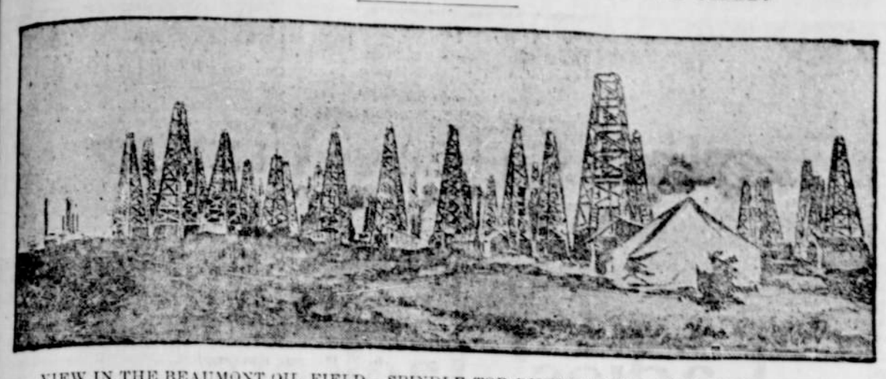
BRIEF HISTORY OF THE GREAT BEAUMONT OIL FIELD.



VIEW IN THE BEAUMONT OIL FIELD— SPINDLE TOP DISTRICT RECENTLY SWEPT 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!

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,

DO YOU THINK IT WOULD KILL FATHER?

really, till she said something about mummy."

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

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

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

At the Concert.

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

"Why, no; it sounds lively."

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

After Camp Meeting.

"Is Br'er Williams eddicated?"

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

MAUSOLEUM OF A VOODOO PRIEST.

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

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

RUNS THE WEATHER.

HOW THE OFFICIAL FORECASTER MAKES PREDICTIONS.

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

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

Such was the way in which our grandparents foretold the weather.

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

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

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

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

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

SIEVE SIFTS FINE.

Only Gilt-Edge Immigrants Get Farther Than Ellis Island.

While there are more immigrants at the port of New York than ever before, the deportations are correspondingly numerous. A rigid enforcement of alien laws at Ellis Island results in more people being sent back on the ship they came on than used to be the case. There are many things that may make an immigrant ineligible for a long stay on American shores, and among the thousands of foreigners that come over in the steerage every year it is natural that a certain percentage should be lacking in proper qualifications for American citizenship, or even residence. Every day at the barge office there are pitiful scenes of disappointment as the immigration officials coldly make arrangements to send a man, a woman, or, mayhap, a whole family, back to the country from which they have just come. This happens very often among the Italians, says a correspondent of the Pittsburg Gazette. A goodly percentage of the total immigration is from Italy, and there are many swindling agents in that country who persuade their fellow countrymen that they may evade the immigration laws of the United States by embarking from some foreign port away from Italy. The Italian Royal Emigration Commission has taken the matter up now. It warns all Italians that if they do not come within the provisions of the United States immigration laws they will not be allowed to land in New York. It is not believed that the Italian government desires to check emigration to this country, but it does not like to have its people sent back in disgrace, as it were. While Italians are named as the most numerous class suffering under the provisions of the immigration laws, there are people of other nationalities who find themselves sailing out of New York harbor about the time they expected to be dropping off a railroad train in the far West. The enforcement of rules at Ellis Island and the barge office are stricter than ever they were, and only gilt-edge immigrants have any chance to pass the barriers down at the battery.

PIERPONT MORGAN OF JAPAN.

Suggestion That All Great Financiers Look Alike.

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

Local Distinctions.

The spirit of democracy, which hates sham formality, was the motive in the rebuke of a traveling salesman to a party of State Senators whom he met at the boarding house of an interior town. They were on their way to the capital, says the Philadelphia Times, and were compelled to wait over for a change of cars during dinner time.

Their conversation soon revealed to the other guests that they were newly elected "Solons," full of the dignity of their position, and anxious to make an impression on each other and everybody with whom they came in contact.

Their ponderous diction at table disgusted the salesman. It was "Will the gentleman from Bilgeville have the butter?" and "Will the gentleman from Painted Post pass the bread?" and "Does the gentleman from Nowhere Junction care for the pickles?" and "Did the gentleman from Signboard Township enjoy the trip?"

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

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

Sympathetic Critic.

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

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

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

Their First Ice Cream.

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

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

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

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

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

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

All Depends.

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

MAKING OF TROUT FLIES.

Mouse Whiskers and Bears' Eyebrows Are Used.

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

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

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

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

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

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

QUEER STORIES

One thousand miles from its mouth the Amazon is 620 feet deep.

Ninety-five tons of gold and 520 of silver are mined in a single year.

Jupiter is 1½ times larger than all the rest of the planets put together.

The nightingale's song may be heard at a distance of a mile on a calm night.

Polo is probably the oldest of athletic sports. It has been traced to 500 B. C.

Palms never live more than 250 years. The yew is the longest-lived of trees.

An elephant has only eight teeth altogether. At fourteen years the elephant loses its first set of teeth and a new set grows.

Among the curios of Windsor Castle is a chair made entirely out of the trunk of the famous elm by which the Duke of Wellington stood at the battle of Waterloo.

In only two cases have baronetcies been conferred on women in England. Once was in 1686 on the mother of Gen Cornelius Speelman. The other was Dame Maria Bolles, made so by Charles I.

Norway's population is the smallest in Europe compared with her area. Each of her inhabitants could have forty acres of land, while the Briton would have to be content with less than an acre.

It is said that the redemption division of the national postoffice in Washington is nearly swamped by the return of the left-over Pan-American postage stamps since Nov. 1. Some ten thousand packages have been received. All records are broken as far back as Chief Scott can recollect.

A unique specimen of ocean life has been captured at Honolulu for the U. S. fishing vessel Albatross, now cruising in that vicinity. It is a small fish which has four feet. They are webbed like the feet of a frog, and are apparently the link between foot and fin. The specimen is said to be one of a few such fish found in the world.

It is not expensive to become a noble in Bavaria. To be made a simple "Von" costs a matter of $375; to be raised to the "Ritterstand," $500; to be made a "Freiherr," $1,250; to be made a "Graf" costs $2,500, while to be made a prince only costs $5,000. These prices are only for one person, but the government kindly makes reduction in the case of whole families wishing to turn noble all at once. Thus, for $10,000 or $15,000 a small family can be made princes, though they are only permitted to use their title within the kingdom of Bavaria.

Statue of a King.

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

The Popular Length.

Artist—Do you wish me to paint you a full-length portrait?

Mr. Saphedde—Well, I want it as long as your customers usually buy.—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

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

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

THIS GREEK CHURCH IS THE FURTHEST NORTH.

Russian control has pushed its way to the extreme northwestern tip of Siberia, 1,500 miles north of Vladivostock and the Siberian railway. At the van of the Russian possession is the official Greek priest of the established church. All Russian resources are at his command and all Russian officials and soldiery hasten to his bidding. Naturally in building the city of Markova, the northernmost town of the world and Russian outpost, an imposing Greek church received first consideration, with all its details of dome and minaret, although lumber and timber must come from long distances. In size it is larger and more pretentious than all the government buildings combined. The Greek priest at once on arrival assumed control over the souls of of all the koryaks, other natives, Russian soldiers, officials and laborers of the province of Amadyr. He is personally acquainted with the physical conditions of all under his jurisdiction. On arrival of strangers he warns them that they must seek his advice before association with any natives in particular or take the consequence of contracting contagious ailments. He keeps a watchful eye on the subject natives of the Czar, encouraging their labors and urging them to be zealous in their occupations of fishing and drying fish, collecting eggs of sea birds for food, etc.

PROFITS OF RICE GROWERS.

Industry in the Southwest Has Passed the Experimental Stage.

The production in the Southwest has long since passed the experimental stage, and the man who wishes to become a rice farmer can secure an ample fund of statistics from any of the various centers to enable him to calculate closely on the tilling a tract of 10, 100, or 10,000 acres, for he can find companies who have invested half a million dollars to purchase and prepare "farms" of the last-named size for the industry, but the majority of the growers have confined their individual effort to 50 or 100 acres. Taking a group of the 100-acre projects and averaging the results, the expenses are as follows: Plowing and cultivating, $4 an acre; seeding, $3.50; harvesting, thrashing and hauling crop to mill or railroad station, $5. Levee work and other items swell the total cash outlay of "making" the crop to $20 an acre.

The owner contracts with the irrigation company to furnish sufficient water for the season for one-fifth of the yield, unless he controls his waterworks, which for hundred-acre farms cost from $1,000 to $1,500. The harvest, of course, varies considerably. It may be ten barrels of 162 pounds each to the acre. A specially favorable season may increase it to fifteen barrels. The price, too, fluctuates. Basing it at $3.50 per barrel for the minimum yield, the farmer obtains $800 from his rice alone. Deducting interest at 6 per cent on the cost of his land at $20 an acre, taxes and insurance, he nets a profit of $600. But to this he can add $500, the value of the straw and bran left after thrashing. Thus 50 per cent of the original land value may be paid by the proceeds of one year's harvest.

Usually enough vegetables, perhaps fruit, are raised for the family supply, and the tendency to diversity is becoming yearly more pronounced; for the energetic grower has an opportunitiy to produce some other staple during the half-year when the rice is not under cultivation. The profit may average near $25 or $30 an acre.—American Review of Reviews.

AN OLD RAILROAD TIE.

Did Service as a Trellis After Thirty Years' Usage.

"I saw an old railroad relic the other day that was quite a curiosity," said a contractor. "It was in the possession of a farmer near Springfield. It was one of the ties used in the construction of the first railroad built in Illinois, 'The Northern Cross,' extending from Springfield to Naples on the Illinois River, and now a part of the Wabash system. It was built, or at least begun, in 1836, and was of a construction now strange to railroad people.

"The ties were of red cedar and were laid farther apart than is now the custom. On the ties running lengthwise were laid oak stringers, as they were called, to support the rails. These stringers were timbers about six inches square and from twenty to thirty feet long. They were held in place by ash pins about an inch in diameter, which were driven through holes bored in the stringers and ties. The rails were mere straps of iron about two and a half inches wide and a half to three-quarters of an inch thick. The straps were fastened to the stringers with spikes driven through their center and the heads of the spikes were countersunk so that the straps presented a smooth surface upon which the wheels revolved.

"The tie of which I speak had been taken from the track in 1866, after thirty years of use, had passed into possession of its present owner and been used as a post to support a grape trellis, where it has stood for thirty-five years. It is still sound, except around the holes near each end, where there are signs of decay.

"I think if enough material of this kind could be gathered it would be a good idea to construct a track after this old pattern as a part of the Illinois exhibit at the St. Louis exposition."

Great Is the Amazon.

The greatest river is the Amazon. It is navigable for ocean steamers for 2,000 miles from its mouth. At parts of its course one bank cannot be seen from the other; the observer seems to be looking out upon a sea of fresh water.

Duties of other people are always doubly clear to us.