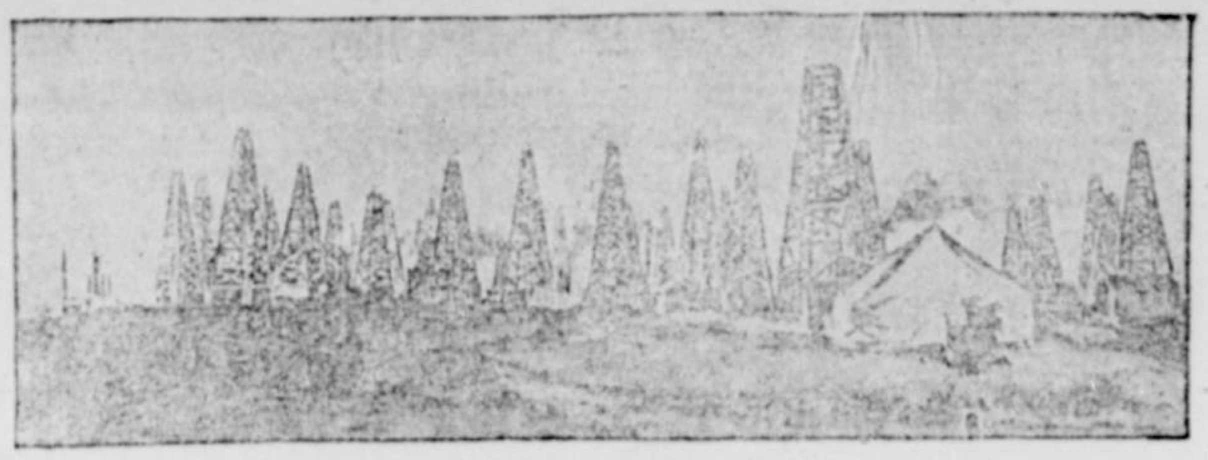
BRIEF HISTORY OF THE GREAT BEAUMONT OIL FIELD.



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 5¼ feet, and at muzzle 2 feet 4 inches. Its weight is 130 tons, and it is rifled with 90 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."

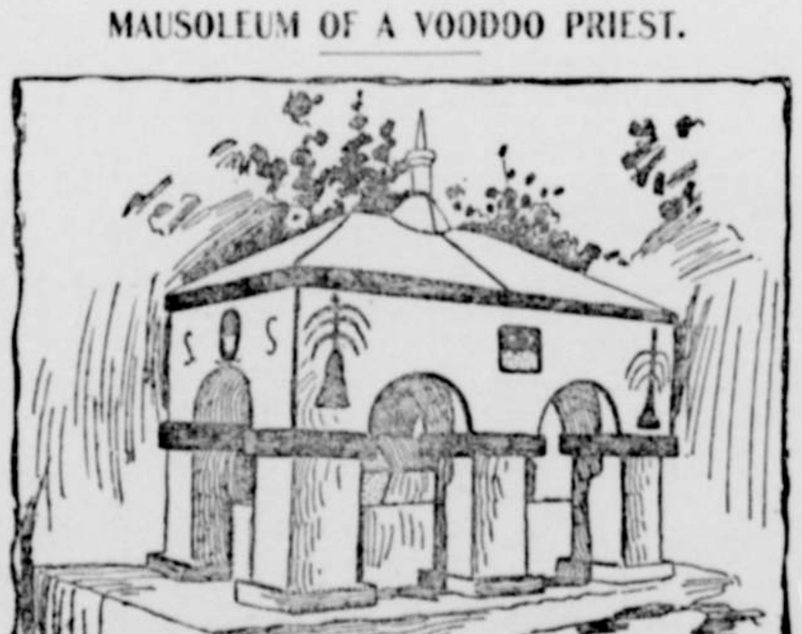
"Well, it will be dead when they get through murdering it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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.

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As It Seemed.

"What's his business?"

"Everybody's."

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Unconvinced.

"Is your wife ever speechless with indignation?"

"She says she is, but I have reason to doubt it."

A Cough

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J. Early Finley, Ironton, O.

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Fish Sauce.

A delicious fish sauce to serve with fish or meat is made by putting six spoonsful of water to four of vinegar; set on the fire, thicken with yolks of two eggs; make hot, not boiling, and squeeze the juice of half a lemon before serving.

Eczema, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum, Tetter and Acne

Belong to that class of inflammatory and disfiguring skin eruptions that cause more genuine bodily discomfort and worry than all other known diseases. The impurities or sediments which collect in the system because of poor digestion, inactive Kidneys and other organs of elimination are taken up by the blood, saturating the system with acid poisons and fluids that ooze out through the glands and pores of the skin, producing an indescribable itching and burning, and the yellow, watery discharge forms into crusts and sores or little brown and white scabs that drop off, leaving the skin tender and raw. The effect of the poison may cause the skin to crack and bleed, or give it a scaly, fishy appearance; again the eruptions may consist of innumerable blackheads and pimples or hard, red bumps upon the face. Purification of the blood is the only remedy for these vicious skin diseases. Washes and powders can only hide for a time the glaring blemishes. S. S. S. eradicates all poisonous accumulations, antidotes the Uric and other acids, and restores the blood to its wonted purity, and stimulates and revitalizes the sluggish organs, and the impurities pass off through the natural channels and relieve the skin. S. S. S. is the only guaranteed purely vegetable blood purifier. It contains no Arsenic, Potash or other harmful mineral.

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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.

Traveler—I want a bed for the night.

Clerk—Haven't got one in the house, sir.

"Got one out of the house?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I'll take that. Where is it?"

"Out in the back yard, sir. It's the strawberry bed. Don't roll over on the berries. Good-night, sir."

Quite Different.

Wesley—Yo' look troubled, Rastus! Haven't you got de nerve to propose to her?

Rastus—Oh, I popped de question, but I ain't got de nerve to question pop.

Handicapped.

Madge—How is it you're not going out yachting with Charlie again?

Dolly—It took both his hands to manage the boat.—September Smart Set.

How Can It?

Eddie (aged 6)—Say, pop, ain't the world round?

His Pop—Yes.

Eddie—Then how can it ever come to an end?

In the Wrong Pew.

Lady Customer—Give me a package of hairpins, please.

Green Salesman—You'll find those in the hair mattress department, madam. —Ohio State Journal.

Cautious.

Stern Mother—Were you in swimming, Bobbie?

Bobbie—What if I'll say yes?

Stern Mother—Why, I should whip you.

Bobbie—Then I refuse to answer.—Ohio State Journal.

Farsighted.

"Dolly is going somewhere with that young man this evening."

"Yes, going to sit with him in the hammock. Right after dinner she went upstairs and put on a dark shirt waist." —Portland Oregonian.

The Southern Philosopher.

"You look happy," ventured the tourist.

"Couldn't be more so, stranger," replied the lanky native.

"Didn't the lightning strike your place?"

"Yes, hit the woodpile an' split up enough kindling to last six weeks."

"How about the cloudburst?"

"Oh, that saved the old woman a week's washing. Just hung the clothes out an' the water did the rest."

"But the earthquake?"

"Well, that saved some more work. Churned up all the milk aroun' into butter. Nature is man's greatest help, stranger."

Disappointed.

The Lady—Did any one call while I was out?

The Maid—No, ma'am.

The Lady—That's very strange. I wonder what people think I have an "at home day" for.—Moonshine.

A Hot One.

Cholly—In what profession would you like me to distinguish myself?

Miss Kiddem—Oh! Any at all—a lifelong explorer in Africa, for instance.

Scheme that Failed.

Tom (teasingly)—Would you be sorry to hear that I am going to marry Edyth?

Mayme—Indeed I should.

Tom—Why?

Mayme—Because I really like Edyth.

Not Exactly a Compliment.

Hewitt—Ignorance is bliss.

Jewett—You'd better get your life insured.

Hewitt—What for?

Jewett—You're liable to die of joy.—New York Times.

Appropriate Expression.

Reginald—Miss Wose, don't you think my imported Egyptian cigarettes are fine?

Miss Rose—Yes, they are perfectly killing.

At the Minstrels.

Bones—Yeas, sah. Ah kin prove dat Noah didn't take enuf to eat on dat voyage.

Tambo—How kin yo' prove it?

Bones—Don't de good book say he only took one Ham? ?

Well Watered.

Stubb—You complain about these streets being damp. Why, I know a city where the streets are always a field of water.

Penn—What city is that?

Stubb—Venice.

Love's Golden Dream.

She—And will you speak to papa tomorrow, dear?

He (in dismay)—Oh! Don't, darling—don't wake me up!—Puck.

She Cornered Him.

The city editor was troubled, not to say angry.

"Hang it all," he exclaimed, as he read the letter addressed to his department, "my wife has been asking me that question for the last week and I refused to be bothered——" He looked at the letter again and jumped out of his chair. "Thunder and guns," he cried, "it's her handwriting, too. Now that she has learned the trick, she'll make me settle every social, household and historical question that comes up, and I'll be right on hand to take the blame if I make a mistake."

For a long time he remained buried in thought. Then he resigned.—Brooklyn Eagle.

As He Understood It.

Smith—Where are you living now?

Brown—In St. Louis. Ever been there?

Smith—No.

Brown—Well, come over and spend a week with us and you'll never live anywhere else.

Smith—Why, is the climate that fatal?—Chicago News.

Cozy in Name Only.

Cholly—I'm awfully tired—and want to rest a bit.

Carrye—Then don't sit in the cozy corner.

His Only Request.

Judge—The jury has returned a verdict of guilty. Have you anything to say for yourself before sentence is passed?

Prisoner—Only one thing your honor. I trust you will see your way clear to deduct the time occupied by my counsel's speech from my term of imprisonment.

Nearing the Age Limit.

Firstnight—Mdlle. DeKiquor is billed as having appeared before many of the crowned heads of Europe. I wonder who they were?

Frontrow—All those who reigned previous to the beginning of the nineteenth century, I imagine.

Good Advice.

Hix—Green sent $1 to a man who advertised to impart information that would enable any one to save money.

Dix—Did he get the information?

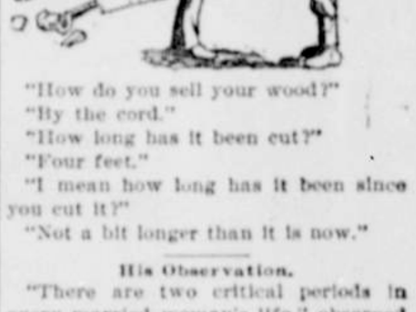
Hix—Yes. The advertiser wrote and told him not to send any more.

Took It for Granted.

Guide (at the capitol)—See that man across the way? That is the speaker of the house.

Jay Green—Dew tell! Heow long hes his ole woman been dead huh?

Evasion.



"How do you sell your wood?"

"By the cord."

"How long has it been cut?"

"Four feet."

"I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"

"Not a bit longer than it is now."

His Observation.

"There are two critical periods in every married woman's life," observed the bachelor philosopher.

"Put me next" said the very young man.

"One" replied the b. p. "is when she has a hired girl and the other is when she hasn't."

His Experience.

Hix—They say that every hearty laugh adds a day to one's life.

Dix—Don't believe a word of it.

Hix—Why not?

Dix—A man kicked at least a week off my life recently because I laughed when a banana peel upset him on the sidewalk.

A Pointer.

You can sometimes see pretty well into the future if you get the right focus on the past.—Puck.

How He Felt.

"Is it a severe attack?" asked his wife.

"Is it?" said the dyspeptic. "I feel as though I had eaten everything ever mentioned in a cook book!"—Puck.

Too Philosophic.

"It's terribly warm," said the person who could not suffer in silence.

"Yes," answered the man who is so good-natured that he irritates. "But it's a great comfort to think that you are not in danger of being arrested for forgetting to clean the snow off your sidewalk."—Washington Star.

A Mortal Enemy.

"Aunt Sally is a good old soul. I suppose she hasn't an enemy in the world."

"Indeed, she has! I know one. She once spoke of Miss Bleachblood as 'that girl with the sandy hair.'"—Puck.

But Not Satisfiar.

The Author—This is all nonsense about the literary profession being unhealthy.

The Poet—Of course. Why, it is the greatest appetite producer in the world.

Where Thieves Hide Money.

According to Chief of Detectives Miller, there are curious changes of fashion among women criminals, just as among their more honest sisters, says the Philadelphia Record. "Take, for instance," said he, "the matter of how women pickpockets conceal upon their persons the coin which they steal. Did you ever know that the place of concealment varies with them from year to year? Back in 1890 they hid it in their hair, and in searching a woman thief the head was always the first thing to be examined. In the neighborhood of 1895 they hid it in their shoes. 'Try her shoe first, miss,' I always used to say to the female searcher in handing over a woman thief. Nowadays they hide it in a small pocket sewed on their skirts in just about the place where on a man's trousers the little watch pocket is sewed, and police matrons find on seven out of ten women thieves pockets of this kind—invisible patches that a lay mind would be bound to overlook."

Some women show their age and some cover it with a coat of paint.