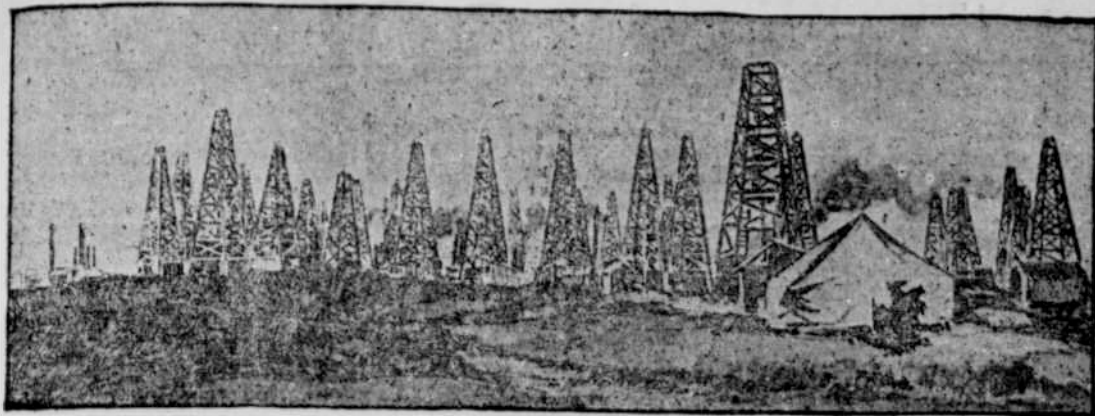


## BRIEF HISTORY OF THE GREAT BEAUMONT OIL FIELD.



VIEW IN THE BEAUMONT OIL FIELD—SPINDLE TOP DISTRICT RECENTLY SWEEPED 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 companies have sprung into existence as a result of the discovery of oil. Pipe lines were built to the railway and to tidewater 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 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!

Agas 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 misting,  
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, 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 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.



DO YOU THINK IT WOULD KILL FATHER?

"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 commonplace 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 unaccompanied by bodily sensations, he would have stared in amazement.

### 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.

### Influx of Japanese Laborers.

It is said that almost every steamer from the Hawaiian Islands that arrives on the Pacific coast brings hundreds of Japanese laborers.

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

### RIOTING AT MINES.

Disturbances Extend Over 100 Miles in the Hard Coal District.

Philadelphia, Sept. 26.—Of the 10 anthracite coal producing counties of Pennsylvania, state troops are encamped in five. Despite the presence of the troops in these districts, rioting and general lawlessness continues in the hard coal territory from Forest City, Susquehanna county, on the North, to Williamstown, Dauphin county, on the south, a distance of more than 100 miles. The section of the strike region in the vicinity of Forest City, which has been comparatively quiet ever since the strike began, was greatly wrought up today by crowds of strikers interfering with and beating men who had returned to work, and as a result Sheriff Macy, of Susquehanna county, tonight asked Governor Stone for troops to assist him and other civil authorities to preserve the peace.

At present there are four full regiments, two companies of another and two troops of cavalry in the field. The Thirteenth regiment is encamped at Oilphant, six miles north of Scranton; the Ninth is quartered at its armory in Wilkesbarre; the Eighth regiment and the Second Philadelphia troop are under canvas on the top of a hill overlooking Shenandoah; one battalion of the Twelfth and Governor's troops is in the Panther creek valley, and one battalion of the Twelfth is preserving order in the city of Lebanon, where the iron and steel workers are situated. If the disorder continues, Governor Stone will be compelled to call out additional soldiers.

While there has been no big general riot, the disturbances have been of such a serious nature as to cause the authorities much apprehension. Every effort is being made by the sheriffs of the several counties affected and the troops to prevent disturbances from growing to such an extent as to cause bloodshed. Reports are coming in from every section of nonunion men and others being either shot or clubbed. Houses of workmen have been either burned or dynamited, and attempts have been made to hold up coal trains or derail them.

Coal is being shipped from many parts of the coal fields to market, but, compared with the normal output, the quantity is insignificant. The output for this week will be much less than the average production of one day, which is about 300,000 tons. The strikers assert that very little of the coal is freshly mined, and that it is mostly coal washed from the culm banks or has been stored at various points since the strike began.

### PALMA FILES A PROTEST.

Objects to United States Removing Cuban War Records.

Havana, Sept. 26.—One month ago President Palma wrote a letter to Washington asking that all the military records now in charge of Chief Clerk Steinbart be kept in Cuba for at least one year, as they were absolutely necessary to conduct government business. President Palma did not receive a satisfactory reply to this request, and last week the war department sent orders to its agents here to send immediately to Washington the records of the auditor's office. Preparations are being made to comply with these orders.

President Palma, however, strongly objects to the removal of the documents in question, and has protested to Washington in the matter. He says the Cuban government is now paying all the expenses of keeping up the auditor's office, and is willing to continue to do so, and that it is a matter of justice to allow the government to have easy access to the records.

### American Soldiers Restore Confidence.

Colon, Colombia, Sept. 26.—Three companies of United States marines, who arrived here on the auxiliary cruiser Panther, have reached Panama. Another company, consisting of 80 men, will be kept in Colon. The men of this latter company will be used to guard the daily trains across the isthmus. The confidence of foreigners on the isthmus has been restored in a large measure by the arrival of American men-of-war and the landing of troops in that locality, and the guarding of trains by the soldiers.

### No Tax on Philippine Cigars.

Washington, Sept. 26.—The commissioner of internal revenue, in a circular letter to collectors of internal revenue, calls attention to the opinion of the attorney general to the effect that no internal revenue tax can be assessed legally on cigars shipped from the Philippines, and directs that the word "Philippines" be imprinted on the customs import stamp attached to the boxes containing these cigars.

### Macedonian Insurrection Growing.

Sofia, Bulgaria, Sept. 26.—Advices from Macedonia show that the insurrectionary movement there is increasing. The railroad and telegraph lines are damaged in many places.

## DEATH AND RUIN

An Awful Cyclone Sweeps Across Island of Sicily.

OVER 400 PERSONS PERISH IN STORM

Left a Path 120 Miles Long—Destructive Tidal Wave Resulted—Rails Torn from Ties by the Wind.

Syracuse, Sicily, Sept. 29.—A severe cyclone on the eastern coast of Sicily has resulted in the death of several hundred persons and immense damage to property. For 24 hours before the cyclone burst over the island a violent storm raged on the eastern coast of Sicily. The path of the cyclone was 120 miles long, and everything in the line of the storm was destroyed. The sea swept inland for several kilometers, doing enormous damage, while there were violent submarine agitations between Sicily and the mainland. Along the railroad from Catania to Palermo the force of the cyclone was such that rails were torn up and hurled to a great distance. It is reported from Modica, 32 miles southwest of Syracuse, that a hundred bodies have already been found, but that the number of dead bodies swept away by the torrent is unknown. The newspaper *Frattusa* expresses the belief that some 400 people have been killed.

The torrent destroyed everything on the ground floors in houses in the lower portion of Modica. Bridges and roads have disappeared, the damage amounting to many million lire (worth about 20 cents). The survivors of the catastrophe have taken refuge in the hills. A relief committee and search parties have been organized at Modica. The disaster is supposed to have been due to a marine waterspout. The British steamer *Caperera* was wrecked at Catania, after a terrible struggle with the waves.

A large portion of the low-lying part of Modica has been destroyed. Two torrents, the St. Francis and the St. Marie, which descend through the town, rose suddenly and brought with them masses of mud and heavy stones and invaded the streets of Modica. They carried everything in their course. Many houses were utterly wrecked and others were seriously damaged. Numerous animals perished. The number of victims is still unknown, but 80 corpses have been deposited in a single church. At Sicily 12 persons were killed. Tagaro was destroyed. Enormous damage was done at Pallazo, Acreide, Faria and Geratana.

### FRIGHTFUL TRAIN WRECK.

Special Ran Into Stock Car—Wreck Took Fire—Six Lives Lost.

Rawlins, Wyo., Sept. 29.—A frightful freight wreck occurred in the western part of the city at midnight last night, and it is believed that at least six men are under the wreck. An extra fruit and stock special, with Engineer Patnoe, came in at midnight. There is a pretty heavy grade coming into the yards from the west, and the air brakes failed to work. The engineer whistled for brakes, but it was too late for the hand brakes to have any effect on the heavy train, which crashed into a long stock train standing on a side track. About 15 cars were piled on top of the engine, and almost instantly they broke into flames. The engineer was thrown under the wreck, and it is said that least four or five others shared a like fate. Rescuers succeeded in clearing away the wreck sufficiently to talk to the engineer, who was still alive, but they were unable to get him out, and he burned to death.

There were at least a dozen men who were riding on and in the cars, beating their way over the road. It is not known how many of them escaped. Not more than four or five have been seen, but it is believed that more than that number got off when it was found that the engineer had lost control of his train.

The fire department went to the scene and four streams of water were turned on the fire, but could not make much headway, as the broken cars were piled up in splinters, and the wind was blowing. A large number of sheep were burned to death.

### Strikers Hold Up Cars.

Shenandoah, Pa., Sept. 29.—Sheriff Knorr, of Columbia county, this afternoon asked Governor Stone to send troops to Centralia. The governor referred the matter to General Gobin, and the latter advised the sheriff to make a further attempt to preserve order with the resources at hand. Strikers today held up three trolley cars filled with non-union men and stoned the workmen. A workmen train was held up and those on board were warned to quit work under penalty of being harshly dealt with.

### Three Days Across Atlantic.

New York, Sept. 29.—A patent has been secured, says a London dispatch to the *Tribune*, covering a novel engine for marine propulsion, which John Willis, the inventor, asserts will reduce the crossing of the Atlantic at least to a three days' journey.