

# Potter Journal

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

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## THE POTTER JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED BY

M. W. MCALARNEY, Proprietor.

Devoted to the cause of Republicans, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best govt. of Potter county, owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made. A "square" is 10 lines or 10 words. A "square" of Nonpareil types is 10 lines or 10 words. \$1.50

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All transient advertisements must be paid in advance and no notice will be taken of advertisements from a distance unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.

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

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons  
LAW OFFICE, No. 32, E. A. M. Building,  
Coudersport, on the 24 and 4th floors of each  
month. Hall, in the 33 Story of the Olmsted Block.  
D. G. LARABEE, Secy. WM. SHEAR, W.M.

O. T. ELLISON, M. D.,  
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa.  
Practicing physician to 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. 17-40.

JOHN S. MANN,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW  
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts  
of Justice in the several counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.  
Office on Main Street, in residence.

OLMSTED and LARABEE,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Coudersport, Penna.  
All business entrusted to their care with promptness and fidelity. Will also attend the several courts in the adjoining counties. Office in the second story of the Olmsted Block.

ISAC BESSON,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will  
attend all business entrusted to him with care  
and promptness. Attend Court of adjoining coun-  
ties. Office on Second street, near the Allegany bridge.

F. W. KNOX,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW  
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the Courts in Pot-  
er and the adjoining counties.

E. B. RITTER, M. D.,  
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, and will respectfully in-  
vite the citizens of Coudersport and vicinity  
that he has opened an Office in the Coudersport  
Hotel, and will be ready at all times to make pro-  
fessional calls. He is a regular graduate of Buffalo  
Medical College of 1869.

ELLISON & THOMPSON,  
DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils,  
Va. glasses, Linens and Fancy articles. Books  
of all kinds—School and Miscellaneous, Stationery,  
&c. In Manning's old Jewelry Store. Jan. 1. '68.

MILLER & MCALARNEY,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Hinsdale, Penna.  
Agents for the Collection of Claims against the  
United States and State Government, and Pension  
Claims, Arrears of Pay, &c.—Address J. C. McAlarney,  
W. H. Miller.

M. W. MCALARNEY,  
REAL ESTATE and INSURANCE AGENT.  
Land Bought and Sold, Taxes paid and Title  
Investigated. Insurance against fire in the  
companies in the Country, and Persons and Auto-  
mobiles in the Travelers' Insurance Company of Hartford.  
Business transacted promptly. 17-29.

P. A. STEBBINS & CO.,  
MERCHANTS—Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy  
Goods, Groceries, Provision, Four, Feed, Pork  
and everything usually kept in a good country store.  
Produce bought and sold. 17-29.

C. H. SIMMONS,  
MERCHANT—WELLSVILLE, N. Y. Whole-  
sale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Fancy  
Goods, Provisions, Four, Feed, Pork  
&c. Retailers supplied on liberal terms.

CHARLES S. JONES,  
MERCHANT—Dealer in Dr. Goods, Ready-made  
Clothing, Crochet, Knitwear, Flour, Food  
Provisions, &c. Main Street, Coudersport, Pa.

D. E. OLMSTED,  
MERCHANT—Dealer in Dr. Goods, Ready-made  
Clothing, Crochet, Knitwear, Flour, Food  
Provisions, &c. Main Street, Coudersport, Pa.

COLLINS SMITH,  
MERCHANT—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries,  
Provisions, Hardware, Glassware, Cutlery,  
and all Goods usually found in a country store. 17-21.

H. J. OLMSTED,  
HARDWARE Merchant, and Dealer in Stores  
Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Mainstreet, Coud-  
ersport, Penna. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to  
order, in good style, on short notice.

CODERSPORT HOTEL,  
H. C. VERMILYEA, Proprietor, Corner of Main  
and Second streets. Clean, airy, comfortable  
Accommodations. Hotel is also kept in connection with the  
Hotel Daily Stages to and from the Railroads.

Potter Journal Job-Office.  
HAVING lately added a fine new room of  
JOB TYPE to our office, we are now prepared  
to do all kinds of work, cheaply  
and with taste and neatness. People solicited.

LYMAN HOUSE,  
Lewisburg, Potter county, Pennsylvania.

BERTON LEWIS, Proprietor. Having  
made this excellent Hotel, the proprietor wishes  
to make the acquaintance of the traveling public and  
those who may all on him. Feb. 12-68 if

MARBLE WORK  
Monuments and Tomb-Stones  
of all kinds, will be furnished on reasonable  
terms and short notice.

BRENNIE,  
Residence: Enfield, 1½ miles south of  
Coudersport, Pa., on the Sinnemahoning  
Road, or leave your horses at the Post Office, 6-68.

DAN BAKER,  
PENSION, ROUZY and WAR CLAIM AGENCY  
Persons prostrated 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 pensioned, yearly, and those who have died  
but whose wives or children are still living, and  
promptly answer, and on receipt by mail of a state-  
ment of the case of claimant, I will forward the ne-  
cessary papers for their signature. F. W. Baker,  
Agent, to Mr. John S. Mann, Esq.  
A. G. Olmsted, John S. Mann, John W. Baker,  
DAN BAKER,  
Claim Agent, Coudersport, Pa.

June 4.—Itch! Itch! Itch!

SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

WHEATON'S OINTMENT,  
Will Cure the Itch in 45 Hours!

Also cures SALT RHEUM, ULCERS, CHI-  
BLAINS, and all ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN.

Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists. By mail  
60 cents to WEEKS' PHARMACY, 12th Avenue, 11th  
Street, New York, Boston, &c. Will be forwarded by  
mail, free postage, to any part of the United States.

June 1, 1868. Practice very strict.

## LATEST STYLE.

I saw a lady to-day,  
Trip past my office door,  
Bedecked was she in latest style  
One never out before.  
Her hat was just a little mite,  
(I think they called it May Queen.)  
A ribbon bow, a puff of lace,  
While rose-buds peeped between.

A little saucy girl inches long,  
Just reached her waspy waist,  
'Twas very small, but who would dare  
To say the lady need'd!  
Her silken robe all flounced and trimmed,  
Sought contact with the ground,  
And she show'd the skirt beneath,  
"Festooned" it all around!

That snowy skirt all striped with black,  
I saw it in a tree;  
And then her dainty gartered feet,  
Slipped out and so nice!  
Her limbs were small and tapered down  
From her garter's crimson loops;  
Now do not stare for she had on  
The famous "tilting hoops."

And then her head was such a sight;  
Such coils of golden brawn;  
While here and there a little curl  
Came fluttering, flickering down!  
The front wds darker just a shade,  
But then 'twas tortured in  
Ten thousand little crimp'y waves'  
With "Evans' patent pin."

Her swinging skirts, her tossing head,  
Her general laugh-a-wair,  
Just made me drop my scribbling pen,  
And wondering, sit and stare!  
And now young men who've fell in love,  
Don't marry her, for how  
Would such a creature ever make

his arm was wound round the young girl's  
waist to keep the trembling, shivering figure  
from falling.

"Is Harry dead?" she said as he closed  
the door.

"Dead! no! Better if he were!"

"No, no, father; you cannot have such  
desperate news as that for me!"

"Anna, you must tear him from your  
heart, blot him from your life. Norris  
Leslie absconded to day with the funds of  
the bank of which he is president—he is a  
swindler."

"But, father, Harold!"

"His son accompanied him."

She dropped at his feet as if the sentence  
had shot her dead.

"It is a pretty mess, altogether," mut-  
tered the merchant, as he lifted the little  
figure in his arms, and carried it to a sofa;

"and my little pet will be the worst sufferer.  
I'd like to have them for one hour," and  
he ground his teeth together. "Now, if I  
call folks in, this will be all over town to  
morrow, and I won't have Anna's name  
bandied about in this connection. Fortunately  
the engagement is not much known."

"Anna! darling! Anna!"

But there was no answer to his loving  
call. As pale as death the girl lay, uncon-  
scious of her father's voice and loving  
caress. Crushing the bright dress and  
flowers she had put on with such dainty  
care to please the eyes of him she loved,  
she lay cold and insensible like a crushed  
lily.

"Anna! Speak to me, pet," pleaded  
her father. "I must call Kate. Confound  
the fellow."

And Mr. Leigh strode off to the parlor  
again, to find his sister. Of course she  
had to be hunted up, as people wanted in  
a hurry always do, but he found her at last,  
and, taking her place, sent her, with a  
whispered caution of quiet, to the library.

Utterly ignorant of any cause for the  
illness, the good lady was bewildered to  
find her niece in a fainting fit on the sofa,  
as unlike the gay pretty little belle of an  
hour previous as it is possible to imagine.

Her womanly skill and tenderness soon  
put the proper remedies to work, and when  
the father returned a short time later, he  
found Anna conscious, but evidently un-  
able to face her guests again that evening.

"I'll carry her up stairs, Kate," he said  
and you must make the best excuse you  
can."

"But what is the matter?" inquired the  
old lady, smiling.

"To morrow—I'll tell you to-morrow.

Go back now, and make the best story you  
can. If she don't know herself she can't

tell anybody else," he muttered, as his  
sister left the room. "Come, birdie, put

your arms around my neck, and I'll carry  
you to your room."

She clung to him fondly. This was a  
woman she could confide in, pure, true, un-

shaken from her infancy. Her little fig-  
ure nestled into his strong arms, as he  
lifted her from the sofa, and her head sank  
down, weakly yet trustingly upon the  
broad shoulder that never yet turned away  
from its pressure.

"Yes," he said, as he put her on her  
head, and sat down beside her, "yes, pet, I  
see what your eyes are asking me, and I  
will tell you all I know. Better tell you  
than you have in a brain fever with con-  
jecture. You see they calculated to have

a twenty-four hours start, as this is a hol-  
iday, but there was some suspicion roused

by Mr. Leslie's proceedings yesterday, and  
to day some of the directors went to the  
bank, too late to prevent, but in time to  
discover the abduction. They went at  
once to the house. The old gentleman  
left early in the morning; Harold at noon.

It is a bad business! If it was only a mon-  
ey loss, pet, I would not play the stern  
steward to your love, but disgrace has never

touched our name."

"And shall not, through me! It will be  
a hard fight, father, but I will live it  
down."

"That's my brave girl! Shall—" and the  
loving voice sank to a whisper—"shall I  
say a prayer for my child to-night?"

"Here—now—papa."

And while the echo of the band playing

Strauss waltz came floating up the broad  
staircase, and the faint sound of moving  
voice and merry voices mingled with the  
music, in the room above the father prayed

that the young girl, for whose pleasure the  
gaiety had been awakened, might have

strength to bear the sorrow that evening  
had brought to her happy life.

Many of the guests had departed be-  
fore the host entered the drawing-room  
again, and soon the quiet of the house was  
unbroken, save by the stealthy feet of the  
servants, as they made all fast before re-  
turning. In the cold gray light of the early  
winter morning, alone in her room Anna  
Leigh looked upon her dead papa and her  
future. She was a very fairy in free and  
form, this little heroine of mine; was small,  
graceful, and wonderfully pretty. Her  
deep blue eyes were childlike in their frank  
innocence, and round her shoulders clusters  
of sunny curly hair like a shower of golden  
strands. From her babyhood she had  
known no grief. Her mother had died be-  
fore she had learned to lip her name, and  
her father's widowed sister had filled her  
room, but before the library was gained

place from the hour of her death. Loving  
her tall magnificent father with an almost  
worshipping love, Anna had been repaid  
by the tenderest, most caressing affection  
ever bestowed upon a child. Surrounded  
by the purest Christian influences, her re-  
ligion had been one of the beauties of her  
life, gilding and refining all else. Then  
the love that had grown so unconsciously

so long ago seemed its commencement.  
As she sat in the low arm-chair before

the fire, on that cold morning, she let her  
thoughts dwell upon Harold as she be-  
lieved him to be. The tall, manly figure,  
the frank, open face, the voice, ringing and  
cheerful; not one memory was there of an  
act or word that was not open and frank as

the sunshine. Harold Leslie a swindler  
It was very hard to realize, and the more  
memory painted of his life, the more clearly  
she contradicted the supposition.

"It is false!" she said at last, in her  
heart. "He is noble, good and true, and  
he will yet prove himself so. I cannot  
grieve father by any violent assertion of  
what I believe, but I will wait! I am yours,  
Harry, yours only. My promise was not  
made for a day or a week, but for life, and if  
you never come to claim it, I will die, true  
to my first, only love!" She pressed her  
lips to the diamond circlet upon her finger,  
and in her heart pledged herself to  
keep her betrothal vow.

Mr. Leigh looked anxiously at the little  
face, as Anna came in to breakfast, but  
she told him nothing. And then he gave her  
a brave sweet smile, and he was satisfied.

"I never dreamed the little witch had  
so much pride," he said to his sister.

"She's a true Leigh," was the proud an-  
swer.

And Anna only smiled, thinking the  
day would come when she might confess  
that more than pride sustained her. It  
was a sore struggle at first for Anna Leigh  
to enter again into society soon enough to  
prevent conjecture as to her withdrawal.

Utterly ignorant of any cause for the  
illness, the good lady was bewildered to  
find her love's life before her eyes. Could  
she have thought him unworthy? He  
had engaged so recently that he had  
been a sore trouble to her, and the New  
Year's party planned that the loving father  
might introduce his intended son-in-law  
to his friends, had passed without any sus-  
picion being aroused of the failure of its  
main object. The days crept wearily to  
the girl's darkened life. In vain she  
brought pride, religion and duty to bear  
upon her heart; there was still ever present  
the bitter, wearisome sense of loneliness and  
pain. She loved her father fondly; she  
loved her aunt, but she had given to Har-  
old a deeper, stronger love than either, and  
her heart cried out against the cruel sep-  
eration and the cloud upon his name.

Could she