An interesting old man or Jan Zeh

 Free and busy, sad and happy, peaceful and violent people were surrounding me, while I was sitting in a gorgeous Lviv pub located in the city center . I only took the first sip of coffee when one aged man in an old fashioned coat sat down on a rocking chair in front of all those people, who where staying in this pub-museum ’Gas Lamp’ and started talking about his interesting, but sometimes quite sad life:

* I was a fairly ordinary person.  I was born in a family of pharmacists in Lancut, Poland and soon after attending school I began to study my parent’s business in Odessa. Gorgeous city, by the way... In 1844 I was studying to be a pharmacist at the University of Vienna and the next year I received my master’s degree.
* Was is it your decision or your parents influenced it? - one woman spilled him, thereby intriguing everyone.
* Huh, it’s a really hard question. My parents encouraged me to do this, but I also had a gravitation towards it.
* The next stage of my life was work in a wonderful and at the same time the largest pharmacy in Galicia, which was called "Under the Golden Star".  By the way, we are now sitting in the very place where I developed my greatest invention.  And what a wonderful laboratory was there ... It was that laboratory, where we found kerosene and invented a kerosene lamp with my close friend.
* Did you have argues with your friend about this invention? Actually it brought you lots of money at that time. - another woman said.
* I guess we were too proud of our invention and we were really excited about its influence on people's lives. However, my friend and I didn’t have any huge argues.
* After that, I plunged into this business headlong.  I opened my own store and the Kamphin Factory, where I processed oil. By the way,  I sold kerosene for lighting in that store.
* I understand, you are that usual inventor that started making money from his developments. You don’t think about people... - that first woman started arguing about man’s words.
* Wouldn't you do the same?  Imagine how many opportunities this opened up.  And well, I don't agree with the second one.  I was constantly developing my invention, no doubt about it. Everything would be fine if not for the tragedy that happened in 1858.  Our suppliers brought in bad oil products, which were set on fire by some ill-mannered person.  My pharmacy was burned to the ground along with my dear wife and young sister.  For a while, I stopped doing this business, but then I married my wife's sister Maria and opened my own shop. However, at that time my invention was intercepted in Austria and I decided to end my business completely...- he sighed heavily and clapped his hands.

 I woke up. The same people were rushing around me. I dropped my eyes to my knees and saw there a book about that glorious man Jan Zeh. I realized that it was just a dream, but how unbelievable it was ...