BOWSER HAS TROUBLE

the Best of Intentions.

A FEW HARD FALLS SETTLE HIM.

SELECTIONS OF M. QUAD'S HUMOR

"Did that lawn mower come up this afteroon?" asked Mr. Bowser, as he came home

"Was that a lawn mower?" queried Mrs.

"For two very good reasons Mrs. Bowser.

Bowser in reply. "What on earth pos-

I propose to save about fifteen dollars this

summer, and I want the exercise. I could

have got a health lift, but I thought I

would combine business with pleasure.

Always kill two birds with one stone when

chance offers. I'll work up a muscle in a

couple of weeks to astonish you. The doc-

"That's you to a dot! Always in opposi-

tion to everything I do! That's why we

take so much comfort as a family! The

only thing you wouldn't oppose is my

Mrs. Bowser had nothing more to say,

and after dinner Mr. Bowser made ready

for his exercise. He got into an old suit of

back yard and oiled it up, and was presently ready to make a start. He looked up at

the back windows, and seeing nothing of

Mrs. Bowser, he spat on his hands and

"Ha! This is what'll give a man muscle

and appetite. Only cost \$9, and I'll get \$100 benefit out of it. I suppose I might

He made one. He had gone about ten

feet when the machine suddenly stopped. So did Mr. Bowser. He stopped so suddenly that his feet left the ground and the handle of the mower just missed his chin

as a serpent's, but at the first dash be made

body or something, but it occurred to him that Mrs. Bowser might be looking, and he sat up and looked around and pretended to

Nothing could be seen of Mrs. Bowser,

however, and after a couple of minutes he

got up and moistened his bands for a fresh

start. Everything went as smooth as grease for the next 20 feet. Then the mower picked up a 100 feet of stovepipe wire and

"That woman's hand again!" hoarsely whispered Mr. Bowser as he saw what was the matter; "but I wouldn't give in now if I knew that death wasn't two rods off!"

It took him ten minutes to clear away the wire. When this had been accomplished he pulled off his coat and vest, glanced up at all the back windows, and there was a

at all the oack windows, and there was a dangerous light in his eye as he gripped the handle, drew a long breath and went ahead. At the fifth step Mr. Bowser's right foot found a post hole, and followed it up until

found a post hole, and followed it up until
he fell forward on his stomache and plowed
along the grass. His first thought was to
get up and kick both line fences down and
make a bonfire of the splinters, but as he
slowly reached his feet a better idea occurred to him. He picked up the mower
by the handle and raised it over his head
and pounded the earth with it until nothing
but the handle was left. Then he gathered
up wheels, cogs, ratchets, flues, pulleys,
cylinder heads and low water indicators and
tossed them over the back fence and walked

tossed them over the back fence and walked into the house. Mrs. Bowser sat reading,

and looking very innocent and humbl, but he was not to be deceived. Standing be-

fore her in his sternest attitude he said:
"Mrs. Bowser, let me suggest an essie

"Mrs. Bowser, let me suggest an caster way!"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"To kill me off! If you are so bent and determined to get rid of me, why don't you poison my food or cut my throat when I'm asleep? No explanation—not a word! I understand the situation perfectly, and

nothing you can say will excuse your da

"Never! Never said a word! That will do, Mrs. Bowser! We will not discuss the

subject farther. In the morning we will seek an amicable adjustment of difficulties, and I will go with you to the train. There are two trains a day by which you can reach your mother, and I will telegraph her

of your coming. Our child will of course remain with me. Good night, Mrs. Bowser.

Any suggestions you have to make had best be put in writing and submitted the first thing in the morning."

CARL DUNDER'S FLY BOY JAKE.

"But didn't I say I was-"

tardly ma

waited for results.

as well make a start."

lothes, dragged the lawn mower into the

tor says it's exactly what I need." "But I wish you hadn't bought it."

dying!"

breath.

an hour shead of time the other evening.

Carl Dander's Fly American Boy Arizona Ricker Clippings,

of Pennsylvania YEARS AHEAD OF DRAKE

Great Natural Product

THE PIONEER IN OIL

At First It Was a By-Product Allegheny River Salt Wells.

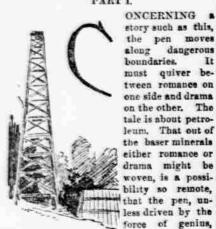
A FLASH ON THE CANAL'S BOSOM

That Led to Its Use as a Primitive Illum. inant in the Forties.

SOLD AT \$1 A BOTTLE AS MEDICINE

The following story of petroleum, which will be concluded next Sunday, was the last newspaper work of the late L. E. Stofiel. He finished it only a few days before his death last January.

PART I



must quiver be tween romance on one side and drams on the other. The tale is about petroleum. That out of the baser mineral either romance or drama might be woven, is a possibility so remote, that the pen, unless driven by the force of genius. would naturally creep along the straight

dangerous

lines of trath, unwilling to risk a deviation into one boundary or the other. Thus, the very hazard of the writer's task

becomes the curb upon his journalistic temptations, and the narrative here set forth is essentially true. It is a bare transcript of incis, unvarnished and unadorned. If, upon its conclusion, the reader decides that it is either dramatic or romantic, the writer has no right to any of the praise, for it is the actual occurrences that will have made it such, and any penny-a-liner may have "written them up," once he was in possession of the facts. The Movement for a Monument.

There had been more or less talk for several years of building a monument to the memory of E. L. Drake, the man who gets the credit generally all over the world for discovering petroleum in Pennsylvania. The proposition never amounted to anything more than talk. Once it did assume the more definite suggestion that every oil producer donate one barrel of oil toward a and for the erection of such a monument. But frequently recurring "shut-down" movements reduced production, and the philanthropic scheme dropped back into

This apathy about an object seem ingly so worthy always impressed me as strange. Somehow, I got the idea that fate had a voice in the delay, and that for some mestacious reason Colonel Drake's tomb was to remain unmarked by any imposing marble. This vague idea excited my curiosity, so that when a friend in the upper country, a year or so ago, proposed news paper agitation of a monumental fund for tardy honor to Drake, I was ready to first enter into some historical researches. If Colonel Drake was entitled to a monument as "the discoverer of petroleum in Pennsylvania," I wanted to be sure of it before aidinvestigation I interviewed many people and the result of it all was that I gathered much information, which convinced me that there was indeed something of Fate's intervening influence between the monu-ment for "the discoverer" of petroleum and the grave of E. L. Drake.

Clearing Up the History.

Recently I have been accumulating other reminiscences along the same line, and a curious reason, at length, induces me to publish this batch of strange stories. Two incidents appear to me to indicate that the time is now ripe for clearing up history. One of these is the sudden appearance of oil in the waters of the lower Allegheny, which a couple of weeks ago annoyed Pittshorzers so much, and which has ever since cen a fruitful theme for conversation and alarm. The second circumstance is the leasing of 2,400 acres of land back of Springdale. Allegheny county, last week by an inexperienced oil prospector whose divining rod tells him to bore there, and upon which "wild-catting" will be commenced at once. Just what either of these common-place incidents have to do with the main subject

will better appear in the sequel.

The group of men who figure in this narrative are all living. They are residents of Allegheny county. The statements they make are about the enterprises in which four other persons, now dead, had set on foot. These four individuals were Samuel M. Kier of Pittshurer Louis Patracan Sc. M. Kier, of Pittsburg; Louis Peterson, Sr., of Tarentum; Thomas Donnelly, the late Pittsburg banker, and E. L. Drake, of Titusville. The group of gentlemen first mentioned will be permitted to tell their own stories, the only interruptions I ventwo or more parts, occasionally, so that a natural sequence may be observed in the

Sam Kier Used Oli as a Medicine.

By this plan a wealth of details appears in print for the first time upon a subject of the utmost importance to Allegheny county. I am aware that Samuel M. Kier has by no means passed out of the recollec-tions of Pittsburg business circles, in which he moved as late as 1873. I am also fully aware that whenever you mention, in the presence of some of the older residents of this county, the fact of Drake's oil well mear Transville, in 1859, you will be told: "Pshaw! Why, Sam Kier found oil up here at Tarentum long before that. Why, he used it as medicine!"

That much has been a threadbare histo-

rical fact known in Pittsburg for all these years, and it is for the reason that so little else has ever been told, beyond that terse boast, that the excuse exists for this article. Fuller details might have entitled the fact

to a place in general history.

These strange stories tell considerably more than that. They picture a unique community using Kier's petroleum for illuminating purposes before he began selling it for medicine—describe the old accident which demonstrated its combustible nature —make public for the first time the inwardness of two visits which E. L. Drake made to Tarentum—prove how Allegheny county genius alone made it possible for Drake to bore that celebrated well in the upper country-recount the pioneer experiments in re-fining the oil at Pittsburg-finally, they tell of a shaft in Allegheny county which was dug hundreds of feet into the earth in search of oil.

After Oll With Pick and Shovel, Digging for petroleum with pick and shovel! How inbulous that sounds to-day! Yet it was the actual climax to a chain of remarkable events which began with the boring of a salt-water well by means of a boring of a sail-water well by means of a let it burn itself out, protecting adja toot-tread, right here in Allegheny county, property. But, sir, it demonstrated

upon a little strip of ground which must forever be historic.

John Kennedy, Sr., of Tarentum, is now 88 years old. He is familiarly know among the townspeople as "Grandfather" Kennedy, the townspeople as "Grandfather" Kennedy. though his great-grandchildren are by this time well advanced in the public schools. Sam Kier Developed the Mr. Kennedy says:

Mr. Kennedy says:

In about 1835 I built a derrick a short distance below here for Louis Peterson, Sr. He was going to sink a well for salt water with which to operate a salt works. Yes, the derrick was a much less expensive affair than the rigs over oil wells to-day. Although 50 feet high, it only cost Mr. Peterson about \$30. The lumber was very cheap in those times, you will understand. Out of that sum I got \$18 or \$18 for my work in carpentering the timbers.

sum I got \$18 or \$18 for my work in carpentering the timbers.

About the same time I built another derrick for a sait well which was bored by William Donnell and Jacob Staley. They sold the well to Thomas Donnelly, whom I believe afterward was a well-known banker in Pittsburg. Adjoining these properties was the Thomas Kier place. I built the derricks for the two wells upon it also, the last one being in either 1841 or 1842. Thomas Kier had two sons, Samuel M., and James. This group of wells turned out large quantities of sait, which was shipped to Pittsburg on the canal and the industry was regarded by us as important. us as important.

How the Old Wells Were Sank. Two other residents of Tarentum give inormation about the queer method of boring

Josh V. Hungs.—The Staley & Donnell well was on my father's property. It was a loug-inch hole sunk by treading with foot. The steam engine had not yet been stached to a drill. The wells up to that time, which included the Peterson well, had been bored by foot also. But after Thomas Donnelly leased the Staley & Donnell well he attached an engine and wenned it out to a sixther.

hole,
JOHN W. STALEY-My father bolled salt at JOHN W. STALEY—My father boiled salt at the works of the kiers and the others. When a boy I was around the salt works much of my time. The wells were not then fitted with the iron casing which oil and gas wells have in these days. Its place was taken by two crude devices, viz: the "seed-bag" and the "tallow-bag." The seed-bag was a sort

valuable fact to us, and that was that this greasy stuff that was bothering the salt works would undoubtedly burn, and that is would make both light and heat.

GRANDFATHER KERNEDT—The fire on the canal gave the men around the salt works an idea. Some of the oil was collected after that from the salt water and given to the miners who supplied the salt works with coal from neighboring pits. They filled their little lamps with the stuff, and began burning it that way. They said it filled the pits with smoke, but as it burned easily, and cost them nothing, they were willing enough to use it for illuminating purposes when it saved them from buying lard which they had been using.

saved them from Duy-been using.

The First Coal Oil Lamp.

The First Coal Oil Lamp.

The First Coal Oil Lamp. JOHN W. STALEY—After the fire on the canal the coal diggers used the oli for lighting the the coal diggers used the oil for lighting the pits, and then some of the people tried it in their houses. Although I was but a boy, I distinctly remember the experiment my father made with Jinmy Kier. They brought some of the oil to our house and put it in one of the oid-time coffey-pot tin lamps in which we had been accustomed to burn simple lard. Whew! How that lamp did smoke that night! But it made a fair light, and we kept on burning it.

And then almost avaryhods living in the

that night! But it made a fair light, and we kept on burning it.

And then almost everybody living in the Tarentum got to going down to the salt wells and bringing away a lot of the dirty petroleum, with which they filled their little tin house-lamps. At least a score of men and women are yet living in Tarentum who, as I interviewed them, invariably commenced with the words: "After the fire on the canal," etc. Then they told me of the horrible smoke the oil made, and the unpleasant smell that came from it. The lamps were small tin affairs, with the spout protruding from them, resembling somewhat a coffee pot. This was before lard oil had been generally introduced, and the housewives had been accustomed to putting several tablespoonfuls of common lard into these, and then slipping a wick, made of rags, down through the spout until it penetrated the lard. Thus it burned without chimney and without any modern fixture for regulating the size of the flame.

John V. Hukes—Into these lamps we put

gold fever broke out in California? Yes, I thought is was, for I remember that Mr. Kler sent dozens of his little boxes of "petroleum butter" away to California in that year. "Petroleum butter" was the buttery-like stuff that oozed up from our saltwell on Kier's place with each stroke of the sucker red It was formed by the petroleum getting in the iron parts, and courning from the friction of the machinery. Mr. Kler had us senape this off the iron every day and send it to his place in Pitteburg. There it was put up in little boxes and sold for burns, scalds and bruisse—and I tell you it was good for them, too.

The "rock oil" which he sold in bottles for medicine was simply the crude oil of to-day, though there is no question that that found in the Kier well was of the very best. I have taken many a dose of it inwardly, and, sir, if you ever get a bad cold in the chest, there is no better remedy to-day than to soak a finnnel cloth with crude petroleum and lay it across your breast. Try it some night. In those days everybody up here in Tarentum used the Kier oil for medicine, and I'll bet you will find plenty of persons still living here who yet believes in the virtues of petroleum as a medicine. I am never without half a barrel of crude oil now in the house, and it is my standard remedy.

The First Find Was of the Best

The First Find Was of the Best. JAMES KENNEDT—The petroleum that was found in Tarentum between 1845 and 1856 was of the very finest grade. That in the was of the very most grade. That in the Kier and Peterson wells averaged 70 per cent of purity, and that subsequently taken out of the Donneily well averaged as high as 90 per cent. This may better be appreciated by comparing it with the petroleum afterward produced in Northern Pennsylvania, which, I think, only averages 33% per cent.

vania, which, I think, only averages 2073 percent.

Louis Peterson, Jr.—S. M. Kier paid my father 50 conts a sallon for the oil from his well. As our well produced from two to five barrels per day, these 200 gallons at 50 cents a gallon made a nice profit. Kier made the oil known all over the United States. Undoubtedly he made a paying business out of it. Yes, the oil from the wells of Kier and my father was of unprecedented purity. It only contained about 1 per cent of naphtha, and was of a good wine color.

William Kennedy—Mr. Kier was the first man to give petroleum a financial and commercial value. He sold it as medicine in

JOHN V. HUMEs-Into these lamps we put 4(0)()(1849 % @1848@ Wonderful for SALT WATER about FOUR HUNDRIED FRET below the Earth's surface, is pumped up with the Salt Water, flows into the Epstern; floats on top, when a quantity accumulates, is drawn off into Barrels,

FAC-SIMILE OF ONE OF KIER'S NOVEL ADVERTISEMENTS.

of cloth pouch filled with flaxseed, which was let down along the wall of the hole to shut off the fresh water from the salt water. The other contrivance was for wells in which there was an offset. It was a bag about four feet long made out of muslin, wrapping paper or rags, and well greased with tallow.

Where the Salt Wells Were.

Mr. James Kennedy, of Tarentum, a son of the venerable gentleman first interviewed above, fixes the location of the Tarentum wells a little more definitely. He says:

wells a little more definitely. He says:

The Thomas Donnelly well on the Humes property, the two wells on Thomas Kier's place, and the Louis Peterson salt well were all on a strip of land above the canal (now the West Penn Railroad tracks) about a mile below Tarentum station. Less than half a mile included all the wells. The site of the Kier wells is now occupied by the machine snop or blacksmith shop of the Pittsburg Plate Glass Company at Creighton.

Thomas Donnelly, who, as President of the Fourth National Bank, in Pittsburg, died only a few years ago, half been boiling salt with Thomas Kier up along the Kiskiminetas river, which was the great salt thesin of those days. Getting the idea that there was salt water in paying quantities down here, he started a works here about the same time as Louis Peterson, Sr., father the same time as Louis Peterson Sr

of the ex-Mayor of Allegheny City.

"Grandfather" Kennedy had a whole week in which to stimulate his memory before I went back to him. Rubbing his eyes, as though waking up from a pleasant dream, he smiled, and said:

A Mysterions Finid Appears A Mysterious Fiuld Appears.

Bye and bye, that salt well of Louis Peterson's, over which I built the derrick, astonished everybody by bringing up a dark colored greasy stuff. It had never been seen in salt wells up the Kiskiminetas, they said, and they were afraid that it might ruin the salt works here. It just came right up out of the ground along with the salt water as it was pumped by the engine. It got to be a nuisance, for we were after salt water then, and didn't want anything else. Yes, this fluid appeared sevenal years after the well had been pumping salt water uninterruptedly. Bye and bye the other wells here also got to throwing this ugly grease. It was called "rock oil."

Mr. F. N. Humes is one of the best

Mr. F. N. Humes is one of the best known citizens of Tarentum. He is hale and hearty, and, oddly enough, is still active in oil and gas prospecting business. He says:

He says:

It was in 1844 or 1845 before petroleum appeared in the product of the Peterson salt well. I was working down at the salt works then, driving and doing general work, and remained there for several years. The dirty grease that thus came up from the well with the salt water annoyed us for a time very much. We pumped the water into a tauk, and there the oil would gather on the top, enabling us to drawoff the water underneath. But after a while—in the winter, I think—some of the petroleum, or "rock oil" as we only knew it then, got into the salt vats and threatened to injure our apparatus as well as the finished sait, and Mr. Peterson gave orders to run the tank over the next time so that the oil could not possibly get into the vats. We did this and the oil, which in that way flowed over the sides of the tank, ran into the canal.

Canal Men Complained of the Oil.

Canal Men Complained of the Oil. It would be anticipating to introduce at this point the story of absorbing interest which ex-Mayor Peterson related to me in Allegheny the other day, but one brief clause of what he said is apropos just here.

He observed:

When this petroleum was first found in my father's sait well slong about '44 or '45, he had no idea of its commercial value, nor indeed did any of the people hereabouts until a year or so afterward. They at first called it "rock oil." It was a worthless grease in their eyes, but it was a great curiosity also. Grease is a fat, and that the rocks down in the earth could throw off fat seemed incomprehensible to many. Indeed, petroleum has been well named "the fat of the laad." Father let the stuff go to waste, running it off into the old caual, and sometimes into an He observed: off into the old canal, and sometimes into an old cistern below the canal, from which the old overflowed into an ancient pond, leaving

as the salt water. John V. Humes, of Tarentum, is a brother of the other gentleman of that name quoted above. He savs:

The oil was wasted for a long time, and when the Kier sait well, a year after the appearance of oil in the Peterson well, also began to produce oil, the quantity of grease flowing into the eanal was quite large. The boatmen got to complaining about it. I have heard them myself. They said it greased their tow-lines, making the ropes hard to handle, besides soiting the sides and decks of their canal boats.

A Co. fl gration and Its Results. About this time a startling episode created nuch excitement about the salt works of Tarentum. It is well described in the fol-

lowing statements: F. N. HUMES-One day the boys in the neighborhood threw a burning brand into the old canal, and there was an astonishing the old canal, and there was an astonishing result. The whole canal, for a distance of half a mile or more seemed to burst into flames. It was a very odd sight—looked like the water burning, you know. But we quickly understood the trouble: it was the oil that we had allowed to run into the canal that had takes fire. It burned furiously. I remember it well, for we were afraid that a cooper shop along the side of the canal, in which the Kiers made barrels for salt, would be irnited from the flames. Most of the people in the vicinity came running down to the canal. We could do nothing but just let it burn itself out, protecting adjacent property. But, sir, it demonstrated one the crude petroleum. My wife, over there, can tell you what a terrible smoke it filled our house with, just after we married, but we put up with it, and kept on using the oil, because it cost us nothing, and the lard did cost something. The lamps were fitted with a wire at the back, by which we could hang them up anywhere, either on the wall in the house, or to posts at corn huskings and shellings.

It was a unique spectacle, this village using crude petroleum to light their homes and shops in 1846-7. William Kennedy, of Kennedy, when a young man, was employed about the salt works also, and was so intimate with the owners that he married a sister of Samuel M. Kier. He gives, perhaps, the most definite information of how his neighbors got the idea of burning petroleum in lamps. He says:

The fire on the canal occurred at an opportune moment. Just about the same time one Dennis Martin had been making some suggestions about sait works, urging a trial of the dark-colored oil for fuel and light. He was just such a genius as you will find in every rural community—a sort of jack-of-all trades. He had tried throwing into the furnaces in the works a bunch of rags greased with the stuff, and tried to prove that it naces in the works a bunch of rags greased with the stuff, and tried to prove that it burned more flercely. Samuel M. Kier knew of Martin's speculative talk, and indeed, Kier himself had some idea of experimenting with the oil that was now being pumped out or his well, seeing no good reason why it, like other grease, would not burn. He had actually begun some inquiries among people about lamps in which to try it, when the boys set fire to the accumulated oil on the canal.

The Canal Fire Was the Starter. This canal fire brought both the ideas of Kier and Martin to a head. Martin suggest induced them to try it in their pit lamps. Kier and his brother experimented at once with the tin lard lamps, and the result was that people up here in Tarentum generally introduced the oil into their houses as an



Louis Peterson, Sr. lluminant. Mr. S. M. Kier, after awhile, had

heavier lamps made for burning the oil in houses—that was in 1848, I think—but it was some years before a chimney for them could be found. be found.

There is a vague tradition of a mineral oil being used in 1826 for an illuminant in dwellings and shops along the Muskingum river in Ohio, but there have never accompanied it such authenticated fiatements as Tarentum here produces. Petroleum is said to have been known along the Muskingum as early as 1814. But as for that, there is a constitute that it was now have Indiana. no question that it was used by the Indians when they inhabited Pennsylvania. It is

not so much of a question as to when it was originally known, as it is where and by whom it was first put to commercial uses. Good for Man and Beast!
N. HUNES-The Kier sait well began producing petroleum in 1846, I think, or about a year after the oil from the Peterson producing petroleum in 1846, I think, or about a year after the oil from the Peterson well had been going to wasts. From the first, Samuel M. Kier became active in trying to discover means to turn the new greasy fluid to some account. He was engaged in business in the city, but came up to his father's house here frequently, where I stopped much of the time I was employed about the sait works. Although people up here got to using the oil in their issues, S. M. Kier believed it was capable or other uses too. He consulted medical men, and at length he decided that the oil really possessed medical properties. He had all the oil product of the Kier sait well sent down to him at Pittsburg, where he bottled it and put it upon the market as "Kier's Bock Oil," or "Kier's Petroleum," and he advertised it extensively as good in either internal doses or external application.

In two or three years the business of selling this as medicine had so increased on his hands that he made an arrangement with Louis Peterson, Sr., to secure the entire oil product of his well also. In 1847 or 1848 the Kier well was producing about one barrel of petroleum a day, and the Peterson well about two barrels. From a worthless stuff that was for two or three years allowed to run to waste in the canal, Kier's efforts to give it a commercial importance eventually raised it to a value financially, right here at the wells, 78 and 48 per barrel, and that too, long before Drake had been heard of with his Titusville venture.

A Market for Petroleum Entter.

A Market for Petroleum Butter. JOHN W. STALET-Wasn't it in 1949 that the

First Law Suit Over Petroleum. sole control of the Peterson well, Lo

And it is quite true, that even to this day nearly all the old quarter in the thriv-ing town of Tarentum uses crude petroleum for medicine in some shape or form. I have heard of it in many households up there— in fact have been presented with a flask of it for my own personal trial and satisfac-[To Be Concluded Next Sunday.]

An Old-Time Bellef Is Shown to Be With out Any Foundation.

North American Review. 1 In such an age of evolution and change it is very hard to keep track of and judge correctly of cause and effect, and, in considering the influence of Presidental elections upon business, we are very apt to overlook many other conditions which directly or indirectly contribute to results.

Fire-All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Grea Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Ma velous cures. Treatise and \$7 00 trial bottle free b Fit cases. Dr. Kline, 861 Arch st., Phila., Pa. 57

50-cent and \$1 bottles, and it became very popular al! over the country. I firmly believed in its medicinal properties, and I do still. There are many persons still living here in Tarentum who use crude petroleum as medicine, as you have no doubt discovered in your investigation this week. It was in charge of Kier's store at the salt works at the period when the rock-oil medicine was most popular. At that store I have sold it as high as \$1 pergallon. The farmers became accustomed to driving down there every time they came to Tarentum, in order to buy a supply of it. They were very friendly to oil, because it was of value as medicine in many ways on the farms. As late as 1856 and 1857, I have sold it at \$1 per gallon. on his return journey something happened again. The machine stopped with a bump, and Mr. Bowser pitched forward over the handle and brought up in a heap on the

Understand, these high values did not come solely from its value as a medicine, but as an illuminant for houses also, for by 1857 Mr. Kier had also introduced it to a considerable extent through a burner for lamps which he had invented. So valuable did petroleum become through the agency of this ingenious Pittsburger, that after he got Peterson, Sr., commenced proceedings in the courts at Pitteburg to compel S. M. Kier

Peterson, Sr., commenced proceedings in the courts at Pittaburg to compel 3. M. Kier to pay him a royalty, or divide the proceeds from his own sales. George P. Hamilton, Esq., was Kier's attorney, and A. W. Loomis was Peterson's. It was rather a noted case, because it proposed to test the limitations of a lease. Leases up to that day had been made for salt-water alone, this mineral oil never having been thought of. Peterson contended that it being found without any previous knowledge on the part of either side, the owner of the land had a right to share in the proceeds in spite of the fact that such a mineral was not mentioned in the lease or sale.

John V. Humes—When my father leased property to Staley & Donnell to sink a well upon, near where the Kier well was, he wrote the lease in these words: "As long as water runs, and grass grows, these two men have the right to the salt water that may come from the ground there." There was no reserve for anything but salt water. He knew nothing of any such thing as petroleum, and his sole royalty for years afterward was each twentieth barrel of salt, or rather the proceeds from every 1 barrel in 20. By and by Thomas Donnelly, who had bought the lease, sold it to Louis Peterson, Jr., who bored it deeper for oil. He paid us—Donnelly and my father—\$40,000, which was regarded by us as an immense price, but imagine our feeling of personal loss when a tew years later Peterson sold the property to Eastern persons for \$150,000. That's what come from us not knowing the value of this new grease.

And it is quite true, that even to this

TRADE IN PRESIDENTAL YEARS.

If we turn to statistics we do not find much comfort. The figures of the New York Clearing House probably furnish as good an idea of the state of business throughout the United States as any. All the business activities of the country are focalized here, and "Wall street" is a barometer for trade and commerce as well as finance. Statistics show that in 1872, a finance. Statistics show that in 1872, a Presidental year, the exchanges were \$3,000,000,000 more than in 1871, and only \$1,000,000,000 less than the succeeding year. In 1876, however, they were 3,000,000,000 less than in 1875, and 1,000,000,000 less than in 1877, but in 1880 they were 13,000,000,000 more than in 1879, but 11,000,000,000 less than in 1881, when we had a "boom" year, owing to the good groups in this country and

owing to the good crops in this country and poor ones abroad. Whatever incubus a Presidental election might have been upon business, that year it was borne like a feather upon the crest of a tidal wave. The volume of exchanges steadily declined from 1881 until 1885, but in the Presidental year of 1884 the ex-changes were nine billions more than in 1885, from which point there was a substan-tial recovery again during 1886 and 1887, but in 1888 they declined again four bilbut in 1888 taey declined again four bli-lions. The summing up of all these figures leads to the opinion expressed in the open-ing lines of this article, that while a Presi-dental election has some influence upon some kinds of business, there are other in-fluences far more controlling in their

Quickly Discovered Several Rats-The Lad Will Be Brought Up With a Sharp Torn-Virtuous Indignation. Mr. Dunder entered the station house very softly the other afternoon and dropped

into a chair without remark, and it was some time before the fat police sergeant looked up and discovered his presence and "Well, you here again? You don't seem

to be as tickled as you were the last time "Sergeant, I like some advice," replied Mr. Dunder. "I like some advice about my son Shake. You know Shake?"

"Yes. What's the matter with Jake?" "I belief be vas too files, as you call him. und I like to sk you about him. Der odder day he came 'guferner,' and when I Liza, the popular photographer, will please you. First-class work, moderate prices, prompt delivery. Wand is sixth street, an you know. Do, vas like all der boys in dis country.' How what dot, sergeant? Does

your boy call you 'guierner?'
"Well, hardly!" He Invests in a Lawn Mower With

"Well, hardly!"

"Und when he speaks mit his mudder he calls her 'Your royal highness.' She can't make it oudt, und Shake says: 'Dot whas all right, we whas in America row.' Does your boy speak like dot to his mudder?"

"I never heard that he did."

"Und his mudder finds some red und blue buttons mitout any eyes in 'em in Shake's pocket. Here whas one. She asks him about 'em und he says it whas a new inwention for outercoat buttons. Did you efer see one before?"

"Yes, several times. Those are poker

"Yes, several times. Those are poker chips, Mr. Dunder."
"Und Shake vhas playing some poker?"
"Very likely."
"H'm! Here vhas a ticket we find in

"H'm! Here vhas a ticket we find in Shake's pocket, too. Vhen I ask him about it he says it vhas good for one ride mit a toboggan, und dot all American boys vhas built dot vhay."

"Jake has been playing the races," replied the Sergeant as he examined the ticket. "He got this ticket at a poolroom, and it seems that he played Lone Jack for first place."

first place."
"H'm! I begin to smell some rats! Ser-

geant, I like to ask you about a scrap iron "Scrap iron match? I never heard of such a thing."
"Vhell, Shake goes to his mudder after



One Ride Mit a Toboggan. supper and says he likes to get a dollar to go und see der boys put up deir dukes at a scrap iron match. She gifs him der money, but we can't make it oudt."

"Oh, I see! He meant a scrap-a boxing ontest."
"Und he goes mit a prize fight, eh?" "Very likely."

"Struck a post, eh?" he muttered, as he investigated and found one rising about six inches out of the earth. "That's all right, however. I didn't expect to mow down "Very likely."

"H'm! More rats! Sergeant, how much vas a dog license?"

"Two dollars a year."

"Only two dollars! Vhy, I sends Shake cafer mit seven dollar der odder day und he only brings back one. He said it vhas six dollar for a big dog mit a stub tail. Here whas a telegram from my brudder-in-law in Chicago, und I had to pay two dollar on him. Shake paid der boy und I paid Shake. All he says in dot telegram is, 'Vhas dis hot enough for you?' I can't make it oudt."

"I think I can," replied the sergeant. posts as well as grass. Seems as if my muscle was working up a little already." He dodged the post and headed for the back fence, and his countenance had just begun to beam again when there was a great ciattering and the machine stopped.

"Oyster cans!" he growled, as he kicked two or three out of the grass. "She's probably watching me, and she's probably tickled half to death, but I'd mow this yard if it was full of deadly torpedoes."

He reached the fence without further mishap, leaving a trail behind him as crooked begun to beam again when there was a great

"I think I can," replied the sergeant, after reading the message. "Jake wrote this himself and beat you out of two edol-"H'm! I see! Vheil, I am going home."

"Dis eafning Shake vhill start oud mi his hat on his ear, und when I ask where he whas going he whill say, 'Guterner, I whas shust like an American boy now, und I go oud to see some elephants.'" ground.

"Now, I hope to never draw another breath if I don't slaughter somebody for this!" he yelled, as soon as he could get his He was going to jump up and kick some

"Yes."
"Und I vhill take dot young mans by der collar und say, 'My son, I vhas ahust like an American fadder now, und I vhas onto you like a house!" Und den his heels vhill hit oop by der ceilings, und he vhill smash in der walls und doors, und vhen I let go of him he vhill be like some rags on a clothes-line!"

line!"
"I wouldn't be too severe."
"Oh, no. I doan' kill him, but I vhas shust severe enough to shange him back from an American boy to a Sherman, und to make him so tired of dot races und to-boggan und scrap iron und elephant dot he see him now. Shake whas shust like an American boy—I whas shust like an Amer-ican fadder! Keep quiet und see me later!"

THE ARIZONA KICKER

Points on the Manly Way of Settling News paper Grievances. I clip the following from the last issue of

the Arizona Kickers Three weeks ago, in writing up some of the local characters of the town, we mentioned Colonel Dick White as one of the crowd who had been here too long for his health. Sev-eral shyster lawyers went to the Colonel and encouraged him to bring a libel suit for beavy damages. He refused and sent us word to look out. We were ready in 15 seconds after we got the message, but the Colonel had to send his guns to the shop to be repaired, make his will and fix up other little matters. It was not until Monday that little matters. It was not until Monday that he got ready to go hunting. He posted himself in a modest and retiring position on an empty barrel in front of Henderson's grocery, and had been waiting 15 minutes when we sauntered up to inquire the price of cucumbers. We saw the Colonel and the cucumbers at the same instant, but he got the first shot, which ripped up the cotton on our right shoulder. We could nave shot him dead, but we didn't



Only Eleven Seconds. do it. We simply shot his thumb off at the joint, and he went out of business after firing only the one shot. From the time he fired until we had him disarmed and he was fired until we had him disarmed and he was begging our pardon was only 11 seconds, as counted by the grocer, who had his watch in his hand. As Mayor of the town we shall sell the guns at public action, as usual, and turn the money into the street improvement fund. We understard that the Colonel left town hast night for some point in Montana. While we firmly believe his going is a benefit to the community, we want to thank him for the manly way he set about getting even with us. Anybody can begin a libel suit, but it takes a manly sort of a man to go gunning for an editor who can shoot two handed and has had three or four days' warning of what is to come. can shoot two handed and is to come.

four days' warning of what is to come.

M. QUAD.

How to Preserve Insects, . Butterflies, moths and beetles should not be subjected to the cruelty of being impaled by a pin while still alive. Every entomologist should carry with him as a part of his outfit a small yial ot ether. A few drops of this poured on the sides of worm, moth or beetle will instantly kill the insect and enable the collector to adjust it with less difficulty than if it were alive, as by its struggles after capture a very fine specimen is often completely rained.

The Indebtedness of Missouri. Few States of the Union are better off, so far as concerns community indehtedness, than Missouri. Forty-eight counties have no bonded indebtedness, 37 have only county indebtedness and seven have only township indebtedness. For a State of the size of Missouri this is as fine a showing as can be



WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY DORA RUSSELL

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Broken Seal," "The Track of the Storm," "A Fatal Past," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS. .

Two lovers, Sir James MacKennon, Bart., and Miss Miriam Clyde, are standing by the seashore, and the former is urging her to name the wedding day. She pleads for delay. In the meantime an accident occurs, a soldier being wounded by a firing party. Miriam binds up his wound and saves his life. Glancing at each other's face a mutual recognition takes place. On arriving bome the doctor who was summoned to the wounded man gave her a note which the soldier had hastily scribbled. It contains the words "For God's sake keep my secret." Hiriam, by means of Dr. Reed, sends to her soldier-patient a brief message, "Do not be afraid!" which he receives as he is lying in the hospital. In the meantime Miriam's mother, Mrs. Clyde, makes up her mind that her daughter shall be married to Sir James in a month, and tells her so. But Miriam, thinking of a life dearer than her own, hanging in the belance, pleads carnestly for more time. Mrs. Clyde writes to her other wedding. Conway thinks it's a good match, but pains Joan by intimating that Miriam should not so sooh forget another affair in which his nephew was the hero. He and Mrs. Clyde agree it is best to hurry the wedding for fear Sir James should hear of that, Miriam is obstinate, and gets Sir James to ask Mrs. Clyde for postponement. Colonel Clyde is unable to change Miriam's mind. She worries herself sick, and Dr. Reed is sent for. By means of notes through him, Miriam and Private Dare arrange a clandestine meeting. Miriam tells her secret lover he must leave the country. He says he would have to buy his way out of the army. At her next meeting with Sir James she asks him for the necessary money, and he gives her double the amount. Then she arranges another clandestine meeting, and just as she is returning to her room in the night Mrs. Clyde catches her. Mrs. Clyde suspects the truth, but Miriam refuses to tell her. Dare meets Ford and gives her the money to give back to Miriam. Mrs. Clyde decides to have the wedding at London, and she and her daughter go there. The wedding

[COPTRIGHT, 1892, BY DORA RUSSELL.] CHAPTER XIX.

TRUE TO JOAN. "You!" exclaimed Miriam, springing to her feet with outstretched hand, and then something in the expression of the General's

face as he advanced into the room sent a sudden chill to her heart. "Joan-" she faltered. "She is no worse," answered General Conray slowly, as if he understood her unspoken question. "I have come to Scotland on purpose to see you, Miriam," he added, with his stern eyes fixed upon her.

"to learn the truth at last from your own lips." As he said this Miriam's face suddenly flushed and then grew pale, and her eyes fell before his.

"What do you mean?" she asked in an insteady voice. "I mean are the words that Joan has spoken in her sleep and in her delirium true

or false? Was Robert Conray your lover or hers?" As he asked this question in a loud, barsh voice, the Dowager Lady MacKennon entered the front drawing room and paused on the threshold as she did so. She had been told that General Coursy had arrived, and she knew him to be the brother-in-law of Miriam, and she had gone into the drawing room for the purpose of receiving him, when his startling words fell on her astonished ears. She was quick of hearing and she distinctly heard his question, and if she had acted rightly she would, of course, goes any more. Dot vhas all, ser-lacen't make her oudt before, but I this. She stayed and listened to a conversation she knew very well that she was not inward satisfaction in doing this. She never trusted pretty women, and her daughter-in-law was pretty, and she believed she was about to hear something to

her disadvantage, and so she remained in the interests of her son. Miriam did not for a moment answer General Conray; she hesitated, and then she looked up in his face.

"Has poor Joan been delirious then? - As ill as that, and I was never told!" "You are playing with me, and I did not come here to listen to subterfuges. Yes, Joan has been very ill, but before her illness she spoke words in her sleep which filled my very soul with horror. Miriam, you swore at the inquest that you were with Robert Couray at the night of his death?"

"Yes," said Miriam, trying to speak eadily, though she knew her voice steadily,

"Was this true then, or were Joan's ravings true? She cried out first in her sleep about Robert Conray—that she had loved him—that he was hers, not yours? Will you speak the truth, for this is life or death o me; if she deceived me I must know!" "She did not deceive you," answered Miriam; she must save Joan at any cost she was thinking. "Robert Conray was my lover, I was with him in the grounds the night of his—death."

"Of his murder?" interrupted General

snow where he is?" Miriam visibly started.

lieve there is something in all this; that something has preyed on Joan's mind, and that you are keeping something back. This Ferrars was your lover, did he murder Rob-

"I know nothing," answered Miriam.
"I see by your face, I hear by your voice you do! Joan said you knew where Ferrars was hiding, and I asked where, and she said somewhere by the sea. Did she mean Newstrough-on-the-Sea? It is my duty to have the said down. I have the said down. hunt this man down; to discover Robert Conray's murderer if I can, and you must help me."
"I can do nothing; I know nothing."

"I can do nothing; I know nothing."

"Joan must have had something to go
upon, and I believe she had. If this Ferrars murdered Bobert I believe you knew
it and you screened him at the time, and
would screen him now."

"I repeat I know nothing," said Miriam;
"nothing but what I said at the inquest. I
parted with Robert Coursy alive and well
the night and the next time I saw him he

that night, and the next time I saw him he What is there in truth that appears some subtle instinct of our souls, guiding us almost with uncerting touch? Miriam spoke post-bag?"

"I had a headache, and I thought the could do me good." answered almost with unerring touch? All ham spoke these words positively—she was fighting for her sister, lying for her sister, and General Conray did not believe her. He had believed her before, because no doubt had then entered his mind. Now that it was there her words did not convince him. He stood looking at her hardly and severely, and he believed her to be guilty of what he

"You will say nothing then," he said at "Nothing but what I have said before. I was engaged to Robert Conray, and Joan knew it, though you did not. But what good does it do to talk of this now? Naturally I do not wish Sir James to hear of this trario story."

So I did, James—but I have been very much upset—after you went out General Conray came; he—he was passing through Scotland on some military duty, I think, and he came to tell me about Joan, and—she has been much worse than I thought; than mother told me; she—has been delivious and warvill."

this tragic story."

"I do not wish to tell him. Let him believe in you if he can. But it is well known that Ferrars was your lover; that you at one time at least encouraged him, and he mysteriously disappeared the very

day of Robert Couray's death. Will you answer me truthfully, did you never hear of or see him from that day?"

"Never," answered Miriam in a low tone and with downcast eyes.

"I cannot, I do not believe it. Joan could not have invented such a story, even in her delirium, without some foundation. But your father returns to Newbrough-on-the-Sea to-day, and I shall go to him there before I return to Tyeford, and institute inquiries about Ferrars. You have been at home ever since you left us, nearly two years ago; if, as Joan said, you had seen Ferrar, you must have seen him there."

"Do as you please," said Miriam, with a sinking heart, and a blanched face. "And," she added, "is my mother staying on with Joan?"

"For the present, yes. Miriam, will you say again—will you swear, that poor Joan never deceived me?"
"I will swear."

He looked at her long and earnestly; in spite of himself, against his inner sense these words gave him some consolation. They might be true, thought the grey-haired soldier, and so with bowed head he turned to go away. "Goodby," he said, holding out his cold

"Won't you stay to see my husband, to see Lady MacKennon?" said Miriam. "James is out on the hills somewhere, but

"James is out on the hills somewhere, but he will be disappointed if you go away without seeing him."
"I am in no mood to exchange civilities with anyone, and I must go."
"They will think it strange—"
"You can tell them I came to see you about your sister's illness. Goods."
At this moment the downger, Lady Mac-Kennon, who had remained in the front drawing room during the whole of the tong versation between General Coursy, and her daughter-in-law thought fit to retire to her own apartments upstairs, and when the

own apartments upstairs, and when the General passed through it on his way out the front drawing room was empty.

But imagine the anxiety and misery he had left behind! As the General disappeared Miriam clasped her hands together as if in despair. For a moment or two she felt utterly overwhelmed. Then she roused herself. There was no time to be lost. Hugh Ferrars must be warned; must leave Newbrough-on-the-Sea at once. If General Conray went there he was sure to recognize him; sure to hear that she was supposed to have sayed his life upon the sands. The whole circumstances would leave no doubt in his mind. She sat down, therefore, to write to Ferrars; to write to him with a trembling hand and a beating heart. She wrote:

Wrote:

Fly at once when you receive this. My unhappy sister has had fever, and in her delirium she betrayed much of the truth to General Conray. He came here to-day to question me, but I denied everything. He is now going to Newbrough-on-the-Sea, as poor J. gave him some idea you were there. Leave Newbrough therefore when you receive this without a moment's delay. Ask for a few days' leave—say after your illness—this will be safest. I enclose £20 for you to leave with, but let me know where I can send the rest of the money; the money you gave me back, and which I have kept for you. Answer this letter addressed to my maid Ford, but I entrest you do not neglect my warning, for if you do, even for a day, it will be too late.

Always your friend,

M.

Miriam wrote this hurried scrawl in baste Conray, sternly. "In her fever Joan spoke at least some words which I believe to be true; she said Hugh Ferrars, the man I always suspected, killed him; the young man who was your lover, and whom I disapproved of, and that you hid him; that you have he is?"

Miriam wrote this nurried scrawl in haste and secrecy, and then carried it up to her own room, where she addressed the envelope to Private Dare, at Newbrough-on-the-Sea, and placed four bank notes within it. She felt a subtle pang of conscience as she did so. She remembered at this moment that she was James Maskanneo's wife but the next. felt a subtle pang of conscience as she did so.
She remembered at this moment that she
was James MacKennon's wife, but the next
she tried not to think of this. She must Miriam visibly started.

"Why should you believe her ravings; the ravings of fever?" she said in a faltering voice.

"I do believe them at all events. I believe there is something in all this; that something has preyed on Joan's mind, and the something has preyed on Joan's mind, and the same research to the letter. The nearest postoffice to Kintore was at a village, quite two miles distant. But Miriam something has preyed on Joan's mind, and noticed where it was, and so speedily started on her way was king as quickly as started on her way, walking as quickly as possible, and with a strong sensation of nervousness and fear in her heart.

> the postoffice under the superintendence of an old Highland dame was situated without meeting anyone, and a moment or two later had slipped her letter into the box. She heard it fall with a feeling of relief, but just as she was turning away, with a guilty start she recognized her husband's tall form, followed by two deer hounds, approaching her from the opposite end of the village from where the postoffice was placed.
>
> Sir James did not see her at once, but when he did his surprise was very great.
>
> "Why Miriam, my dear!" he cried, when still a little distance from her. "however

still a little distance from her; "however have you cast up here?" "I-I came to post a letter," faltered Miriam, doing her best not to appear em-

sarted with Robert Conray alive and well hat night, and the next time I saw him he barrassed; "and for the walk."

"To post a letter?" repeated Sir James smiling, and drawing her hand through his ome subtle instinct of our souls, guiding us arm. "Why did you not put it into the

walk would do me good," answered Miriam.
"A headache? My dear little girl, why did you not tell me?" said Sir James, tenderly looking down at her face. "I thought you wanted to stay at home to write letters, or I should not have gone

"So I did. James-but I have been very