Sam Kier Got the Idea of Clarifying His Petroleum in the Year 1853.

A PHILADELPHIA CHEMIST

Advised Him and He Constructed a Single Barrel Affair.

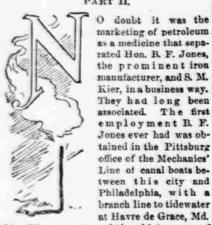
THIS WAS AFTERWARD STOLEN.

Colonel Drake Got His Fointers From the Allegheny falt Wells.

TUNNELING FOR THE GOLDEN GREASE

Below is the second installment of the story of the discovery of petroleum from the pen of the late L. E. Stofiel. As stated a week ago this was the last newspaper work he did.

PART IL



branch line to tidewater at Havre de Grace, Md. Mr. Kler was one of the chief owners of this line, and his attention was attracted to young Mr. Jones by his business tact and alertness, and he took a keen interest in his advancement.

Kier subsequently made Mr. Jones his manager and then partner. At one time Hon, James Buchanan was a member of the firm, being associated with Messrs. Kier and Jones before he became President of the United States. Their business enlarged

to include various branches. B. F. Jones in the Iron Business.

Mr. Jones' tastes did not run along the line which Mr. Kier's petroleum developments now took, and the former went into the iron business in 1851, with which he is still identified. But, notwithstanding their separation at this period, Mr. Jones realines how much he owes to Mr. Kier for his early business training, and he says he can-not speak too highly of the man who was one of Pittsburg's best and most enterprising citizens. Mr. Jones says:

Talk about the discovery of petroleum in 1859 in Venango county! Why, it was in 1846 that Mr. Kier began to think of using it as it came out of his well up at Tarentum, in Allegheny county. He knew it had some commercial value, and he was untiring in trying to have its usefulness generally recognized. And then you know, perhaps, he was along that line right here in Pittsburg were most valuable to the great oil industry that was to come. He was the first person in the United States to refine petroleum and so United States to refine petroleum and so clearly it that it made a steady, clear and clean illuminant. Had he taken out patents on the apparatus he then designed for refining oil his heirs to-day would be among the ricaest persons in the world. Think of what a royalty on all the oil today refined in the world would amount to.

Mr. Kler's Neglected Opportunity. There is no reason why he should not have done it. I believe his old oil-still is still in

existence, and it would show what a price-less principle he discovered before others had thought of it. But to protect his discoveries through any

But to protect his discoveries through any personal or selfish motive was not in S. M. Kier's nature. He was of a most generous spirit. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that he did not go into the business of selfing oil as medicine so much on genuine speculative objects as he did from a philanthropic standpoint. He believed he was taking from the ground a fluid which possessed great medicinal qualities—believed that it was a sort of boon or benefit for mankind—and he doubtless wanted to let huind-and he doubtless wanted to let nanity have the benefit of itas much as

manity have the benefit of it as much as he did to make money for himself.

He was always willing to reach forward a hand to help others, and he regarded wealth as a means to further develop the great resources of the country, and certainly his foresight was great in the matter of oil and oil refining. He won a reputation here in Pittsburg for charitable acts, and they were generally of philanthropy in the widest sense.

What Suggested Kier's Experiments.

Charles Lockhart, as one of the Pittsburg officials of the Standard Oil Company, has handled millions of barrels of petroleum but it is safe to say that he thinks less of their aggregate worth than he does of five or six barrels which, away back in 1852, he sold to S. M. Kier, at Pittsburg. The story Mr. Lockhart tells fits right in here. He

What I tell you will make you readily understand what suggested to Samuel M. Kier the ides of refining petroleum. Across the river from Tarentum there was a well the river from Tarentum there was a well that had been sunk originally for salt water. It had been producing that article for several years, when, along about 1852, it, too, began to nump up petroleum with the salt water. A man named Isaac Huff operated the well, and I was clerking in Pittsburg. Huff brought the oil to me, and I bought it from him, turning right around and selling it to Mr. Kier on my own account. In the following year I took Mr. Kip, of Tarentum, into partnership with me, and bought the Huff well, we running it as our own. Then I entered into a new contract with Mr. Kier, and here is the account I opened with him. And Mr. Lockhart produced a small time.

And Mr. Lockhart produced a small timeworn little account book, in which there runs from page to page entry after entry of oil sold to S. M. Kier. On the 19th o March, 1853, there is credit given Mr. Kier for \$174 69 for seven barrels of oil, or 625 cents per gallon. How's that for prices! What a moment for a bull ring!

six Years Before Drake's Enterprise. And this, too, only seven years after Kier had ventured to put the greasy stuff on the market, and fully six years before Drake got down to solid work on Oil creek. One after another I perused the items in this book. Once I find Mr. Lockhart recalving 6634 cents per gallon. Is it any wonder that the petroleum magnate smiled over the pages of this little book, and at the same moment pushed aside a clearance sheet, on which, perhaps, was written the record of 6,000,000 barrels. Mr. Lockhart

resumed: When I thus began selling Mr. Kier my oil When I thus began selling Mr. Kier my oil he found that he had more than he could market as medicine. Mr. Kier knew that it had a certain value also as an illuminant, but to make it entirely successful in that ine it would have to be in some other than its crude state. With a surplus of petroleum on his hands, therefore, he got the idea of putting it through some process which would separate the medicinal part of it from the other, or, in other words, to clarify it in some manners or that he might sell it both as an illuminant and medicine. He went to Philadelphia and consulted a chemist there. The chemist suggested distilling the petro-The chemist suggested distilling the petro-leum, but offered no hints as to apparatus, I believe. Mr. Kier came back to Pittsburg and entered into some experiments.

The First Petroleum Refinery. The result of them was that he set up a small refluery on Seventh avenue above Grant street, where he commenced to dis till the netroleum. At first he used a one barrel still. After this he enlarged this to a five-barrel still, and I believe this is yet in

relic of the origin of a world-wide industry. Mr. Kier's business in refining oil from that time on was eminently successful. His claim to being the first oil refiner in the country cannot be disputed though I hear some man in the East has been trying to do

Mr. John T. Kirkpatrick, who lives on Fortieth street, Pittsburg, is at present the principal owner in the Leechburg Iron Works. He says:

Works He says:

I was in partnership with S. M. Kier in his oil refinery, ho Seventh avenue. He was the first man in the country to appreciate the value of petroleum, and he was the first man to purify it by the ordinary refining processes. Although they might seem small now by comparison, our operations then in that five-barrell still we considered quite large. The refinery was subsequently removed to Lawrenceville. After Mr. Kier began refining the petroleum, it was used to a considerable extent in Pittsburg for illuminating purposes. Mr. Kier had been investigating that subject all the time, and finally he invented a lamp-burner that would fit any kind of a lamp, and which was put on sale in Pittsburg. This was a burner with four prongs, so arranged to let in the air and give a good clear light.

William L. Kier, a son of the late S. M.

William L. Kier, a son of the late S. M. Kier, has a place of business at present on Liberty street, near the Union Depot. He

The First Still Was Stolen.

The five-barrel wrought-iron still, in which my father refined oil before any other per son had ever thought of such a thing, is still in our possession. We preserve it as a curi-osity, and it is to be seen out at our fire-brick works in Salina. No, it is not the first still father used, but the second. There is a little story as to why we have not got the with. After he had been refining oil for some time on Seventh avenue, people up there got afraid that the petroleum was too dangerous stuff to have around in a thickly-built-up section. They feared explosions

credit generally of discovering petroleum, came down there to see how the work of boring and pumping oil wells was performed. He coaxed William Smith, our blacksmith here, to make tools for him and go up to Titusville to bore a test well for him. Smith made our saltpans as well as tools for the wells, and we liked him as a faithful workman, building him a new shop; but the offer he received from Drake was so much of an inducement that we could not keep him, and he went up the river. By and by Smith sent us reports about oil up there that seemed fabulous.

Ex. Mayor Louis Peterson, Jr.—This man, E. L. Drake, could not have bored his famous oil well near Titusville without the aid he got from Alleghany county. I was managing my father's salt works, besides producing oil myself there, when, in 1858, Drake drove up to our works in a sleigh. He had driven clear down from Oil creek. He said he had tried to sink a well up there in earch of oil, but the hole caved in on him, and he did not know what to do. He wanted some help from us, but I thought him visionary and put him off. He looked around among the wells at Tarentum, and finally made Smith, our blacksmith, an offer to make tools like he made for our wells, and go back with him to Venango and Crawford counties. Smith promised to consider the matter. Now, this man Smith was in some litigation at the time, and I told him ford counties. Smith promised to consider the matter. Now, this man Smith was in some litigation at the time, and I told him that this was a good chance to get away from this part of the country and get rid of his trouble. He said he thought so, too, and that he believed he would accept Drake's

They Found Ocean's of Oil, Along toward spring of 1839 Drake drove back to Tarentum in a sleigh and got Smith's promise to go up to Oil creek. Now, Smith was an ingenious fellew, a jack-of-all-trades, and prided himself on his workman-ship, and when he told me he was making the tools for Drake's venture I never felt



SAMUEL M. KIER. [From the only photograph he ever had taken.]

sometime later, investigation was made, it was discovered that the small cast-fron still had been stolen. Although he was using the five-barrel still at the time, father held his first still as very valuable, and a search was made in all the junk yards for it, but with-out success. We have never heard of it

since.

No, I don't think father ever thought sericusly of taking out patents on his refining
process. On a subsequent visit to the chemist at Philadelphia, the chemist remarked
upon hearing of the success of the experiments: "We missed it by letting this thing
slip." You can safely say that carbon oil
must have been made by distillation by my
father along in the torties, for we have
papers showing sales of it in 1851.

Brake Comes to Tarentum for Pointers.

Drake Comes to Tarentum for Pointers. To return, now, from the little Pittsburg oil refinery to the village of Tarentum, is to suddenly stumble across a revelation, startling because it is not generally known, and important because it very materially changes the face of petroleum lore. Three persons tell me the story, each at a different time, neither knowing that the other has touched upon it in their respective narratives. Thus, each confirms the statements of the other. Listen:

F. N. Humes—In 1888 I was cleaning out the sait wells at Tarentum, when a man came to me, giving his name as E. L. Drake. He said he had come down to Tarentum to see the manner and mode of drilling wells, especially those wells which were at that moment producing oil. It is an old tradition how the Indians used to gather oil from the springs along Oil creek in Venango county by soak-F. N. Humes-In 1858 I was cleaning out the



ing their blankets in the water and then wringing them into buckets. The oil got the name of Seneca oil in this way, I believe. Well, after Mr. Kler got to bottling the petroleum in Aliegheny county for medicine, some Eastern people thought they would resort to the oid Indian fashion of gathering the same kind of oil on the surface of Oil creek and its neighboring springs in Venango county. These Eastern people made "oil of spike," horse limiments, etc., out of this. It was some such venture by Eastern people which brought E. L. Drake into Venango county about this time.

To Get a Driller for Titusville. Drake got the idea that if the oil came up into these springs from the earth, he up into these springs from the earth, he might get it in larger quanties by boring a hole into the ground. He was unable to succeed, however, and finally concluded to come down to Tarentum and see how we did it here. He impressed me as agreeable enough, and he remained with me at my work around the wells all that day. Then he asked me, if he naid me glood wages, if I would go back to Titusville with him, and bore a well for him there.

would go back to Titusville' with him, and bore a well for him there.

Now, I had a contract with Mr. Peterson at the time to clean these salt wells out, and I could not have broken it if I would. I therefore declined Mr. Drake's offer, but said that all our tools for the wells were made by a blacksmith just below Tarentum, named William Smith, and that he might get aim to make the tools for him, and possibly togo with him to fitusville to drill the well which be proposed putting down. He went to Smith, and in the following year that individual made all the tools here in Tarentum, taking them with him to the upper country, and boring Drake's well for him in the summer and fall of 1859.

More Testimony as to Drake.

More Testimony as to Drake. WILLIAM KRINEDT-I was in charge some department of Kier's sait works at Ta-rentum along about 1855 or 1859, when this man Drake, who is erroneously given the

and fire. Finally, the City Councils gave father notice to move his refinery outside the city limits.

Arrangements were made to move the refinery out to Lawrenceville, which then had not yet been absorbed by the city. The apparatus and machinery had been set out on the payement to await warmen and when the payement to be a payeme

Kier and William Donnell were the first go, and Samuel M. Kier himself followed. believe they all made more or less money. believe they all made more or less money.

Dr. F. R. Brewer, of Pittsburg, owned property near Titusville, on which he knew springs of "rock oil" existed. In 1853 he received a letter from George H. Bissel inquiring about it. Dr. Brewer assisted him with valuable information. As the result of this correspondence Bissel & Eveleth formed a partnership to collect this oil from water in trenches which they dug on land that they leased near Titusville. In 1855, Bissel & Eveleth sold a third interest in this lease to some New Haven capitalists, and the "Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company" was formed. It was this company that in 1858 employed Colonel Drake, of New Haven, to try to sink an artesian well.

Digging for Petroleum! These early oil developments at Tarentum terminated in perhaps the most daring -ven-ture ever undertaken in any oil region. It is described by ex-Mayor Peterson as follows: three ever undertaken in any oil region. It is described by ex-Mayor Peterson as follows:

While managing my father's salt works at Tarentum, I became impressed with the growing value of this petroleum, or rock oil as we called it. Through Mr. Kier's ventures the oil had become worth anywhere from 50 cents to 51 per gallon. I concluded I would improve any opportunity thereafter of getting oil myself. At this time Thomas Donnelly was operating the salt well on the Humes farm, not far from our own property. Peterson & Irwin, of which firm I was a member, determined to buy the well. It was only producing salt water, but I reasoned that if it was enlarged to the size of the other wells there it too would pump up petroleum. But as we proposed improving it and pumping for oil, a serious question arose, viz: whether in letting the salt water run to waste, as we proposed to do, we would not violate the terms of the Humes lease which we were buying from Thomas Donnelly, and lay ourselves liable to forfeiture by reason of Humes receiving no royalty, his sole royalty being every twentieth barrel of salt water. Therefore to extinguish Mr. Humes' claim to any royalty we purchased his whole farm. We paid him \$20,000 and Mr. Donnelly \$20,000 additional for his lease. Then we reamed out the well, enlarging the hole. This was in 1858.

A Demand for Oil at Baltimore.

A Demand for Oil at Baltimore. Fure enough, oil came, and a very valuable grade of it, too. It produced from two and a half to five barrels per day. We found that grade of it too. It produced from two and a half to five barrels per day. We found that a specimen of the oil that had been sent on to Baltimore was very successfully used in oiling the wool made at carding mills there. A demand for it was created in Baltimore. To this city our entire product went. There was a "middle man," however, McKeown, Nevin & Co., of Pittsburg. They handled all our oil. This continued until 1864, when we sold the well and property to Eastern people for about \$150,000. The "Tarentum Suit and Oil Company" was organized, the principal stock being held in Philadelphia, New York and Brooklyn.

This company conceived the idea of digging a shaft into the ground in search of oil and sait water. The Tarentum wells were only from 400 to 500 feet deep, and they argued that it was practicable to get that deep down with pick and shovel, and possibly discover a monstrous cave of the fluids. They selected a spot, probably 100 yards from the Donnelly well. They sent to Europe and brought across the ocean a lot of Cornish miners. These men were taken to Tarentum and set to work. The hole they dug into the ground was about 628 feet, and in many places larger.

Cornish Miners Seeking the Grease.

Cornish Miners Seeking the Grease, Two and a half years were consumed in digging this shaft, and \$40,000 was spent in the work. Timbers 16 or 18 inches square were walled into the well in the upper part, but when the rock was struck below no wall was needed. Cast iron pipes 8 inches in diameter were inserted to pump out the water, so that the men might work uninter-

water, so that the men might work uninterruptedly.

The Cornish miners at length got dissatisfied and quit work, going off to the coppermines of Lake Superior. An agent was sent
to New York, where he gathered up another
corps of Cornish miners just over. These
worked in the shatt for awhile, but they too
gave the employers trouble and had to be
let go. Then an effort was made to get deep
mine diggers from Scotland, and two of the
men who were in a party, James and George
Jenkins, are still living up the Monongahels
river I believe. It was a huge engineering
scheme. Nine men worked in a gang in the
shaft.

scheme. Nine men worked in a gang in the shaft.

I verilly believe some great result would have been the outcome of this experiment had it been finished. It had reached a depth of 400 feet, and we all noticed that it had a marked effect upon the Donnelly well. The salt water in the Donnelly well was

from 5° to 7° in strength, but it weakened to 3° if the water in the shaft was allowed to stend any length of time. It showed there was some grevice or connection between the

An Enterprise Spoiled by the War. The digging of the shaft was finally aban doned in the darkest period of the war from the necessities of the time. A New York man named Ferris, and William McKeown, man named Ferris, and William McKeown, of Pittburg, bought the property, shaft and all. The daring piece of engineering was neglected, and finally it commenced to fill up with cinders and dirt, until at last it was level again with the surface of the ground. You may walk over it to-day and I could point it out to you if I was up there. Dig it out and you will find those cast from pines and timbers still there, just as they were originally put it.

Mr. Peterson's story brings one point out

Mr. Peterson's story brings one point out pretty clearly, and that is that he went to work improving the Donnelly well in 1856 for oil exclusively. This is important to remember in view of the statement sometimes made in Drake's behalf, that if he was not the discoverer of petroleum after all, he was the first man to sink a well solely for petroleum. He did that in 1859. Louis Peterson practically did it in 1856! Peterson practically did it in 1856!

I should be stated that some persons in

Tarentum say the real reason why work in digging the big shaft was discontinued was because natural gas was encountered, and it flowed into the well so freely that all laborers became afraid to stay down in it any longer.

Virtue of the Grease,

In this connection a clipping from a prominent French publication which has lately been going the rounds of the American newspapers is interesting. It is as follows:

follows:

Dr. Blache states, in the Bulletin de Therapeutique, that a refiner of petroleum having been prohibited by a prefect the distribution of petroleum in medicinal doses, the fact led to an inquiry being made as to its alleged utility in affections of the chest—the native petroleum from Pennsylvania and Virginia being that first experimented with. Dr. Blache states, as the result, that in chronic bronchitis, with abundant expectoration, it rapidly diminishes the amount of the secretion and the paroxysms of courshing, and in simple bronchitis rapid amelioration has been obtained; its employment in phthisishas been continued for too short a time as yet to allow of any opinion being delivered as to its efficacy beyond the fact that it diminishes expectoration, which also loses its purulent character. The petroleum is popularly taken in doses of a teaspoonful before each meal, and, after the first day, any nausea which it may excite in some persons disappears.

And, now, these different thoughts and

And, now, these different thoughts and reminiscences inveigle still another into the mind of every intelligent reader, viz:

Hadn't that monument better be erected over S. M. Kier's grave in Allegheny Cem-

The Story Is Dramatic.

So, here is a group of men still living who once called this useful petroleum "a mysterious grease!" They remember handling it when it had no commercial value. They either aided or watched the progress of a Pittsburger who sought to give it a commercial name and a marketable value. That man's associates have been recalling those curious days in these memoirs.

This group of Allegheny county people watched it run to waste at first. Then they remember paying \$1 per gallon for it when a Pittsburg man had made it known pretty well all over the United States. They recall Drake's visit to Tarentum, and tell of the aid he procured there. They hold their The Story Is Dramatic.

the aid he procured there. They hold their breath when they think of the gold that changed hands in Crawford and Venaugo counties after William Smith, of Allegheny county, bored the test well up there for Colonel Drake,

Then this group of men watched the flow of petroleum as it set out toward Eu-rope in exports. They will tell you how 40 casks of it were sent to France in 1860 as a curlosity, but how 3,940 casks went from Pennsylvania to France in 1863 as a com-mercial adventure. Since then they have seen this same "mysterious grease," that used to flow over into the Pennsylvania Canal at Tarentum — they have seen it grease and light the whole world from Egypt's pyramids to Paris' salons. In 1888 some genius attempted to tell how many oil wells had been bored into Pennsylvania's bosom. He said there had been 57,000 such holes put down, and about 400,-000,000 sneh holes put down, and about 400,000,000 barrels of oil taken out of Pennsylvania's loins. Let him try it now, snee the Washington, the Shousetown, the McDonald fields have been added, and he

would probably give it up. A Half Century of Growth.

Thus, have this group of men lived to see their four salt-and-oil wells of Tarentum multiplied beyond calculation, and the "odd mysterious grease" bubbling over the most immeasurable calculations in barrels!

Do the gentlemen composing this group occupy a position dramatic in the marvelous events their memories review?

Wall if they do it might be improstless.

Well, if they do, it might be impractica-ble for them all to attend the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. But if the public of Allegheny county appreciates the wonderful growth of a famous industry which these stories prove Allegheny county to have originated, why should they not send to the World's Fair some relies of the start of the oil business? For instance, the still with which Mr. Kier refined oil is still in existence. Mr. Lockhart's little account book, which shows that he sold petroleum as a marketable commodity six or seven years before Drake began his well, is in the Standard Oil Company's office, on Duquesne way, at this mo-ment. Mr. Peterson, who at present lives on North avenue, Allegheny, can no doubt add documents of interest involving his operations in searching for oil exclusively s early as 1856. What a notable feature it would all make in the Pennsylvania exhibit at Chicago!
L. E. STOFIEL

THE RIGHTS OF WIDOWS.

ome Legal Points of Present Interest Discussed by a Female Lawyer.

A widow is just as free to engage in busiess and to bind herself by legal obligations as a man, says Mary A. Greene in the Chandauquan. But her right to a share in the property of her deceased husband is a right arising out of the previous marriage relation and is affected by the ancient laws

concerning that relation.

At her husband's death she is entitled to the use and income for her life of one-third of his real estate, and this "dower" is hers whether she ever had any children or not The rest of the real estate goes to the hus-

oand's heirs.

The widow's share of personal property raries in each State. As a rule she has one-third of it and the children two-thirds. If no children are living, or their descendants, she has a larger share, one-half in some States, the whole in others. As the widow is legally competent to transact business she can be appointed ad-ministratrix of her husband's estate and

mardian of the children. THE GENIUS OF WEBSTER.

milar Traits of Character to Fr Famous Victor Hugo. "There is something in Webster that ninds me of Victor Hugo," says James Russell Lowell in Harper's Magazine. "There

is the same confusion at times of what is big with what is great, the same fondness for the merely spectscular, the same insensibility to repulsive details, the same indifference to the probable or even to the natural, the same leaning toward the grotesque, the same love of effect at whatever cost; and there is also the same impressiveness of

"Whatever other effect Webster may pro-"Whatever other effect Webster may produce upon us, he never leaves us indifferent. We may blame, we may criticise, as much as we will; we may say that all this ghastliness is only a trick of theatrical bluelight; we shudder, and admire nevertheless. We may say he is a melodramatic, that his on which they are thrown; it matters not, he stirs us with an emotion deeper than any mere artifice could stir."

Frre-All file stopped free by Dr. Kine's Great Norve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Mar valous cures. Treatise and \$2 0 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Dr. Klim, 6th Arch et., Phila., Pa. Su

DRUNKS IN CONGRESS

Mr. Watson Would Have Had Spasms Had He Lived a Century Ago.

SOBRIETY IS THE RULE NOW. In That Elder Day Everybody Carried Off

a Jag Once in Awhile. SOME AMUSINGLY TIPSY STATESMEN

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, Aug. 6.-Herbert Spencer calls attention to the curious economic paradox that it is those who are least oppressed that first revolt-that slaves seldom rebel, but freemen on whom some slight burden is laid often do. The French in 1789 rose and out off the head of the best King they had ever had-a King who abolished serfdom, remitted taxes, prohibited torture and es-tablished reforms for the benefit of the working people. America plunged into a revolution against a mild monarch to get rid of a 3-cent tax on tea. When Republics are proclaimed it is noticeable that a good crop is generally harvested. Bloody strikes are always inaugurated by men who get the highest wages. So it is that where drunkenness is com-

mon it attracts no attention; it is only where it is very uncommon, indeed, that men are shocked at it. That is to say, it is the abnormal only that is considered worth noticing or recording.

Wouldn't Have Counted a Century Ago, A hundred years ago a man would have got merrily laughed at for staggering into Congress and making a maudlin effort at oratory, and few would have considered it really disreputable, but no newspaper would have thought it worth mentioning and no committee would have investigated it. When half of the men in the land occasionally or frequently got drunk, a sporadic case of tipsiness caused no comment.

The fuss that is made over a transient and doubtful lapse of temperance on the part of three or four members is a very high tribute to the general sobriety of this Congress. Since the close of the War for the Union drunkenness has become, for the first time in the history of the human race, thoroughly disreputable, not only in Con-gress, but in all public bodies and in society

everywhere.

Has there been a scandalous exhibition of drunkenness in Washington in a year by any well-known man?

As late as when Kossuth was in this city

inebriety was common. The banquet in his honor was held at the National Hotel; speeches were made by Cass, Webster, Shields, Seward and others, and several prominent guests got into such a condition that they had to be helped away from the

A United States Judge Drank. There was more intemperance in the Sen-ate in 1804 than there is to-day, but it brought to the bar and tried for "habitual drunkenness and profanity on the bench"
one of the United States judges, and the
man was convicted. The city was a dreary
mudhole then, full of ague and monotonous mudhole then, full of ague and monotonous misery, and there is no reason to marvel that Congressmen when they left their unfinished quarters drank deeply, bet heavily and amused themselves with dog fights and cock fights. There was not only bad rum in those days, but there was plenty of rough-and-tumble prize fighting in which men lost their eyes and noses. A tall gallows appropriately stood at the foot of

lows appropriately stood at the foot of Capitol hill.

We have fallen on curious times, indeed, when a man cannot get drunk in public or be seen emerging from a gambling saloon without injury to his reputation and credit. Different, indeed, was it in the good old heyday of "Blifil and Black George," when Pendleton kept open his "palace of for-tune" on the avenue, and presided at a sumptuous dinner every day at five, in full dress, and surrounded by 20 or 30 members of the House and Senate, Cabinet Ministers, generals, diplomats and judges, attracted by the pleasures of the duplex table—the fare the pleasures of the duplex table—the faro table immediately succeeding the dinner table. The cusine was presided over by an artist; the wines were bought at auction when bankrupt German Dukes sacrificed their cellars; everything was luxurious; and scores of distinguished gamesters chased the ivory chips around the green baize till the morning came in with its glow.

Luck of a Minister to China. Humphrey Marshall being appointed Minister to China in 1852, dropped into Pendieton's the night before he started to Pendieton's the night before he started to play "one farewell game," and he lost all the money he possessed, his entire outfit and six months pay in advance—and then Pendleton lent him money enough to carry him to the flowery kingdom where he doubtless taught the funny game to the almond-eyed Celestials. And when the good Pendleton died the Mayor of Washington and Senators and members bore his pall, and President Buchanau wept at his funeral. And there was no scandal about funeral. And there was no scandal about it, and no reporters watched, as they now would, to see who went in and out a Pendleton's. Ah! Times have changed! But even that day was visibly more cir-cumspect than society in England a hun-dred years earlier, for then it seems to have been the fashion for every man to get drunk at every dinner of ceremony he at-tended, for servants were on hand whose business it was to loosen stiff cravats of business it was to loosen stiff cravats of gentlemen when they slipped or rolled un-der the table, so that they would not choke to death. Perhaps the story told by Pren-tiss is not too familiar to be repeated, how the god-like Daniel made a maudlin speech at a dinner here one night, his hearers shed-ding inebriate tears, when a Kentucky member, in a frenzy of whisky and patriot-ism jumped upon the table and shouted "Reism, jumped upon the table and shouted"Reform or revolution! Liberty or death!" and fung an empty champagne bottle at the head of the great expounder of the Consti-tution—who hiccoughed defiance as the crystal missile whizzed by him and crashed

against the opposite wall. No Confirmed Drunkards Nowadays. In this Congress there are probably some scores of men who take a drink occasionally, but there is not a confirmed drunkard in either House. Even the balf dozen who sometimes drink too much have not lost their self-respect, and they pay to temperance the tribute of concealing their weak-ness. There is no man in either House so ness. There is no man in either House so unconscious of the disgrace of drunkenness as McDougall or Tom Marshall used to be. Even poor Saulsbury made his way into the Senate one day about a month after he had ceased to be a member of it, and, being interested in the bill under consideration, leaned on a convenient desk, and, addressing the Vice President, said he would like to offer a tew reasons in favor of its passage. Ing the vice President, said he would like to offer a few reasons in favor of its passage. The Vice President kindly recognized him; his late colleagues forebore to call him to order; but after he had been talking a minute or two, a member took him by the hand and whispered a word in his ear and retired with him to the cloak room. There were two other men of irregular habits in the Senate about the close of the war—both from border States. But, like Saulsbury, they were gentlemen even in their tipsiness, and careful not to make an exhibition of their infigmity that would be publicly injurious.

publicly injurious. One of S-nator Ingalls' Trials.

Many will remember a remarkable seene in the Senate within a very few years. A member of that body persisted in speaking when he could not maintain either his bodily poise or lingual equilibrium. The President quietly ignored him and went on for some minutes with other business in spite of his clamor.

"Mr. President, as I was saying—"

"Report from the Committee on Territories," said Mr. Ingalls in the chair.

"Here, stop!" exclaimed the unbalanced Senator to the reading clerk, "I will not be interrupted!"

"Is the gentleman from Virginia endeav-One of Senator Ingalis' Trials.

oring to address the Senate?" asked the pre-siding officer, coolly.
"No, — it!" was the response, "the gentleman from Virginia is addressing the Senate!"

Senste!"

He rambled on, not to say mandled, but finally consented to be led away. Indeed, among the stories told of the House when it met in what is now Statuary Hall, is one of a member who was permitted to keep his valet in the cloakroom to take care of him when he became helpless, and another of a chairman who caused great amusement and consternation by suddenly insisting on going to bed, gavel in hand, under the Speaker's deak. Such things do not happen

Clay Had a Good Constitution.

Every house of social standing in Wash-Every house of social standing in Washington 50 years ago was equipped with a sideboard furnished with choice wines, and every visitor was regaled with brandy toddy—singular and plural. But the habit of constant drinking seemed to be, with many, an insurance against sottishness. Mr. John F. Coyle, author of the forthcoming "Fifty Years of Men and Manners in Washington," tells me a good story told him by Mr. Gales:

Gales: "Clay and I," said Mr. Gales, "had sat at "Clay and I," said Mr. Gales, "had sat at a poker table on Capitol Hill all night, and we started home just at daylight. He lived at Brown's and I was afraid he would never get there, because we had drunk so much. He said he would get home perfectly well. I said: 'Well, Mr. Clay, I bee, that you will not go to the House to-day.' 'Why not?' he asked. 'Because you are so tired and you will be sick,' I said. Very anxious I went up to the Capitol in the afternoon, and there he was in the Speaker's chair, as self-reliant and clear-headed as ever. After adjournment I saw him. 'I didn't lie down,' he said, 'nor sleep a wink. I just went and took a bath and got a shave and a breakfast, and I never felt better in my life,'"

Drunk on All Big Occasions. There were three terrible drunkards in There were three terrible drunkards in the House just 50 years ago—the last year of Clay's service—Tom Marshall and Jim Sprigg, of Kentucky, and Felix McConnell, of Alabama, all Whigs, I believe. They were all of them regular rounders, and liable to disgrace the House any time. Marshall, in fact, was pretty sure to be drunk when anything great was expected of him. I have seen him attempt to lecture before a large and refined audience when he was unable to stand and coolly sat down on the floor and talked conversationally to those who were not too disgusted to remain. "Jim Spriggs" drank as much as he could get, and was made very happy by it. One night he had a bar-room fight with a loafer and had an ear bitten off. "We welcome back to Kentucky," said Prentias in the Louisville Journal, "all there is left of our gallant fellow-citizen, Hon. James C.

Sprigg."
Felix McConnell should have been named

Felix McConnell should have been named Infelix. He was a very brilliant and erratic member, quick at repartee, witty, well-informed and the delight of the House when on his feet, drunk or sober. But he was sensitive and humiliated, and one morning just before his term expired he committed suicide here in this city.

But why multiply instances? With increasing civilization come improving manners and morals, and even if it were not a logical deduction it must be obvious to all careful observers in Washington that every Congress has been more sober and better behaved than its predecessors. Of the wisdom of the Fifty-second Congress it does not become me to speak, but probably not one has contained so many total abstainers from spirituous liquors since the Republic began.

W. A. CROFFUT.

THE LITTLE MOONS OF MARS.

Their Discovery by a Washington Astron omer-Something About Their Condition. Washington Star.]

The moons of Mars were discovered a few years ago through the telescope of the Naval Observatory at Washington, by Prof. Asaph. He will be actively in-terested in the observations of that planet and its new-found satellites which will be made by astronomers all over the world. Since the discovery of the moons in 1887 this is the first opportunity afforded for examining them, inasmuch as they are so small as to be perceptible only at close range. Once in every 15 years Mars reaches its nearest point to the earth. Eight weeks hence it will be within 35,000, 000 miles of us, whereas its greatest distance is 141,000,000 miles. Great interest attaches to the matter, because this sister world is so much like our own in respect to its climate and other conditions that it may reasonably be supposed to be inhabited There are at least 20 moons in the solar system. Saturn alone has eight, the biggest of them, Titan, being nearly twice the size of our moon; and Jupiter possesses four, rang-ing in dimensions upward from Europa, just about as large as the orb of terrestrial night, to Ganymede, greatest of all known moons, with a diameter of 3,480 miles,

whereas the moon belonging to this world is only 2,160 miles through. Though our moon is supposed to be dead and cold, similar conditions are not assumed and cold, similar conditions are not assumed to govern all the satellites of the sister planets. Some of these pertaining to Jupiter are believed to emit lights of their own, showing that they are still hot. However, astronomers are usually eager to find evidence of life on other spheres, even discovering on the earth's attendant orb apparent traces of mighty works of engineering artifice—the imagined certain creation of races being long extinct—such as the stupendous bridge that appears to span a crater of the moon volcano called Eudoxua. Eclipses are every-day affairs on Jupiter. Three of its satellites are eclipsed at every revolution of that mighty globe, so that a spectator there might witness during the Jovian year 4,500 eclipses of moons and about the same number of the sun by moons.

One of Saturn's moons, called Mimas, about half the size of the earth's satellite, is so close to the planet in its circling that

about half the size of the earth's satellite, is so close to the planet in its circling that it seems to cross the face of the latter at an astonishing rate of speed. Of the seven others, Tatan has a diameter of 3,300 miles, Iapetus 1,800 miles, Rhea 1,200 miles, Dione and Thetys each 500 miles, while Enceladus and Hyperion are very little fellows. Several of them in the sky together, with the flaming ring of star dust stretched athwart the heavens, must make a gorgeous with the haming ring of star dust stretched athwart the heavens, must make a gorgeous spectacle by night on the Saturnian sphere. Through the telescope it is very interesting to watch the shawdows thrown upon Jupiter by that giant planet's moons, observation of the eclipses of which fur-nished the first data for estimating the velocity of light. Uranus has four little moons—Ariel, Umbriel, Titania and Oberon—which, funnily enough, rise in the north and set in the south. A single diminutive one, belonging to Neptune, traverses the sky from southwest to northeast. Neither Mercury nor Venus has any satellites. But the most interesting of all moons are the two that attend Mars, each about 60 miles in diameter. That planet is just one-half the size of the earth; its surface is divided into continents and seas, having as much land as water; it has an atmosphere, clouds frequently concealing its face, and its seasons are about the same as here, though the waters are colder.

Some authorities insist that the great to ought to project farthest, others that it should not project quite so far as the second toe; while others, again, maintain that the two should be of equal length. It is well known that in antique statues the second toe is usually the longer of the two, while the first is longer in living men.

Inhabitants of the Deep.

Many of the dwellers of the deen sent have no eyes, and are, therefore, unaffected by the total absence of light, which is one of the characteristics of great ocean depths Others, besides having from 1 to 100 eyes, carry torches of phosphorescent light, which nature has kindly provided for the denisens



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 home the doctor who was summoned to the wounded man gave her a note which the soldier had hastly scribbled. It contains the words "For God's sake keep my secret." Miriam, by means of Dr. Reed, sends to her soldier-patient a brief megage, "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 tolls her so. But Miriam, thinking of a life dearer than her own, hanging in the balance, pleads earnestly for more time. Mrs. Clyde writes to her other daughter, Joan, who is married to hard and stern General Conway, asking them to the wedding. Conway thinks it's a good match, but pains Joan by intimating that Miriam should not so soon 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 worties 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 deci

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CHAPTER XXI. PLATING WITH FIRE. "You will see," replied Lady MacKennon, grimly, and naturally Sir James felt

exceedingly annoyed. But he tried not to show this to Miriam. They had planned to pay a visit to the wife of one of the neighboring lairds in the afternoon, and now he asked her to go out with him to inspect the kennels, and the horses. Miriam was fond of animals, and she therefore went at once to put on her hat, and went with him, and Sir James never hinted to her how his mother had disturbed him. He felt, however, so angry with the dowager

that he determined to stay no longer at

'I think we have had about enough of this little one," he said in the afternoon as they drove by loch and brae, and mists crept round them; "the truth is November is not

quickly and uneasily at the dowager, and she looked at him in return, and then at Miriam's agitated face. There was a sort of grim triumph in her expression, and her looks said very plainly—"I told you so." Sir James, however, ignored his mother's glance. He rose quietly and with a certain dignity of manuer a moment later, went to dignity of manner a moment later, went to where his wife was sitting at the breakfast table, carrying the letter addressed to Ford with him.

"Here's your maid's letter, Miriam," he said, and he laid it on the table beside her. "Thank you," she answered, "I shall give it to her," and she put out a trembling hand, and turned the letter with the direction downward."

rection downward.

A great restraint fell on the little party after this. An uneasiness he could not subdue was in Sir James' heart; fear and anxiety in Miriam's; and bitter satisfaction in Lady MacKennon's. But strained mo-ments pass like pleasant ones, and pres-ently Sir James, having finished his breakthe season for the Highlands, and I think we would be jollier at Halstone with the regiment?"

"When do you think of going then, James?" answered Miriam.

"Well, we must give the old lady some easily. Then she rose and went to his



ANOTHER LETTER FOR YOUR MAID.

notice or it would be a dire offence. Suppose

notice or it would be a dire offence. Suppose we say the beginning of next week?"

"Very well; I shall be quite ready," smiled Miriam.

They then talked over their plans, and spoke of the house they meant to take at Halstone as long as Sir James' regiment was quartered there, and Sir James' spirits rose at the idea of a change. His mother had depressed and worried him and he was glad to go away from her. He was very cheerful at dinner in spite of the sour looks which Lady MacKennon continually directed at Mirlam, and Miriam sang and played to him during the evening, and Sir James felt quite happy as he hung over the James felt quite happy as he hung over the piano and turned the pages of her music. piano and turned the pages of her my a Lady MacKennon sat reading in her easy chair, and presently Sir James went up to her and told her that they intended to leave Kintore on the following week. The dowager's thin blue lips quivered as she received this communication, but for a moment or two she made no comment. "I suppose it's not gay enough for you here," she said, bitterly.
"Oh, it's not that, mother, but I have to go on duty."

go on duty."
"I thought you had two months' leave,
James," replied Lady MacKennon.
"At all events we are going next

week." said Sir James, who was not unwil-

ling to show his mother how deeply she had annoyed him about his wife, and Lady Mac-Kennon made no further remark on their leaving.

But the next morning at breakfast when Sir James was as usual opening the letter-bag and drawing out the letters, he thought-leasily gave a little exclamation of surprise, as he lifted one in his hand and looked at the address. He had at the moment forgotten what his mother had said the morning before, or he probably have made no remark.

mark.

"Why, Miriam, here's another letter," he said, "for that maid of yours, in the same handwriting as the one she got yesterday, and—yes, actually it has been posted at Strathloe. Her young man must have followed her here."

As he said this he looked at his wife, and he saw that Miriam had suddenly grown very pale, and in an instant his mother's insunuations recurred to him. He glanced

side, and put her hand timidly on his arm, after first putting the letter addressed to Ford in the pocket of her dress, an action which the dowager's keen eyes duly noted. "What are you going to do, James?" at her.

"Anything you like, dear," he answered.

"It's not very fine is it?" continued Miriam, now in her turn looking vaguely at

"No, it's not; look at the mist stealing down from 'the hills, but it may clear up later," said Sir James.
"Perhaps after luncheon; if you want me to go out I shall be upstairs—goodby for the present then," said Miriam with a

somewhat forced smile, and she was turning to leave her husband's side, when he put his arm through hers.
"I will go with you as far as the hall," he said; "then I'll go and look at the horses, I think."

think."

He was determined, in fact, not to be left with his mother, and Lady MacKennon quite understood this, and a sour and bitter smile distorted her gray-tinted in a so the young pair disappeared together hom the

"She is playing with fire," she though "and some day James will know it, for they who have sown the wind shall reap the whirlwind."

In the meanwhile Miriam and Sir James In the meanwhile Miriam and Sir James were standing for a moment together at the foot of the broad staircase.

"Will you come out for a little while if I come for you in half an hour?" he said "Yes, I shall be very pleased," answ Miriam; "I shall be ready in half an He stooped down and kissed her feeling of protecting love for I heart

heart. "Poor little woman," he s turned away. He lit a cig-among the horses and do feel very happy. H from Kintore, and fhated the memory Ford's letter, from himself mistakably ag

ons recurred to him. He glanced