OIL MADNESS IN TEXAS.

DREAMS INSPIRED BY THE FLOW OF THE BEAUMONT GUSHERS.

An Industrial Revolution From the Use of Oil as Fuel Talked Of—In the Meantime There Is Furious Speculation in Oil Shares—Standard Oil Company's Position.

NEW ORLEANS, April 19.—The oil craze, which has been prevailing in southeastern Texas and southwestern Louisiana for some weeks, has struck New Orleans. Large numbers of oil shares are being dealt in here and all kinds of projects relating to oil are being discussed.

There was quite a boom in Beaumont and the surrounding country there before the oil craze struck it. The Texas city is a lumber town, the very centre of the yellow pine district of Texas, and until two years ago it knew of nothing except lumber. But the lumber industry while profitable is not permanent, and Beaumont saw the day when its yellow pine being exhausted it would sink back to insignificance. Two years ago the experiment was made of growing rice. It succeeded and a rice boom was started. Lands which had been quoted at $2 an acre when the lumber was cut from them rose to $25. The oil craze has now completely killed the rice boom. If the rice boom increases the price of the land tenfold, the oil craze has multiplied it forty times. It is now everywhere held at $1,000 an acre; and in some favored localities commands $25,000. Nor are these prices merely fancy ones, for the court records of Jefferson and Orange counties show many sales at these figures.

Now that the country is shown to be full of oil, the wonder is that it had not been discovered sooner. The explanation lies in the fact that the flat country of Louisiana and Texas, lying only a few feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico, presents to miners and mineral experts the most uninviting field possible. One would scarcely dig for minerals in a swamp.

Such discoveries as have been made were purely accidental. Thus a man named Avery was sinking a well on his island plantation when he struck the famous salt mine of Petit Anse, on Avery Island. Subsequent investigations have disclosed that the salt deposit is the largest in the world, covering several thousand square miles and extending from the Atchafalaya to the Texas border. It is known to be 2,400 feet thick of solid rock salt, 97 per cent. pure, and it may be a mile or more thick. It lies only a few hundred feet below the surface, but as most of the country is swamp and there are hundreds of quicksands through which it is impossible to drill, it is difficult to sink a shaft; and only a few salt mines are in operation.

In this salt country another shaft struck a vein of pure sulphur around which has grown up Sulphur City in Calcasieu parish. The sulphur deposit is nearly pure and is inexhaustible, but there is the same difficulty in mining as elsewhere, quagmires and quicksands lying below the surface. The mine is now the property of the Standard Oil Company, which has found it profitable but gives no details of its operations.

The fact that oil should not have been discovered before is the more remarkable because in all the other mining operations oil was encountered. As for oil springs and gas wells they are universal throughout southwestern Louisiana; but the natives looked upon them merely as curiosities. If a gas streak was struck they merely lighted it and seemed amused that it should burn for several days.

All the time the existence of an oil pool in the Gulf was known. Some eight or ten miles from the coast immediately opposite the Louisiana-Texas boundary, a stream of oil rises from the bottom of the Gulf, and spreads over the surrounding waters, covering some square miles. The oil has the usual effect of quieting the waves, and this pool is the refuge of the small vessels engaged in the coastwise trade during the great hurricanes that sometimes sweep across the Gulf of Mexico. Strange to say no one ever seemed to see any significance in this pool.

Geologically shafts were sunk mainly by way of experiments and the oil has narrowly been missed. Some of the officers of the Texas and Pacific sank a well for oil in what is now known as the oil district twenty years ago. They struck the oil, but only a pocket, and got a few hundred barrels. The enterprise cost some $10,000 and proved nearly a dead loss, and no one cared to repeat it. A few years ago, when the result of this experiment had been forgotten, a well was sunk very near the first Beaumont gushers. This pipe was sunk 1,000 feet and found traces of oil, but it was finally abandoned. A few hundred feet more would have struck the big vein of oil.

All these facts have only intensified the oil craze. "To think that we have had a fortune under our feet all the time and did not know it," is the comment of the landowners of Texas and Louisiana. There had been organized up to April 16 115 oil companies, with a total capital of $32,783,000, and they are being organized at the rate of ten a day. Besides there are the pipe lines, of which one with $5,000,000 capital has already been organized and two each with $10,000,000 capital are proposed. One pipe line controlled by the Standard Oil Company has already been constructed to Port Arthur.

The craze is not confined to Beaumont. Wells are being sunk in Calcasieu, Cameron, St. Landy, Acadia, St. Martin's and Plaquemine parish, La., and Louisiana is turning out new companies at the rate of two a day. The wells are being sunk as fast as the necessary labor and appliances can be obtained.

The practical work of oil mining is as nothing compared with the speculation, which is furious and thoughtless not only in Beaumont, but also in New Orleans, Galveston and Houston. Beaumont already has an oil exchange. The speculation in oil shares is so great in New Orleans that an oil exchange will be started here next week, as all other speculation has ceased. Already several of the leading stocks are quoted on the Stock Exchange and sell well. Everybody, clerk and capitalist alike, is dabbling in the oil stocks, although none of them is listed, and very few persons know anything about the companies in which they own stock.

Some of the companies have wells, some own land upon which they expect to find oil, some do not even own land, but expect to buy it. There are men with wildcat schemes, organized to take advantage of the popular craze for oil stocks. Several companies were in the field selling shares when it was discovered that they had not even taken the trouble to get charters.

An agent of a Beaumont company, the Drillers, came to New Orleans with the stock, 5,000 shares, to dispose of, and sold all of it to members of the Cotton Exchange in two days. Even before the stock was sold on the Stock Exchange 5,000 shares were disposed of daily in New Orleans, and the sales have since doubled.

The great issue talked of in connection with the oil find is the attitude of the Standard Oil Company. Will the Standard oil fight the new oil fields, remain neutral or buy them up and control them? are the questions asked. The company is reported to have sent agents to inspect the gushers soon after they were first opened. The report is understood to have been unfavorable and to have said that the oil was not adapted to refining and could not be used for machinery purposes or a lubricant. A second committee from the Standard Oil visited Beaumont a few days ago at the invitation of the Citizens' Committee. The second committee has taken a more cheerful view of the situation than the first. Leaving out of question the refining of the oil, it recognizes that it may become valuable for fuel purposes. The only trouble is that the field for fuel oil is limited, and the cost of transportation would be burdensome. To provide the needed pipe lines, tank steamers, &c., would cost from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000.

As for the Standard Oil Company it could not, it was reported, do business in Texas under the Anti-Trust laws of that State. The Standard has had enough trouble in Texas, through the Waters-Pierce Company, its name in that State, and it wants no more. It was announced, therefore, that it would not invest in the Texas oil country to any great extent unless the laws in regard to trusts were modified. It is reported, however, to have purchased the great Lucas gusher, the first tapped in the Beaumont territory, and to own the pipe line to Port Arthur, the only one yet constructed, which will enable it to control the first output of oil, or refer its shipment to market.

It is doubtful if the Texas opposition to trusts will be overcome. Indeed there is some murmuring against the Beaumont committee which invited the Standard Oil to send delegates to look over the field. While many of the companies are willing to sell out, there is a strong sentiment among other stockholders that Texas is in a position to fight the Standard Oil Company and that it ought to do so.

Appeals have been made to capitalists to enter the field. New Orleans has, in particular been appealed to and its capitalists invited to secure a control of the oil output of the Beaumont district, that will make it a great manufacturing centre. The indications are that New Orleans's capital will make the venture. Some of the largest capitalists have gone heavily into Texas oils.

Among the enterprises under way is a pipe line from Beaumont to New Orleans with a capital of $10,000,000. It will supply the sugar house with oil for fuel instead of coal. The Oxnard and Spragne plantation at Adeline has led off by abandoning coal and deciding to use Beaumont oil for fuel in the future; and it will be followed by the other plantations. This will require no change in their furnaces. The oil is sprayed on the begasse or dry cones, and burned. Two barrels of oil worth from 50 cents to 90 cents furnish the same combustion and heat as a ton of coal worth from $3 50 to $4. There is no reason to doubt that the Louisiana sugar houses will adopt the new fuel.

These are some of the dreams that New Orleans, southern Louisiana and southeastern Texas are indulging in—that the discovery of oil in this region is going to revolutionize it industrially. So far it is mainly dream and speculation; but the gushers are there and are pouring out the oil by millions of barrels daily. The chief danger seems to be in the sinking of so many wells, the development of so much country and the production of so much oil that there will be no market for it. Even if all that is hoped for from the development of this field and the utilization of this oil for fuel is accomplished, it will be years before the full result can be realized.

AT THE FLOWER COUNTER.

Effect on the Millinery Trade of the Return of the Stolen Picture.

The floorwalker with the red tie sidled up to the complaint clerk's desk and said in a whisper:

"I think it's best to tell you that the women at the artificial flower counter are going crazy. There will be a panic there in a few minutes, and I don't know what we can do to prevent it. One of the saleswomen fainted. She was selling a bunch of cherries to a customer and the woman told her that $1.83 was an outrageous price, that they were only $1 a pound in the Broadway fruit stores. Then the girl collapsed."

The complaint clerk left his chair quietly and walked around to the artificial flower counter. It extended along one side of the store, joining the untrimmed hat department at a right angle.

Women stood four and five deep, pushing and elbowing their way up nearer to a case behind which the tired salesgirls stood. The top of the glass was a kaleidoscopic mass of green leaves, roses in all hues, violets and sprays of those odd-looking blossoms that one only sees on hats.

Some of the women carried untrimmed straw hats, upon which they were trying the effect of different sprays. The crush and the delay and the excitement were caused by the length of time it took some of the shoppers to make up their minds as to just which flower they wished. The saleswomen were called upon for advice.

"Let me see some large black panne roses," said a blonde, wearing a fur toque. "The yellow centres, please. What do you think would go well with black roses?"

"Some rose leaves," suggested the saleswoman. "We have some beautiful shaded rose foliage on purpose for the black roses. There, isn't that beautiful?"

She held a spray of the green against the black blossom for the blonde's approval.

"It is pretty," said the blonde; "but I am almost afraid to get flowers. They say it will be nothing but feathers if the Gainsborough hats come in. Do you think they are coming in style again?"

"I don't imagine so," said the saleswoman. "We are selling nothing but foliage and flowers, more foliage than flowers, if anything. And these black roses are just the thing with light hair."

"Then I think I'll have that spray," said the blonde, diving into her chain purse for money just as a tall, spare, gawky young woman who had come into town for a day's shopping slid into a space next her.

"I'd like to see some gold lilies," she said, "fixed on wire stems so they shake when you walk."

"We haven't any of those," replied the saleswoman; "they are not worn. I can show you some gold pompoms."

"Are they on wires?"

"No, just ordinary stems."

"Well, let me see some, if you please."

The saleswoman brought out a box of gold rosettes, bow knots and aigrettes dazzling to look upon. She picked out one made in the semblance of a flower.

"What goes well with this?" asked the buyer.

"Foliage," promptly answered the girl. "We have some beautiful shaded foliage made on purpose for these gold flowers. Isn't that pretty?"

"Yes, that is nice; but it's rather showy, don't you think so?"

"Not at all," answered the girl. "They are wearing very showy effects this season."

"Do you think these Ginzbrew hats are coming in?" asked the lady from the country.

"The what?"

"Why the Ginzbrews. Haven't you heard of the famous Ginzbrew picture that was stolen?"

"Oh, yes, of course. No, I don't think they are really coming in."

"Well, I hope not. They are too loud and actressy. I'll take that gold flower and the spray. Do it up in a small parcel, please; I am going to take it with me."

"Got any white currants?" asked a fluffy girl with a feather bob. "I am in a great hurry."

"No; we have cherries and grapes," answered the saleswoman, "but no white currants. They're not worn."

"I simply must have white currants," said the fluffy girl, "and I've been all over town and I can't find even a bunch. If I can't have white currants I am going to buy feathers and have a Grandsbrown. Don't you think the Grandsbrowns are swell?"

"I haven't seen any."

"Well, you've seen the picture haven't you? The famous Grandsbrown? Why, all the girls I know are getting them, but I thought they'd be too common, so I decided on white currants. Don't you think white currants are sweet? What goes well with white currants?"

"Foliage. We have some beautiful new shaded foliage for white currants."

"But you have no white currants!"

"No; we have cherries and grapes. The unripe grapes are beautiful."

"No, I'll just go and look at feathers and have a Grandsbrown. Thinks ever so much."

Two stout, matronly looking women, who carried their packages in bags that looked like hammocks came up next.

"Let us see some holly," demanded one.

"The bunch holly or the spray holly?"

"The spray holly, not too expensive."

"We've only one quality of holly."

"How much is it?"

"A dollar twenty a spray with the leaves. The bunch holly is just the berries, and you have to buy foliage extra. We have some beautiful——"

"Let us see a spray, then. Mercy me!" she exclaimed, as the girl displayed a spray, "a dollar twenty for that little wisp? Would you pay it?" she asked her companion.

"You have your black feathers from last year."

"Yes, but every one is having flowers."

"They are buying them now, but in another month it'll be nothing but the Glansbrokes."

"Turned up on one side?"

"Yes, like the picture. The Glansbrokes will be the only things this summer. I saw it in the paper."

"I'd never dare to wear one. They are too—too—they only look good on thin people."

"Oh, nonsense, Maria, you know as well as I do that if the Glansbrokes come in you'll have one. You'll never be behind the style. Let us go on and look at the hats and see if they have the shape."

ANOTHER LOST GAINSBOROUGH.

Story of the Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Graham, Now in Edinburgh.

One of the best-known picture experts in this city, in speaking of the return of the portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, said:

"Of all the Gainsboroughs, to my mind the most beautiful is the picture of the Hon. Mrs. Graham which now hangs in the Edinburgh Gallery. I would rather own it than any of the others, and whenever I go to Edinburgh I make it a point to see it.

"The history of this picture is even more romantic than that of the Duchess of Devonshire's portrait. The husband of the Hon. Mrs. Graham, who must have been a most beautiful woman, had Gainsborough paint it for him and a year later the subject of it died. The husband's grief was intense. He built in his house a niche where this portrait was hung, making of it almost a shrine.

"Not long before his death, feeling that this picture of his wife was sacred to him, he had the niche walled up so that the picture would be concealed as long as his house stood. More than fifty years later, in the course of some repairs on the house, it became necessary to tear this wall down. The secret of the hiding place of the portrait had died with the owner, and great was the amazement of the workmen to find this beautiful painting concealed between two walls and apparently in as good condition as when it was painted.

"The discovery attracted general attention and the painting was quickly identified as a Gainsborough and an excellent one, too. It was secured by the Edinburgh Gallery and there it hangs to-day, a fitting memorial of a beautiful woman.

KEEP THE NERVES SOUND.

SPREAD OF NERVOUS PROSTRATION AND SOME OF THE CAUSES.

A Dread Disease That Seems Especially to Assail Persons Who Are Notable and Active in All Walks of Life—Pure Air, Rest and Quiet Its Most Potent Antidotes.

Nervous prostration is the prevalent disease of the moment with notable persons in all walks of life. It cannot be classed among the fashionable diseases, for it rarely attacks those of the leisure class, but doctors, lawyers, financiers and actors have been the principal victims this winter, as well as politicians of more or less renown and a statesman or two from Washington's population.

This exclusiveness in the selection of victims was also noted in the grip, which, when it first made itself known in America, chose only the prominent for its prey. Since then it has become more general, bestowing itself impartially upon rich and poor alike.

Physicians rarely give bulletins of their cases of nervous prostration. It so frequently heralds serious results that in many cases it is deemed wisest to call it by some other name. But the outgoing steamers carry away many prominent persons of all sorts who are ordered abroad most imperatively for the ocean trip and to escape from the routine in any particular business or profession.

Rest is the invariable prescription and it rarely fails to effect a cure when the disease is taken before artificial means have been employed for the quieting of the affected nerves. The victims of the complaint are nearly all those whose brains, eyesight or nervous systems are called upon in their vocations. The excitements of the theatre prove to be a most powerful cause, as the long list of dramatic stars that have collapsed during the season now closing shows.

But the old adage that hard work never kills holds good in this instance. It is not hard work, but injudicious work, irregular hours and loss of sleep, lack of proper air and exercise that are really the predisposing causes, as well as excessive smoking and drinking. A great worry, a bereavement or a shock, will frequently bring on an attack of this sort, especially with women. The increase in open air sports for women, however, is largely driving this complaint out of the feminine category. Most of the women patients are from the stage.

Quiet rest is the great and universal cure for neurasthenia but unhappily in cases that have been allowed to advance, quiet is the boon denied the sufferer. The nerves refuse to become calm and no sleep comes to rest the clockwork of the brain and nerves so intricately bound, the one to the other. Brain lesions come and the result may be one of the many forms of insanity in which this awful disease ends.

Paralysis is one of the most frequent results. Affections of the optic nerve are common; the reason is weakened: sometimes the mind becomes permanently unbalanced or the dreaded locomotor ataxia sets in.

Nervous prostration has no set rule of approach. It takes its victims in various ways often by a complete physical collapse as in the case of actors who faint on the stage during a performance. Suicide is often the sudden culmination.

"The dangers of the disease," said a physician, "lie in the fact that people go on disregarding the warnings which they have flashed to them from the tired-out nervous system. These warnings are excessive nervousness and irritability, these being the first symptoms and often continuing for years before any breakdown occurs. Then there is a general condition of illness, loss of appetite and insomnia, depression, a tendency to worry over trifles and to these, more serious symptoms add themselves as the disease progresses.

"The heart frequently is affected, the head is heavy, hot and aching, then the speech becomes jerky, confused and uncertain and the movements of the body are spasmodic and not controlled by the brain. Eccentricity of speech and action is noted and violence is the next stage of the complaint. Then the patient who has resisted all the appeals of his physician to rest from his work is condemned to a sanitarium where enforced idleness is necessary for weeks and sometimes for months.

"Open air exercise is a great preventive of nervous sickness. Cold baths, the plunge and shower and needle spray should be the accompaniments of the morning ablution of those disposed to nervousness even slightly. It is never wise to adopt harsh or sudden methods in this cold water treatment. If one is accustomed to warm baths the temperature of the water should be changed gradually. An excellent plan is to fill a large sponge with cold water and holding it at the back of the neck, squeeze it so that the water trickles down the spine, repeat this several times and the subsequent shock of cold water on the rest of the body is slight. Brisk friction with a coarse towel follows.

"Above all exercise—not with bells or pulleys, but in the open air, with deep breathing and plenty of walking and running, if possible. Well ventilated bedrooms are a necessity. Business men complain that they have no leisure for exercise in the open air, but I now have a number of patients who walk to and from their offices each day from uptown homes.

"Cold showers are of the utmost benefit in nerve trouble, correcting the conditions in all slight attacks very readily. In severe cases patients must give up reading and writing or even listening to music. Study is forbidden to students who develop nerve disease. But in these advanced cases it is better for the sufferer to leave the city, and a sea voyage is a splendid tonic for the nerves. Living in cities surrounded by the awful street noises, the clang of firebells and those of ambulances and cable cars and the buzzing of automobiles the only wonder is that the disease is not a scourge.

"The greatest danger of nervous prostration is that so many sufferers anxious to avoid giving up their various pursuits resort to remedies that produce only an artificial calmness to the nerves. These are the cases most difficult to cure."

THREE TONGUES OF DEVERY.

He Speaks Cop Language, Ordinary English and Legal Forms With Facility.

To several of the State Civil Service Commissioners before whom Deputy Police Commissioner Devery testified last Friday he was a revelation. Many other persons who, from current caricatures and descriptions of him, have come to look upon the ex-Chief as a rather thick-headed, sometimes good-natured and oftener brutal type of policeman, have been equally surprised on meeting him personally. At the hearing before the Civil Service Commission, Mr. Devery knew what he wanted to say and said it clearly and with occasional slips—as when he talked of a facsimile case—in good English.

When he talks to the policemen up at Headquarters Mr. Devery talks equally clearly but he does not talk just the way he did to the Civil Service Commissioners. The Deputy Commissioner then becomes a policeman again and he speaks cop language, which is somewhat more picturesque than classic, but has the advantage of being most easy of comprehension by those to whom it is addressed. Mr. Devery's tone even changes somewhat and his final g's tumble off in a very odd fashion.

Byrnes in the days of his power acquired an English accent which sometimes contrasted strangely with the spoken words and when he once told a caller in his grandest manner:

"When I tell a man to do a thing that man knows that thing has got to be did!"

Deputy Commissioner Devery still talks American, but in his new place as police judge he has taken unto himself a remarkable quasi-legal style of utterance. When Mr. Devery orders a report now he sometimes calls for "a full account touchin' on and appertainin' to that matter in every form, manner an' shape."

UP-TO-DATE MAY MOVING.

Automobile Vans Promised This Spring—Dogs and Parrots Stored.

The old-fashioned furniture mover and the old fashion of changing one's dwelling on the first of May have been themselves moved back into the past. The truckman of twenty years ago was the real monarch of Maytime. With the arrival of spring's gladsome month his chest swelled and his prices went soaring skyward. Country people started to clean house with May's approach and city people moved.

Even those owning their houses in town fell into the moving habit and migrated to Europe or to their country places. But now every one in cities is on the move. The people of leisure go from yacht to country house, to winter resort and seashore cottage, and are only in town for the Horse Show and the opera season's beginning. As for the flatters, they are like butterflies, flitting from one apartment to another, lured on by many baits in the way of added luxuries and lower rents. They are never satisfied.

Some indeed, have perfected an ingenious and beautiful system of paying one month's rent in some new apartment in which it has become the custom to offer inducements in the way of one month's and sometimes, two months' tenancy, rent free. When this time has expired the flatter departs. This simple but effective plan grew to be so popular that real estate dealers have recently formed a protective association. They now have lists of the chronic movers among the flatting population and such find it more and more difficult to pursue their plans.

Modern moving methods have become so simple, scientific and safe that few dread the ordeal as of yore. For the handling of the old-time moving fiends it was necessary to swathe the legs of chairs in cotton batting and to pack pictures in newspapers. As for the costlier articles of furniture, the housewife was always in a tremor until they were safely and often unsafely landed in their new destination. Then things were piled up helter-skelter, wherever the truckman choose to place them, and it took days and sometimes weeks to untangle the kitchen pans from the drawing room ornaments.

Nowadays the mover is directed where to place each piece as he carries it in. Each room receives its proper allotment, and when things are finally deposited, only a general putting together is necessary: the hanging of pictures and curtains and the unpacking of China and bric-à-brac being the two most troublesome tasks. But the up-to-date moving companies will guarantee to put these things in their places the very first day if desired. They do everything toward making the transplanted tenant comfortable, except providing him with meals during transit.

But the fall is the real moving time in cities nowadays. The flatter most frequently remains placed until the summer is over or else stores his belongings during the warm months and takes his family to the country or the seaside, coming into town daily or weekly to work. This is one of the plans favored by the restless housekeeper who gets tired of servants, marketing and dinner-planning.

The flatter who stores his belongings has his house cleaning done away from home. That is to say, the storage houses perform wonders with the belongings entrusted to them when they are so directed. Carpets, rugs and curtains are cleaned, furniture is repaired, varnished and polished, mirrors and pictures are reframed, brass beds are lacquered, mattresses and pillows are recovered.

Even the tasks of packing and unpacking need no longer trouble the flatter. Strong and dextrous employees arrive with boxes, barrels and packing materials and in short order empty a home, leaving only an array of nailed-up cases. They work at so much an hour and are wonderfully quick, never breaking anything, understanding the values of old china and costly statuary with the keenness of connoisseurs.

At one of the large establishments devoted to the storage of household belongings and to the moving of furniture, automobile vans are to be used this spring for the cartage instead of the usual horse trucks. This is the most up-to-date innovation in moving methods yet recorded.

"We will utilize the auto-vans for this purpose," said the manager, "for the reason that they will simplify the work. They will be in every way safer, speedier and cleaner. They will not shake up loads as much as the horse vans, although the later styles of moving trucks are built in such a fashion that this latter feature is almost entirely obviated.

"We have few orders for moving in town in May, but many from people storing a portion or all of their belongings until the fall. Persons who close up their town houses will not leave their fine bric-à-brac, statuary, silver and linen in the house. They pack and send it to us and we are of course responsible for it. Our city moving trade is at its best in the fall. The average city dweller who moves on the first of May nowadays is the cheap tenement tenant and these people will not move to a large house to engage their moving in advance, but will depend on picking up some corner truckman who, in nine cases out of ten, will overcharge them and is not responsible as are all the larger houses. The big firms in making their agreements incorporate a clause for every article handled by their men, from the smallest bit of china to the heavier pieces of furniture.

"A novel department in our business is the boarding of dogs and pets during the summer months. A woman who stored with us on going to Europe did a very fine Saint Bernard dog that she valued highly and she hesitated to leave it with any of the boarding kennels. We had taken care of her household belongings before and she was so pleased with the condition in which we returned them that she was anxious to have us take care of the dog. It was out of our line, but we finally accepted the charge and housed the dog at our stables, where it thrived and became a great favorite.

"The lady advertised us so well that we have had to arrange an annex for the storage of dogs, parrots, canaries and even monkeys. Alligators we refuse, as they are apt to die on our hands, but we are thinking of fitting up a menagerie before long with tanks for goldfish, which we have also been obliged to refuse."

"DICK!" CRIED THE YOUNG WOMAN.

Street Car Passengers Get a Glimpse of a Romance in Army Life.

A sallow, emaciated young man who looked as if he had just got up from a severe fit of illness boarded a Madison avenue car in Forty-second street the other afternoon and sat down opposite a pretty girl. He carried a bag that seemed a big load for him and he apparently didn't notice the girl until he had leaned back in his seat after arranging the bag under his legs.

Then swiftly he sat upright again and looked a little alarmed, like a man who is not sure of himself after the visions of fever. In a moment, however, the alarm was gone and he stared at her in a way that reminded you of a thirsty man drinking water.

The girl couldn't help but feel his gaze and turned her eyes to him coldly and then looked coldly away. A mere ghost of color showed in the young man's cheek. Then he smiled foolishly and continued to stare at the young woman with so much fervor that she finally turned her face toward him again with a little flirt of annoyance.

The young man, apparently, was quite shameless. He met her eyes squarely. She lowered them and began to look him over with disdain. He laughed again, foolishly. Nearby passengers showed that they shared the young woman's indignation by this time but he was such a scarecrow of a man that their wonder was perhaps stronger than their anger.

The young woman's eyes travelled withingly from his head to his feet and then started on the return journey. There is no treatment more blighting to a masher than this. The scarecrow writhed under the gaze and laid his hands nervously on his knees.

On one of the fingers of the left hand was a curiously chased gold ring. It was so loose that it looked as if it would surely fall off were the young man to hold his fingers downward. The ring caught the girl's eyes in passing, and the eyes withered suddenly, then flashed from the ring to the young man's face and back again.

The scarecrow smiled once more, foolishly but there was a curious mist in his eyes. The pretty girl gazed for an instant into his face exactly as he had been gazing at her.

"Dick!" said the pretty girl.

It would take too many columns to tell all she said in the word, but before it was quite out she was sitting beside him and had the band with the ring on it. The rest of the passengers didn't seem to count.

"Transport, San Francisco, last week. Tried a surprise. Hospital at Cavite. A bullet in the chest and side. No sense in frightening the family."

"Dick!" said the pretty girl. She motioned to the conductor and seized the scarecrow's bag.

"Only two years—and you had forgotten. You said——"

"Dick!"

And the car went on and left them standing on the crossing.

IF YOU TRAVEL OR STAY AT HOME FOUR THINGS ARE NECESSARY.

Most marvellous in quick relief of a Sprained Ankle, a Sprained or Bruised Tendon, Ligament or Muscle, a Black Eye, any Contusion, Sprain, Bruise or Mash, where the skin is entire.

1st You may run up against a dog; you may be bitten by a dog, snake or other animal or stung by an insect or poisoned by ivy; may be cut or lacerated by an injury; sores or eruptions may develop; a cleansing, antiseptic, healing injection may be needed, for all of which you will need Wells' "Miracle of Healing" Powder, which is convenient and a marvel of healing. Kills Ivy Poison, Itch, Salt Rheum, Eczema. Cures ulcers, skin diseases, felons, boils, burns, scalds, mosquito and all insect bites, wounds or scratches by any animal. Allays Itching. Being Antiseptic, Disinfectant and Germicide, it is cleansing, corrective, healing, curative, and as a vaginal or urethral injection it is perfection. 25c. bottles at druggists', or sent by mail promptly on receipt of price. E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

SOLD ALL AROUND THE WORLD. — Cures without making the feet sore. Relieves pain and soreness the instant applied.

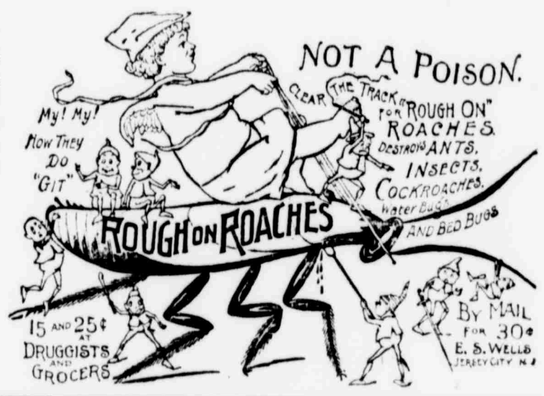
2d You may sprain an ankle, your feet may get sore, tender, tired, or become inflamed, sweaty or offensive; bunions may develop. For these troubles you will need "Rough on Bunions," which is the ONLY REAL CURE for bunions, and for a sprain, bruise, mash or black eye it is surprisingly effective, and for aching, sore, tender, tired feet it beats the world. 35c. at druggists', or sent by mail.

3d CORN REMEDIES may come and go, but "Rough on Corns" goes on forever, and in spite of unheard-of competition it remains the standard, the old and ever reliable, never-failing cure for hard or soft corns. 15c. at druggists.

"Rough on Corns" could not be the standard corn remedy of the world without unusual merit. Relieves pain and soreness the instant applied.

4th ROUGH ON ROACHES, ANTS and BED BUGS will be indispensable. It is not a poison, but is offensive and destructive of insect and bug life. 25c. and

ROUGH ON MOTH, FLY and FLEA is the only thing upon which you can depend absolutely as preventive against Moth, Fleas, Lice, etc. 50c. at druggists'; 65c. by mail.



ALL ABOVE AT DRUGGISTS.

E. S. WELLS,
CHEMIST,
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

ARBOR DAY COMES ON MAY 3.

250,000 TREES PLANTED BY NEW YORK SCHOOL CHILDREN SO FAR.

Educational Value of the Day—The Ornamentation of Country Schoolhouse Grounds Encouraged—Part of City Children in the Festival—Arbor Day's Popularity.

Johnny Jones and his sister Sue, in other words, the school children of this State, have planted almost a quarter of a million trees since Arbor Day was established. Another planting day comes next week and Johnny and Sue are already learning pretty pieces which they mean to speak on that occasion.

As a general thing the mother of Johnny and Sue is the only person who feels much interest in pretty pieces so spoken. If Johnny chooses to declaim about how his paternal ancestor tended his flocks on the Grampian Hills, the nervous Wall Street broker doesn't care a rap and, if you charged him with it, would admit the soft impeachment.

Likewise, if little Sue deliberately chooses to intimate that you really can't expect one of her age to speak in public on the stage, the city-worn Susan, who was a sweet girl graduate before little Sue was born, announces in turn that you can't expect one of her age to care one way or the other.

But these Arbor Day pieces are different, as different as the first touch of green at the Trinity end of the Wall Street broker's vista; as different as the budding park which city-worn Susan's heart tries to emulate. These pieces are full of the breath of spring, made to be spoken out of doors over up-turned spadefuls of brown earth ready for the setting of a tree.

Some beneficent fairy started the Arbor Day custom in this State in 1889, when 5,681 school districts planted 24,168 trees. On the same day in 1900, 10,251 school districts planted 15,045 trees. Naturally, the number of trees planted in school grounds is not likely to increase as the years go by. Quite the contrary, in fact. But this tree-planting habit is a good one in the opinion of the men and women who have made Arbor Day. They hope that it will teach Johnny and Sue that a tree is a tree, not a mushroom; that to cut down in an hour what has taken a half century to grow is to be done cautiously.

There is a big difference between the school-children of to-day and those of a quarter of a century ago. The twentieth century Johnny and Sue are taught to love beauty in art and in nature. Twenty-five years ago, Johnny and Sue had a vague idea that the less you inquired into art, the better for your morals. As for nature, including trees "and sich," the supervisors conscientiously cut down every tree within forty rods of a schoolhouse. The hold that nature got on the young little souls of Johnny and Sue it got by its own silent, subtle methods.

The hold was a strong one sometimes. There were other men besides Sidney Lanier whom "the little green leaves" would not let alone in their sleep. There are plenty of other men—and women—who might have been good friends with trees and birds and flowers if they had ever been introduced to them; but who, lacking that, have remained absolutely uncomprehending. The descendants in spirit of that type of Johnny and Sue are going to profit by their annual Arbor Day introduction.

Of course the primary object achieved by the exercises of Arbor Day is the beautifying of school grounds. As a general thing in these grounds, no matter how small, there is plenty of room for improvement. The treeless, grassless, vineless barrenness of most country schoolhouses is enough to justify the accusation that Americans are first an utilitarian people. This year the superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of New York has been enabled, through the generosity of William A. Wadsworth of Geneseo, to offer two prizes for the best kept school grounds in the State; a first prize of $100 and a second prize of $50.

It is recommended by the Department of Public Instruction that teachers invite pupils to present for exhibition in their own schools original drawings of the school grounds, with suggestions for their improvement. It is also suggested that local prizes be offered for the best efforts in this direction.

Here in New York city it seems at first as if Arbor Day couldn't be much more than a name. There's little enough room for the schoolhouses themselves, let alone any space worthy of being dignified by the name of grounds. It is impossible to make a cement paved court support the least exacting of trees. But the city schools are not entirely out of it. They are advised to plant vines which shall cover the naked walls with green.

Arbor Day has had the enthusiastic support of many well-known men, but nobody has given it a better recommendation than George William Curtis wrote for it.

"As the children cease to be children," he said "they will feel the spiritual and refining influence of the symbolical beauty of trees. The thoughtful youth will see a noble image of the strong man struggling with obstacles that he overcomes. In a great tree wrestling mightily with the wintry gales and exerting a glorious music from the storms which it triumphantly defies."

Arbor Day always comes on the Friday following the first day in May. This year it will be May 3. It is hard to get statistics in regard to the kinds of trees planted. The maple is accepted as the State tree and probably leads that list because it is not so slow of growth as some trees or so quick to decay as others.

HOUSE OF LORDS NERVOUS.

Rumors That Certain British Peeresses Will Attempt to Invade It.

American woman suffragists must regard with envy such English women as the Baroness Berkeley and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who, being peeresses in their own right, have, in the opinion of many good authorities, a right to sit in the House of Lords and to vote with that body.

In the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors peeresses were often called to meetings of Parliament, but the custom died long ago and recent difficulties with the Irish members would be a mere summer zephyr compared with the Parliamentary storm that would be roused should some modern peeress demand her rights.

Just at present the matter has been brought to the front by a rumor in connection with the coming coronation, which is the one topic of conversation in English upperdom. It is said that certain peeresses in their own right intend to demand the privilege of being present at the coronation as actual members of the House of Lords and to have their trains carried by pages as the Lords do.

BATHS OF THE CIRCUS HORSES.

One Taken Every Working Day and an Extra One Given Weekly With Pipe Clay.

Nobody need marvel at the fine coats of the circus horses, for unlike ordinary horses, each gets a bath every working day unless the weather is too cool. In cold days the soap and water bath all over is changed to a shampoo of the mane and tail only.

Besides these daily baths the ring stock in the circus gets an extra weekly bath with a pipeclay rub. This is to prevent the rosin, which is liberally sprinkled on their hips and and backs on working days during the summer, from becoming clogged and matting the hair.

The pipeclay is rubbed dry into the hair and skin and then washed off with warm water and soap. The rosin leaves the coat with the pipeclay