

# THE VOLCANO LUBRICATOR.

THE ORGAN OF THE WEST VIRGINIA OIL PRODUCERS.

GEORGE P. SARGENT, PUBLISHER & PROPRIETOR

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PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Address L. D. KRAFT & Co.  
Parkersburg.

## Poetry.

**It Never Pays.**

It never pays to fret and growl  
When fortune seems our foe;  
The better bred will push ahead  
And strike the braver blow,  
For luck is work,  
And those who shirk  
Should not lament their doom,  
But yield the pay  
And clear the way  
That better men have room.

It never pays to foster pride  
And squander pride in show;  
For friends thus you are sure to run  
In times of war or woe.

The noblest worth  
Of all the earth,  
Are gems of heart and brain,  
A conscience clear,  
A household dear,  
And hands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe,  
Or cater to a friend;  
To fawn and whine much less repine,  
To borrow or to lend.

The faults of men  
Are fewer when  
Each rows his own canoe;  
For feuds and debts  
And pampered pets  
Unbounded mischief brew.

It never pays to wreck the health;  
In drugging after gain,  
And he is sold who thinks that gold  
Is cheaply bought with pain.

A humble lot,  
A cosy cot,  
Have tempted even kings,  
For stations high  
That wealth will buy.  
Not oft contentment brings.

**OVER THE FALLS,**

—OR—  
**THE LOGMEN'S RIDE.**

A rude though substantial log-cabin  
stood on the bank of an ice-bound river,  
in the heart of a great Maine forest;  
and around the boisterous fire  
that rose and fell in the huge log chimney,  
were seated a score of men. With-  
out, the rain was pouring down in tor-  
rents, borne in great sheets against the  
walls and roof of the cabin by the  
strong wind that came like a race-  
horse from the south and east. It was  
the annual March storm that freed the  
rivers from the icy fetters of winter,  
and forced the way for the great mass  
of logs, that all through the cold  
months had been piled upon their  
banks, to find their way down to the  
cities by the ocean; and the occupants  
of the cabin were river-men, whose  
duty it was to keep the struggling mass  
in the stream, and so prevent each log  
from wandering off singly into by and  
forbidden channels in search of ad-  
venture on its own account. All thro'  
the winter they had toiled in the  
swamp, until the melting snows had  
rendered further efforts in that direc-  
tion impossible; and now, each man  
hailed with joy the storm that  
would send him on his way down over  
the rushing river, toward home and  
friends to whom they had bidden adieu  
nearly six months before.

The group before the fire were en-  
gaged in various ways in which to pass  
away the time. Some of them were  
gathered around the table, where a  
party were having a game of "high  
low jack." Those looking on seemed  
to take as much interest in the play as  
those engaged, and each player had  
his particular friend or backer to urge  
him on when fortune frowned, or to  
applaud when, by some master stroke  
he was triumphant.

Other groups gathered more immedi-  
ately about the fire, and were en-  
gaged in story-telling, another popular  
amusement among the logmen, relat-  
ing stories that they had heard, or in-  
cidents of a somewhat marvelous char-  
acter that had befallen them, in their  
long career in the forests and on the  
rivers; and many are the thrilling sto-  
ries this class of people can relate,  
without departing from the truth in  
their narration; for no other occupa-  
tion is so full of danger, aside from  
that of a sailor or soldier, as that of  
the logman. Seldom is there a drive  
that ever reaches its place of destina-  
tion without claiming as a sacrifice,  
one or more of those who set out full  
of life and expectations of soon seeing  
those dear to him, from whom he had  
been parted so long.

Others were talking of home, and of  
the probability of soon being on their  
way, while others still sat mute and  
apart by themselves, either listening to  
the conversation of the rest, or think-  
ing perhaps, of wife or children, or of  
some one dear to him, but who as yet  
bore not his name, but would as soon  
as he could once more reach her side;  
and to these the fierce roaring of the

storm made music, and a stranger  
looking in upon them would have said  
that another so happy, stalwart a crew  
would be hard to find, even in that  
section which is famous for its tall,  
broad-chested men.

"What is that you are saying, Bill  
Brown?" demanded one of the players  
at the table, as he held the ace of dia-  
monds suspended between his thumb  
and finger while in the act of playing.

"I was telling the boys here that I  
went over 'Wildcat Falls,' and came  
out all safe and sound, never once los-  
ing my hold upon the log I had been  
riding," was the answer.

"That's a lie, and a big one, too.  
That does for that ten spot," and the  
ace decended upon the table with a  
force that was supposed to give greater  
stress to both assertions the speaker  
had made.

"Do you mean to call me a liar, Cy  
Gordon?" demanded Brown, spring-  
ing to his feet and taking a stride over  
to where the offender was sitting, cool-  
ly drawing in the game his last trick  
had taken, as if he had said nothing  
offensive.

"I do, if you mean to tell that story  
for the truth. I've drove on that  
stream myself, and I know that the  
man ain't alive who could go over  
Wildcat Falls, and come out alive,  
much less not lose his hold upon the  
log he was riding. Such a thing is  
impossible."

"It may be for you, that can't ride a  
log any more than a sheep. I wonder  
what you are up here in the woods  
for!" exclaimed Brown tauntingly, and  
with anger blazing in his eye.

"One thing I came for was to hear  
you lie," said Gordon, coolly, as he  
played another card.

In a moment, Brown's fist was  
clenched, and he aimed a blow at the  
skeptical player, that had it reached  
its destination, would have felled its  
recipient to the floor, but one of those  
sitting by watching the play knocked  
up his arm and the blow went wide of  
its mark, while its sender almost pitched  
head foremost upon the table.

"How careless you are, Brown!"  
said Gordon, without seeming to notice  
that the blow had been aimed at  
his head. "Don't you see that you  
have mixed these cards so that we  
can't tell totier from which? It's al-  
most as bad a mess as you made of  
your Wildcat Falls story."

"Sit down, Brown, and you, Gordon,  
hold your tongue. I'll have no quar-  
rel or fighting here, for I want you o  
have whole hands and heads to-mor-  
row, for, if it keeps on raining, there'll  
be plenty for us to do," said Sam  
Hartwell, the boss of the crew, a great  
six foot giant, whose word among the  
men was law, and if any saw fit to re-  
bel, his fists were like a pair of sledge-  
hammers, and few there were who  
cared to come in contact with them,  
much preferring to abide by the deci-  
sion of his words.

Brown muttered something about  
not caring to be called a liar to his  
head, and went back quietly to his  
seat, where he sat without making  
much conversation the rest of the eve-  
ning, while Gordon went on with the  
game without a word.

At the usual hour, the logmen went  
to rest, with the tempest sounding in  
their ears, mingled with the increasing  
roar of the falls, half a mile below, as  
the volume of water gathered strength,  
and went surging downward, carrying  
on its bosom a mingled mass of timber  
and ice, piled together by the embrace  
of winter.

With the earliest dawn the camp  
was astir. The rain had ceased, but  
not until it had accomplished all that  
could be required of it. The river was  
free from ice, and was running like a  
mill-race, its surface covered with foam  
and straggling pieces of ice, hurrying  
on as if to overtake the main body far  
in advance. Most of the great piles  
of logs were gone, but there were some  
that still hung to the bank at the land-  
ing, and as soon as they could see, the  
men were busily at work turning them  
out into the stream.

About half a mile below the landing  
there was a fall of considerable magni-  
tude, stretching entirely across the  
river; the roar of which could be heard  
a mile above or below. Between this  
and the landing, the river was full of  
sharp, jagged rocks; some of which  
even now showed black heads above  
the water, causing the flood to ebb and  
boil like a seething cauldron. The de-  
scent was considerable to the brow of  
the falls; with steep banks on either  
side, through which the water poured  
with great speed. Upon one side near  
the brow of the falls, the bank sank

down almost to the edge of the water,  
while just above, through a break in  
the cliffs, a stream of considerable  
magnitude emptied itself into the river.  
Such briefly was the aspect of the  
place with which we have to do.

About half way between the land-  
ing and the falls, one of those black,  
jagged rocks showed itself above the  
water in nearly the centre of the  
stream, and against this a pile of logs,  
perhaps a hundred in number, had  
jammed, and as the river had already  
commenced to fall, there was no pros-  
pect of their starting off of their own  
accord. Consequently it was necessa-  
ry for some one to endeavor to reach  
it and dislodge them. This was no easy  
task to do, for they had no boat at this  
point. The only way to reach it was  
by means of logs, upon which some  
one well skilled in riding them might  
pass over in safety. But to return to  
the bank would be the most dangerous  
part of the undertaking, for the cliffs  
that formed them were so steep that  
to ascend them from the water's edge  
was next to impossible. This jam and  
the prospect of dislodging it, kept run-  
ning in the minds of all, as the logs  
were rolled in, with the exception of  
half a dozen that had been retained to  
form a raft for those who should under-  
take the dangerous enterprise.

The cook's horn sounded for dinner  
at this point of the operations, and be-  
fore the meal was through, two men  
had announced their willingness to  
dislodge the jam. They were the foes  
of the evening before, Brown and Gor-  
don. Something was said in a joking  
manner to the former, that he was  
used to going over falls, and that it  
was his duty to go on the jam; and he  
had declared his willingness to do so,  
providing that Gordon would accom-  
pany him, upon another and single  
log. This the latter had at once agreed  
to do, and as the boss knew them both  
to be good river men, and smart agile  
fellows, he made no objection to their  
going, thinking, perhaps, that it might  
be the means of healing the ill-will  
that existed between them.

As soon as dinner was over the men  
gathered upon the banks, to witness  
the breaking of the jam. The boss, in  
company with the volunteers, went  
down to the edge of the falls and saw  
that there was no difficulty in bringing  
their logs to the bank at that place, so  
they were quietly to allow themselves  
to float down to this place before at-  
tempting to land.

This important matter decided upon  
they returned to the landing, and each  
selecting a log to his mind, sprang upon  
it, pike-pole in hand, and pushed out  
into the stream.

"Be careful, boys!" shouted the boss  
after them. "Keep close to this shore  
after you break the jam. The water  
draws hard over the falls, and the  
further out you are the more trouble  
you'll have in getting ashore."

Once in the current, the frail logs  
upon which the two men stood, sprang  
from wave to wave like a thing of life  
threatening each moment to throw  
them into the boiling flood beneath  
them; but both had long been used to  
this mode of locomotion, and they kept  
their balance in a manner that was  
perfectly wonderful to those who never  
had ventured afloat on so frail a bark.

With the sweep of their pike-poles  
they guided the logs in the direction  
they wished, and in a few moments,  
Brown, who was in the advance sprang  
upon the jam. He was followed in a  
moment by Gordon, and while their  
logs, no longer wanted, floated down  
towards the falls, they fell to work  
upon the pile beneath them with a  
will.

They had hoped to have been able  
to find the key log that held the jam,  
and so start the logs altogether, after a  
few moments labor; but this they  
soon found was impossible, so closely  
were they wedged against the rock,  
and so great was the force of the wa-  
ter hurled against it; and so they la-  
bored on for half an hour, dislodging  
a few at a time, until at last a trembling  
beneath them gave notice that the jam  
was about to move.

"Come on, Bill; they are off," shout-  
ed Gordon, as he sprang on one of the  
outer logs and with a sweep of his pike  
freed it from the struggling mass, and  
set off on his swift downward course.

"Come back," shouted Bill. "Here's  
half dozen that mean to stay. I tho'  
you would have courage to keep by a  
fellow until the work was done."

Bill knew that it was impossible for  
him to return nor did he need him.  
He thought it was a good chance to  
pay him off for the words of the even-  
ing before and so he improved it.

Stepping from the logs upon the rock  
which afforded at the best but an un-  
certain foothold, he with a little labor  
loosened them, and they commenced  
floating down the stream. With a leap  
he sprang on the hindmost, maintain-  
ing his balance as easily as a practised  
rope-walker would have done, and al-  
lowed the log to float downward after  
its companions. The water rushed  
and boiled like a huge caldron on either  
side and every now and then through  
the flash of the foam the dark-headed  
rocks would show themselves for a  
moment, and the next be submerged  
by the rushing torrent. These he  
would avoid by a sweep of the pole,  
while every moment added to the velo-  
city by which he moved, until at last  
as the falls burst into sight round a  
cove, it seemed almost a wonder how  
it was that he managed to keep his bal-  
ance, upon his uneasy footing.

Gordon had gone over the same  
route but a moment before, and was  
now standing in triumph on the edge  
of the bank, to which he had brought  
his log as easily as he would have  
managed a canoe; and there among his  
companions who had run down to wit-  
ness their landing, he stood watching  
the coming of Brown, who was making  
the perilous journey with as much  
easiness as he had done.

On he came, with now and then a  
dip of his pole in the water, and al-  
ready he had begun to shape his course  
in to where he stood, when suddenly  
a rush and a roar, that mingled with  
the din of the falls sounded above them,  
and a great mass of ice and water that  
had been detained by a barrier in the  
brook that here emptied into the river,  
gave way and came pouring down a  
fierce torrent, shooting far out into the  
current. A cry of horror burst  
from the lips of the spectators as they  
saw that it had caught the log upon  
which their comrade was approaching  
and in spite of all his efforts was carry-  
ing him out into the centre of the river  
while at the same time he was nearing  
the brow of the falls, at a speed that  
showed that no earthly power could  
save him from taking the fatal leap.

"For God sake, strike for your life,"  
shouted the boss, as he saw the terrible  
danger; but the man needed not this to  
incite him to do his utmost, but which  
he knew would avail him nothing.  
Each moment brought him nearer to  
the fearful spot and at last he ceased  
from his efforts, and turned a white,  
ghastly face towards his mute com-  
panions. For a moment the log seem-  
ed to balance upon the very verge of  
the falls, while Brown seemed hung  
suspended in the air, and the next mo-  
ment the fearful leap was taken, and  
both man and log were plunged into  
the raging pool below.

"Follow me," shouted Hartwell, as  
he sprang down over the cliffs; but this  
order was not needed, for some of the  
men had already reached the edge of  
the great barrier into which the waters  
thundered before him, and eagerly they  
scanned the surface of the foam covered  
caldron, but with very faint hope in-  
deed that they would ever see aught of  
their comrade again. But a moment  
after, such a shout arose as the falls  
never heard before, and even its voice  
for a time was drowned; for out from  
the mist that rose up like a vapor or a  
curtain hiding the face of the cataract,  
they saw the head and shoulders of  
Bill Brown clinging to a log, which the  
action of the water was rapidly moving  
towards the edge of the pool, and three  
minutes later, eager and willing hands  
pulled him ashore, among whom was  
Cy Gordon, who exclaimed as he gasp-  
ed him my hand:

"I take back all I've said, Bill, and  
vote myself a fool in the bargain; and  
and if ever I hear you tell that you  
have been over Niagara, I'll swear that  
it's so."

A faint smile spread over Bill's face  
but as yet he had not found his ton-  
gue. They carried him up to the cab-  
in and by the next day he was as well  
as ever; and during the rest of the  
drive none cared to dispute his stories  
however improbable they might seem.

Fine natures are like fine poems—a  
glance at the first few lines gives a  
glimpse of the beauty that awaits you  
if you read on.

This world and the next resemble the  
East and the West; you cannot draw  
near to one without turning your back  
to the other.

Real glory springs from the silent  
conquest of ourselves.

God hand gifts to some, whispers  
them to others.

