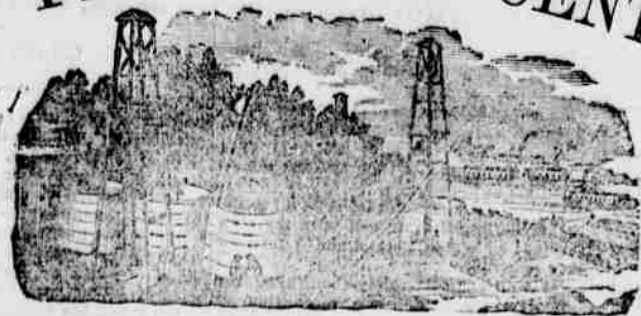


THE PETROLEUM CENTRE

DAILY RECORD



RECORD.

VOL IV - NO 83

PETROLEUM CENTRE, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 29 1870

25 CTS. WEEKLY

THE PETROLEUM CENTRE DAILY RECORD

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING, (Sundays excepted.) W. H. LONGWELL, Proprietor.

TERMS.

Per year payable in advance, \$8.00
Per month, .75

PRICE-LIST OF ADVERTISING.
(Ten lines of nonpareil make one square.)

No. insertions.	1 mo.	2 mo.	3 mo.	4 mo.	5 mo.	6 mo.	7 mo.	8 mo.	9 mo.	10 mo.	11 mo.	12 mo.
One day	1.00	1.50	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50
Two days	1.50	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00
Three days	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50
Four days	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50	8.00
Five days	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50	8.00	8.50
One week	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50	8.00	8.50	9.00	9.50
Two weeks	7.00	7.50	8.00	8.50	9.00	9.50	10.00	10.50	11.00	11.50	12.00	12.50
Three weeks	9.00	9.50	10.00	10.50	11.00	11.50	12.00	12.50	13.00	13.50	14.00	14.50
Four weeks	11.00	11.50	12.00	12.50	13.00	13.50	14.00	14.50	15.00	15.50	16.00	16.50
Five weeks	13.00	13.50	14.00	14.50	15.00	15.50	16.00	16.50	17.00	17.50	18.00	18.50
Six weeks	15.00	15.50	16.00	16.50	17.00	17.50	18.00	18.50	19.00	19.50	20.00	20.50
Seven weeks	17.00	17.50	18.00	18.50	19.00	19.50	20.00	20.50	21.00	21.50	22.00	22.50
Eight weeks	19.00	19.50	20.00	20.50	21.00	21.50	22.00	22.50	23.00	23.50	24.00	24.50
Nine weeks	21.00	21.50	22.00	22.50	23.00	23.50	24.00	24.50	25.00	25.50	26.00	26.50
Ten weeks	23.00	23.50	24.00	24.50	25.00	25.50	26.00	26.50	27.00	27.50	28.00	28.50
Eleven weeks	25.00	25.50	26.00	26.50	27.00	27.50	28.00	28.50	29.00	29.50	30.00	30.50
Twelve weeks	27.00	27.50	28.00	28.50	29.00	29.50	30.00	30.50	31.00	31.50	32.00	32.50

Special notices 20 cents per line, each insertion. Advertisements payable quarterly in advance.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. H. SUTHERLAND, M. D.
M. R. C. S.
Has permanently located at Petroleum Centre, Pa. in the practice of his profession in all its branches.
OFFICE AT SIMMONS DRUG STORE.
Petroleum Centre Pa. Feb 14/67.

Dr. L. H. CHRISTIE,
Has removed to his residence on
Main Street, at the end of Egbert Farm Bridge.
Residence from 8 P. M. until 8 A. M. During remainder of the day he may be found at his office.
Nov 29/67.

N. B. SMILEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Petroleum Centre, Venango Co., Pa.
Associated with F. D. Elnor, Esq., Franklin.
OFFICE-In room formerly occupied by J. G. Ellett, Esq., in Brick Bank Building, north of

ALBERT S. SEAYER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,
OFFICE in the Rochester House Building, on Washington and Main Streets,
PETROLEUM CENTRE, PENNA.
May 10, 1868 - 17.

BONHAM & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS-AT-LAW,
Office-High Street, Franklin, and Petroleum Centre, Pa.
May 19-67.

V. SCALPINE & J. H. PORTER,
RESIDENT SURGEON DENTISTS,
Office administered. Office open day and night.
OFFICE-Berry's new Building, corner of Washington and Second Sts., Petroleum Centre, Pa. May 19-67.

GEO. H. HISSELL & CO.,
BANKERS,
PETROLEUM CENTRE, PA.
G. H. Hissell, M. C. Martin, Christopher Meyer.
We offer our services for the deposit of GENERAL BANKING, EXCHANGE and CURRENCY BUSINESS.
All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention.

Drilling Jars.
We would respectfully announce to our customers and the public generally that we keep on hand
Cast Steel Drilling Jars
Welded for strength and durability exceeding any other kind of Jar heretofore in use.

The Advantages we Claim
Our lined Jars are that, being ALL STEEL, they are stronger than any other kind of Jar, and they present a smooth surface to the work, they are protected from wear on the outside, and will keep their shape longer.

We Warrant Them to Drill Fifteen Hundred Feet.
We also keep on hand
Cast Iron Working Barrels.
Fisher, Norris & Co.
PETROLEUM CENTRE.
Nov 10, 1869 - 17.

HOTELS.
ROCHESTER HOUSE,
Washington street, Petroleum Centre, Pa. BRADSTREET & SHERWOOD, Proprietors.
This House is centrally located, and the general headquarters of oil men.
Petroleum Centre, Pa., May 19, 1868-17.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
PETROLEUM CENTRE, PA.,
Near Oil Creek & Allegheny River Railway Depot.
may 19-67.
G. J. CROSS, Proprietor.

MCLINTOCK HOUSE,
PETROLEUM CENTRE, PA.
This popular Hotel, situated
Corner of Main & Washington-Sts.,
Near the Depot, has been refitted and furnished throughout, and the proprietor will spare no pains to make it a

FIRST-CLASS HOUSE,
oct 1-67.
G. GIESWOLD, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
PETROLEUM CENTRE, PA.
J. R. BARNES, Proprietor.
This House is in a pleasant locality, and but a short walk from the Depot. The rooms are large and comfortable, and are supplied with the delicacies of the season.
June 2-67.
J. R. BARNES.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
MILLER FARM, PA.
JOHN E. ROWE, Proprietor.
Good accommodations for transient customers. Day board and board with rooms on reasonable terms. The proprietor will spare no pains to make his House attractive to guests.
June 2-67.

UNION HOTEL,
PLEASANTVILLE, PA.
This House having recently been enlarged and refitted, it is now prepared to accommodate two hundred guests comfortably.
Stages leave this house three times a day for the town. There is a line of Stages to Pittsburgh.
June 1-67.
THOS. MCKINNEY, Proprietor.

PETROLEUM HOUSE,
OIL CITY, PA.
Having recently taken possession of the above House, we would most respectfully inform the traveling public that we propose to "keep a Hotel," and to manage them of the best, for the benefit of all who wish the comforts of a home, to call upon us. It will be found

The Hotel of the Oil Regions.
Our Sample Room is supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars, and our tables will be found laden with the very best of the market affords. There is connected with the House four first class Billiard Tables. Also, Barber Shop and Bath Rooms. Give us a call, and convince yourselves of the truthfulness of our assertion.
NEATES & MILLES Proprietors.
oct 1-67

Petrol'm Exchange Saloon AND RESTAURANT.
SUTHERLAND & TAYLOR, PROPRIETORS.
FRESH ALL THE LUXURIES! OF THE SEASON!
Received DAILY!
Washington Street,
Petroleum Centre, Pa., next door to the Bank & Co's. January 20-67.
Day Boarders are accommodated. Meals served at 11 hours. Orders, and every description. Cleanly furnished guests.
No pains will be spared to accommodate those who favor us with their patronage.
ED. SUTHERLAND, GEO. TAYLOR.
Petroleum Centre, Pa. Sept 14-70.

U. S. RESTAURANT,
PETROLEUM CENTRE, PA.
FIRST UNDERGROUND having refitted and opened the U. S. RESTAURANT on the Petroleum Centre, Pa. to furnish guests with the best of all things. All the delicacies of the season, constantly on hand. Private parties supplied at short notice.

FRESH OYSTERS
In the Shell received daily from New York OYSTERS BY THE QUANT.
GALLON OR THOUSAND
To suit Hotels or Private Families.
Feeling grateful for past favors, I hope by attention to business to merit the patronage of the public generally.
G. W. TOLLE.
Petroleum Centre, Pa., Oct. 25/67

BUFFALO, CORRY AND MILLSBURG RAILROAD.
CROSS-CUT.
Trains leave Corry. Trains ar. at Corry Express, 9:45 a. m. Mail, 10:40 a. m. Mail, 1:25 p. m. Express, 5:15 p. m. Accom'dn, 8:30 p. m. Accom'dn, 9:10 p. m.
Tomatoes 10 cts per can at Feltor, Fenner & Co's.
a23-16

THE MYSTERIOUS RANGIE OR, A SCOUT WITH KIT CARSON.

BY LEON LEWIS,
AUTHOR OF "THE BROKEN HORSE," "HIND KNIFE," "THE BOY MAGICIAN," ETC.

INCIDENTARY NOTE—In a former narrative, "Red Knife, or Kit Carson's Last Trail," I told the story of a young man, a scout and adventurer, which occurred in 1847. In his present record, I have gone back to some of the great events of his earlier experience, namely, to a series of events in which he figured prominently during the summer of 1843, and the following winter.

CHAPTER I. THE SCOUT AND THE SAVAGE.

The afternoon was fine—the Great Plain in full verdure. And Kit Carson, in the midst of this beautiful solitude, was as happy as the birds around him.

He was riding eastward, on the Santa Fe road, just east of Fort Larned, in Kansas. At length he drew rein.

He had reached an affluent of the Arkansas river, and found himself in the edge of a considerable growth of timber by which the banks of this affluent were lined. Looking through the openings in the verdure before him, he saw, but a mile away, to the eastward, a single horse man approaching at an easy pace.

"What!" he ejaculated. "That fellow must be a red-skin—more or less red-skin, any how. And yet he has a white woman on the horse before him. What is still more singular, that white woman seems to be sleeping. What can this mean?"

Continuing to advance, the strange horseman was soon near enough to be seen with considerable distinctness by the water.

"There's a milky mare," muttered Kit, under his breath, as he gazed up at her. "That woman isn't taking this ride into the red-skin country of her own free will."

In a minute more the stranger reached the creek, in which he proceeded to water his horse, an Indian pony.

His long, lank hair, his hideous features, his wretched garb, his dirty complexion, his black, bloodshot eyes, all gave him a most repulsive aspect. His arms were carried a hunting knife, a revolver, and a rifle, in plain sight—gave to his ugly exterior a ferocity that was actually startling.

The recognition of the savage having been thus completed, Kit turned his glance upon the object of the savage was holding upon the pony in front of him.

This object, as Kit had said, was a white woman, or rather a white girl. Her long, fair hair was disheveled, lying wildly about her shoulders and half hiding her face, but it could be seen that her features were deathly pale, and scratched and bleeding in places, as if she had been struggling terribly with her captor. That she was a captive, Kit instantly knew by the fact that her hands were tied behind her, and he next saw that she was not sleeping, as he had at first supposed—but dead, as he had for an instant supposed—but that she was in a death-like swoon!

Instantly the scout bent upon him, the half-savage, whose arm still grasped the scout's horse, pushed away the girl's head from the pony's face, that he might look at her.

"The case is just this," continued Carson. "You will have to deliver the girl up to me, that I may take her back to her people."

"That I will never do," rejoined the half-breed bluntly. "This girl is nothing to you nor have you any claim upon me. Why should we quarrel? I am as much a white man as a red skin, and the young lady might have a worse fate than to become my wife, even if she becomes my wife unwillingly. There is no possible call for you to interfere with me. The course for you to take, Mr. Carson, is to go your own way and mind your own business, and leave me to mine."

As he ceased speaking, he uttered a wild cry of command to his pony, which instantly bounded away southward at full gallop.

The scout raised his rifle. The figure of the miscreant was now fully uncovered, presenting a fair mark, but Kit was compelled to realize, in view of the bounding motions of the pony, that he could not fire upon the desperate villain without the greatest risk of killing the captive.

"The accursed track!" he ejaculated, his long repressed wrath breaking forth. "Were it not for sacrificing the girl— But I can at least pursue him!"

He struck his horse sharply with his heels and the animal bounded away at the top of his speed.

It was a long time before the chase thus begun showed which horse could make the best time. The pony was carrying the most weight, but he was much fresher than the scout's horse, so that the one circumstance for a time counter-balanced the other. At length, however, the increased weight told upon the pony. The scout commenced gaining.

"I shall catch him," muttered Kit, again speaking under his breath. "How can I save the girl from his desperation?"

At this moment a wild cry of dismay burst from the fugitive.

Just before him, not ten rods distant, he had marked a deep and abrupt depression in the plain, the bed of one of those creeks so numerous in that region.

As quick as lightning, the hunted miscreant comprehended that he could not cross this creek at that furious pace, the depression being too wide for a flying leap. He had also comprehended that he could not stop the pony's wild pace in season to avoid it.

The scout saw all this too, and smiled grimly as he realized that a tumble was inevitable.

It was a vain race that the half-breed, reduced to one hand, put upon the reins, sawing and jerking the pony's mouth. The animal would neither turn nor stop, and in an other instant had hurled himself into the abrupt abyss, actually turning a somersault in the air, and sending Fleet Foot and the girl flying through space to the opposite shore of the creek.

At the same moment, as it seemed, the scout threw his horse back upon his haunches at the very edge of the creek, and slipped from his saddle, revolver in hand.

ous knife of the half-breed, and was descending to the bottom of the creek!

At the same instant a wild appeal for help burst from her.

"Save me! save me!"

The swift gleams of lightning do not more quickly than Kit responded to that cry.

At a single bound he was upon the half-breed, whom he stretched senseless and bleeding with a furious blow upon the head with his revolver.

Thus stricken prostrate and helpless, the miscreant was instantly bound.

"Thank heaven!" Kit murmured a word that was singularly musical, despite its intonation of excitement.

Kit sprang to the maiden and out her hands.

Never was seen a fairer, brighter, or sweeter picture of womanhood than that she presented.

She was scarcely sixteen, and was even small for her age; her lithe, lovely figure possessed remarkable strength and agility, and its rare qualities were further enhanced by a coat of the most glorious type.

"You have saved my life, Mr. Carson," she immediately added, grasping his hand— "saved me from a fate worse than a thousand deaths! I thank you from the depth of my soul, and shall remain your grateful debtor forever!"

Thoughts of the dreadful fate from which he had saved her—thoughts of the misery that would be spared to her loved ones by her preservation—caused the slight figure to sway and tremble, for a moment, like a reed in the blast, and Kit felt tears of joyous gratitude falling upon the hand she had so feelingly impressed.

"You are not seriously injured?" he asked.

"No, sir. Only a little scarce—a little tumbled!"

"Quite a brave girl, I see," said the scout, with a benignity which showed that her words and bearing had gone to his heart. "Your face seems familiar to me, and I dare say I ought to speak your name as readily as you have spoken mine, but somehow I can't quite place you!"

"Oh, everybody knows you, Mr. Carson," was the rejoinder. "But with me the case is different. I am too small to be remembered. I must tell you therefore that I am Effie Lyon!"

"Not Colonel Lyon's daughter? Colonel Lyon of New Mexico?"

"Yes, sir. I am Colonel Lyon's daughter!"

"What! the very girl who has been at school for a year past in Leavenworth?"

"The very same Mr. Carson!"

At this assurance the scout fairly beamed upon Miss Lyon. He again took her hand with a fatherly tenderness.

"You'll excuse me, Effie," he said. "I ought to have remembered you at sight. My excuse is that I am a wanderer—always on the wing; and that a succession of new faces is every day presented to me. There's another excuse too, Effie, in your case it has been some time since I saw you."

The small face became wreathed with a look of contentment.

"And now, to explain matters," continued Kit glancing at the half-breed's prostrate figure, and perceiving that he was still unconscious. "Tell me your story first."

"It is not a long one," began Effie. "As you seem to be aware, I have been attending school in Leavenworth. It was agreed that father should meet me at vacation—"

"Let me tell you why he didn't," interrupted the scout. "He was nearly killed, about the twentieth of June, in an encounter with the red skins, and for ten days lay between life and death."

"Father! nearly killed?" faltered Effie, more disconcerted by this news than she had been by her late terrible peril. "And I know nothing of it!"

"But he is out of danger now," resumed Kit, "and will soon be himself again."

"But why didn't Edgar come for me, father being unable to do so?" asked Effie, opening her eyes wide in wonder.

"Edgar?" rejoined Kit. "Who is Edgar?"

"He is a young gentleman who has been visiting in our family once in a while for a year or two past. I mean Edgar Coleman."

"Well, as you are an only child, Effie, I dare say that you are the particular member of your family who is responsible for the visits of the young gentleman."

"I need not deny," rejoined Effie, "as a rosy flush swept over her pure cheeks; but as father did not come, and as I did not hear from him, I became anxious about him. I feared that he might have fallen into the hands of the Indians. Every day added to this fear, and at last I determined to set out for home."

AND

MADE CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.