

**Petroleum Centre Daily Record.**  
Pet Centre Pa., Saturday, August 24.

**Divine Service.**  
**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH**  
Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Sabbath School at 12 1/2 P. M. gratis free. A cordial invitation extended to all.

Rev. P. W. SOOFIELD, Pastor.  
**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**  
Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M.  
D. PATTON, Pastor.



**Petroleum Centre Lodge, No. 715, I. O. of O. F.**  
Regular meeting nights Friday, at 8 o'clock. Signed.  
ALBERT GLENN, N. G.  
E. O'FLAHERTY, A. Sec'y.  
Place of meeting, Main St., opposite McMillan's House.

**A. O. of U. W.**  
Liberty Lodge No. 7, A. O. of U. W., meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in Odd Fellow's Hall, Petroleum Centre, Penn'a.  
A. M. KLECKNER, M. W.  
J. H. MERRILL, R.

Gold at 1 p. m. 113 1/2

**YOUR LOCAL PAPER**—"The New York Times says you might as well forget your churches, as to forget your local papers. It speaks to ten times the audience that your local minister does. It is read eagerly each week from beginning to end. It reaches you all, and if it has a lower spirit and less wisdom than a sermon, it has a thousand times better chance at you. Lying as it does, on every table, in nearly every house, you owe it to yourself to rally liberally to its support, and extract from it an able heightened character as you do from any educator in your midst. It is in no sense beneath notice and care unless you yourself are beneath notice and care—for it is your representative. Indeed, in its character, it is the aggregate of your conscience and you cannot ignore it without miserably deprecating yourselves."

Attention is called to the new advertisement of Geo. W. Winsor, the oldest hardware dealer in the oil region. He needs no recommendation from us as his well known honesty and integrity in his deal with all, and the fact that his stock is first class in every respect, is known to all. Give him a call and examine his stock, which is composed of everything in the hardware line from a pin to a string of tubing, and our word or it you will find his prices reasonable.

A new well on the Brown farm, Cherry tree Run, owned by Oliver & Markell, commenced testing yesterday afternoon, making a fine show for oil. Will probably be good for ten barrels per day.

City Father Malloy, who has been rusticated at Franklin for the past thirty days, returned to town day before yesterday. Reports Mrs. Hillwig and the rest of the boys well but not very happy.

The Petrolas play the Eagles of Titusville, in that city, this afternoon.

Quite a number of voters attended the Republican mass meeting, at Oil City, last night. They report an enthusiastic gathering.

As an evidence that "the tide is turning back" towards the Oil Creek region, we note the fact that a large new boarding house is being built on the Sherman flats. This is made necessary in order to supply a place for the engineers and drillers to board at.

The oil territory around the Sherman Flats looks very promising at present.

For several days past the noon freight train, on the Oil Creek Railroad, has obstructed the Main street crossing, to the serious interference of teaming and foot travel. The company should see to it that this evil is remedied.

**DEAD.**—On Friday, Aug. 23, 1872, Sarah Ellen, infant daughter of Peter and Catharine Kenney, aged 1 year and 26 days.

Funeral services will be held at the Catholic Church, at 1 o'clock p. m., to-morrow (Sunday). Friends are invited.

The pledge of the producers not to drill any more wells for six months is being pretty generally signed by operators in this vicinity. We hope it may prove a success, as undoubtedly it will prove a lasting benefit to the region.

We notice our old friend, Mr. S. Sobel, in town on a visit at present. He is looking well and reports business lively in the city of New York.

On Tuesday last, a boy ten years of age, son of Michael Buzzard, of Fallowfield township, was burned to death, while trying to light a fire with petroleum. Our informant could not give us any further particulars, except that the funeral was to take place to-day, Thursday, August 22d.—[Meadville Republican.]

**Hydrophobia—An Extraordinary Case in Philadelphia.**

A case of hydrophobia, a parallel of which has never been recorded in the medical books, has occurred in West Philadelphia. The facts, as related by a physician, are these: A little girl on returning home from school in the afternoon was met by her pet dog, which began jumping and barking about her in an unusual way. To drive him away, she took the skirt of her dress and shook it at him. This seemed to irritate the animal, which, springing forward, snapped at the dress and tore a large rent in it. Worried at the injury to the garment, the little girl, without mentioning the matter to any of the family, went to her room, and getting a needle and thread, proceeded to sew up the torn piece. When it was finished, she bent down her teeth, bit it off. Nine days after the occurrence of this accident, symptoms of hydrophobia manifested themselves in the unfortunate girl. Skilled medical talent was called in, and every appliance that science could afford to relieve the sufferer was resorted to. But the subtle poison had done its work too thoroughly for human skill to avail, and the little girl has since died. Eminent authorities on the subject have contended that hydrophobia cannot be communicated through an unbroken cuticle. Whether the little girl swallowed a portion of the saliva, or whether it was communicated through her lip, the skin of which may have been "chapped" or broken, we cannot say, but certainly, in either case the occurrence was as remarkable as it was unfortunate.

"Have we a poet in our midst?" is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered as yet. After reading the following effusion, which we publish verbatim in illustration, our readers will agree with us that we have poetaster in full bloom, right here at home that takes the shine right out of Byron, Longfellow, or any of that class of poets. They will also agree that the election of the Sage of Chappaqua is a foregone conclusion. Here it is—

Petroleum Cent.,  
Aug 22th.

Mary had a little lamb  
it was gay and frisky  
it got drunk with  
General Grant drinking  
Bourbonne Whiskey  
Mary had a little lamb  
it eat green grass free-ly  
Some go for General Grant  
but I go for Horace Greeley  
charles Wicker dear sir  
Publish This if you  
wish it not why then  
what  
Wild Cot Jr

The New York dry goods trade will open next week, when the principal dealers will display their stocks of dress goods. The hat and cap trade is already in full operation, the season opening early with good demands from the interior and the remote West. The boot and shoe dealers report good backwardness, but believe that the season will be a very profitable one, as the Crispin strikes in Massachusetts will tend to drive purchasers to New York. The clothing trade is expected to be very brisk, as large orders are received daily. The jewelers and dealers in fancy goods are expecting a great deal of business, and will have large stocks. The book publishers predict a good season. All the anticipations of business are based upon the reports of the excellent crops which appear to have blessed the efforts of farmers in all sections of the country. The reduction in railway freights on the leading lines will have the effect of stimulating business, as the dealers in remote sections of the country will generally be able to make their purchases and have their goods shipped before the resumption of the higher rates.

The oil well of Capt. A. Dingley now being drilled in Pleasant township, about two miles below town, was down 600 feet on Tuesday last. It is expected to reach the first sand rock to-day (Wednesday.) Two wells have already been put down, this being the third. The Captain is determined to give the territory a thorough test.—[Warren Ledger.]

A New England family passed through Chicago the other day on their way to Nebraska, with all their household goods. They had chartered a freight car for the entire distance for three hundred dollars, and provided themselves for the journey, and there they were comfortably ensconced among their possessions with none of the trouble of moving on their hands until they should reach their new home.

Col. Ellsworth, manager of the Ellsworth House, Erie, has retired from the management and Mr. Rockwell has assumed control.

Highly flavored, ice cool Soda Water at the Post Office Newsroom. Try it.

**Drifting Away.**

Drifting away—drifting away!  
Baby is leaving me every day,  
Sailing far out on the treacherous sea  
Where the bright glories of woman-life be.  
Yes, on the hour-ripples, day after day,  
Baby, my darling, is drifting away!

Drifting away—drifting away!  
Every morn loses a golden ray,  
Every night twineeth a shade, less fair,  
Over the tangles of clustering hair.  
Yes, on the hour-ripples, day after day,  
Baby, my darling, is drifting away!

Drifting away—drifting away!  
Sailing and singing! O, bright little fay!  
All the true strokes of thy silver-tipped oar  
Float back to echo on memory's shore.  
Yes, on the hour-ripples, day after day,  
Baby, my darling, is drifting away!

Drifting away—drifting away!  
Wonderful words can the dainty lips say,  
Wonderful tasks can the busy hands do,  
Wonderful journeys go thy feet true;  
Yes, on the hour-ripples, day after day,  
Baby, my darling, is drifting away!

Drifting away—drifting away!  
Baby is leaving me every day;  
Steering far out on the treacherous sea  
Where the bright glories of woman-life be—  
Yes, on the hour-ripples, day after day,  
Baby, my darling, is drifting away!

**Story of a Dream.**

A Massachusetts paper tells a strange story of a dream to which is attached more than ordinary interest. It is to the effect that while the schooner Belvidere was sailing from the Georges to Cape Ann, the captain, Samuel Ewell, dreamed he saw floating upon the sea a dead body, and in his distress at seeing his vessel run over it, he awakened. He went immediately upon deck, and while telling some of the crew about it, their attention was attracted by a box which was floating toward them. Before they could grapple it a wave washed it under the vessel. After this the Captain could not rest until he had sent a boat after it and it was secured. Upon opening the box, lying upon a bed of sea weed, they found the body of a little girl, whose golden hair lay over her forehead, concealing the marks of probably her death blows. She was nicely dressed, about four years old, and had evidently been dead about ten days. As they were not near land, and as decomposition would certainly set in before they could reach there, they had to sink the box 'n the ocean.

**Letters from the People.**

**NOTE.**—The manager of this journal, without endorsing the sentiments of contributors desires to offer the widest possible latitude for free discussion. It is merely stipulated that communications shall concern matters of public interest, be put in decent language and accompanied with the names of the writers, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

**ED. RECORD:**—I noticed in your paper of the 19th, an article from Kane City, signed "Figs," which contained an account of the recent runaway on Brown farm, and begged leave to correct some errors made by Mr. F. He says "the owner cannot be too strongly censured for allowing irresponsible parties to drive an animal of such well known runaway proclivities."

First I did not allow any one to drive my horse, but, on the contrary, had the shoes removed for the express purpose of allowing his feet to recover, from a threatened contraction of the hoof, and did not intend him to be used. I did leave the horse in Mr. W.'s keeping, but what followed was without my direction.

Second—The horse never runaway, nor kicked in harness to my knowledge before nor since, and I have driven him several times since the accident.

While it is rather strange the animal should sometimes head for the ancient village of Cherrytree, it is stranger still that Mr. F. should always be there to see him come in.

**ANIMAL'S OWNER.**

No married man in Illinois can get "cod" without the following "permit" from his wife: "Permission is hereby granted by me, the lawful wife of \_\_\_\_\_, and I declare and witness by my own signature, that my husband has the perfect right and liberty to drink, and as often as he chooses to drink, and what he chooses to drink, and I hereby relinquish all the claims arising therefrom."

It is said that a farmer in Western New York has cleared \$900 by burying wooden Indian cigar signs for a few months and then digging them up and selling them to colleges for petrified Indians.

A Cincinnati wife left her husband's board, but took the bed with her. He is puzzled to know how to word a legal notice of warning to prospective creditors.

**OIL NEWS.**—Bradley & Chambers have a new rig up on the Knight farm, on the west side of Turkey Run. It is about a quarter of a mile north of the Salem well, on the Heeter farm.

The Pantan well on the Heeter farm, is down about 700 feet.

The Salem Oil Company have a new rig going up, near the flowing well, and will be ready for operations in about two weeks.

William Heeter and William Jack have a new rig up at Turkey City and will be ready to commence drilling in a week or two.

J. H. Jack has bought into the Salem well on the Heeter farm, at the rate of \$3,600 per sixteenth.

The Myers well on the M. Shoup farm, is good for 15 barrels per day.

The Conkle well, owned by Conkle, Vick & Co., on the Shoup farm, is in the sand, and has a most favorable show. It flows frequently, and from the indications it will probably be a 25 or 30 barrel well.

Warren Oil Company well No. 4, on the D. Ritz farm, is down 700 feet.

The Jackson well on the south side of Clarion, on the Smith farm, is doing 50 barrels.

Paul Neely, Hudson & Co. have a new rig up on the William Neely farm, and will commence drilling in a few days.

John Turner has a new rig up on the Keating farm. It is called the St. Lawrence.

Crowell & Hoffman are drilling a well on the Isaac Neely farm.

The Paul Neely well, on the Isaac Neely farm, is doing about 15 barrels.

The Scott well, just back of St. Petersburg is doing 8 barrels.

The Rumbaugh well, near Harrisonville, and about 8 miles directly north of the Milford farm, has 100 feet of oil in the hole.

The Jamison well, about four miles beyond the McClymont well, Butler county, struck the sand on Tuesday and has filled up about 100 feet. J. H. Jack has bought one-eighth interest and is confident of a large well. We hope they may have it.

The Salem well is still holding out at its original production, the drillers being unable to do anything. She promises to be the best well in the district.—[St. Petersburg Progress.]

Maj. John A. Steel visited Volcano this week and contracted with parties to drill for him five new wells. Maj. Steel is now owner of 34 producing wells and has 9 wells under contract and drilling.

Operations on the Ruckman farm, owned by C. K. Leonard and others, have taken a fresh start; there are five wells going down and six rigs being built. The strike at Elliott's Run makes a portion of the tract good oil territory that has before been avoided by operators.

The new strike of the Elliott Run Oil Company, which we noticed in our last issue, still continues the chief topic of oil conversation; the well still continues to hold out, pumping 40 barrels per day, without an signs of abatement. The well is located on Elliott's run, on the land of the V O & C Co., and is fully 1 1/2 miles from the nearest producing well, this it will be seen opens up that tract of land for the V O & C Company, and also a large tract of the Ruckman farm. The company are to be congratulated on their good fortune, and as they have a thirty acre tract, will now push forward and develop it. The Volcano Oil & Coal Company, with their usual energy have laid a line of tubing to the well, and are now ready to furnish water and transport oil for any number of wells. Operations for oil in that section have taken a new start, and we confidently expect that before we close the present volume of our paper, that the production of oil in the Volcano oil regions will exceed 3000 barrels per day.—[Volcano (W. V.) Lubricator.]

**For Sale.**

A desirable dwelling on the Egbert Farm. Newly painted and papered with spring water at the door. All in good condition. At a low figure. Apply to

W. A. HULL.

The St. Louis Globe tells its readers that "Louisville mules, after kicking the countenance off their drivers, calmly haul the corpse to an undertaker's shop, where it can be attended to."

A fish was recently caught in Alabama, in which was a partridge egg, and in the egg a bird.

All that is necessary to enable a Georgia boy to get his name into the newspaper is to begin to preach the Gospel.

**GEO. W. WINSOR—HARDWARE, &c.**

**Geo. W. Winsor**  
**HARDWARE**  
**STORE.**

ESTABLISHED 1859.

Geo. W. Winsor

MAIN STREET,  
PETROLEUM CENTRE,

DEALER IN OIL WELL

TUBING AND CASING!

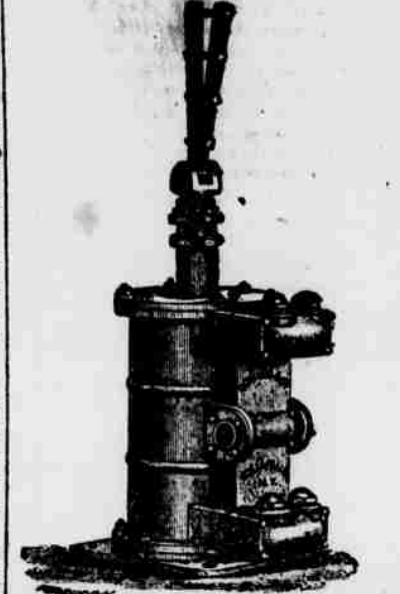
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WORKING BARRELS & VALVES,  
STUFFING BOXES,  
CLAMPS, TONGS,  
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Every Description of supplies for

OIL WELLS TANKS AND  
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**GAS PUMP**  
Locomotive Cylinder—13 In.  
Exclusive Agent for the Oil Regions.

**STEAM & GAS FITTINGS**

BELTING, PACKING AND HOSE  
KIRBY'S COMPRESSED BUNGS,

**HARDWARE,**

House Trimmings,  
Carpenters' Tools,  
Drilling and Plain Bored Rope,  
Oakum, Nails, Axes,  
Tables and Pocket Cutlery.

A full assortment of everything in the Hardware Line.

**House Furnishing Goods,**

**VENTILATOR**

AND

**Morning Glory**

**BASE BURNERS.**

NONE COMPANION,  
IRON GATE, and  
WHEAT SHEAF

**Cook Stoves**

Lamps, Lanterns & Chimneys,  
No. 1 Winter strained  
Lard Oil,  
NO. 1 REFINED OIL.

**CHAMPION CLOTHES WRINGERS**

Manufacturer of

**TIN SHEET IRON & COPPER**

**WARE.**

**SMOKE STACKS,**

Making of all kinds done with neatness and dispatch. Especial attention given to

**Steam and Gas Fittings**

Tin and Repair Shop.

Thanking my friends for their liberal patronage in the past, I respectfully request a continuance of the same.

N. B.—Branch Store at St. Petersburg, Pa.  
—124 1/2. GEO. W. WINSOR.