

# THE VOLCANO LUBRICATOR.

THE ORGAN OF THE WEST VIRGINIA OIL PRODUCERS.

GEORGE P. SARGENT, PUBLISHER & PROPRIETOR

VOL 3. VOLCANO, WEST VA., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1873. NO. 28

## VOLCANO LUBRICATOR.

Published every Tuesday  
—BY—  
**GEORGE P. SARGENT.**  
Office: No. 8, Raymond street.

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I local notices 20 cents per line.  
No notice inserted for less than one dollar.  
All yearly advertisers pay quarterly in advance.

## Parkersburg Advertisements.

JOHN A. HUTCHINSON, JR. DAVE D. JOHNSON.  
**HUTCHINSON & JOHNSON,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,  
Court Square, PARKERSBURG, W. V.

**SWANN HOUSE.**—B. GILBERT,  
Proprietor, Parkersburg, W. Va. This is the  
only first-class Hotel in Parkersburg. It is  
fitted up with all the modern improvements.  
Pure soft water is constantly supplied from  
Ohio River, and is lighted with gas and  
heated with steam. Strict attention given  
to guests. It is head-quarters for oil men  
71-72.

**W. M. H. BUSH,**  
**MERCHANT TAILOR.**  
Court Street, PARKERSBURG, WEST VA.  
Always keeps on hand a large and well se-  
lected stock of the best of Cloths, Cassimers,  
Vestings, &c. Suits made to order and upon  
the shortest notice. All work warranted. A  
large supply of Gent's Furnishing Goods al-  
ways on hand. aug 71-72.

**J. R. MEHEN,**  
DEALER IN,  
Groceries, Produce,  
And a full supply of fresh fish and  
oysters always on hand.  
Market street, next to Market House,  
Parkersburg, W. Va. may 27-41.

**EDWARD BRAIDON,**  
**PIONEER**  
**TOBACCO WORKS**  
PARKERSBURG, WEST VA.

**W. M. DILS,**  
Gen. Fire, Marine & Life Insurance  
Agent.  
Represents the following well known and  
popular Insurance Companies.  
**Continental Ins. Co., of New York**  
(Cash Assets over \$2,000,000.)  
**Home Ins. Co., of Columbus, Ohio.**  
(Cash Assets over \$870,000.)  
**New York Life Ins. Co. New York,**  
Cash Assets \$20,000,000; an income \$8,000,000.  
Office on Market street, above Court Square,  
Parkersburg, W. Va. may 21.

**FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS**  
—OF—  
**D. SCHAEFER,**  
Ann St., Parkersburg.

BEDSTEADS, SETTEES, SOFAS,  
WARDROBES, BUREAUS,  
ROCKING-CHAIRS, EASY-CHAIRS,  
WRITING-DESKS, IMPROVED BLINDS,  
LOUNGES, CHAIRS,  
PICTURE-FRAMES,  
PARLOR FURNITURE,  
MIRRORS OF ALL SIZES, &c.  
And every variety of articles usually kept  
in a first class furniture store, manufactured  
and imported. All articles bought at this  
store are warranted to be as represented when  
purchased. Any article manufactured on the  
shortest notice. apr 20 '71-6m

**THIS SPACE**  
**IS PAID FOR**  
BY THE  
**WEST VA.**  
**OIL & OIL LAND**  
**COMPANY,**  
Who are engaged so constant-  
ly in  
**SHIPPING OIL**  
That they have not time to prepare  
an advertisement this week.  
Address,  
**Petroleum, West Va.**

## Parkersburg Advertisements.

**THE PLACE TO GET**  
**THE CHEAPEST AND BEST**

Groceries, Provisions, Grain and Pro-  
duce, is at  
**MARTIN & GILBERT'S,**  
Market street, PARKERSBURG, W. Va.

**THOMPSON & JACKSON**  
WHOLESALE GROCERS AND LIQUOR  
DEALERS,  
General Forwarding and Commission  
**MERCHANTS**  
Corner of Ann and Kanawha Streets,  
Parkersburg W. Va.

We will forward all goods to Volcano  
promptly and in good condition from all points.  
We refer to **THOMAS SCHILLING & Co.**, the  
O'Brien Bros., and others. All goods consigned  
to our care will be forwarded without making  
it necessary for the parties ordering, corres-  
ponding with us.

**J. H. Stribling,**  
DEALER IN  
**HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND**  
**SHOES, AND GENTS FURNISHING**  
Goods, Court Square, Parkersburg,  
West Va. april 29 '73.

**I. W. HITESHEW**  
**Commission Merchant**  
—And Dealer in—  
**Flour, Grain, Baled Hay, etc.**  
Ground Feeds and Corn Meal a Spec-  
ialty.  
ANN STREET,  
PARKERSBURG, WEST VA.  
May 11-71.

**BURCHIE & BUTCHER,**  
DEALERS IN  
**Hardware, Iron, Steel,**  
**Nails, Nuts, Bolts, Etc.**  
Blacksmiths', Carpenters' and Coop-  
ers' Tools.  
Belting and Packing,  
Fire Brick and Clay,  
Drill Ropes, Sand pump Ropes, and  
all kinds of cordage—including

**WIRE ROPE,**  
all sizes.  
Buags, Tank iron, Rivets and all that  
is necessary for the Oil Trade, also  
a full stock of

**WOODEN WARE;**  
And the celebrated cutlery of Rogers'  
Wostenholm's, pocket and table.  
Also DRAIN PIPES suitable for chim-  
neys.

**CALL AND EXAMINE OUR**  
**STOCK.**  
Court street, opp. 2d Nat. Bank,  
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

**LUBRICATING OILS**  
**L. D. KRAFT & CO.**  
PRODUCERS AND DEALERS IN  
**WEST VIRGINIA**  
**NATURAL LUBRI-**  
**CATING OILS.**

Sole Proprietors of the Well Known

1858, 1873,  
**J. G. BLACKFORD,**  
Forwarding and Commission  
MERCHANT.

Pork-packer, and curer of the celebrated  
brands of Maryland sugar Cured Hams, and  
Shoulders and breakfast Bacon.  
—DEALER IN—  
Staple and Fancy Groceries, Provisions, Liq-  
uors, Argosy and other choice brands of flour  
Agent for Potomac Salt Co. Potomac Iron  
Co's. Nails, Louisville Lime and Cement,  
Kenia Powder Co., &c. &c.  
Ann Street, above Court, Parkersburg,  
West Va. may 6-6m

**Remember the place.**  
PARKERSBURG, WEST VA.  
June 27th.

Just returned from the Eastern cities with  
the most complete assortment of  
**DRY GOODS,**  
**FANCY GOODS,**  
**NOTIONS**  
EVER EXHIBITED IN THIS CITY.  
And he very respectfully invites the citizens  
of Volcano and vicinity to call and examine  
his stock. An entire new stock of  
**CARPETS,**  
**OIL CLOTHS,**  
**MATTINGS,**  
**RUGS,**  
**WINDOW BLINDS, BLANKETS,**  
**COMFORTS**  
AND  
**BED SPREADS.**

Orders received from Volcano will receive  
carefully attention, and prices guaranteed.  
When you come to Parkersburg do not fail to  
call and examine my goods.

**REMEMBER THE PLACE!!**  
**SAM'L NEWBERGER,**  
PARKERSBURG, WEST VA.

**NOVELTY FOUNDRY**  
—AND—  
**MACHINE WORKS.**  
—OF—  
**JOHN COOK,**  
**Machinist & Blacksmith**  
Engines, Saw Mills, Stave Machines,  
etc., generally on hand.  
Shafting, Pulleys, Hangers, and all  
kinds of Machinery, made to  
order on short notice.  
**HEAVY & LIGHT CASTINGS,**  
**HEATING STOVES, &c.**  
**Oil Well Tools**  
of best brand of Iron.  
Prompt attention paid to Repairs.  
Kanawha St., bet. Market and Juliana  
Streets,  
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.  
5 Aug 23rd

**THE MAMMOTH**  
**NEW FURNITURE**  
**WARE-ROOMS**  
—OF—  
**W. H. WARNE & CO.**  
Market St., Parkersburg,  
Old place, below Market House) is now open.  
Those who are desirous of purchasing  
**Superior Furniture**  
—at—  
**Reasonable Prices**  
cannot do better than examine the work at  
this establishment, before making their  
selections.  
Inquiries by mail promptly answered.  
Their stock is complete, comprised in part of  
Marble and Wood Top  
Tables and Stands,  
Ladies' and Gentlemen's  
Writing Desks,  
Lotts Patent Spring Bed Lounges,  
Wardrobes and Bookcases,  
Camp and Easy Chairs,  
Bureaus and Sideboards,  
Refrigerators  
Window Shades.  
—ALL KINDS OF—  
**COFFINS**  
Constantly on hand.  
We are prepared to manufacture to order  
anything in our line, in the very best style.  
We have none but first-class workmen, and  
all responsible orders from Volcano and vi-  
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Court St., Parkersburg, West Va.

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## Poetry.

**LUKE.**  
(In the Colorado Park, 1872.)  
BY BRET HARTE.

Wot's that you're readin'—a novel? A novel  
—well darn my skin!  
You a man grown and bearded and histin'  
such stuff ez that in—  
Stuff about gals and their sweethearts! No  
wonder you're thin ez a knife.  
Look at me!—clar two hundred—and never  
read one in my life!

That's my opinion o' novels. And ez to their  
lyin' round here,  
They belonged to the Judge's daughter—the  
Judge who came up last year  
On account of his lungs and the mountains  
and the balsam o' pine and fir;  
And his daughter—well, she read novels, and  
that's what's the matter with her.

Yet she was sweet on the Judge, and stuck by  
him day and night,  
Alone in the cabin up yer—till she grew like  
a ghost, all white.  
She was only a slip of a thing, ez light and ez  
up and away  
Ez rifle smoke blown through the woods, but  
she wasn't my kind—no way!

Speakin' o' gals, d'ye mind that house on you  
rise the hill,  
A mile and a half from White's, and jist a-  
bove Mattingly's mill?  
You do? Well, now them's a gall! What  
you saw her? O, come now, thar quit!  
She was only bedevilin' you boys, for to me  
she don't cotton one bit.

Now she's what I call a gal—ez pretty and  
plump ez a quail:  
Teeth ez white ez a hound's, and they'd go  
through a tenpenny nail;  
Eyes that kin snap like a cap. So she asked  
to know "whar I was hid."  
She did? O, it's jist like her sass, for she's  
peart as a Katy-did.

But what was I talkin' of?—O! the Judge and  
his daughter—she read  
Novels the whole day long, and I reckon she  
read them abed,  
And sometimes she read them out loud to the  
Judge on the porch where he sat,  
And "twas how "Lord Augustus" said this,  
and how "Lady Blanche" she said that.

But the sickest of all that I heerd was a yarn  
that they read 'bout a chap,  
"Leather-stocking" by name, and a hunter  
chock full o' the greenest o' sap;  
And they asked me hear, but I says, "Miss  
Mable, not any for me;  
When I likes I kin sling my own lies, and thet  
chap and I shouldn't agree."

Yet somehow or other she was always sayin'  
I brought her to mind  
Of folks about whom she had read, or su' in'  
belike of thet kind,  
And thar warn't no end o' the names that she  
give me that summer up here,  
"Robin Hood," "Leather-Stocking," "Rob  
Roy,"—O, I tell you, the critter was queer.

And yet of she hadn't been spiled, she was  
harmless enough in her way,  
She could jabber in French to her dad, and  
they said that she knew how to play;  
And she worked me that shot-pouch up thar—  
which the man doesn't live ez kin use,  
And slippers—you see 'em down yer—ez w'd  
eradie an injin's pappose.

Yet along o' them novels, you see, she was  
wastin' and mopin' way,  
And then she got shy with her tongue, and at  
last had nothin' to say;  
And whenever I happened around, her face it  
was hid by a book,  
And it warn't until she left that she give me  
ez much ez a look.

And this was the way it was: It was night  
when I ken up here  
To say to 'em all "good-bye," for I reckoned  
to go for deer  
At "sun up" the day they left. So I shook  
'em all round by the hand,  
'Cept Mabel, and she was sick, ez they give  
me to understand.

But jist ez I passed the house next morning at  
dawn, some one,  
Like a little waver o' mist, got up on the hill  
with the sun;  
Miss Mabel it was, alone—all wrapped in a  
mantle o' lace—  
And she stood thar straight in the road, with  
a touch o' the sun in her face.

And she looked me right in the eye—I'd seen  
suthin' like it before  
When I hunted a wounded doe to the edge o'  
the Clear Lake shore,  
And I had my knee on its neck, and jist was  
raisin' my knife  
When it give me a look like that, and—well,  
it got off with its life.

"We are going to-day," she said, "and I  
thought I would say good-bye  
To you in your own house, Luke—these woods  
and the bright blue sky!  
You've always been kind to us, Luke, and pa-  
pa has found you still  
As good as the air he breathes, and whole-  
some as Laurel Tree Hill.

"And we'll always think of you, Luke, as the  
thing we could not take away;  
The balsam that dwells in the woods, the  
rainbow that lives in the spray,  
And you'll sometimes think of ME, Luke, as  
you know you once used to say,  
A rifle smoke blown through the woods, a  
moment, but never to stay."

And then we shook hands. She turned, but  
a-suddint she tottered and fell,  
And I caught her sharp by the waist, and held  
her a minit—well,  
It was only a minit, you know, that ez cold  
and ez white she lay  
Ez a snow-flake here on breast, and then—  
well, she melted away—

And was gone. \* \* \* And thar are her  
books, but I says not any for me;  
Good enough, may be for some, but them and  
I mightn't agree.

They spiled a decent gal ez might hev made  
some chap a wife,  
And look at me!—clar two hundred—and nev-  
er read one in my life.

**About Mothers-in-Law—The Pain-  
ful History of one of them, with  
the Doings of an Intelligent Cow.**

A mother-in-law is not generally  
counted a sweet boon. She is an ex-  
asperation before she becomes a moth-  
er-in-law. In the ante-nuptial pe-  
riod, when sitting with Mary Jane in  
the square room with the light com-  
fortably turned down, what could be  
more rasping than to have the old lady  
come in without warning, on the flim-  
sy pretext of getting a book, and sur-  
veying you with a cold searching eye,  
as though she knew you were contem-  
plating running away with the girl  
that very night, and suspected that  
you had her trunk concealed some-  
where about your person! Then after  
marriage to have her come and kindly  
take the direction of your house.

A friend of mine, whose name was  
James Peter Parkinson, married the  
daughter of a widow, who owned a  
beautiful farm a mile or so away from  
the village. James Peter was the hap-  
piest man in the world, as he had a  
right to be. His wife was one of six  
beautiful girls, and was as charming a  
woman as possible. J. P. took a neat  
cottage, furnished it nicely, and set out  
for a long and pleasant life.

Of course his mother-in-law kindly  
superintended the arranging of his  
house, and at the conclusion, surveyed  
it calmly and with a pleased look.

"There is one thing now that you  
want," said she. "You have a pleas-  
ant house, an excellent cellar, and  
Mary Jane is a superb butter-maker.  
But of what avail is her skill if you  
have no cow? Don't say to me that  
you have not the means to buy a cow  
—I know that. I shall give you one—  
Amos will drive it down to-morrow."

Mary Jane cast a pitifully appealing  
look at her mother, but James Peter  
took her by the hand and was profuse  
in thanks.

Who was right, J. P. or his wife?  
Had J. P. only known—but I antici-  
pate.

Amos did drive the cow down the  
next day, and J. P. was in ecstasies  
over her. Such a beautiful animal!  
So sleek, so finely proportioned, so in-  
telligent and soft an eye, so—so—well,  
she was all that a cow could be in ap-  
pearance.

James Peter Parkinson put her in a  
pasture he had secured for the purpose,  
and retired to rest dreaming of cows  
and their accompaniments. That  
night he swam in rivers of milk, rest-  
ing when tired on islands of fresh but-  
ter.

Gaily he awoke in the morning, and  
with his pail in hand, bled him forth  
to the field, charging Mary Jane to go  
and get a churn the first thing after  
breakfast. A spasm of pain passed  
over her beautiful face as he started,  
but he did not notice it. Why is not  
the connection between two loving  
souls more perfect? Ah, why, indeed!  
It is a mystery.

James Peter went to the field, and  
looked for his cow in vain. He called,  
but she answered not again. He ex-  
amined, and lo! six lengths of the rail  
fence was prostrate. It was explain-  
ed. Wicked boys had torn the fence  
down, and the innocent cow had walk-  
ed away.

He searched all the day for her, but  
found her not. In the afternoon, Mary  
Jane suggested that probably she had  
gone back to the farm from whence  
she came, and immediately burst into  
tears. James Peter went to the farm,  
and found her there. His mother-in-  
law then told him what he did not  
know before, that cows always did  
come home till they got "wonted" to  
a new place; and that Maria, her young-  
est daughter, who was to commence  
going to school in town, would, if he  
had no objection, take dinners at his  
house. James was a very poor lawyer  
with no practice, but could he refuse  
this from a mother-in-law who had  
given him a cow? He gladly assent-  
ed, and insisted that when it rained,  
or was too warm, she should stay all  
the time.

The next morning he went out to  
milk his cow, and, as before, she was  
not there. Again he built up six sec-  
tions of prostrate rail fence; again he  
went to the farm, and again he found  
her there. "She will get wonted,"  
said the mother; "and Maria is at  
your house now."

It is unnecessary to go through the  
wretched detail. For two weeks this  
wretched man went out every morn-

ing to milk that cow, and fourteen  
times did he find sections of fence  
down, but no cow. Fourteen times  
did he walk out to that farm, and find  
her there, milked every time, and four-  
teen times did he drive her back. Ma-  
ria, in the meantime, had taken up her  
quarters regularly at his house, and  
she had a good healthy appetite.

Discouraged and disheartened on  
the fifteenth day, he sought a brother-  
in-law who lived in the same village.

"Is there no way, Filkins, of keep-  
ing that blasted cow in a pasture lot?"  
Filkins fixed him with his eye, and  
answered:

"James Peter Parkinson, I will let  
you into a secret, though I ought not  
to. The old lady, is probably, the  
meanest, closest, most penurious, par-  
sonomious, stingiest, scraping, grind-  
ing, yellow-faced old female miser that  
ever lived. I would like to say some-  
thing disagreeable about her, but re-  
spect for my wife restrains me. It is  
customary in these parts for the moth-  
er of a bride, if she be a farmeress, to  
give her daughter a cow; but less  
your, our mother-in-law would as soon  
think of selling her soul as to part  
with the hair of one. That cow is the  
son-in-law cow. It is an educated  
cow. The old lady trained that cow  
to come home every night. She gave  
it first to Smith, who married Ellen,  
the eldest, and on the strength of the  
gift, boarded Hannah at his house.—  
Jones, who married Hannah, had it  
next, and on the strength of