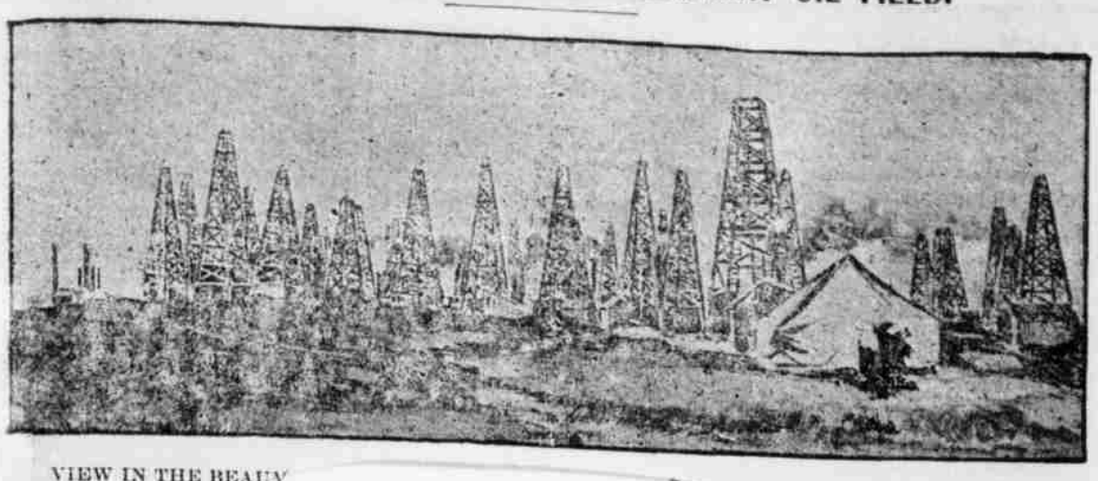
BRIEF HISTORY OF THE GREAT BEAUMONT OIL FIELD.



VIEW IN THE BEAUM

THE recent disastrous fire that is now a familiar lo Oil had previously Spindle Top hill, struck gushing the air. Almost immediately leased at a rapidly increasing s the Guffey wells struck oil, well on April 8, and on April Beaumont, but in all parts of

It was several days befo cap rock that it was safe from deluged the hill with oil before month twenty-five were added scores of other wells began to

All the wells were found this limited area, but withou facturing companies have sprun and to tidewater at Port Arthu turers 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.

TRICT RECENTLY SWEPT BY FIRE.

olic attention to a corner of the United States as been known to fame for less than two years. Jan. 10, 1901, that A. F. Lucas, boring on was such that a stream of oil shot 175 feet into all parts of the country. Land was bought or ould to "come in." On March 29 and April 3 6. The Guffey company completed a second new well increased the excitement, not only in narvelous wells was soon felt in Europe. d it was not until the pipe was sunk below the ls spouted deadly gas at first and some of them 901, twenty wells were yielding oil. In that tter part of 1901 and the first part of this year rown into a boom city. ile. Hundreds of places were tried outside of oil companies, genuine and fake, many manu- ry of oil. Pipe lines were built to the railway mand for the oil as fuel soon arose. Manufac-

THE SPIRIT THAT WINS.

While searching the archives for knowledge,
While after the rarest of lore,
While seeking the richest of jewels
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!

Ages are filled with the dreaming
Of verses the poets have sung,
Filled with the anguish and sorrow
Tragical muses have wrung
From the loom of fanciful musing,
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: Be 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 beginning to get sleepy, and then I heard Martha talking to Jane in the little dressing room, and I got quite wide awake. I didn't know what she said at first, and I did not mean to listen, 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

DO YOU THINK IT WOULD KILL FATHER?

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 he 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 let 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 to 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 POPULAR HERO.

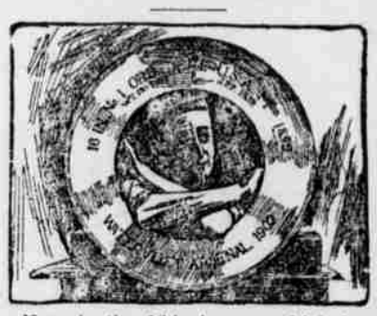
In Fiction He Is Always Eating, Drinking or Smoking.

When the hero of the popular short story is not eating or drinking he is smoking, says Martha Baker Dunn in the Atlantic. His chronicler flavors his pages with tobacco smoke and punctuates them with cocktails. In joy or in sorrow, in the most romantic no less than the more commanplace moments, the hero "lights another cigarette." Emotion unaccompanied by nicotine is something of which he evidently has no conception.

It is the same, too, with the up-to-date young man in real life. He knows, if he has been properly trained, that while a toothpick should be indulged in only in that spot to which Scripture enjoins us to retire when we are about to pray, a meerschaum pipe is a perfectly well-bred article for public wear and one which enables him to fulfill agreeably that law of his being which suggests that he should always be putting something in his mouth.

At a college ball game not long since, where, as is usual on such occasions, clouds of incense were rising to the heavens from the male portion of the spectators, I amused myself by observing a young man who sat in a carriage near me, and who while the game was in progress smoked a pipe three times and filled in all the intervals with cigars and cigarettes. I knew something about him and had frequently heard him referred to as "a first-rate fellow," but if anybody had asked him if he believed himself capable of a single pure impulse of the soul, entirely unmixed with bodily sensations, he would have stared in amazement.

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 49 feet, the diameter at breech end is 5½ 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.

Easy to Go Off.

"So your former employer is considered a big gun?" interrogated the friend.

"Yes, a rapid-fire gun," sighed the clerk, who had been discharged without notice.

After Camp Meeting.

"Is Br'er Williams eddicated?"

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

What has become of the old fashioned boy who held a bone as high as he could, and made the dog "speak" for it?

END OF A MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER.

Alpine Adventure that Caused the Death of Four Men.

Owen Glynne Jones, who was killed with three guides while climbing the "White Tooth" in the Alps three years ago, was one of the greatest of mountain-climbers. The details of the accident which ended his life at 32 are recounted by Harold Spender in McClure's Magazine. Jones was a safe and scientific climber, and his death was due to no fault of his own. The five men in the party, tied together with a rope thirty feet between man and man, proceeded in this order: The guides, Furrer and Zurbriggen, first, then Glynne Jones, Vuignier, another guide, and F. W. Hill, who was a schoolmaster like Jones, and who, like him, pursued mountain-climbing as a sport.

Coming to a difficult buttress ten feet high, Furrer, who was in advance, could not find a hold. It was necessary for him to mount first, and then pull the others up when he had secured foothold; so Zurbriggen and Jones put an ice-ax under him to stand on, and crouched down to hold it. As they could not see what Furrer was doing above them, they were unprepared for a sudden shock.

It is evident that these men were depending on Furrer's success in getting the hand-hold for which he was reaching. Mr. Hill, who was some feet below the group about the ice-ax, saw Furrer slip. He fell upon the two oblivious men beneath him. All three went, striking Vuignier, who stood between Hill and the three falling men.

Hill had instinctively turned to the rock to get a firm hold, expecting to be carried away with the other men; but after a few seconds he realized that he was safe and alone. Looking round, he saw his companions sliding at fatal speed down the rock into the abyss. Between him and the unfortunate men, who were being hurled to sure death, he saw thirty feet of rope danging from his waist. The faithful Vuignier had fastened it to some point in the rock to protect his master. The weight of the four bodies had broken the rope, and this saved Mr. Hill's life.

After two days of hardship, climbing alone, Mr. Hill arrived at the hotel.

The lesson here for all climbers, those who make a sport of it and jest with death, and those who, in unsought predicament, need to know how to climb, is this: Those men blundered by allowing the fate of three men to depend on one man's hand-hold. Again, so far as is possible, every man in a climbing party should know what the others are doing, in order not to be taken unawares, as were the unfortunate men who held the ax under Furrer's feet.

QUEER CASE OF HYSTERIA.

Victim Was Distinctly Marked by the Devil She Thought Possessed Her.

A series of extraordinary events recently took place at Rodez, France, which have excited widespread interest among all classes. The circumstances were thoroughly investigated by a representative of a Paris journal. The scene of the occurrences was the orphan asylum of Grezes, near Laissac, and they concerned a member of this asylum, by name Sister Saint-Fleuret. The following is the result of the investigation, obtained from absolutely creditable sources and of which he guarantees the correctness.

There has been at the orphan asylum for the past twelve years a sister, originally from the Canton of Bozouls, who is afflicted with a species of madness which makes her believe that she is possessed by a devil; her sister superior, the other sisters of the asylum and nearly all the ecclesiastics of the country have a similar belief in her affliction.

The disease, according to the physicians, is merely a species of hysteria; natural predisposition which became acute under the influence of the surrounding atmosphere. But the supernatural features are the result of true auto-suggestion. In her paroxysms the sufferer utters piercing cries of such intensity that the peasants hear them at a great distance from the convent. During these attacks the patient believes herself to be bitten or burnt by the devil in this or that portion of her body. The auto-suggestion is so strong at these times that immediately upon the disappearance of the paroxysms there is found on that portion of the body where the suffering is most intense, either a burn of the skin or the imprint of teeth.

Sister Saint-Fleuret has a horror of every religious object and the nearby presence of a figure of Christ, of a book of devotions, or of any sacred image immediately throws her into an almost rabid fit. The most curious circumstance is that she need not see these objects, she feels them, she divines them when they are brought near her even though carefully hidden, and she immediately rushes at them to destroy. Further, she frequently divines the thought of persons who speak to her and she responds to them in their own language, whatever this language may be. Although she is a simple peasant who has never received the least education, Sister Saint-Fleuret in her paroxysms speaks Greek, Italian, Russian, English and German. She always responds fluently in the language whatever it may be in which she is addressed.

KNEW ALL THE SYMPTOMS.

Doctor Was Able to Make a Most Wonderful Prognosis.

One of the anecdotes related by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell in his story, "Doctor North and His Friends," might well be a personal experience of the author. The hero, Doctor North, was traveling from Harrisburg by the night train, which was crowded. In one of the cars he found a man stretched across two seats, asleep. He wakened him, begged pardon for disturbing him, and asked for a seat. After a little time the two entered into conversation.

At length the man asked, "Do you know Dr. Owen North?"

Rather astonished, I said, "Yes."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Oh, a very good fellow."

"He is like all them high-up doctors. Gets big fees, doesn't he? I want to know."

"No," said I. "That is always exaggerated. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I've had a lot of doctors, and I ain't no better, and now I haven't much money left."

Upon this, my friend confided to me all his physical woes in detail. We parted before daybreak. It was too dark in the car for either of us to see plainly the face of the other.

About ten the next day the man entered my consulting room. As I should not have known him except for a rather peculiar voice, I, too, remained unidentified. I could not resist so excellent an opportunity. Looking at him, I said:

"Sit down. You have a pain in your back."

"That's queer! I have."

"And you are blind in the left eye, and your digestion is bad," and so I went on.

At last he said, "I never saw a doctor like you! It scares a man, 'most. Can you cure me?"

I said, "Yes," and wrote out directions. It was really a simple case. When he produced a well-worn wallet I declined to take a fee, and said:

"I owe you for the seat and the good sleep I disturbed last night."

"Well, I declare! I see, now! You were the man. But law! why did you give it away? I'd have sent you the whole township."

PRALINES OF NEW ORLEANS.

Delicious Candy Which Is Sold on the Streets of Old Town.

"Among the toothsome memories of bygone years nothing in the form of sweets or candy appeals so keenly to the Louisianian as the praline," says Robert Mitchell Floyd, according to the New York Mail and Express. "A stranger visiting the city and desiring to find some of this dainty would probably go to the first confectioner's shop to be waved out of the door by the hand of the French maiden in attendance. 'Non monsieur; on vends ca sur la rue!' (No, sir; they sell that in the streets!)

"The manufacturing of the real pralines seems to be the accepted right of the descendants of the old Indians whose blood has been intermingled with French negroes. The candy is always carried about in the morning, freshly made, on small neatly covered trays by men only.

"In the making of the praline the Indian obtains from the hogshead of molasses the sugar that has granulated from the liquid and been precipitated to the bottom. This is flavored more highly than the ordinary sugar-house product, and when rebolled and cooled has a most attractive and delicious taste of its own. Pecan nuts are carefully cracked and taken from their shells so that the two halves of the nut are unbroken. The boiling thick sugar is then poured out on a flat stone in little puddles of about three inches in diameter, into the surface of which the pecan nut meats are carefully bunched in conical heaps, with just enough of the hot liquid sugar added to hold them in place."

Scientific Agriculture.

Secretary Wilson believes that not enough attention is paid to scientific agriculture by the colleges of to-day, and he has taken up the agitation of this matter as a hobby. Wherever he makes a speech he tells his hearers that his department utilizes the services of every young man it can find who has had a thorough training in some branch of scientific agriculture. There is a great demand for this kind of service, and the department has the utmost difficulty in holding on to its experts because of the growing outside calls that are being made on them. There are about two thousand people in the Department of Agriculture who are engaged on scientific agricultural work, yet hardly one of them came into the government service fully equipped. Secretary Wilson calls attention to this fact to emphasize his statement that the colleges should give more thought and attention to the development of agricultural sciences. There are some fifty agricultural colleges in the country calling for competent teachers, and some sixty or seventy agricultural experiment stations, where there is always an opening for a trained scientist. There is money in becoming an agricultural expert, and Secretary Wilson thinks that our young men would do well to choose such a profession rather than the overcrowded fields of law and medicine.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Coloring Preparations.

The number of artificial coloring matters prepared since Perkins' discovery nearly fifty years ago of the preparation of aniline dyes from coal tar has been enormous. It is estimated that at the present day over 3,000,000 different individual dyestuffs are easily accessible to our industries, while at least 25,000 form the subject of patent specifications. The number of coloring matters furnished by natural agencies is comparatively small, and those who do not exist threaten soon to be ignored in favor of coal-tar derivatives.

A woman has to ask her friends' permission to wear a new style of hat, and her husband's permission to buy it.

What a struggle a sick man makes for life, considering that there is little in it but whippings.

He—I am told that your admirer's name is legion. She (blushingly)—Oh, no, his name is Jones.

She—"I am going to play Chopin." He—"In what flat?" She—"Why, in our own flat, of course."

Wigg—"Is he a man of intelligence?" Wagg—"I suppose so. At any rate, he has never served on a jury."

Nell—"Love doesn't seem to agree with Maude. She is thinner by twenty pounds than she used to be." Belle—"She has loved and lost, eh?"

Merchant—"I want this ad. where everyone will see it." Solicitor—"We charge higher rates for space on the baseball page."—Baltimore World.

"Have you any Marconi roses?" asked the man entering the florist's. "What are they?" inquired the puzzled dealer in flowers. "Wireless ones."

Customer (in restaurant)—"Look here, waiter, I've found a button in this salad!" Waiter—"That's all right, sir; it's a part of the dressing!"—Tit-Bits.

Muggins—I understand that friend of yours is a millionaire. Is he one of the open-handed, extravagant kind? Duggins—Yes, indeed. Why, he even pays his taxes.

"I'd have you know that I've turned away thousands," stormed the heavy tragedian. "Naturally," sneered the comedian: "your acting would turn away anybody."

Dolly—"Your ride in the auto must have been just lovely and exciting." Madge—"It was exciting, but not lovely. Charlie had to use both hands to work it."—Judge.

Prison Visitor—"What brought you here, my man?" Convict—"Danged if I remember, but it wasn't an automobile, 'cause they didn't have none in them days."—Philadelphia Press.

"Did yew ever salt sheep?" asked the farmer of the new hired man, who came from Colorado. "No," replied the new hired hand, "but I've had considerable experience in salting mines."

"What! you call me pretty? Why, I am an old woman; my hair is turning white, and, look, here is a wrinkle!" "A wrinkle! No, madam, it is a smile that has drifted from its moorings!"

"What is your nativity?" asked the magistrate. "I ain't got any, y'r honor," said the blear-eyed inebriate, feeling in his pockets; "the police took everything I had."—Chicago Tribune.

Father—"I thought I heard our Johnnie say he was sick, and now I see he's out coasting. Did you do anything for him?" Mother—"Yes, I brought in all the evening coal."—Ohio State Journal.

"I suppose you set a good table," remarked the man who was looking for board. "Well," replied the landlady, "three of my regular boarders are laid up with the gout."—Chicago Daily News.

"I'm sorry you don't like the new nurse," she said to her husband. "She's so good about singing to baby and keeping him quiet." "Yes," was the calm reply; "but I'd rather hear the baby cry."

The little girl was watching her mother and father discussing a plate of oysters the other night. "Mamma," she said, after some thought, "you eat them face and all, don't you?"—Boston Journal.

Mrs. Youngbride—I've come to complain of that flour you sent me. Grocer—What was the matter with it? Mrs. Youngbride—It was tough. I made a pie with it, and it was as much as my husband could do to cut it.—Philadelphia Press.

Weary Willie—"I jes' put in a good day's work in thirty minutes." Frayed Fagin—"Explain yerself." Weary Willie—"Well, I put in six pies, a pan uv doughnuts an' four jars uv preserves. Dat's a good day's work fer any woman."—Judge.

The Suitor—I wish to marry your eldest daughter, sir. Her Father—Oh, you do, eh? Are you in a position to support a family? The Suitor—I think so, sir. Her Father—Well, you had better be sure of it. There are ten of us all told.—Chicago News.

"What is the greatest fib that ever impressed itself on your experience, Snapper?" Well, by all odds, the worst one I ever heard was that your quartette perpetrated last night when they came round to the house and sang, "There's Music in the Air."

"Why is it that so few people seem anxious to talk to Mr. Carpington? He seems well informed." "That's just the difficulty," answered Miss Dimpleton. "He's one of those dreadful men who know enough to correct your mistakes when you quote the classics, and who doesn't know enough not to do it."

Schoolmaster (turning round sharply)—Which of you is it that is daring to make faces at me? Six youngsters (in chorus)—Freddy Brown, sir! Schoolmaster—Ah! Then you six boys stand out and be caned. If you saw Freddy Brown making faces, it shows that you were not attending to your lessons.—Fun.

"I am selling a new cyclopedia," began the well-dressed man who had been ushered into the reception room on the strength of his make-up; "would you care to look at it?" "'Tain't no use," replied Mrs. Neurich; "I'd break my neck if I ever attempted to ride one of them fool things."—Chicago Daily News.