## 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 battley, roaring din, But to some insere comes a moment When they're knocked completely flat, Thia is when some kind friend chuckles: "Say, old man, you're getting fat!"

Many a steady heart has faltered As the mirror showed his hair, Ptreaked with gray about the temples, Or a baid spot spreading there; Confort, though, was quick in coming-He could hide it with his hat— But this knocks a man a twister; "Bill, by George, you're getting fat!"

Old age comes, and we accept it, Though with secret, pained regret, Then, our inner self koeps saying That we're really not old yet, But, O shades of fiesh reducers, Fate deals her most stinging bat When the old acquaintance gigglest "Say, old boy, you're getting fat?" Charles B. Barnes in the Now

-Charles R. Barnes, in the New York

\*\*\*\* 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 sharn stick. It might pass for an old canal or trail, except that it extends over valley and mountain alike, northwest by southeast. In reality it is the path of an earthquake-the earthquake of January, 1857.

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. It was the duty of Walker to keep the station supplied with fresh meat, no very arduous task in those days, for the mountains abounded in game.

On this day, however, search as he would, he could find neither deer nor bear. Stillness semed to smother the earth, and under its spell all animate nature became apprehensive. Rabbits and birds shifted about uneasily, and the wild cattle footed along their trails on the steep hillsides in absolute silence.

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. Yet of what?

There was a sudden bump under the soles of his feet, and he heard the oak leaves begin to rustle above him. Again there came a bumping at his feet, accompanied by a subterranean rumbling-deep and ominous.

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 hillildes, and clouds of dust rose from their fall at the foot of a neighboring The ground heaved beneatl him once more, and with a bound he was in the open. For the first time he realized that he was in an earthqualte. 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. B-r-r-upm! The earth heaved beneath his feet, and he fell to the ground, dizzy and sick. A deathly nausea selzed him. To his strained eyes the whole valley seemed swaying in huge waves. At each dip the great oaks bent over Companiion. and brushed the ground, while 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 cattle, shaken from their narrow trails, and shot bawling down the mountainside by the mighty subterranean blows of the earthquake.

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 three 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 iarush of air past Nelse Walker suddenly ceased; then, as the parted earth came together again, the fir which had rushed in was as quick-ly 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 his sense 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 lements. 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 newcleft 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 strewe the group frant horses stampeded about in the corrals. When the station-keeper heard Walker's story, he thought that fear had turned his head. Bpt 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

# 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.

great damage in a comparatively

short time. The insect is easily

reached by sprays, and as Dr. South

wick observes, stiff sprays are quite

Other qualified experts say that

spraying with kerosene emuision in

May proved efficient. The standard

emulsion should probably be diluted

with nine parts of water. In case it

is undesirable to use kerosene emul-

sion, the insect is said to be easily

susceptible to a whole oil-soap solu-

tion, one pound to four gallons of

but as yet he has had little practical

experience with them. He is watch-

is said to be destroying the chestnut

trees in Westchester County, and

the best remedy given for its exter-

Insects That Help.

that attack trees, and it seems that

fly.

and long hose convenient.

efficient in combating this pest.

The general interest being mani- | length and they attach themselves to fested in the preservation of trees and young and tender twigs. They do 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. Many people see trees gradually destroyed by pests and insects, without having a knowledge of the means to kill them, or of stopping their inroads on valuable timber. Indeed, this important matter has been treated with carelessness by a large number of people, either because they believe they are helpless to prevent the destruction of shade trees, or from motives of absoindifference. Others imagine lute that droughty conditions over which human ingenuity has no control are responsible for the gradual dying out of certain kinds of trees, in certain kinds of climates, regardless of the best of care and all the artificial means at the disposal of men to keep

them thriving. In late years, the Bureau of Fores try 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. Scientists, naturalists, and entomologists have been busy investigating and informing the public how to preserve and beautify their trees and shrubbery, and some of the results of their researches are valuable in the extreme. The task of overcoming the pernicious activity of destroying insects has been, and will be, a big one.

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. There are hundreds of species of destroying parasites that burrow into and feed upon the bark and trunk of the tree, and many others that fatten themselves on the leaves and shoots. Some of these insects are winged, some are wingless, and they carry their destructive methods to every kind of tree that exists. All manner of trees, from the delicate fruit and flowerbearing specimens to the stalwart and hardy oak, the stately pine, and graceful poplar, are the victims of destroying insects.

#### How to Protect Timber.

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. Mr. Felt gives an interesting report based upon work extending over three seasons, pertaining to the destruction of trees by various insects. His collecting was done in the Adirondacks, in the vicinity of Sar anac Inr., and at Karner, N. Y., which is approximately between Albany and Schenectady. He noticed especially that pines were subject to attack by wood-borers, or scalytids.

According to this authority on trees noble, submits some statistics conof every kind, the pine is among our cerning the carnings and incomes of most valuable timber trees, and is becoming scarce, especially in New York State. A vast number of these trees are ruined by insects, and in the last two or three years he has noticed that the destruction of pines is on the increase. The trunk of the pine forms a congenial home for many species of insect, some of which attack large, vigorous trees, while others prefer wood in a dead or decaying condition. The white pine weevil is a common insect on hard and white pines, and \$3500. 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. Birds are the natural enemies of these pests, and assist to a great extent in their extermination. According to men experienced in fighting the weevil, the best method of killing it is to use some effective spray at frequent in tervals, where it is possible. It is not to be presumed that enough onthuslasm will be aroused at this time to cause a general crusade to be inaugurated against the pine tree pest, but the people of the Empire State, especially, must soon realize that the preservation of their pine timber lies in the destruction of the weevil that is rapidly destroying the trees.

### THE SUFFRAGETTE

Ma's a suffragette, an' say, the is 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 darnai' socks an' things-That is work for underlings. Ma's out there in our back yard, Practicin' an' workin' hard. Throwin' bricks most every day, Tryin' hard to loarn the way Men throw things an' hit the mark; Then some evening after dark, Ma says she will do her share Helpin them to mob the mayor.

Maipin them to mob the mayor. Mais 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 not learning' how to make Something new in layer cake, Or to keep a husband home When at hight he wants to roam. Ma's just learnin' things to quote, Provin' she should have a vote. Ma expects to get a job, Leading on a female mob. -Detroit Free Pre

-Detroit Free Press.



banks. Blypp-What's your idea? Flypp-Guaranteed bankers.-Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

ing for the appearance of such an in-(At the Club.)-Oh, I say, who d'you think I met this morning?" "Do you sect among his own trees and grape vines, and will be ready to combat it mind guessing for me, old man? I'm with the most effective means at his rather tired."-Punch. disposal when it appears. The aphid

"I never saw such a lazybones in all my life! Of what is that girl made?" "She is supposed to be maid of all work."-Baltimore American.

mination is the one furnished by Charles W. Leavitt, Jr., of New York Yeast-Does your wife spend much time in the department stores? Crimcity. It is to cut out the wood that is affected by the fungus and carefulsonbeak-Oh, yes; she has to wait for ly spray with a fungus spray, and her change, you know!-Yonkers with an insect spray to kill the green Statesman.

"What is the object of your socie-"You wish the truth?" "Why, ty?" There are caterpillars, beetles, yes." "To get our names in the pamoths, flies, and many species of bugs pers as often as possible."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Miss De Style-1 stopped at a lovely place last summer; plenty of fellows; honest, I got four rings. Miss Gunbusta-So? I didn't know there was a carousel out there .- Puck.

"It is always interesting to watch them drop the pilot," said the girl who had travelled much. "Yes," laughed the young man, "especially if you happen to be on an airship."-Chicago Daily News.

"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.

Jones-Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith? Johnny-No, sir. His office was locked. Jones-Well, why didn't you wait for him, as I told you. Johnny-There was a note on the door saying, "Return at once," so I came back.-Philadelphia Inquirer.

"I had half the young men in town for rivals when I was doing a courtship stunt,' said the sad-eyed passen-ger. "And did you land the prize?" queried the hardware drummer, "Well I never looked at it in that light," replied he of the sad eyes, "but I married the girl."-Chicago Daily News.

"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 walter. 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.

### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Be swift to hear and slow to speak

\$

Perfumes are the feelings of flowers.-Heine.

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 .- Heine 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 snow themselves great, though they may make an exception in your favor to all their rules of trade .--- Emerson.

The best composition and temperatum is, to have openness in fame and opinion, secrecy in habit, dissimulation in seasonable 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 sublimest 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 straightway 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 carcass weighs only 257 stone, and it took six days for the remains to be prepared and treated properly by the experts, who had to work in an ordinary tent at a temperature of 30 degrees of cold.

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 Schegalov, and from Schegalov 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.

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 fluted scale, the fig insect, the Hessian fly parasite, the black scale parasite, the cardina! ladybug, the Chinese ladybug, the black ladybug, the European praying

mantis, and the Chinese praying mantis. Trees most subject to damage in New York are the ash, birch, elm, larch, lime, oak, pine, poplar, spruce, fir, and willow.

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 beeties and bugs are clinging beneath the leaves and are dull and sluggish. They may be shaken down on a large cloth spread beneath the tree, swept together and destroyed, if care is taken that the flying insects do not have time to recover and take wing. Pigs will cat them greedily, as will poultry .- New York Post,

# WAGES IN PARIS.

Scale of Revenue Received By the Different Classes.

Consul C. P. H. Nason, of Gre-

water, or even a forcible spray of cold water, would wash off a large number of the pests. This can be done handly by having a hydrant 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,

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

It has often been observed of earth guakes that they come in waves and a series of waves. Delicate instrunts have been contrived which regter these oscillations and mark their irection and intensity. Before each reat shock there are a series of maller shocks; before each great sers there are often a number of preminary shocks.

Sharp as had been the oscillations hich threw Walker to the ground ad tumbled the frightened cattle fown the mountainside, the earthnake of 1857 had not yet attained its aximum intensity. Its victims were not to escape so soon. The grinding and rocking passed into a mere trembling, and Walker rose to his feet ith a great sense of relief. But hardly had he picked up his gun when the earth began once more to when the earth began once more to away and bump. There was a roar in the air like thunder, and down the Brazil. It is reserved for convicts.

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. Once in court, he had to follow a barrister who had delivered his remarks in very loud tones. "Now that the noise in court has subsided," murmured Bethell, "I will tell your Honor in two sentences the gist of the case."-Argonaut.

#### Forgetting Herself.

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

Little Nettie-I don't know, mam ma. I had so much fun that I forgot to pay any attention to myself .-- Chicago News.

### Actually Made.

"What's this lunch doing in the safe?"

"That's an election wager," plained the junior partner. "A fellow just bet me a dollar to a doughnut on the result."-Pittsburg Post.

#### No Use.

"Why at weddings does nobody ever give the bridegroom away?" "The bride would never believe them."-Baltimore American

Foes of the Pine.

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. He is common on pines growing in parks and under other artificial conditions 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. When the young emerge from the ball of woolly matter which protects the eggs, they travel over the bark of the tree. But travel ceases at

certain classes of the French people in Paris, as recently published by M. Andre Lefevre, the president of the Paris Municipal Council. The Consul writes: The annual income of the average

Paris household is placed at about \$730. In the fashionable guarter 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

As to the incomes of certain pro fessional men in France, it was as certained that out of the 2,000 advocates practicing at the Paris Bar only about 200 earn over \$2000 a year, and only about 50 receive above \$10,000.

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. Dentists do somewhat better; a fashionable one can easily earn \$6,000, while in some cases this figure is greatly exceeded.

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. Oftentimes this portion, or "dot," of a French girl is used in part to establish the husband in business.

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. The bottom of the scale seems to be reached with the poor seamstresses, who toil from dawn to dark in the making of children's clothes. One cent an hour is indicated as their stipend, but if exceptionally clever they earn 35 cents for 12 hours' work.

A Mean Man.

"Hubby, do you love met-

"Um." "How much do you love me?"

"Not over \$4 worth. If you have or-dered anything above that figure sent home, back it goes."-Washington Herald.

"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 vendure discloses to us?" "If you really wish for an answer," she said, "I think you can find them in a well-made salad."-Cleveland Plain Dealer,

Library Advertising.

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. To his joy and surprise, he discovered works bearing on his trade. Although he had been a cardholder for years. he had never before had a suspicion that such books were there on the shelves, walting to be drawn. The painter's glad astonishment gave a

hint to the librarian; mimeographed lists o favailable works on different. trades and industries were circulated, the local newspapers were prevailed upon to give publicity to these

and other resources of the library, and as a result the circulation of that library increased 25 percent in one year. Af of which goeth to show that a library that is set on a hill may, unfortunately, be hid-until it condescends to reveal itself .- Chicago Dial.

#### More Near-Wisdom,

"When you are getting double your share," advised the Plunkville Polonlus, "be satisfied." "I will, uncle."

"And don't insists on putting your feet in the trough."-Houston Chronicle.

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

### Mexico Puts Fails to Work.

This is the story of Necaxa. A dozen little rivers are so gathered on their water-shed 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.

It required a cost of \$34,000,000 in gold to accomplish this, and the result is one of the most interesting hydro-electric systems of the world.

Where, before, there lay at one end a water-shed 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, steelframed 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 intricacles of arithmetic. The job finally became so arduous that she complained to the child's father. "Oh," said the fond pater, "never mind my Jimmie about that. He com by it honestly. I always was a good grammatist, but a mighty poor arithmeticker."-Kansas City Journal.