# THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY,

OCTOBER 5, 1890.

# THE GOLDEN GREASE,

An Oil Region Retrospect Inspired by a Look at the Old Drake Well.

GROWTH OF THE DERRICK

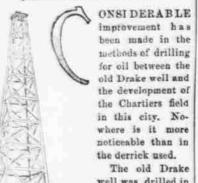
And the Evolution of the Modern Equipments For Drilling.

BENNINGHOFF RUN; IN ITS GLORY.

The Celebrated Robbery That Netted Clean \$400,000.

EARLY PIPE LINES AND REFINERIES.

INDITIES FOR THE DISPATCH.1



methods of drilling for oil between the old Drake well and the development of the Chartiers field in this city. Nowhere is it more noticeable than in the derrick used. The old Drake well was drilled in 1859 with a derrick,

the corners of which were saplings about 30 feet long. It was cumbrously boarded up its entire height. Its immediate successors differed only in that the sapling corners were

held together by girths and crossbraces instead of being boarded up. The derrick of to-day is of plank and 80 feet high. It is symmetrical in its proportions, and very much stronger than the old-time affair. The evolution has been gradual. In

1868-9 the oil well derrick had reached a height of 40 to 48 feet, and was built in much the same style as at present. By the Centennial year, 1876, it had reached a height of 64 teet, and the old, heavy bull wheels were thrown out for the light skeletons. Now the standard height is 80 feet, with the corners double planked hall

OF HISTORIC INTEREST.

Our picture, illustrating the primitive style, is of the Druke well itself, completed \*in August, 1859, the first well ever drilled for oil. This is copied from a photograph taken soon after the completion of the well by J. A. Mather, a personal friend of dence are two of the men who worked on the well and a friend who happened to be there. Mr. Mather is full of incidents of the

days of olldom, every view calling into like recollections of interesting scenes and history. He was the first photographer in the oil regions, having established him-self in Titusville, where he still is, in 1859. His personal acquaintance with the oil princes is wide, and he takes great delight n showing photos taken 20 or 30 years ago, of men who have since gained reputation and lortupe. He showed THE DISPATCH a view in which "Lew" Emery is seen on horseback, the background being one of the first wells in which the great Republican

A SUGGESTIVE PICTURE. But Mr. Muther prides himself most on the view of Benninghoff run, taken in 1865. Just two days after the photograph was taken lightning struck one of the 87 wells shown in the picture, and the whole valley was swept by fire. Two prominent events of oil region history are also recalled by this In the center the trench of the original Harley pipeline is seen, like a path, ascending the hill. On the very crest of the all, at the lest hand side, is the homestead where old man Benninghoff was robbed of

\$200,000 in hard cash.
From that small thread in the center of his picture grew the great pipeline system the country, now representing a capital of over \$40,000,000. A hard time the old line had. It was not a rich and powerful It was only a step toward the alution of a difficult problem,

THE SHIPPING OF OIL chesper than by wagons and barrels. For in the early days of Benninghoff run, the entire product of the regions was taken to refired and waterway by hundreds of

hoped, by the army of teamsters, it could not be successfully operated. When they saw it could be, somehody took occasion to



and guards having been stationed on the line, the teamsters became desperate and made a fierce attack on the terminus one property as well as they could, a number of abots were fired from each side and several persons were wounded. The guards were and a good bit of the pipe line torn up. PROGRESS NOT STAYED.

another line in operation from Pithole to

iob at some other kind of work.

turesque profanity was missed for a time and then the wheels went around more briskly than ever to the tune of dollars and dimes tumbling into the lucky men's pockets. Pipe lines spring up everywhere and carried the golden grease to market much cheaper than the teamsters could. The cheaper than the teamsters could. The slender iron trails coiled over the hills instead of the long coils of wagons with their loads of barrels, their spavined mules and their swearing drivers. The saving, in mud alone, was enormous, for the trains of oil wagons had kept the roads of oildom in such a mixture that they were well nigh bottomless at all seasons of the year. A FAMOUS ROBBERY.

about his house. One night the house was entered by masked burglars, Benninghoff

and his wife bound, gagged and roughly handled. One of the visitors was evidently

acquainted, as he knew where the money

was. The robbers made off with over \$400,000 in each.

abouts was a different matter. The cash, though it had not taken wings, had flown

MORE GOOD MONEY.

never to return.

On the 25th day of October, 1866, the Benninghoff farm was reported to have a production of 2,200 barrels, and the average price of oil at the wells for that month was \$3 40. Benninghoff's royalty was enormous. He was a pialn old farmer with little knowledge, a fresh remembrance of the failure of the Culver banks at New York, Oil City and Titusville, and a great fear of rotten banks in general. He therefore sold his oil regularly and hid the money TRESTLES AND TUNNELS

This whole country has been drilled over signs of life the past three years than for many years previously, and some of the operators have been rewarded for their labors. Detectives traced both robbers and wealth

a small part of the disappointments of that time. James McHenry, in charge of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway—now New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio—projected a line from Erie into the oildorado via Titusville. He was already building a line from Meadville to Oil City. Work was become the other line and considerable begun on the other line, and a considerable portion was graded at heavy expense. Thousands of dollars were expended for right of way, and then—the whole project was abandoned. McHenry's Jortunes were broken, and the whole scheme became a dead letter. Recently, however, Titusville people have been talking of completing the old

Culver's famousair line was also begun at this time. It is now the Oil City branch of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad. General George B. McClellan was chief engineer of the Pithole road. The route was surveyed without much regard to

abounding along the line. From the main line of the Lake Shore to Oil City the road was eventually completed, but the Pithole end is as mournful and complete a wreck as Culver's fortune was. A few rotting trestles speak weakly of the mighty ambitious of

again within the past three years, the mod-ern derricks, machinery and tools contrast-ing strangely with the old-time appliances. A young man who had formerly been in Benninghoff's employ, and treated like a member of the family, disappeared about this time from his Crawford county home and several of his associates were also missed. The identity of the robbers was thus easily established, but their whereabout was additional and the country the country to the country that The new wells have all been small, none of these little wells have been added to the list in Venango county the production has been added to materially. Out about Shamburg, Red Hot and Pithole there have been more

Not in old Venango, though, can we look



English Forces in Ireland. SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S CAREER

Like the Great Soldiers of the World, He is of Slight Stature.

FIGUREHEAD COMMANDER IN CHIEF

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] LONDON, September 27 .- An Irishman to the manner born will command the British force in the Emerald Isle, after October 1. No military appointment made in Great Britain for more than a hundred years has caused more comment, and is more significant than the transfer of Lord Woiseley from the position of Adjutant General at the War Office and the practical executive officer of the English army to the command of the troops in his native land.

There is much speculation among classe as to what the change means, and a settled them gushing thousands of barrels a day as the old timers did, but as about 4,000 of moted to the higher grade, had not the Britmoted to the higher grade, had not the British Government felt assured that the peace of Europe for some time to come, at least, was assured; for by common consent Lord Wolseley, in case of war, would be sent as the commander of the force on the field. It is no disparagement to other officers to say this, because he has earned the place in the white heat of battle, ranging all the way from

comparision with those about him. A stronger personality, clad in a soldier's uniform, I have rarely ever seen. I have been trying for a month to liken and compare him with some Federal General of distinction from our rebellion. But he is different from any of them I can recall.

Besides possessing an abundance of firmness, and a good opinion of his own judgment like Grant, he has plenty of push like Sheridan, whom he admires as much for his record as for his being an Irishman. But there is a sort of finish in his composition, onlish is his means a said activity of a colisity of a said of the polish in his manners, mental activity of a thoughtful kind and a subtle diplomacy that I have never before met in an officer who has won distinction in the pestle of fight. These qualities are all foreign to the rugged soldier, such we knew in our country during the war. These finely drawn theo-retical minds were doubtful of their own genius, in the crucible of plan and onset. ANOTHER SMALL FIGHTER.

It is remarkable how many small men have been great soldiers. Napoleon was undersize, Grant hardly up to the average, Sheridan below it, etc. Lord Wolseley is in the same group. He is hardly up to the medium, and is slim and lithe of frame. His face is rather small, but full of firm lines that are very apparent when he closes his thin lips under his gray mustache. His eyes are sharp and searching and his man-ner the perfection of fine breeding, as always found in a real Irish gentleman. His hair was once dark, but now almost white, but there is a freshness to his face and a twinkle in his blue eyes that make him look as fresh as at 40, when he must have

look as fresh as at 40, when he must have been an exceedingly handsome man.

There is rarely much in the peaceful side of a strong soldier's life that is striking enough to write about. People love to read about heroism, adventure and the dramatic features of a military chieftain's career—not what he has done with his legs under the desk and a pen in his hand. The story of Lord Wolseley's life is so full of the dramatic that it intrudes itself at every turn and sets aside all else. urn and sets aside all else.

VERY NEAR TO DEATH.

During England's second war with Burmah in 1852 he was only an ensign. In leading a storming party, both he and a brother officer were shot down as they entered the enemy's works. One bled to death in five minutes and Wolseley was only saved almost by a miracle after months of saved almost by a miracle after months of terrible suffering. The Crimean War in 1854 found him ready for duty, but he got terribly knocked to pieces there. During the seige of Sebastopol fate was strangely against him. He was alightly wounded or the 10th of April and again on the 7th of June, but on the 30th of August, while at work in the trenches, he was knocked over by a solid shot striking near him, killing those about him and rendering him almost lifeless. He was picked up for dead, and hardly recognizable from the number of wounds on his face. His body was as if

filled with the contents of a shotgun.

The surgeons regarded him as beyond hope, but he took a different view of it, and atter suffering for many weeks he recovered. For a long time he lived in a dark cave, total blindness being threatened from the effects of his wounds. While in this plight and the dire calamity hanging over him, the fall of Sebastopol was announced. In wounds and other casualities Lord Wolseley had any amount of bad luck, for he hardly ever went to war without returning with a wound, but they gained for him the coveted romotion for which he fought,

SHIPWRECKED NEAR SINGAPORE. After the Crimea he was ordered to China on a diplomatic mission, and was ship-wrecked near Singopore. After a startling adventure he was rescued, completed his duty and the same year, 1857, he is found in India suppressing a mutiny. This created him a Lieutenant Colonel at a single jump from the Captaincy that his brilliant service in the Crimea brought him. In 1860 he was in the Chinese war, and afterward on a diplomatic mission to Naukin. In 1861, about the beginning of our war, he

was hurriedly sent to Canada in connection with the Trent affair, and became Deputy Quartermaster General of the Dominion. The Red river expedition in 1870 won him a knighthood, and the following year he spent as Assistant Adjutant General in the War Office. The Ashantee War made him a full Major General and Inspecto General of the forces. From 1875 to 1878 he was Governor of Natal first and of Cypress afterward. The Zulu War, in 1879, found him Commander in Chief of the forces and High Commissioner to South Africa. The Egyptain campaign of 1882 raised him to a peerage, and the war in the Soudan in 1884 carried him forward to be considered the first soldier in England. On his return in 1885 he was made Adjutant

General at the War Office. THE FIGUREHEAD CHIEFTAIN. Lord Wolseley can never be in peace the army chieftain, because he is not of royal blood. That place is a kind of figurehead kept for one of the royal family, and the Duke of Connaught, the Queen's youngest son, is being trained to fill the shoes that will ere long, in the natural course of events, be left vacant by the Duke of Cambridge. It may be said to this young man's credit that he is likely to be more than a figurehead, for he has not only been care fully trained, but has studied hard, and is filled with an ambition to make himself an efficient commander, and is credited with

much military ability. Lord Wolseley believes that there will be another war between France and Germany which will be one of the bloodiest conflicts that Europe has ever known. Of America he said: "In America you have a pure democracy, and a pure democracy is capa-ble of doing much more in the direction of strong measures and of war, than a mixed system such as ours. When democracy is thoroughly established in England, the chief security against war will have disappeared It is democracies that make wars, oligar-chies that are atraid of them, especially an oligarchy like ours which is timid and hampered by the party system.

AMERICA ACTS AS ONE MAN. Our system, by dividing the nation politically into two halves, each of which opposes on principle whatever the other proposes, paralyzes our strength when a Minister is tempted to go to war. If our people were as unanimous in cases of affront as the United States, we should go to war many more times than we do. In America ques-tions of foreign policy, involving the main-tenance of the honor of the flag or the rights of Americac citizens, are outside the area of party dispute. The whole nation acts as one man. Hence, Russia, Germany and France habitually show the United States eference which they never show England. Speaking of the annexation of Canada, Lord Wolseley said he did not believe that it would ever join the United States. He is a very firm believer in the permanent peace between this country and the United States. He regards it as the duty of these Euglishspeaking nations to stand by each other for the final struggle between the powers of the earth, will be between the English speaking

people on the one side and those who talk i other tongues on the other. Solomon's Windom.

"Say, pa, Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived, wasn't he?" "Yes, my son, he is so considered.

"I believe that is the number." "Say, ps. if Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived how did he ever come to get in such a fix—you can't live peaceably with

"Hem! haw! hem! he got wise after he married them. You go to bed." Perfectly Proper.

It is not surprising that the young man should steal a kiss from the pretty girl whom he takes fishing. It is per eatly proper for them to have a fishing smack.

tended at his invitation, I have carefully watched his habits of mind and action in ROOMS LIKE CELLARS.

Your Shoes Will Mold While You Sleep in the City of Para.

NOT ONLY DAMP, BUT VERY HOT.

A Disease in Which Death Climbs Slowly From Peet to Head.

THE ONLY KNOWN CURE IS IN PLIGHT

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCHS PARA, September 16 .- Para (pronounced pah-rah) is, by reason of its situation on the Equator, not only the hottest, but perhap the most unhealthful city on the globe, distinction which its rivals on the Brazilia coast do not attempt to emulate. Being practically almost surrounded by water, is not only hot every day in the year, but correspondingly damp every night. At this season it rains regularly at exactly 4 o'clock every atternoon, which serves to cool the parched atmosphere, rinse the tile roofing of the houses and, in general terms, to act as a grateful shower bath to not only the sweltering humanity, but likewise to all inanimate pature.

The nights are always damp. We go to sleep in upper floor rooms that are precisely similar, as regards air, to those of a damp cellar in the States. My shoes, left on the floor alongside of my bed, became covered with mold. Clothing that is hung in ward-robes and not aired daily also becomes so moldy that it leaves a stain that cannot be erased. Stockings are so damp in the morning that one can scarcely draw them on. IT DON'T KILL THE NATIVES.

The doors and windows are necessarily The doors and windows are necessarily closed, causing every breath of air we inhale to have a peculiarly pungent musty smell, so that I go to sleep feeling somehow that I'm under the influence of ether or chloroform. Yet, though the population of nearly 100,000 souls do this every day, the mortality among the natives, as far as an be ascertained, is not greater by comparison than that of some of our cities.

The very paper on which I am writing this, though kept in the zinc lined box in which the State Department sends out supplies, is so damp that pen and ink cannot be used. Those that are in the habit of wetting a pencil to their lips would be cured by coming to this climate.

Yet low fever prevails here all the time, but little attention being paid to it by the hative population. Perhaps it is best that the officials should studiously conceal the real state of health, as the natives are of that peculiarly mercurial temperament that once a panic takes possession of them it would be impossible to control the lower

THE PRESS STILL MUZZLED.

It is practically an easy matter to prevent the people from learning of the disease be coming prevalent, because there is a censor ship of the press, as well as telegraphs and cables, to a limited extent, that would of course prevent the fact becoming known either at home or abroad. There is a law in force which subjects anyone who may pub-lish anything or what may be considered of an incendiary character, to a trial, not by jury in the place of residence, but by a court martial at Rio de Janerio. There is also a law of recent date which completely pre-cludes the possibility of anyone communicating by telegraph or cable any facts detri-mental to the Government; no telegrams in

In addition to this scourge of yellow fever and smallpox, they have here a disease which in its effect is worse than either i. e., beri-beri (pronounced as though it were spelled bury-bury), the name being imported from India, and possibly the dis-ease also, it being distinctly peculiar to Brazil and India alone.

A TERRIBLE DISEASE. Beri-beri may be briefly described as living death; the victim is at first affiicted with a swelling of the feet, accompanied by numbness and partial paralysis beginning at the toes, and at the same time a tickling, rawling teeling of the skin, although the ffected parts are insensible to the touch. In the progress of the disease the paralysis gradually proceeds upward, as does also the dropsical swelling, rendering the lower limbs entirely helpless; the flesh becomes of a spongy nature, taking an impression like a piece of soft putty. The inger pressed against the limb will leave an indentation precisely the same as that in any pliable

naterial. The course of the disease is as surely upward as the growth of a well-watered plant n good soil in a hothouse, taking, in some cases, months to reach the vital parts, when death—a horrible, prolouged death, ensues by a slow strangulation, caused by the gradial paralysis of the respiratory muscles of the thorax and diaphragm. Their action becomes more and more teeble, and respiration more and more difficult; but so slowly that it sometimes takes the victim a week or more to choke to death.

CURED BY EMIGRATION.

They have what is known as galloping beri-beri, when the pale horse and rider does his work in five or six days. The doctors do not pretend to understand the cause or the nature of the disease, which they attribute in general terms to a breaking down of the system; or, as our doctors sometimes when they are not sure of a case, call it "nervous prostration." There is but one cure for beri-beri, and that is to leave the country. The fact is well established that patients who do make a change of base recover. Instances are related where pa-tients who have been carried aboard vessels so helpless that they were placed in ham-mocks were within a few days after leaving port able to walk about the deck. This es-tablishes the fact that beri-beri flourishes at

Notwithstanding these discouraging facts Para has existed for hundreds of years, it heing one of the earliest settlements of the Portuguese in South America. It is in many respects a most interesting place. Its streets in the lower parts of the city are narrow, numerous and very crooked, but generally well paved with imported Belgian A PEEP AT THE CITY.

Street car lines extend throughout the labyrinth of little streets, going and coming in all directions. They have both wide and narrow gauge tracks, which occupy almost all of the thoroughlares in places. In many of the streets, wagons caunot pass them; in fact, I have not yet seen a wagon, though two-wheeled carts drawn by small oxen and ponies are quite common; and I have no-ticed a couple of dilapidated old backs skirmishing around, containing some minor official in their carriage of state.

The houses are small and generally quite picturesque, with their balcouries, shades and windows, queer looking hallways and tile roofs. I have walked all over town, without being able to find a chimney; in fact there are no hearth stones in Para, and a fire on the hearth is one of the family educators they have sadly missed.

I've seen quite a number of right pretty dark eves peeping through the shades, or neat forms, and dark complexioned faces posing grace ully over the little balconies. With a view to self preservation, no doubt, the windows are slightly above the ordinary height. They have a curious custom here that prohibits any lady from appearing in the street, unless accompanied by one of the family and my observation is that they live up to the rule strictly. J. O. KERBEY.

Two is Company. Indianapolis Journal.]

There is great pleasure in showing some



A NOVEL DEALING WITH COTEMPORARY LIFE. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Author of "A Princess of Thule," "Sunrise," and Many Other Stories of the Highest Reputation on Two Continents.

> CHAPTER XIV. PUT TO THE PROOF.

To say that Vin Harris' jealousy was uneasoning, ungovernable, and the cause of cruel and incessant torture to himself, is merely to say that it was jealousy; but by an unhappy coincidence this was the very moment chosen by his father to make a disclosure which, for a breathless second or so, seemed to recall and confirm the young man's wildest suspicions. When Vincent, in obedience to the telegraphic summons, arrived at the house in Grosvenor Place, he found his father in the library, standing with his back to the fire. On this occasion the great capital-denouncing capitalist did what madness it would be for you to the great capital-denouncing capitalist did not wear the suit of hodden gray which, at dinner in his own house, was designed to show his contempt for conventionality; no; when this interview was over, he meant to lunch at the Athenseum Club, and with a view to that solemn rite he had donned a black frock-coat which was tightly buttoned over his substantial form. A stiff upstanding collar and a satin tie added to the rigidity of his appearance; while his manner rigidity of his appearance; while his manner was, as usual, pompous and cold. With a roll of paper in his hand, he would have looked as if he were going to deliver an alternoon lecture at the Royal Institution.

"I have sent for you, Vjn," he began, "because I have something of importance to say to you, and the sooner it is said the bet-

say to you, and the sconer it is said the better. You are aware that I have never sought to interfere with your way of life. Indeed I have seen no cause to do so. Your line of study I approve; your ambitions I would encourage; and as for the amusements and pleasures natural to your years, I can trust you to remember your own self-

held up his hand as if he would enjoin silence. "Words that are said cannot be unsaid."

His father regarded him for a second, and then he endeavored to bring a little more friend liness and consideration into his manner.

"I have heard of this infatuation," he said. "And if you had been like other young men, Vin, I should have said nothing. I should have left you to find out for yourself. But, you see, you have the mis ortune to imagine other people to be as straightforward and honorable as yourself; you do not suspect; and you are inclined to contemplate marrying her! Look at her position—and at yours; look at her up-bringing and present surroundings—and at yours; think of what is expected of you; what chances you have; what an alliance with a great family might do for you in public life. What good ever comes of overleaping social barriers—of Quixotism—of self-sacrifice for sentiment's sake? What does a marriage between two people in different spheres mean?—what is the inevitable result?—it is not the one that is raised—

it is the other that is dragged down." "These are strange doctrines for a Socialist and a Communist," Vincent observed.
"They are the doctrines of common sense," his father retorted, sharply. "However, it is unnecessary to say anything further on that score. You will abandon all this receases when you understand who and

Vincent's lip curled; he did not put his

seller, or the tailor, so that nothing can be said about unpaid accounts while

of virtue in allowing themselves to be muleted: they little suspect that she is by far the more accomplished swiadler of the

Here Vincent laughed, in open soorn; but

the laugh was a loroed one; and his eyes

were lowering.
"I am glad you consider it a laughing

matter," said Mr. Harris-who found it les

easy to combat this contemptuous unbelief than if he had been met with indignation

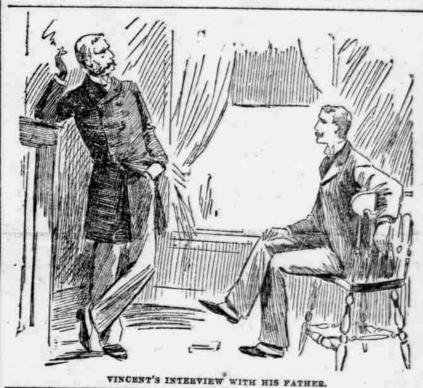
and wrath. "Perhaps, after all, the story is no revelation? Perhaps your complain

is no revelation? Perhaps your complaisance goes further than merely tolerating the old man's lies? Perhaps the glamor the girl has thrown ever you would lead you to accept her just as she is, her hypocrisy, her craft, and all? Or perhaps you have planned out for yourself a still more brilliant future than any that had occurred to your friends? Perhaps you aim at being the old man's successor? It is an easy way of getting through life, having a woman like that by your side, to earn your living for you. The lover of Manon Lescaut.—"Vincent leaped to his feet, his eyes aflame.

"You go too far," he said, breathing hard.

"You go too far. I have been trying to re-

member you are my father; don't make it too difficult. What do I care about this



respect. But in one direction I confess I am disappointed. My chief aim in your disdain into words.
"A painful revelation?" his father coneducation has been that you should see and A paintal revelation? his father continued, in more oracular fashion. "Oh, yes, no doubt. But occasionally the truth is bitter and wholesome at the same time. What you believe about the girl is one thing; what I know about her is another; know the world; that you should under-stand men; and by contact learn to cope with them, and hold your own. Yes, I confess I am disappointed; for I am not misinformed—and I have taken the greatest thing; what I know about her is another; indeed, I can gather that it was only through her artifice that the old man's impostures were accepted, or tolerated, at all. What is he?—a farceur—a poseur—who would at once have been sent to the right about but for the ingenue by his side, with her innocent eyes and her sad look. When the writer of the begging letter calls, his story might be inquired into: but no!—for here is trouble not to be misintermed. you, after all your travel and experience of the world, become the dupe of two common

begging-letter impostors." The young man, startled, looked up quickly; but he held his peace. Now this somewhat disconcerted Harland Harris, for he had expected an instant and indignant protest, which would have justified a little udicious warmth on his side in production of proofs. But Vincent sat calm and coi lected listening with apparent respect

might be inquired into; but no!—for here is this interesting young lady—and the hard-est heart declines to cross-examine while she is standing there. And, of course, she must go to the newspaper offices, to beguile the editor with her silent distress, while her grandfather is wheedling him out of a loan; or she accompanies him to the wine merchant, or the book-"Yes, deeply disappointed," his father continued, with a little more animation, "for this old charlatan who seems to have got hold of you is altogether too bare-faced and cheap an impostor! Did you ever ask yourself how he lived; what was his business or profession; where he got the money to go she is by; and of course there is a renewal of credit. A very simple and effective from one country to another? Well, if you have not, I have; I have made inquiries; trick: even where the people know the old have had him traced; I can tell story, and a very pretty story it is. Would man to be a rogue, they are sorry for the girl, and they have a pleasing sense of virtue in allowing themselves to be you like to hear it?"

"I don't know that it concerns me much." said Vincent, with composure.
"Ob, it does not!" said the gentleman with the pompous professional air, upon whom the indifference seemed to have a somewhat irritating effect. "Well, there is somewhat irritating effect. "Well, there is nothing very grand about it—except the magnificent and wholesale lying! And perhaps also the incredible simplicity of the people who allowed themselves to be imposed on. Why, in Canada he called himself Lord Bethune—was there no second-hand copy of Burke anywhere about to show them there was no such peerage in existence? Lord Bethune haunting the newspaper offices, and borrowing money right and left, because of his Scotch name and bogus literary schemes! His sham estates his sham lineage—his sham coat of arms; did nobody think of turning up a book? 'Stand Fast, Craig-Royston!' Craig-Roys-

He crossed the room and took down a volume from one of the shelves.

"There," he said, putting the book on the table, "there is 'Black's Guide to Scotland.' Can you find out where Craig-Royston is? Turu up the index.' Mechanically and carelessly Vincent did as he was bid.

"No, I don't see it there," he said.
"I should think not! Nor Balloray either; can you find Balloray? An easy thing to claim estates that don't exist; and thing to claim estates that don't exist; and wear armorial bearings of your own invention! Cadzow—oh, yes, Cadzow you will find—Cadzow undoubtedly exists; but most people thought that Cadzow belonged to the Duke of Hamilton, Or does Lord Bethune claim to be Marquis of Douglas and Earl

inswer.
"I don't know that it concerns me much." the young man said, repeating his former phrase. "Even if all you say is true, what then? You sent me out to see the world, and take people as I found them. Weil I

He paused; so Vincent was bound to

and take people as I found them. Well I found a good many liars; and one more or less doesn't matter much, does it?"

But Harland Harris was no fool; he instantly divined wherein lay the secret of Vincent's real or assumed indifference.

"Ah, I understand," said he. "I understand. You don't care so much about him. You are willing to let him go. You think you can dissociate him from his grand-daughter. He may be a swindler—but you fancy she manages to keep aloof—"

The young man grew somewhat pale.

"Take care—take care," said he, and he

too difficult. What do I care about this farrage of nonsense that some one has put into your head—this trash—this venomous guessing? It is nothing to me. It is idle air. I know otherwise. But when it comes to insult—well, it is all an insult; but something must be forgiven to ignorance; the people who have supplied you with this guesswork rubbish are probably as ignorant as yourself about those two. Only—uo more insults, if you please! I am your son; but—but there are limits to what you ask me to bear in patience. You talk of my madness and infatuation; it is your madness, your infatuation. What can you say of your own knowledge of that old man and his granddaughter? Why, nothing. You have never spoken to them; never seen them. never spoken to them; never seen them. And yet, without an atom of inquiry, without an atom of inquiry, without an atom of proof, you so and accept all this tissue of guesswork—this righlish—this trash—as if it were gespel; and you expect me to give it a patient hearing? It is too contemptible!"

"Yes, but unfortunately," said Mr. Harris, with great calmness—for now he felt he had the advantage on his side, "you are mistaken in supposing that I have made no inquiry and have received no proof. The inquiry has been made for me with great skill and patience during the past month.

# When the pipe line was first built it was

The First Oil Well.

attach teams to it at several points to break The breaks being persistently repaired, night. The guards defended the pipe line five, while the standard now is ten. Shamburg must be remembered among vernowered, however, the tanks burned,

The march of progress could not be stayed by a borde of lawless teamsters. The pipe line was rebuilt. By that time there was Miller farm, and these were soon followed by one from Pithole to the Alleghenv river at Walnut Bend. When this third iron arm, radiating from Pithole, was completed the production of that famous field was al-ready on the decline and the teamster, like Othello, found his occupation gone. But he did not wait long until he found another

Of course the oil hauling teamster's pic-

SCENE ON BENNINGHOFF RUN, OIL CREEK, JUST BEFORE THE FIRE. From that time until within a very few years ago the Benninghoff robbers were being periodically discovered, Tascott fashion, by detectives and correspondents, but none of the stolen thousands have ever come back to the Benninghoff heirs.

This robbery is the most celebrated one



The Fee Well. in the annals of oil, though severa more atrocious have been committed. And it is a wonder there have not been more, considering the reckless position made of wast sums by the suddenly enriched farmers. One of the most flagrant instances is that of the Butler county farmer who spread \$50,000 in bills on the grass in his orchard to air it. There has been prog-ress in this matter as well as others, and the il-enriched farmer bandles his treasure like

a born banker now.

A PIONEER REFINERY. One of the first refineries in the oil region was located on the Shaffer farm, near Ben-ninghoff run. It consisted of one small still, Later on it was enlarged, but compared with the enormous refineries of the present time, with their multitudinous products, it was even more primitive than the derrick of the Drake well as compared with the exhibition rig on the Pittsburg Exposition grounds. By the way, the managers of the Exposition might introduce a novel feature if they will

mystify their well and have a corps of field The little refinery at the Shaffer farm was nly one of many of the same kind. The deas of the business were gleaned from the shale and coal oil works and the waste of product in refining was enormous. Improve-ment in this branch of the business there has been, but it might have been greater had it more of the element of competition in Inventors of improved appliances, like sellers of crude oil, find practically only one buyer in the field and that buyer not much inclined to encourage investigations

ANOTHER LIVELY SECTION. Our picture of the type of derrick common to the late sixtles is a view of the Fee well No. 4, at Shamburg. It was an advanced type for its time, being 56 feet high, having seven girths. In rig building the "16-foot plank" is the standard. This gives an even eight feet to the girth. The most common type in the sixtles were of six girths and many but

the very lively little oil towns long since defunct. Its neighbors, Red Hot and Cash Up, had more euphonious and descriptive titles, but were not one whit more red hot or one whit more on the business principle of cash on delivery than Shamburg. The Fee No. 4 was about the sixth well completed at Shamburg, and, having a production of several hundred barrels a day, assisted materially in creating the "boots" which swept over that part of the country.

[From a Photograph Taken in 1865]. Colonel E. L. Drake. In the foreground is Colonel Drake, wearing a plug hat, and Peter Wilson, who afterward petriended Drake, and Ioaned him money when his out avail and he abandoned the search.

Into the West, and Mr. Benninghoff paid for the greatest improvement in drilling machinery and tools. The deep fields about Pittsburg, in Washington county and West Virginia have developed drilling rigs in

The large boles drilled call for heavy tools A drilling bit for a West Virginia 10-inch or 13-inch hole is now nearly as heavy as a whole string of tools used in the palmy days of Oil creek, bit, auger-stem, jars and sinker. One of the modern 416-inch stem would have "paralyzed" the driller of 25 years ago on sight, and its 45 feet of length

would have been altogether too much for that driller's 40-foot derrick.

IMPROVED MACHINERY. Old engines may yet be seen rusting on Oil creek in Pennsylvania and at Burning Springs, West Virginia, that make the modern driller smile hard. Side connecting cranks, single slide valves and other antiquated features about this old machinery gives rise to the wonder how they ever go ny wells down at all. The present style reversible engine, with its wonderful mickness and strength, can hardly be comared in the same breath with the old nachine. It is the same way with the old sills and timbers. The main sill of 1865 would not make a decent mud-sill for the rig of the period.

with his machinery and tools. None of the old processes for him; no pulling the cable over the shaft while an attachment to the crank-pin will do the work as well; no slack rope or down jar while he can keep things humming with the tight rope. It is all very different that the changes can hardly

The driller's methods, too, have kept pace

PITTSBURG'S SHARE. In keeping with all the other improve ments of the oil man is his home. What a howling wilderness of mud Oil City and Titusville were, to be sure, when the oi man first made headquarters in them. Brad ord was not much better. But the oil man made a city of it much sooner than he had of the others and secured city facilities. It couldn't long be compared with the crudities of Petroleum Center and Pithole. When the oil mun got back to Oil City he wanted

More improvements.

Now Pittsburg is the oil metropolis. To use the well-known phrase of an old-time oil man, "There is but one metrollopus in this country," and that is for the oilman, Pittsburg. It is a great improvement over all his previous homes. In fact he couldn't find a better if geological conditions per-mitted him to go east of the Alleghenies. And he is appreciating the fact. From Bradford, Titusville and Oil City he comes here. From Buffalo, Jamestown and Olean he seeks permanent residence in the Gas City. The familiar faces are seen on our streets by hundreds, and gradually they are settling down here, preparing to keep house and vote in our midsts. They have reached perfection in the matter of home-hunting, their drilling by using electric motors and do their fishing by flash-light photograph instead of the time-honored, soap-coated im-

## How She Minded the Child.

Binghamton Leader. ] "Now you know that I hired you pressly to take care of that child," said a Front street lady to her nurse girl, "and I should like to know why you don't mind

"Well, I declare!" answered the girl: "if that don't beat all. As if I didn't mind her! Why, she never issued an order that I didn't obey. Only yesterday she ordered me to walk up to the County House and back and I did it, and left her playing for four hours on the railroad track."

Diamonds Against Diamonds

Boston Herald.]

Will it keep Mrs. William Astor awake nights to have a New York correspondent say Miss Nellie Farren of the Gaiety Theater owns more diamonds than she? The ABANDONED ENTERPRISES.

The towns above named were not far from the far-famed Pithole, which has served as the great type of the decayed oil towns.

But the collapse of the town of Pithole was

the highest style of the art.

In these fields long strings of heavy caning require great strength in the derrick.

Irish gentleman who has been and is both civil duty, which developed a high degree of executive and diplomatic ability in the

soldier and diplomat. TWO IRISH FIGHTERS. It is a singular, if not a natural, fact, that



army are both Irishmen-Lord Wolseley. who is just now filling the national eye and keeping busy the English tongue, and Sir Frederick Roberts, who commands in India. Upon them England would rely for its experience and ability in action in case of a conflict at arms. Both of them, I think, came from what may fairly be called the middle classes, at least Lord Wolseley did, and he is emphatically a self-made man. But he comes of a fighting family, for his father, grandfather and even earlier ancestors were all soldiers, and he takes to the profession of arms as an inheritance. His mother, who reare him for the profession while his father was in the army, turned his mind carefully and earnestly in a military direction, and his first books of reading re-

ated to war. The Duke of Cambridge, the cousin of the Queen, is nominally the commander-in-chief, because the law of succession requires that place to be filled by one of royal blood and in direct communion with the head of the nation. But for several years past Lord Welseley has been recognized as the leading soldier of the kingdom, and has exerted an influence in army matters rarely ever before accorded to any man, except in time of war.

DIPLOMAT AND SOLDIER. It is rare to find embodied in one composition the twin elements of soldier and dip-lomat, and yet, Lord Wolseley is a living example of the fact that a man may have the elements which go to make a commander and at the same time the power to manage delicate job of diplomacy, for besides his brilliant military services he has handled several important civil commissions of a high character with marked ability. Between his army and civil occupations he has been constantly kept in the foreground of combat with the world ever since he was of

For the first time in forty years, this com-

mand in Ireland will not only give him a rest, but the opportunity of being of great use to his people while enjoying his books, and an opportunity to indulge his literary ambitions in finishing his life of the great Duke of Marlborough, upon which he has been engaged for some time. Besides being an Irishman, Lord Wolseley is a Liberal. At one time he tavored Mr. Gladstone's policy, but he has parted company with "the grand old man," with "the grand old man" upon political matters, and while holding the idea that localities should be left to look after their own affairs he believes that the diplomatic service, the army and the navy should all be dominated by a representative assembly doing business under the shadow of the

WOLSELEY'S PERSONALITY. During the past six weeks I have had somewhat of personal association with him, and during the army reviews, which I st-

"And he had 300 wives, didn't he?"