

The Potter Journal.

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dersport, on the Wellsville Road. 9-44

Selected Poetry.

A BALLAD.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

There was an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well,
He dwelt hard by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who lov'd his hook and rod;
So even ran his line of life,
The people thought him odd.

For science and for books he said
He never had a wish;
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a "school of fish."

This single minded fisherman
A double calling had—
To tend his flocks in winter time,
In summer, fish for shad.

In short, this honest fisherman
All other toils forsook,
And though no vagrant man was he,
He liv'd by "hook and crook."

All day the fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze upon the water, like
Some sedentary frog.

A cunning fisherman was he,
His angles were all right;
And when he scratched his aged poll,
You'd know he'd got a bite.

To charm the fish he never spoke,
And, though his voice was fine,
He found the most convenient way
Was just to "drop a line."

And many a "gudgeon" of the pond,
If made to speak to-day,
Would own with grief this angler had
A mighty "taking way."

One day, while fishing on the log,
He mourned his want of luck;
When suddenly he felt a bite,
And jerking, caught a "duck."

Alas! that day, the fisherman
Had taken too much grog;
And being but a landsman, too,
He couldn't "keep the log."

In vain he strove with all his might,
And tried to gain the shore;
Down, down he went to feed the fish
He'd baited off before!

The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear,
A single drop too much of rum,
May make a watery bier.

And he who will not "sign the pledge"
And keep the promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a stiff
Cold water man at last!

Selected Tale.

Life at a Watering Place.

[From the Knickerbocker for June.]
THE MASQUERADE OF HATE.

[Conclusion.]

There was Mrs. Morris Borrowe, whom I had got to know, and who frequently took me to drive. She was charmingly natural, bright, and even witty when we were alone, having a remarkable insight into character; but when we returned to the circle of our hotel, she became almost rapid; a well-bred languor overspread her features. She said nothing but common-places; no emotion betrayed itself on her trained features.

O shadow of Maintenon, of Pompadour, of Espinasse, of Reccamier! was this your idea of being charming? We wear your dresses, we copy your graces; why cannot we follow your sprightly footsteps still further, and dare to be witty and wise as you were at your dear little suppers? Is it because there are fools in high places, and we must follow the fashion, as we do of an ugly collar, (because a duchess has a king's evil,) and be fools if we can—if not, play that we are?

One of the wits of Newport was Mr. Semple. He was very well born and bred, and it was considered proper to laugh at his jokes. He, as it seemed, had taken out a license to be funny; all other wit was contraband; he might be laughed at.

"Mrs. Clifton," he drawled one evening, "do you know that to-day I have made an atrocious pun? I said that the names of the houses should be split, and ours should be called the 'Fill-belle,' and that the 'Vue-More,' from the names Fill-

more and Bellvue. We are filled with belles, and they could view more without hurting them!"

A silvery laugh echoed through the rooms. We all dared to be amused, and this gigantic achievement of wit passed into one of the legends of Newport intellectuality.

One of the ladies of Newport had, as I had always supposed, a very enviable reputation for her wit, learning and cleverness; but I found this was a positive disadvantage to her; for on asking Mr. Semple about her, he seemed rather disgusted, and answered me:

"Very good house, nice position, rich, but too chatty; oh! decidedly too chatty!"

The second week of our stay still found Rose the reigning belle of the house. Neither Miss Chase who sang, nor Miss Brown who played, nor Miss Robinson whose mamma manoeuvred, had anything to compare with Rose in point of success. And then came the unmasking!

I went down to dress one day for dinner quite late, and had not time to read a dirty note which I found on my table, and which I supposed was some begging letter; and seeing it lie there still unread, as I was going to take my afternoon drive with Mrs. Borrowe, I put it hastily in my pocket to read on the way.

The afternoon was beautiful, and as Mrs. Borrowe looked out on the sea, she quoted Horace Smith's fine lines:

"To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose shining lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir, the winds and waves; its organ,
thunder,
Its dome, the sky."

The "choir of winds and waves" was chanting its majestic anthem. Nature was grand, calm and beneficent. I could not help asking Mrs. Borrowe if she did not sometimes find society tedious and unsatisfactory.

"Yes, but it has its attractions. I know I am born for something better; but I love it; I cannot escape from it; I believe we should all live with each other; and if the mass is stupid, let us do our individual mite to make it brighter."

"But do we? do we not all take a lower tone when we mingle with society?—Would you now, dear Mrs. Borrowe, have dared to quote that splendid simile, which you have just spoken so appropriately, if you had been in the parlor at the hotel?"

"No, because, as Cecil says, (that worldly-wise Cecil!) "We must, to succeed in society, consent to lose our individuality, and float along with the mass, distinguished only for our extreme resemblance to all the rest." And we must all remember that hate, envy, detraction, are always lying in wait for the successful person; and if I am so unfortunate as to command any excessive admiration, I suffer for it. The most successful persons I know in society, are women who have neither beauty nor wit, who dress well, and while they alarm and wound no one's vanity, are still sought for their position, tact and "knowledge of the world," which means, never showing any other kind of knowledge."

At this moment I remembered my letter, and drew it from my pocket.

It was a badly spelled, badly written letter; saying that the writer felt bound to tell me that he had seen Mr. Sutherland kissing my handsome sister, Miss Rose, in the dusk of the evening before, as they were walking on the piazza; and that he (the writer) had some other facts to communicate, which he would do for five dollars, if I would write him a note, and leave it on the table, when I went to dinner, in my own parlor.

I supposed it was some waiter who wished to get money from me, and showed it to Mrs. Borrowe. She looked it over attentively.

"This is from no waiter. It is a lady's hand disguised. It is done to create a talk. The person who wrote it imagines that you will be frightened, and will mention it to the landlord, or some person about the house: you will complain of your parlor being entered by some waiter or servant, and the story will leak out; and having thus a real foundation for half the story, a number of false ones will be erected on that. It is simply a plot, dictated by hate, to injure Rose."

"Impossible! What has Rose done to anybody?"

"Nothing, intentionally, but everything unintentionally. She has been handsome—admired. Nothing could be so great a crime, for such crimes women have been poisoned; for such a crime this letter has been written."

We drove several miles in silence.—Mrs. Borrowe at length broke it:

"I wish you would do what I suggest about this letter."

"Well?"

"Write an answer and leave it on your table, saying you wish to know more."

"But you assure me that is what the writer wants?"

"Yes; but I propose to foil the perpetrator with her own tools. I think I see a well known-hand in this."

After some conversation on this point, I consented to follow Mrs. Borrowe's device.

When we reached home it was quite dusk, and I went to find Rose. She had been driving with Mrs. Gibson, whom I met in the hall, and who said she had been home an hour.

Rose was not in my own room or hers; and Matilde, my maid, said she had come in very hurriedly, taken a shawl and gone out again.

I waited an hour very uneasily. Then I went out to see Mrs. Gibson again. She knew nothing of her; said she walked off, talking with Sutherland and some young ladies after the drive.

At this moment one of the young ladies came in, and said she had returned with Rose and Sutherland just before I drove up, and thought Rose must be in her own room, dressing for the hop.

I went again; there was the dress she was to wear, but no Rose. I was getting more and more alarmed.

I went to Mrs. Borrowe. She was frightened too. She asked me if I had perfect confidence in Rose, that she could not be deceiving me.

"Perfect, perfect."

"Then, this is a plot to annoy you, like all the rest."

"Now, be calm, you must dress and go to the hop to-night; tell everybody that Rose did not come because she had a headache; be perfectly cool about it; and I will look for Rose. She is safe, depend upon it; but, if you wish to save her and yourself a terrible scandal, do not show that you are anxious about her."

There was something so perfectly convincing in Mrs. Borrowe's manner that I submitted.

Matilde exclaimed at my pale cheeks and haggard expression.

"If Madam would but color a little. She has the distinction, the air, the everything, but she has not the complexion. Would Madame be brilliant for the ball, and permit me to color with discretion?"

"Do what you like Matilde."

So Matilde produced, from her own Magazines, bottles and boxes, and proceeded to make me up: a drawing sensation of the skin convinced me that a color "charming, natural," like that which bloomed perpetually on the cheek of Matilde, was blushing on my own. My eyebrows, my hair, were also touched with various brushes and other instruments. After receiving the treatment which is generally bestowed on the "portrait of a lady," instead of the lady herself, I was pronounced finished, and looked at myself.

I hardly knew the enamelled visage which presented itself. This then was one sort of "mask," which I had not remembered. It was easier than I thought, to hide the anxiety which gnawed at my heart. I could better appear unconcerned behind this face.

"Come," said Mrs. Borrowe, knocking at my door; "here is Warden Wood waiting to escort you. Bless me! how well you look! I am on the track," she whispered; "be composed! There is nothing wrong."

Mr. Warden Wood was too well bred to notice my abstractions, if indeed I showed any; and I cannot remember much of this evening, except that he and others complimented me much on my appearance, and that in the many inquiries for

Rose, I thought Mrs. Paston and Mrs. Smithson looked more interested than the occasion required; and both asked where was Mr. Sutherland.

Some unexpected inspiration enabled me to say, with an indifferent tone: "Oh! I suppose he does not care to come, if my sister is not here."

I was so excited and distressed, that the effort to play so unnatural a part was rapidly depriving me of all my strength, when I saw Mrs. Borrowe enter with Sutherland.

I had always detested this man; but at this moment he looked perfectly beautiful to me. He came up with Mrs. Borrowe, and after paying me some compliments, asked for my sister.

I made some inane answer, and a subtle attraction drew my eyes towards Mrs. Paston: her face was distorted with rage, but became smiling immediately.

As Sutherland passed her, she gave him a look from which he quailed, and I have since observed, that all the evil which the world had previously said of Sutherland, was praise, compared with what Mrs. Paston afterwards treated him to.

"I have not found Rose," whispered Mrs. Borrowe; "but I found Sutherland, which was next best; and I made him come here with me, although he didn't want to; but he came because he wants me to invite him to my supper party next week, and if matters are as I suspect, he has been used by some ladies here to affix suspicion on Rose; and being seen here himself is so much in her favor. How well you look!—What a color! Why, anxiety becomes you!"

"O dear, woman! I am all painted up; and I am dying with anxiety about Rose. Do let me go; I shall drop down if you do not."

So Mrs. Borrowe, serene and smiling, piloted me to the door. We left Sutherland dancing madly; and with head almost bursting with pain, I reached my own room.

There, on the table, was a note written in pencil, to this effect:

"Dear Laurie: Jennie Millwood is quite ill, and wants me to come over and spend the night with her. I don't care for the hop. Yours, affectionately,
"Rose."

I had suffered enough during those few hours to give me the right to faint away, which I did immediately, and on coming to sent for Mrs. Borrowe, who shared in my relief, as she had in my anxiety.

"Now, be quiet, dear Mrs. Clifton, and to-morrow we will get at the bottom of this mystery. This note Rose evidently left where you could see it, and it was taken away by the same hand which was employed to bring you the anonymous communication. To-morrow you will write an answer to that, and leave it on your table when you go to dinner: depend upon it, there is a plot to be unraveled."

I waited impatiently for the morning to dawn; and as soon as the house was opened, I put on my bonnet and went over to the other hotel, where I soon found Jennie Millwood's sick-room. There, on a sofa, lay sister Rose, quietly sleeping. The invalid was awake, and told me that as Rose had read to her nearly all night, she had asked her to lie down and get a little sleep.

I went across the room, and kissed the cheek flushed with unaccustomed vigils. I determined, as I looked on the innocent face, and thought of all her sweet and lovely qualities, that my Rose should henceforth open in some purer and better atmosphere than that of a watering-place.

I followed Mrs. Borrowe's advice, and wrote a few words, and leaving the note on my table, went to dinner as usual. The scene which followed may best be described in theatrical parlance.

The company being well seated at dinner, a woman stealthily creeps across the deserted passage-way, and enters my parlor, looks cautiously around, and is on the point of seizing the note, when the door to the left, leading to a bedroom, opens, and exit Mrs. Borrowe, Mrs. Graham, Lewis, and one or two more, who surround the frightened woman, who

proves to be Mrs. Paston's maid, who on the occasion of this unexpected detection falls on her knees, implores pardon, says that her mistress has sent her, etc., etc., etc.

The noise and confusion of this scene reached the dining-room, and several ladies left the table. Mrs. Paston and Mrs. Smithson remained with perfect sang froid in their seats.

The only sufferer was the poor waiting-maid, who was discharged, as being too fond of falsehood and intrigue; and if Sutherland had not turned state's evidence and confessed that these two lovely queens of fashion had requested him to stay out of sight on the night of the hop, promising him in return that he should see Rose in the parlor of one of them we should never have known how much was mistress and how much was maid.

Mr. Gibson and I had a final meeting on the subject of Newport in my parlor just before we came away.

Mrs. Paston was announced. I sent back her card.

"Why do you, my dear friend? Why, you will make an enemy for life of the woman," screamed the frightened Gibson.

"Is that left to be done? Is she not as much my enemy now as she ever could be?"

"But not openly! Do remember her position, and ignore the facts. Charge it all to servants, servants, who are always bad: it is better to believe that the waiting-maid lied than to lose Mrs. Paston."

"But I know—"

"I know you do; but here is a perfect opportunity to pretend that you don't know."

"But why pretend?"

"Because that is society. If we did not pretend, we could not support the present structure of society. The truth is a very harsh and awkward thing, and should not be spoken at all times. That is a charming idea, doubtless, in poetry, romance, but it don't do at Newport."

The Masquerade of Hate! The romance of society was gone. It was too truly a masquerade—brilliant, charming to the senses, but horribly false, fatally untrue. The guests could not be unmasked. Should the veil be pulled aside, more horrible would be the revelation than that of the "Dance of Death!"

Yet was not all barren. I had found Mrs. Borrowe in it and not of it; her friendship was worth the whole; and Rose—Rose found Mr. Tracy; and perhaps the loneliness of my house now (for my Rose has been transplanted) may have affected my spirits so powerfully that I have given a harsher coloring to the picture than I should have done were she still here to cheer me, and to show me, by the perfect happiness of her marriage, that some good thing can come out of society.

But I wait impatiently for some "sardonic wit" to attempt the "Masquerade of Hate," and recommended it to the attention of Warden Wood, who may favor the world with it.

LARGEST CHAIN IN THE WORLD.—It is believed that the largest cable in the world is that now about to be used in the operation of raising the Russian ships sunk at Sebastopol. It is three hundred yards long; each link weighs two hundred pounds, and each link has been separately tested by a strain of five hundred tons. It was manufactured at the Reading Forge, in our own State. The value of the material to be furnished by the Russian government, to be used in the raising of this fleet will be a million and a half of dollars, and the time occupied in performing the contract will, it is thought, be about two years.

DEATH OF A LARGE MAN.—The Jackson (Tenn.) *Whig* of the 19th ult. chronicles the death in Henderson County, in that State, of Mr. Miles Darden. The *Whig* says the deceased was, beyond all question the largest man in the world.—His height was seven feet six inches—two inches higher than Porter, the celebrated Kentucky giant. His weight was a fraction over one thousand pounds! He measured round the waist six feet nine inches.

OUR DRINKS.—There are in the United States 1517 distilleries, in which 5240 persons are employed; a capital of \$8,507,074 is invested. They consume yearly 11,267,761 bushels of corn, 2,787,070 bushels of barley, 2,143,027 bushels of rye, and 57,440 hogheads of molasses. They manufacture 42,461,926 gallons of ale, 41,304 gallons of whiskey and high wines, and 6,500,000 gallons of rum—being about four gallons of liquor to every man, woman and child in the country.