

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 free;
The maples flame above my head,
And spaces where the wind has fled
About my feet the living red,
Are filled with broken blue.

And crowding close along the way
The purple aster 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 leaf 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 purple blossom free,
She hangs her fringes passing deep,
And meadows drenched 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 he 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 so quickly, 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.

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 with, out 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," she told only too plainly of approaching winter, when this loved spot would be robbed of many of its beauties.

Stopping from the rock, Eleanor climbed up a few feet and standing upon her feet, she 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 top, 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, smothering 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 throw 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—this—today. 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 his 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."

"Dear Madam: Your maid is no fool!"—New York Sun.

Not Customary.

One morning I told an old colored man who lived near that our school had grown so large that it would be necessary for us to use the house for school purposes, and that I wanted him the next day to help me give it a thorough cleaning. He replied in the most earnest manner: "What you mean, boss? You sho'ly ain't gwine clean out de denhouse in de day-time?"—From Booker T. Washington's "Up from Slavery."

Britons Growing Taller.

It is affirmed that no nation is increasing so rapidly in height and weight as the British. In fifty years the average height has risen from 5 ft. 7 in. to 5 ft. 8½ in. The average height of the criminal class is but 5 ft. 5½ in.

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

LET THIS BE A WARNING.



AN EAGLE'S NEST.

Peril of Egg Hunters on the California Coast.

Those who seek to rob birds' nests sometimes repent of their deed, especially if the bird happens to be an eagle as fierce as those on the California coast. The birds are seldom shot, and consequently they have increased in numbers; but the eggs are in demand by collectors, and a few adventurous spirits make a business of trying to secure them. C. F. Holder tells in the New York Commercial Advertiser of an adventure wherein two egg-hunters had a trying experience, and the eagles came off victorious.

The nest was on a rocky pinnacle, perhaps 100 feet in height, completely separated from the shore. In storms the waves rose, a splendid mass of foam, to the very summit. The base was covered with kelp, and the waves would rise eight or ten feet, then as suddenly drop away, leaving jagged points upon which a boat would be hung until overwhelmed by the next wave.

One quiet day the men approached. They rowed about the rock for ten minutes, then the sea being level, rushed at it. With all their care, however, the boat was dashed on a ledge, and they found themselves prisoners on the rock with nothing to eat—the provisions having been lost overboard—and the bottom of the boat crushed in.

They rescued a rope and a can of water, and being still determined to try for the eggs, they turned their attention to the nest, allaying their uneasiness by the thought that some passing yacht would take them off.

The rock, however, proved slippery from long accumulation of guano, and the men found it impossible to climb nearer than forty feet from the nest.

One of the adventurers decided to attempt that last forty feet after the fashion adopted by South Pacific natives in climbing trees. A long rope, doubled, with a stone attached to the doubled end, was hurled over the rock so that it fell on the other side, thus encircling it. Then the egg-hunter began climbing barefooted, not going up, but gradually circling the pillar and hitching the rope upward.

In one circuit of the rock he had gained ten or twelve feet, and the footing was growing better. The second brought him twenty-five feet up. He was reaching down to raise the rope when he heard a cry from his companion, and then came a sharp whistling sound, a rush, and something filled the air in front of him, striking fierce blows and throwing him from his feet, so that he hung for a second by the rope, faint and bewildered.

It was the mother eagle, that had plunged down upon him from a great height. She was driven off for a time by the man below, who hit her squarely on the breast with a stone.

The hunter, still undaunted, proceeded to climb, this time with his knife between his teeth. When he was within five feet of the top the former experience was repeated.

A short, sharp flight ensued. The bird fell away, but immediately returned. The man struck at it with his knife, missed it, and then, while one of its claws was fastened in his clothing, lost his balance and fell against the rope. The rope broke, and bird and man went plunging into the sea.

The fact that the bird's talon had caught in his clothing saved the hunter's life, for the eagle, as soon as it struck the water, began to try to fly, and actually helped the man out of the clasp into which he had fallen. Then by its struggles it freed itself, and the hunter swam to the rock.

All thought of securing the eggs was now abandoned. The boat proved to be damaged beyond repair, and the men spent a miserable night in a crevice of the rock, the sea rising all around them. Late on the following day they were rescued by a passing boat.

Talists on Modern Americans.
But the American army is much larger than it was. It seems to me it grew very quickly. Only a short time ago, I read it was less than 50,000, now it is 100,000 or more. I told him 100,000 was the maximum; that the minimum was much less. "But you build great battleships—the best in any nation," I agreed to this. "It is a pity you think you need any battleships. After the Field of writers America produced in the Civil War you can now only show as your most brilliant brain, Carnegie, the millionaire. (He pronounced the word Carnegie.) You had Thoreau, Ballou, Emerson, Longfellow, Whitier and Walt Whitman. It was your Homer age. Then rose the Abolitionists, among statesmen, Abraham Lincoln. All these were a giant constellation. Your war fever is over, but gold has you now. Your great men are your millionaires."—Leslie's Popular Monthly.

War Humor.

One of the first fruits of the victory at Waterloo was to cover the lords of England with honors and decorations and the people with taxes. Great distress followed and riots were frequent. In the year of the reform bill a mob broke into Downing Street, says a writer in Temple Bar, and approached the sentry stationed at the door of the foreign office, saying:

"Liberty or death!"

The sentry lowered his musket. "My lads," said he, "I know nothing about liberty, but if you come a step farther I'll show you what death is!"

There were "iron" soldiers as well as an "iron duke" in those troubled days, and humor was a trifle grim and harsh.

Saving of Coal.

Here is a simple method of making half a ton of coal go as far as fifteen hundred weight. The plan is to place a quantity of chalk in the grate; one heated stick is practically inexhaustible from combustion and gives out great heat.

Disgraced.

Wife—Why, George, don't you know whose picture it is? It's mamma's! Hubby—Is it? Oh, yes, but you see, the photographer succeeded in getting her to put on a pleasant expression.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The later style in houses is squatty, architects try to give new houses the squatty effect.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

There is encouragement, if not poetry, in the following from a Georgia singer:

I struggled up the mountain,
But fell to earth, ker-dop!
I said in vain,
"I'll try again."
And finally reached the top!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Out in Kansas.
Visitor—Only one mattress in the house? Why, what am I to sleep on?
Child—Oh, maw is going to make one soon.

Visitor—How long will that be?
Child—Just until paw can have his whiskers cut.—Chicago News.

Good Advice.
"I've a dandied headache, old chap."
"Why don't you have it filled?"

The Infant History Class.
"What did the Greeks row their galleys with?" "First little boy."
"Brooms."
"Brooms! Doesn't the lesson say that it was sweeps?"
"Ain't them brooms?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Proof.
Mr. Crimmonbeak—Do you believe the world is getting better?
Mrs. Crimmonbeak—I certainly do.

"What makes you think so?"
"Well, here's a paragraph in this paper which says the postal receipts this year will reach \$111,000,000. In 1880 they were only \$60,000,000."
"What's that got to do with it?"
"A good deal. It shows that there are fewer husbands now who forget to mail their wives' letters."—Yonkers Statesman.

Symbolic.
The Cheerful Idiot—I notice our land-lady is up on football.

The Gloomy Sage—How so?
The Cheerful Idiot—Why, she serves her pie in "hollow wedges."—Brooklyn Eagle.

All Actors Want It.
"There's a man out in the waiting room," said the great man's Secretary. "I think he's a bun actor."
"Why do you think so?"
"He says he's anxious to get an audience."—Philadelphia Press.

Tertian Stage.
Edith—Why did you break off your engagement with Mr. Goodheart?
Blanche—Oh, he got into that state that he'd rather sit at home and hold my hand than take me to a theater.

Never Made the Effort.
Muggins—Do you believe that a woman can't keep a secret?
Buggins—I don't know. I don't believe a woman ever tried.—Philadelphia Record.

An Attractive Field.
First Politician—It seems that Porto Rico has no bonded or floating debt.
Second Politician—You don't say so? Porto Rico has a great future before it!—Puck.

The Proper Thing.
"Say, Billy, it ain't de proper ting 't wear a coat like dat wid a silk int." "I know it ain't, Jimmie; but some body's got to set de style, ain't dey?"

A Natural Infancy.
"Her first name is Lily."
"Good gracious! Is she as fat as all that?"—Harper's Bazar.

Finds Us Out.
When fortune knocks at our door we are too often over at our neighbor's telling hard luck stories.—Philadelphia Record.

In Great Luck.
"So you went hunting?"
"Yes."
"Have any luck?"
"Some. I didn't get shot by any of the other people who were hunting with me."—Washington Star.

In the Year 2000.
First Citizen—It's a shame that these airship companies haven't more regard for public comfort.
Second Citizen—Yes, indeed! They should at least put on more airships during the rush hours.—Puck.

Couldn't Be Him.
Cholly—So you think I am too slow for any use?
She—Yes. You don't even make the other young men jealous.—Smart Set.

All by Himself.
"Mr. Johnson, you play classical music?"
"No, sah, I don't play in no class; I plays solos."—Brooklyn Life.

Couldn't Be Expected.
Howell—No, I won't give you a cent. I gave you a nickel yesterday.
Begger—I know you did, sir, but I find it's simply impossible to live on less than two and one-half cents a day. I'm broke again.—Philadelphia Record.

Neatly Trapped.
She—They used to say marriage was a lottery, but Uncle Sam doesn't seem to look at it in that way.
He—Why?
She—He doesn't bar it from the mails.
Then there was absolutely nothing left for him but to propose.—Chicago Record-Herald.

They Had It.
Towne—Do I understand you to say that Spender's case was really a faith cure?
Browne—Yes. You see, the doctor and the druggist both trusted him.—Philadelphia Press.

His Courtesy.
"So you won't chop the wood?"
"I'm afraid," replied Meandering Mike, "dat de exercise would start an appetite dat 'ud trespass on your hospitality."—Washington Star.

Life's Little Frictions.
"Are you getting ready for winter?"
"Oh, yes; we've had our last scrap with the ice man and have begun to quarrel with the coal man."—Detroit Free Press.

His Occupation Gones.
"Dis 'Stralian ballot system hez totally ruined me," said the colored campaigner.
"How is that?"
"I wuz de champion voter in de county."—Atlanta Constitution.

Couldn't Sell to Him.
"I have my opinion of you," sarcastically remarked the lawyer.
"Well, you can keep it," hotly retorted the client. "The last one I had of you cost me \$5."—Philadelphia Record.

An Acknowledgment.
"A man sometimes attaches a great deal of importance to himself," remarked Mr. Meekton's wife.
"Yes," answered Leonidas, with a Chesterfieldian air, "especially when he gets married."—Washington Star.

He Knew That.
Father—What! You've resigned your job?
Son—Yes, sir; it was too hard.
"Too hard, eh? Don't you know that no job is perfectly easy?"
"Yes, sir; that's why I want no job."—Philadelphia Record.

The Reason.
"Pa, why do widows wear mourning?"
"To let men know they are single again."

That Was He It.
Hunker—Why is the Horse Show so popular with the girls?
Spatts—It is so suggestive of brides.—Philadelphia North-American.

Why She Complains.
"She finds fault with her husband's salary, they say."
"Yes," she says it isn't like her father used to make."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Tip in Time.
He—Do you know, I am fixing to fall in love with you?
She—Well, be careful. The man I marry will have to be pretty well fixed.—Smart Set.

Carte Blanche.
His Daughter—I can't go therewithout a chaperon.
Mr. Struckoyle—Well, you got it, whatever it is, and let 'em send me the bill.—Brooklyn Life.

In the Bake Shop.
"Dear me," sighed the bread dough, "I would like a raise."
"All right," said the yeast cake, "wait a minute and I'll set you to work."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Strictly Classical.
"Yes, indeed, Mistah Thompson is very musical. He's jest lined de new drum corps dat dey've organized down to de hollow."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Would Rather Lose than Win.
He had bet on the ledge and won.
"Baw Jove!" he said as he looked at the money; "ye know I'm sorry about that."
"What's the matter?" he was asked.
"Why, eahn't y' see," he asked, "that when a fellow bets and loses it's a gentleman's sport, but when he bets and wins it's too much like business, don't y' know."—Chicago Post.

Heavy Rainfall.
It is the greatest rainfall in the world which pours down in torrents upon the southern sides of the Khaz Hills, in Assam. No wonder that their southern slopes are fertile. The rains begin in June, and last through August and September. Israel Savory writes of these rains in "A Sportsman in India."

At Cherra Punji 523 inches of rain fall annually. The yearly rainfall in London is about two feet; at Cherra Punji it is forty feet, or enough to float the largest man-of-war; while in one year sixty-seven feet of water once fell from the sky.

When the rains set in we had thunder-storms on a large scale. We, in the innocence of the uninitiated, began by trying to time a peal of thunder, but when it had lasted over half an hour, gave it up. Storms were on all sides, one long-rolling peal crashing and vibrating among the distant mountains for hours.

In this town there is a mother who is very proud of her daughter, but the daughter is always saying to her intimate friends that her home folks are mighty tacky.

LITERARY LITTLEBITS.

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's next work of fiction, "Fuel of Fire," is reported to have a strong plot.

The critics give Mrs. C. L. Anthonius a high position among English writers. The London Times says she reminds one of George Eliot.

Miss Ina Brechoot Roberts is a new writer. She introduced herself by a novel in Lippincott's called "The Lifting of a Finger." She is a New-Yorker, and intends to follow up this work with other studies in character.

Some of the important characters in Lucas Malet's (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison) new romance, "The History of Sir Richard Calmady," are incidentally mentioned in the author's early works, "The Waves of Sin" and "A Counsel of Perfection."

There are indications of a revival of interest in the works of George Eliot. Her personal friend, Leslie Stephen, is to write her biography, and Frederic Harrison has recently written a paper of "Reminiscences of George Eliot" for Harpers. As time passes we more and more appreciate what a powerful and sterling writer Mrs. Lewes (George Eliot) was.

One of the new Lippincott authors is Miss Ella Middleton Tybout. She is a native of Delaware, and in speaking of the origin of her recent story, "The Intervention of Gran'par," she writes: "It was simply the result of one of my visits to the open-air religious services held by the negro population called 'Camp Meetings.' My literary experience has been slight, although I have written more or less for my own amusement."

Miss Gwendoline Keats was educated in five different schools, and not one of them gave her any name for brilliancy. Her first book, written fourteen years ago, was rejected. She afterwards lost the manuscript, and wrote no more for six years, when she made a second attempt and again failed. So we see that "Zack" has had her share of the discouragements of new writers. In 1898 Blackwood's Magazine accepted a short story of hers, and since then success has been easy until fame came to her with the publication of "The White Cottage."

Miss Maud Howard Peterson, author of "The Potter and the Clay," was brought up among books. Her grandfather was Charles J. Peterson, editor of Peterson's Magazine, brother of T. B. Peterson, the well-known publisher. Charles Kingsley said of her grandfather that it was a privilege to be near him and hear him talk. Her first story, written when a child, showed a vivid imagination—one scene describing the heroine as "sitting gently on a plank floating around the ocean, lassooing and drawing to herself with a convenient rope many perishing souls." Much of her life, since her father's death, has been passed in Philadelphia and Newport.

LATE JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

In action to recover damages arising from fraud in the sale of unsound food, the Supreme Court of South Carolina, in the case of Pong vs. Charlotte Oil and Fertilizer Company (39 S. E. Rep. 344), holds that the plaintiff must show that the seller knew the goods to be unsound at the time of the delivery.

The publisher of a newspaper who receives contributions in response to solicitations in his paper for the relief of families and dependent relatives of certain firemen who had been killed by a fire, is not liable for the funds, comes a voluntary trustee of the funds, charged with the duty of devoting them to the objects indicated in the solicitations. The Supreme Court holds in the case of Hallinan vs. Hearst (96 Pac. 17).

The initiation of an applicant for membership in a beneficial order by a local camp before receiving the certificate from the sovereign camp, when it was unauthorized by the laws of the order, is held, in McLendon vs. sovereign camp Woodmen of the World (Tenn.), 52 L. R. A. 444, to be ineffectual to make him a beneficial member, even if it might constitute him a fraternal member.

Where a railroad company places coaches for the reception of passengers on a side track adjacent to the main track intervening between it and the depot, and with the company's acquiescence passengers are passing to and from the station to the coaches, the Supreme Court of Arkansas, in the case of St. Louis, etc., Railroad Company vs. Tomlinson (64 S. W. Rep. 347), holds that it is negligence to back an engine at a rapid speed along the main track, without any efficient lookout or warning of