digging a trench to carry the oil away from the direction of the other tanks. The pumps at the nearest station were urged to their greatest capacity, and we could hear the hoarse aspirating of the huge Worthingtons pumping the oil from the bottom of the doomed tank. Night was coming on, but there was no need of lanterns, for the fire, like an enormous smoky torch, cast a reddish light over the whole country, and the glare could be seen twenty-five miles away.

Suddenly, with great hissing, the flames shot up to unusual height, and the spectators shouted, "It is going to foam." At this the workmen near the tank ran for the hillside. The hissing and boiling grew louder and fiercer, and the fiery oil flowed over the edge on one side and then on another, forming blazing pools all around on the ground. The tanks, now heated on the outside as well as inside, foamed and bubbled like an enormous retort, every ejection only serving to increase the heat. At last, with surpassing brilliancy and scorching heat, half the contents of the tank, in great rolls and geyser of fire, rushed up and up to—but we did not stop to calculate how high, for catching a glimpse of a column of fire about to fall in our