

# The Potter Journal

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

VOLUME XVIII.—NUMBER 15.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., TUESDAY JULY 31, 1866.

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## THE POTTER JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED BY  
M. W. McALARNEY, Proprietor.

Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter County. Orders no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedoming our Country.

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Job Work, of all kinds, executed with neatness and dispatch.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

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Meeting on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Hall, in the 2d story of the Old Bank Block, D. C. LARSEN, Sec. W. M. SUEAR, W. M.

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respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on First street, first door west of his residence. 17-0

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Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and Cameron counties. All business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. Office to the second story of the Old Bank Block.

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Coudersport, Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining counties.

MILLER & McALARNEY.  
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Agents for the Collection of Claims against the United States and State Governments, such as Tenants' Bonds, Assessments, &c. J. C. McALARNEY  
W. R. MILLER.

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REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT.—  
Land Bought and Sold, Taxes paid and Titles Investigated. Insures property against fire in the Companies in the City and Personals in the Accident in the Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford. Business transacted promptly. 17-2

P. A. STEBBINS & Co.  
MERCHANTS—Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything else kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-2

C. H. SIMMONS.  
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H. J. OLMSTED.  
HARDWARE Merchant, and Dealer in Stores, Tin and Sheet Iron-Ware, Main Street, Coudersport, Penna. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL.  
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa. A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel. Daily Stages to and from the Railroads.

Potter Journal Job-Office.  
HAVING lately added a new assortment of JOB-TYPE to our already large assortment. We are now prepared to do all kinds of work, cheaply and with taste and neatness. Orders solicited.

LYMAN HOUSE.  
Lewisville, Potter county, Pa. nysylvania.  
DURTON LEWIS, Proprietor. Having taken this excellent property, the proprietors make the quality of the trading public and cells content of giving satisfaction to all who may call on him. Feb. 12, 66

MARBLE WORK.  
Monuments and Tomb-Stones  
of all kinds, will be furnished on reasonable terms and short notice by:  
C. Reimick,  
Residence: Eulalia, 112  
Coudersport, Pa., on the Sinebush road, or leave your orders at the Post Office. 16-1

DAN BAKER.  
PENSION, BOUNTY and WAR CLAIM AGENCY.  
Pensions procured for Soldiers of the present War who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in the service of the United States, and pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay obtained for widows or heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service. All letters of inquiry promptly answered, and on receipt by mail of a statement of the case of claimant, I will forward the necessary papers for their signature. Fees in Pension cases as fixed by law. Refer to Hons. Isaac Benson, A. G. Olmsted, John S. Mann, and F. W. Knox, Esq. DAN BAKER,  
Claims Agent, Coudersport, Pa.

\$1,500 Per Year! We want agents  
for Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Warranted five years. Above salary of large commission. The only machines sold in the United States for less than \$40, which are fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co. and other makers. Beware of cheap imitations and the seller or user are liable to arrest, fine, and imprisonment. Circulars free. Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, Boston, Mass., or Chicago, Ill., Dec. 28, 1855. 16-1

Itch! Itch! Itch!  
SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!  
WHEATON'S OINTMENT,  
Will Cure the Itch in 48 Hours!  
Also cures ERYTHEMATOUS EYE, CHILBLAINS, and all ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Price, 50 cents. For sale by all druggists. By sending 50 cents to WHEATON & PUTTER, Sole Agents, 175 Washington Street, Boston, it will be returned by mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States. June 1, 1866. 16-1

## BARNEY.

BY ALICE GARY.

Ah, what is the matter with Barney?  
The cold look of pride that he wore  
Has slipped from his face like a shadow,  
He is not himself any more.

And yet he will turn from his smiling,  
To sighing ah me! and alas!  
I cannot make out what's the matter—  
He is not the lad that he was.

Sometimes he will keep in the shelter  
Of clouds, and be sullen alone,  
Like the sun when the earth has offended  
His pride, with a light of her own.

The weeds have run wild in his garden,  
The roses have drooped from the wall,  
As if he had gathered the flower of the world,  
And cared for no rose of them all.

And when the gay girls of the village,  
With red cheeks and milky-white brows,  
Go by him, he answers their greeting  
As though he were calling his cows.

His hair now is left in disorder,  
And now, with womanish pride,  
Sweet-scented, and evenly parted,  
And now, it is all on one side!

He used to be stalwart, to work with  
The best of them, now has got  
To idling—has taken to verses!  
To finger-rings! and to what not!

He used to be late at the "meeting,"  
But now, ere the solemn bells ring,  
He is there in his place, and if Esther  
Look down from the choir where she sings,

That night the low tone of the anthem  
Will run in his head, and ere break  
Of the day, he will be on the hill-tops,  
Singing the fishers awake.

I cannot interpret the meaning  
Of all the strange ways that he has,  
Ah, what he has come over Barney?  
He is not the lad that he was!

## THE BUFFALO & WASHINGTON RAILROAD.

On the last day of this month, a vote is to be taken by the citizens of Buffalo, to decide the question whether the city shall, in its corporate capacity, subscribe \$200,000 to the Buffalo and Washington R. R. It is generally understood that if the vote results in favor of making the subscription, the foregoing sum is but a small amount in comparison to what the city will do towards building this road. It is believed by those who are familiar with the affairs of the Buffalo and Washington R. R. Co. that if the election results favorably to the road, work will be commenced immediately along the line of the road, in the State of New York. It was the original intention of the Company to build the road to Emporium via the Allegheny river and the Portage creeks. A very earnest and persistent effort is being made by parties in the interest of other routes to divert the attention of the company from their original purpose, and make some other points on the line of the P. & E. R. R., their southern terminus.

The arguments used against the route originally intended, are that the road does not touch coal basins anywhere on its line, that no dependence can be placed upon the Cameron colliery, on account of a very limited supply at that point, and that if the object is to reach coal, the shortest and most direct route to the coal basins of Elk county should be adopted. We know it has become quite fashionable of late, for those who are operating in Coal in Elk county to ridicule the idea of there being any coal deposits in either McKean or Cameron counties. Now we are just as confident as we can be of the reality of any one thing, that if the Buffalo and Washington R. R. Co., should finally adopt the Portage Creek, Red Mill brook and Driftwood route to Emporium, they would traverse coal fields enough, and reach them by the easiest of grades, to supply a dozen markets like Buffalo with the choicest bituminous coal for a thousand years. All this could be done without crossing the Elk county line. But we have no disposition to change the company from their original purpose, nor to detract one iota from the merits of the old route. The Portage creek summit has always been estimated as one of the easiest in this country to cross, which is a great desideratum in the building of railroads. This route traverses one of the most populous and thriving regions of this county, and would be the outlet for a large portion of the citizens of Potter county, including Coudersport, the County seat. As to the coal it would reach, we have every reason to believe the supply ample for ages to come. Besides the immense operations now being carried on by the Cameron Coal Company, other companies are developing their lands, and in several instances have found splendid deposits of coal. A very rich vein has recently been found on the headwaters of Hunt's Run, where coal was never before supposed to exist. Another strong argument in favor of this route is that it is of great importance to Buffalo to make the distance to the Anthracite Coal fields of this State as short as possible, and the Shamokin Coal can be reached via the Portage Creeks and the P. & E. R. R. many miles less than by any other route. As before stated, we can see no good reason why the original purposes of the Company should not be carried out.—McKean Miner.

## A WOMAN'S CONFESSION.

A lady correspondent of *The Californian* thus declares a secret which is rather surprising and at the same time very satisfactory, if true. We must put in the reservation of a doubt, because we have supposed with the rest of the world that dress proceeded from an innate taste of the ladies that led to an outcropping of prettiness, thus believing with the poet that "beauty adorned looks twice as well."

## WHY WOMEN DRESS.

"The true explanation of the prevailing extravagance in costume is that women dress for one another."—Exchange paper.

Women dress for one another! for one another! That statement is all nonsense; women do not dress for one another; we dress for you, gentlemen—for you alone. It is a pity to spoil a pleasing delusion, but it is a duty to correct errors. We hear and read a great deal about the sinful and reckless extravagance of women. "The Riot of the Women"—an article setting forth our fearful extravagance and its no less fearful consequences—appeared, quoted from the *Bowling Table*, in nearly every paper published in this State. Indeed, one has only to pick up a newspaper or a magazine to find something on the never-failing topic—"the extravagance of the women."

I for one am tired of so much censure, and think the time has come when justice demands that we investigate the causes of such ruinous effects. I think enough has been said to rouse women to reflect on the evil of her ways, and at the same time say a word occasionally in self defence. Bearing these terrible accusations in silence is equivalent to acknowledging them to be deserved. To add injury to injury, gentlemen after pointing us with our own sins and follies through the press, you sum them all in the one word, "extravagance," and "make the bold and false statement that women dress for one another. According to that theory women dress up to look pretty when in company with each other. I wish you would see us when we are where we do not expect to meet gentlemen. You would see different looking specimens of perfection from the lady of faultless toilet that you meet in the parlor and on the street. You know what lunch parties are do you not? They are a California institution as far as my knowledge of them goes—and very stupid at that. When invited to one of these entertainments, the first inquiry a lady makes is: "Will there be any gentlemen present?" It is very seldom the latter worthies attend ladies' lunch parties. What I was going to say is this: You would be astonished to see the difference the reply makes in the lady's dress arrangements. If there are to be no gentlemen present, she proceeds with novel or fancy-work with which she may be engaged, spending very little time in dressing. I assure you. But if there is to be even one gentleman present, you would be surprised to know the number of hours we spend in dressing, the

length of time we stand before the mirror, and the number of times we turn round before it.

When invited to take a ride by a lady, do you suppose we keep her waiting for at least three hours while we run, to be gone "just a moment," to put on cloak and hat? Think how many times you, my gentleman critic, have been kept waiting that long, with nothing to do to amuse yourself except to pace up and down the floor of a gloomy parlor? And all this while that lady was dressing for you. You are mistaken when you think we would spend so much precious time—I might say our whole lives—and next to the last cent we possess, in dressing to look pretty to please one another. No, no, gentlemen, it is for you we do all this. Ladies would not spoil their complexions by using ruinous paints on the face knowing they lend only a passing charm, for one another—never. It is for you we do it all. You do not know the difference between natural and artificial beauty. You do not know whether the pretty flush on the face is natural or "put on." You do not know whether the softness or fairness of a pretty face is nature's work or "liquid pearl"—the fashionable name for "whitewash." Indeed you do not. To use our own words gentlemen, you "only know when a woman looks well." You may think you know a painted face, but you do not. I could not detect it myself if I had not seen the paint put on, and were not familiar with this branch of high art. And as long as you think the pretty which we make up a genuine one, what is the difference whether it is or not? Oh, but you are deluded about some things! A few days ago, when walking with Mr. H., all at once, stopping as though a streak of lightning had flashed across his path and he was afraid of stepping on it, he said to me, "Hagar, who is that lady that just bowed to you?" After breathing a full, easy breath, relieved to find that I had done nothing to cause his excitement, I replied in the most matter-of-fact manner—"It is Miss so-and-so." His next exclamations were, "beautiful!" "charming!" "lovely!" I had seen that face at a time of day when gentlemen are not supposed to see ladies. I had seen that face when it presented a different appearance from that which captured him on the street. But as he thought the face was what it seemed, I was not going to undeceive him—no, no. And though I knew, as we walked along that he was contrasting that girl's bright face and dark shining locks with my dull face and faded golden hair, I only remarked, meekly, "yes, she is very beautiful."

Who described the belle of a ball-room, telling what she wore, how she had her hair done up, the color and quality of her complexion, and eyes, lips and teeth? Gentlemen. Women dress for one another! Absurd. It is for you, who condemn our extravagance, that we promenade the streets with three-quarters of a yard of rich silk or velvet trailing behind us. It is for you we spend sleepless nights and anxious days, devising ways and means to charm and to please. It is for you we spend our last dollar for dress, and go half starved and comfortless in consequence. It is for you we are just what you make us. Do not, then, be so inconsistent as to blame women for being what she is; do not lay all the awful sins of the unnatural life you compel her to lead at her door. Such inconsistency does not accord with the dignity and wisdom of man. Remembering that the accusations which you heap upon her reflect back upon your own souls—that you will have to answer for the greater weight of woman's sins at the great day of settling accounts—reflect and do not be severe upon your own works, if they are evil.

HAGAR.

The Reading newspapers agree in the statement that the late Clymer meeting in that city was nothing more than a gathering of Philadelphia, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Lancaster "knucks," "shoulder hitters," "draft skedaddlers" and blatant opponents of the war to crush the slaveholders' rebellion. Crowds of these invaders of Reading perambulated the streets there in drunken revelry, insulting ladies, parading children, and essaying to intimidate good and sober men. The orderly portion of the people avoided a collision with these outlaws as long as possible, but when their patience ended the result was the sound drubbing of several of the most ruffianly of the bullies of Philadelphia, Lancaster and Harrisburg. After the decent men of Reading had shown the bullies who came there to swell the crowd at the Clymer conclave, that they were determined to resent all insults, order was restored, and women and children could pass along the streets unmolested.

The new Tariff Bill has passed the House of Representatives, but we are sorry to say all action upon it has been postponed in the Senate, until December next.

When you offer oats to a horse he may say neigh, but he don't mean it.

A young lady in Iowa all for love, recently hung herself—to a limb of the law.

## Does Lager Beer Intoxicate?—Diary of a Man Who Tests It.

From the Philadelphia Sunday Transcript.]  
"Does lager beer intoxicate?" That is a question which has agitated this country for years—courts and communities being divided upon it. As a scientific experiment, and for the purpose of satisfying my mind upon the subject, I went among the beer gardens and beer saloons, yesterday, keeping a journal of my progress, which I herewith append:

9 A. M.—Took a glass of lager at a Third street saloon. Exceedingly cooling to the system. It diffuses a gentle and agreeable exhilaration throughout the brain.

9.05 A. M.—Took another glass, with brown bread, salt, and cardamom seeds. Thoughts run in agreeable channels. Disposed to look leniently upon the frailties of humanity. Wouldn't refuse to receive cash in full from a debtor, or force money upon a man I owed. Pat the head of a little Dutch baby that toddles by me.

Am carried back in imagination to the days of my youth (which the nights of my mature years had put out of my head, somewhat). I remember my early love, and muse in a kindly vein (all in vain!) upon the morning of my existence. Had had some annoyances in the morning which vanished with the froth of the beer, and some life-long troubles went with them, for a time, at least.

9.10 A. M.—Took another glass, joined by a friend. A kindly feeling toward the friend. I allow him to pay for the beer, however, retaining my presence of mind. We indulged in cheerful conversation. I became eloquent on German literature. Quote from Goethe, Schiller, and glow at the mention of Rembrandt.

Other friends enter. I allow them to pay for the beer also.

10 A. M.—I call for more beer, and tell the bar-keeper that he is "in." Asked a stranger to "join us." Another member of the party calls vociferously for "hard boiled eggs." I check him, and feel a sympathy for a man who "shows his beer."

10.30 A. M.—We have indulged in more beer. Disposition on the part of some to tell old anecdotes, at which the party laugh inordinately. The bar-keeper "smiles" at our expense. Some one proposes that we go up Vine street. Another glass of beer and we go.

11 O'clock, A. M.—Shook hands with every acquaintance we met on the street coming here. Remember patting one or two very particular friends on the back, and urging them to "go long." Gave a newsboy twenty-five cents for a morning paper that I had read, and declined to take any change back. Had a glass of beer.

12 M.—The party gets larger and fuller. All talk together, as a general thing. Through some perfectly inexplicable process, beer mugs that were empty at one moment, stare me in the face at another moment full. Some one calls for cigars. One man in the party looks pale, becomes silent and meditative, and then makes his feeble way towards the back yard, from which reached sounds proceed.

1 P. M.—We are "over the Rhine," though I have little recollection about coming here. Think we stopped twice on the way and drank beer. One man has left the party. He said he had "business" to attend to. Remember feeling a sort of admiration for the man who had the nerve to leave a party—and go about his business. Wished I had some business, and had the nerve to go about it. Thought there was a bare possibility that I drank too much beer. Concluded to have some more beer.

2 P. M.—More beer. Some of us leave half a glass undrunk, while others "order 'kline' glasses." One man "switches off" on whisky, and another "takes a cigar in his."

2.30 P. M.—Another round. I tell my stories over twice, and just as I reach the point in the story a friend breaks in with—"that reminds me of a little incident." &c.

3 P. M.—As near as I can recollect I called for more beer. One man in the party, who had been very boisterous up to that moment, grows suddenly silent, his head drops over on his shoulder, and he goes to sleep. Another man sings a song. We all join the chorus without any particular regard to key. More beer.

3.30 P. M.—"Sixty-six" is introduced. We play for the beer, and the beer continues to play the deuce with us. Two or three suspicious looking strangers whom we wouldn't admit to our fellowship under other circumstances, worm themselves into the party. They laugh extravagantly at all my stories, and call for beer which is applied to my account.

4 P. M.—A man who has been silently drinking his beer for some time, suddenly breaks out in violent denunciation of some individual who is absent, and whom none of us know. We immediately sympathize with him, and proceed to denounce the absent individual with great warmth, all talking together. More beer.

5 P. M.—I sing a song, forgetting the third line in the second verse, and nearly go to sleep in trying to recall it.

5.30 P. M.—I insist upon paying for all

we've had. A total stranger borrows five dollars of me until he can "see Stofe." The glasses are filled up again by order of a party at the other end of the room.

6 P. M.—Men with their coats off, vociferating violently. Everybody in intense perspiration; disposition to spill beer on our shirt bosoms and our clothes. Beer mugs knocked off the table. Bar keeper gets excited and wastes his German on the desert air, the air not understanding it. I imagine that he is asking us all to drink, and accept the invitation. It is charged to me.

7 P. M.—More beer spilled on our shirt bosoms. More fellows grow pale and go out in the back yard, and more suddenly recollect that they have business to attend to, going about their business as though it was the "rail fence" business.

Lager beer won't intoxicate!  
Man asleep across the table. Another man offers to "rassle" any one in the party for the beer (having "rassled" a large quantity of beer). A stranger takes it up, the "rassle" proceeds, and—and I go under. More beer.

10 P. M.—More men sleep. I embrace two or three Dutchmen at the next table—telling them, "you're my friend." Look around and discover, all of a sudden, that my party has changed. All gone "wot I know," and a lot of strangers there. Think it is time to go home. Drink a glass of beer and go to it.

11 P. M.—Am rudely awakened by some one. Open my eyes, and see a couple of watchmen. I am on a door step on Vine street. The watchman says:

"You don't want to sleep here."  
"The devil I don't. Do you suppose I would be (hic) foolish enough to lay down and go to sleep here if I didn't want to?"  
"But you can't sleep here."

"That's a different thing altogether. You said I didn't want to, and (hic) I never wanted to so bad in my life before!"

11.30 P. M.—I reach home. Experience a good deal of difficulty in unlocking the hall door with a lead pencil. Try a pocket knife, and then blunder upon the night key. Suddenly remember that I have got the hiccups, and getting under the hall gas light I try to cure them by seeing how near I can put my two little fingers together without touching them. I "job" them by each other, clear up to the elbow. Then experience a glow of triumph as I hold them very near together, two feet apart.

11.55 P. M.—The hiccups cured. Congratulate myself on the cure as I go up stairs. Think of taking out a license to practice in that line. I open the door—give a hiccup that starts the roof, and nearly throws my head off. Wife starts up in bed, and says:

"Drunk again?"  
I protest that I am (hic) not. I was dignified and learned, and ask her if she (hic) understands the diag (hic) nosis of hiccups. She says she had ought to; she had seen me have them often enough.

Said I, in an injured voice:  
"Do you know, madam, that (hic) hiccups come from (hic)—comes from a cold in the stomach?"

She said she thought it came from a beer garden across the canal.

I insisted that a cold fit of (hic) hiccups often comes from a severe stomach, and remember wandering off into a dissertation upon the intoxicating properties of quails, while she was pulling off my boots.

Lager beer won't intoxicate. Oh, no! "HEN KIDDER."

Gen. Geary's reception in Philadelphia on the 4th elicited the most unbounded enthusiasm. He rode at the head of the veterans who had in charge the State flags. His presence was the signal of the most uproarious cheering all along the line of the procession. At many points the crowds of soldiers and citizens who surrounded the hero stopped the progress of the march. At Sixth and Chestnut streets the General could scarcely keep his saddle, so closely he was besieged by hands which had carried rifles and muskets where he led in the fray to crush rebellion. Altogether, it was a grand spectacle. It exhibited the true feeling of the people for the soldier, and was Geary speaking one of those pieces, the utterance of which so annoys the Copperheads.

THE 4TH IS DIXIE.—The 4th of July was not celebrated in the South at all, except by U. S. troops on duty, a few earnest and late Union men, and the "free men!" The late rebels gave the day a cold shoulder. They say that the day is associated with the fall of Vicksburg and the rebel defeat at Gettysburg—disasters that gave the short-lived "Confederacy" its mortal hurt. The negroes everywhere throughout the South had a grand jubilee. The 4th of July means something for them now that they are no longer slaves.

SOMETHING FOR HORSE-THIEF CATCHERS.—There is said to be an old law on record that any person arresting a horse-thief is entitled to a bounty of twenty dollars and mileage, according to an old act of Assembly. This law is not generally known, but it is worth knowing.