

FAMOUS SPINDLE TOP HEIGHTS IN THE BEAUMONT, TEXAS, OIL FIELDS.



Spindle Top Heights is the name given to the location of the first of the great gushing wells of petroleum that have made Beaumont, Texas, famous. The first well at 10:30 a. m., Jan. 10, 1901, suddenly shot out a great volume of water, sand, rocks, gas and oil, breaking the derrick and hurling fragments for hundreds of feet. It was nine days before the flow could be controlled. It soon changed to be a great jet of crude oil of purest quality, going to waste at the rate of 70,000 barrels daily. Since that time Beaumont, then a small Texas town, has become a city of 20,000 inhabitants and the number of gushers in its vicinity has increased to nearly 60, with more in prospect.

The 50 Beaumont gushers are capable of producing in ten days as much oil as the wells of West Virginia, California, Indiana and Ohio have in the last fifty years. The actual cost of producing this oil is one-fifth of a cent per barrel, while the ability of the producers to handle it cannot be crippled by hostile combinations of capital, because of the proximity of the field to the deep water ports of the Gulf of Mexico.

ASTERS.

Walled in with fire on either hand
I walk the lonely wood-road thro';
The sunlight breaking thro' the shade,
And spaces whence the wind has shed
About my feet the living red,
Are filled with broken blue.

And crowding close along the way
The purple asters blossom free;
In full profusion far and wide,
They fill the path on every side,
In loose confusion multiplied
To endless harmony!

The autumn wood the aster knows,
The empty nest, the wind that grieves,
The sunlight breaking thro' the shade,
The squirrel chattering overhead,
The timid rabbit's lighter tread
Among the rustling leaves.

And still beside the shadowy glen
She holds the color of the skies;
Along the purpling wayside steep
She hangs her fringes passing deep,
And meadows drowned in happy sleep
Are lit by starry eyes!
—Vick's Magazine.

"There's Many a Slip."

GLEN ECHO possessed a fascination for Eleanor Wade which was hard to resist, and every opportunity which afforded itself found her either on her way to that beautiful little park, or seated upon a rustic bench in some secluded nook. Usually she had a book or magazine with her, but it would often lie for hours entirely neglected upon the seat, while her gaze was fixed upon the magical and ever changing hues of the Virginia hills on the opposite side of the Potomac River.

To Eleanor, this spot was far more beautiful than any cultivated park in



SHE NOTICED A BEAUTIFUL CLUSTER OF FLOWERS.

the world. Here Nature asserted her rights to the full, and where Art played a part, it was only to enhance the beauty of the wonderfully picturesque scenery. There were pretty rustic bridges over the narrow chasms; there were artistic stairways built down the steep sides of the cliffs, and innumerable benches and chairs of fantastic shapes were placed in delightfully cool and shady nooks, or out upon ledges of rock, overlooking deep ravines.

To one of the latter Eleanor always came, and if she found it already occupied, her disappointment was keen. That particular seat ("our bench," they had called it) was sacred to the memory of many hours of happiness, and to-day the young girl's thoughts dwelt lovingly upon them. She remembered a thousand and one little incidents; trivial events, of no importance at the time, but now, delightful to look back upon. The future without Hal Burton loomed up before her blankly. Her eyes filled with tears, and there was a pain in her heart which she found it impossible to assuage.

It was in vain that she tried to become interested in the beauty of the scene before her. Down at the foot of the steep banks, she saw the boats passing up and down the sluggish canal. Then she looked beyond, over the pretty little wooded island, where the roof of the Pleasure Club house could be seen between the trees, to the many rocks in the river, around which the waters of the Potomac eddied and whirled unceasingly, making a picture far too difficult for the brush of mortal man.

"Ah, yes, Hal could paint that water!" Eleanor declared mentally. Among her most highly prized treasures was a sketch of the river and a glimpse of the Virginia hills, which Hal had been making on the day her party had accidentally come upon him in this very spot. It was here she had been introduced to her; here, some time later, he had asked her to be his wife. Here it was, she promised, and then had followed those many delightful months. To-day the thoughts of the unhappy girl continually drifted back

over the hours, oh, such happy times, spent in these woods and the Chautauqua grounds adjoining, where she and her lover wandered like two children, finding "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Alas! It was here they had quarreled; what it had all been about the girl could scarcely remember. Both were foolishly quick, both proud. To who was at fault, Eleanor now gave no thought; she would have taken the blame and asked forgiveness for her hasty words, fault or no fault, if he had but come to her; but he did not, and she could not seek him. Not long afterward she had gone abroad with her parents, and when she returned to Washington, it was only to learn that Hal had left the city.

She caught her breath sharply and pressed her hand against her heart as if to quiet its violent throbbing, when a sudden thought flashed into her mind. Perhaps he did not care; perhaps his was merely a fancy. No, no! She felt that he had suffered, too, for he loved her; of that she was convinced, and as she sat thinking of the happy past and the dreary future without him, she vowed to herself that if she ever saw him again she would speak to him and explain, even if he did not come to her. But where was he? Would she ever see him again—ever have an opportunity to explain?

Sitting thus dejectedly, she allowed her eyes to wander restlessly from object to object, scarcely heeding what she saw, until, on the opposite side of the narrow ravine, over which the ledge of rock projected, she noticed a beautiful cluster of early autumn flowers. They seemed almost within reach, and she decided to gather them as a souvenir of this visit to Glen Echo. Perhaps it would be the last, for each succeeding visit only served to make her more lonely than before. Then, beside, "Autumn, laying here and there a fiery finger on the leaves," told only too plainly of approaching winter, when this loved spot would be robbed of many of its beauties.

Stepping from the rock, Eleanor climbed up a few feet and steadying herself by clutching the ferns and bushes at her side, reached out over the narrow space toward the coveted blossoms. Closing her hand around them, she gave a quick jerk to pull them from the stem, but at that instant the moss covered stone upon which her weight rested moved slightly, and she felt herself slipping down the bank. She frantically clutched some bushes growing directly before her, but in her eagerness caught them too near the tops, and the branches slipped through her fingers, leaving only the leaves in her hand.

A second attempt caused her to lose her balance altogether, and she half slipped, half rolled, some distance down the bank, carrying with her, in the descent, a shower of dirt and small stones. An instant later she found herself sitting upon a ledge of rock jutting out from the hillside, upon which was a bench similar to the one upon which she had been seated.

Making no attempt to rise, Eleanor leaned back against the bench, undecided whether to laugh or cry, and thinking how ridiculous she must appear, and thankful, indeed, that no one had witnessed her undignified fall. She was shaken and breathless, but uninjured, and she laughed as she thought how fortunate it was Hal was not with her this time. She was startled by a slight exclamation; then came a hurried footstep, and a voice said:

"Are you hurt? Let me assist you." Instinctively Eleanor drew her feet toward her sideways, smoothing out her skirt with one hand, while with the other she tried to put back her hair, which had become loosened by the fall. Again the voice spoke.

"Tell me—are you hurt?" The girl glanced up quickly, then, with a surprised little "oh!" covered her crimson face with both hands. As she turned toward the speaker he sprang back, exclaiming, "Eleanor!" and the next instant was on his knees at her side.

With one arm about her, he gently took her hands away from her face, and kissed away the tears of humiliation which started into the blue eyes. "Eleanor, my darling, what has happened?" asked the young man, as he raised the girl and put her upon the bench, still keeping his arm about her. "I wanted a flower which was a little above—our bench—and I fell from the ledge above," she answered.

"You fell from the ledge above," he repeated, glancing upward, then at the dark ravine below. He shuddered and drew the girl closer to him. "Eleanor, sweetheart, I have been the most wretched man in the whole world for many months. I would have come to beg you to forgive my thoughtless words long ago, but I did not know where you were. I went abroad solely

for the purpose of finding you, but I missed your party continually. At last I heard you were at home, so I came back to Washington at once, arriving only this morning. I intended calling upon you this evening. To-day, when I came here and found our bench occupied, I was greatly disappointed, and was coming down to this seat to wait until the other was vacant. And just think, sweetheart, it was you all the time!"

"Yes, Hal," Eleanor said. "As I sat there I made up my mind to go to you, and explain away our little—misunderstanding—if ever I had the opportunity; but really I did not intend to turn myself at your head in this fashion," she added, with a smile.

"Well," he said, with mock gravity, "your coming to explain was rather sudden and entirely unexpected, but since you are not hurt," he continued, tenderly, "I bless the fortunate slip that brought you back to me."

Both laughed happily, and the young man said earnestly:

"I did not expect to find my sweetheart here, at Glen Echo, where we first met. Eleanor, dear, let us go and be married in the little chapel in the Chautauqua Park—now—to-day. I cannot run the risk of again losing you."

"No, no, Hal," protested Eleanor, "not-to-day—but—a month from to-day."—Waverley.

Her Reference.

One servant girl on Long Island has a reference that should readily secure her employment if she ever decides to leave her present position. But she won't decide to leave, if the family she now works for can help it.

One afternoon a few days ago when her master was in the city and her mistress was visiting neighbors, a man called and asked for the lady of the house. When the maid told him she was out he seemed greatly disappointed:

"It's really very important," he explained. "Could you get me paper and a pencil? I'd like to leave a note."

"Certainly," said the maid. She stepped out on the stoop and rang the front door bell. The cook came to the door.

"Paper, an envelope and a pencil for this gentleman," said the maid.

The man wrote his note and sealed it. After telling the maid to be sure to see that her mistress got it the minute she returned he left. That evening, when the woman of the house had read the note and heard the circumstances under which it was delivered, she smiled and handed it to her maid.

"Jane," she said, "you may keep this. It may do as a reference some time."

This is what the man had written: "Dear Madam: Your maid is no fool."—New York Sun.

Scared by a Lawyer's Card.

A Newark lawyer was sitting in his office when Mrs. B., a friend, entered, and proceeded to tell him of the difficulty a Mr. C. was in through a loan he had made to Mr. D. Mr. C. was in great need of the money, but Mr. D. refused to return the sum, which was quite a large one.

"I think," said Mrs. B. to the lawyer, "that if you should take hold of the case you could collect the money."

"All right," said the barrister, thinking of the neat little fee that would be his after he had succeeded in inducing Mr. D. to part with the sum claimed by Mr. C. "I'll give you one of my cards to hand to Mr. C. If he will step in and see me I'll handle the case for him."

Shortly afterward the lawyer left the city for a few days' outing in the country. On his return he inquired of Mrs. B. what had become of Mr. C. and his claim against Mr. D.

"Oh, that's all settled," replied the woman. Mr. C. said he just went to Mr. D., showed him your card, and said he had retained you in the case. Mr. D. paid the money at once."

Now the lawyer is wondering where his prospective fee is coming in. He believes he has a good case against Mr. C. for about 1 per cent of the amount of Mr. C.'s loan, but has not decided whether to press the case or not.—Newark News.

Crescens' Costly Harness.

The quarter boots of the famous trotting horse Crescens cost about \$10, shin boots \$14, knee and arm extension \$25. The hind shin, speedy cut and hook extension, with curb joint protection, cost \$50 a set. The two-minute harness of itself costs but about \$25, yet the main harness costs over \$100. Crescens' reins cost at least \$50 a pair.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who thought she could not invite a soul to the house to eat without including the preacher and his wife?

Ever remark that if a man can sing a little, he doesn't keep a job very long?

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

The American Handshake.



The "official handshake" will be continued in spite of the menace of the anarchist and the murderous fanatic. It springs from something fundamental in human nature and indigenous to the soil of a free country.

There is no doubt that safeguards much more stringent than those resorted to in the past will hereafter be thrown about the person of the President of the United States; not to heed the awful example of the tragedy at Buffalo would be criminal negligence. On the other hand, however, these protective measures must and will be put in force without the personal knowledge of the President.

The American handshake is an elemental expression of American democracy which will remain.

All sorts of motives will dictate the continuance of this practice; but the best one—and probably that which has the most vitality in it—is that of the natural friendliness and courage of the typical American who has attained political distinction and position. When he is in a crowd of Americans he feels that he is surrounded by his own people. He asks himself: "What is there to be afraid of? Why should anyone wish to do me harm?"

From the bottom of his heart comes the answer:

"There is nothing to fear. These are my friends and I will not do them the injustice to suspect that one of them would lift a finger to injure me."

This answer is honest and hearty and all the tragic proofs that such logic is not safe, at least so far as the chief executive of the country is concerned, do not seem to apply in the case of the ordinary public man who faces a crowd of his own countrymen.

WILLIAM E. MASON,
United States Senator from Illinois.

The Young Man's Chances.

The progressive youth, reared in a small town, chafes under the restraint of his environment. He longs for contact with the whirl and bustle of a metropolitan city, possibly realizes his wish, and ultimately goes to a large city like New York or Chicago, and, if you please, takes up the study of some profession.

After several years of life in this whirlpool of activity, what does he come to see and feel? Simply this, that in the large city there is so much to see, to hear, to read, to study, so many of each kind, that all is confusion. He finds that every day he is unconsciously drifting more and more into superficial habits. The mind is absorbed in receiving, and has no time for considering, and in a day's run out of town now and then he can do more real thinking than in a month amid all this confusion of opportunities.

To get the most out of life the young man must be moral, honest, energetic, ambitious and for all that, regardless of his ability, he needs a stimulus, and what can be better than the calcium light of public observation under which he always walks in a smaller city. There he enjoys advantages, not so many as to

"GRANNY" AND THE PRINCESS.

A Pleasant Story of the Wife of the King of England.

In the village of Dersingham, writes a Sandringham visitor, there is an old, old lady, living in the cottage at the corner, who is very proud of many things in her little home. They were given her from time to time by Queen Alexandra. On sunny mornings "Granny" comes out in her white sunbonnet and potters about among her flowers. Then is the best time to talk to her.

"The Queen?" she says, with a puzzled look. "I don't know who you mean, sir." Suddenly she remembers, and a little lights up the old eyes and plays with the wrinkled features. "Is it the Princess you mean?" she says.

You tell her yes, and she says suddenly: "Ah, my dear, you don't know the Princess, do you?" and then, speaking softly and smiling to herself, she tells you the following characteristic tale:

"One morning, two winters ago—let me see, it was a Tuesday, 'cause I was doin' my bit o' ironin'—there came a knock at the door. I didn't take notice. I thought it were Jim, my son-in-law, and he just knocks and walks in. So I went on with my ironin'. Presently there came another knock. So I calls, 'Walk in,' but, because the iron was nice and hot, I didn't stop. And there, my dear, it was the Princess and her daughter, and I'd kept them outside knocking, and it was a bitter morning. I was so furried that I didn't know what to do. I stood with the heater in my hand, and all I could do was to make my curtsy. But her highness didn't seem to mind it a bit. She says, 'Good-mornin', Granny. We just walked in to see how you were this cold mornin'.' I had got over my flurry by this time, and dusted two chairs for them to sit on, and put my iron on the fire. But the Princess wouldn't have me stir. She turned to her daughter and said, 'You take Granny's iron while she sits down and talks to me.' So the young princess took the iron and ironed while I sat down and talked with her mother."

Granny arose and went to a drawer. She took out a handkerchief with a gay-colored border, and brought it across. "She ironed that, my dear, just as you see it. I put it away and never used it since. Well, the Princess, her mother, and me talked. She told me as how she liked the country better than London, where she couldn't walk about or go



confuse—there he has at once a standing which he must so live as to maintain.

In the great city individuality is reduced to a minimum; prominent attainments give a man no special prestige, except in small gatherings where his virtues may be expostulated in advance. All live at the topmost speed, and so far as the public is concerned indifference is encountered on every hand, save among a small coterie of intimate friends. No matter where the man goes, he is ever among a few friends and a great many strangers.

For a man to make the most of his life and give the most to his fellows, he must be a substantial part of a community and not a mere cog in the intricate machinery of metropolitan activity, or, what is worse, an eager onlooker, with no chance to obtain a place in the crowded procession. And now with the great advantages which the smaller cities afford—with mail delivery, daily papers, telephone, etc., reaching to the hamlets and farms—the young professional man of to-day will find richer possibilities for himself than ever before in the smaller cities of our country.

WEBSTER BARTON.

Some New Laws Are Needed.



I fully appreciate the excellence of your political, economical and educational systems. Too much cannot be said in praise of the founders of this country for their foresight, but excellent as are the systems they founded,

they are not yet perfectly suited to all times. China lives too much in the past. I am sorry for it. Her literature and her government are relics of the past. They were all right when China was isolated, but in these days of progress are inadequate for present needs.

As to the strife which is almost constantly being waged between capital and labor in this country, it is said that capital is antagonistic to labor. Why is this so? One is essential to the other. There should be a better application of the value of both. Trusts and labor unions should unite. Why should not disputes between capital and labor be taken into the courts like civil suits for settlement? Referring to the immigration laws of the United States, this country needs restrictive immigration laws of general scope and not laws that single out one race. If it is deemed advisable to make such laws, let the laws apply to all Asiatics and Europeans. I am sure the American people, who love fair play, will not enact legislation to oppress a people who are not in a position to retaliate.

China has 350,000,000 people, and her immense territory is able to support this population. Chinamen love home and have a horror of traveling abroad. All Chinamen, except diplomats who leave

China, come from the province of Quaa Tung. The treaty of 1888 was made to stop Chinese labor, but since, laws have been passed keeping out Chinese merchants and tradesmen; consequently the high and worthy Chinese do not get into this country.

WU TING FANG,
Chinese Minister at Washington.

No Antitoxin for Tuberculosis.

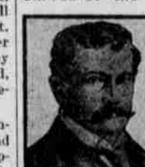
As to the possibility of developing some antitoxin that would prevent one from acquiring tuberculosis, I think it very remote. The medical analogy between smallpox and tuberculosis is not sufficiently related to make the reasoning of one apply to the other. In smallpox practically everyone is liable to the disease unless vaccinated.

With tuberculosis the human system establishes, through vital resistance, a natural immunity from the disease. It is only where the general health of the individual is run down that he is liable to contract the disease. On the other hand, in smallpox high systemic vigor does not, per se, immunize one. As a matter of fact, we do not know how vaccine prevents smallpox, neither do we know how nature cures tuberculosis. Of course we are pathologically familiar with the changes that nature institutes, by lesions where tuberculosis is cured; but what there is in the system which produces or causes these lesions to form we are in ignorance.

Therefore, in the present state of our knowledge, it would seem futile to hope for an anti-tubercular vaccine to be produced that would immunize the human race against the frightful scourge of the great white plague. The wish of for all people to remember is the truth of the Scotch adage: "It is easier to keep out than to get out." Hence all individuals lower vital resistance or those in whom through employment and environment the conditions are at work to produce the possibility of tubercular invasion should at once remove themselves from such exciting causes. The best cure for tuberculosis is the prevention of it.

HOMER M. THOMAS, M. D.

Unrest of the Rich.



A man who has made a fortune is never at rest. He begins by driving dollars. He ends with the dollars driving him. I have less time now that I can call my own than ever before. I am busy all the time, early and late, mornings, nights and holidays. I am on the jump all day, from one thing to another, until I swear that I won't see another man and will stop and go to the hotel. My secretary calls a carriage, watches until the coast is clear, and I dodge out, like a sneak thief, to avoid being buttonholed by the people who want to tell me their troubles. I get to the hotel and am waylaid again. I fly from there to my home, order the servants to say I am not at home and try to get a little time with my family.

The world seems to be full of people wanting somebody else to do their work for them. I have found that only one person can help a man very much, and that is himself. If a man waits for somebody else to lift him along, he will stay where he is in a majority of cases.

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

out very much. Then she asked me about Jim, and Sarah, and the baby. I told her the child was troubled with his teeth, and she said that she remembered quite well when her own babies were bad with their teeth and the trouble she had with them. She stayed and talked for nearly an hour. I was afraid to ask her to have anything, but she remembered my ginger wine, and asked if she and her daughter might have a glass, because it was warming in winter time."—London M. A. P.

THE HANOVERIAN TREASURE.

Its Narrow Escape from Capture by the Prussians.

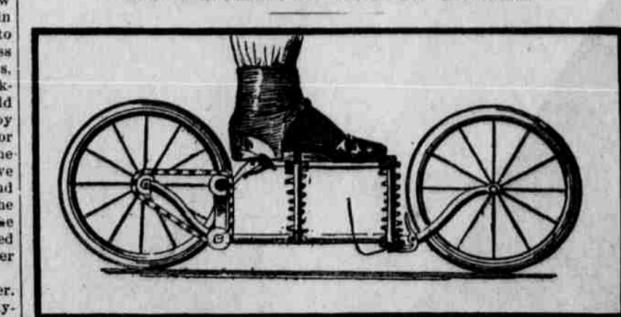
The story of the Duke of Cumberland's fortune has been just related by Herr von Hassell. The Duke's father, George V., had a narrow escape of finding himself both kingless and penniless. The state treasures of Hanover were only placed in safety a few hours before Prussia declared war on the excellent blind king. The person who saved the financial part was Herr Klenck, Chief Secretary of the Exchequer. He had to remove 720,000 thalers in silver, 39,000 crowns in gold, worth about 30 shillings each; £54,000 in English bank notes, £36,000 in Prussian thalers, £250,000 in Hanover bank notes, and £19,000,000 worth of English, Dutch, French and other Government

bonds. The gold crowns were packed in seventy-nine wire tubs, the bonds in ten chests, the Hanover bank notes in bales, and the thalers in crates lined with tin. This variety in the packing was to prevent notice being taken at the railway or the port of embarkation, where Prussian agents were reported as on the lookout.

These barrels and bales were taken by an ordinary goods train to an outlying station, and then rapidly shifted to a special train that was to go at full speed to Grestemunde. It started at 11:30 p. m. on June 15, 1866. But they had forgotten to order stationmasters to keep the line lighted, and the engine-men had to creep along in momentary fear of an accident. The train was late for the steamer that was to take the treasure to England. The risk of taking it on board a Lloyd's steamer, the Bremen, had to be run on the night of June 17. Klenck grew gray in the two days of suspense. Prussian men-of-war were hanging about near the mouth of the Elbe. The Bremen entered Southampton on June 19, and did not sight a single Prussian vessel on the way.—London Truth.

A man's head is so turned by a woman in his courtship days that after he marries it revolves around so rapidly in untwisting that it is likely to come off.

BICYCLE IDEA IN ROLLER SKATES.



Here is a roller skate that is a sort of bicycle for the foot. It has only just been patented. The weight of the skater resting upon one foot pushes down a spring, which is so arranged by gearing with the rear wheel as to propel the whole mechanism powerfully. The skater need hardly do more than walk along, and the machine does the rest, pushing him ahead at a tremendous speed.