



THE GREAT REMEDY FOR

CONSUMPTION,

and by many prominent physicians to be most reliable preparation ever introduced for the relief and cure of all

NG COMPLAINTS.

It is known rarely is offered to the public, and the experience of over forty years, and when in season, seldom fails to effect a speedy

Cold, Croup, Bronchitis, Influenza, Spitting Cough, Hoarseness, Palms or redness in the Chest and Side, Bleeding at the Lungs, Liver Complaint, &c.

regulate Success that has attended the application of evidence in our possession we select

From L. J. RACINE, Esq.,

Inter, Montreal. "Having experienced the relief afforded by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am induced to express my belief that it is a most reliable preparation for the relief and cure of all

cannot be discredited.

From L. J. RACINE, Esq.,

Inter, Montreal. "Having experienced the relief afforded by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am induced to express my belief that it is a most reliable preparation for the relief and cure of all

cannot be discredited.

From L. J. RACINE, Esq.,

Inter, Montreal. "Having experienced the relief afforded by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am induced to express my belief that it is a most reliable preparation for the relief and cure of all

cannot be discredited.

From L. J. RACINE, Esq.,

Inter, Montreal. "Having experienced the relief afforded by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am induced to express my belief that it is a most reliable preparation for the relief and cure of all

cannot be discredited.

From L. J. RACINE, Esq.,

Inter, Montreal. "Having experienced the relief afforded by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am induced to express my belief that it is a most reliable preparation for the relief and cure of all

cannot be discredited.

From L. J. RACINE, Esq.,

Inter, Montreal. "Having experienced the relief afforded by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am induced to express my belief that it is a most reliable preparation for the relief and cure of all

cannot be discredited.

From L. J. RACINE, Esq.,

Inter, Montreal. "Having experienced the relief afforded by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am induced to express my belief that it is a most reliable preparation for the relief and cure of all

cannot be discredited.

From L. J. RACINE, Esq.,

Inter, Montreal. "Having experienced the relief afforded by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am induced to express my belief that it is a most reliable preparation for the relief and cure of all

cannot be discredited.

From L. J. RACINE, Esq.,

Inter, Montreal. "Having experienced the relief afforded by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am induced to express my belief that it is a most reliable preparation for the relief and cure of all

cannot be discredited.

From L. J. RACINE, Esq.,

Inter, Montreal. "Having experienced the relief afforded by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am induced to express my belief that it is a most reliable preparation for the relief and cure of all

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 30

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 27, 1870.

Vol 37

Poetry

THE BLIND MOTHER.

I saw a mother in her arms
Her infant child was sleeping,
The mother, while the infant slept,
Her guardian watch was keeping.

Around its little tender form
Her snow-white arm was flung;
And over its little infant head
Her bending tresses hung.

"Sleep sweetly on, my darling babe,
My own, my only child,"
And as she spoke the infant woke,
And on its mother smiled.

But, oh! no friendly answering smile
The mother's visage graced,
For she was blind, and could not see
The infant she embraced.

But now he eyed his mother's name,
And now the mother pressed
Her darling, much-loved baby boy,
Unto his widowed breast.

She sudden anguish seized her mind,
"My God," she cried, "but grant me sight
One hour! to see my child!"

"To look upon its cherub face,
And see its father's trace,
But pardon, if the wish be wrong,
A widow mother's prayer!"

And as she spoke, her anguish grew
More tender and more wild;
And closer to her aching breast
She clasped her orphan child.

Human Love.

What is love?—Go ask the child
Whose language steps run free and wild,
What makes its little heart rejoice
Whenever it hears its mother's voice!

What is love?—The mother will tell,
Though pain and sickness near her dwell,
All she can bear and desire her lot,
If one fond heart deserts her not.

What is love?—The mother ask,
Who labours over her daily task,
And her infant does but sigh,
Will watch at night with wakeful eye.

Unknown within the heart it springs,
And closely binds, and fondly clings;
It softens nature, turns to strife,
The tie to home, the charm of life.

Interesting Tale.

\$10 000. HOW MR. RANDS SAVED IT.

BY JAMES F. FITTS.

My little story (begun Mr. Rand) will illustrate the importance, not to say folly, of which men will often act when under the influence of some great controlling passion, such as the expectation of great gain. And it will also illustrate how men may remedy themselves from the consequences of such imprudence or folly by prompt and decided action.

The facts bring me back no great distance in my experience; only to the spring of 1865. The great Pennsylvania oil fever was then at its height; fabulous stories were told and printed of men realizing hundreds of thousands in a day by the simplest speculation in lands, and many of my friends around me were converting their business into cash, and departing for the theatre of financial excitement. The fever soon overtook me, and I yielded to it. I was at the time the senior of two partners in a large and flourishing country retail store; I was prospering, and had just arrived at the point where I could begin to lay up money. I was thirty-five years old, with a dear good wife and two little children, whom I loved, as I still do, better than myself. My home was to me the most beautiful and attractive spot on earth, and a month before I had determined to go to the oil-region, I could not have been persuaded that anything on earth in the shape of temptation could win me away from it. But in this case the tempter attacked me at the weakest point. Go now, my fondly whispered to me, "while there is a chance; this golden harvest will not last long. Venture boldly; put in a few thousands and make a cool half million; it has been done more than once, and you are quite as likely as any one to do it again. When you have done this, your family as well as yours will be above all the chances and risks of trade, independent for life. It is your highest duty to go."

I prevailed upon myself to think that this was so. I broached my plan to my wife and several of my best friends; they all opposed it. They reasoned that it was better for me to stay here, with a certainty of fair profits, than to go into oil speculation and risk all that I had. Very true in the abstract, I allowed; but I had got myself to thinking that I could not fail. No wild, crazy gambler or speculator ever expects to lose his money; they are continually hoping for good luck, and the hope amounts to an expectation. So with me. My interest in the business was worth fifteen thousand dollars easy; on a hurried sale it brought twelve, and in order to realize the cash in hand, I was compelled to reduce it to ten. These figures will show how insane upon the subject I had become; and yet, my condition was no worse than that of hundreds of others.

With a sad but hopeful farewell to my family and friends, I was off for the oil regions. I had to pass through Buffalo on my way, and there I stopped over one train, to get my draft for ten thousand dollars exchanged for a bank certificate of deposit for the same amount. Then, with the certificate safely stowed away in the leather bill book which I always carried in my inner breast-pocket, I went on to Venango.

I arrived at one of the new oil settlements in the evening; and after camping down all night on the floor of a shanty, for lack of better accommodations, I sallied out the next morning on a prospecting tour. Whichever way my steps turned I saw a crowd, a tumult of anxious, eager men like myself, hurrying about or gathered around some well where was flowing the precious green fluid. Nothing was talked of or thought of but oil, and everybody seemed watching for promising speculations. I went about all the day, observing the ways of the place, and toward night I turned my steps back to the shanty. Before I had reached it, my attention was attracted to a group of men who stood a few rods from the path; and I went out of my way to join them. I found that they were standing at the machinery of a new well, which was pumping a steady stream into a vat.

Fifty barrels to day! I exclaimed, and a deeper little fellow, with a large nose and an unmistakable city cut to his clothes. He was standing on the platform of the derrick, above the crowd, as he spoke, and seemed to be expatiating upon the well. Fifty barrels since sunrise! Not a flowing well, to be sure; but the pump brings up the oil in a steady stream, and it's my opinion that it'll last as long as any well on the ground. It's doing splendidly, said another man; a tall, dashing fellow, who was emphatically puffing a cigar.

Then the two owners of it, said a man at my elbow. Good for them, another remarked. Their fortunes are as good as made. I lingered about the place, listening to other observations that were made upon the well and its lucky owners, and finally returned to the shanty and lay down on my hard bed with a feeling that was something like envy. I dreamed all night of oil wells, and awoke in the morning with a resolution that I would own an interest in one of them before dark.

As I passed the spot where I had stopped the night before, on my way along the productive lands, I walked over to the well again. The pumping was going on as before, and the oil came out in great streams into the tank. I watched it for a few moments, with that kind of fascination which the victims of the oil mania generally felt, and was turning away with a sigh, when my shoulder was tapped by one of the proprietors, the little fellow who had talked so glibly the night before.

I prevailed upon myself to think that this was so. I broached my plan to my wife and several of my best friends; they all opposed it. They reasoned that it was better for me to stay here, with a certainty of fair profits, than to go into oil speculation and risk all that I had. Very true in the abstract, I allowed; but I had got myself to thinking that I could not fail. No wild, crazy gambler or speculator ever expects to lose his money; they are continually hoping for good luck, and the hope amounts to an expectation. So with me. My interest in the business was worth fifteen thousand dollars easy; on a hurried sale it brought twelve, and in order to realize the cash in hand, I was compelled to reduce it to ten. These figures will show how insane upon the subject I had become; and yet, my condition was no worse than that of hundreds of others.

With a sad but hopeful farewell to my family and friends, I was off for the oil regions. I had to pass through Buffalo on my way, and there I stopped over one train, to get my draft for ten thousand dollars exchanged for a bank certificate of deposit for the same amount. Then, with the certificate safely stowed away in the leather bill book which I always carried in my inner breast-pocket, I went on to Venango.

I arrived at one of the new oil settlements in the evening; and after camping down all night on the floor of a shanty, for lack of better accommodations, I sallied out the next morning on a prospecting tour. Whichever way my steps turned I saw a crowd, a tumult of anxious, eager men like myself, hurrying about or gathered around some well where was flowing the precious green fluid. Nothing was talked of or thought of but oil, and everybody seemed watching for promising speculations. I went about all the day, observing the ways of the place, and toward night I turned my steps back to the shanty. Before I had reached it, my attention was attracted to a group of men who stood a few rods from the path; and I went out of my way to join them. I found that they were standing at the machinery of a new well, which was pumping a steady stream into a vat.

Fifty barrels to day! I exclaimed, and a deeper little fellow, with a large nose and an unmistakable city cut to his clothes. He was standing on the platform of the derrick, above the crowd, as he spoke, and seemed to be expatiating upon the well. Fifty barrels since sunrise! Not a flowing well, to be sure; but the pump brings up the oil in a steady stream, and it's my opinion that it'll last as long as any well on the ground. It's doing splendidly, said another man; a tall, dashing fellow, who was emphatically puffing a cigar.

Then the two owners of it, said a man at my elbow. Good for them, another remarked. Their fortunes are as good as made. I lingered about the place, listening to other observations that were made upon the well and its lucky owners, and finally returned to the shanty and lay down on my hard bed with a feeling that was something like envy. I dreamed all night of oil wells, and awoke in the morning with a resolution that I would own an interest in one of them before dark.

As I passed the spot where I had stopped the night before, on my way along the productive lands, I walked over to the well again. The pumping was going on as before, and the oil came out in great streams into the tank. I watched it for a few moments, with that kind of fascination which the victims of the oil mania generally felt, and was turning away with a sigh, when my shoulder was tapped by one of the proprietors, the little fellow who had talked so glibly the night before.

I prevailed upon myself to think that this was so. I broached my plan to my wife and several of my best friends; they all opposed it. They reasoned that it was better for me to stay here, with a certainty of fair profits, than to go into oil speculation and risk all that I had. Very true in the abstract, I allowed; but I had got myself to thinking that I could not fail. No wild, crazy gambler or speculator ever expects to lose his money; they are continually hoping for good luck, and the hope amounts to an expectation. So with me. My interest in the business was worth fifteen thousand dollars easy; on a hurried sale it brought twelve, and in order to realize the cash in hand, I was compelled to reduce it to ten. These figures will show how insane upon the subject I had become; and yet, my condition was no worse than that of hundreds of others.

With a sad but hopeful farewell to my family and friends, I was off for the oil regions. I had to pass through Buffalo on my way, and there I stopped over one train, to get my draft for ten thousand dollars exchanged for a bank certificate of deposit for the same amount. Then, with the certificate safely stowed away in the leather bill book which I always carried in my inner breast-pocket, I went on to Venango.

I arrived at one of the new oil settlements in the evening; and after camping down all night on the floor of a shanty, for lack of better accommodations, I sallied out the next morning on a prospecting tour. Whichever way my steps turned I saw a crowd, a tumult of anxious, eager men like myself, hurrying about or gathered around some well where was flowing the precious green fluid. Nothing was talked of or thought of but oil, and everybody seemed watching for promising speculations. I went about all the day, observing the ways of the place, and toward night I turned my steps back to the shanty. Before I had reached it, my attention was attracted to a group of men who stood a few rods from the path; and I went out of my way to join them. I found that they were standing at the machinery of a new well, which was pumping a steady stream into a vat.

Fifty barrels to day! I exclaimed, and a deeper little fellow, with a large nose and an unmistakable city cut to his clothes. He was standing on the platform of the derrick, above the crowd, as he spoke, and seemed to be expatiating upon the well. Fifty barrels since sunrise! Not a flowing well, to be sure; but the pump brings up the oil in a steady stream, and it's my opinion that it'll last as long as any well on the ground. It's doing splendidly, said another man; a tall, dashing fellow, who was emphatically puffing a cigar.

Then the two owners of it, said a man at my elbow. Good for them, another remarked. Their fortunes are as good as made. I lingered about the place, listening to other observations that were made upon the well and its lucky owners, and finally returned to the shanty and lay down on my hard bed with a feeling that was something like envy. I dreamed all night of oil wells, and awoke in the morning with a resolution that I would own an interest in one of them before dark.

As I passed the spot where I had stopped the night before, on my way along the productive lands, I walked over to the well again. The pumping was going on as before, and the oil came out in great streams into the tank. I watched it for a few moments, with that kind of fascination which the victims of the oil mania generally felt, and was turning away with a sigh, when my shoulder was tapped by one of the proprietors, the little fellow who had talked so glibly the night before.

I prevailed upon myself to think that this was so. I broached my plan to my wife and several of my best friends; they all opposed it. They reasoned that it was better for me to stay here, with a certainty of fair profits, than to go into oil speculation and risk all that I had. Very true in the abstract, I allowed; but I had got myself to thinking that I could not fail. No wild, crazy gambler or speculator ever expects to lose his money; they are continually hoping for good luck, and the hope amounts to an expectation. So with me. My interest in the business was worth fifteen thousand dollars easy; on a hurried sale it brought twelve, and in order to realize the cash in hand, I was compelled to reduce it to ten. These figures will show how insane upon the subject I had become; and yet, my condition was no worse than that of hundreds of others.

With a sad but hopeful farewell to my family and friends, I was off for the oil regions. I had to pass through Buffalo on my way, and there I stopped over one train, to get my draft for ten thousand dollars exchanged for a bank certificate of deposit for the same amount. Then, with the certificate safely stowed away in the leather bill book which I always carried in my inner breast-pocket, I went on to Venango.

I arrived at one of the new oil settlements in the evening; and after camping down all night on the floor of a shanty, for lack of better accommodations, I sallied out the next morning on a prospecting tour. Whichever way my steps turned I saw a crowd, a tumult of anxious, eager men like myself, hurrying about or gathered around some well where was flowing the precious green fluid. Nothing was talked of or thought of but oil, and everybody seemed watching for promising speculations. I went about all the day, observing the ways of the place, and toward night I turned my steps back to the shanty. Before I had reached it, my attention was attracted to a group of men who stood a few rods from the path; and I went out of my way to join them. I found that they were standing at the machinery of a new well, which was pumping a steady stream into a vat.

Fifty barrels to day! I exclaimed, and a deeper little fellow, with a large nose and an unmistakable city cut to his clothes. He was standing on the platform of the derrick, above the crowd, as he spoke, and seemed to be expatiating upon the well. Fifty barrels since sunrise! Not a flowing well, to be sure; but the pump brings up the oil in a steady stream, and it's my opinion that it'll last as long as any well on the ground. It's doing splendidly, said another man; a tall, dashing fellow, who was emphatically puffing a cigar.

I prevailed upon myself to think that this was so. I broached my plan to my wife and several of my best friends; they all opposed it. They reasoned that it was better for me to stay here, with a certainty of fair profits, than to go into oil speculation and risk all that I had. Very true in the abstract, I allowed; but I had got myself to thinking that I could not fail. No wild, crazy gambler or speculator ever expects to lose his money; they are continually hoping for good luck, and the hope amounts to an expectation. So with me. My interest in the business was worth fifteen thousand dollars easy; on a hurried sale it brought twelve, and in order to realize the cash in hand, I was compelled to reduce it to ten. These figures will show how insane upon the subject I had become; and yet, my condition was no worse than that of hundreds of others.

With a sad but hopeful farewell to my family and friends, I was off for the oil regions. I had to pass through Buffalo on my way, and there I stopped over one train, to get my draft for ten thousand dollars exchanged for a bank certificate of deposit for the same amount. Then, with the certificate safely stowed away in the leather bill book which I always carried in my inner breast-pocket, I went on to Venango.

I arrived at one of the new oil settlements in the evening; and after camping down all night on the floor of a shanty, for lack of better accommodations, I sallied out the next morning on a prospecting tour. Whichever way my steps turned I saw a crowd, a tumult of anxious, eager men like myself, hurrying about or gathered around some well where was flowing the precious green fluid. Nothing was talked of or thought of but oil, and everybody seemed watching for promising speculations. I went about all the day, observing the ways of the place, and toward night I turned my steps back to the shanty. Before I had reached it, my attention was attracted to a group of men who stood a few rods from the path; and I went out of my way to join them. I found that they were standing at the machinery of a new well, which was pumping a steady stream into a vat.

Fifty barrels to day! I exclaimed, and a deeper little fellow, with a large nose and an unmistakable city cut to his clothes. He was standing on the platform of the derrick, above the crowd, as he spoke, and seemed to be expatiating upon the well. Fifty barrels since sunrise! Not a flowing well, to be sure; but the pump brings up the oil in a steady stream, and it's my opinion that it'll last as long as any well on the ground. It's doing splendidly, said another man; a tall, dashing fellow, who was emphatically puffing a cigar.

Then the two owners of it, said a man at my elbow. Good for them, another remarked. Their fortunes are as good as made. I lingered about the place, listening to other observations that were made upon the well and its lucky owners, and finally returned to the shanty and lay down on my hard bed with a feeling that was something like envy. I dreamed all night of oil wells, and awoke in the morning with a resolution that I would own an interest in one of them before dark.

As I passed the spot where I had stopped the night before, on my way along the productive lands, I walked over to the well again. The pumping was going on as before, and the oil came out in great streams into the tank. I watched it for a few moments, with that kind of fascination which the victims of the oil mania generally felt, and was turning away with a sigh, when my shoulder was tapped by one of the proprietors, the little fellow who had talked so glibly the night before.

I prevailed upon myself to think that this was so. I broached my plan to my wife and several of my best friends; they all opposed it. They reasoned that it was better for me to stay here, with a certainty of fair profits, than to go into oil speculation and risk all that I had. Very true in the abstract, I allowed; but I had got myself to thinking that I could not fail. No wild, crazy gambler or speculator ever expects to lose his money; they are continually hoping for good luck, and the hope amounts to an expectation. So with me. My interest in the business was worth fifteen thousand dollars easy; on a hurried sale it brought twelve, and in order to realize the cash in hand, I was compelled to reduce it to ten. These figures will show how insane upon the subject I had become; and yet, my condition was no worse than that of hundreds of others.

With a sad but hopeful farewell to my family and friends, I was off for the oil regions. I had to pass through Buffalo on my way, and there I stopped over one train, to get my draft for ten thousand dollars exchanged for a bank certificate of deposit for the same amount. Then, with the certificate safely stowed away in the leather bill book which I always carried in my inner breast-pocket, I went on to Venango.

I arrived at one of the new oil settlements in the evening; and after camping down all night on the floor of a shanty, for lack of better accommodations, I sallied out the next morning on a prospecting tour. Whichever way my steps turned I saw a crowd, a tumult of anxious, eager men like myself, hurrying about or gathered around some well where was flowing the precious green fluid. Nothing was talked of or thought of but oil, and everybody seemed watching for promising speculations. I went about all the day, observing the ways of the place, and toward night I turned my steps back to the shanty. Before I had reached it, my attention was attracted to a group of men who stood a few rods from the path; and I went out of my way to join them. I found that they were standing at the machinery of a new well, which was pumping a steady stream into a vat.

Fifty barrels to day! I exclaimed, and a deeper little fellow, with a large nose and an unmistakable city cut to his clothes. He was standing on the platform of the derrick, above the crowd, as he spoke, and seemed to be expatiating upon the well. Fifty barrels since sunrise! Not a flowing well, to be sure; but the pump brings up the oil in a steady stream, and it's my opinion that it'll last as long as any well on the ground. It's doing splendidly, said another man; a tall, dashing fellow, who was emphatically puffing a cigar.

Then the two owners of it, said a man at my elbow. Good for them, another remarked. Their fortunes are as good as made. I lingered about the place, listening to other observations that were made upon the well and its lucky owners, and finally returned to the shanty and lay down on my hard bed with a feeling that was something like envy. I dreamed all night of oil wells, and awoke in the morning with a resolution that I would own an interest in one of them before dark.

As I passed the spot where I had stopped the night before, on my way along the productive lands, I walked over to the well again. The pumping was going on as before, and the oil came out in great streams into the tank. I watched it for a few moments, with that kind of fascination which the victims of the oil mania generally felt, and was turning away with a sigh, when my shoulder was tapped by one of the proprietors, the little fellow who had talked so glibly the night before.

I prevailed upon myself to think that this was so. I broached my plan to my wife and several of my best friends; they all opposed it. They reasoned that it was better for me to stay here, with a certainty of fair profits, than to go into oil speculation and risk all that I had. Very true in the abstract, I allowed; but I had got myself to thinking that I could not fail. No wild, crazy gambler or speculator ever expects to lose his money; they are continually hoping for good luck, and the hope amounts to an expectation. So with me. My interest in the business was worth fifteen thousand dollars easy; on a hurried sale it brought twelve, and in order to realize the cash in hand, I was compelled to reduce it to ten. These figures will show how insane upon the subject I had become; and yet, my condition was no worse than that of hundreds of others.

With a sad but hopeful farewell to my family and friends, I was off for the oil regions. I had to pass through Buffalo on my way, and there I stopped over one train, to get my draft for ten thousand dollars exchanged for a bank certificate of deposit for the same amount. Then, with the certificate safely stowed away in the leather bill book which I always carried in my inner breast-pocket, I went on to Venango.

I arrived at one of the new oil settlements in the evening; and after camping down all night on the floor of a shanty, for lack of better accommodations, I sallied out the next morning on a prospecting tour. Whichever way my steps turned I saw a crowd, a tumult of anxious, eager men like myself, hurrying about or gathered around some well where was flowing the precious green fluid. Nothing was talked of or thought of but oil, and everybody seemed watching for promising speculations. I went about all the day, observing the ways of the place, and toward night I turned my steps back to the shanty. Before I had reached it, my attention was attracted to a group of men who stood a few rods from the path; and I went out of my way to join them. I found that they were standing at the machinery of a new well, which was pumping a steady stream into a vat.

Fifty barrels to day! I exclaimed, and a deeper little fellow, with a large nose and an unmistakable city cut to his clothes. He was standing on the platform of the derrick, above the crowd, as he spoke, and seemed to be expatiating upon the well. Fifty barrels since sunrise! Not a flowing well, to be sure; but the pump brings up the oil in a steady stream, and it's my opinion that it'll last as long as any well on the ground. It's doing splendidly, said another man; a tall, dashing fellow, who was emphatically puffing a cigar.

I prevailed upon myself to think that this was so. I broached my plan to my wife and several of my best friends; they all opposed it. They reasoned that it was better for me to stay here, with a certainty of fair profits, than to go into oil speculation and risk all that I had. Very true in the abstract, I allowed; but I had got myself to thinking that I could not fail. No wild, crazy gambler or speculator ever expects to lose his money; they are continually hoping for good luck, and the hope amounts to an expectation. So with me. My interest in the business was worth fifteen thousand dollars easy; on a hurried sale it brought twelve, and in order to realize the cash in hand, I was compelled to reduce it to ten. These figures will show how insane upon the subject I had become; and yet, my condition was no worse than that of hundreds of others.

With a sad but hopeful farewell to my family and friends, I was off for the oil regions. I had to pass through Buffalo on my way, and there I stopped over one train, to get my draft for ten thousand dollars exchanged for a bank certificate of deposit for the same amount. Then, with the certificate safely stowed away in the leather bill book which I always carried in my inner breast-pocket, I went on to Venango.

I arrived at one of the new oil settlements in the evening; and after camping down all night on the floor of a shanty, for lack of better accommodations, I sallied out the next morning on a prospecting tour. Whichever way my steps turned I saw a crowd, a tumult of anxious, eager men like myself, hurrying about or gathered around some well where was flowing the precious green fluid. Nothing was talked of or thought of but oil, and everybody seemed watching for promising speculations. I went about all the day, observing the ways of the place, and toward night I turned my steps back to the shanty. Before I had reached it, my attention was attracted to a group of men who stood a few rods from the path; and I went out of my way to join them. I found that they were standing at the machinery of a new well, which was pumping a steady stream into a vat.

Fifty barrels to day! I exclaimed, and a deeper little fellow, with a large nose and an unmistakable city cut to his clothes. He was standing on the platform of the derrick, above the crowd, as he spoke, and seemed to be expatiating upon the well. Fifty barrels since sunrise! Not a flowing well, to be sure; but the pump brings up the oil in a steady stream, and it's my opinion that it'll last as long as any well on the ground. It's doing splendidly, said another man; a tall, dashing fellow, who was emphatically puffing a cigar.

Then the two owners of it, said a man at my elbow. Good for them, another remarked. Their fortunes are as good as made. I lingered about the place, listening to other observations that were made upon the well and its lucky owners, and finally returned to the shanty and lay down on my hard bed with a feeling that was something like envy. I dreamed all night of oil wells, and awoke in the morning with a resolution that I would own an interest in one of them before dark.

As I passed the spot where I had stopped the night before, on my way along the productive lands, I walked over to the well again. The pumping was going on as before, and the oil came out in great streams into the tank. I watched it for a few moments, with that kind of fascination which the victims of the oil mania generally felt, and was turning away with a sigh, when my shoulder was tapped by one of the proprietors, the little fellow who had talked so glibly the night before.

I prevailed upon myself to think that this was so. I broached my plan to my wife and several of my best friends; they all opposed it. They reasoned that it was better for me to stay here, with a certainty of fair profits, than to go into oil speculation and risk all that I had. Very true in the abstract, I allowed; but I had got myself to thinking that I could not fail. No wild, crazy gambler or speculator ever expects to lose his money; they are continually hoping for good luck, and the hope amounts to an expectation. So with me. My interest in the business was worth fifteen thousand dollars easy; on a hurried sale it brought twelve, and in order to realize the cash in hand, I was compelled to reduce it to ten. These figures will show how insane upon the subject I had become; and yet, my condition was no worse than that of hundreds of others.

With a sad but hopeful farewell to my family and friends, I was off for the oil regions. I had to pass through Buffalo on my way, and there I stopped over one train, to get my draft for ten thousand dollars exchanged for a bank certificate of deposit for the same amount. Then, with the certificate safely stowed away in the leather bill book which I always carried in my inner breast-pocket, I went on to Venango.

I arrived at one of the new oil settlements in the evening; and after camping down all night on the floor of a shanty, for lack of better accommodations, I sallied out the next morning on a prospecting tour. Whichever way my steps turned I saw a crowd, a tumult of anxious, eager men like myself, hurrying about or gathered around some well where was flowing the precious green fluid. Nothing was talked of or thought of but oil, and everybody seemed watching for promising speculations. I went about all the day, observing the ways of the place, and toward night I turned my steps back to the shanty. Before I had reached it, my attention was attracted to a group of men who stood a few rods from the path; and I went out of my way to join them. I found that they were standing at the machinery of a new well, which was pumping a steady stream into a vat.

Fifty barrels to day! I exclaimed, and a deeper little fellow, with a large nose and an unmistakable city cut to his clothes. He was standing on the platform of the derrick, above the crowd, as he spoke, and seemed to be expatiating upon the well. Fifty barrels since sunrise! Not a flowing well, to be sure; but the pump brings up the oil in a steady stream, and it's my opinion that it'll last as long as any well on the ground. It's doing splendidly, said another man; a tall, dashing fellow, who was emphatically puffing a cigar.

Then the two owners of it, said a man at my elbow. Good for them, another remarked. Their fortunes are as good as made. I lingered about the place, listening to other observations that were made upon the well and its lucky owners, and finally returned to the shanty and lay down on my hard bed with a feeling that was something like envy. I dreamed all night of oil wells, and awoke in the morning with a resolution that I would own an interest in one of them before dark.

As I passed the spot where I had stopped the night before, on my way along the productive lands, I walked over to the well again. The pumping was going on as before, and the oil came out in great streams into the tank. I watched it for a few moments, with that kind of fascination which the victims of the oil mania generally felt, and was turning away with a sigh, when my shoulder was tapped by one of the proprietors, the little fellow who had talked so glibly the night before.

I prevailed upon myself to think that this was so. I broached my plan to my wife and several of my best friends; they all opposed it. They reasoned that it was better for me to stay here, with a certainty of fair profits, than to go into oil speculation and risk all that I had. Very true in the abstract, I allowed; but I had got myself to thinking that I could not fail. No wild, crazy gambler or speculator ever expects to lose his money; they are continually hoping for good luck, and the hope amounts to an expectation. So with me. My interest in the business was worth fifteen thousand dollars easy; on a hurried sale it brought twelve, and in order to realize the cash in hand, I was compelled to reduce it to ten. These figures will show how insane upon the subject I had become; and yet, my condition was no worse than that of hundreds of others.