out-of-the-way place, since of course the pay was high and labor easy.

The nitro-glycerine was not to be delivered until about midnight, so each tried to rig up some kind of bench to lie down upon. We did not wish to light a lantern, for several reasons: one, because we rather courted seclusion, and again the well was gassing freely, and the gas might settle down around us. So, after plunging around in the dark and feeling over all kinds of lumber covered with grease and full of old nails, we got desperate and took what flat boards we could find, laid them down in the dryest part of the engine house, and then sought some rest,—if it might be called rest to squirm around on a few oily boards, twisting first on one side and then on the other, to avoid a rusty nail which seemed bound to dig its way into the flesh. Finally, after shifting around several times, the whole contrivance slipped off into the pool of oil and mud which formed a large part of the floor, and we concluded we did not want to sleep any way.

The contractor was talkative, and, as usual, the conversation was principally upon recent accidental explosions of nitro-glycerine, which at that time were unusually destructive. He told of a tight place he was in the week before, while putting in a "sleeper" for one of his customers. A "sleeper," he explained, was a way of avoiding the Roberts royalty. A well-owner would order from the company a small shot of five or six quarts, saying he only wanted "to loosen her up a little," but the night before the shot was to be put in, would get a moonlighter to place secretly forty or fifty quarts of nitro-glycerine in the well, but not explode it. When the company's man put in the small shot, this would explode the sleeper, and the well owner would thus pay royalty only on the small shot. In this particular case he was putting in fifty quarts in three sections. He had lowered two sections all right, and when the third was only a few hundred feet below surface it suddenly stopped as though wedged in by a small stone. Pulling on the cord was of no avail, daylight was fast coming on, and to add to their danger the well began to show signs of flowing, in which case the shot would surely be thrown into the air. A desperate jerk loosened the obstruction, he got the shot to the bottom only a few feet before Roberts's man came in sight.

With stories and dozing the long night on, and at last about two hours after midnight sound of wheels was heard, and a man driving a team with the nitro-glycerine. He said he had delivered the stuff long before, but been delayed by a "spotter." When a highway, before turning into the road leads up to the well, he stopped to and from the sounds made out that he was followed. He drove on rapidly, hoping such a distance that he could hide by the side and let the pursuer go by, but four plan would not work. At last he hit a trick to get away. About two miles a road ran through an open country and swung around the base of the hill, and passing through a dense strip of wood crossed by an old wood road that ran between the other side of the hills near to the which he wished to get. He whipped horses, and, arriving at the strip of wood drove a little way in, hitched his team, an tending back to the edge of the woods, hid a clump of bushes. Soon he could make the dim moonlight, the spy hastening over the open road. Just as the spy came opposite place of concealment, he snapped off volver three or four times. The startled whirled, nearly unseating his rider, and ga away. Before the spy could control his and muster up courage to enter the wood moonlighter had reached the cross road was far away on the back track over the hill.

Now, safely arrived, the square tin containing the nitro-glycerine were lifted car out of the wagon, the long tin shells were from their concealment, quickly filled an ered. Everything was done rapidly, bu extreme carefness, and it was with a de feeling of relief that the weight was dro and we saw from a distance the grand g oil bursting out as if to greet the rising s