

The Potter Journal.

SINGLE COPIES, }

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

{ FOUR CENTS.

VOLUME XIII.—NUMBER 8.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1860.

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POETRY.

KNITTING WORK.

Little tiny birds, with burnished wings,
Just drooping to the sea-wave's foam,
And bearing from its billowy home
The snow that to their plumage clings,
The fluttering needles swiftly dip
In soft white meshes of her work,
Where quaint and loving fancies lurk;
The eye betrays the silent lip.

The tiny needles loop the thread,
Strung with sweet tho'ts of summer hours,
Of sunlight on the fragrant flowers,
Of poems in the woodland read,
With prelude of the wild birds song,
And, blending with that warbled tone,
The murmurs, evermore their own,
That in the pine tree shadows throng.

And still, meandering from the ball,
Fond memory's chain unwinds and flows,
Drops here a smile and there a rose,
And here a treasure word lets fall;
So, on she knits, in twilight gray,
The past and present, with the years
Of morning life, its hopes and fears,
Involved with her dreams to-day.

MISCELLANY.

The Detected Traitor.

The proud and wealthy James Agmoor, silk and velvet merchant of Broadway, New York, was just entering his superb bazaar, as one of his clerks respectfully saluted him, and started to pass out.

"Mr. Clair, I shall desire your presence in my office ere long," said the merchant. "Do not leave the store until I have spoken with you."

There was an ominous sternness in his tone that attracted the quick ear of Thornton Clair, and as he gazed after his pompous chief, who strode on with unusual haste, his eye caught that of Hiram Mould, the cashier, peering with unbecomingly concealed malice through the mahogany bars of his desk. Thornton Clair had arrived in New York four months before from some city of the far West, and upon applying to James Agmoor, his manly and intelligent face had so pleased that gentleman that his services were immediately accepted, and he was given the responsible post of collector.

This was by no means agreeable to the envious Mould, nor did his vexation diminish as he saw that James Agmoor daily grew more and more attached to the youth.

While Clair stood awaiting the expected summons, and as Mr. Agmoor entered his private office, the cashier moved from his seat, and following his principal, carefully closed the green baize door after him.

It was strange to see the proud and pompous air of the lordly merchant change to one of ill-concealed fear and disgust, as the cashier bid him good day and seated himself near him, facing him, and having the office table between them.

"You have considered my propositions, James Agmoor," said he in a smooth, soft voice, sleek and silky as the precious fabrics that were about them.

James Agmoor buried his face in his hands for a moment, and then sweeping back his snow white hair, said huskily:

"I have, Hiram Mould, I have" and his face, pale and red by turns, again sought the cover of his trembling hands. I have told my daughter that you de-livered her for a wife. She told me to tell you that she would rather be a beggar in the streets than the wife of Hiram Mould."

"I told her all," burst from the quivering lips of the merchant. "I told her that Hiram Mould was the master of her father; that ere she was born I committed a crime—a crime whose ever present guilt has blanching my hair before I have numbered my forty-fifth year."

"And then she relented?"

"She asked me to tell her of that crime," replied Agmoor, and as he spoke his eyes grew bright, and he looked Hiram Mould full in the face. "I told her. She said the deed was not a crime—that the blow was dealt in self-defence that killed Charles Harper. And so it was. Hiram Mould, you know it was."

"Were we in court, I, the only witness of the act, James Agmoor, I would swear that it was—premeditated murder."

James Agmoor's eyes closed with a shudder, and again the trembling hands hid his pallid face.

"I would swear," resumed Hiram Mould, as his sharp, white teeth bristled from his sneering lips, "and the jury would believe every word, that one summer's evening some twenty years ago, I saw James Agmoor, who had refused to fight in fair and open combat with Charles Harper, crouching amid the bushes that bordered the highway through Jersey woods; and as Charles Harper was riding unsuspectingly by, I saw James Agmoor spring from his covert and strike him to the earth with a club—I would swear that James Agmoor then and there murdered Charles Harper, and buried the body where I could find the bones; aye, and the watch that should identify the body."

"All false!" cried the merchant, arousing himself a moment. "Twas James Agmoor who was dragged from his horse by Charles Harper! 'Twas Hiram Mould

who prompted the assault for purposes of his own—because he hated each with a deadly hate. You, Hiram Mould, first made us, who were till then bosom friends, bitter enemies. He struck me, I returned the blow; he drew his knife and stabbed me, but before I fell senseless I wrested the weapon from him and dealt him a fatal thrust that prostrated him also. We fell together—alike unconscious—I in a swoon, he dead. When sense and feeling returned to me I was in your house. You, Hiram Mould, hid the body where you can find it remains to convict me. The public believe that Charles Harper was murdered; you created that belief; but to use me all my life, you took successful care that the finger of suspicion should not point at me, lest the law might kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

While the tortured man was saying all this, far more incoherently than he have written it, the unmoved conspirator had rapidly sketched a picture of a gibbeted felon, and as the merchant concluded, Hiram Mould placed the significant sketch before him.

"Such shall be your fate, if Rachel Agmoor refuses to become my wife," said he, pointing to the hideous picture with his long, lean, fore-finger.

Again the merchant yielded before the terrible threat, and his head sank upon his bosom.

"Now call in Thornton Clair and dismiss him at once," said Hiram sternly. "He loves your daughter—she perhaps loves him. You have foolishly allowed him to visit your house. It shall be my care that he shall not find other employment in this city."

"I am in your power," groaned the unhappy man, rising and opening the door; but as he did so his daughter Rachel stepped quickly from the side of Thornton Clair, with whom he was eagerly conversing, and said:

"I wish to see Hiram Mould immediately, dear father," and guided by her astonished parent, she entered the private office.

The merchant closed the door and turned to address his child.

Tall and queenly in person, a lovely brunette of eighteen summers, with large black eyes, usually full of softness, as became her amiable and affectionate nature, but then flashing scornful fires as her red lips curled with scathing contempt, Rachel Agmoor motioned her father to pause a moment and bent her gaze on Hiram Mould.

He seemed ill at ease as those superb eyes slowly scanned him from head to foot, bathing him as it were in wordless scorn. He rose to his feet, and recollecting his natural coolness, said:

"I am happy to see that Miss Rachel Agmoor considers so humble a person as Hiram Mould worthy of so continued a gaze."

"This is the thing that dares to hope to call me wife!" said Rachel; and tho' the words were cutting, the tone and manner penetrated to the marrow of the rascal's bones, and flashed bitter words to his white lips.

"The thing is honored in being so called, my haughty damsel. You are proud, now, Rachel Agmoor, but the time shall come when you shall be as humbled before me as the trembling man beside you."

"If I reject and defy you, you will attack the life and reputation of my father," said Rachel—"You must be very confident of your power, to send a message to the woman you wish to make your wife."

"I am conscious of my strength. Do you wish to see a proof of it?" sneered Hiram.

Rachel bent her head contemptuously. Hiram Mould was at a loss to comprehend this unexpected defiance; but sure of his ground he said:

"There is a young man in your father's employ whom he loves as his own son. Rather than harm a hair of that young man's head, James Agmoor would gladly lay off his right hand, I verily believe, if the sacrifice could avail either. Mr. Agmoor call in Thornton Clair."

He looked to see Rachel pale and trembling. But she was calm and collected.

The timid father—timid before the cashier alone—obeyed, and Thornton Clair stood in the party; but his blue eyes were blazing with a menace so profound and deadly that Rachel laid her soft hand upon the strong arm that was swelling as if for a sudden blow to be dealt at the serpent like eyes of the sneering cashier, and whispered:

"Wait!—for my sake."

"Mr. Agmoor," said Hiram, but recoiling somewhat from the reach of that arm, "has this young man dared to make love to one so immensely above him as your daughter, and I proposed myself as her husband; his presence in our establishment is an insult. Discharge him at once."

The wretched merchant paused in torturing suspense, and the cashier pointed at the sketch that lay upon the table.

"Mr. Thornton Clair"—began the father.

"My true name is not Clair," began the young man, quickly, unwilling to see the father of his Rachel so humiliated. "I am the son of Charles Harper, who lives in Oregon, and who assumed the name of Clair because he believed he had slain James Agmoor. My name is, in fact, Thornton Harper."

"Young man!" cried James Agmoor, almost gasping. "Do not deceive a most wretched man. Does Charles Harper, who married my cousin, Helen Agmoor, still live?—was he not killed?"

"On my honor, Mr. Agmoor," said Thornton, "that Charles Harper is alive, and still thinks that he killed James Agmoor. Until this morning I was of the same belief, for my father, who since that unfortunate combat has concealed himself under an assumed name in the wilds of the West, while my mother followed him, has often told me sorrowfully of all that transpired. But he never told me the name of the man whom he deemed he had slain nor that of the man who, when he rose after a moment of unconsciousness, pointed at your bleeding body, said you were dead, and prevailed upon him to seek safety in instant flight, upon the very horse you had ridden. Your daughter related to me what you told her last night, a few minutes ago, and we immediately concluded upon the truth."

"Out of my sight, Hiram Mould!" cried the enraged merchant. "Double traitor, begone! or I shall make myself what you have forced me for years to think myself—murderer!"

While Thornton was speaking, the guilty cashier had sunk into a chair and rested his head upon the table, hiding his face, as he for ten years delighted in torturing his victim to do; but when James Agmoor, no longer a crime-bound serf, thus addressed him, he staggered to his feet, groping blindly for the door, tottered feebly through the bazaar to his desk, where he had so long ruled with the magic rod of gold, and pressing his hands to his head, groaned, reeled, caught himself erect, opened his private drawer, placed a pistol to his temple, and fell dead ere he could press the trigger, smitten—said the Coroner that day—by the almighty hand of God.

maturity, in others, they are removed from the tree full two weeks before the close of the season. Most of the Winter varieties of pears and apples are furnished with a thick foliage which affords longer than the Summer varieties, to afford protection to the fruit. The picking, storing, and ripening of Winter fruit is an art that cannot be learned in a single season.

With the harvest moon, come apple parings, and huskings, words full of meaning to the old men, if not to the boys. We see now the ample farmer's kitchen, and the bushel baskets heaped with apples, and the merry group of lads and lassies, seated for their work: There were at least a dozen of them gathered from the neighbors to lend a helping hand in preparing "the apple sass." It is now called apple butter, and by some very proper "sauce." A barrel at least was to be prepared from the green, or rather fresh-pared sweet apples and large stores of dried appler were to be laid up for Winter use. The head of the household, as was meet, used the paring machine with three-tined fork, and knife that cut the skin as thin as a wafer. The pared apples fell with wonderful rapidity into a large tub, and were thence distributed among the young folks, to be halved, quartered, cored, and strung upon twine about two yards in length, for drying. The strings of apples, as they were finished, were put upon hooks in the ceiling, or upon poles ready to be removed in the morning to the sunny side of the house, where they hung in graceful festoons, the special delight of wasps and flies. With a huge pan of apples between a young couple, the work went on merrily, if not rapidly; jokes flew back and forth, sometimes emphasized with apple seeds, and sometimes with something softer. Rustic awkwardness in company was happily overcome, for there was a place for the hands, and the hands had something to do. The tongues were unloosed, first about the work and the company, and then about something that might have been very hard work under other circumstances.—Wholes in the pen were halved, and disconsolate halves, out of it, were eventually made whole. Work and wooing went together in those good old times, when the kitchen was better known than the parlor, and the presence of the "old folks at home" did not spoil the freedom and frolic of their children.

The last apple being pared, and the last festoon hung up duly in its place, there was a resort to fortune telling. The rind of the apple being passed three times round the head and dropped, invariably gave the first letter in the name of the successful lover. As the coil of rind almost always made an S, or something that squinted that way, it was easy to worn the secret out of the most bashful swain, and point out to him his intended Sarah or Sophia. These prophecies of the farmer's fireside sometimes turned out alarmingly correct, and were followed by wedding occasions and new homes.

The huskings in the long evenings of the harvest moon were larger gatherings, and not unusually cheered by the presence of the fair, until supper time.

"From many a brown old farm house,
And hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home tasks done,
The merry buskers came.
Swung o'er the heaped up harvest
From pitchforks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns
On the pleasant scene below:
The growing pile of husks behind,
The golden ears before,
And laughing eyes, and busy hands
And brown cheeks glistening o'er.
Half hid in a quiet nook,
Serving of look and heart,
Talking their old times over,
The old men sat apart;
While up and down the unhusked pile,
Or nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout,
The happy children played."

In the warm frostless evenings, such as we often have in this month, the scene was not laid upon the barn floor, but under the open sky, the full moon giving plenty of light for the huskers. When the work was done, the company adjourned to the house, and tea, coffee, cakes, and cheese, were served up in rustic style. These "bees" as they were sometimes called, were kindly in their influence. They often helped a short handed neighbor in his harvest, and were happy social gatherings. The modern dances already becoming too popular among our rural population are poor substitutes for these primitive, and simpler, but more natural and enjoyable festivities of the olden time. For these there needed no display of expensive dress and dazzling jewelry, which are too often the regalia of idleness and vice. "The apple paring" and "the husking bee," are pleasant October memories with us.—With a little remodeling to adapt them to the changing times, they ought to be perpetuated among the cherished institutions of farm life. With our bountiful apple crop, and almost unprecedented

A Heart Worth Having.

A young printer, of this city, fell in love with a beautiful girl who had the misfortune to be rich. He essayed to attract her attention, but who ever heard of a pretty rich girl falling very deeply in love with a poor printer? Despairing, he started for California—that land of refuge for broken fortunes and wounded hearts. This was in the year 1850, when San Francisco was a village and wanted printers more than at present. The boy quickly became a man there; and embarking in the printing business, soon found himself the proprietor of an establishment from which sprang in due time a weekly paper, ere long to be followed by a daily. His journal and his fortunes flourished amazingly, and he returned to New York in 1854, with the avowed purpose of buying a six-cylinder press, but with the unavowed purpose of locking up a lovely form in his new golden chains. Alas for human hopes! The maiden was wedded and the mother of two children. The printer bought his presses and returned to California—a sadder, but a wiser man. Years progressed and he prospered. One day a lady visited his editorial rooms to lay her modest contribution on his table in hopes of getting some remuneration for it. Her story was told briefly—her husband had come to mend his fortunes in the land of gold, and had died, and she was left very poor, with her two children to support. The editor looked at the lady a moment—then handed her a doubloon. The astonished woman essayed to utter thanks, but was waved away. To shorten the story, the lady was his early love, and—he married her, sold out his establishment, returned to New York, and is now enjoying as much felicity on the banks of the Hudson as it falls to the lot of few printers even to conceive.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE HOUSE THAT SAM BUILT.

The following is a capital parody on "The House that Jack Built." As a "Humour of the Campaign," we have seen nothing better:

THE WHITE HOUSE—This is the house that Sam built.
\$100,000,000—This is the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.
JAMES BUCHANAN—This is the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.
S. A. DOUGLAS—This is the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.
BRECKINRIDGE—This is the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat that ate the malt, &c.
BELL EVERETT—This is the cow with a crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, &c.
N. Y. EXPRESS—This is the maiden, all forlorn, that milked the cow with crumpled horn, that &c.
JOURNAL OF COMMERCE—This is the man, all tattered and torn, that kissed the maiden all forlorn, &c.
N. Y. OBSERVER—This is the priest, all shaven and shorn, that married the man all tattered and torn, unto the maiden all forlorn, that, &c.
INDEPENDENT—This is the cock, that crowed in the morn, to waken the priest, all shaven and shorn, that married the man all tattered and torn, &c.
ABE LINCOLN—This is the hunter, with trumpet and horn, that owned the cock that crowed in the morn, to waken the priest all shaven and shorn, that married the man all tattered and torn, unto the maiden all forlorn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Sam built.

THE CENSUS DEVELOPS THE CURIOUS FACT

that there are more Scotch descendants in London than in Edinburgh, more Irish than in Dublin, 100,000 more Romanists than in Rome, and more Jews than in Palestine. There are also in the same metropolis no less than 60,000 Germans, 20,000 French, and 6,000 Italians; a very large number of Asiatics from all parts of the East, and many who still worship their idols.

"OLD ABE" GOING TO SPEAK.

As Messrs. Breckinridge and Douglas have taken the stump, Mr. Lincoln's friends have concluded to make an appointment for him. He will address his fellow-citizens of all parties, from the east portico of the Capitol, at Washington City, on the 4th day of March next, at 1 o'clock, P. M. All are invited to attend.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Gov. Packer has issued his proclamation appointing Thursday, the 29th day of November, a day of Thanksgiving in Pennsylvania.

Business Cards.

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and McKean Counties. All business entrusted in his care will receive prompt attention. Office corner of West and Third streets. 10:1

F. W. KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties. 10:1

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity. Office on South-west corner of Main and Fourth streets. 12:1

ISAAC BENSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second st., near the Allegheny Bridge. 12:1

CHARLES REISSMANN,
CABINET MAKER, having erected a new and convenient Shop, on the South-east corner of Third and West streets, will be happy to receive and fill all orders in his calling. Repairing and re-fitting carefully and neatly done on short notice.
Coudersport, Nov. 8, 1859.—11-1y.

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:22

COLLINS SMITH, E. A. JONES,
SMITH & JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

D. E. OLSTED & CO.,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

M. W. MANN,
DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

OLMSTED & KELLY,
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice. 10:1

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
B. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa. 9:44

ALLEGANY HOUSE,
SAMUEL M. MILLS, Proprietor, Cohesburg Potter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Coudersport on the Wellsville Road. 9:44

LYMAN HOUSE,
C. C. LYMAN, Proprietor, Ullyses, Potter Co., Pa. This House is situated on the East corner of Main street, opposite A. Corey & Son's store, and is well adapted to meet the wants of patrons and friends. 12:11-ly.

EZRA STARKWEATHER,
BLACKSMITH, would inform his former customers and the public generally that he has re-established a shop in the building formerly occupied by Benj. Rennels in Coudersport, where he will be pleased to do all kinds of Blacksmithing on the most reasonable terms. Lumber, Shingles, and all kinds of Produce taken in exchange for work. 12:34.

Z. J. THOMPSON,
CARRIAGE & WAGON MAKEB and REPAIRER, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa., takes this method of informing the public in general that he is prepared to do all work in his line with promptness, in a workman-like manner, and upon the most accommodating terms. Payment for Repairing invariably required on delivery of the work. All kinds of PRODUCE taken on account of work. 1:35.