Died in Belief Drill Had Disturbed Satan

Martin Beaty, who moved from Indiana to the mouth of Bear creek in Kentucky to make salt, is credited with having drilled the first oil well in the United States. It was in 1819 that, drilling for salt by hand, Beaty struck oil and natural gas. His crew was drenched with oil and, his fire being near, the gas took fire. Supposing he had drilled into the infernal regions, Beaty and his men took to the hills and left their camp to burn.

About two years later he and a friend returned to the place, filled a barrel with oil, loaded it on a raft, and started down the river to Burnside, hoping to find some one there who could tell him what the "devil's tar" really was. His craft ran upon a rock at the Devil's Jumps and was wrecked.

Several years later Beaty attempted to float a second barrel down the stream, and again his raft was smashed, the barrel broken, and the oil wasted. This time Beaty left that part of the country and never returned. It is said that until his death he believed he had penetrated into the realm of the prince of darkness.—Detroit News.

Piano Playing Calls for Punching Power

Few rightly estimate the amount of force expended upon the piano by a player in making a note sound.

If the pianist is playing fortissimo, at times the force of six pounds is thrown upon a single key to produce a solitary effect. With chords the force is generally spread over the various notes sounded simultaneously, though a greater output of force is undoubtedly expended. This is what gives pianists the wonderful strength in their fingers.

A story used to be told of Paderewski that he could crack a pane of French plate glass, half an inch thick, merely by placing one hand upon it as if upon a piano keyboard and striking it sharply with his middle finger.

One of Chopin's compositions has a passage which takes two minutes and five seconds to play. The total pressure brought to bear on this, it is estimated, is equal to three full tons. The average "tonnage" of an hour's playing of Chopin's music varies from 12 to 84.

Improved Miner's Pan

To take the place of the familiar pan in separating gold from sand and gravel, a whirling bowl devised by a Nebraska man is operated on the same principle as a cement mixer or a cream separator, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. A revolving screen removes the coarse gravel before the material is run into the bowl itself. This is fitted with grooves that retain the heavy gold particles as the container turns. The out it is operated by a small engine and there is a pump to furnish water. A small unit will handle from twenty to thirty tons of material a day.

Microscopic Writing

Ages ago in the ancient world the Iliad of Homer was said to have been written by a hermit in such tiny letters that the complete work could be preserved in a walnut shell.

This story was doubted for many years until a learned Frenchman proved that by writing with a fine quill pen on a piece of vellum eight inches by ten, he could write thirty verses in each line and could get 250 lines on each side of the sheet. Thus the vellum would hold 7,500 verses on each side, making the total of the 15,000 verses of the Iliad.

Worst Time for Storms

More storms occur at 5 p. m. than at any other hour of the day. Statistics gathered by the weather bureau at Kansas City during the period from 1906 to 1925 inclusive show that in that time 91 storms occurred at 5 p. m., says Nation's Business. This was more than at any other time. The hours next in number were: 3 a. m., 84; 7 p. m., 83; 8 p. m., 78; 4 a. m., 76; and 10 p. m., 69. At noon, 29 storms occurred; at 8 a. m., 31, and at 9 a. m., 24.

The Robbery

"What happened when the robbers broke into the Right Place store?" asked an acquaintance.

"When they heered me jump out o' bed upon getting the alarm," replied Constable Slackpotter, the faithful guardian of the peace and dignity of Petunia, "they tumbled through the door and fled like the wind, as the feller said. Went so fast, I-gorry, that none of the elews they dropped have struck the ground till plumb yet."—Kansas City Star.

Checkerberries and Romance

By DOUGLAS ROTH

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OLIVE MACFARLAND had succeeded in eluding the other members of the party with whom she had motored up the Mohawk trail and into the old Vermont town wherein they had decided to spend a few days. She had stolen out of her room early in the morning, begged the old cook in the kitchen of the tea-house in which they were staying for a cup of coffee and a sandwich, an extra bite to take in her pocket, and had escaped across the river alone, on foot, into New Hampshire.

When she had spoken of climbing the great mountain that overhung the river there had been no wild enthusiasm on the part of the others. So she had decided to climb the hills alone. Snakes were the only things to be feared, in Olive's mind.

Enjoying every moment of the morning, she had climbed up, up the narrow trail and not encountered a human soul. She had sung aloud, she had gathered blueberries, she had sat down on the soft, tufted soil of pine needles. Her every nerve was alive; she was happy—almost.

Olive always added, softly to herself, the adverb. For she was not altogether happy when, in her heart was the feeling that a big thing had passed her by. She had not won the love of the man whom she had adored since school days.

Now, as she climbed up the mountain trail, supported by the big stick she had picked up on the way, she, thought of him. He seemed to be vividly before her here in the silent places of the hills.

At last she sat down beneath three friendly white birch trees and unwrapped her meager lunch. How often, back in her school days, she had sat beneath birch trees and eaten her midday meal together with the girls in her botany class and—the teacher.

George Darling had taught botany, among other branches, in the preparatory school in the Middle West to which Olive had been sent before entering college. Every girl in the class had fancied herself in love with the big, handsome, kindly professor, but he had treated them all alike, as little girls, and was interested in teaching them of all the growing things. The girls enjoyed their hours with him more than they would admit to each other.

Olive had always been a student of nature, and perhaps in her George Darling found a particularly companionable mind. At least, Olive felt that he liked her, though she dared not believe that he thought of her in any way save as a pupil among the others.

Today as she sat dreaming of him—for in perspective he had grown more truly to be her ideal man—her eye caught a leaf growing near by that seemed to recall memories of him. She reached out to pick the little cluster of shiny green leaves and found the white berries, once so familiar to her, growing on the stem.

"Checkerberries!" she cried aloud. "I have not gathered any for years."

She found a number of the tiny plants and gathered them all into a bunch and sat down again.

"I wonder if he would remember me if—if I should send him a specimen and ask him for a description of it?" she soliloquized.

It must have been the romance of the mountains that got into her blood, for when she descended she was literally walking on air, so lightly did she touch the paths. And in her pocket were the checkerberries with their pungent fragrance, recalling those happy schooldays. In her soul was a determination to see if these leaves, gathered in this remote but wonderful woods, could spell romance for her.

She stopped at the post office on her way back to join the others that night and when her friends scolded her roundly for having taken the lonely trail alone, she did not seem to mind.

It took only time for a return post to reach her before Olive had a letter in a hand once familiar to her.

"Dear Olive," it ran, "I taste not only the wintergreen as I bite into the little cluster of leaves you have sent me from your mountains, I sense our romance, dear, in their fragrance. I have been wondering, day after day, if you would ever recall me. When you were in school, I dared not let you know I loved you; it would not have been fair to you. I wanted you to see the world, know other men, before asking you to join your beautiful young life to my old, moth-eaten, cobwebby existence. But—this little cluster of leaves brings you back so poignantly to my life that I must tell you of my love. Have you remembered? Do you care? May I come and tell you?"

There was more, but Olive could read it with difficulty. Her heart was full to overflowing. The seven years during which she had been out of his presence had only made him more dear, and yet she had feared that he had forgotten her. Now—to know that she was all the world to him was almost more than she could understand.

When she wrote to him again, it was to tell him where he might find her on her return to town.

She wore a little cluster of checkerberries on her coat and he pulled a pressed leaf from his pocket when they met.

Dainty Feeding Not Possible With Gull

Gluttony a vice? Not so to the river gull of black-tipped wings. In the Northwest it swoops down and snatches fish from the very hands of anglers and, fighting off thousands of its fellows, proves that gluttony is a virtue enabling the one that can most speedily swallow to survive. Whole flocks of these bold and ruthless birds hover around the salmon fishers and watch their twitching lines sunk deep in the Columbia, says a writer in the Portland Oregonian, and 20 will sometimes strike for the flopping prize. The victor must swallow quickly as he darts upward beating off the buffetings of his greedy rivals. Sometimes he must swallow a fish so large that in its new position it destroys his aerial balance and down he goes to the waves. The Indians of the Northwest have a legend that a giant once became so annoyed with the winged robbers that he caught a whole flock of them into his campfire. Hence, they say, the black-tipped wings.

Silly, Don't You Know!

The employer was very annoyed at an accident that had damaged one of his moving vans.

"Look here, Leary," he said, "just tell me what happened."

"Well," replied the driver, "I was driving my van up the street when a car shot out of a side turning. I pulled up dead, and a chap in a big car ran into the back of my van."

The employer nodded briefly.

"He jumped one," continued the other, "and shouted: 'Why didn't you put your hand out?'

"'Put on my hand,' I says 'If you couldn't see the van, how could you see my hand?'"—Cleveland News.

Running Water

One's desires and affinities go out toward the full streams. How many a parched place they reac and lap in one's memory! How many a vision of naked pebbles and sun-baked banks they cover and blot out! They give eyes to the fields; they give dimples and laughter; they give light and motion. Running water! What a delightful suggestion the words always convey! One's thoughts and sympathies are set flowing by them; they unlock a fountain of pleasant fancies and associations in one's memory; the imagination is touched and refreshed.—John Burroughs.

Dahlia Mexican Flower

The dahlia was first discovered in Mexico in 1615, where it was growing in the wilderness of the Sierras in myriads of colors. The Spanish botanists, Cervantes and Cavanilles, were the first to appreciate the greatness of this flower. Seeds of the dahlia were received at the royal gardens at Madrid in 1789 by Abbe Cavanilles. The first of these seeds flowered in 1790, producing semi-double flowers which were named after Dr. Andrew Dahl, a Swedish botanist.

His Reason

"What on earth made you get such an enormous kennel for that tidy dog of yours?" asked the clean-shaven man.

The other turned about and inspected his dog's kennel. Then he swung round and faced his questioner, an artful smile hovering round his mouth.

"Well, between you and me and the gatepost," he began, "it's because I sometimes come home late and my wife locks the door!"

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