

THE UNKINDEST CUT.

Men have borne the news of troubles such as ruin, with a grin. They've been brave and never faltered in a battle, roaring din.

The Earthquake That Swallowed Nelse Walker.

Through the heart of the Coast Range, from San Luis Obispo to San Bernardino County, there lies a peculiar trench or ditch, a long mark of broken ground, as if some giant had scratched the earth with a sharp stick.

Although the mountains danced and the hills bowed together, no one was killed in that great shaking; yet there was one man—so tradition says—who stood in the path of the earthquake and felt its power.

This man was Nelse Walker, hunter for the stage-station at old Fort Tejon. Fort Tejon lay in a green valley of the Coast Range, forty miles south of the present city of Bakersfield, California, and there each day the overland stage from the Missouri River to San Diego and thence along the coast to San Francisco drew up for food and rest and fresh horses.

On this day, however, search as he would, he could find neither deer nor bear. Stillness seemed to smother the earth, and under its spell all animate nature became apprehensive.

Five miles from the station Walker halted under an oak and gazed out over the little valley. A hush, such as comes during an eclipse of the sun or before some mighty storm, came upon him. The hunter was afraid.

There was a sudden bump under the soles of his feet, and he heard the oak leaves begin to rustle above him.

A third time, and the rumbling deepened into a roar. Above him the broad oak tree lurched sharply to the right, and then—back to the left, stones began to rattle down the hillsides, and clouds of dust rose from their fall at the foot of a neighboring cliff.

Yet all this was but preliminary to the shocks to come. As he gazed about him in a nameless terror, the earth seemed to rise in waves and sweep toward him like the breakers of the sea.

To his strained eyes the whole valley seemed swaying in huge waves. At each dip the great oaks bent over and brushed the ground, white above the roar and rumble of the earthquake came the crash of falling trees and the crunch of rolling boulders.

Strangest of all, down the steep hillside above him, scuffling and tumbling, came flying numbers of wild cat, shaken from their narrow trails, and shot bawling down the mountain-side by the mighty subterranean blows of the earthquake.

All the world seemed wrecked, ruined, topsy-turvy, and Nelse Walker sprawled on the ground and closed his eyes. When the solid ground ways beneath a man, he is helpless beyond compare.

It has often been observed of earthquakes that they come in waves and in series of waves. Delicate instruments have been contrived which register these oscillations and mark their direction and intensity.

Sharp as had been the oscillations which threw Walker to the ground and tumbled the frightened cattle down the mountainside, the earthquake of 1857 had not yet attained its maximum intensity.

When the earth began once more to sway and bump. There was a roar in the air like thunder, and down the

valley he saw coming huge waves, before which the trees dipped suddenly and the stampeding cattle dropped as if shot.

The next moment there was a bump which threw him into the air, and a rending crash which made his heart stand still. Then with a wrench the solid earth parted, and a mighty draft of air sucked him like a leaf into the black abyss.

In a moment of great terror one acts in a purely instinctive way. As a drowning man clutches at a straw, so Nelse Walker, swept into the bosom of the earth by an almost inconceivable catastrophe, dropped his gun and clutched out wildly.

His hands encountered a tangle of roots—perhaps the roots of that same broad oak beneath which, but a few moments before, he had sat at his ease. At the touch he grappled with them desperately, while the sand-laden wind swept past him into the bowels of the earth.

In spite of the falling dirt and the tornado of wind which beat down upon him, Walker clung to his hold with the insane strength of a man who faces sudden death.

It was but a moment, but in that moment a great range of mountains was split in twain, split to a great depth. Of all the human beings in that land, one man was caught in the throes of nature, sucked into the gulf which yawned at that moment across three hundred miles of mountains. To that one man the moment seemed an age.

Deep into that crack swept the winds of heaven. It yawned its widest—and closed!

The jar of air past Nelse Walker suddenly ceased; then, as the parted earth came together again, the air which had rushed in was as quickly expelled. If a mighty bellows, miles in length, had been suddenly closed from its uttermost, the effect could not have been more irresistible.

Like a leaf once more Nelse Walker was blown upward by the blast. His hands were torn from their clutch on the oak roots, and the next moment he was hurled past the mouth of the bottomless hole and shot out into the light of day.

How he came there he did not know, but when Nelse Walker recovered his senses of locality, he was still clinging to a tangle of roots—yet on second thought he realized that they were not roots, but branches. He was in the top of a tree. About him the limbs were still rocking and waving, and smothered bumps still shook the tree, as if a mighty ax was being laid to its roots.

A faintness seized upon the man who had been the toy and sport of the elements. Realization of his predicament and of his escape rushed in upon him, and he nearly fell. He clambered feebly down the tree and dropped to the trembling earth in a faint.

The breath of the cool afternoon breeze awakened him, and he felt about instinctively for his gun. Then it came to him that his gun was far down in the bottom of the earth. He rose. Before him lay the long furrow of the earthquake, still smoking with the dust which rose from its new-cleft depths. Into this he had dropped, and from it he had been hurled like a feather.

Small wonder, then, that Nelse Walker was dazed, and wandered far before he reached the station at Fort Tejon. Nor was there much which was familiar there to bring him from his dream.

The adobe buildings of the stage-houses lay crumbled in ruins, branches strewn the ground, and frantic horses stamped about in the corrals.

When the station-keeper heard Walker's story, he thought that fear had turned his head. But a search for the lost gun on the following day brought him to the brink of that awful chasm which had swallowed it.

The erosion and floods of forty-seven years have done much to fill the great rift through the hills, so that now in places it serves for a road-bed or a trail through the heavy brush; but to the old settlers about Fort Tejon it is still the finger-mark of the earthquake that swallowed Nelse Walker.—Dane Coolidge in Youth's Companion.

A Noise in Court. Sir Richard Bethell, afterward Lord Westbury, with a suave voice and a stately manner, nevertheless had a way of bearing down the foe with almost savage wit.

Forgetting Himself. Mamma—Were you a good girl while at Mrs. Simpson's this afternoon, Nettie?

Actually Made. "What's this lunch doing in the safe?"

No Use. "Why at weddings does nobody ever give the bridegroom away?"

Women are barred from the Island of Ferdinand de Noronha, belonging to Brazil. It is reserved for convicts.

SAVING THE TREES FROM INSECTS

Creatures that Prey on Them and How They May be Combated—The Destruction of the Pine Forests in This State.

The general interest being manifested in the preservation of trees and shrubbery in various parts of the United States, and especially in New York State, in recent years by experts on trees and plants, has led to many public inquiries by persons interested in the best means of caring for their shade trees.

In late years, the Bureau of Forestry of the United States has been making exhaustive investigations as to the care of certain valuable forest trees, and more especially domestic species like fruit trees and those commonly grown for parks and yard shade.

Many citizens in and around New York are evincing an interest in the care of trees, for the most part men who have valuable trees of their own and desire to perpetuate their vigor. To men who have made a study of the matter at all, the common enemies of trees are well known.

In a recent exhaustive treatise on those of our valuable trees most subject to attack, and the specific insects that attack them, by E. P. Felt, D. Sc., entomologist of the New York State Museum, University of the State of New York, some valuable information is found regarding certain trees, and the best method of protecting them.

The white pine weevil is a common insect on hard and white pines, and according to Dr. E. B. Southwick, entomologist of Central Park, its operations may be observed to a greater or less extent in almost any group of pines in New York State.

The pine bark chermes, another common and ruthless destroyer of the pine tree, is minutely described by Mr. Felt. This pest leaves patches of flocculent downy matter where he works. He is usually found on the under side of a limb and on the smooth bark of white pines.

The young of the winged form, as described by an expert, are oval in shape, flattened, yellowish, and light brown in color. When young they are so small as hardly to be visible to the naked eye, and in early May are more abundant than at any other time.

length and they attach themselves to young and tender twigs. They do great damage in a comparatively short time. The insect is easily reached by sprays, and as Dr. Southwick observes, stiff sprays are quite efficient in combating this pest.

Other qualified experts say that spraying with kerosene emulsion in May proved efficient. The standard emulsion should probably be diluted with nine parts of water.

Dr. William M. Wheeler, specialist on insects, and curator of the department of invertebrate zoology, Museum of Natural History, says that there are so many kinds of insects attacking all kinds of trees and vines, that it is hard to enumerate or classify them. He has heard of the existence of a green fly or aphid, which was said to be very injurious to trees and vines in his own county, Westchester.

There are caterpillars, beetles, moths, flies, and many species of bugs that attack trees, and it seems that no kind of timber is spared. At the same time, according to Dr. Wheeler, there are several kinds of beneficial insects that help to kill the tree-destroying pests, some of them being the parasite of the futed scale, the fig insect, the Hessian fly parasite, the black scale parasite, the cardinal ladybug, the Chinese ladybug, the black ladybug, the European praying mantis, and the Chinese praying mantis.

One radical way that is given to get rid of destroying insects is to shake and beat them from the trees. The best time to do this is noontime or early on a bright, warm day, when the beetles and bugs are clinging beneath the leaves and are dull and sluggish.

Scale of Revenue Received By the Different Classes. Consul C. P. H. Nason, of Grenoble, submits some statistics concerning the earnings and incomes of certain classes of the French people in Paris, as recently published by M. Andre Lefevre, the president of the Paris Municipal Council.

The annual income of the average Paris household is placed at about \$730. In the fashionable quarter of the Champs Elysees the annual average household revenue is said to be about \$5600; in the near-by Faubourg St. Honore, \$3700, while in the Madeleine district it falls to \$3500.

The number of physicians practicing in Paris is placed at 2500, but only about one-half (1200) of these make more than \$1600 a year.

In French families of the humbler class the living expenses in many instances are met only by the wife contributing to the common fund out of her marriage portion.

Saleswomen in the largest department stores earn \$60 a month. Male and female house servants receive, respectively, in the neighborhood of \$20 to \$8 a month.

Hubby, do you love me? "Um." "How much do you love me?" "Not over \$4 worth. If you have ordered anything above that figure sent home, back it goes."—Washington Herald.

THE SUFFRAGETTE.

Ma's a suffragette, an' say, She's busy every day, Not in sewing buttons on Trousers owned by me an' John; Not in patching trouser seats, Canning fruit or pickling beets; She's not darnin' socks an' things— That is work for underlings.

Ma's a suffragette, and she is as busy as can be. Studyin' an' readin', too; Not the way to make a stew, Not the latest recipes, She's cut out such things as these; She's not learnin' how to make Something new in layer cake, Or to keep a husband home.



Flypp—I don't believe in guaranteed banks. Blypp—What's your idea? Flypp—Guaranteed bankers.—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

At the Club.—Oh, I say, who'd you think I met this morning? "Do you mind guessing for me, old man? I'm rather tired."—Punch.

What is the object of your society? "You wish the truth?" "Why, yes." "To get our names in the papers as often as possible."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Miss De Style—I stopped at a lovely place last summer; plenty of fellows; honest, I got four rings. Miss Gumbusta—So? I didn't know there was a carousel out there.—Puck.

Why don't you try to put more ginger into the campaign? "Ginger!" echoed Senator Sorghum. "The suggestion comes too late. Nothing can drown out the flavor of kerosene."—Washington Star.

You didn't seem to enjoy your dinner. "No," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I confess I was wondering about how much I ought to give the waiter. You see, if you give a waiter too little he snubs you and if you give him too much he knows you are a stranger in the place and scorns you anyhow."—Washington Star.

Yes, he said, "The gentle spring is the season I particularly adore. Oh, the air, the sunshine, the hazy hills! Where do you find such tender greens and whites as the spring verdure discloses to us?"

Once upon a time a certain painter (not latter-day Raphael or Rembrandt, but just a humble artist in clapboard and wainscot decoration) entered a public library not a thousand miles from Springfield, Mass., and being "out of a job," spent some time browsing among the books.

More Near-Wisdom. "When you are getting double your share," advised the Plunkville Plunkus, "be satisfied."

A Mean Man. "Hubby, do you love me?" "Um." "How much do you love me?" "Not over \$4 worth. If you have ordered anything above that figure sent home, back it goes."—Washington Herald.

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The Salvation Army has a factory in Europe where musical instruments are made for its members.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Be swift to hear and slow to speak.—Bible. Perfumes are the feelings of flowers.—Helme. To live in hearts we love is not to die.—Campbell.

The aged in counsel, the young in action.—Shakespeare. Listening stand the silent forests, every leaf a soft green ear.—Helme. Yet pause ere thou unmove and set thine ark adrift on unknown seas.—Jean Ingelow.

True art endures forever, and the true artist delights in the works of great minds.—Beethoven. If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman I shall feel that I have worked with God.—George Macdonald.

Trust men, and they will be true to you; treat them greatly, and they will show themselves great, though they may make an exception in your favor to all their rules of trade.—Emerson. The best composition and temperament is, to have openness in fame and opinion, secrecy in habit, dissimulation in reasonable use, and a power to feign, if there be no remedy.—Francis Bacon.

Even in evil, that dark cloud which hangs over the creation, we discern rays of light and hope, and gradually come to see in suffering and temptation proofs and instruments of the sublimer purposes of wisdom and love.—Channing.

The best answer to all objections urged against prayer is the fact that man cannot help praying; for we may be sure that that which is spontaneous and ineradicable in human nature has its fitting objects and methods in the arrangements of a boundless Providence.—Chapin.

We have a friend who knows us better than we know ourselves, loves us better than we love ourselves, helps us when we cannot help ourselves, forgives us when we cannot forgive ourselves, and in the midst of our deepest despair breathes into our heart the breath of a new and divine hope.—James Freeman Clarke.

MOUNTING A MAMMOTH.

How the Recent Find is Being Prepared for Russian Museum. After a journey lasting six months and costing £1,700 the skeleton of a mammoth found last January by some Yakuts in the sandy bed of the River Sangar-Yurach has reached St. Petersburg.

The skeleton was found 120 miles from the Arctic Ocean. The Governor of Yakutsk telegraphed at once to the Imperial Academy of Science, which sent off straightaway a mission to fetch the interesting discovery to the capital.

The specimen now brought to light is not of remarkable size, but some parts of its carcass have been preserved, which so far have not been found; unfortunately the teeth are absent and also some of the softer portions of the body.

The proboscis is found now for the first time in an uninjured state, and it has been put into spirits; the return journey to Bulun, a distance of 1,200 miles, took a fortnight, and the skeleton was carried on reindeer sleighs; from Bulun the skeleton was carried along the River Lena to Schegolov, and from Schegolov by carts to Yakutsk.

It will take at least a year to mount the skeleton in the Zoological Museum here.—St. Petersburg correspondence London Globe.

Mexico Puts Falls to Work.

This is the story of Necaxa. A dozen little rivers are so gathered on their watershed that they must pass one narrow outlet and turn a series of water wheels and generators that change their water-power into electricity.

Carried over 170 miles on cables, this power is distributed for the daily needs of half a million people, with their electric lights, trolley cars, factories and mines, throughout the federal district of Mexico and the mining region of El Oro.

Where, before, there lay at one end a watershed with hurrying rivulets and leaping cascades that challenged the world for their native beauty, there is now a chain of reservoirs with dams, canals, tunnels and pipe lines by which the water is fed to turbines and generators.

At the other end, where there was a great city troubled with all the ills attendant upon a lack of fuel supply and mines operating under enormous disadvantage from want of power, both city and mines are well and cheaply supplied.

Between them is a transmission line with great, square, steel-framed towers, carrying aloft their burden of copper cables, each with a current so powerful as only the perfected insulators and switchboards of most recent years have been able to control.—Technical World Magazine.

Grammar His Forte.

A Kansas school ma'am had a world of trouble in teaching one of her charges the intricacies of arithmetic. The job finally became so arduous that she complained to the child's father.