

THE PETROLEUM CENTRE

DAILY RECORD

(CONTINUATION OF THE PETROLEUM DAILY RECORD.)

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PETROLEUM CENTRE, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 26, 1869.

25 CTS. WEEKLY

THE PETROLEUM CENTRE DAILY RECORD.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

J. G. ELLIOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, PETROLEUM CENTRE, PA.

ALBERT S. HAYEN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW, OFFICE In the Brick Bank Building, corner of Washington and Main Streets.

PETROLEUM CENTRE, PENNA. May 10, 1868.—1f.

BONHAM & SMITH, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS-AT-LAW, OFFICE—High Street, Franklin, and Petroleum Centre, Pa.

V. MCALPINE, RESIDENT SURGEON DENTIST, OFFICE—Berry's new Building, corner of Washington and Second sts., Petroleum Centre, Pa. may19 1f.

T. G. CHRISTIE, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON: Office opposite the McKinley House, Pleasantville, Pa.

Col. J. E. BROWN & J. J. McCASLIN, Dealers in OIL LANDS, LEASES, ENGINES, &c., PLEASANTVILLE, PA.

S. F. WILSON & S. VAN VELSON, WILSON & VAN VELSON, GAUGERS AND INSPECTORS OF CRUDE PETROLEUM, OFFICES—Mercantile Building, Oil City Pa., and with Ostron & Sowers; Petroleum Centre, Pa. July 25th, 1868.—1f.

H. C. Jarvis, Dealer in CABINET FURNITURE! A LARGE ASSORTMENT ALWAYS ON HAND.

LOOKING GLASSES in great variety. Looking Glass Plates replaced in old Frames. Picture Frames made to order. Carpets, Oil Cloths, Wall Paper, Window Shades, A FINE STOCK.

UNDERTAKING, COFFINS of all sizes on hand and trimmed to order on short notice. SASH, GLASS AND DOORS, of all sizes. Also, Putty, Varnish, Stain, &c. No. 1046 WASHINGTON-ST. Petroleum Centre, Pa., July 24, 1868.—1f.

A. J. CHRISTY, U. S. DRUG STORE, Cor. First & Holmden Sts., PETROLEUM CENTRE, PA.

HOTELS.

FOX HOTEL, FRED. C. HYDE, Proprietor, PLEASANTVILLE, PA., Opposite the Presbyterian Church. Feb14

CHASE HOUSE, S. DRAPER, Proprietor, PLEASANTVILLE, PENNA. Dec15 3m.

McCLINTOCK HOUSE, PETROLEUM CENTRE, PA. This popular Hotel, situated Corner of Main & Washington-Sts., Near the Depot, has been refitted and furnished throughout, and the proprietor will spare no pains to make it a

FIRST-CLASS HOUSE, W. H. GADLE, Proprietor, oct18 1f.

CENTRAL HOUSE, PETROLEUM CENTRE, PA., Near Oil Creek & Allegheny River Railway Depot. may18 1f.

ROCHESTER HOUSE, Washington street, Petroleum Centre, Pa. COLE & GRIFFIN, Proprietors.

AMERICAN HOTEL, PETROLEUM CENTRE, PA. J. R. BARNES, Proprietor. This House is in a pleasant locality, and but a short walk from the Depot. The rooms are large and comfortable, and the table supplied with the delicacies of the season. J. R. BARNES. jun24 1f.

PETROLEUM HOUSE, OIL CITY, PA. Having recently taken possession of the above House, we would most respectfully inform the traveling public that we propose to "keep a Hotel," and to convince them of the fact, we invite all who wish the comforts of a home, to call upon us. It will be found

The Hotel of the Oil Regions. Our Sample Room is supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars, and our table will be found laden with the very best of the market affords. There is connected with the House four first class Billiard Tables. Also, Barb-er Shop and Bath Rooms. Give us a call, and convince yourselves of the truthfulness of our assertion.

CHARLES W. STAATS, JAMES G. WHITE, FRANKLIN HOUSE, MILLER FARM STATION, [On Oil Creek Railroad.] THE HOUSE AND FURNITURE NEW. C. W. TWIST, Proprietor. June2 1f.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, MILLER FARM, PA. JOHN E. ROWE, Proprietor. Good accommodations for transient customers—Day Board and Board with rooms on reasonable terms. The proprietor will spare no pains to make his House attractive to guests. June2 1f.

UNION HOTEL, PLEASANTVILLE, PA. This House having recently been enlarged and refurnished, I am now prepared to accommodate two hundred guests comfortably. Stages leave this house three times a day for Titusville. There is also a line of Stages to Pithole. June1 1f.

F. J. HANNA & CO., CENTRAL MACHINE & BOILER SHOP, WASHINGTON ST., PETROLEUM CENTRE, PA. BOILERS AND ENGINES REPAIRED AT SHORT NOTICE.

All kinds of Machine Work done promptly and warranted to give satisfaction. V. J. HANNA & CO.

Petroleum Centre Daily Record.

Pet. Centre, Friday, March 26.

RED KNIFE; OR KIT KATSON'S LAST TRAIL.

BY LEON LEWIS, Author of "The Wagon Train," "The Witch Finder," "The Water Wolf," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I. A LIFE GLORIOUSLY STAKED.

Towards the close of a beautiful day in June, 1867, a man and woman, mounted upon fleet horses, came galloping over one of the great plains of the West, and drew rein in the shade of a clump of cotton-woods upon the bank of a beautiful river. They had ridden far and rapidly. Their steeds were panting, and covered with sweat and foam.

"We must give the horses a breathing spell," said the former, slipping to the ground; and his companion nodded a graceful assent, as she followed his example. The couple were evidently father and daughter.

The man was in prime of life, hale and hearty, with a large frame, which was sinewy and athletic, without ceasing to be refined and prepossessing. He had the keen, shrewd look peculiar to the advance guards of civilization, and there was an honest, frank expression on his sun-browned face that proclaimed his integrity and courage. "In her way, his daughter was equally picturesque and attractive.

In the early flush of womanhood, with a pure, sweet, and tender face, with eyes darkly glowing, with coral-tinted lips, and cheeks softly flushed with the hue of the rose, with amber curls floating behind her, she was as graceful as a gazelle, as light-hearted as a bird, as lovely as a flower, and as spirited as an untamed antelope.

The stream by which the couple had halted was Wood river, a branch of the Platte, in Nebraska, at a point fifty miles northwest of Fort Kearny.

"Are you tired, Miriam?" asked the hunter, George Dane, with fatherly solicitude. "Tired, father?" rejoined the maiden, with a happy laugh. "Oh, no. How could I be tired after a day like this? Every minute has been filled with pleasure and excitement. I feel as fresh as yonder bird."

The father smiled understandingly, with a look full of the fondest affection. "I can guess the cause of your lightness of heart," said he, smilingly. "The return, now daily expected, of a certain Hubert Karle, from the mines of Idaho, may account, I suspect, for your present gladness."

A heightened color appeared on Miriam's face, for the name mentioned was that of her lover. She answered the glances of her father, however, with a frankness that attested his entire sympathy with her, and said: "True, father, my heart has been unusually light for several days past. How could it be otherwise, since I know that Hubert is coming?"

Mr. Dane did not reply. He was looking with kindling eyes, over the fair flower-dotted plain; and his next remark showed how widely his thoughts had strayed. "I wonder what mother has been doing without us all day, Miriam. She must be lonely, with no one to speak to or share her meals. I shouldn't wonder if we could see our home from this point," and his face lighted up with a soulful glow. "Our Cottage is not more than seven miles distant; let me see?"

He drew from his coat a pocket-glass, adjusted it to his sight, pointing it in a northerly direction, and gazed through it long and earnestly, towards his ranch upon Carrey's Fork.

"Yes, I see it, he said, at last, with a long, deep, and joyful inspiration, as if the sight refreshed him in every nerve. "There is our cottage, as plain as day. I can even see the vines you planted before the windows, Miriam. And there, on the grape-vine bush, under the big elm, sits your mother, busy at her sewing. Bless her! She does not imagine we are looking at her. Look Miriam!"

He yielded the instrument to his daughter, who obeyed his injunction, her lovely face glowing with smiles as she regarded the distant home-scene.

"Dear mother," she murmured. "It is a treat to her to be able to sit out under the trees without fear of molestation. There are no hostile Indians hereabouts now—are there, father?"

"No, Red Knife, as you have already heard, was killed yesterday by a settler, and his band has retreated towards the mountains. I will confess, Miriam, that during all the time we have been in the West, I have not felt so light-hearted and care-free as since we received news of Red Knife's death. You have just seen how this joy bubbles over in me. Red Knife was a demon, rather than a savage."

Miriam shuddered, and her features even paled at the memory of the Indian mentioned.

"He never spared a pale face," she said, striving to speak calmly. "Desolation and cruelty marked his path. For more than three years he has raged to and fro upon the plains like a ravening wolf. He was the terror of the border."

"You have named him appropriately Miriam," said the hunter. "He had a fiendish hatred of the white race, and his victims have been many."

Mr. Dane held out his hand for the glass, and Miriam was in the act of restoring it, when a strange, gasping, panting sound quickly started them both, and sent them quickly to their saddles.

The hunter wheeled his horse and looked down upon the river-bank, from which direction the sound had come, his manner self-possessed, but his countenance indicative of alarm. The maiden followed his example.

Her eyes were the first to discover the cause of the sound that had startled them, detecting a man's figure creeping along through the undergrowth of bushes lining the shore.

At the same moment, their presence in turn was detected, for the man dropped suddenly among the protecting bushes, as if he had been shot.

"An Indian!" whispered Miriam, drawing from her bosom a revolver. The hunter shook his head, continuing to watch the spot at which the man had fallen his hand on his rifle, his manner that of one ready for action.

Suddenly, as the man showed a haggard face peering cautiously from his concealment, Mr. Dane's anxious countenance broke into a smile, and he cried out: "Hallo! Is that you, Thompson? Do you take us for Indians, that you skulk there in the bushes?"

The individual addressed was silent a full minute, as it seemed, from sheer amazement; then he sprang out from his hiding-place with a cry of relief, and advanced swiftly towards the father and daughter.

He was a man of middle age, of the ordinary type of backwoodsmen, strong and brown and stalwart, of the rude, rough type that seems to belong to the border. His face was haggard and white, although covered with perspiration. His breath came through his parted lips in quick, uneven gasps. He had run far and swiftly, and looked as if about to drop from fatigue.

"What happened, Thompson?" asked Dane, with keen anxiety, the man's singular appearance giving him a sudden shock of alarm.

"The Indians!" gasped Thompson, scarcely able to command his voice. "They are coming! Red Knife and his band—divided—my wife—my children! Help me!"

"What is this?" cried Dane, agitated in spite of his efforts at self-control. "Red Knife was killed yesterday—"

"He was only wounded," interrupted Thompson. "He is coming to take his vengeance on us settlers. He has divided his band into two. They were up at the Deer Fork this morning, and are now coming this way. The points to be struck are your house and mine."

"My God!" ejaculated Dane, as his informant paused in his excited breathless narration.

"A horse! a horse!" cried Thompson, reeling with fatigue. "I can go no further on foot. My wife, my children—God pity and save them!"

He looked from the hunter to his daughter in agonized and mute supplication. Dane snatched the glass from Miriam's hands and placed it to his eyes.

He looked to the northward—saw his pretty cottage, his wife busy at her needle, under the trees—and glanced at the dim line of the horizon stretching away eastward and westward from his home.

Suddenly the glass dropped from his hands—his face blanched to the hue of snow.—From the west, seeming to advance from the clouds of scarlet and gold he had beheld a band of mounted Indians riding towards that unprotected home, towards the unconscious and helpless woman.

With a frenzied cry, he put spurs to his horse, and dashed away like a madman, shouting to his daughter to follow him; at the same instant Thompson staggered and fell in the maiden's path, holding up his hands in anguish.

"My wife! my children!" he groaned. There was no hesitation in the soul of the brave Miriam.

"Mine is but a single life; he has seven depending on him," she said, aloud. As she spoke, she leaped from her saddle, and, with a gesture, commanded him to take her place.

"But—your danger!" faltered Thompson. "The Indians—"

Miriam again pointed to the saddle. "Go," she commanded. "Think only of your family, and be gone!"

Sil Thompson hesitated, sweeping the horizon with eager glances, to assure himself that no immediate danger threatened. A change came over his face as he looked, and he uttered a wild cry, catching up the glass Mr. Dane had let fall and looked thro' it.

The sight he beheld convulsed him with terror. Not a rifle away to the west, he saw com-

RAILROADS.

Erie and Pittsburgh R. R. ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, NOV. 2nd, 1868, trains will run on this road as follows:

LEAVE ERIE—SOUTHWARD. 10.35 a. m., Pittsburgh Express, stops at all stations, and arrives at A. & G. W. R. R. Transfer at 1.35 p. m., at New Castle at 3.15 p. m., and at Pittsburgh at 5.00 p. m.

4.30 a. m., Accommodation from Jamestown, arrives at A. & G. W. R. R. Transfer at 5.00 a. m., at New Castle at 7.00 a. m., and at Pittsburgh at 10.00 a. m.

5.10 p. m., Mixed Train leaves Erie for Shavert stopping at all intermediate stations and arriving at 1.0 a. m.

SOUTHWARD. 7.15 Erie Express leaves New Castle at 9.45 a. m., A. & G. W. R. R. Transfer at 11.10 a. m., and arrives at Erie at 2.30 p. m., making close connection for Buf. and King-Valle.

4.35 p. m., Erie Accommodation leaves N. Castle at 7.35 p. m., A. & G. W. R. R. Transfer at 9.34 p. m., Jamestown at 9.40 p. m.

8.30 p. m., Mixed Train leaves Sharon for Erie, arriving at 11.30 p. m. Pittsburgh Express south connects at Jamestown at 12.50 p. m., with J. & P. Express, for Franklin and Oil City. Connects at Transfer at 1.55 p. m., with A. & G. W. R. R. Accommodation west, for Warren, Ravenna and Cleveland.

Erie Express north connects at A. & G. W. Transfer at 11.10 a. m., with Mail east for Meadville, Franklin, and Oil City, and at Jamestown with J. & P. Express for Franklin.

Trains connect at Rochester with trains for Wheeling and all points in West Virginia, and at Pittsburgh connections for Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Baltimore and Washington, via Pennsylvania Central Railroad.

Erie Express North, connects at Girard with Lake shore trains Westward for Cleveland, Chicago and all points in the west; at Erie with Philadelphia & Erie Railroad for Corry, Warren, Leavitt, Titusville, &c., and with Buffalo & Erie Railroad for Buffalo, Dunkirk, Niagara Falls and New York City.

P. N. PINNEY, Agent Superintendant.

BUFFALO AND ERIE RAILROAD.

On and after Monday, Nov. 2nd, 1868, Passenger Trains will run on this road as follows:

LEAVE ERIE—SOUTHWARD. 1:40 A. M. NIGHT EXPRESS, stopping at Ripley, Westfield, Dunkirk and Westfield, arriving at Buffalo at 4.48 A. M.

10:55 A. M. NEW YORK EXPRESS, stopping at Westfield, Brocton, Dunkirk, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, arriving at Buffalo at 2.10 P. M.

7:35 P. M. CINCINNATI EXPRESS, stopping at Dunkirk and Silvercreek, and arrives at Buffalo at 10.45 P. M.

6:00 A. M. MAIL AND ACCOMMODATION, stopping at all stations, arriving at Buffalo at 10.40 A. M.

3:45 P. M. DAY EXPRESS, stopping at Northeast, Ripley, Westfield, Dunkirk, Silvercreek and Argola, arriving at Buffalo at 7.00 P. M.

12:25 P. M. MAIL AND ACCOMMODATION, stopping at all stations, arriving at Erie at 3.45 P. M.

4:00 P. M. MAIL AND ACCOMMODATION, stopping at all stations, arriving at Erie at 8.30 P. M.

6:30 A. M. TOLEDO EXPRESS, stopping at all stations, and arriving at Erie at 10.30 A. M.

9:00 P. M. STEAMBOAT EXPRESS, stopping at Argola, Silvercreek, Dunkirk, Brocton, Westfield and Northeast, arriving at Erie at 12.30 P. M.

1:20 A. M. NIGHT EXPRESS, stopping at Silvercreek, Dunkirk and Westfield, arriving at Erie at 4.40 A. M. Railroad time is 20 minutes faster than Erie time. R. N. BROWN, Gen'l Supt.

BUFFALO, CORRY & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Takes effect Monday, November 2nd, 1868.