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SEVENTY DIFFERENT STYLES OF HATS & CAPS,

All the Latest and Neatest Styles.

A FULL LINE OF

Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c.

Petroleum Centre Daily Record.

Pet. Centre Pa., Saturday, Nov. 9.

Divine Service.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath School at 12 1/2 P. M. cash free. A cordial invitation extended to all.

Rev. G. MOORE, Pastor.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.



Petroleum Centre Lodge, No. 715, I. O. of O. F.

Regular meeting nights Friday, at 7 o'clock. Signed.

B. ALLEN, N. G.

B. H. KECKEN, A. Sec'y. Place of meeting, Mala St., opposite McMillan House.

A. O. of U. W.

Liberty Lodge No. 7, A. O. of U. W., meets every Monday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, in Odd Fellow's Hall, Petroleum Centre, Penn'a.

A. M. KLOCKNER, M. W.

A. KLINE, R.

I. O. of R. M.

Manassas Tribe No. 183, I. O. of R. M. of Petroleum Centre, meets every Thursday evening in Good Templar's Hall.

Council fees lighted at 7 1/2 o'clock. H. HOWE, Sachem. B. REYNOLDS, Chief of Records.

Sold at 1 p. m. 113 1/2

Every producer in this district should be on hand at the regular meeting, at the Grant & Wilson club room, this evening. Come with the intention of subscribing to the stock and aiding the grand movement now being inaugurated against monopolies, rings combinations, &c., but come by all means. Read the card of the Secretary, and then turn out.

Let the Eleventh District be ranked among the first in this movement, as it always has been in others where the good of the producer is concerned.

The Standard Oil Company, by telegrams published this morning, it appears have come to the conclusion to accept the situation and purchase their oil through the Producer's Agency, paying therefor \$4.75 per barrel. The offer is fair enough to all appearances, but let the producers bear in mind that "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the Standard Oil Company is peculiar." Let the producers stick together and the victory will be won over all combinations. Meantime, the Standard Oil Company having been our most bitter inveterate enemy, will bear watching.

We give a portion of our space to day to a story entitled "Wild Cat Hollow," by the editor of the Pittsburgh American Volunteer. The story is an amusing reminiscence of the early days of oil when the wells on the Egbert and other oil farms were the centre of a great oil excitement. Read it.

Sheriff Merk, of Franklin, was in town yesterday. He also visited Plumer.

A little girl, aged five years named Maggie Eastlick, of Leslie, Michigan, was frightened to death by a couple of boys while returning home from school on the 21st ult. The boys chased her and threatened to kill her. On arriving she was taken home, and lived only four hours.

The Producer's Association

Will meet at the usual place at 7 o'clock this evening.

Members of the Committee on Subscriptions to the stock Agency are requested to bring their lists and report amount of subscriptions already received.

If the subscriptions are short of the ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND Pledged it will, we trust, be made up there and then.

SECRETARY.

Plumer Items.

Since your correspondent last wrote you, many items of interest have occurred which would perhaps be of interest to your readers. We subjoin the following:

Mr. Wm. Hartshorne has sold his business good will and trade, to Mr. Lockwood, of Pitohole, who is a life energetic business man, and intends making many needed additions to his already large stock, which will no doubt lend a new impetus to the trade.

The Plumer schools have recommenced with a full attendance, new teachers, and with all the latest improvements that the modern mind has invented in the way of patent seats and a full set of latest maps, charts, globes, &c. We see no reason why great progress should not be made by the students.

Mr. W. Smith has been making improvements in his shoe store which adds much to its appearance.

The horse disease prevails to a great extent here. Most all the horses owned are showing symptoms of the epidemic, though none have proved fatal as yet. Oxen are in demand if they never was before.

Election passed off quietly. 169 votes in all were polled; 121 for Grant and 48 for Greeley. Many of the old line Democrats did not vote at all, showing much apathy and dullness.

The Republicans held a jollification meeting over the result.

Times are quite lively since the resumption. No wells injured so far as heard from in this district.

The producers and citizens held a meeting recently and passed resolutions as follows: That we are with the producers and extend our hearty cooperation to effect any measure to get five dollar oil. We unambiguously condemn the course pursued by the ring organs of Titusville, and heartily commend the course of the Petroleum Centre Record and Oil City Derrick for so effectually backing up the cause of the producers.

We notice our old friend, Mr. J. P. Anderson, on the streets. His many friends will be pleased to learn of his return.

Our friend Parker, the butcher, has had to succumb to the Epizootic at last—that is to say, he has not got the disease himself, but his horses have. This afternoon he has an ox team engaged in delivering meat to his customers. He does just more than flourish that gad over the backs of the ox team.

Armstrong, the flour and feed man, is said to be the most graceful ox driver in town.

IT IS SAD.—Last week the refiners were shut down. What the owners hope to accomplish by this movement is clear to everyone. But will they be successful? Will their action have the effect of overstocking the crude market and forcing the price back to the old figures? Not for Joe! The Producers Agency will buy our oil at \$5, and can afford to hold it until prices are what they should be. Tanks are being erected all over the region for the purpose of storing this oil, if necessary. Refineries are being built that will refine it, and then the ring-refiners can say with Otello "My occupation's gone!"—[Fairview Reporter.]

It's a maxim of servanatism in this city, that the summer quantum of washing shall diminish from and after the fifteenth of October. Biddy allows her young misses three white shirts a week until that time, and only two after it. While the missus is often indifferent to this maxim, she never openly rebels against it. When Biddy comes to count the skirts in the basket on Monday morning, she epitomizes any transgression in something like the following soliloquy.—Beginning with the topmost skirt, she counts, "Wan—two—three! an' do me eyes deceive me!—four! May the Lord have mercy on me, but she's a divil!" If the missus overhears this the offence is not repeated.

Bret Harle is said to be engaged on several stories that will rival the "Outcast of Poker Flat" (his best work so far), "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and "Maggie."

WILDCAT HOLLOW.

[From the American Volunteer.]

What a terrible cry it was! And all the more startling from the fact that it came upon us in a lull succeeding an outbreak of laughter evoked by one of Aaron Kepler's inimitable stories. When Aaron fell in the mood, his wit would tickle the ribs of a dying man. But even Aaron's eyes were a sober expression as that shriek rang out on the still night air. Page looked up in visible alarm.

"That sounded like a woman's voice."

"Listen," said Kepler; "there it is again."

Again that thrilling cry smote our ears. "Held! Help! Help! Oh! help, for God's sake!"

The cold chill of sudden fear ran down our backs; we held our breath while listening to that prolonged cry that searched the depths of our hearts. The tears of laughter that stood in our eyes were dried as if by magic.

To understand the situation, one needs to be told that we who toiled among the derrick in season and out of season, through cold and heat, accommodating ourselves to nature in all her moods, indifferent alike to her caprices and caresses, armed with the panoply of a philosophy that suffers and endures for the sake of a reward in prospective, yet managed to make the most of our hours of relaxation.

It was in the days when good freshets brought relief to impetuous producers at risks such as would make the most reckless "wildcat" operators stare now-a-days; when the owners of "Maple Shade Shares" were regarded with more curiosity than millionaires; when the old Phillips well still spouted a steady stream of a hundred barrels a day after enriching half a score, to say nothing of setting Jim Tarr up in a way such as no native "Buckwheat" ever anticipated in his wildest dream. The gay "Coquette" bubbled at the rate of six hundred barrels a day; Hyde & Egbert farm poured out petroleum at thirty-two pores, with a single "dry" hole discovered; Story farm opposite was fast proving itself the foundation for the formation of one of the most remarkable, best managed and best paying stock companies ever created in the history of oildom.

Cherry Run had scarcely begun to blush; Titusville "dats" were still voted "fair territory"; Pitohole Creek was beneath notice although the "United States" well gushed at the rate of five hundred barrels, exciting the derision of operators who measured the distance to Titusville, and shook their heads over the insuperable obstacles that tacked on almost as much for transportation as the first cost of the oil. Pitohole City, that phantom-agoria in the experience of a million practical Americans, was still in the womb of the future; Bull Run was a standing jest with the successful; old John Bue-noboff was as yet undisturbed by dreams of royalty; oil shillers were in their glory, and oil belts and hillside wells were things unknown.

A number of us "off tour," drillers and blacksmiths, in company with some of the superintendents, sat in the Hyde office smoking, telling stories, discussing general topics, killing time generally in the way that communities formed almost exclusively of men manage to accomplish that object, when that awful cry burst upon us.

Some one suddenly opened the door. It was after eleven, at a time when those familiar with affairs on the creek were careful not to invite attacks from footpads and murderers, and prospecting speculators were well housed by eight o'clock at farthest.—The occurrences that led brave men to adopt measures of precaution were whispered.—They seldom found their way into print, it being no part of the producers' programme to excite apprehension when money was to be made allaying terror. Some ugly crimes that would not look well on paper were perpetrated within a gunshot of Petroleum Centre.

Some allowance may be made, therefore, if there were some in the crowd that clustered around the door of the old Hyde office (now a respectable dwelling) who were averse to rushing into danger.

"Have you got your revolver, Page? Don't go without your revolver."

"Don't go at all," said one faint heart; "you don't know but it may be a decoy."

Page ran down below the bridge, stumbled against some one, and stopped to recover his breath.

"Where is that cry coming from?"

"From up the creek, I think."

No! I'll swear it sounded as if it came from the end of the bridge.

"It must be down at the point. Some poor soul is drowning, or—who knows—they may be murdering some one. There!"

As the cry rose and fell again, growing fainter and fainter with each repetition, each individual hair on the heads of the horrified group that stood on the bank straining their eyes and ears, rose upright. Such a wail as that surely never was uttered save by mortal in the last agony of death.—There were those among the little group that clustered on the bank who had acquitted themselves creditably on the bloody fields of the rebellion. All save one had served in the earlier years of the war. Yet they shivered as they listened to that despairing cry.

"I can't stand this!" exclaimed one more reckless than the rest, as he ran down the bank towards the point and waded into the stream. The roar of the rushing waters as they swept around the point was all that responded to his hurried question—

"Where are you? Tell me where you are."

When he regained the bank, he hurried back and reported to the remainder who still strove, though unsuccessfully, to make out the quarter from whence the cry proceeded. The cry for help had now sunk to a series of almost inaudible moans, such as a dying creature might utter.

A brief council of war decided the matter. The group crossed the bridge in a body and waded down the bank on the opposite side of the creek—past all manner of obstacles; feeling their way around tanks, derrick, and over stones, until the faint cry was traced to a certainty.

"Some one strike a light. Who has a match?" said Kepler. Schultz had one out and lit in a moment. He also had a rope's end, poked up in his stumbling, that was saturated with oil. This served as a torch.

Waving this frantically, Schultz cried out—

"We are coming; where are you?"

"This way; oh, this way."

Moved by one common impulse the group dashed forward under Schultz's guidance. Schultz, who was several paces in advance, suddenly stopped and held the blazing rope's end down as if in the act of examining something on the ground.

When the rest reached his side, they beheld a man sitting squat on the ground, with his chin in his palms and his elbows on his knees. He looked up at the crowd, blinked, moved his head, and let his eyes drop on the ground suddenly. His clothes bore as much of the yellow clay belonging to the hillside of Story farm as they could conveniently carry. He was in the last stage of drizzling, soiling drunkenness.

Schultz, who knew him, demanded—

"What in the—do you mean, frightening people to death this way? What's the matter with you! What did you make that noise for? Say!"

"I wan-wan-wan-wan-gerger P'to'm Cen-cen-centre-ur do, 'ner can-can't finer woy-y-y."

"The devil you do! Well!"

Schultz drew his breath in sheer surprise. He could not do justice to the occasion.—No more could any one of the group. To make amends for the sudden paralysis that seized his tongue, Page gave the wretch a sturdy kick, saying—

"Get up, you miserable, God-forsaken wretch. If you don't we'll throw you into the creek. I've half a mind to as it is.—Why, you filthy, ugly, mangy brute, do you know you're scared some of us out of a year's growth? Move along now, if you don't wan't a noose in the creek. Move!"

And he did move pretty lively for a drunken man when we got him fairly started. But if his locomotive power had exceeded that of a locomotive on a down grade, it would not have made amends for the powerful manner in which his cries moved the feelings of the crowd that hustled him unceremoniously into Petroleum Centre, and into a stable, where they left him to sober off at his leisure.

Said Kepler, as he drew his blanket up to his nose ten minutes later:

"If ever I make a fool of myself rushing over to Wildcat Hollow to help a drunken man find his way, may I be kicked to death by a mule!"

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, JOHN W. GEARY, Governor.

Believing in the Lord our covenant God, in whom our fathers trusted, and in His controlling Providence over the affairs of men and nations, a public acknowledgment of His goodness, and our constant dependence upon Him, is eminently becoming an enlightened and civilized people:

Now, therefore, impressed with these sentiments, in pursuance of a revered custom, and in conformity with the Proclamation of Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States recommending that Thursday, the Twenty-Eighth day of November next be set apart as a day of Praise, Prayer and Thanksgiving, I John W. Geary, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do most respectfully request the citizens of this State to observe that day as such, with all due respect and solemnity.

Let thanks be given to Almighty God that He has bestowed upon us the common blessings of life, give us health, and relieve us from pestilence; that labor is abundantly rewarded; that we have no dread of impending famine, or fear of industrial or commercial distress; that the arts, sciences, general education, and sentiments of peace and good will are steadily advancing. Let us be especially thankful for the great privileges of American citizenship; for the untrammelled expression of opinion; that our political rights will remain safe under beneficent laws, and in the hands of an order-loving people, and that "equal and exact justice" is vouchsafed to all. For these, and for other civil, social and religious blessings we enjoy, let us yield the sincere tribute of grateful hearts, and humbly beseech their continuance.

Given under my Hand and the Great Seal of the State, at Harrisburg, this twenty-eighth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two, and of the Commonwealth the ninety-seventh.

[L. S.] JOHN W. GEARY.

By the Governor:

F. JORDAN.

Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Advice from Nassau, New Providence, to the 4th instant, state that the vessel dispatched to the scene of the terrible disaster of the steamer Missouri have returned. The crew report that, notwithstanding a thorough search, not the slightest trace of any belonging to the vessel could be found.

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MORRIS HERBON,

FORMERLY WITH SOBEL.