

Divine Service. METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath School at 12:30 P. M. on Saturdays. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7 o'clock P. M. by the Pastor, W. C. BURCHARD. Sabbath School at 12:30, 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. BALKY, 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 7:30 o'clock, in Odd Fellow's Hall, Petroleum Centre, Penn'a.

JAMES WILSON, M. W. JAMES S. WHITE, 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, Sec'y. C. L. JUKES, Chief of Records.

Gold at 1 p. m. 115 3/4

We, like the French people, must be amused. Appreciating this fact, our worthy Justice Reynolds—in view of his enforced absence at Franklin—secured the services of a band of choice Ethiopian minstrels. Their sweet music and unique performances were highly appreciated by the admiring throng which surrounded the Justice office. Too much praise cannot be accorded the Justice for the thoughtfulness he has displayed in providing this rich entertainment for us. An occasional change from justice to music is good. Long may he wave. The right man in the right place.

QUERY.—Why is the Looches or House left open day and night unattended? The rooms are full of saw and litter, and it only needs that some drunken loafer light his pipe there to burn down the town. Is there no owner? Where are the town police?

We are informed by telegraph that a new well was struck in the Modoc district, yesterday, which is said to be yielding 600 barrels per day. This report was telegraphed to New York by certain members of the rig for the express purpose of beating the market. To know how these wells have been exaggerated, we have it from a gentleman who arrived from there this afternoon, that this well is only yielding 200 barrels per day. This is the means used to run the price of oil down.

Refreshing showers this afternoon.

There was quite a large attendance at divine service, at all three churches, yesterday.

Last Friday night as the hours drew near to the morn, and the stars shone less bright, a young man was seen on Washington St.—It was a watchman who saw him; a watchman and the silent stars alone. The youth stopped before a house and raised a window. The watchman stole cautiously up, and arrested him. "You are my prisoner, J. S.," he said. Whether the young man explained matters, or the watchman remembered his younger days and in pity let the young man go, we did not learn.

A large number of our citizens were called to Franklin, this morning, as witnesses in several suits carried from this place to Court.

Living on the bank of Oil Creek, on the Egbert farm, is an aged colored man named Brown, who is in very destitute circumstances. He has a family at Petrolia, and desires barely enough money to take him to that point. Here is a chance for the charitably inclined.

At the inquest over the body of Simon George, at Patterson, New Jersey, yesterday, the testimony showed that he was beaten and stoned to death by a party of drunken Irish laborers because he was a Freuchman. No arrests.

A Hartford lady got ready to hang herself twice, the other day, when callers interrupted. Some people are always coming when not wanted.

Very small earnings have taken the place of the monster appendages recently in fashion.

OIL NEWS.—The wells that gave Argyle its fame are pumped by heads. We hear of several sales in the region at 75 and 80 cents a barrel. Good wells are struck occasionally in the vicinity of Karns City. The mammoth spouters are falling off in production, and the outlook is more favorable.

Modoc City is destined to become the Pit-hole of the lower oil regions. Look out for fun there some day. Capt. Wolf, of Armstrong Run, has a good well in the vicinity of Millerstown. It was struck last week.

Capt. Grace's new strike on the Starr farm, is doing about 500 barrels a day. A large number of small wells throughout the region have been shut down recently on account of the low price of oil.

Jordan & Carlin, of Petrolia, struck a hundred barrel well at Millerstown, Friday last. The well was flowing at this rate Saturday evening.

The Millicamp well, at Buena Vista, is not doing as much as has been reported. It is not tanking over 100 barrels a day. This is enough, however.

Saturday last Capt. P. Grace struck a big well near his former strike, on the Starr farm. It commenced as they all commence these days, at the rate of 500 barrels a day.

Tank builders find it impossible to supply the demand for tanks at this time. Much oil is now going to waste for want of tanks, and in all probability much more will go the same way.

Two wells at Modoc City, one owned by Thompson & Dilworth and the other by Dean & Co., are doing 1,000 barrels a day each. This seems like an exaggeration, but we know from our own observation that the wells are actually producing at this rate. [East Brady Independent.]

By the terms of the union British Columbia with the Dominion it was provided that work on the Canadian Pacific Railroad should be begun prior to or upon the 20th day of July. The failure to obtain funds for the undertaking and the recent exposures connected with the road led to the belief that nothing would be done, and the question then came up, what would become of the compact of union? The prospective difficulty was averted by government officials in British Columbia chopping down a few rods of underbrush and driving half a dozen stakes. The work was then called begun, the Dominion was safe and everybody was happy.

Since the present time schedule of trains on the Oil Creek and Allegheny River Railroad has been in operation, the running of way mails between Corry and Irvinetown on this route has been very unsatisfactory to the business public. Through the exertions of Postmaster Cogswell, of Titusville, this defect has been remedied. Hereafter the mail will leave Irvinetown by train 22 at 6:50 a. m., Tidoute 7:40, arrive at Oil City 9:33. Leave that place by train 13, at 9:55 a. m., and arrive at this point at 11:38 a. m. and at Brocton at 3:30 making good connection with the great Lake Shore postal line for the East via the New York Central Railroad.

From the North as follows: Leave Brocton by train 2 at 8:55 a. m., arrive at this point at 3:35 p. m. at Oil City 4:30 and at Irvinetown at 7:10 p. m. This new arrangement will prove eminently satisfactory to all concerned.

The Lancaster (Pa.) Express relates the following in giving an account of an attempted escape by an insane man: In the insane department of the Lancaster county hospital there is confined a man named John Eichbunn. He is not dangerous, but is not safe to be at large. A short time since he managed to scale the yard wall, 14 feet in height, but was shortly captured. The other evening, one of the assistants, in making a tour of the yard, discovered him under a pile of stones in a corner, a singular-looking ball, which he took to Superintendent Cox. On examination, it was found that this ball was made of rope, some thicker than broom twine, and that the material used in making it were the leaves of peach trees, with which the yard is studded, the bark of the small limbs and some grass. The rope when unwound is nearly 300 feet in length; when in a ball it is as large as a 24-pound round shot. It is so tough that the strongest hance cannot tear it apart. The man must have been working upon it for several weeks, his object being to escape from the institution by its aid.

Hon. Matthew Gaines, a colored Senator of Texas, will not occupy his seat at the next session of the Legislature, unless he is pardoned out of the Penitentiary, where he is now testing the efficiency of the laws.

A. T. Stewart's wealth is said to be sufficient to load two hundred mules, but one young man could spend it faster than they could run.

PLAYING LEAP FROG.

Mr. Boggs is a well-to-do, big, fat farmer, living in the southern portion of Harborside, where the local option law doth flourish and the supply of Wahoo bitters has long since been expended in correcting incident cholera. Boggs came to town yesterday, and the family wagon, besides bringing his wife, furnished room for a couple of maiden sisters of a certain age, who also wished to do some shopping. Of course he swigged a few glasses of lager, partly because its rarity made it very palatable and something had to be taken to balance the evaporation caused by the intense heat. Boggs was about ready to start for home, his countenance lit up by the sunshine of a beaming smile that showed him to her at peace with his fellow-men.

As he turned on State at Fifth street, his attention was attracted to a group of boys, happy little fellows, unconscious of the interest Boggs was taking in them, they played at leap frog and then one put his hands on the top of a hitching post, lightly bounding over, leap frog fashion, and the others all following suit, even the smallest one springing up on his hands and going over like jumping jacks. Boggs gazed at the last with a curious sort of fascination and then at the post, and there was an almost irresistible impulse to work which plainly said, "Boggs, just jump over that post as you used to jump when you was a boy." The lager may have a little to do with the infatuation, but the longer Boggs looked the more he felt impelled to try it, and casting a hasty glance up and down street to see that no one was looking, he ambled at the post. It would have been all right but that at the critical moment his strength failed him. As he made the best spring of which his corporeity was capable, his right hand slipped—the post was heeled and gnawed at the side—and was instantly the receptacle of a dozen silvers. But for that he might have got safe over. The deflection caused him to lurch to the right, and fall with head down on the end of the post. A few nails had been driven there for the horses to gnaw at, and one of them caught his pants by the waistband, and tipped them from the band clear down his right leg, and held him there, head downward, with a masher hat over his eyes, in the gutter, his No. 11 boots waving helplessly in the breeze. A trillle scream, which he recognized as the voices of his wife and two maiden ladies, roused but didn't release him. A bottle of colera medicine, which smelt very much like Mosonghela whiskey, got broken in his pants pocket, and run down his revealed dud, soaking him to the neck.

Two sooty Samaritans from the coal dock lifted him down and tenderly helped him to the wagon, where he lay on the bottom, in shame and sorrow, while the wife of his boom drove the team and delivered a temperance lecture. As for the spinners, they rose home in virtuous indignation, upon a hay-rack, with a man who neither ingers nor plays leap frog over hitching-posts. [Eric Dispatch.]

A gentleman of San Francisco having accumulated by hard labor four or five thousand dollars, became oppressed by a frantic sense of his tremendous wealth, and straightway proceeded to spend it. The peculiarity of his conduct consists in the way he took to get rid of this money. Not on himself did he squander it. Emulating the good Samaritan, he lavished upon all his friends and acquaintances strange gifts in the shape of the useful saw, the rich parrot, and the genial jewsarp, also gingerbread and Bibles. In fact, wherever he went there followed a perfect storm of gingerbread, jewsarp, parrots, etc., until his friends, convinced that he was crazy, applied to the court for the appointment of a guardian.

A PUZZLE.—Two ladies were walking along a Chicago street one day, each having her child with her. Soon they met two gentlemen. "There," said one "are our husbands." "Yes," said the other, "and our fathers." "And our grandfathers," said the children. They were all correct in their statement. Who can solve this relationship sphynx?

Sunville Seminary will open Sept. 11. Sunville is as free as possible from bad influences. The new building speaks of the enterprise and good taste of the community. Young ladies may go to Sunville and prepare for college or for teaching in the public schools. The school will contain a normal department. Good board and low prices. Instruction given on piano and organ. For further particulars address S. H. PRATHER, Principal, Sunville, Pa.

The Shan is said to have been very much pleased with his visit to Switzerland, especially with the excellent order with which everything public and private was conducted.

WHAT SHALL ONE DO TO BE SAVED?

One writer on health says we must eat a certain kind of food. Another says it is all wrong and that the food ruled out by the first writer will only give health and strength. Doctors differ and some patients die. It is the same in law. One court has decided that a railroad ticket is good at any time between the two stations for which it is purchased, and that "Good for this day only," printed upon it has no effect. Another court has lately decided that if the contract is for a passage between two points at one and the same journey, both parties must fulfill; but that they can buy a stop-off ticket, and make the journey by stages. But a through ticket contemplates a trip on the train for which it was purchased, and if not used then it is worthless, and the company not holden. Here the courts differ, and how are the public or the companies to know just what their rights are under the law? One church dogma says you must believe certain things in order to be saved.—Another says if you believe them you cannot be saved. There are many clear-headed doctors, jurists and religious teachers, but it appears difficult for them to think alike, and the public goes stumbling along, one class piloting its faith to one dogma, and another to another. Matters of religious belief will never be settled, perhaps, but it does seem as though a person who purchases a railroad ticket ought to be able to know just what it is worth to him, but he does not seem likely to.

APACHE COURTSHIP.

Even those copper-colored cut-throats the Apache Indians, have a touch of delicacy and romance in them. From a lecture delivered in San Francisco by Colonel John C. Cremony, we take the following account of their courtship custom: Every young girl is at liberty to refuse a suitor for her hand. The father, mother and brother are prohibited from interfering in her choice. Her person is at her own disposal. After a brief courtship, the lover makes a formal proposal by offering so many horses. Horses are a standard of value among Indians. As the squaw does all the work, horses are accepted as an equivalent for her labor.—When a young warrior becomes enamored he fastens the horses near the wigwam of the squaw whose hand he seeks, where he is left for four days. If she fails to feed and water the horse during the time the master is rejected but if she accepts his offer, she grooms and kindly cares for the horse, and then she ties him to the wigwam of her lover, as much as to say, "I am willing to be your slave and do your work." At the marriage the eagles and sachems meet together, and the bride is not unfrequently loaded with forty to fifty pounds of silver and copper tinkets.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

New York cordially welcomed her Arad! The Pawnees have been badly stouped Quaker cocktails require broad brimmed glasses.

The weather is as cold as the impudence of a salary grabber.

A young lady at Cape May attracts considerable attention in her lace bathing suit.

A blue heron was recently captured at Hartford. It takes the snipe off the red ones.

Illinois farmers are sitting on Canada thistles, and appear to enjoy it.

A Chicago girl has got up the biggest flame at Saratoga, in order to let people know where she come from.

Senator Hamlin will tell the Maine farmers all he knows about grass before they turn him out of it.

American periodical literature got a prize at Vienna for being so unlike the American department.

The husband of Ida Lewis denies the divorce story and warns people not to trust her on his account.

Ninety four passengers making 192 trips have carried 18,533 passengers to Europe this year.

The Massachusetts pear crop promises to be very abundant, according to the Boston Journal.

Mayfield, Ky., claims the oldest man in America. He is a colored man, known as Old Fortune, and is said to be 122 years old.

The largest amount ever paid at one entry of the Boston Custom House was paid, yesterday, by C. F. Hovey & Co. It was \$102,461 in gold.

Dissolution Notice.

The copartnership heretofore existing between Ford, Frasier & Co., in the business of oil producing, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts against the late firm will be settled by Frasier & Co., who will hereafter conduct the business as before, on the Hassen farm, near Oil City, Pa. I. W. FORD, A. L. FRASIER, MRS. W. J. BOLLMAN, Administratrix. Dated August 9, 1873.

Local Notices.

A Hint to Housewives.—How to Keep Kitchen Ware Clean and Bright. Every housewife of neat and tidy habits takes especial delight in keeping all the tin, copper and iron ware of her kitchen as clean and bright as paintstake labor can make them. A pride in this direction is commendable, and always meets the smiling approval of the "tyrant man" who pays the household bills. Remember that SAPOLIO is the only thing on earth that will make an old tarnished tin pan or a rusty kettle shine as bright as new. And by the use of Sapolio it is the quickest and easiest thing in the world to keep every utensil in a high state of polish. aug16-1w.

NOTICE!

Go to W. A. LOZIER, 4th Street, near R. R. track, for your BENZINE, delivered at the wells for \$1.50 per Barrel.

Petroleum Centre, Feb. 6th—11.

MCLELLAN'S INSTITUTE FOR BOYS

At West Chester, Pa. A beautiful and elevated site, 21 miles west of Philadelphia. Special playgrounds, with Gymnasium, Students prepared for College, Polytechnic Schools or Business. Special provision made for very young boys. Many students remain, as boarders, during summer vacation. Session begins Sept. 10. Address ROBERT M. MCLELLAN, aug 21-1w.

DR. WILLIAM HAS DISCOVERED A POSITIVE CURE

For Catarrh (a vegetable specific), also, a sure remedy for Piles, (a healing ointment). Price of either medicine, by mail, \$1.00. Warranted. Trial sample box free. Williams Medicine Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. Box 1230.

DONT BE HUNGGED

With quacks and impostors, who will not spare a penny, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred do you with balsam copaiva, calomel, &c., making your case worse. Remember, once to the only sovereign remedy that can be relied on, Dr. McCallum's Root Blood Searcher, which banishes from the system all forms of private diseases and virus in the blood; also, seminal weakness, loss of energy, loss of memory, and all nervous diseases resulting from self-abuse, which destroys both mind and body, rendering marriage impossible. Warranted. Price by mail (securely sealed, no exposure) \$1.00 per package. Each pack contains a quart of Blood Searcher. Williams Medicine Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. Box 1230. Pamphlet Free.

Pimples, Blisters, and Eruptions on the face, Tetter, Ringworm, Fleas, Erythema, Scabies, and all eruptive eruptions, have their origin from virus and corruptions in the blood. Dr. McCallum's Root Blood Searcher strikes at the source of all scrofulous diseases by neutralizing and purging every kind of humor and corruption from the blood. Warranted. Price, by mail, \$1.00 (roots sufficient to make a quart of Blood Searcher.) Williams Medicine Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. Box 1230.

Consumption has its origin in a scrofulous and corrupt state of the blood, hence the failure of treating lung disease with cough, -croup, -halitus, &c., &c. To cure consumption we must purify and enrich the blood, and when the blood is pure consumption cannot exist. Dr. McCallum's Root Blood Searcher penetrates the secret antrous of the dread disease and exterminates it root and branch. Try one single package by return mail, (cost \$1.00) and you will always feel thank all. Williams Medicine Co., Box 1230, List of persons cured sent free.

Dyspepsia regains their health, appetite and strength, chills and fever are broken up, the liver and kidneys are roused to action and the system rapidly recovers, all by the use of this purifying and invigorating influence of Dr. McCallum's Root Blood Searcher. Try it. Price, by mail, \$1.00. Warranted. Williams Medicine Co., Box 1230, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SEND FOR CATALOGUES OF NOVELLO'S Cheap Music.

Novello's Glee, Part Songs, etc. 6 to 12 cents. Novello's Church Music 10 to 12 cents. NOVELLO'S OCTAVO EDITION OF OPERAS. Price, \$1; or \$2, bound in cloth, gilt edges. NOVELLO'S OCTAVO EDITION OF ORATORIOS. In paper, from 60 cents to \$1; cloth, with 25 edges, \$1 to \$2 each.

NOVELLO'S cheap EDITIONS OF PIANO-FORTE CLASSICS

Bach's 48 Preludes and Fugues. Cloth \$5.00. Beethoven's 32 Sonatas. Elegantly bound. Full gilt. 3.00. Beethoven's 34 Piano Pieces. Elegantly bound. Full gilt. 2.00. Chopin's Valse's. Stiff paper covers. 1.00. Chopin's Polonaises. " " 1.00. Chopin's Nocturnes. " " 1.00. Chopin's Mazurkas. " " 1.00. Chopin's Ballads. " " 2.00. Chopin's Preludes. " " 2.00. In's Sonatas. " " 2.00. Mendelssohn's Complete Piano Works. Full gilt. 10.00. The same. 8 vo. Full gilt. Complete in 4 vols. 14.00. The same. 8 vo. Paper. Complete in 4 vols. 14.00. Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words. Full gilt. 2.00. Full gilt. 3.00. Octavo Edition. Full gilt. 3.00. Octavo Edition. Paper covers. 1.00. Mozart's 18 Sonatas. Elegantly bound. Full gilt. 3.00. Schubert's 10 Sonatas. Elegantly bound. Full gilt. 3.00. Schubert's Dances. Complete. Elegantly bound. Full gilt. 2.00. Schumann's Piano Pieces. Elegantly bound. Full gilt. 2.00. Schumann's Forest Scenes. Nine Easy Pieces. Paper covers. 1.00. Schumann's Piano Forte Album. Elegantly bound. Full gilt. 2.00. The Same. Paper covers. 1.00.

MOTHER GOOSE.

OR NATIONAL NURSERY, REHMY'S Set to Music by J. W. ELLIOTT, with 65 beautiful illustrations engraved by the brothers Dalziel. Boards, \$1.50. Splendidly bound in cloth, gilt edges, 2.50. ASK FOR NOVELLO'S EDITIONS. Address, J. L. PETERS, 599 Broadway, New York. Sent for Novello's Cheap Music.