

DIVINE SERVICE.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Sabbath School at 12 1/4 P. M. etc. 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 12 1/4, 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.

W. B. MONTGOMERY, N. G. C. H. BAILEY, 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 7 1/2 o'clock, in Odd Fellow's Hall, Petroleum Centre, Penn'a.

A. GLENN, M. W. A. M. KLECKNER, R.

I. O. of R. M.

Missekanno 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. 117 1/2

POLICE.—There was a queer old family broil case, before Justice Reynolds, this forenoon. Josiah Stanford, a gay and festive resident of Pithole, was arrested by Constable Burns, on affidavit of defendant's wife, charged with adultery and desertion of his family. The examination brought out facts that exhibit considerable rotteness in the social system of Pithole. Stanford is a man about six feet three or four inches high; a sleek, smooth faced rascal of the Pecksniff cast of men. It appeared in evidence he had been living in Plumer with a woman who passed as Mrs. Stanford, but who in reality was his brother's wife, who resides at Shamberg. From Plumer he removed to Pithole, and located on the Rooker farm, near the Methodist Church. During the revival meetings at Plumer last winter, Stanford professed to have experienced religion and a thorough change of heart; confessed to his pastor that he had been living in adultery, and sent for his legitimate wife who had been residing in Mercer county. On her arrival in Plumer, she found he had removed to Pithole, whither she wended her way only to find Mrs. S. No 1, occupying the bed and board which rightfully belonged to her. With a meek and pious look, mixed in with liberal doses of Scripture, he excused himself, and wife No 1 accepted his explanation and went to living with him again. They lived happily together for about two weeks, when it appears he forgot his religious training, and made up his mind he would "live with Mary—wife 2—if he had to live with her in hell." Whereupon he commenced a system of petty persecution, such as slapping her in the face with a piece of breakfast, splitting breadcrumbs out of his mouth at her, slapping her face, &c. This falling he proceeded to throw Mrs. S. No 1 out of doors, followed by a general smashing of the furniture, and the reinstatement of wife No. 2, hence his legitimate wife brought suit against him as above. Mrs. S. No 1 has a daughter some 14 or 15 years of age. Mrs. S. No. 2 has one child. It is generally understood Stanford has been married four or five times. In the case of adultery he was held to bail in the sum of \$500 to appear at Franklin, and in that of wife desertion to the sum of \$100. Failing to procure bail, he was removed to that excellent rural retreat presided over by Sheriff Marks, where he will be beyond beguiling innocent females for the summer season at least.

John W Ray, failed to procure the requisite security in the wife beating case, and was taken to Franklin, this afternoon.

Road Commissioner McHugh is engaged to repairing the roads at Kane City and Columbia.

Picnic reports will be found elsewhere.

One of the stills at Fairfield, Preston & Co's refinery, caught fire about one o'clock this morning. Through the exertions of the workmen it was extinguished before any material damage was done.

A London paper, in recounting a death says "The deceased lady died suddenly, without medical assistance, which came too late." To die without medical assistance is hardly complimentary.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Anniversary of Pet. Centre Lodge, No. 715, I. O. of O. F.

The third anniversary of this Lodge was celebrated by a picnic at Oil Creek Lake, on Tuesday, June 10, 1873. A real old fashioned basket picnic.

Oil Creek Lake is a romantic spot, just the place for a picnic, although the accommodations at present are not the best, and the proprietors are disposed to take advantage of parties coming there. On this occasion, however, the party overlooked many things, and as far as known all seemed well pleased with the excursion.

On arriving at the Lake, the company, numbering some two hundred, accompanied by the Columbia Band, took possession of the grounds and proceeded to enjoy themselves in a decidedly practical manner—Boating, dancing, croqueting, and strolling seemed to be the order of the day, until at noon the well-filled baskets were forth coming, and in couples and groups and all justice was done to their contents.

One noticeable feature of the occasion was the fact that for the three preceding years the 10th of June has been visited by a rain storm, and to avoid deviation from the programme of the past the rain came on this occasion, but not until afternoon when the company finding that rain was the next thing in order, all adjourned to the cars.

A few incidents worthy of note are those of the able and courteous manner in which Conductor Rawley performed his duty; of the Assistant Conductor who started the train at the Centre, and then apparently forgetting the picnic started for his place of business; of the ex. Com. who did all in their power to make the occasion a success; of the two band boys who took their ladies down the lake in a sail boat, and had to row back on account of their lack of knowledge in nautical affairs; of the scamps who went through the baskets in the baggage car coming home; of the different parties who went fishing and caught a duck; of the excellent music furnished by the Columbia band; of the general good nature of everybody, that served to make the occasion a happy one, and not soon to be forgotten.

Look out for a tumbling over. A lecturer in New York last week told his hearers that Lake Superior was formerly the north pole, and afterwards the Salt Lake region became the pole; that it takes about thirty thousand years for the ice to so accumulate at a pole as to make it top heavy, when it gives such a lurch, perhaps in a moment, as to send the tropical seas rushing over the poles. The ice and snow are then swept down into tropics on the other side, and in this way he accounted for the Noachic Deluge and the droves of elephants, &c., found to have been suddenly frozen at the present pole, which was a tropical region when Utah was the pole. That would account for the small logs chopped by somebody's little hatchet which the "Polaris" people found among the ice in the very far north. They were left over from the time when the North Pole was a tropical region a trifle of a score or more thousand years ago. The earth has shown signs of great disturbance lately, whether by internal convulsions, by the disturbing influence of the planet Mercury, by running into the debris of smashed comets, or by some other cause has not been satisfactorily determined. Possibly the ice pile has grown so big that the earth is on the eve of flopping over, and that makes the trouble. We must consult the Oldest Inhabitant as to the date of the last capsizing and whether the thirty thousand year period is about expired.

The Petrolia, Canada, Oil Market.

This has been a busy week in the delivery of crude, from appearances the month's sales will not fall short of 55,000 to 60,000 barrels. The price paid shows a slight decline from last week, the bonus being reduced so that \$1 15 per barrel is about the best figure realized. The desire to lay in a good stock of crude while it may be had at a low figure, has indeed considerable competition among buyers, and also to take advantage of the dividends accruing at last of June has also stimulated business to the present extent. The indications of the speedy reorganization of the Lambert Crude Oil Partnership are favorable, and that Co., meets next Tuesday evening to elect their managing partners. The prospectors that arrangements will be again entered into with the Petroleum Refining Co., whereby the profits on home trade oil will be realized and shared with their partnership. The early closing of the partnership's books, the paying of that dividend and the winding up of the business for the year is looked for soon. Refined in York rising, quoted at 20 1/2 cts. per gallon.

The temperance societies are disgusted with August Pickard, of Rochester, who is 66 years old, uses tobacco to excess, and has a weakness for mixed drinks.

Refreshing showers this afternoon make the air delightfully cool.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Petroleum Centre Lodge No. 715, I. O. of O. F. of this place, celebrated their third anniversary, yesterday, by a picnic at Oil Creek Lake. On starting at 7:30 a m., the train—three coaches and a baggage car—proved insufficient to seat all. At Miller Farm, however, the obliging conductor, Mr. Rawley, procured another coach.—"Skinning lemons" was instituted on starting under the direction of that Odd Fellow, Lou. Voucher, and the job was well done, as indeed everything else which fell in his line of duty. The party of picnickers reached the Lake at 10 o'clock, and fell to enjoying themselves at once, some boating, others dancing to the entrancing strains of the excellent Columbia String Band, or preparing lunch spots for spreading the bountiful supply of edibles which the baggage car disgorged. "All went merry as a marriage bell" till noon, when the "cruel rain descended, and the pretty dicker, cloth lined, and the dainty summer hats, must in dresses and immaculate skirts united in drooping and were soon innocent of starch. A fair sprinkling of umbrellas was along, but entirely insufficient, due mainly to the repeated assurance that the barometer stood high and the instrument could not lie. The flick rain soon ceased, and all things looked favorable for a pleasant termination to the affair. But in every case, no sooner had the fun been resumed in earnest than the weather clerk sent another small reminder to cool the party down.

Those inveterate disciples of old Isaac Walton, Brothers Kooker and Wyman, embarked, intent on the destruction of the whole finny tribe. That large fish—"so long"—"was hooked, but freed himself just at the edge of the boat, so Brother Kooker's skifflet returned in unstarbished purity. The anglers, however caught their fair share of water, if not fish. It is proper to remember here that fish which Uncle John Huibert caught in the eye in this Lake just twenty-five years ago. The fish is now dead, but the string with which he was measured is still preserved for the inspection of the curious.

An Ishmaelite on the ground, had a supply of that "Nish Bal-fal-o pop," at ten cents per glass. Though we had never before drank Fox and Williams from one half pint packages, it was good, and helped shed the rain. The supply of lemonade and ice-cream was more than ample, a notable exception to the rule in such matters. Most of the excursionists enjoyed their dinner previous to the shower. A few unhappy ones enjoyed theirs during the down pour with the diversion thrown in of trying to dodge the falling drops. By two o'clock all united in abandoning the field to the storm spirit, and assembled in and around the little station. The last boat sped over the lake to the landing place. Commodore Waddell sprung ashore, and breaking his waud of office turned over the miniature navy of rotten, crazy tubs to the waiting buckwheats, and started for the station. He was the last man to depart. Was the fun ever washed out of a party of pleasure seekers? Anyone of the assemblage at the station will deny it. The laugh and merry joke passed just as though being soaked to the skin was the best fun imaginable.—The train received its load and started homeward. On the way a dance at Sobel's Opera House to fill out the day, was originated, discussed, and died a natural death, due probably to the fact that one is not nearly so wet when the rain is falling as some three hours afterwards. After more than the usual delays the party reached the Centre at 6 p. m. The management of this affair was excellent throughout, and no one to blame but the weather clerk. The full Columbia Cornet Band furnished delightful music through the day. "All's well that ends well." Hope no one has a worse cold this morning than your humble X

P. S.—We have heard that two doctors spent the whole night with that naughty boy who ate the hundred hard boiled eggs, a little cake, cheese, pickles, &c., on the homeward trip. He is now out of danger. "Stolen fruit will not lie on the stomach," Mr. Washington (George) used to say.

A Huron Indian is reported to have found on the shore of Lake Superior a curious gem. It is a compound of four classes of stones agglomerated together so as to constitute a perfect gem of rare beauty.—The stones comprised are agate, perite and crystal. Among the other remarkable features of this gem are the appearance on each side, as if from the hand of an engraver, of a resemblance of a miniature crown, the clearly defined forms of a black and tan dog, the head of an owl, the tracings of the shores of little lakes and other remarkable phenomena.

The famous London auctioneer, whose advertisement stated that the only drawbacks on a certain country place which he had for sale were the "noise of the nightingale and the litter of the rose leaves," was the right sort of man for his profession.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

South Carolina has 101 colored legislators. A new Jewish hospital has been opened in Vienna. The Bank of England is now one hundred and seventy years old.

A man in Pennsylvania cut his throat because he had \$24 stolen from him.

Byron Scott, of St. Louis is not a poet but he is quite a successful thief.

London proposes to accommodate itself to late dinner hours by giving theatrical performances in the afternoon.

A Texan benefactor of his kind who stole three acordeons has been sent to jail instead of receiving a vote of thanks.

A temperance organ declares that the devil's kingdom is rum. It is generally admitted to be the place of bad spirits.

Dry goods men paradoxically remark that Manchester calicoes have decreased in value because of their increase in "size."

Not finding Indiana parishioners amenable to reason, a clergyman there has been trying the effect of a sermon in rhyme.

A citizen of Lowell, Mass. and his wife were both born on the same day, and have just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary.

One of the Wheeling hotel-keepers refuses to entertain members of the West Virginia Legislature under any circumstances.

Two people in walking together will always avoid the path. One will walk on each side. It shows how unselfish we are as a people.

A West Virginia pensioner received a check duly signed but with the amount left blank. The honest old soldier returned it for correction.

A home for aged and indigent dogs—where the oyster-can shall cease from troubling, and the weary canine shall be at rest—is Bergh's last.

A Pennsylvania Congressman is credited with saying that he will pay all his debts with his back pay, thus placing it where it will do the most good.

Considering how particular France is about the etiquette of the table, it seems curious that she should lay her Gravy on the shelf and put her Beef in the chair.

A burglar who was sentenced the other day at the Maidstone England Assizes to seven years servitude, offered to toss the Bench whether it should be fourteen years or nothing.

A pet parrot was so disgusted with the tumult of moving day in Harrisburg, that he signalled his passage through the streets on the top of the furniture-wagon by the most shocking profanity.

An editor who is somewhat of an empirical philosopher, says that one of the most unsatisfactory efforts he ever made in his life was to perch upon a three-legged stool and try to imagine himself Horace Greeley.

Nashville's oldest inhabitant is much interested in Bryant's "Homer," because as he says, although he didn't know Ajax personally, he was very well acquainted with A. Jackson, and voted for him for President.

The Derby, Conn., Transcript says Mrs. Sherman, the poisoner, tells the Matron of the State Prison every night before going to her cell: "Good night, madam; I trust in God I shall not see you in the morning."

The Toronto Leader, in a sarcastic editorial on the Canadian railways, says that "the Great Western Railway is steadily and surely maintaining its reputation as one of the most dangerous roads upon which to travel on this continent."

At a Parisian theatre, noted for the parsimony of its management, a curious incident lately took place. One of the scenes of an old drama represented a garret, with an indigent family dying through want of food. The stage decorations were in violent contrast with the dialogue as the "fat" at the back represented a richly decorated saloon with mantelpieces, and upon it conspicuously painted was a gorgeous clock.—After a long tirade with the unhappy father in vain looking about to find some object upon which to raise money to nourish his children crying for bread, an irritated spectator rose up in the pit and loudly exclaimed, "Why don't you pawn the clock?"

A careless barber trimming Sheridan's ears, put him to great pain and uneasiness "Are you trimming my left ear now?" asked the wit. "No, sir; not till I've done the right." "Oh! only I thought by what I felt that you were passing through to the left ear without going round."

The farmer gone to see a show, His daughter at the piano: Madame gaily dressed in satin— All the boys are learning Latin, With a mortgage on the farm!

At Des Moines, the other day, four negroes got on a spree; one took out his little jack-knife, and now there ain't but three.

ONLY A SAD MISTAKE.

Only a blunder, a sad mistake; All my fault, and mine alone; The saddest error a heart can make— I was so young, or I would have known.

Only his rare, sweet, winning smile; Only a lingering touch of his hand; I think I was dreaming all the while— The reason I did not understand.

Yet somewhere I've read men woo this way; That eyes speak sometimes before the tongue:

And I was sure he would speak some day— Pardon the folly, I was so young.

Was, I say, for now I am old; So old, it seems like a hundred years Since I felt my heart growing hard and cold, With a pain too bitter and deep for tears.

I saw him lean over the stranger's chair, With a warm new light in his beautiful eyes.

And I awoke from my dreaming then and there, And went out of my self-made Paradise.

He never loved me, I know, I see! Such sad, sad blunders as young hearts make!

She did not win him away from me, For he was not mine. It was my mistake.

A woman should wait for a man to speak Before she dreams of his love, I own; But I was a girl; girl's hearts are weak; And the pain, like the fault, is mine alone.

Jonathan Watson, of Titusville, intends soon to commence the work of drilling three new wells on different parts of his Cherry-tree property.

A lady advertises for "a really plain but experienced and efficient governess for three girls, eldest sixteen. Music, French and German required; brilliancy of conversation, fascination of manner and symmetry of form objected to, as the father is much at home and there are grown-up sons."

Local Notices.

FOR SALE.

A desirable residence on the Egbert farm. Good water bandy. Every modern convenience. Will be sold cheap. Enquire of OWEN GAFFNEY. Petroleum Centre, May 7, 1873.

DISSOLUTION.

The copartnership heretofore existing under the firm name of J. M. Henry & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.—All persons knowing themselves indebted to the old firm are requested to call and settle the same at once.

L. PERKINS. J. RITTER. J. M. HENRY.

Dated Petroleum Centre, May 21, 1873.

If you Want a Salesman, Want a Servant Girl, Want to Sell a Horse, Want to Sell a Patent, Want to Lend Money, Want to Buy a House, Want to Sell a Carriage, Want to Borrow Money, Want to Sell an Oil Well, Want to Buy an Engine or Boiler, Want to Sell a House and Lot, Want to find a Strayed Animal, Want to Purchase an Oil Interest, Want to Sell a Piece of Furniture, Want to Buy a Second-hand Carriage, Want to Sell Tubing, Casing, Gas Pipe, Want to find an owner for anything found, advertise in the RECORD, as no less than ten thousand people read it weekly.

BENZINE.

Just received a fresh supply of Benzine, the best ever brought to town, at

J. A. TEN EYCK'S.

Petroleum Centre, May 15, 1873.

DISSOLUTION.

The copartnership heretofore existing between Schermerhorn & Ten Eyck is dissolved by mutual consent.

S. P. SCHERMERHORN.

J. A. TEN EYCK.

Parties indebted to the above firm must call and settle up and save trouble.

J. A. TEN EYCK.

FOR SALE.

One 15-horse Tift boiler in complete order, one 8-horse Wood & Mann engine and boiler in complete order, 275 feet 3 inch tubing, extra heavy, 500 feet large sucker rods, 1 Snows Pump.

J. A. TEN EYCK.

What Next? The great Juvenile Magazine 30 cents a year, with a splendid \$1.00 Chromo. free. Specimen, 8 cents. Raise a club! Say where you saw this. John B. Alden, Publisher, Chicago.

DISSOLUTION.

The copartnership heretofore existing between Marshall & Richards is dissolved by mutual consent.

Parties indebted to the above firm must call and settle up and save trouble.

S. H. MARSHALL.

E. C. RICHARDS.

Dated Petroleum Centre, June 8, 1873.