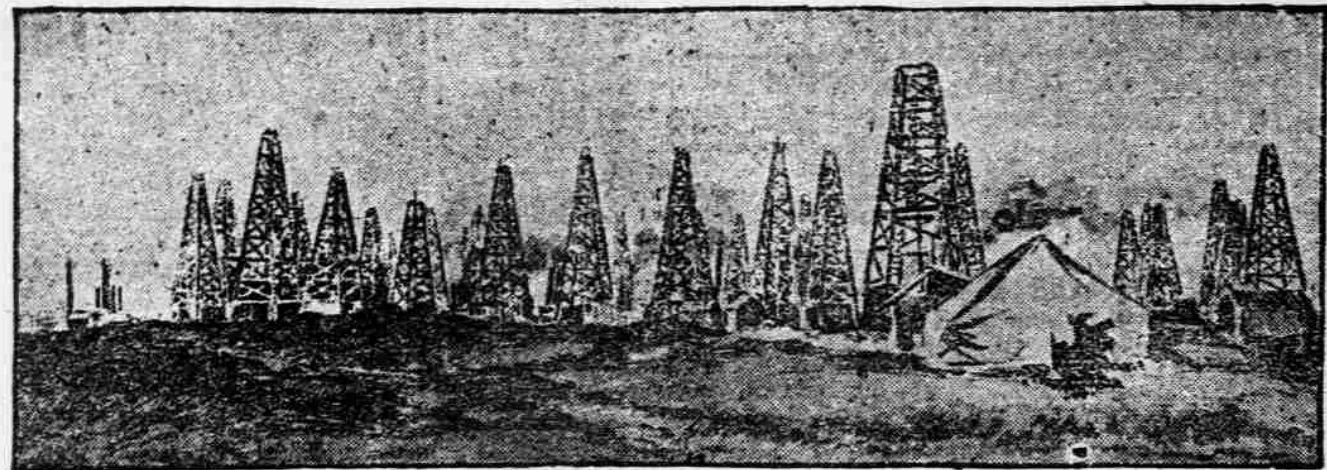


BRIEF HISTORY OF THE GREAT BEAUMONT OIL FIELD.



VIEW IN THE BEAUMONT OIL FIELD—SPINDLE TOP DISTRICT RECENTLY SWEEP BY FIRE.

THE recent disastrous fire in the Beaumont oil field again attracts public attention to a corner of the United States that is now a familiar locality to all newspaper readers, though it has been known to fame for less than two years. Oil had previously been found at Corsicana, but it was not till Jan. 10, 1901, that A. F. Lucas, boring on Spindle Top hill, struck gushing oil at a depth of 1,300 feet. The pressure was such that a stream of oil shot 175 feet into the air. Almost immediately speculators and oil experts gathered from all parts of the country. Land was bought or leased at a rapidly increasing scale of prices. The Beatty well was the second to "come in." On March 29 and April 3 the Guffey wells struck oil. The Higgins company found oil on April 6. The Guffey company completed a second well on April 8, and on April 18 the Heywood well began to flow. Each new well increased the excitement, not only in Beaumont, but in all parts of the United States, and interest in the marvelous wells was soon felt in Europe. It was several days before the Lucas well was got under control, and it was not until the pipe was sunk below the cap rock that it was safe from being clogged with sand. Some of the wells spouted deadly gas at first and some of them deluged the hill with oil before they could be controlled. Up to August, 1901, twenty wells were yielding oil. In that month twenty-five were added and in September nineteen. During the latter part of 1901 and the first part of this year scores of other wells began to produce. In the meantime Beaumont has grown into a boom city. All the wells were found on Spindle Top within a radius of half a mile. Hundreds of places were tried outside of this limited area, but without favorable results. Besides hundreds of oil companies, genuine and fake, many manufacturing concerns have sprung into existence as a result of the discovery of oil. Pipe lines were built to the railway and to the water at Port Arthur only sixteen miles distant. A lively demand for the oil as fuel soon arose. Manufacturers used it in furnaces, and steam vessels and locomotives began to use it instead of coal. Companies were organized to extract the illuminating oil from the petroleum and others devoted their attention to the asphaltum. The price of oil at the wells was kept at about 30 cents a barrel. The output of the wells is more than 1,000,000 barrels a day—more than that of all the rest of the United States. Already Texas oil is being delivered in tank steamers to cities on the Atlantic coast and in Europe.

THE SPIRIT THAT WINS.

While searching the archives for knowledge,
While seeking the richest of lore,
In wisdom's variant store,
Remember this as you rummage
For a mot of the Sage's wit,
The best and rarest of lessons
Is: Git up, git up and git!

Agas are filled with the dreaming
Of verses the poets have sung,
Filled with the anguish and sorrow
Tragic muses have wrung
From the loom of fanciful nursing,
But the essence of all the wit,
The lesson of all the lessons,
Is the lesson: Git up and git!

From periods primordial
On down to the time we live,
It's simply a matter of Take, my boy;
If we can't a question of Give,
Remember this as you rummage
For a mot of the Sage's wit,
The best and rarest of lessons
Is: He just, but git up and git!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

During the Cotillon

I WASN'T dreaming, Terry. I wasn't, really. I was just be-glumming to get sleepy, and then I heard Martha talking to Jane in the dressing room, and I got quite wide awake. I didn't know what she said at first, and I did not mean to listen.



DO YOU THINK IT WOULD KILL FATHER? really, till she said something about mummy."

"Well," said Terry—he was in for it now, and he meant to hear it all.

"Jane was angry with Martha and said she ought not to say such things—I don't know what it was—and then Martha said: 'O, you needn't pretend you don't believe it—it's as plain as the nose on your face—he's going to run away with the missus, and some one ought to tell the master,' and then Jane cried out and said: 'It would kill him'—that was father, you know. And then Martha said something about me, and Jane came into the room with a candle and said: 'Are you asleep, Miss Dodo?' And I pretended that I was. O, Terry, I had to pretend or I should have screamed right out. And then Martha came in and looked at me, and she said that she hoped that—that mummy would die if the man took her away. It was the best thing. And then—I think they cried, but I kept the clothes over my face."

A hot word came upon Terry's lips, but she smothered it.

"And when they had gone I ran out on the landing—I was so frightened, I did want to see mummy, and she was just going into dinner and you were with her; and, Terry, I was so glad that you were there that I said my prayers all over again."

Terry was sitting with one elbow on his knee, his head resting on his palm, and his face in the shadow. From the big drawing room came the sound of music and the rippling laughter of the children. He remembered now that Constance had told him with a look of pain that the last few days her little daughter had been continually hovering about her in the house and watched her to leave it, always with extreme reluctance, nearly always eagerly offering to accompany her—it was almost as though she had understood. And he had laughed—laughed. Good God!

"And I must not tell father—Jane said it would kill him—do you think it would kill father, Terry?"

"Not a doubt about it," said Terry, thickly.

"Then I won't. But I had to tell you, Terry. I've always told you things since I was quite a little girl, haven't I, Terry?"

"Always, Dodo."

"Terry, can't you do something?"

Terry puts his hands over his ears to shut out the maddening sound of the gay music, and groaned.

"Couldn't you find out the kidnaper, and make him stop—couldn't you, darling?"

Terry's face was hidden in his hands now. Then he raised his head suddenly and looked at her.

"Dodo—suppose—suppose," he said, hoarsely, "that I could put my finger on the scoundrel—what then?"

"O, Terry, you could go to him and make him stop. You could tell how good and sweet mummy is, and how we all love her. Perhaps he's got a little girl of his own, and if you tell that I can't live without mummy he will be sorry. Perhaps he could take some one who wouldn't mind a bit—some one who has no little girl, or father, or you. O, Terry, tell him I can't tell mummy go. And when I am a woman father says I will be rich, and I will give it all to him—I will give him everything—everything. O, Terry, tell him that."

Terry caught the little, sobbing, tortured creature in his arms and pressed his face tightly against her fair head. Then he pulled out his handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

"Dodo, my sweetheart, listen to me. Mummy is quite safe—no one is going to take her away. If—if anyone thought of—at least—" He stumbled in his speech, and then went on boldly. "I know the fellow, Dodo, and he is heartily sorry that he ever thought of such a thing. You believe me, when I tell you that mummy is all right?"

"Yes, Terry." She looked up at him trustfully. She knew that her darling Terry would make things right.

"Dodo, sweetheart, I want you to promise me this: that you will try and forget all that you have told me, and never mention it to anyone, and that you will be very good to mummy, and love her with every bit of love in your warm little heart. Promise me this, dear."

"I promise, Terry—Terry, darling!"

He stooped and kissed with a solemnity that awed her—it did not seem a bit like her old laughing Terry. But she felt that never had she loved him as she did now.

"My little, good angel!" said the young fellow, with an odd break in his voice. "Go and play with the others. I'm going to have another smoke."

She kissed him and clung to him with

a tenderness and trust that moved him deeply.

"There is nothing to trouble you now, dear. I will make it all straight."

She went away obediently and quite contentedly. He watched the slender, white figure until it vanished; then he turned away with a mist in his eyes.

And he was miles away the next morning when his brief farewell was taken up by Mrs. Garth. And afterwards she thanked God that she had been saved at the eleventh hour; for the future held much happiness for her, and the deep, trusting love of Dodo's father won hers, so long withheld.—Chicago Tribune.

THE MAN WITHIN THE GUN.



Here is the 16-inch gun which has just been completed at the Watervliet arsenal. This view shows the muzzle, with a man in it whose weight is 165 pounds. The gun is immense, when one considers the quality of the metal contained in it, which is, of course, the best that science and skill can produce at the present time. It is built up of nine pieces of steel forgings, the first piece being the tube, all in one piece, 48 feet long. The whole length of the finished gun is 59 feet, the diameter at breech end is 4 1/2 feet, and at muzzle 2 feet 4 inches. Its weight is 130 tons, and it is rifled with 96 grooves. The breech-loading mechanism is operated by the one movement of turning a crank. Twenty turns of the crank swings the breech block out ready for the firing, which is done by pulling a lanyard after the primer has been placed in position and connected with electric contact. The firing mechanism is connected so as to make it impossible to explode the primer before the breech block is properly closed and locked.

At the Concert.

"Is that a dead march they're playing?"

"Why, no; it sounds lively."

"Well, it will be dead when they get through murdering it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

After Camp Meeting.

"Is Bro'n Williams eddicated?"

"I dunno. But he's wearin' two pair er gold spectacles, en lookin' six ways fer Sunday!"—Atlanta Constitution.

MAUSOLEUM OF A VOODOO PRIEST.



Langlade, Hayti, has a mausoleum covering the remains of a Voodoo priest. The structure is made of clay, the same kind that the people use for the construction of their huts. It is 15 feet high and 25 feet long. Curious faces and palm trees have been painted on the sides of the tomb. The representation of the coffin is also made of clay and is about the size of an ordinary one. The priest who lies buried under the mausoleum was the chief "Papa Lou" in President Solomon's time, 1887, and the voodoo worshippers have frequent gatherings around the tomb. They used to sacrifice children during their religious rites, but this custom died out, or rather, was stopped by the authorities, and they now are content with killing goats in connection with their ceremonies.

Few white people have succeeded in attending Voodoo festivities, but I gained a clear account of how they are carried on through an old negro. The ceremony is a long chant. Each singer keeps on one chord, and as they all sing in a different key the chant has a weird and unearthly sound. The song is accompanied by three tambours (drums), each of which is of a different size. One is very large and is struck regularly and slowly all through the chant. Another is small and has a flat sound. The third, a medium-sized drum, is played with both hands and feet. The player moves his feet up and down the sides of the drum to produce either a high or low sound. They end the ceremony by drinking the blood of a freshly killed goat. There are still many adherents of Voodooism in Hayti, which dates back to the time the Spaniards brought negroes as slaves from Africa to the West Indies.

RUNS THE WEATHER.

HOW THE OFFICIAL FORECASTER MAKES PREDICTIONS.

Signs by Which Our Forecasters Used Solemnly to Prophecy as to Coming Storms Are Brushed Aside by More Modern Methods.

Evening red and morning gray
Sets the traveler on his way;
Evening gray and morning red
Brings down rain upon his head.

Such was the way in which our grandparents foretold the weather. If it was noticed that the old tabby washed herself by rubbing her paw over her ear, or that the little tree-toads trilled their mournful little songs, or the fireflies flitted low among the flowers and the vines, the old folks shook their heads and spoke of rain; or if grandmother's feet ached the little folks grew sorry—not because grandmother had a pain, but because it meant bad weather on the morrow.

Strictly speaking, our weather bureau is made up of a great many buildings scattered all over the United States, and the one at Washington is the central station that governs and directs the smaller ones, and to which they send in their daily reports; for it is by getting reports from all the different sections of the country that Uncle Sam's weather makers are able to make their predictions. There are one hundred and eighty towns and cities in the United States where there are observation stations, having the same instruments and apparatus as the Washington bureau. Now, the observers at these one hundred and eighty stations do not spend their time waiting for spiders to crawl out of their holes or looking at the sky to see whether it is red or gray in the evening. They look at their thermometers, barometers, anemometers, and so on, which are far better guides than all the other signs put together.

At eight o'clock in the morning and at eight o'clock in the evening of every day the observer at each one of these weather stations from Maine to California looks at his different instruments and carefully notes what each of them marks. Then he takes a look at the sky, to see whether it is fair or raining or snowing, and to see what sort of clouds may be sailing about. According to the Weather Bureau, there are seven different kinds of clouds, and it is important that the observer should see what particular kind is hovering around, for each kind means some special sort of weather or some particular state of the atmosphere. When he has finished his observation and noted all the indications he telegraphs his report to Washington.

In that way, then, the Washington station receives an account of the weather at all parts of the country at the same time, and, as you may easily believe, it keeps the four telegraph operators busy receiving the messages that come pouring in soon after eight o'clock. As each message is received in the telegraph room it is carried by a messenger across the hall to the forecast room, or room where predictions are made, and handed to the translator. As the translator reads aloud the cipher reports from the different stations, other men in the room mark what he reads upon a map of the United States, so that when the last message has been translated the map shows just what the weather is at each one of the one hundred and eighty stations. The map is then turned over to the official who is to make the predictions. In order to get his bearings, he traces across the map the different places throughout the country where the temperature is the same and the places where the barometer is the same. The one he marks with red lines and the other with black lines, and if you will look at a weather map you will see these red and black lines wriggling and twisting all over the country.

When the reports from the Northwest show a great fall in temperature he knows that a cold wave has started on a journey through the United States, and he keeps a lookout to see how fast it reaches the different stations in the West. Then he calculates how rapidly it is moving and what kind of weather it has to encounter, and perhaps when he has worked out the problem he will telegraph the following bulletin: "Hoist cold wave flag; thermometer will fall thirty degrees in next twenty-four hours," and, sure enough, by next day Jack Frost has got hold of our noses and toes, and the cold wave flag is almost tearing itself to pieces with delight. But sometimes the cold wave does not come as was expected—it is switched off on a side track or it melts on the way—and then the cold wave flag drops in shame.—Clifford Howard, in St. Nicholas.

SIEVE SIFTS FINE.

Only Gilt-Edge Immigrants Get Farther Than Ellis Island.

While there are more immigrants at the port of New York than ever before, the deportations are correspondingly numerous. A rigid enforcement of alien laws at Ellis Island results in more people being sent back on the ship they came on than used to be the case. There are many things that may make an immigrant ineligible for a long stay on American shores, and among the thousands of foreigners that come over in the steerage every year it is natural that a certain percentage should be lacking in proper qualifications for American citizenship, or even residence. Every day at the barge office there are pitiful scenes of disappointment as the immigration officials coldly make arrangements to send a man, a woman, or, mayhap, a whole family, back to the country from which they have just come. This happens very often among the Italians, says a correspondent of the Pittsburg Gazette. A goodly percentage of the total immigration is from Italy, and there are many swindling agents in that country who persuade their fellow countrymen that they may evade the immigration laws of the United States by embarking from some foreign port away from Italy. The Italian Royal Emigration Commission has taken the

matter up now. It warns all Italians that if they do not come within the provisions of the United States immigration laws they will not be allowed to land in New York. It is not believed that the Italian government desires to check emigration to this country, but it does not like to have its people sent back in disgrace, as it were. While Italians are named as the most numerous class suffering under the provisions of the immigration laws, there are people of other nationalities who find themselves sailing out of New York harbor about the time they expected to be dropping off a railroad train in the far West. The enforcement of rules at Ellis Island and the barge office are stricter than ever they were, and only gilt-edge immigrants have any chance to pass the barriers down at the battery.

PIERPONT MORGAN OF JAPAN.

Suggestion That All Great Financiers Look Alike.

The excellent Baron Shibusawa, often alluded to as "Pierpont Morgan of Japan," created a highly favorable impression in this country during his recent visit. Possessing a physiognomy which, barring an Asiatic tint and a crown of hair of un-European straightness, blackness and fineness, might have been that of a prosperous elderly banker of American, English or Scottish nationality, and a grave and sagacious financial bearing, he spread everywhere the wonder how the Japanese could so soon have assimilated themselves to Western ways. Are we sure, by the way, that financiers have not looked essentially alike in all countries and ages? asks a writer in Harper's Weekly. Many busts and statues of prominent elderly citizens have been dug up in Greece and Rome, and are to be seen in museums to-day, whose faces strongly suggest close and not too credulous attention to financial propositions of some sort; and they look just like our bankers. There is nothing new under the sun of finance except the scale of the propositions; the financiers and their ways are eternally the same. Baron Shibusawa is an excellent type of the kind. His numerous suite, however, were not the well-assimilated Japanese business men seen daily on our streets, who look as if they were born in European clothes, and who have substituted the New York facial expression for the bland Japanese smile. They were for some reason real Japanese, merely masquerading in Western dress. In the group of photographs which they amiably permitted to be taken for the papers the awkwardly bending knees look as if they were reaching out for the kindly protection of flowing robes.

Local Distinctions.

The spirit of democracy, which hates sham formality, was the motive in the rebuke of a traveling salesman to a party of State Senators whom he met at the boarding house of an interior town. They were on their way to the capital, says the Philadelphia Times, and were compelled to wait over for a change of cars during dinner time. Their conversation soon revealed to the other guests that they were newly elected "Solons," full of the dignity of their position, and anxious to make an impression on each other and everybody with whom they came in contact. Their ponderous diction at table disgusted the salesman. It was "Will the gentleman from Bilgewater have the butter?" and "Will the gentleman from Painted Post pass the bread?" and "Does the gentleman from Nowhere Junction care for the pickles?" and "Did the gentleman from Sigboard Township enjoy the trip?"

Even the natives present began to squirm under the excessive formality of it all, so that there was a hearty laugh when the salesman, turning to the negro waiter, asked with fine burlesque of what the French call the "grand manner."

"Will the gentleman from Ethiopia bring another cup of coffee?"

Sympathetic Critic.

The first play ever witnessed by Miss Sparrow of Brooklyn was "Hamlet." She sat breathless and spellbound until the curtain had dropped for the last time, and not until she was well on her way home did she confide her opinions and feelings to her niece.

"I pitied Ophelia," she said at last; "yes, I certainly pitied her; but you see she didn't realize such a great deal, after all, her wits leaving her that way. 'Twas a mercy for her, but I couldn't help thinking 'twould have been better to take her right out of the piece when her head got so weak."

"But yet I could see that would have thrown Hamlet into a position where he'd have had to say more to fill up the story, and as it was, he looked so sick I didn't know as he'd live to finish the performance. Nothing would have surprised me less than to see him topple right over where he stood, and if he's got any relatives—if there's a single one of the Hamlet family anywhere round—I should think they'd see to it that he has the doctor before morning."

Their First Ice Cream.

Seven hundred immigrants were spending on Ellis Island their first Sunday in the New World, and through somebody's kindness ice cream had been added to the bill of fare. This was a novelty to most of the immigrants—so great a novelty, indeed, as to amount to a puzzle. The New York Times reports some of the comments which it called forth.

"Sure, an' there's frost in the milk," said an Irish girl, when the first cold spoonful had surprised her throat.

"Milk, did ye say?" said a North of Ireland lad. "Ah, but it's more like sweetened snow, it is!"

"An' how did they kape it from meltin'?" inquired another.

Some Italian immigrants did not take as kindly to it, and tried to make the attendant understand that they would like to have it warmed.

"Oh, what a state this would be to cruise with in hot weather!" exclaimed an English fisherman, smacking his lips.

All Depends.

The beauty of the thinking cap depends upon the head that wears it.—Puck.

MAKING OF TROUT FLIES.

Moose Whiskers and Bears' Eyebrows Are Used.

There are trout and salmon-fishers who pay several thousand dollars a year for their "flies" alone. Few persons can learn to tie artificial flies.—knotting hairs that can hardly be seen—so the skilled fly-maker commands high wages. The materials cost money, too, says the Maine Sportsman. The earth is ransacked for feathers and hairs, and one hair wrong makes "all the difference."

The business done in moose whiskers is considerable this year, for they are used in the making of a wonderful new fly, the "new gray gnat," and they are expensive—nearly two cents a whisker. Trout rise very much better at moose-whisker flies than at the same "gnat" dressed in jungle-cock hackles, which look very much like them.

Bears' Eyebrows, being stiff and exactly the right shade, are used in a newly invented fly that is killing quantities of salmon this year. These eyebrows come from the Himalayan brown bear, and cost about one dollar and a half a set.

There are agents all over the world searching tropical forests for the right birds to supply fly hackles. One of the most sought-after skins is that of the rare "green screamer," an African bird about the size of a hen, which has a tiny bunch of feathers on each shoulder that is worth fifteen dollars a bunch to the flymaker. One of these birds supplies only feathers enough to make rings for half a dozen flies.

These is no limit to the enthusiasm of an artistic fly-tier, who will use hair from his own eyelashes to finish off an "extra special" fly. Babies' hair is much sought after, if it is of the right shade—golden yellow—for all the lighter salmon flies, and one curl will make a dozen first-class flies.

It takes an expert only fifteen minutes to turn out a fly, which consists of a tiny hook, with wings of Egyptian dove feather, legs of fox hair, and a body of moose fur wound round with a thread of yellow silk. A carelessly made fly will have neither legs nor "feelers," but the true expert adds the legs and puts on a pair of long "feelers" of cat hair, white at the tips. All these tiny details will be exactly in their places, and so firmly tied to the hook that the fly will take half a dozen strong fish and be none the worse.

OLD FAVORITES

The Red, White and Blue,
O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee,
Thy mandate makes heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

Chorus—
When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm,
With her garlands of victory o'er her,
When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

The wine-cup, the wine-cup, bring hither,
And fill you it up to the brim;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim!
May the service united ne'er sever,
And hold to their colors so true!
The Army and the Navy forever!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.

I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to woe and death.

In ocean's caves still safe with thee,
The germ of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
—Emma Willard.

CAUSE AND CURE OF COLDS.

Exposure of Some Popular Fallacies on This Perennial Subject.

Considering the amount of ink which has been used in discussing the subject of colds, discouraging small results followed. A physician says regarding the matter: "The truth is that a cold is due to an almost infinite variety of causes, some local, some practically inevitable, and no one method will prove effective in all cases. Very few are the fortunate individuals who never have colds, and most of those living in our northern climate must be resigned to having one or two in the course of the winter, but one who takes cold readily and often is not in a healthy condition and should seek medical advice. The cause in such a case may be local, consisting in some malformation in the interior of the nose which keeps the mucous membrane in an irritable state. This fault in anatomical construction can usually be remedied by an operation which is seldom severe. But before resorting to this the general system should be questioned in order to determine whether or not the fault lies with that. Often this is the case, even when a nasal deformity also exists.

"One of the chief predisposing causes of a cold is a disordered digestion, especially intestinal digestion as a result of overeating or the use of alcohol. It has been said that an underfed man cannot catch cold, while an overfed one can scarcely avoid it. Whether this is strictly true or not, there is certainly some close relation between the digestive organs and the nose, and inaction of the bowels is a frequent forerunner of a cold.

"The adage that one 'must stuff a cold and starve a fever' is pernicious—a cold is a fever, and one of the surest means of cutting it short is to take a laxative, abstain almost entirely from food for twenty-four hours and drink two or three quarts of cool water. Another 'popular remedy,' which is really an aggravator, is a 'hot toddy' at bedtime. A hot drink, hot lemonade, for example, is good, if the sleeper does not throw off the bedclothes the minute he drops off; but the alcoholic addition is not merely superfluous, but injurious. Alcohol in any form predisposes to a cold and retards the cure of one already present. Cool bathing, deep breathing, daily exercise in the open air, fresh air in the house at all times, and especially in the bedroom at night, abstemious living and not letting waste materials accumulate in the body—these are the best means of removing one's tendency to catch cold."

Troubles of the Historian.

"Your husband must be very busy these days," said the neighbors to the wife of the historical novelist. "I haven't seen him in the yard for a week."

"Oh, the poor man is almost distracted," said the wife. "His publishers have ordered a story for immediate publication introducing the characters of Maye Yone, Pat Crowe, Outlaw Tracy and Peter Power, and he doesn't know whether to have Pat Crowe kidnap Peter Power or have him marry Mary MacYane in the last chapter.—Baltimore American.

It Didn't Matter Anyway.

The following explanatory note accompanied a young man's wedding gift to a friend: "My Dear Girl—You will find in the box a thimgamajig, which has something to do with eating. It's a cross between a harpoon and a bay-fork. It may be for spearing pickles or stacking chopped cabbage. Anyway, you will be so happy that you won't care."

Statue of a King.

The colossal equestrian statue at Rome of King Victor Emmanuel II, which is now nearing completion, is about thirty-three feet in height from the level on which the horse stands to the crown of the King's head. The feathers in his helmet are about five feet extra. There will be space for one or two persons to get into the head and for four or five in the head of the horse. The scale of the figure is about that of the Bavaria statue at Munich.

The Popular Length.

Artist—Do you wish me to paint you a full-length portrait?
Mr. Saphede—Well, I want it as long as your customers usually buy.—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

When an "artist" makes a sketch of a sunset, he does it so seriously, although his sketch looks no more like a sunset than it looks like a flock of cy-clones.

Some men show their secret desires so plainly that they are vulgar.

Did it ever occur to you that the soles of your shoes go awfully fast after the first break occurs? A man is like a pair of soles in that respect.

If ever we join a lodge, it will be to find out what the letters put behind officers' names stand for.