SHUGERT & STARR

[Successors to McFarland, Smith & Co.]

Merchant Tailors!

AND DEALERS IN

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

COR. SPRING & FRANKLIN STS.,

[TITUSVILLE, PA.]

Have put in one of the finest assortments of

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES

ENGLISH, FRENCH AND AMERICAN

COATINGS,

MIXED AND STRIPED SUITINGS

FANCY VESTINGS.

[Ever offered in the Oil Region.

TWENTY DIFFERENT STYLES OF

HATS & CAPS,

All the Latest and Nobbiest Styles.

A FULL LINE OF

Gents Furnishing Goods, &c.

Petroleum Centre Daily Record.

Pet. Centre, Pa., Wednesday March 19

Divine Service.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 1½ P. M. Sabbath School at 12½ P. M. Seats free. A cordial invitation extended to all.

REV. G. MOORE, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M., by the Pastor, W. C. BURCHARD. Sabbath School at 12¼, directly after forenoon service.

Prayer Meeting and Sabbath School Teacher's Meeting Tuesday evenings of each week.

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

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

B. ALLEN, N. G

S. H. KOOKER, A Sec'y.

☞ Place of meeting, Main St., opposite McClintock House.

A. O. of U. W.

Liberty Lodge No. 7, A. O. of U. W., meets every Monday evening at 7½ o'clock, in Odd Fellow's Hall, Petroleum Centre, Pena.

A. GLENN, M. W.

M. T. CONNOR, R.

I. O. of R. M.

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

☞ Council fires lighted at 7 o'clock.

H. HOWE, Sachem.

C. L JUKES, Chief of Records.

Gold at 1 p. m. 115½

The moon, the gentle moon, the mystic wanderer of the night, sent of the gods as the mistress of the fairies in their revelries by night upon earth came slowly up the horizon of the east, mellowing into loveliness rugged nature by her soft pale light. Hill-top and tree-top and mountain-top, valley and glen looked the picture of the beautiful—places wherein the gods themselves might abide. From the azial home, in the far off deep blue of heaven, looked down the stars—the jewels of the angels—and they did sparkle like a diadem of diamonds, and laugh for very joy; the brook at our feet sang low sweet music, as it told its love to its pebbly shore. Arm in arm we wandered on—our love and we—over the hills, along narrow footpaths, threading dizzy precipices, passing here the kitchen, there a moss covered rock, from whose base gushed the life giving waters. Yonder was a fallen monarch of ages past, upon whose once towering form, the pride of the mountain, time had written the common fate of all things—decay. In silence we—our love and us—paused, as if by common consent, to refresh our souls from the fountain of nature, who lay in all her glory, majesty and splendor, captive at our feet. The hour was propitious—the time had come—our soul was full, and the question came bubbling to our lips: "Would she be ours? Would she be the queen supreme of our undivided heart?" She turned those liquid orbs full upon us, her hands trembled, her bosom swelled and so did ours, like a small mountain wrestling with a small volcano, her face turned florid as a sun set sky in summer when the sun is tumbling down the west, her lips parted, her soul was in her mouth, and she whispered in accents as low and sweet as the zephyrs that whisper through the orange groves and trees of palm, that she would "conditionally."—"What are your conditions dearest?" "That you in all things that are needed for our oil well, do purchase them of Howe & Cook, next door to the RECORD office." Go, gentlemen, and see them and our word for it, you will never have occasion to regret our advice. They are gentlemen of the first water, and deal with all men on the square.

RECONCILED AND MARRIED.—It's only once in a great while that Petroleum Centre has a genuine sensation. Yesterday afternoon, at the M. E. Parsonage, "two hearts that were as one, two souls that were skin," Mr. Michael Shone and Miss Elizabeth McHugh, were joined in the holy bond of wedlock, by Rev. Moore, how sweet, for it was "love among the roses," in the presence of a chosen few witnesses, Messrs. Thomas Snowden, Gates and Shultz, and Miss Maggie Smith, acting as bridesmaids and grooms, and well they acted their parts as the poet says—

"Honor and fame
From no condition rise,
Act well your part—
There all the honor lies."

There was a romance attached to this wedding, which finally resulted in Michael's taking—

"This bright shell
From its home on the sea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea.
So he took this fond heart
From its home and its hearth,
And no doubt it will follow him
To the ends of the earth."

And again this uniting of hearts and hands caused some little surprise, from the fact that the parties thereto had loved and dissolved, one departing to the classic precincts of the Butler soap mines, while the other took refuge, for consolation only, with Miss Julia the queen of the city, for

"This life is but a game of cards,
Which mortals have to learn;
Each shuffles, cuts, and deals the pack,
And each a trump doth turn,"

Consequently her heart has received a terrible shock, for she too had "let concealment like the worm i' the bud prey upon her damask cheek," for she too had set her "cap" for this gay "Lothario" of the "shears and razor," nor will her grief be assuaged until she meets her first and only love, City Father Tom Malloy, from "Niagara Falls," but now rotting in the Bastile at Franklin, and ever dreaming as he plays checkers with his nose—

"One bright star is ever shining,
In the fair or cheerless sky,
And that star knows no declining;
Julia's bright star will never die.'

At the bridegroom's residence everything was gay and festive as a "marriage bell"—

"'Twas a goodly scene—
Oil Creek, like a silvery snake, lays out
His coil, 'i the sunshine lovingly—it breathes
Of freshness in this lap of flowery meadows,"

And the lager flowed between, and ever and anon through the air came floating sweet strains of music—

"If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two,"

While further down the street a lone and lorn woman might be seen meditating over the dim vista of the past, and of the hearts she, too, had broken, and often breaking out in plaintive snatches of song—

"I am weary; lone and toilsome
In the upward march of life;
Weary of its fleeting pleasures,
Of its jarring din and strife,"

Or breaking out in joyous tones—

"I know my love by his way of walking,
I know my love by his way of talking;
I know my love in his suit of blue,
His hair is light and his heart is true."

It's very affecting.

It is not often that we find in a boarding school for young ladies so many evidences of reform as has been reported in the High School of Portland, Me. The girls of the first class, or first class girls, have resolved to dress plainly and to dispense with dress parade on examination day. Jewelry will be indulged in, if at all, to a very limited extent. Lace they entirely abandon.—But they have determined on something better than this. It is to refrain on all occasions, no matter what may be the temptation, from the use of slang phrases and expressions. Unlike the young lady who, when asked if she had determined to use no slang expressions, answered, "You bet," these young ladies are sufficiently in earnest to carry out their plan. Success to them.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

☞ Now is the time to purchase a Pocket Diary cheap. A fine assortment can be found at the Post Office newsroom.

"THE WRECK OF THE NORTH-FLEET."

FOUNDERED TWENTY MILES FROM DOVER, JANUARY 20TH, 1873.

From Belfast News.

Down, down, she sank, with a fearful sound
Anchored near England's shore—
The living sea a burial ground
For three hundred souls and more.

The tale will be told in happy homes
Making the life-blood creep;
While the phantoms rise when all is hushed,
And haunt us in our sleep.

She left our shores in bounding joy;
And hope and love beat high
As parents kissed some cherished boy,
So soon—so soon to die.

"We'll meet again," was whispered off,
"On a brighter, happier shore;"
The waves replied in ripples soft,
"On earth you'll meet no more."

Beautiful children with sun-lit hair,
Clung to their father's side—
Oh stay, oh stay; for their sweet sake
Cross not the ocean wide.

Away, away, like some swift-winged bird,
Proud o'er the waters they soar,
Only again will their voice be heard
On eternity's boundless shore.

The moon arose o'er the hapless scene,
And the waves rolide swiftly on,
Waiting to England the fatal news
That so many souls were gone.

The maiden lay with her snowwhite breast
Kissed by the foaming surge;
Peacefully had she fallen to rest
With the wild waves ruthless dirge.

The lover was there; and his chosen bride,
Clasped in death's cold embrace,
Over their lips the white waves ride,
Which the corpse had wont to grace.

The mother gazed at her sleeping child
And murmured, "My heart will break;"
The slumbering babe unconsciously smiled
She only asked life for its sake

"Nay, nay," laughed the billows, with cruel scorn.
"O'er you and your babe we shall ride,"
The sun rose bright on that fatal morn
They were sleeping side by side.

Peaceful they sleep on the ocean's breast,
Guarded by wave and foam,
And we trust that the lov'ed have all found rest,
In heaven, their eternal home.

G. M. A.

We have heard often of "pious frauds," but never could exactly catalogue them; never knew just where in the list of rascalities to place them. Of course it would be inferred from the expression but they were not of the strips of frauds reached by statute however amendable to the moral law. And so in classifying them we must find a spot where a real fraud, premeditated fraud, is cloaked under a contingency made to appear accidental, but which is for anticipated use. One of these frauds has lately come to our knowledge, and those who know all about the tricks of the trade say it is only one of a kind very successfully practiced. An advertisement appears offering a thousand dollars as premium for the best Sunday school story. When the competing stories are gathered, five of the best are selected and the writers told that it is impossible to determine the relative merits, hence the premium will be divided and the writer of each receive two hundred dollars. That secures five stories instead of one, and the five volumes entitled "the $1,000 series."—You see it now, don't you? There has been just such a case and it is one of "a series" of pious frauds" practiced continually by men who would make every Sunday school scholar an imitator of little George Washington—the boy who never told a lie.

All the monthly magazines have been received at the Post Office Newsroom. The March numbers are unusually interesting. Call and examine them.

There has just been received at the Post office newsroom a complete assortment of stationary such as legal cap, note, commercial letters and foolscap paper. Parties desirous of purchasing should call. Also, steel pens, ink, mucilage, pencils, and a shundred and one other articles. The finest stock of initial paper in town

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The difficulty which has so long existed between the oyster fishermen of New Jersey and Delaware, instead of being at an end, as was supposed, seems liable to break out again in a way to cause extreme bitter feelings between the people of the two States.

The Straits of Macinac, according to disgusted vesselmen, are frozen from shore to shore, and from top to bottom, and the mercury continues to drop down below zero, "to make it more binding."

A New Steamer for Chautauqua Lake.

Parties are in town to-day for the purpose of interesting our citizens in a steamboat project. The gentleman who proposes to build and command the new craft is a wealthy and retired Ohio River Steamboat Captain; one who is well qualified for the business and who enters into it more for the pleasure of the thing than for profit. He proposes to build a boat worth $20,000 00 and to have it running as early as July 1st, provided that the citizens of Jamestown, Mayville and intermediate points will take $5,000 worth of stock, said stock to be re-paid with tickets for passage on the boat, if they so desire. We understand that Mayville parties have subscribed nearly $2,000 of this amount. The boat will be built in Pittsburgh and transferred to the lake by the A. V. R. R., free of cost. If this project is successfully carried out the A. V. R. R., authorities intend to issue excursion tickets during the summer season, from Pittsburgh to Niagara Falls, including a round trip on our lake. This cannot fail to largely increase the number of visitors to our place, and we trust the project will meet with success.—[Jamestown Journal.

The telegraph wire is a lightning detective. The community has not been wont to view it in that light, but the telegraph has merits as a guardian of property We see it stated by an interior California paper that since the withdrawal of the telegraph from the San Joaquin country there has been a great influx of thieves and robbers and desperadoes of every hue and grade. The lack of wires gives rascals every oportunity to escape with their booty without fear of capture hence life and property are in constant jeopardy. At a place called Firebough's Ferry a band of five men entered a hotel at supper time and placing the few boarders bound and laid on the floor, they robbed the house of all valuable clothing and of the money. And that is a specimen of the doings out of reach of the wires.

The plucky Mayor of Chicago has asserted his control over the police of the city, in spite of the Police Commissioners, to some purpose; and he is making the city quite too hot for the comfort of rogues of all degrees.

A Baltimore judge has ruled that death by delirium tremens may invalidate a life insurance policy.

The cotton seed of the South, which were once thrown away as worthless, are now worth $3,000,000.

A Massachusetts cat recently ate twenty-four mice at a single meal, doubtless for a wager with some other profligate and brutish Tom. The cat still survives.

Notwithstanding all that the law is doing for temperance in Illinois, the manufacture of corn whisky is becoming one of the staple industries of the State.

Stimulated probably by the example of Japan and China, New Jersey is going in for civilization with an energy and persistence that promise the happiest results.—Her Senate has lately passed a bill making women eligible to the office of school trustees.

The proposed amendments to the coercive education, and upon reading and writing as qualification for voting in New York, have also been voted down by the Commission.

The Illinois Legislature has passed a law for the punishment of officers of the State who shall be guilty of drunkenness.

There are in Newark, N. J., three men to one woman, and the competition for the hands of the latter renders marriage improbable and puts a premium on flirtation. To cure this evil, a score or more of ladies and gentlemen assembled together a few evenings since, and formed a "society for the promotion of marriage," the members pleading themselves to forward, by all consistent means, the objects of the organization.

Illinois has just adopted the jury reform which New York put into practice last year—providing a man for the trial of it.—In both States, also, they are beginning to hang their murderers.

Our trade with France is valuable. In four years time we have taken from that country in products and manufactures for sale the enormous amount of one million one hundred and thirty millions of francs, or $527,739,310.

The people of North Carolina are to vote upon eight amendments to their State Constitution at the August election. Among other things, they strike out the clause requiring the Legislature to levy a tax to pay the public debt, provided for biennial sessions of the Legislature, and make Federal and State officers ineligible to seats in that body.

Advertise in the RECORD.

NOTICE

Go to W. A. LOZIER 4th Street, near R. R. track for your BENZINE, delivered at the wells for $2 per Barrel.

Petroleum Centre, Feb. 6th—tf.

VERANDAH

SALOON AND RESTAURANT.

Reopened.

Capt. W. L. SMITH, Prop'r

WASHINGTON ST., PET. CENTRE

Particular attention paid to the wants of my customers, and will keep the finest stock of

FRESH LAGER AND ALE, CHOICE CIGARS, &c.

OYSTERS in Every Style.

Drop in and see me in my new stand.

DISSOLUTION.

The partnership heretofore existing between Hugh M. Johnson and Chas. H Barrett, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Hugh M Johnson assuming all assets and liabilities of the firm.

HUGH M JOHNSON,
CHAS. H. BARRETT.

Dated Petroleum Centre, March 8 1873

Hugh M Johnson will continue the business of manufacturing machine oil as heretofore. Orders solicited.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Second-Hand Oil Well supplies. 10,000 ft 2 in. TUBING, 10,000 ft 5½ and 6 and 3 inch CASING, 5,000 ft SMALL PIPE, 5,000 SUCKER RODS, 9 inch, inch 7 and 6 inch DRIVING PIPE, FITTINGS at one-half price of New GAS and ROTARY PUMPS for sale or to rent. ENGINES and BOILERS of all sizes, at

HOWE & COOK'S

Box 220, Petroleum Centre, Pa

Oct-24tf.

WE GIVE AWAY

$10.00 worth

to every subscriber to OUR FIRESIDE FRIEND, The Leading Family Weekly of America. LARGE SIZE—EIGHT PAGES. Original, BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED. Full of valuable, instructive and interesting reading matter, news and miscellany, short continued stories, sketches and practical matter, JUST SUITED to the wants and wishes of

EVERY MAN,
EVERY WOMAN,
EVERY CHILD.

Whether living in city or country, and we give to each yearly subscriber a copy of our magnificent Chromo

"CUTE"

Painted in OIL COLORS, 16 times from SIXTEEN STONES—size, 16x23 inches. The subject is the size, exquisite and pleasing. It CANNOT BE TOLD from the original painting, and is really worth $10 It EXCEEDS in beauty, size and value any picture ever given with ANY publication. NO ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR PICTURE can give more pleasure or be a greater ornament in any household. It can be had FREE, and we DON'T ask subscribers to wait months for it, but will send it at once, or it can be had of our agents. Subscribers pay on delivery of pictures, NO WAITING. Pictures now ready, and delivered by us at once. If we have

NO AGENT

in your neighborhood, WE WANT ONE.

EMPLOYMENT! We want only Good, Active Agents,—either local or canvassing—as we almost give away a valuable outfit, and furnish the BEST PAYING agency in America. Give exclusive territory and the BEST TOOLS to work with. Our Agents having immense success, and making from $5 to $15 per day. One agent took 40 subscriptions in one day, others report from 10 to 25 per day. Specimen copies of paper, full particulars, terms, etc., sent free to any address.

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