

Pet Centre, Pa., Saturday, June 25.

Divine Service. METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath School at 12 1/4 P. M. etc. 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. BALEY, A. Sec'y. Place of meeting, Main St., opposite McCintock 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 H. M. Minnekaune 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. 115 1/2

The Post Office Newsroom Soda Fountain is now running in full blast.—Call and try a glass of ice cool soda water.

An article is going the rounds of the papers, stating that the eating of tomatoes produces all manner of ills, and makes the teeth to come out. And now we see that German writers denounce the potato. They declare that on a potato diet nations deteriorate both physically and mentally. One writer maintains that the excessive use of potatoes among the poorer classes and the use of coffee and tea by the higher classes is the cause of the indolence of nations. In this connection we notice that a prominent Cincinnati physician condemns the use of new potatoes that have been long washed before cooking. He says the practice of washing new potatoes before they are brought to market makes them positively unfit for food. We see no explanation of opinion, nor any reason given why washing the dirt off the potatoes makes them so injurious for food.

Like as a plank of drift wood Tossed on the watery main Another plank encounters, Meets—tosses—parts again, So, tossed, and drifting, ever On life's unresting seas, Men meet, and greet, and sever, Parting eternally."

POSTAGE ON COUNTY PAPERS.—The new postage law which goes into effect on the first day of July next, requires prepayment of postage on all regularly issued publications sent through the mails. Each subscriber of the Record by going to the postmaster at the office where he receives his paper, on or before the first day of July, can with five cents prepay the postage on it for the next three months, for ten cents six months. We would advise this payment for no more than six months by all residents in the county, as doubtless the law will be modified early in the next session of Congress, so far as regards the circulation of papers in the county where published.

Lou Voucher is not to be outdone in his efforts to please his customers this warm weather. He has invented a new and deliciously cooling beverage, composed of water from that famous well, lemon, sugar, tea and a strawberry. After being well shook up drink at your leisure. The boys call it "Lou's Best," and say it goes down almost as smooth as "velvet."

Considerable excitement existed on the Columbia farm, a day or two since, over a lost child belonging to Mr. John Hickman. The child was finally found at some point on Cherrytree Run, nearly three miles from its home.

It seems to us that of all articles the worst to deal would be nitro-glycerine, and yet even that dangerous compound, is unaffected by the light fingered gentry. Last night some unknown party broke into the Roberts Torpedo magazine at Shamburg, and carried off over sixty pounds of nitro-glycerine.

High as it is used to compel exuberant youth to respect old age in Missouri. It is administered with a shot gun.

The weather is extremely warm and sultry.

Artemus Ward as an Actor.

Said Artemus Ward: "I like art, I admire dramatic art, although I failed as an actor. It was in my school days that I failed as an actor. The play was the 'Ruins of Pompeii' I played the ruins. It was not a successful performance—but was better than the 'Burning Mountain.' He was not good; he was a bad Vesuvius. The remembrance of it makes me ask: 'Where are the boys of my youth?' I assure you this is no conundrum. Some are among you here, some in America some are in jail.

"Hence arises a most touching question: 'Where are the girls of my youth? Some are married, some would like to be. Oh my Maria! Alas! she married another—they frequently do. I hope she is happy—because I am. Some people are not very happy; I have noticed it. My orchestra is small—but I am sure it is good so far as it goes.—I give my pianist ten pounds a night and his washing. I like music. I can't sing.—As a singer I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me—they are sadder even than I am."

Rev Henry Ward Beecher's memory must be very treacherous. In his address to the Press Association on the Hudson a few days since he spoke of his early connection with the Cincinnati newspapers as temporary editor. He represented that he edited the Cincinnati Gazette for a few months when he was a Theological student and that the publisher "broke" and the paper was sold. The Cincinnati Gazette comes to the defence of that sheet, in the truth of history and says it is not true the Gazette ever met a forced sale, for "while its proprietors may at times have been poor, they always paid debts." The Gazette says the Cincinnati Journal, a Presbyterian weekly, was the paper Mr. Beecher edited.

Gilbert Gordon has entirely rejuvenated the old Winsor store, and it now presents as neat and tasty an appearance as any hardware store in the oil region. We would advise our oil men and citizens generally to pay Mr. Gordon a call. They will find any thing and everything in the hardware and oil well supply line. In prices he cannot and will not be undersold. Give his store a visit.

Now that frugal housewives are getting their soap grease together and fixing up leaches, isn't it about time to start those beautiful lines of William Cullen's on their annual tour:

The melancholy days have come, The worst of all the year— When women jaw and make soft soap, And the old man takes his clear.

SELLING AT COST.—On Monday next, the well known dry goods dealer, Mr. C. H. Shepard, of Rousseville, will commence selling off at cost his large and extensive stock of dry goods. The stock consists of all kinds of dry goods, trimmings, laces, gent's furnishing goods, &c., which will be sold far below cost. Here is a good chance to buy goods cheap.

A bill is before the Legislature of the District of Columbia, exempting from taxation for five years all capital hereafter invested in manufacturing establishments in the District, provided the amount is not less than \$1,000. It is thought this bill will pass.

A man in Connecticut has petitioned the Legislature to be divorced from his wife because she has become insane. If the depths of meanness could be sounded at the bottom would be found the man who attempts to put away an insane wife. The Judiciary Committee to whom the petition was referred, reported against its prayer saying: "There were only two precedents of such divorces in the State, one about a hundred years ago, and one in 1870. The committee believed they were bad precedents. The woman was insane, and probably incurable. But her insanity came from no fault of hers, and the committee thought that it would not be in accordance with the sacred marriage compact to cast her away for this cause, any more than it would be proper to put her aside because she had become paralyzed."

In the case of young Briggs, arrested at this place, a day or two since, charged with the larceny of a quantity of old junk, at Fairview, Butler county, the defendant we learn, was held in the sum of \$1,500 for an appearance at Court to answer. We did not learn whether he secured bail or not.

The Road Commissioners are hard at work repairing the roads throughout the township. Recently they have been engaged on the Egbert Farm and McCray Hill.

The gentleman from Italy, accompanied with a band organ and monkey, paid the town a visit yesterday. He was only welcomed by a few small boys.

Specular iron ore has been found in Cook county, Tenn.

The total number of money offices now in operation is 3,066.

It is no uncommon thing for a child to show a great deal of jealousy at the advent of a younger member of the family, but never have we heard of such jealousy's taking so serious an aspect as in a case reported from Vicksburg, Miss. Among the negro cabins on a plantation near that place is one, the occupants of which have a little boy about six years old, noted for his sprightliness and intelligence. Recently a baby brother arrived, and at once his resentment was manifested toward it. One day last week while the children were left alone their parents being at work in the field, the little boy picked up a brick/bat, nearly as heavy as he could carry, and walking into the cabin, where the baby lay in its cradle, pelted it over the head with the brick until he actually succeeded in breaking the infant's skull, mashing it almost to a jelly.—He then managed to get the child out of its cradle, and dragged its lifeless body to the woods, a short distance from the house, where he hid the body in the bushes, and returning to his playmates, said to them:—"I beeve I till ole baby." He then led them to the spot where he had left the body. The little murderer maintains an air of persistent indifference about the crime he committed.

A Mr. Nichols in 1849 went in a sailing vessel from New York to California. He was caught in a gale and supposed the ship would founder. He made a note of the condition of affairs, sealed his letter in a bottle and threw it overboard. Mr. Nichols went through all right, but the bottle floated around three years and finally drifted on the shores of Chile, where it was picked up by an American, and sent to the address which was in the letter, and now the letter is in a frame on the wall of the house belonging to a daughter of Mr. Nichols, who lives in Portland, Oregon.

That "Ocean Mail was about as slow as our present mails.

He Caught it--But He Won't Run After Another Rabbit for Anybody.

[From the Peoria Review.]

Mr. Tweezer was on the bluff, last evening, calling on a lady friend, and they were out on the porch, discussing the "works" of the great authors, when the young lady's pet white rabbit, which had escaped from its cage, came rushing around the house with a big yellow dog after it. The young lady screamed, and Mr. Tweezer threw a rocking chair at the dog, frightening him away, but knocking over eight flower pots and telescoping the chair. Then the young lady implored Mr. Tweezer to catch the rabbit and save it from the horrid dogs.

And Mr. Tweezer commenced to catch the rabbit. He employed stratagem at first following it around to the back of the house and whistling gently, in true hunter's style, to arrest its attention and cause it to stop. Then he made a grab for it when it paused to reflect under the gooseberry bushes. Mr. Tweezer grabbed not wisely but too well, for the rabbit took advantage of his phlegging and scotching around among the bushes to scurry over into a neighboring yard.

Tweezer didn't like that much, and he took occasion to say something derogatory to the character of the rabbit as he extricated himself from the thicket. But seeing the young lady near, he smiled a dim sort of a smile and got off a dismal sort of a joke about forty thorns in the hand being worth a rabbit in the bush. Then he girded up his loins and resumed the catching of the rabbit. He had left his hat among the fruit-laden shrubs, and as he vaulted over the fence a portion of his coat tail remained on a protruding nail. But Mr. Tweezer meant business. And so did the rabbit. They coursed across the yard, then out in the street, then down two blocks, then into a potato field, then into another yard, and here a man came out and asked Tweezer what in all sixty-six he was trying to do. Tweezer asked him if he didn't have sense enough to see for himself. And the man smiled a sad and pitying smile.

Here this interview took place, it might be stated that the rabbit had gone under the cow stable. Tweezer crawled under and chased it out. Anybody might know that by the look of his white duck clothes when he came out the chase began anew. The rabbit was fair and waited for him just on the other side of a picket fence. This time the pursuit led down the middle of the street, and spectators looked on and clapped their hands with enthusiasm. Tweezer's blood was up, and he resolved to catch that rabbit. When Mr. Tweezer came up and received the prey from the jaws of its captor, he found to his inexpressible sorrow that the poor little animal had not been killed. So he bore it back and restored it, unharmed, to the loving arms which awaited it at home, and in the midst of the earences which were lavished on the return of the beautiful pet, poor Tweezer was forgotten.

A girl in Tlona doesn't like to wait; she says it makes her puke.

For the New York Evangelist. BABY'S PRAYER.

"Now I lay me"—and the eyes, The roguish eyes of laughing blue, Full of mischief, are enclosed Ere the prayer is halfway through.

"Down to sleep"—and the lids, Like white of curtains are let down: For the baby's eyes have caught Just a glimpse of mother's frown.

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep," The rosy lips say softly now, May the Holy Father keep Always as pure that snowy brow.

"If I should die before I wake," Solemn words so softly said, May the Heavenly Father spare Long our little darling's head.

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep," Ah Father! when that hour shall come, May Thou indeed be very near, And take him to his angel home.

"And this I ask for Jesus' sake," O baby, prayers as pure as thine Truly God will always hear, When offered at His holy shrine!

"Amen"—and at the last sweet word Laughing is raised the golden head, Ah! little does the baby know The solemn words that he has said.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

Fencing is being revived. Capt. Jack will hardly hang. Nilsson could play the flute at ten. Transplanting rarely helps the literary men.

Patrons of husbandry—the potato bugs. Nothing will take smoke stains out of marble.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson is visiting Richmond.

It is economy to stick to one particular better man. Beecher thinks God is ignorant of mathematics.

St. Paul, Minn., hotels are overflowed with tourists.

A Mad [sage] is known by the company he keeps. Potatoes are the hardest thing to keep, with judgement.

San Francisco's paupers cost 2 cents a day to board. Illinois river is falling; the Mississippi unusually high.

The effete monarchs of Europe can't increase their back pay. Poultry is tender when your thumb nail will break the skin.

The annual return of the 17-year locusts is gravely alleged. Heat is killing the fish in the sloughs at Marysville, Cal.

Dickens among the Sierras would have been a dead failure. A Beloit man has applied for a patent on a flying machine.

Wabash, Ill., begins to harvest winter wheat in a day or so. It is hinted that studying law made young Walworth insane.

A second mortgage has been laid on the New York Tribune property. A Chinese in San Francisco claims the name Giuseppe Garibaldi.

The Buileys are building a balloon 90 feet tall, in San Francisco. Rosantine, which they use to reddens wines, has ascetic in it.

Dr. Hays never saw any naturally formed ice over 18 feet thick. Ever get your foot wedged in a railway track as a train was coming?

The Atlanta Sun credits Cate with the remark, "To be or not to be? Strange, that no one has written a romance on the search for the Pole!

Four ladies at Brownsville, Texas, have been poisoned by sardines. An inter-state obitoken is recorded between Georgia and Alabama is fought.

Joe Howard says "Betsey and I" as a poem, amounts to shucks. The Board of Health should pass a prohibitory tariff on all epidemics.

Springfield, Ill., has had a sandspout taller than her opera house. All the quacks are re-labeling their old liniment bottles "cholera remedy."

One-tenth of the produce of Contra Costa Cal., is hooked by squirrels. An Indianapolis couple, two years divorced, were re-applied on the 17th.

Tobacco juice sprinkled on potato bugs induced the latter to curl up. The Cairo Bulletin suggests that the postal cards be used as blotting pads.

Carson, Nevada, is vocal with the whooping cough of Washoe Indian children. Mason, Georgia, has an editor who fits from cocktail to julep with versatility. Cruelty—to compel a coachman to wear a heavy livery coat in summer.

Dr. Hall says monkey capers in a gymnasium won't cure consumption.

The cholera is scourging the Mississippi above and below Memphis. All along the river the pliations are deserted by the negroes, and the fatality among the blacks is fearful. The epidemic has paralyzed all business, and the different railway lines at Memphis and Nashville have suspended many of their trains. Sleeping cars have been taken off the route between Nashville and Memphis, and the service is reduced to the lowest possible point.

One of the jurors called in the Walworth case in New York, on being questioned as to his knowledge of the case said that he might have read of the shooting but it had entirely passed out of his mind until revived in the Court; he thought he did remember that the prisoner had been accused of killing his father.

That was a model jurymen. The martyr occurred two or three weeks since but it had escaped that juror's memory even if he ever knew it. It showed the good sense of jurors that they said that juror might stand aside. Such a memory as that would amount a livery horse that does not remember sleeping more than five minutes.

Remembering Mexican annexation, isn't earth one of our national vices? Doubtful if "fire brand" is appropriate the loss is less than \$1,000. An honest jail fugitive held a babe on his shoulder so the guard couldn't fire.

LOCAL NOTICES.

DENTAL NOTICE. Having concluded to close out my business at Petroleum Centre, I desire to inform the patrons and friends that hereafter I shall be located in Schombom's new building in City, Pa., and would respectfully request them to pay me a call. I shall be in this place for two weeks and those desiring professional services would do well to call.

J. H. HEIVLY. Centre, June, 23—2w.

FOR SALE.

Available house on the Egbert Farm. Particulars enquire at the Post Office.

For Sale Cheap

40-Horse Boiler, Gibbs sell make, One 12-Horse in good condition, 800 ft. casing, 1,000 feet tubing, Sucker Rods, Valves, Barrels, &c. Also, Derrick and Rig complete. Above property will be sold for cash. For particulars apply to A. G. HARPER, Kans City, Va. County, Pa. A. G. HARPER. Kan City, June 17 1873—4f

BUSINESS CHANGE.

A. Lozier, who has been engaged in the Wholesale Ale business for the past year, has this day disposed of his entire interest in said business to the firm of F. A. Harper & Williams, who will continue the business at the old stand. Mr. Lozier desires us to thank his sincere thanks to the patrons for the liberal patronage extended to him during the past year. F. A. Harper will act as agent for the proprietors, and keeps a full supply of that fine Buffalo Cream Ale on hand.

Mr. Lozier desires all parties indebted to him to settle at once as he wishes to have his books balanced. Dated April 24, 1873.

NOTICE !

Go to W. A. LOZIER, 4th Street, near R. R. track, for your BENZINE, delivered at the wells for \$1.75 per Barrel.

Petroleum Centre, Feb. 6th—11.

NOTICE.

Parties knowing themselves indebted to us will do well to settle before July 1st next, thereby saving unnecessary trouble and expense, as all accounts not settled by that date will be collected by law.

SOBEL & AUERHAM. Pet. Centre, Pa., June 16th.