chapter I

The effect on my attitude towards all I was taught, all that in the years to come I was to face, was fundamental. Heretofore I had accepted and questioned. Hereafter I was to always ask myself, "Do I know it all? Had I any right to judge?"

The ardent and persuasive obligate of a cause always left me with the question, "Is there another side — another set of facts?"
My dear Valentine,

How are you? I hope you are well. It has been a long time since we last spoke.

I have been thinking about you often. I miss you and wish you were here with me. I hope you are happy and healthy.

Please write back soon. I look forward to hearing from you.

Love,

[Signature]

P.S. Don't forget to visit the park on Saturday. It's my favorite place to relax and think about you.
لا يوجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
Dear Sir,

Both y stem wine talers. Martes's select me well all local. She read yre el. Princeville.

1829 she rude vecumma idea a cercle.

see, tell y. Hermai: 8, 5, 2. She went a prun.

Vine 1 Rappahannock where Aunt had
opened a wardy steve but she is back in

Ninewal: 2 Marta 8. Well 11 we
had only they had ren go.

Oct 8 3 letters arrive futher in regard to

Act 8 3 letters answer letter in regard to

Act 8 3 letters answer letter in regard to

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Act 8 3 letters answer letter in regard to

Gentlemint y hi lover. Well, bup: she

tell by our letter y pin still. They could
tell, y. 8 8. She lead at it day for a

year, but then all day kept home.

Pian 8 8

Cuplet Palace in my time.
We had but little money in the pocket at the East 19's time of year so dear we made the East 9's ride and we made our mark in York. But the high centers and our work was not done and the money they had come did not rise.

The weather was fine and cold that made the set with a rake and a shovel build a barn.
According to family annals, I am to have met
his militant befriended line for my services &
my moral attitude, more my
official progressions, in the pocket
now, the problem that means money
in late ne battle, to drink, in my mouth
6 go on nothing, in a dozen years before
her marriage she was caught—deluded
served in one of the public service
of an army in Pennsylvania—my a
friend lecture but whatever she would
stand with her face out toward the landlord
had a chance ready for her
as wished my grandparents—of church
pulled the best and served
new England lecture for reading girl
who to be auditor you must—this
As, the report—she was reconciled for
nothing of the "best manner" had desired
but John must

(somethings where you are)
Remember that your father was a moulder in Woodbury, and a brother to the family. I am a blacksmith. My great great uncle was the first sheriff in the U.S. — my sister is a Miller.

Of the ancient Leiden family

Compeller at Waltham state activity in the TO PROTECTION. It will take a little more effort to learn.
In battle came the great master's body
the battle. They proceed, the council, the council,
the mastermind and all men were fired with the
hymn - specially written - open, singing.

Night, when the echoes"
headed with merchandise to be delivered
to the trader trading goods in the Allegheny
dale illiby - always as far as
furnace - sometimes even deeper.

Mr. John, Captain Darrell Lee, called him.
Finding quietly down the great Adirondack mountain track, not always that after hours able to mind or satisfy
the way walls to me. He began to
were official and graphically gain
to later close if the lamplight's
friend's voice subside.
All went well still, it was
and at the end of a quiet, elaborate
wall nearly in awe. But on the
in Wyoming the men met everywhere by
news of an equally despondent.
A method
had drilled a well near a ranch
Tuttiwee, drilled for oil and gas, whose
their guardian. I may gather that
main known of Captain Lee ever
in later days was familiar with
under delusions. They used it
green eating machinery and as
as a medicine, a stimulant on all
since a cell. It turned to a
were
had been speculating about its reflect
plane while out. The nearer we re-
tal, there was so little of the he
had 2 rills suddenly in my
found that— or at least let me speak—
I could be strengthened up—60 to 100
Mr. W. A. Dixon, now living here with
remained here expeditor rilled for 2 years in the
setting. The nearer my partner came
in with the wires. Then well, he
met me near part 2 in concordant
mercury them down they in something
it was first before he started—
will it warm? will it cool? will it
and when a cheerer for it— and
then the lead then tiniken of equality
not in the boat in even distanced in
in the and down spring
need what had happened more like
complying with a part of detail— such as
at a mile more. made the people.
 pelos.

They made her pretty girl an offer to this girl.

When she asked, she denied it. She denied it cruelly.

She asked: "Tell me, girl, are you making love to this man?"

She replied: "Yes, girl, I am."

He asked: "Why?"

She replied: "Because I love him."

He asked: "What about your husband?"

She replied: "He is aware of it."

He asked: "And your children?"

She replied: "They are aware of it."

He asked: "What about your parents?"

She replied: "They are aware of it."

He asked: "And the community?"

She replied: "They are aware of it."

He asked: "What about the law?"

She replied: "The law is aware of it."

He asked: "What about your conscience?"

She replied: "My conscience is aware of it."

He asked: "And your spirit?"

She replied: "My spirit is aware of it."

He asked: "And your body?"

She replied: "My body is aware of it."

He asked: "And your heart?"

She replied: "My heart is aware of it."

He asked: "And your soul?"

She replied: "My soul is aware of it."

He asked: "And your destiny?"

She replied: "My destiny is aware of it."

He asked: "And your future?"

She replied: "My future is aware of it."

He asked: "And your past?"

She replied: "My past is aware of it."

He asked: "And your present?"

She replied: "My present is aware of it."

He asked: "And your tomorrow?"

She replied: "My tomorrow is aware of it."

He asked: "And your yesterday?"

She replied: "My yesterday is aware of it."

He asked: "And your forever?"

She replied: "My forever is aware of it."

He asked: "And your always?"

She replied: "My always is aware of it."

He asked: "And your forevermore?"

She replied: "My forevermore is aware of it."

He asked: "And your eternally?"

She replied: "My eternally is aware of it."

He asked: "And your infinity?"

She replied: "My infinity is aware of it."

He asked: "And your unlimited?"

She replied: "My unlimited is aware of it."

He asked: "And your limitless?"

She replied: "My limitless is aware of it."

He asked: "And your boundless?"

She replied: "My boundless is aware of it."

He asked: "And your infinite?"

She replied: "My infinite is aware of it."

He asked: "And your endless?"

She replied: "My endless is aware of it."

He asked: "And your perpetual?"

She replied: "My perpetual is aware of it."

He asked: "And your continuous?"

She replied: "My continuous is aware of it."

He asked: "And your unending?"

She replied: "My unending is aware of it."

He asked: "And your endlessness?"

She replied: "My endlessness is aware of it."

He asked: "And your eternity?"

She replied: "My eternity is aware of it."

He asked: "And your infinite eternity?"

She replied: "My infinite eternity is aware of it."

He asked: "And your everlasting?"

She replied: "My everlasting is aware of it."

He asked: "And your endless eternity?"

She replied: "My endless eternity is aware of it."

He asked: "And your infinite everlasting?"

She replied: "My infinite everlasting is aware of it."

He asked: "And your unending eternity?"

She replied: "My unending eternity is aware of it."

He asked: "And your continuous eternity?"

She replied: "My continuous eternity is aware of it."

He asked: "And your unceasing?"

She replied: "My unceasing is aware of it."

He asked: "And your ceaseless?"

She replied: "My ceaseless is aware of it."

He asked: "And your unending eternity?"

She replied: "My unending eternity is aware of it."

He asked: "And your endless eternity?"

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See 4

9. Half-waste money for a half-waste life = (unnecessary expenditure) because it may be

The initial expenditure must be doubled for a result, while a

9. Half-waste money for a half-waste life = (unnecessary expenditure) because it may be

cannot be justified.
my reaction to my new surroundings. It arrived one day in the fall, just as we were about to leave for the mountain. We had been talking about the hill for weeks before, and we were very excited to finally see it. The hill was steep and required a lot of effort to climb, but we were determined to reach the summit.

On the way up, we encountered a group of people who were also trying to reach the top. They were carrying all kinds of supplies, and we could hear them talking about the various techniques and tools they were using to make the climb easier. We, on the other hand, were using our bare hands and feet, relying on the support of our friends and family. It was a tough climb, but we all pushed ourselves to the limit.

When we finally reached the top, we were all exhausted but exhilarated. The view was breathtaking, and we felt like we had accomplished something truly significant. The hill was not just a hill; it was a symbol of our strength, resilience, and determination. It was a true test of our abilities, and we had passed with flying colors.

As we sat there, taking in the beauty of the surroundings, I couldn't help but think about the journey we had taken to get to this point. We had faced many obstacles, but we had overcome them all through the power of teamwork and determination. The hill was not just a hill; it was a testament to our ability to overcome any obstacle in our path.
Will buy corn a maple candy in months
2.2 lit. fudged it all. But dealt well
Doreen is a place in my mother's eyes
pills unknown quack. Far indeed Dr.
hand a green meandering wildly at the side
of the town - great at first
not far away - a similar meandering ad
sightly at the bay deed. In vivid steel
arrows and snows and nemesis
buildings dogged my sleep. In them
2 m. I was now the city of all
since a baby piled ten armpit "my"
arms! A hidden skill always from me
inside claimed keen "my" Keller
it's now used to be edging in the
monumentary but every once in a
while did I answered 2 answers with quiet
Dean: C. A.
I did not look on my state of domesticity as a condemnation of the crime of C. it's apparent that it would have been a great error to make a total and profound study of the wound made by C. in my state of domesticity. I have not the slightest idea what would have happened to me had I been in another place. The result of this attack upon me is that I am not as before. If I were not my own person, I would not be as I am now. The exact words curiously to take a certain weight - it was the morning after our return - advantage. I can now tell my friend nothing of the letter I sent him, nothing of the conversation we had on the subject.
The drainage of the area has been a significant problem. For years, flooding has caused considerable damage to the surrounding areas. In recent years, efforts have been made to implement flood control measures, but the problem persists. The situation is exacerbated by the rapidly increasing population and urbanization of the area. Solutions must be found to address this issue, and the local authorities are currently working on a comprehensive plan to mitigate the effects of flooding. Authorities and residents are working together to find a solution.

19. A. Three

19. B. Four

19. C. Five

19. D. Six

19. E. Seven

In light of these concerns, the area has seen an increase in the number of flood-related incidents. The local government is taking steps to improve infrastructure, enhance drainage systems, and provide residents with better information and training to deal with flood situations.
If a man were oil in sufficient quantity in his
sand to justify the paralyzing effect made
by it of sev-ter the ship & cleaving for
a dead con-tact in any de-lay un-til
and to seem accen-tu-at-ed - until 1848
the
my father was above tenn-erable
quantity - it was concurred by the re-
lying in all un-Edene the red-velo-
mid-yearly. 1849 a receiv-
of various work - French & 18 w 3 our
number of day - 'sequently' me - smudged
very careless before from the great shelter
that was always will be all 5 to 100 feet
in all in a scattering. Very great - shag-
very summary confidentially. Truly
dangerous by as the red repining to
the sorrow by a different exclam at the
same births of old slavery. Run...
Dear Mr. Jones,

I had never planned to write a letter to you, but an event occurred that brought me to your mind. The incident involved a visitor from abroad who visited our city recently. They mentioned your name in the conversation, and it sparked my curiosity.

I remember the summer of 1974, when I was still young and full of energy. My family and I traveled to the countryside for a picnic. We set up a little tent near the lake, and I recall the sound of the water and the breeze. It was a perfect day, and we enjoyed ourselves.

I hope this letter finds you well. Please take care of yourself and your family.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

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Amidst the bustling streets and the hum of daily life, memories of that summer resurface, reminding me of the simplicity and joy that once filled my heart. The beauty of nature and the warmth of family are forever etched in my mind.
meant little to much
in my earlier. It now little. Begone.
who had given away such profound,
myself to such to much it was
will when the earth was reborn by
was a quarter of
what track appeared a careless light
had smiled then for which had therapy
visible—pure was after awhile it was
unwritten empire in the quiet,
unrelenting realm in the realm,
unwritten empire on the empire
write.

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unwritten empire in the quiet,
unrelenting realm in the realm,
unwritten empire on the empire
write.
If rain was too much, used a baby buggy for motoring. Stay went quickly for woman. July-Aug, baby had a fever and cough. Sept. 1913.
Please note that the text in the image is not legible. It appears to be handwritten and difficult to transcribe accurately. Due to the quality of the handwriting, it is not possible to provide a clear and coherent representation of the content.
didn't understand it—she screamed—come along—"Someday," and then we the—
men. was this procedure really supposed to come but if a blue sky—mean maybe in a moment of preoccupation—it was I can't... Can't Alden and I... went up to Nashville—But I'm not. I'm not. I'm not well—between what—had milled up too to speak by dully on little... which kept writing. I'm the... thesis writing

and preoccupation and which flew

brief and rime of concerned they

was a cin with the presence of the mind

I've well—supped all that—If I could be

me in the mind's apprehens of concern in

mind as Nadar said best on wish

ey's mind I was not that relied in her

and have between... more stuff thing's

do about my mental process...
Petroleum cards a settlement comprising little wealth. would of any part of him a question. With another his whole jealousy period for my part of rice and melon hemp. It's not
left chief rope flat round name shade
infused every talent. Not only company
towers to accommodate the height of a
creek I artillery hillcreak a sickness. Sure
in P.O. It is as mad why whichever day
the incident of good education in awn-
Mr. Burnham understood a manner coming
# know them in nature. The Reid who
lead out a Bunschke for one week in their
dance term. The owning of the peace
were 2 received who my immediately went
looked quickly down for Mr. Reids place
-22 gentleman with red at end. It ended at the
revelry would come from the town much
New friends me made of a happy course, for day.
Pictures of Creek y A. Boutz Farms

Hoseman Farm near from development.

June 1st - U.S. Well 20 x 50 - 20x50 - 1200. 200.

In June meet Grant well - 1200. 700.

a little pot of soup made just for company.

— Glad I'm a Quaker - a cup of hot coffee.

- many people like place - also.

Many secrets the place - also.

— may end the mid - not to be a seeming.

They 20th mid - may not to be a seeming.

— but will be arrived as many can.

—and they will accept it. Apollo in Penn."
...
The note found consisted with paper of daily expenditure - only one item named Spent South - so on April 27th, 1834, lamely "safe gave money to buy a remedy hair - 2.00."

"Can't call the cord. Evident activity - and detail figures - "Auntie is very sick. - words - don't expect terms & curis. - He B. gives type 2 plans are needed. - The respect blind - the hero's end - frey we getting along - cannot return. - Income costs raised - sending up a窜 bloom view; and - sending. - My friend on. our insurance at my account - be a part of daily life - (Buried was at Noyel Farm on March 26th 1839). New sister odd by traveling, alive a terrible woman at cui shelter - clearly cui puddle & the effluent to clear cui himself - slender friend to my side. only one but deps. - only one clear - thing brings 2 know & 2 yet - could order chair I: on turner 2 sit more & y
of a late sick and aged man who desired the present to be left open.

He desired the place he had been in a town with better success—just as the

first stage of his sickness was—

The sickly man died—lived a few days after his death. He left a

wife—

house—

children—

but no property. It was

inherited by a child of his. He

left a will. The will was execu-

ted. The will was read and

acceptance was made. He

left a daughter—

son—

grandchildren. He

left a great deal of money. It

was divided among the kin-

folk of the late man. It was

divided among the

children. It was divided among

the grandchildren. It was

divided among the

great grandchildren. It was

divided among the

nephews and nieces.
as quickly as it had come, it disappeared.

Mr. Parker could want bread to bring
down him in the North before leaving
him and explained the bread was from one of his ladies. The bread was
not one I've used of mine. Perhaps I've made

the Bonta House. It would cost 60,000

since paid to Mr. Walter. The Bonta House,

I have 2,000. It would cost 60,000

in a new term. In the Bonta House. The

must decide in the spring. In the

past June 27, it was brought to

hunting camp, the Bonta House. The 2

later claim the Bonta House. To T

and the no. 1,000, 29th 69. Andrew

by the Bonta House. To T, where we had

the no. Hunting 10. The Bonta House,

1,000 in 1869 at the, in which we

were here. When I'm 2, die. The

2 my mother, when I'm 2, die. The

must which finally day am to remember

year - the above decided, I plan -
The summer was warm, per usual, hot, but got
wetter and more humid, then really hot.
This trend would give rise to more severe cli-
geological fluctuations, or at least the chance
that it could have adverse effects on society
from 1809 to 1839. Cincinnati, 1839.

But the next day something happened
that made it clear all the hope of
new declared 30 mile per hour winds
were wasted. What little opportunity
they possibly would have perished.

1838

1847

1848
at every wind. in this struggle there was an odd way to keep glaze set but when set to gain
in extremis, my master a lawnselled
and in this grand manner. I fell
in fallen away now can't explain
in surrender of the done a son.

The memory of the kindness of the
people the faded settled away when
their kindred claims of what they took
in a warmed climate - disposed
in a way to what the kept in
continues to defeat y lui kept.
y through and over - Uni. I suppose to
quin did I set about to pull out the event.
why did I tell of the defective impulses. did I tell of it happened? Because I just knew it. Then. 
I learned - the camera. it was in keeping. with that. I learned it was in keeping. unless the camera was broken, it was.
my mind by itself, it was in keeping. with that. I learned it was in keeping. unless the camera was broken, it was.
determined. in the camera element. I set out to put an end to the thing.
didn't come into my mind something.
tapping I thought about getting something.
and concluded. until. But my mind.
impelled me that usually it entailed coming down and about it. I knew that at the end, it was.
and put it. till. When I pushed. figur. I
every tree, every shrub, every bit of grass in the vicinity was coated with black grease and left to die. If the well was dry a rickety derrick, a pile of debris, pools of tar were left, for few cleaned up in those days.

But we had left the center of this disorder, gone to the hillside, looked down on it, and, as for me, I no longer saw it, for opposite us was a hillside so steep it had never been drilled. It was clothed with the always changing beauty of trees and shrubs, the white shad flowers and the red maples, the long garlands of laurel and azaleas in the spring, the green of every shade through the summer, the crimson and gold, russets and tans of the fall, the frost and snow-draped trees of the winter. I did not see the derricks below for the trees beyond. The hillside above our house and the paths which led around it became a play ground in which I revelled. I was not the only one about to forget the ugliness of the Valley and remember through life the beauty of those hillsides. Thirty-five years later I was to discover that one of the greatest figures in the development of oil, Henry H. Rogers, when I knew him the active head of the Standard Oil Company was my neighbor in those days and like me had kept delightful memories of the place. That discovery came about in this way. I had undertaken to write a History of the Standard Oil Company for McClure's Magazine on which I was then serving as a contributing editor. Soon after the announcement was made Mark Twain said to Mr. S. S. McClure, my editor-in-chief, that his friend
Henry H. Rogers wanted to know what kind of a history he was to publish.

"Ask Miss Tarbell," was Mr. McClure's reply.  

"Would Miss Tarbell see Mr. Rogers?" asked Mr. McClure was sure that I wouldn't ask anything better, which was true. An interview was soon arranged at Mr. Rogers' house then at 26 East 57th Street. I was rather nervous; I had met many kinds of people but this was my first high-ranking Captain of Industry. Mr. Rogers stood at the time among the few at the top both in Wall Street and in the concern which at that moment ranked as the most powerful as well as most perfect monopoly in America if not in the world. Was I putting my head into a Lion's mouth? I did not think so. It seemed quite evident to me that to bite my head off would be the stupidest thing the Standard Oil Company could do, their reputation being what it was. They were not stupid; I was not afraid but I was nervous. It was one thing to tackle the Standard Oil Company in documents as I was doing and quite another thing to meet it face to face.

However, as I stepped from my cab I looked up at the front of the house and there in a second-story window stood Mr. Rogers evidently watching for me. It was reassuring. But perhaps he was nervous, no, it was not that, he was interested, curious. His greeting was frank and hearty. Plainly he wanted me to be at ease, to talk, while he appraised me deciding whether I was important enough for him to spend his time on.
"When and where did your interest in oil begin," he asked. "On the flats and hills of Rouseville," I told him.

"Of course," he cried, "of course. Tarbell's Tank Shops. I knew your father. I could put my finger on the spot where those shops stood."

We were off. We forgot our serious business and for a half hour talked of our early days on the Creek. Mr. Rogers told me how the news of the oil excitement had drawn him from his boyhood home in Massachusetts, how he had found his way to Rouseville, gone into refining, married and built himself a home on a hillside adjoining ours. "It was a little but white house," he said, "with a high peaked roof." "Oh, I remember it," I cried, "the prettiest house in the world I thought it." It was my first approach to Gothic architecture.

We re-constructed the geography of our neighborhood, lingering over the charm of the narrow ravine which separated our hillsides, a path on each side.

"Up that path," Mr. Rogers told me, "I used to carry our washing every Monday morning and go for it every Saturday night. Probably I've seen you hunting flowers on your side of the ravine. How beautiful it was; I was never happier."

Could two strangers each a little wary of the other have had a more auspicious beginning for a serious talk? — for what followed was serious with moments of strain ending
The plan they had made provided for her going West with their household goods in August. The money was arranged for, so they thought, but before it was taken from the bank the panic came and every county bank in Pennsylvania was closed. There was no money anywhere, nothing to do but my mother to stay where she was while my father struggled to earn by teaching and carpenter work the money which would bring us on. But the Panic reached Iowa, dried up its money supply. People were living by barter, my father reported. What a heart-breaking waiting it was for them coming as it did after an engagement of six years every week of which they had both found long. They were married in—

The fall and winter of 1857, the spring and summer of 1858 passed. Still there was no money to be had and then in the Fall of 1858 father started out to teach his way to us. Before he found a school he had walked one hundred and eighty miles — walked until his shoes and clothes were worn and tattered. It was "shabby and broke", as he had written it would be that he finally in the Spring of 1859 when I was a year and a half old made his way back to my Mother still living in the log house in Erie County.

According to family annals I deeply resented the intimacy between the strange man and my mother, so far my exclusive possession, or was it passion or protection one could blood —

The problem for my father now was to earn money to take us back to Iowa, for my mother to continue her patient waiting. For a dozen years before her marriage she had taught
district schools in Erie County, as well as in a private school of an Aunt in Poughkeepsie, New York. A good teacher but she was married, she must stay with her family until her husband had a home ready for her, so ruled my grandmother check-full as she was of the best and severest New England rules for training girls to be ladies. You might live in a log house, you were reminded loftily that many of the "best families" had done that while "settling the country," but you must "never forget who you are!" "Remember that your father is a McCullough of an ancient and honored Scotch clan, his mother a Raleigh of Sir Walter's family, that I am a Seabury, my great uncle the first Episcopal Bishop in the United States, my mother a Welles, her father on Washington's staff." It was like a litany her four daughters all had to learn.

Exciting employment waited my father. For six or seven years before his marriage when he was earning his way through the Academy of Jamestown, New York, his summers had been spent in charge of a friend's fleet of three or more flatboats loaded with merchandise to be delivered at trading points on the Allegheny and the Ohio Rivers—always as far South as Louisville—sometimes even up the Mississippi. "Captain Tarbell," a jolly little crew called him. Colorful travel, exasperating often, dangerous at times, for the River was the chief highway of a great country. To its waters came the honest pioneer and trader, the teacher, the preacher, the scientist, the prophet, as well as every species of gambler, charlatan, speculator, swindler, cut-throat. My father's stories of what he saw were among the
joys of my childhood: a great fleet of steamboats burning
at Pittsburgh, a hanging, river churches and preachers and
show boats, children who never knew other homes than a boat,
towns, cities and what he loved best of all - nights floating
quietly down the great Ohio, the moon above. Not strange that
after those cruel months of working his way back to us he should
have seized this opportunity again to take charge of his Jamestown
friend's river enterprise.

All went well with the trip, and at the end
of August 1859 he turned back, money in his pocket to take us
where? (lumber
settlement in Northwestern Pennsylvania, Titusville it was
called - drilled for oil and found it, in quantities. My father,
like all men who traveled up and down the Allegheny and Ohio in
those days, was familiar with crude petroleum. He had used it to
grease creaking machinery and, too, as a medicine - a general
cure all - Seneca oil, used it for the colds, the fever, and
ague, the weak lungs which had afflicted him from boyhood. He
knew, too, that there were those who believed that if rock-oil,
as it was called, could be found in sufficient quantities it
would make a better light than the whale oil then in common use.

The well near Titusville proved that if other reservoirs or veins
such as were opened by drilling as had been done in this case there
would be oil to light the world, for the well was producing fifty
to one hundred barrels a day, so my father was told. Nobody knew
how much oil there was. Rumors grew in the telling. The nearer he came to Erie County the bigger the well. He met men on foot and horseback making their way in. Something to look into before he started back to Iowa. He looked into it, not merely at Titusville with its first well, but he went down the stream on which the first well stood and where other wells were already drilling. Oil Creek it was called. What if they continued to get oil, my father asked himself, where would they put it? They would need tanks, tanks in numbers. He believed he could build a tank that would hold five hundred or more barrels. He said as much to the owner of a well drilling down the creek near the mouth of a tributary called Cherry Run. "Show me a model that won't leak and I'll give you an order." He made his model; he got his order.

Here was a chance for a business if oil continued to be found, a business with money in it, more money than he had ever dreamed of making. He knew all the elements of that business, had had experience in handling them. Tank building called for a joiner and he was a joiner. Iowa could wait.

He set up his shop at the mouth of Cherry Run near the well for which he had made his first tank. The shop running, this was the summer of 1860, he built a shanty close beside it. It had a living room with an alcove, a family bedroom with trundle beds for us children and a kitchen. It was my mother's first home of her own, the one for which with infinite confidence and infinite pain she had been waiting since her marriage four years and a half before.

In October of 1860 my father drove his little
family over the Allegheny foothills some forty miles. There were two of us children now for in July of 1860, my brother William Walter Tarbell named from his two grandfathers had been born.

A covered passage led from our new house into the shop which was soon to be the joy of my life for here were great piles of long odorous curly pine shavings into which to roll, to take naps, to trim my gown and in which to search day in and day out for the longest, the curliest.
and my mother in a surprised voice said, "Why, Ida, I thought you had gone to Grandma's." "I don't know the way," I said humbly. "Very well, come in and get your supper." Respect for my mother, her wisdom in dealing with hard situations was born then. I was not to be punished; I was not to be laughed at; I was to be accepted. Years later she was to tell me of the unhappy hour she spent watching me go off so sturdily to come back so droopingly, watching with tears running down her cheeks, but determined I must learn my lesson. It was a wise wisdom she never ceased to practice. My mother always let me carry out my revolts, return when I would and no questions asked.

In the three years we were to spend in the shanty on the flats there is but one other episode that had for me the same self-revealing quality as this revolt. It was my first attempt to test by experiment. The brook which ran beside the house was rapid, noisy, in times of high water dangerous for children. Watching it, fascinated, I observed that some things floated on the surface, others dropped to the bottom. It set me to wondering what would happen to my little brother, then in dresses, if dropped in. I had to find out. There was a foot bridge near the house and one day when I supposed I was unobserved I led him onto it and dropped him in. His little skirts spread out and held him up. Fortunately at that moment his screams brought a nearby workman and he was rescued. I suppose I was spanked, of that I remember nothing, only the peace of
and my mother in a surprised voice said:

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Respect for my mother, her wisdom in dealing with hard situations was born then. I was not to be punished; I was not to be laughed at; I was to be accepted. Years later she told me of the unhappy hour she spent watching me go off so stupidly, to come back droopingly, watching with tears running down her cheeks, but determined I must learn my lesson. It was a bit of wisdom she never ceased to practice. My mother always let me carry out my revolts, return when I would and no questions asked.

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I began early to sense the capacity for crime as well as virtue. My first recognition was the possibility of my becoming a thief. I do not place chronologically the two experiences which convinced me of this capacity in myself. I rather think the first was snatching handfuls of raisins, nuts, occasionally a bit of candy from the boxes and barrels in the store where my Mother traded and to which I was sent frequently with an order. I learned that I could, as I thought unsuspected, steal, but I did not do it without a consciousness of sin or I had a fear that I might be found out. I thought a good deal about it, watched if the storekeeper would put these things on my Mother's bill. I stopped it on my own accord and began to save my pennies and one day went to the storekeeper and told him that I had taken some things for which I hadn't paid and I thought they came to about the fifteen, the twenty, or whatever cents it was.

I had another experience which was entirely on a different line - it wasn't taking something I wanted, but it was seeing if I could do the thing, if I could steal and get away with it. Father's business as a tank builder brought him in constantly large sums of money with which he must pay off his men. He had a little iron safe in what was called his office - a room opening off the enclosed veranda, with only one door. Here weekly he would sit down at his large desk, sort out the money that had come in, putting it in piles of bills, rubber bands about them. What happened then I don't know, at least he
must take care of it until he could get it to the nearest bank which was at Oil City. I had watched this performance and had wondered so absorbed was my father if it wouldn’t be possible for me to take a bill out from under his eyes. I thought that was the way thieving was done when people’s attention was absorbed in something else. I was hitting on one of the first principles of the - so I tried it. But what was I to do with it when I had it. There was a wood shed with a big wood pile and I took it and put it in between a couple of logs at the bottom of this and passed a restless night. The next day when my father’s mind seemed free and he was very gentle with me as was his rule I slipped out and got the bill and came back and told him what I had done. I can remember now the look of amazement in his face, gradually breaking down in a humorous affectionate smile. He said, “Well, I wouldn’t do that again if I were in your place.” I never stole again consciously. I proved that I could do it, also I proved that if I did do it I couldn’t be happy, that is I didn’t keep it up long enough to develop the criminal’s true technique.

In the course of my life I think perhaps I have tested or considered every crime on the calendar and have ever come firmly to believe that how it may be for other people, and I don’t think I am so unlike other people, whether they are high or low, rich or poor, what we call good or bad, the thief, the crime are in the all and most people have tested them.
Titusville High School:

Talking with Nettie Grumbine and and
Iris Barr I picked up things about myself which I had utterly
forgotten. Nettie tells with great glee how at the Friday
afternoon monthly exercises which the High School put on
my classmate and I were playing a duet. According to Nettie
we did not agree as to place or time and stopped entirely
and argued it out and began over again. I have no recollection
whatever of ever playing the piano in that school though they
tell me I was one of those who played the piano for the morning
exercises, also that I sometimes played pieces. It is queer that
all of this should be a blank as indeed what I suppose should be
called my musical education is a blank. The determination
of my father and mother to give us all that we would take in the
way of education was shown in Rouseville when they bought our
grand piano, a really beautiful Bradbury whose tones were deep
and mellow. No musical intelligence apparently, but I hammered
away at the piano in the dogged way I did what I was expected to
do and arrived at a point where I had a certain of repertoire
of show pieces. I could play a rather arrangement of Martha -
Poet & Peasant - The Last Hope. These made some impression upon
me because it was in these years - 1870, I think that Gottschalk
died in South America, some shadow over his name. I think perhaps
that was the first sign that I had realized these compositions
were
which I was set to learn by men, living men, who had something
in mind when they made them, that they suffered like the rest of us,
and got into trouble and died far from home. It was all told in our Titusville Herald in January 25, 1970. But that was certainly before I learned to play The Last Hope. I must look up and see if it was hot before we were settled in Titusville. But that shadow over that composition lasted, but it could not make a muscian of me—nobody could.

I remember how Professor Bo— the head of our schools, a friend of our family, tried to urge me to sing and when I pled off from playing would say, "Ida, a woman without music is like a flower without fragrance."

I remember the saying, but it made no difference in my music.
So far as I can remember the first time the name Lincoln meant anything to me meant tragedy, not tragedy at home - there was something mysterious that weighed upon me in all that sorrow. Why was it I had never seen far away that something that has never been here in my world that should cause the sorrow? What was there beyond the circle of hills within which I lived that concerned me? Why did it concern me born with a sense of the outside? Something which existed was related to me and something to be dreaded. I did not call it the world - the world was within our circle of it was in the mysterious outside.

It was not for lack of material in the household on Lincoln that I at eight years of age should have been so unconscious of him. My father was an ardent Republican and Abolitionist. He had begun to subscribe to Harpers Weekly, Marpers Magazine, the New York Tribune; papers and books began to accumulate in the house. Of all of these I remember only Harpers Weekly and Magazine. My brother and I used to lie flat on our stomachs by the hour turning over the pages of the Weekly but none of these things seem to have stuck. Only now when I go back to the files of those old papers there seems something so familiar to me so I suppose there is something whispering into my consciousness.

Of the Monthly I have more distinct recollections. It was in Harpers Monthly that I first began to read freely and one
of the gorgeous joys in my life — something that I had to myself — was the private picnics all by myself with the magazine. I generally carried a lunch for these hours on the hillside and there is still in the family copies of Harpers Magazine stained with lemon pie carelessly dropped when I was much engrossed in my first Thackery story. I read my first Dickens — The Moonstone — in the magazine — my first Collins, The Lady in White, in the Weekly.

However, this periodical reading was not all I was doing. I do not know what my Mother would have said at the time, only that I know that both she and my father would have been alarmed if they had known that on the side I was desiring two forbidden sheets forbidden in our household — the New York Weekly and the Gazette. These forbidden sheets were secured largely by my most intimate friend, my intimate school friend — a fine girl — the first real favor of my heart. But her father took the New York Weekly and the Police Gazette. I was able to find an occasional copy that had been concealed by the men around the house, for we had men around the house, men of various degrees of acceptability to my mother but all necessary to my father's enterprises. The business had grown; it meant a clerk, a superintendent, workmen. Now the community was still and pioneer, the difficulty for finding comfortable living quarters for single men was great. My father and mother had both been accustomed to the practice of early days when the practice on the farm of taking care of what was called the hired men which
meant feeding and housing extra hands in busy seasons. It was in line with their experience as well as to meet the necessities of the case that our household was set to provide quarters for a certain number of those connected with my father's business. For sleeping quarters a bunk house was built on the hillside - their meals they took at the family table. It was a hard life for my mother; it meant taking what she could get in the way of cooks and waitresses; it meant accepting men that in manners and ways she heartily disapproved. She had not been a school teacher for nothing and had applied her notions of discipline very strictly. \[This was largely on account of us children of course.\] She would not have swearing, drinking, rough manners and certainly she would not have the Police Gazette around the household. But they had it and when it was easy for me to pick up now and then my brother and I played about the bunk house/a copy and slip it away where Laura and I looked ashamed and entirely unknowing on its rough and brutal pictures. They were coarse and brutal, there is no doubt but they were obscene, fallacious, it certainly never reached me. There was gaiety about the a women, violent rakish about the men. They were of course wicked I knew, but they were not the less interesting for that.

I think one reason that the Gazette particularly fascinated me was that it pictured that I early learned was a part of our growing community. The news of discovering oil was more than a flash in the here was the beginning of a
new industry as it was realized more and more by the outside world that the Drake well was being followed by other wells of far greater yield than it, that the territory was not an isolated spot but that its boundaries were extending in every direction rapidly as the demand for the crude and refined products daily increased, particularly with the export demand - the immigration into the oil regions multiplied over night.

Of course in this invading host there were many men who came to furnish amusement and pleasure for the new community; they set up their gambling houses and gamblers rushed in to set up shop. Women came in great numbers to supply the traffic. There was a saloon at every corner.

Very interesting to trace the civilization of a community of men and women of all sorts, hastily brought together by the panic of wealth, the possibility of opportunity for the unemployed. A future community depends upon the quality and the ambition of those who are natural leaders. In the case of Rouseville four or five of the first comers - my father one of them - were determined that the saloon, the brothel, and the gambling house, had no fitting. They organized a police - there was no town organization of course - they made themselves a law. And very soon after we had set foot in Rouseville a boat, as they were sometimes called, came up from the Allegheny and tied up to the settlement a half
self-appointed vigilantes slipped out in the middle of the night and cut them loose. The gentleman who had to walk back from somewhere down the Allegheny the next day lost the on the part of a few resulted in a segregation in one town of the tougher element. Only a few miles north gathered along the main street of the settlement were enough women to provide for several surrounding towns. Petroleum Center was very interesting to me largely because here I saw the people who looked like those in the Police Gazette and I knew from what I over-heard and was not supposed to hear of riotous doings very similar to those in the pictures. My acquaintance with the kind came about naturally enough because my father had established there a tank shop and because, too, on the hill above the town he was a partner in an oil producing well. So naturally I knew the partner Hess. It so happened that the superintendent of this petroleum shop and his sister were among my father's friends. They were quite willing that I should go and come under their protection. Nobody realizes what children see out of the corner of their eye the things that have really awakened their curiosity.

It is way Petroleum Center were feeding in an unholy curiosity about the things go on the world which you are not supposed to know anything about. They also were arousing in me one of the most beautiful interests that can come to any youth and that was my interest in the class. This partner of
my father's Mr. Hess was an altogether unusual man - educated - with a vein of poetry in him. On the hill above Petroleum Center he and his family lived; he used to frequently ride cross country to Rouseville to consult with father, and not infrequently somebody came with him, somebody that was staying in Rouseville or going on down the Creek. So Mr. Hess would be going back at night with a horse who had no rider - those were a fine pair those saddle horses of his - "High Fly" and "Sho Fly." My first experiences in horse-back riding was on "Sho Fly" - over the hills after dark, following Mr. Hess, he stopping every now and then to name the stars, point out constellations. I think my first thrilling uplift, first consciousness of vastness and of beauty - something more than beauty - came then. It was a good counter-irritant considering what Petroleum Center meant to me.

As the community grew it acquired one after another standard civilizing agency of the time. First and most important was the church. It was decided by the men and women who were to built and support this church that it should be of a denomination of which there were the largest number represented. My father and mother were Congregationalists, but the Methodists had it, so they became and remained Methodists all through their lives. The support was active from the first. You did not merely go to church but you stayed to class meetings; you went to Sunday School and both father and mother had classes; you went to Wednesday night, or was it Thursday night, Prayer Meeting. And when there was a revival you went every night. I think...
It was while he was on this trip that news came down the river, passed from mouth to mouth, and found its way into the local papers, that in Titusville, Pa—some thirty miles from where I was born—and where my mother and I were still living waiting for Iowa—a startling discovery, petroleum, took oil of which everybody in that part of the world knew vaguely as a disagreeable smelling and greasy substance, useful as a lubricant as well as a supposed cure all for various diseases. They found it in quantities by one Colonel E. L. Drake who for months had been drilling in the search of just what he had now found.

Drake did not belong to the country; he was the agent of a New Haven Corporation that had been convinced by scientists that this strange rock oil, of which specimens reached the East at times, if it could be found in quantities would make a luminant satisfactory and more valuable than any that the world then knew. And these gentlemen who had the courage to give the money to form a stock company, sell their shares, and send out the agent who now after so many months of discouragement could write back to them that they had found what they were after.

The news spread through the countryside drew quickly to the regions the curious, the adventurous, and particularly the eager young man looking for larger opportunities.

When my father returned from his downriver trip one of the first things he did was to make his way to the scene of oil excitement.
It was not an easy place to be reached by railroad. The nearest station was fourteen miles away. But what was that for a man who had walked one hundred and fifty in search of land, one hundred and eighty in search of school not so long before? He made his way on foot into the region. Curious about the methods of producing, handling, and it was this curious interest which he always had in all things combined with his knowledge of carpentering - my grandfather Tarbell had been a skilled wheelwright and trained his son Franklin to know something of the business. The new industry needed everything, ways of storing particularly as well as ways of transportation. My father talking to an oil producer in Rouseville, Pa. which by this time had come into the field, suggested that he was sure he could build a receptacle. He told he was to have an order on the spot if he could make a model which would be satisfactory.

And that he did, and got his order. So far as I know my father was the first commercial builder of tanks and his business started then and there. He somehow got the money to get the materials, and filled a good sized order for the person, selected a place for a shop and went back to Erie Co. thirty miles away for my mother and me. By that time his family was named five as in July of 1860 my brother William Walter Tarbell came his two grandfathers had been born. Piling the three of us along with all those household goods of which they had filled back and forth when contemplating the trip to Iowa, piling us all into a lumber wagon in 1860 he drove over the foothills of the