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JAMES WATKINS, Insurance Agent. Mr. Watkins takes pleasure in informing the citizens of this town and vicinity that he is sole agent for the Loyal Fire Insurance Company, and of the Home Insurance Company.

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POST HOUSE,

CENTER ST., Near Steamboat Wharf, M'CONNELLSVILLE, OHIO. M. METCALF, Prop'r., M. H. METCALF, C'k.

OHIO HOUSE,

CENTER ST., Near Steamboat Wharf, M'CONNELLSVILLE, OHIO. N. HARTZELL - - - Proprietor. This house has just been refurnished and fitted up in the best style, and every effort will be made to accommodate the travelling public.

BOOT AND SHOE MENDING DONE

JAMES ROACH, At his old stand, Adjoining the CENTRAL HOUSE, Feb 8-3mo.

THE LEVANT.

Terrific Earthquake at Mytelene Over a Thousand Lives Lost--Heartrending Scenes. [Mytelene (March 6) correspondent of the Levant Herald.]

On Tuesday, the 6th, the weather had been close and unwholesomely hot; but as this is generally the case with the south wind, which has been blowing for some time, nothing was thought of it, least of all was there any fear of what followed. Though volcanic, as is proved by the numerous hot springs, the island had not during the present generation been visited by earthquake, it was now, however, to have a terrible experience of the phenomenon. About 6 P. M. a sharp shock, lasting some fifteen or eighteen seconds, vibrated throughout the town, and before the fact was well realized was followed by a second, longer and a much more violent one. I happened at the moment to be down at the pier of the Austrian Lloyd's agency, and nearly a half minute before the shock was felt on shore saw the sea heave and foam out in the port as it a submarine explosion had taken place. Little time, however, was left for surprise. In much less time than I take to write it the thrill quivered through the town, and, reeling like drunken men, whole blocks of sandstone houses collapsed as if they had been card houses. The offices of the agency and nearly all the adjoining buildings, including the Custom House, the light house office, and the large oil mill, thus fell. Up in the town entire streets similarly crumbled, burying their inhabitants by hundreds in the ruins. The fine old castle, the cathedral, the Governor's konak, the prison, the mosques, and, I believe, all the conular residences, more or less yielded to the violence of the shock, and are for the most part mere heaps of ruins. The very solidity with which the town was built has aggravated the disastrous effects of the calamity a hundredfold, both as regards the loss of life and destruction of property. The most complete ruin has fallen upon the lower end of the town, where the earth literally opened and swallowed a broad belt of buildings right up from the sea to the slope island. At this

point a permanent subsidence of the ground has taken place, and the sea has accordingly encroached far into what on Thursday afternoon was one of the busiest parts of Mytelene. In fact to sum up the disaster, more than half of our beautiful town—the prettiest and most lively, perhaps, of all the Levant—is a desert of ruins. The worst of the calamities, of course, the loss of life. As yet we can only guess at the extent of this; but it is thought that from 800 to 1,900 have perished, while as many more have been maimed and wounded in every way. Up till today 120 bodies have, I hear, been dug out of the safer ruins; but how many have been buried under the others which are two dangerous to be approached can only be surmised. Such of the houses as are still standing have been abandoned, and the whole surviving population is now scattered over the hill sides and among the gardens outside the town—a few under such covers as they have been able to improvise; the rest bivouacking without shelter of any kind. Any attempt to describe the scene would be useless. Heartrending grief, pain and confusion meet the eye on every side. Already the want of provisions is aggravating the distress, and only a speedy supply from Smyrna or the capital can avert great additional loss of life. One of the Austrian Lloyd's steamers and a French gunboat from Smyrna, have landed a quantity of biscuit and some other stores, but in all perhaps not more than day's food for the place. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Porte will at once send down tents, biscuits and whatever other stores can be quickest got together. But not the town of Mytelene alone has suffered from this great calamity: it has scattered ruin and death throughout the whole northern part of the island. Hardly a village has escaped, and not merely property but life has been destroyed in nearly the whole. Melivo has been all but entirely demolished, and several hundreds of its 6,000 or 7,000 inhabitants have, it is said, perished in the ruins. It is, in fact, no exaggeration to say that half the island has been laid waste, with a sacrifice of human life that may be reckoned by thousands. No such disaster has ever befallen Mytelene.

Of the islands, which are numerous, the principle are those forming the Alientan Archipelago. Of these, the most important are Prince of Wales Island, Baranov, or Sitka, Kocik, Univac, Naniak and St. Lawrence.

Its population is estimated variously at from 60,000 to 75,000. There are a little over 10,000 whites, partly of Russian or Siberian descent, and from 40,000 to 60,000 Indians. The climate of the greater part of the country is intensely cold and the soil sterile. This does not refer to the entire country, for in the South the valleys are said to be productive. Most of the vegetation is of an Alpine character, though pines attain a great elevation on the low hills, and the fir and alder are to be met with abundantly. The country is mainly valuable for its extensive fisheries and furs. The latter trade has been up to the present controlled by the Russian American Fur Company, which was granted the land from the Emperor Paul in 1799. The Company's charter was renewed in 1839, at which time it had 36 hunting and fishing stations. The annual export is estimated at 10,000 seal skins, 1000 sea otter, 12,000 beaver, 25,000 land otter, fox and martina skins, and about 20,000 sea-horse teeth. Not only the fur markets of Russia are supplied by the Company, but also those of China, and a considerable revenue thus accrues to it. New Archangle, the principle town, is situated on the island of Baranov, or Sitka, in latitude 57.30 degrees, longitude 135.13 degrees. It was founded in 1805, and is a regular military station, with a population of some 1500 persons. The fort mounts several guns, and the Company likewise employ some twelve vessels, of from 300 to 400 tons, mounting each ten guns. A Greek bishop and Lutheran minister resides here, and there are schools for the children of Europeans and half-breeds.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

As there have been negotiations entered into with England for the possession of British Columbia, a few words on its position and importance may not be amiss. This colony was established in 1888 on the Pacific coast, and comprises the districts hitherto known as New Columbia, New Georgia, Norfolk and New Cornwall, and lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, and is bounded south by the northern frontier of Washington Territory, and north by Simpson's river and the Finlay branch of Pearl river. Its extent is about 200,000 square miles. The country is wildly different from that described above. The soil is in most places good, and cereals of all kinds may be grown there successfully. The climate too, is unusually fine. The district is under the control, so far as its trade in furs is concerned, of the Hudson's Bay Company, and it is said to be one of the richest districts of that body. Coal is plenty here and can be found either cropping out of the surface or immediately below it. It was thought on the establishment of the colony that a large tide of emigration would set in, but these hopes have by no means met with any great realization.

Anecdotes of Sam Houston.

The Houston Telegraph tells an anecdote of Gen. Sam. Houston. On one occasion, when he was expected to make a furious war-speech to a much excited crowd eager to invade Mexico, he gave, on the contrary, an agricultural address, and ended by advising them to "go home and raise corn!" "Twas one of the wisest speeches ever made by the old warrior. In our humble way, we would imitate his example and give the same wholesome advice. It is idle to talk politics, it is idle to discuss the future of the negro, it is idle to speculate as to whether he will work or will perish, it is idle to inquire who will be Chief Magistrate, the President or Congress. All this avails nothing. But we know that we can take off our coats and work ourselves, with or without the negro. And we know, whoever may be ruler of the United States, duty is king of the world. The great duty now is to let politics alone, lay aside foolish pride, and "raise corn!" When we lived in Reckbridge Va., the native country of Gen. Houston, we

heard an incident of his early life. It is well known he was quite a wild youth and often shocked his guardian's ideas of propriety. When he went out west, his guardian, (who was also his uncle, we believe) accompanied him part of his journey, and on bidding him fare well, said, "Sam, the next thing I expect to hear of you, is either that you have been killed in some row, or that a worse fate has befallen you." "I don't know what you will hear of me," replied young Houston, "but you will not see me again till I pass through Reckbridge on my way to Congress." The prediction was literally fulfilled, and his first visit to Reckbridge was as a member elect to the House of Representatives.

When the writer of this was quite a young man, he went into a hotel in Washington city and inquired at the office for a friend. Owing to a change of room or to some other cause not now remembered, the clerk could give no information and he was going away disappointed, when a gentleman came up and, with no little trouble, aided him in the search for his friend. 'Twas an act of pure, disinterested kindness, and though the incident was trivial, it spoke eloquently of the goodness of heart of the obliging gentleman. He was Gen. Sam. Houston, of Texas. Many theories have been given of his remarkable success in life, and one of them has been that he was an accomplished demagogue. But it is more charitable and more reasonable to believe, that his extraordinary popularity was owing to the conviction among the masses, that at the bottom of his heart there was a large fund of real, genuine, old Reckbridge love of his race. One of his bitterest enemies told us at Corpus Christi, in 1845, that he had known the General to go into a crowd almost ready to mob him, and cry out in his stentorian voice that it was "not the rule in Texas to condemn a man unheard," and when the multitude had assented to this proposition, the old warrior would make such a speech that indignation would be changed into admiration, and the yells of rage into "hurrah for old Sam!"

Homely Girls.

The editor of the Cleveland Herald, having been tolerably profuse in his compliments to the pretty girls of Cleveland, has been requested to say a good thing in behalf of the homely ones, and he does it thus: First—The homely girls of Cleveland are in a hopeless minority, but they mean well. Second—They go to church every Sunday and are fond of their meals.—They had rather have their meals regularly than a new bonnet. Third—They understand their business, and wear No. 16 gaiters. Fourth—They are bright, intelligent, devoid of low jealousy, fond of music, dance at Garrett's Hall as though it was the chief aim of life, and always go in when it rains. Fifth—They always thank the gentlemen for giving them seats in the street cars; never flirt with boys—because it is out of their line—and keep out of the fire. Sixth—They never have half a dozen young sprigs keeping company with them. Seventh—They wash their own handkerchiefs, iron their own collars, and darn their own stockings. Eighth—They never wear waterfalls that weigh over one hundred and fifty pounds, and have neither "rats," nor other animals in their hair. Ninth—They don't call the young bloeds, and other trash, "perfectly splendid." Tenth—They never eat between meals. Eleventh—They are all going to get married. Twelfth—They will all marry well. Thirteenth—Their children will be bright and shining lights in the world. Fourteenth—They won't keep hired girls till their husbands can afford them. Fifteenth—They sleep under mosquito bars when convenient. Sixteenth—They can make coffee and nut cakes, and can do chamber-work. Seventeenth—They are O. K. Eighteenth—They are homely, but

oh Jerusalem! Nineteenth—They know they are homely. Twentieth—They perspire when the thermometer is at 94 in the shade, and wear gored waists. Twenty-first—Young gentlemen don't squeeze them by the hand, and they like peanuts. Twenty-second—They sing "Beautiful Dreamer," and use Sozodent.

"According to Gunter."

This familiar phrase refers to Edmund Gunter, a distinguished English mathematician, who was born 1551 and died in 1626. He is best known as the inventor of the chain commonly used by surveyors for measuring land, and of the flat wooden rule—marked with scales of equal parts, of lines, cords, etc., and also with logarithms of these various parts—which is used to solve problems in surveying and navigation mechanically, with the aid of the dividers alone. Hence, in the popular use of the phrase, anything is "according to Gunter" which is done quite right, and admits of no question of improvement. The English also use the expression "according to Cocker," in the same sense. Cocker—who was born about the year 1632, and died somewhere between the year 1671 1675—was the author of a work of arithmetic, which at once obtained great popularity, and ran through a large number of editions. Almost all of the arithmetics that have since been published in Great Britain for the use of schools have followed his method very closely, and as many of the earlier ones professed on the title page to be "according to Cocker," the expression gained general currency.—Ohio Statesman.

A Relic.

We were shown a few days ago a Bible, which belongs to Mr. W. Gaisford, of this city, and which has been in the possession of the family of that gentleman for over two centuries. It is quite a curiosity in its way, and was printed at London, by Robert Baker, printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, 1615." It is printed in old German text type, and we doubt not, at the time of its publication, was considered quite a neat specimen of typography. This Bible, Mr. Gaisford informs us, cost his ancestor who first purchased it, thirty pounds sterling, which in those days was a large sum of money, representing probably what is now five hundred dollars. This edition is what is known as the "Broches Bible," of which only some two hundred copies were printed, it being afterwards suppressed on account of the following translation of the seventh verse of the third chapter of Genesis: "Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew they were naked, and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves breeches." This copy is in a remarkable state of preservation considering its age and is most highly prized by Mr. Gaisford as a relic of the past.—[Manchester Herald.]

BORAX.

The washer-women of Holland and Belgium, who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of one large handful of borax powder, to about ten gallons of boiling water. They thus save in soap nearly half. For laces, cambrics, &c., an extra quantity of powder is used. Borax being a neutral salt does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen. Its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilet table. To the taste it is rather sweet; it is used for cleaning the hair, and is an excellent dentifrice. Good tea cannot be made with hard, but all water may be made soft by adding a teaspoonful of borax powder to an ordinary-sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea used will be at least one fifth.

The State Auditor, a day or two since, gave to Thomas P. Copes, of Accomac, Va., the sum of \$500 in payment for his negro man Sam, convicted in the County Court of Accomac in 1862, of felony, and sentenced to transportation.