



McFARLAND, SMITH & Co.

(Successors to J. A. Loebe.)

Merchant Tailors!

AND DEALERS IN

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, &C.,

Cor. Spring and Franklin Streets,

TITUSVILLE, PA.

An extensive assortment of SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES OF CLOTHES, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, both Foreign & Domestic.

A FIRST-CLASS CUTTER.

All Work Guaranteed.

CLOSING OUT SALE OF

Ready-Made Clothing AT COST.

Titusville Centre Daily Record.

Pub. Centre, Friday, April 29.

Gold 115 3/4.

The time-table of the O. C. & A. R. will be found under the markets.

See notice of meeting of Odd Fellows, at Good Templars' Hall, this evening. A general attendance of members of the Order is requested, as business of importance will be brought before the meeting.

On account of a rush of advertising we are compelled to leave out considerable local and miscellaneous matter, which will appear to-morrow.

A man named Richard Burke was arrested last evening for engaging in the pleasant pastime of whipping a woman. He was kept in the lock-up over night, and this morning taken before Justice Reynolds for trial, the woman having sworn that she was afraid he would take her life. The matter was compromised upon Burke promising to leave the place and never returning. This is the same man that broke into a house at the upper end of the town a few nights since, and afterwards ran away from officer McHugh. He is a notorious rough and it is to be hoped that he will stay away as his room is far more desirable than his company.

The various posts of the G. A. R. on Oil Creek are making preparations for celebrating the 30th of May next as Decoration Day. It is desired by some that the several organizations unite in a trip to Franklin, Meadville or some other point.

Mr. H. Freeman is building a large addition to his store on Main street, and also intends adding another story to the main building. When completed it is his intention to purchase a stock of general hardware in addition to his stock of oil well tools and fixtures.

The boiler in use at the Parker well No. 4, near Titusville, exploded on Wednesday. Fortunately no one was injured.

The latest dispatches from Richmond in regard to the terrible disaster at that place, give additional particulars as follows: All houses of business are closed in consequence of the calamity at the Capitol. The streets are filled. Both sets of police joined with the funeral corteges, and all late political feeling is forgotten. About seven thousand people assembled in the park, hearing addresses of condolence from Governor Walker, Judge Orr, Judge Crump, Governor Wise and others. It is thought that upwards of sixty were killed, and more than two hundred wounded.

Is now off DRUG

Toilet Articles, Fancy

Ex Governor Henry A. Wise has obtained from W. M. Slown, of Washington, the sword of his son, Captain O. Jennings Wise, who was mortally wounded at Roanoke Island. Mr. Slown was hospital steward in the Union army, and attended Captain Wise during the last few hours of his life.

The other day a boy came tearing round a corner, with his rags fluttering in the wind, his face smeared with molasses, and a single flourishing in his hand, while he was shouting to another boy about the size of a pepper-box, who stood near a quarter of a mile down the street: "O, Bill! Bill! get as many boys and shingles as you can, for there's a big bogst of 'lasses busted on the pavement—busted all to smash!"

Jet Jewelry is very fashionable, and will be generally worn by the fair sex in the summer, with muslin and other light dresses.

A sword swallower of a western circus has just been buried, owing to his injudicious attempt to digest thirteen jackknives.

In Philadelphia Tuesday night, two roughts named Hugh Mur'agh and James Welsh were shot dead by police officer Max. One had been arrested, and the other attempted to rescue him.

The Connecticut militia are prepared to suppress the proposed prize fight on Mystic Island.

A suit has been commenced by a young lady of Woodford county, Illinois, against a gentleman of Chicago, who very recently married an accomplished and lovely belle of Jacksonville, for ten thousand dollars damages, alleged to have been sustained by reason of a breach of promise of marriage.

General Lee's health is reported to be rapidly falling.

A soldier was wounded by a shell from Fort Wagner. He was going to the rear. "Wounded by a shell?" some one asked. "Yes," he coolly answered; "I was right under the darned thing when the bottom dropped out."

Match games of croquet will be fashionable this season.

George Alfred Townsend calls Hartford "the best built and suggest city in America."

May day this year comes on Sunday. The festivals will be divided between Saturday and Monday.

The new Savings Bank at Corry was organized a few days since by the election of the following named gentlemen as Directors: John Benninghoff, John McClintock, Hollis King, H. T. Nash, George Benninghoff, Elijah Newton, Anson Porter, R. D. Hubbard, R. H. Palmer. Mr. Hollis King was elected President, and Mr. Anson Porter, Cashier.

The following advertisement appeared in an English paper: "To-day, about one o'clock in the afternoon, my dear wife Catharine, born at Elberdig, was happily confined of two girls and a boy. Barely ten months ago she had twins, making five children in one year."

"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are like a dookey, and what do they do to cure them of stupidity?" "They feed them better and kick them less," said the arch little urchin.

A hen in Wilmington, N. C., has laid eighteen eggs about the size of partridge eggs, but containing no yolk. Over this important fact, and the arrival in town of a lively young alligator, Wilmington is unduly excited.

A Jersey lunatic escaped the other day by jumping from an upper window. Trotting off in a limited line of wearing apparel, he was taken for a pedestrian in training and not detained.

Ann E, who was trying to persuade little Eddie to retire at sundown: "You see, my dear, how the little chickens go to roost at that time." "Yes, aunty," replied Ed dy, "but the old hen always goes along with them."

Saw dust pills, says an old physician would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind is afflicted, if every patient would make his own sawdust.

Linen costumes, tastefully trimmed, will be much worn this summer.

Fifty thousand tons of stone have already been removed from Hell Gate.

What the sun says to the mud—"Dry up!"

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST ORGAN ever offered for sale in this vicinity! Specimen can be seen at McAlpine's Dental Rooms, where orders can be left. Persons contemplating purchasing will consult their interests by calling to examine instrument and price list. ap26-27.

Soda Water and Ice Cream at J. W. Beat-

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]
arms, and got off unscathed by wading up the creek and keeping to the cover of the bushes on its banks."

"The villain!" ejaculated Kit. "He must have been watching his opportunity!"

"He was. It turns out that he saw me in Leavenworth, before the train started, and that he has been hovering about it ever since, watching for a chance to seize me.—He told me so himself."

"Do you know who and what he is?"
"Only so far as I have seen with my own eyes—that he is a half breed and a terrible villain."

"I can tell you something about him. He is called Fleet Foot, and his reputation is well worthy of his name. I do not pretend to keep the run of many of his species; in fact, I have trouble to tell one red skin from another, so far as the generality of them is concerned; but this fellow has changed to be brought to my notice occasionally for several years, and I have never heard of him anything but evil. As he never follows any business, it's likely that he gets his living—by taking it wherever he can find it."

"He's a thorough demon," affirmed Effie. "He talked love to you, I suppose?"

"Yes; and at last, to save himself trouble, he tried to bind my hands behind me, and then came a desperate struggle that I at length faintly. This must have been an hour since, or just before you saw me!"

"He has scratched and bruised your face, I see."

"Well, he got about as much as he gave me," said the little heroine coolly.

"You have torn your sacque and dress, I see, in several places, and soiled them."

"And lost my hat altogether. But I can tie a handkerchief over my head, and the rest does not matter."

Well, Effie, you can travel, any how!" exclaimed the scout admiringly. "I am glad to see you take your awkward adventure so coolly. But tell me where it was that you began to recover your senses—to know where you was!"

"It was just before the red-skin undertook to run away from you. I hope you didn't think I was unconscious all that time. I knew a thing or two, you may be sure. I must have groaned some in coming to, but the red-skin was too busy with you to notice it. At last, when I realized all that was going on, and recognized you—that was when you and he were talking so earnestly—I knew enough to feign unconsciousness and watch for a chance of deliverance.—When we tumbled into the creek, I fell upon the red-skin, as good luck would have it, and didn't get so much of a shock as I expected. And this is the whole story."

"I am glad you fared no worse," commented Kit. "And now for our prisoner.—I never kill a red-skin in that helpless condition, unless the guiltiness of blood is fresh upon him. It is our duty, however, to extract the reptile's fangs—in other words, disarm him!"

He suited the action to the word, adding: "I will carry away his weapons, of course, a mile or two, and then hide them in some place where he will not be likely to find them."

"Then you will give him his liberty? It would not do, I suppose, to leave him where he is?"

"No, Effie. Some of his four legged relatives—the wolves—would come and eat him before morning."

"His pony has vanished."

"Yes, he is doubtless miles away by this time."

"Then the red skin will have to continue his journey on foot?"

Kit untied his hands, but tied his feet, and left him, Effie remarking:

"In that way we shall get a good start off him."

"That's the idea," rejoined Kit.

Then the couple resumed their journey.—The scout was well acquainted with an honest ranchman named Woodbury, who lived on the Arkansas, about ten miles from the scene of this adventure, and they started for it. Conversing pleasantly by the way, the couple rode forward at a fair pace, Effie knowing no fear by reason of the scout's presence, and Kit knowing none by reason of his matchless ability and experience.

The sun was just setting when the couple, after a long and wearying ride, came in sight of the ranche they were seeking.

"There it is," said the scout, indicating a dark object on the distant horizon.

The travellers had now arrived near enough to the ranche to see its outlines distinctly, and accordingly fixed their attention upon it.

"The door is closed," observed Kit, as the couple rode nearer, "and so are the windows. But the proprietor is as brave as the bravest, as you may know by the fact of his living here. I dare say he has seen us approaching."

As they advanced still nearer to the lonely ranche, they noticed that a strange air of desolation pervaded the premises.—Not a sign of life was visible, and the little garden inclosing the house had been given up to weeds.

"This is odd!" muttered Kit. "Mr. Woodbury had a very beautiful garden when I was here last summer. But I now see no stock, no signs of occupancy whatever."

"He may have moved away," suggested Effie, "and a different sort of a man may now have possession of the place."

"That's so, or the red skins may have killed him," returned Kit, over whose face had come a sudden shadow. "I'm not pleased with the looks of the thing, any how! The house itself has gone to the dogs since I was here. It's rather late to retreat, however," he added, looking up at the sky, out of which the light of day was fading, with the abruptness peculiar to the plains.

"Now that we are here, we may as well make a call. In ten minutes it will be dark and we'll do well to be prompt in our observations and inquiries."

By this time the travellers were within a few rods of the stone wall protecting the door-way of the ranche, and here Kit drew rein, looking sharply about him.

"He said to Effie, in a low tone. "I do not see so much as a dog. Just sit where you are, Effie, while I step to the door."

CHAPTER III.

THE RANCHO—A SURPRISE.

Dismounting, the scout made his way cautiously to the entrance of the house, and then, seeing no one, into the dwelling itself, finding the door unfastened.

In the course of a minute he returned to his young companion.

"There is no one here," he announced.

"Perhaps the late conduct of the red-skins, of which we were speaking, has frightened Mr. Woodbury away?"

Kit shook his head.

"Mr. Woodbury has not been here lately," he asserted. "There hasn't been a stroke of work done on the place this summer!"

"He may have gone away last fall, then, and not have returned?"

The scout again shook his head.

"I fear your former suggestion is the true one," he remarked.

"Namely, that the Indians have killed him?"

"Yes. The door is full of bullets, and the turf walls are burnt and smoked, in places, as if the red-skins had fired into them at short range. I fear Mr. Woodbury has been killed!"

"Has the house been ravaged?"

"No. Everything appears as Mr. Woodbury would have naturally left it, only in a disordered state. The furniture is here, such as it was, the dishes, the household stuff of every description, but everything is dirty, damaged and going to pieces. I'll tell you just what I think, which is, that somebody has killed Mr. Woodbury, and that this somebody has taken possession!"

"Is there any sign of this somebody having been here lately?"

"Yes. I cannot say how lately, but I should say within a day or two, although the hearth is perfectly cold. There is a puddle of water in the pantry, part of a ham, a bag of corn, a bag of flour, a dish of salt, and various other articles of food. There is a bed of skins in each room, which looks as if lately occupied."

"This is very singular," commented Effie.

"Mr. Woodbury must have a strange successor. Who can he be?"

"I think he's a red-skin!"

"And why?"

"Because the lock and bars, which have been burst from the door, have not been replaced. This shows that the occupant is not afraid of the red-skins!"

Effie mused a moment upon this unexpected condition of affairs, and then asked:

"Well, what shall we do?"

Before replying, the scout looked at his horse searchingly, assuring himself that the animal was very tired.

"We'll halt here a while," he then said; "long enough to take a bite ourselves, and allow Dobby to do justice to part of that corn in the pantry."

"I shall be glad to rest awhile," observed Effie, as she alighted, "I am very tired!"

Naturally enough, after all these adventures. But a good supper, and a good night's rest will bring you out again. Walk in, and make yourself at home. I'll just slip Dobby into the corral, so that he will not stray off in the darkness."

They made a fire, and had a coarse, but comfortable meal.

"Such a supper, with our hunger, is better than a feast without appetite," remarked Effie.

"Don't know why we should not put up at this hotel until morning," observed Kit, as he also looked contentedly about him.—

"True, the landlord is absent, but we can get along without him."

"I think the only question is as to whether we can get along with him, if he should chance to return through the night."

"I'll answer for that contingency. On the whole, I think we will do well to stay here until morning. There's a room for each of us, and plenty of buffalo robes to make us comfortable."

As he spoke he laid some more wood on the fire, to light up the interior of the ranche, and a bright body of flames almost instantly illuminated the scene around him as perfectly as it could have been illuminated by the sun at midday.

"Look at that!" suddenly cried Effie, in a startled whisper, as she leaped to her feet.

"What is that?"

"What? Where?" demanded the scout.

"That writing, in red letters, upon the wall behind us!" exclaimed Miss Lyon, the blood receding from her face, while her form shook violently.

She pointed to the wall opposite the fireplace—the wall upon which those ruddy flames shone so vividly—and there the scout beheld several lines of coarse and irregular writing, evidently the work of a human finger, which had again and again been dipped in blood.

This terrible revelation was as follows:

"I am attacked, this 10th of March, by Fleet Foot and a dozen others. Already terribly wounded. Expect to go under, as the door can't hold out much longer."

JOHN WOODBURY.

It was a message from the dead!

The mystery of poor Woodbury's fate stood terribly revealed.

In his last moments, mortally wounded he had written with his finger, and with his own blood, that fearful message.

Before the scout and his companion could withdraw their gaze from that dreadful revelation, they were further startled by sounds that came to their hearing from without the ranche.

Then their eyes met.

"I hear footsteps!" murmured Effie.

"And voices also!" replied Carson.

At the same instant a dog was heard snuffing at the entrance of the ranche. Then the dog began barking furiously, while the sound of hurried footsteps arose in front of the door.

The scout and his companion were startled.

Their minds were so full of the terrible fate which had overtaken the former occupant of the ranche, poor Mr. Woodbury, as revealed by that strange writing on the wall, that they could think of nothing but red-skins.

The approaching footsteps became louder.

"Who can they be?" whispered Effie.—

"Indians?"

"We shall soon see," was Kit's answer. The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can be found only in the New York Ledger, which is for sale at all the bookstores and news depots. Ask for the number dated May 7, 1870, and in it you will find the continuation of this beautiful tale. The Ledger is mailed to subscribers at three dollars a year. The Ledger has the best stories of any paper in the world; and Henry Ward Beecher, James Parton and Fanny Fern have articles in every number.

Local Notices.

Soda Water and Ice Cream at J. W. Beatly's.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We are now buying a

heavy stock of Groceries

strictly for CASH, and CAN

and WILL sell as low as

any house in town.

SCHONBLUM & WING.

Soda Water and Ice Cream at J. W. Beatly's.

To All Whome it may Concern.

As a report has been industriously circulated that I employed underhanded means to obtain possession of the building I now occupy, I take this opportunity of apprising my friends and acquaintances that no means were employed that any honorable man need be ashamed of. The price suited me and I bought the building. That was all. Very truly Yours, JOHN J. FELTER.

April 23 4t.

Soda Water and Ice Cream at J. W. Beatly's.

Tomatoes 15 cts per can at Felter, Fenner & Co.'s

CANTON BITTERS—These celebrated bit-

tere are recommended by physicians as far superior to any in use. They are pleasant to the taste and contain medicinal ingredients, placing them at the head of all bitters manufactured. Try a bottle, they are for sale at the Drug Store of Griffis, Crox.

Soda Water and Ice Cream at J. W. Beatly's.

CORN is a word which Codrington & Corn well propose render obsolete. For modus operandi call and see them.

All styles light harness, cheaper than the cheapest, made from Moffat's oak stock, and warranted, at J. K. Kron's.

The largest lot of Birds, Canaries and other species, ever brought to the oil region, has just been received at M. S. Simon's.

Tomatoes 15 cts per can at Felter, Fenner & Co.'s

Soda Water and Ice Cream at J. W. Beatly's.

Fine assortment of wall paper at Griffis Bros.

Sash, Glass, Doors, Putty &c. Large stock very cheap at the Furniture Store.

Tomatoes 15 cts per can at Felter, Fenner & Co.'s

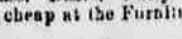
Buy the "Red Hot" Saddle manufactured in Titusville expressly for the oil country, adapted to all kinds of weather, at J. K. Kron's.

Fine assortment of Paper and Cloth Window Shades and Fixtures, just rec'd at

Just received a large and well assorted stock of shelf hardware at J. Rutherford's.

THE PYRAMIDS of splendid coal over at Codrington & Cornwell's yard are perfectly wonderful.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



ODD FELLOWS! ATTENTION!

There will be a meeting of Odd Fellows at Good Templars' Hall, on Friday Evening, April 29th, 1870. W. A. Thompson, Deputy Grand Master of this District, will be present. A general attendance is desired.

By order.