

How did my hair turn white? Well, you will find it down on that new oil shaft while I turn off the gas at the meter and slack the sand line in the derrick will tell you. I don't tell the story very often, but if Boyston sent you here to see me all right. I was originally a Bostonian, being born 'raised' at the Hub. When I had just been ground out of an educational mill and had the brand 'aesthetic' blow through the bottle, I thought of the oil country as a place where a young, smart man could make a fortune in a few weeks. It is needless to say I was totally fooled. I came to the oil country fresh

to the conclusion, none the less true use it was forced, that I was more fit to be a team or saw-wood than I was to be a oil king. I knew how to handle horses, my father kept a first-class carriage, and was strong and healthy there was no on why I should go home a failure. I not tell you of the struggles against e I had, for you can doubtless appreciate position. Suffice it to say I am head er on this well, and that I am striking at misfortune as vigorously as it be- ed sledge-hammer blows on me two or

There had been a heavy storm one night about midnight and, as usual with the oil tray residents, I arose and looked from the window to see if any tanks had been struck by lightning. A bright glare in the convalescent tent that a large tank of oil on fire a few miles distant, and I went out to sleep, determined to go to the fire at once when the first overflow. You know when a 25,000-barrel iron tank of oil been on fire for twelve or fourteen hours burning oil will boil up and flow over sides just like a kettle of soap. At 2

line men running away from the tank
leaving their lives. I heard a rumbling sound
like the tank and didn't know what it
was, but a few seconds after I saw fully
hundred barrels of burning oil shoot up
from the tank and boil over the sides. It was
beyond description, and I stood and
watched in silence. The burning oil floated
in a creek for a mile, burning a saw-mill,
numerous oil wells and tanks, buildings, and
everything within reach of its devastating
force. When the flow had partly subsided,

had been set on fire by the overflow of
burning oil. Being somewhat inquisitive I
screamed down behind the burning tanks to
a better view from the lower side. While
trying to avoid a pool of burning oil, I fell
into a mud-hole or sort of quicksand and
stuck fast. My utmost endeavors were of no
avail in extricating myself from the hole. I
cried at the top of my voice, but so great
was the roar of the burning tanks that my
voice sounded weak and far away. I struggled
for some time, but grew more and more
exhausted, and then lay back and rest-
ed. How beautiful the great pillar of black

smoke would go surging upwards hun-
 dreds of feet and float away into space,
 and sombre htes turned to snowy whiteness.
 I thought the boys would hiss me and search
 me. Suddenly I heard the sound of a
 cannon and saw a column of flame and smoke
 rise up from one of the tanks. The truth
 lay upon me like a bolt of lightning, and I
 almost stricken senseless by the thought,
 "United Pipe Line men were firing can-
 nals through the first tank to draw oil
 out and prevent a second overflow. Great
 ! that a conviction came over me ! It
 was a matter of seconds. I tried to

girth of despair I struggled to get free, quicksand held me with the grip of ten thousand devils. All at once I saw a little mass of burning oil running slowly down my face. My time had come, I thought, I must be burned to death by inches. The earth was dear to me then—dearer than before—and I turned to get a look at the sunlight once more. The horror and fear died away, and I was ready to die. The man of burning oil, now grown larger, was just about me, but I did not seem to care. I saw it as in a dream. The earth and all

When I came back to consciousness I was lying in my own room with my friends and me. The boys said that in following the supposed course of the overflowed oil, it came upon me and rescued me just as burning steam was about to dash upon me. I was sick a long while, and when I awoke I found my hair as white as you see now. —*Philadelphia Times*, 1902

the last words of the celebrated sailor, Win. Hunter; and Louis XIV. is related as saying, with his last breath, "I might dying had been more difficult."

That the painlessness of death is owing more to a numbing influence acting on the sensory nerves may be inferred from the fact that untoward external surroundings greatly trouble the dying.

In the day that Lord Collingwood breathed his last the Mediterranean was tumultuous; sea elements which had been the scene of past glories rose and fell in swelling un-

p. Capt. Thomas ventured to ask if he
 disturbed by the tossing of the ship.
 o, Thomas," he answered, "I am now in
 that nothing can disturb me more—
 a dying, and I am sure it must be con-
 tary to you and all that love me to see
 comfortably I am coming to my end,"
 the *Quarterly Review* there is related an
 of a criminal who escaped death by
 ing by the breaking of the rope. Henry
 of France sent his physician to examine
 who, who reported that after a moment's
 the man saw an appearance like
 "white roses and a most beautiful

ed the prisoner coolly replied that it not worth asking for. Those who have a near death from drowning, and after restored to consciousness, assert that dying suffer but little pain.

Marryatt states that his sensations one time when nearly drowned were more pleasant than otherwise. "The first struggle for life once over, the water closing round and assumed the appearance of waving green fields. . . . It is not a feeling of suffocation, but seems like sinking down, overpowered by sleep, in the long, soft grass of a meadow."

low, this is precisely the condition pre-
ceding death from disease. Insensibility
of the mind less consciousness of
external objects, and death rapidly and
silently ensues from asphyxia.

ly illuminated by the sheet lightning. 7 last