. I did not pay much attention to the women, but there was a boy, Dan, the old man's grandson—a little chap of four that I took an odd fancy to from the first. He had an ugly face, but I think one of the most honest and loveable I ever saw.

Tanner—that was the old man's name—told me that he had brought his wife and daughter down to keep Thanksgiving in this village, where they had lived before. "We were all younger and cheerfuller then than now," he said, "and I thought may be, with the old place would come back some of the old feeling. There are other ways of keeping the feasts than stuffing the stomach, you know."

I thought to myself it would be as well if the stomach had its share of the rejoicing. Tanner, cheerful and chirupy as he was, looked meager and hunger-bitten. Four people could not grow fat on eight dollars a week, which I found was his salary. He hired a vacant house for a month. There it is—that one beyond the hill. The family went to housekeeping in some sort of way in it, and he used to run down Friday evenings to stay with them over Srturdays, which is the newspaper men's Sunday, as you know. We grew to be very friendly. I fell into the habit of watching with him for Dan, who always came out on the porch to wait for him, his mother holding him by the hand. I used to wonder if the poor little widow ever let go her hold of the child day or night, and once I remember thinking what she would do if the child should die. One has those queer, idle fancies