

VOLCANO LUBRICATOR.

NEW TIME TABLE.

SCHEDULE of the L. F. & S. H. Railroad. On and after Monday, May 26, 1873, trains will leave and arrive as follows:

No. 2 South, leave Volcano	7:40 a. m.
" " " "	10:40 a. m.
" " " "	2:00 p. m.
" " " "	4:50 p. m.
No. 2 South, arrive at Junction	8:40 a. m.
" " " "	11:20 a. m.
" " " "	2:30 p. m.
" " " "	5:30 p. m.
No. 2 North, leave Junction	8:40 a. m.
" " " "	11:40 a. m.
" " " "	3:30 p. m.
" " " "	6:20 p. m.
No. 2 North, arrive at Volcano	5:50 p. m.
" " " "	9:20 a. m.
" " " "	12:20 p. m.
" " " "	4:10 p. m.
" " " "	6:30 p. m.

W. C. STELES, JR. Pres't.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Brother Hyland will preach at the Episcopal Church on Friday evening.

—Rev. Wayman returned safely from camp meeting at Moundsville, last week, and preached to a crowded house of eager listeners on Sunday.

—Our mail connections are not just as regular as they might be. What is the matter with the Baltimore and Ohio affair that they don't run more regular.

—Love Roach is dead. He died of typhoid fever, at the house of Mr. Martin, on Monday morning, at half past seven o'clock.

—The Biggest nuisance to travelers who want to go east from here, is the fact that they must lay over at Grafton a half day, or go to Parkersburg and get a train that don't stop where you want to. The Baltimore and Ohio railroad is a big thing, and they know how to keep hotels and swindle the traveling public.

—Albert Ball, a gentleman of varied travel, and who has had some experience in mining, entertained us with some of his vicissitudes in the far west on Friday evening of last week. Nothing pleases us more than the acquaintance of the industrious; it is through them that we reach to a better understanding of the wants of the people. Call again sir.

—Friend Stockdale is again with us of Volcano, looking as gracious as a five-twenty bond to a poor cuss without a copper. He has been out upon his farm, recently purchased in Ohio, to which point we learn he has removed his family. Can't Professor Stockdale be induced by the managers of the Wood county Fair to tell us what he "knows about farming."

—To Nathan Tanner, and Nicholas Elsey, of Salt Lick, Preston county, we are under lasting obligations, and hope by developments which are to be made in their county, that they may be among the most fortunate. To Mr. Tanner we are indebted for many of those kindly hospitalities which money can never pay for or memory eradicate. Long live and prosper you and yours, gentlemen.

—We are pleased to acknowledge a call at our office, of F. V. N. Painter, a gentleman from West Union, Preston county, this State, and who was on his way to Roanoke College, Virginia, where he hopes to graduate in June next. Success, and all honors of that noble institution, attend you, sir. We shall be pleased to see you as often as you can make it convenient to call upon us.

—We learn that "brother" Frank Wilson, son-in-law to Cooon Gains, and a late operator in sheaf-oats that did not belong to him, and who was walking around here ornamented by a pair of mounted bracelets, which were securely attached to his little inoffensive paws, did not like a passing notice given him in the last *Lubricator*, and threatens to "bust" us. Anytime, Frankey, during office hours, will do.

—A young man by the name of William Burroughs, who has been working in the oil region for the past two or three years, was detected one day last week in trying to pass two checks, which he had forged, one calling for \$107 and the other for \$70. The signature forged was that of Colonel Van Bukey. He was arrested at the instance of the latter named gentleman and is now in the Parkersburg jail.

—James Ridge, the operator and tank builder, seems to be the busiest man in all this region, and is making money fast enough to satisfy the most grasping for wealth. Well, fortune sits easy upon the shoulders of our friend, and we do not envy him, for the tickle goddess was wooed and won in the good old way, by honesty, toil and perseverance. But, about that other matter, Jim; why don't you coodle harness? This driving single over these hills isn't quite the thing. We would not urge thee out of thy ways, old boy, but then, we'd like to see another soul made happy.

—The members of the White Oak Socials are requested to meet at their lodge rooms, on the evening of the 10th of September, at half past seven o'clock. Business of great importance to the salvation of the heathen will be in order. Bring your pocket books, and come in regalia. Gibson will go to George Nicholas' and steal the necessary amount of chalk—a match game on hand.

—We learn that the mite society of the Episcopal Church, which met at the house of Mrs. Jno. Tomlinsons, on Wednesday evening was a very pleasant affair, and passed off to the great entertainment of all present, besides getting a goodly little sum for the benefit of the church named. Let us hope that these occasions for the gathering of our people may be often. Social intercourse and exchange of thought mellows and softens the asperities of life, besides adding to the fold of our friends.

—We are under many obligations to Mr. Baker, Mr. Shackley, and another gentleman, whose name has slipped from our memory, for kindness shown us at Laurel Junction, where it was our misfortune to be on one of the late trains. The night was so very dark that we should have been compelled to have laid in the depot all night, but for their kindness in loaning us a lantern, who was a stranger to them. Again we thank you, gentlemen, and will reciprocate upon first occasion.

—Mrs. Patrick Duffy is in trouble, and appears before the Esquire for relief. Her husband, Patrick Duffy, it seems is blowing hot and cold with an other woman named Hyne, whose character for chastity is not without question. For shame on you, Patrick! Stand by the woman of your choice—the woman whom you promised God and man to love, honor and protect. You owe that much to her, to society, to yourself, and to God, as you wish for the mercy of heaven when you most need it. Let us hear no more of this, or we will make it so hot for you and your harlot that you will be fain to cry quits.

—Wellington Backus, severely injured a few days since by being thrown from his horse in an attempt to back it, we are glad to see, is again in the saddle, moving about with his usual urbanity of soul, smiling good will and good wish alike upon the godly and ungodly. He is, to-day, one of our most quiet, yet most successful operators. The time was, we are told, when success and disaster hung even in the balance with him, with the chances in favor of the latter; but by steady perseverance, an uncompromising faith in West Virginia territory, and his own exertions, he weathered the storm and captured success. The good gods never opened their storehouse to one more worthy, and we trust he may long live to enjoy the bounty of his toil.

—Our people are greatly indebted to the enterprise of the Misses Devore in establishing for the greater convenience of the public, a first class millinery store in Volcano, where head-dresses, hats, bonnets, laces, and all the paraphernalia likely to captivate the hearts of mankind; can be had at the most reasonable prices. We are not familiar with the names of the tackle worn by the ladies, or we would go on and enumerate. Suffice it to say, that the community are greatly indebted to the ladies in question for saving them the necessity of a trip to Parkersburg every time they happened to want anything desirable in the millinery line. We hope, as they so well deserve, the ladies will meet with every encouragement.

—On Sunday last, during the morning service at the Episcopal Church, Rev. Tompkins, the beloved and good pastor, was taken suddenly ill, and it was thought for a time by a portion of the congregation that the consequences might be of a serious nature. The worthy gentleman, however, soon recovered from the shock, and consciousness resumed her sway. Further services for the day were ignored. We learn that Mr. Tompkins is so far recovered now, as to be about again, and, unless further sickness overtakes him, services will be held on Sunday next, as usual, and at the usual hours. We do love this good old christian gentleman, and pray that he may be spared to do his holy mission these many years to come. His taking from our midst would create a vacancy which all must deplore, from among the kindly faces that it is a pleasure to meet. To know him is an honor—to converse with and confide in him a comfort and a rare pleasure. He is one of those of whom the immortal Shakespeare sang when speaking of his beloved Brutus.

—His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up And say to all the world, this was a man.

—One evening, week before last, Benjamin, sweet Ben. Nutter, who rejoices in the bosom of another man's wife, (Mrs. Mart King by name,) thought he would have a dance up at his ranch, on the romantic and picturesque banks of Gale's Fork. Why not? Benny, boy, wanted to raise the wind, as well as shake his heels to the delightful music of

"When last I saw my Meg,
She was taking of a trip in a government ship,
Ten thousand miles away."

Or, perhaps, who will question, Benny was on the melancholy, or the serious, and would tune his harp and his legs to

"Three old crows sat out upon a tree;
They were black as crows could be.
One old crow says unto his mate,
What shall we do for something to eat."

(Or, to be more cheery, why should not Benny invite his friends from the jungles, and trip the light fantastic toe with the Dulcena del Toboso of his heart, and who eats his cabbage, to the dulcet melody of

"Will you meet me to-night at the gate, love,
Will you meet me to-night at the gate?
Ben's resolution was taken, and after securing a cash capital of sixty-two and one-half cents, a gallon of the best Parkersburg whiskey was sent for, a fiddler and a Parson invited, and all things were lovely. Ben, in imagination, at least, saw the twenty-five cent shipplasters passing down into the depths of his black pants, new conquests among the fair bushwhackers, and more whiskey; while his partner in infamy and sin, Madame Mart. King dreamed of new calico, new hose, flaming ribbons and a set of cheap jewelry. The eventful night came.

The moon was barked in the east. Heaven's vault, save here and there, was set in stars, with a ground of deepest blue; while in the far off west, robing the horizon in sweetest raiment, were clouds of golden sheen touched by the gorgeous hues of the departing sun; all nature breathed incense fragrant to the soul. The little brook passing the enchanting cabin of Ben caught up the inspiration of the night, and whispered tales of love and chastity to its vine-clad shores and nestling nooks; the woods murmured low, and the stars sang sweet to the listening earth. Listen! What hear you? A footstep. A dusky form emerges like the shadow of the Wandering Jew, from the brush. 'Tis the fiddler. 'Tis! 'Tis! 'Tis!—John Titus. He opens the fascinating box, runs his dirty fingers across the cut-gut, he screws her up to his ear, sounds her:

"That strain again; it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet breath
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

The sweet strains have scarce sang back their last echo to the wondering soul, before three more actors in the orgies of the night band in their cards and are admitted to the dress circle. Who are they? Their faces are not entirely strangers to us. "Why, bless me, how do you do?" falls from the lips of Madame King, *alias* Mrs. Ben. Nutter. The strangers to the reader are Ike McIntire, his wife and sister-in-law; the latter a poor, unfortunate young lady who has lost the use of her limbs, but makes up for this deficiency by the serenity of her countenance, and the unceasing flow of her tongue. They are all amiable and gentle and sweet, this branch of the McIntire family. What! ho! Who is this that again darkens the threshold of mirth and adds one more to the number of the gay and festive throng assembled under the palatial roof of Benny's cabin, to do homage to beauty and loveliness? Ha, ha, this is the Parson. With what a throbbing bosom he contemplates the scene before him; with what rapture his meek and gentle blue eyes drink in the voluptuousness of Madame King and the radiance of the McIntire family. The Parson, as McIntire had done before him, paid in his quarter at the door, and it being now at the witching hour of eleven, and no more guests arriving from the bush, the fiddle is ordered to play, the dance begins and the Parson, Mrs. King, Mrs. McIntire and Benny-boy, are inextricably lost in the giddy maze of a Feich Four, and the last seen of them, they were going it yet.

It must not be understood that the Parson, alluded to, was one of our most worthy divines—God forbid. He is of another persuasion entirely. Financially, Ben was disappointed. The party was not a success in numbers, and Ben was out of pocket twelve and one half cents less the original cost of the whiskey, and the whiskey was gone "where the woodbine twined." How we sympathize with that model of virtue and morality—Mrs. Mart King! Alas, poor Ben! Oh ye Gods, that do afflict and humiliate mankind, this is too much. We pray you look down with compassion, and shake not the finical breath of Benjamin boy to his extremity. Mark the despondency and ruin that hangs like a shadow of darkness over the beclouded countenance of that once happy face, as he sits in the friendly shade of a neighboring tree, brushing the flies from his ruby nose. Deluded Ben—

"There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood."

—William Bryson, a man living and keeping a store at Wolf's Summit, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and a man named Henry Hogue, got into an altercation on Thursday of last week. Not being able to come to a peaceable understanding, they resorted to brute force. In a short, sharp and decisive action, Hogue got the better of his antagonist, having him down. Bryson promised, if Hogue would let him up, that he would in future conduct himself properly toward his adversary, and declared himself thoroughly satisfied. He was let up, but instead of keeping his word; he turned to and badly marred the beauty of Hogue's benign countenance, nearly gouging out one of his eyes. This man Bryson is, we believe, fifty or sixty years of age, and is "keeping" a harlot by the name of Susan P. Faulkner, at the house of William Shires, whose name figures in another part of this paper.

Mr. Shires may not know the character of this woman, but if he does not he is the most gullible individual we have heard of lately. Bryson should be treated to a cold water bath, if nothing more, for presuming to carry forward the trade of his nature—pimping—in this section of country.

In connection with this matter, we wish to say that we believe in calling things by their right names; it is the only way in which we can bring to shame and whip the scoundrels who lay themselves liable to the lash of public scorn and contempt. We hold in derision that man or woman who will mince facts under a sense of false modesty, and hope our readers will bear in mind when they hear us calling such characters as Bryson, a pimp, and Susan, a harlot, that they are such, and that we mean the plain English of it.

—We notice by the Wirt County *Mentor* that a company of gentlemen from New York and Philadelphia, have filed papers of incorporation in the County Clerk's office of that county, for the building of a railroad from Highland county, in Virginia, to Parkersburg on the Ohio river, to be called the Shenandoah and Ohio River Railroad. We hope this enterprise will not be allowed to stop until it is an established fact. It will open up large deposits of mineral, and add to the general prosperity and wealth of the State. Aside from the immense beds of ore which are found deposited in Randolph and Highland counties, and in fact through all that section of country, there is some of the finest forests of timber, made up of poplar, walnut, oak and pine, which is to be found anywhere in the States. Besides this, such a road would furnish an additional motive for developing the oil lands in the vicinity of Burning Springs, as by that means a sure and certain outlet would be furnished the operators other than the uncertain navigation of the Little Kanawha river. The road when finished, must be, from the very nature of things, an undoubted financial success. Will Parkersburg reach out a friendly hand to this new feeder of her industry and commerce? Material aid, and not doubtful promises, will be wanted.

—We are sorry to see a disposition upon the part of our operators to cut down the wages of their employees. We learn that a reduction of half a dollar on a day's work has been made, and, in several instances, as high as seventy-five cents. Here, where the cost of putting down a well is only about twenty-five hundred dollars—say three thousand—two and a half and three dollars is paid per day for drilling. In Pennsylvania, where a well costs nine thousand dollars, four dollars per day is paid for drilling. The average price of West Virginia oil, taking the light and heavy together, is double that of Pennsylvania, or nearly so. In Pennsylvania they run their pumping wells night and day, and their men rarely have more than two wells, seldom more than one, to demand their attention, while they get for their labor two and a half and three dollars per day. In West Virginia men are required to run all the way from two to nine wells, for from one dollar and seventy-five cents to two dollars per day. The cost of living in Pennsylvania is less, if anything, than in Virginia. If our operators cannot afford to keep up the old standard of labor at the present low prices of oil, we hope they will not forget to advance what they have reduced, with the advance of oil. With board at six dollars per week, washing at fifteen cents per piece, coarse boots seven dollars per pair, besides other necessary incidental expenses which we all have and must meet, a young man with good health, should he live to be a hundred, with steady employment and no calico to buy, might possibly lay up enough to pay for a coffin, but we doubt it. This is not right, and the thing should be changed a little by common consent.

—What are the friends of the free pipe line law doing toward bringing that matter up before the adjourned session of the Legislature, which meets at Charleston next month? It is high time that oil men were organizing and preparing to meet the issue in all its bearing. Let Senator Scott, of Ritchie, have not the whining and contemptible plea that he urged, after the adjournment of the last session, that he did not know there was a free pipe bill before the Senate. Be prepared to nail Charley Caldwell, of Wirt, to the cross, and placard him as an imbecile, unfitted for the position which a deceived and outraged constituency assigned him. He should be made an example and a warning to hair-brained politicians and buffoons in the future. Why, we consider the scoundrels engaged in the Credit Mobilier operation, respectable in comparison with this scab upon the body politic. There is another wily fellow we wot of, Johnson by name, whom the oil men will find a cunning and unscrupulous adversary, and the more dangerous from the fact that his early education, to respect truth and veracity, was sadly neglected, if not entirely omitted. We trust this is his last appearance within the arena of public affairs, and that politically he is effectually corraled,—ham-strung. Brother Church, we hope, is not unmindful of our love of him; and then, that other fellow, of the *State Journal*, whose name is a by-word and reproach among honest men, will bear in mind that he will be met at the State Capitol by men who know their rights, and who will have them in defiance of the corruptionists. Petitions should be circulated, and the name and influence of every actual producer in the State enlisted in favor of a free pipe bill, ready to be presented as soon as the re-assembling of the representatives of the people. We learn that the opposition to the measure are already in the field, preparing to do their utmost to defeat the measure in whatever form it may come up. Judging the future by the past, no stone will be left unturned, no act of fraud and villainy unperpetrated which will weigh in the balance toward perpetuating the rule of Bradish, Church & Co., in the monopoly which they now enjoy to the detriment of producers, and to the detriment of every interest connected with the development of our oil bearing territory. This warning may seem to some unnecessary and uncalled for; but we know the unscrupulous and unprincipled character of our adversaries, and we prefer taking the bull by the horns at once and fighting to the ditch.

—J. C. Nash, the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, is either an ignoramus or a lunatic. We were led to this conclusion by an article which appeared in the above named paper a few days since, in which he shows his astonishing knowledge of the oil production of West Virginia, by asserting that it aggregated one hundred barrels per day. Such stupidity, living as he does, within two hours' ride of our oil fields, is inexcusable, and the fellow should be muzzled during the heated term, or sent to an insane asylum to secure the public against his idiotic nonsense. No greater wrong can be done to oil men, in a financial as well as a business point of view, as to belittle the production of this or that well, or this or that locality. What the producers, as well as consumers want, are honest and reliable figures with regard to the real production that exists, and the developments that are going forward in producing territory, without regard to the present influence which such information may or may not have in stimulating or depressing the oil markets. If the above correspondent intended to leave an impression upon the minds of readers as stupid as himself, that West Virginia territory was played out, and in fact never did amount to anything, he adopted the right course; but if he intended to stimulate the prices of West Virginia oil by misrepresenting facts, the figures he gave were not only false in their conclusions, but would have a tendency to bring about exactly the opposite result from that for which he labored. A few such babblers as this same Nash, were there no other sources of information, would depopulate heaven itself in the course of a generation. Don't do the *Enquirer* any more, dear Nash, and we will suggest to the government your appointment to the consulate of

"Bingen, sweet Bingen, on the Rhine."
The facts are, the production of West Virginia amounts to twelve hundred barrels per day. The chances of getting oil here are surer than in Pennsylvania, and the cost of putting down wells in this State does not average over twenty-five hundred dollars, while in Pennsylvania the average cost of the wells they are now putting down is upwards of eight thousand dollars. Aside from all this, West Vir-

ginia oil is worth more money per barrel in the markets of the world than that of Pennsylvania; and yet, so to speak, we have not touched our great deposits of the oleaginous fluid.

—We would be thankful to our friends, here and elsewhere, to send us the news of the neighborhood in which they live, that may be of interest to the public. By doing so they will not only confer a great favor upon us, but add to the strength of their local paper, which is worth more in dollars to a community, if properly conducted, than the best oil well that ever was or ever will be struck. The influence for good which a good paper wields, is beyond estimate in money; and how good it is, depends entirely upon the alacrity with which those most interested furnish its editor or manager with information, and pay their bills. It is a well demonstrated fact that editors in general can't live without their hash, more than other people. They may go it on glory for a while, but they fall into premature graves and are soon forgotten.

—The editor of the *Orthopolitan*, J. Y. Hutchinson, done us the honor of a call on Tuesday last. He is of sound mind upon the great questions of the day, and the Democratic party of Wood county and the State secure in him an able and efficient advocate in the advance and triumph of the principles born of that master mind of statesmen—Thomas Jefferson. May the trials and vicissitudes generally attendant upon the publication of a county paper; be strangers to you, and may you, friend Hutchinson, enjoy in the fullest all the pleasures; which are many, that a connection with the public press confers. We hope and believe the Democratic party of the county and State will recognize the marked ability with which the *Orthopolitan* is now conducted, by extending their patronage and support, both by subscription and advertising. Money thus spent, pays ten fold the investment in the dissemination of knowledge to mankind.

—On Saturday evening, a week ago, David Porter appeared before his Honor, Esquire Sargent and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Wm. Shires and Susan P. Faulkner. The parties were accordingly arrested and bound over to appear on Monday morning for trial, whereupon Shires and wife swore out a warrant for the arrest of Porter for assault and battery. He was bound over to appear. On Monday morning they all put in their appearance, determined upon satisfaction. A harder looking or more brazen set of rogues and vagabonds than the prisoners above named, it would be hard to find outside the slums of New York. J. G. Nye appeared for the Shires family. Susan P. Faulkner, rigged in a jockey hat, trimmed with blue ribbon, striped waist and red dress, bouced a la mode, and a butterly breast pin, was first put upon trial. The accusation against her was for calling David Porter a son-of-a-bitch and hitting him over the head with a club. The Court upon evidence decided that she was not far from correct, as it was shown that Porter first assaulted her, and let her go. But she is a hard looking case, and has all the ear marks of a walking house of infamy—pig-nose, lascivious mouth, high cheek bones, extended jaws, a lying tongue, low forehead and deep sunken, villainous looking eyes. Shires and his wife were the next on the docket. This Mrs. Shires' reputation extends back over a good deal of territory—more than we have room to give her and do her justice. She is a modern Xantippa—a she devil on wheels, who oftentimes makes the whole neighborhood where she lives shudder by the use of her foul and obscene tongue. She has been known to thrash her William remorselessly. She, like Susan, has many of the attributes of infamy. Her husband is a poor weak solution of humanity, with neither discretion, sense or courage—a pollywog—a thing—a mummy. They were bound over for one year in the sum of fifty dollars each to keep the peace. David Porter was also bound over to keep the peace in the sum of fifty dollars for one year. In a former issue of this paper, we described Porter, and we have nothing further to add than that for lowness and meanness, the English language don't express him. The ordinary sneak and hoodlum is a gentleman by the side of this fellow. Next.

—What are the friends of the free pipe line law doing toward bringing that matter up before the adjourned session of the Legislature, which meets at Charleston next month? It is high time that oil men were organizing and preparing to meet the issue in all its bearing. Let Senator Scott, of Ritchie, have not the whining and contemptible plea that he urged, after the adjournment of the last session, that he did not know there was a free pipe bill before the Senate. Be prepared to nail Charley Caldwell, of Wirt, to the cross, and placard him as an imbecile, unfitted for the position which a deceived and outraged constituency assigned him. He should be made an example and a warning to hair-brained politicians and buffoons in the future. Why, we consider the scoundrels engaged in the Credit Mobilier operation, respectable in comparison with this scab upon the body politic. There is another wily fellow we wot of, Johnson by name, whom the oil men will find a cunning and unscrupulous adversary, and the more dangerous from the fact that his early education, to respect truth and veracity, was sadly neglected, if not entirely omitted. We trust this is his last appearance within the arena of public affairs, and that politically he is effectually corraled,—ham-strung. Brother Church, we hope, is not unmindful of our love of him; and then, that other fellow, of the *State Journal*, whose name is a by-word and reproach among honest men, will bear in mind that he will be met at the State Capitol by men who know their rights, and who will have them in defiance of the corruptionists. Petitions should be circulated, and the name and influence of every actual producer in the State enlisted in favor of a free pipe bill, ready to be presented as soon as the re-assembling of the representatives of the people. We learn that the opposition to the measure are already in the field, preparing to do their utmost to defeat the measure in whatever form it may come up. Judging the future by the past, no stone will be left unturned, no act of fraud and villainy unperpetrated which will weigh in the balance toward perpetuating the rule of Bradish, Church & Co., in the monopoly which they now enjoy to the detriment of producers, and to the detriment of every interest connected with the development of our oil bearing territory. This warning may seem to some unnecessary and uncalled for; but we know the unscrupulous and unprincipled character of our adversaries, and we prefer taking the bull by the horns at once and fighting to the ditch.

—We are sorry to see a disposition upon the part of our operators to cut down the wages of their employees. We learn that a reduction of half a dollar on a day's work has been made, and, in several instances, as high as seventy-five cents. Here, where the cost of putting down a well is only about twenty-five hundred dollars—say three thousand—two and a half and three dollars is paid per day for drilling. In Pennsylvania, where a well costs nine thousand dollars, four dollars per day is paid for drilling. The average price of West Virginia oil, taking the light and heavy together, is double that of Pennsylvania, or nearly so. In Pennsylvania they run their pumping wells night and day, and their men rarely have more than two wells, seldom more than one, to demand their attention, while they get for their labor two and a half and three dollars per day. In West Virginia men are required to run all the way from two to nine wells, for from one dollar and seventy-five cents to two dollars per day. The cost of living in Pennsylvania is less, if anything, than in Virginia. If our operators cannot afford to keep up the old standard of labor at the present low prices of oil, we hope they will not forget to advance what they have reduced, with the advance of oil. With board at six dollars per week, washing at fifteen cents per piece, coarse boots seven dollars per pair, besides other necessary incidental expenses which we all have and must meet, a young man with good health, should he live to be a hundred, with steady employment and no calico to buy, might possibly lay up enough to pay for a coffin, but we doubt it. This is not right, and the thing should be changed a little by common consent.

—What are the friends of the free pipe line law doing toward bringing that matter up before the adjourned session of the Legislature, which meets at Charleston next month? It is high time that oil men were organizing and preparing to meet the issue in all its bearing. Let Senator Scott, of Ritchie, have not the whining and contemptible plea that he urged, after the adjournment of the last session, that he did not know there was a free pipe bill before the Senate. Be prepared to nail Charley Caldwell, of Wirt, to the cross, and placard him as an imbecile, unfitted for the position which a deceived and outraged constituency assigned him. He should be made an example and a warning to hair-brained politicians and buffoons in the future. Why, we consider the scoundrels engaged in the Credit Mobilier operation, respectable in comparison with this scab upon the body politic. There is another wily fellow we wot of, Johnson by name, whom the oil men will find a cunning and unscrupulous adversary, and the more dangerous from the fact that his early education, to respect truth and veracity, was sadly neglected, if not entirely omitted. We trust this is his last appearance within the arena of public affairs, and that politically he is effectually corraled,—ham-strung. Brother Church, we hope, is not unmindful of our love of him; and then, that other fellow, of the *State Journal*, whose name is a by-word and reproach among honest men, will bear in mind that he will be met at the State Capitol by men who know their rights, and who will have them in defiance of the corruptionists. Petitions should be circulated, and the name and influence of every actual producer in the State enlisted in favor of a free pipe bill, ready to be presented as soon as the re-assembling of the representatives of the people. We learn that the opposition to the measure are already in the field, preparing to do their utmost to defeat the measure in whatever form it may come up. Judging the future by the past, no stone will be left unturned, no act of fraud and villainy unperpetrated which will weigh in the balance toward perpetuating the rule of Bradish, Church & Co., in the monopoly which they now enjoy to the detriment of producers, and to the detriment of every interest connected with the development of our oil bearing territory. This warning may seem to some unnecessary and uncalled for; but we know the unscrupulous and unprincipled character of our adversaries, and we prefer taking the bull by the horns at once and fighting to the ditch.

—J. C. Nash, the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, is either an ignoramus or a lunatic. We were led to this conclusion by an article which appeared in the above named paper a few days since, in which he shows his astonishing knowledge of the oil production of West Virginia, by asserting that it aggregated one hundred barrels per day. Such stupidity, living as he does, within two hours' ride of our oil fields, is inexcusable, and the fellow should be muzzled during the heated term, or sent to an insane asylum to secure the public against his idiotic nonsense. No greater wrong can be done to oil men, in a financial as well as a business point of view, as to belittle the production of this or that well, or this or that locality. What the producers, as well as consumers want, are honest and reliable figures with regard to the real production that exists, and the developments that are going forward in producing territory, without regard to the present influence which such information may or may not have in stimulating or depressing the oil markets. If the above correspondent intended to leave an impression upon the minds of readers as stupid as himself, that West Virginia territory was played out, and in fact never did amount to anything, he adopted the right course; but if he intended to stimulate the prices of West Virginia oil by misrepresenting facts, the figures he gave were not only false in their conclusions, but would have a tendency to bring about exactly the opposite result from that for which he labored. A few such babblers as this same Nash, were there no other sources of information, would depopulate heaven itself in the course of a generation. Don't do the *Enquirer* any more, dear Nash, and we will suggest to the government your appointment to the consulate of

"Bingen, sweet Bingen, on the Rhine."
The facts are, the production of West Virginia amounts to twelve hundred barrels per day. The chances of getting oil here are surer than in Pennsylvania, and the cost of putting down wells in this State does not average over twenty-five hundred dollars, while in Pennsylvania the average cost of the wells they are now putting down is upwards of eight thousand dollars. Aside from all this, West Vir-

ginia oil is worth more money per barrel in the markets of the world than that of Pennsylvania; and yet, so to speak, we have not touched our great deposits of the oleaginous fluid.

—We would be thankful to our friends, here and elsewhere, to send us the news of the neighborhood in which they live, that may be of interest to the public. By doing so they will not only confer a great favor upon us, but add to the strength of their local paper, which is worth more in dollars to a community, if properly conducted, than the best oil well that ever was or ever will be struck. The influence for good which a good paper wields, is beyond estimate in money; and how good it is, depends entirely upon the alacrity with which those most interested furnish its editor or manager with information, and pay their bills. It is a well demonstrated fact that editors in general can't live without their hash, more than other people. They may go it on glory for a while, but they fall into premature graves and are soon forgotten.

—The editor of the *Orthopolitan*, J. Y. Hutchinson, done us the honor of a call on Tuesday last. He is of sound mind upon the great questions of the day, and the Democratic party of Wood county and the State secure in him an able and efficient advocate in the advance and triumph of the principles born of that master mind of statesmen—Thomas Jefferson. May the trials and vicissitudes generally attendant upon the publication of a county paper; be strangers to you, and may you, friend Hutchinson, enjoy in the fullest all the pleasures; which are many, that a connection with the public press confers. We hope and believe the Democratic party of the county and State will recognize the marked ability with which the *Orthopolitan* is now conducted, by extending their patronage and support, both by subscription and advertising. Money thus spent, pays ten fold the investment in the dissemination of knowledge to mankind.

—On Saturday evening, a week ago, David Porter appeared before his Honor, Esquire Sargent and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Wm. Shires and Susan P. Faulkner. The parties were accordingly arrested and bound over to appear on Monday morning for trial, whereupon Shires and wife swore out a warrant for the arrest of Porter for assault and battery. He was bound over to appear. On Monday morning they all put in their appearance, determined upon satisfaction. A harder looking or more brazen set of rogues and vagabonds than the prisoners above named, it would be hard to find outside the slums of New York. J. G. Nye appeared for the Shires family. Susan P. Faulkner, rigged in a jockey hat, trimmed with blue ribbon, striped waist and red dress, bouced a la mode, and a butterly breast pin, was first put upon trial. The accusation against her was for calling David Porter a son-of-a-bitch and hitting him over the head with a club. The Court upon evidence decided that she was not far from correct, as it was shown that Porter first assaulted her, and let her go. But she is a hard looking case, and has all the ear marks of a walking house of infamy—pig-nose, lascivious mouth, high cheek bones, extended jaws, a lying tongue, low forehead and deep sunken, villainous looking eyes. Shires and his wife were the next on the docket. This Mrs. Shires' reputation extends back over a good deal of territory—more than we have room to give her and do her justice. She is a modern Xantippa—a she devil on wheels, who oftentimes makes the whole neighborhood where she lives shudder by the use of her foul and obscene tongue. She has been known to thrash her William remorselessly. She, like Susan, has many of the attributes of infamy. Her husband is a poor weak solution of humanity, with neither discretion, sense or courage—a pollywog—a thing—a mummy. They were bound over for one year in the sum of fifty dollars each to keep the peace. David Porter was also bound over to keep the peace in the sum of fifty dollars for one year. In a former issue of this paper, we described Porter, and we have nothing further to add than that for lowness and meanness, the English language don't express him. The ordinary sneak and hoodlum is a gentleman by the side of this fellow. Next.

Notice.

At a meeting held this 11th day of July 1873, it was unanimously resolved that we the Stockholders of "The New Dominion Oil Company" of West Virginia in general meeting assembled, do hereby agree to discontinue the business of this organization.

H. A. SINES, Pres't.
Philadelphia, Pa. July 11th 1873.