

A HUGE EARTH WAVE.

AN EXPERIENCE IN THE CHARLESTON EARTHQUAKE.

Imprisoned in a House, the Floor Heaving Like a Storm-Tossed Vessel—Buildings Wrecked on all Sides—The Odds that Remained.

After a few hours of pleasant conversation, one of my friends said it was time to leave. Taking out his watch, he continued, "Six minutes to ten, and what is that?" A low, deep, rumbling noise as of thunder, only beating instead of above us, coming from afar and approaching us nearer and nearer, muttering and groaning, and ever increasing in volume—it was upon us in an instant.

The massive brick house we were in began to sway from side to side—gently at first with a rhythmic motion, then gradually increasing in force, until, springing to our feet, we seized one another by the hand and gazed with blanched and awe-struck faces at the tottering walls around us. We felt the floor beneath our feet heaving like the deck of a storm-tossed vessel, and heard the crashing of the falling masonry and ruins on every side. With almost stifled hearts we realized that we were in the power of an earthquake. The motion of the house, never ceasing, became now vertical. Up and down it went as though some monstrous giant had taken it in his hands as a plaything, and were tossing it like a ball for his amusement. Recalling our dazed senses, and staggering to our feet as best we could, with one accord we rushed down the steps leading to the front door, and, grasping the handle, turned it. In vain—the door was jammed, and we were compelled to wait like rats in a trap until the shock had passed!

Concentrating its energies into one fine, convulsive effort, the huge earth-wave passed, and left the earth panting and heaving like a tired animal. There came crashing down into our garden plot the chimneys from the house in front of ours. Fortunately the falling bricks injured none of us. Making another trial, we succeeded in opening the door and rushed into the street.

Now there came upon us an overpowering, suffocating odor of sulphur and brimstone, which filled the whole atmosphere. We were surrounded by a crowd of neighbors—men, women, and children—who had rushed out of their houses, as we had done, and who stood with us in the middle of the street, awaiting their knew not what.

Suddenly there came again to our ears the now dreaded rumbling sound. Like some fierce animal, growling and seeking its victim, it approached, and we all prepared ourselves for the worst. The shock came, and for a moment the crowd was awed into silence. Fortunately this shock was not nearly so severe as the first. The earth became still once more, and the roaring died away in the distance.

How the people shunned their houses, and spent that and succeeding nights in the streets, private gardens, and on public squares, is well known from the many accounts given in the daily and illustrated papers at the time.

So perfectly still and calm was the air during the night, that a lamp which was taken out in the open air burnt as steadily as though protected in a room, and no flickering revealed the presence of a breath of wind.

Again, some strong and powerful buildings in certain portions of the city were wrecked completely, while others, older and undoubtedly weaker passed through the shock unharmed. A house on one corner was perfectly shattered, while, just a few hundred feet away, the house on the opposite corner was not damaged in the slightest except that a little plastering was shaken down. —St. Nicholas for October.

Perilous Riding on the Iron Horse.
"Did you ever ride on a locomotive?" asked O. G. Haskins. "I tried it once and have no desire to repeat the experiment. It was out in Colorado, where you sometimes run so close to bottomless chasms that you could drop your hat into them, and make turns so short and sudden that it nearly disjoins your spinal vertebrae. The master mechanic was an old friend of mine, and gave me permission to ride over the road on the engine of the lightning express. The engineer did not appear to fancy my presence much, but treated me civilly. We were behind time; the night was as black as Erebus, and a thunderstorm was raging. The engineer was determined to go on in time, and the way he rushed around those curves and across canyons was enough to make a man's hair turn gray.

"The peculiar thing about these mountain engines is that they do not take a curve like any other vehicle. They go plunging straight ahead until you feel sure that they are clear of the track and suspended in mid-air, and then shoot around and leave you to wonder by what miracle you have been saved. The trucks take the curve in the orthodox manner, but the superstructure is so arranged that it consumes more time in making the turn. With the lightning playing about the mountain peaks and half disclosing the frightful gorges and swollen torrents, the great iron leviathan swaying and plunging along that slippery, serpentine track, I first realized the perils of railway travel and the responsibility of the sullen man who kept his hand on the throttle and his eye on the track. I stood with my heart in my throat admiring his nerve, but not envying him his job. At the first stop I clambered back into the coach and stayed there."

India's Cursed Flower.
The Erythrina Indica, a beautiful flower of the basil family, which grows wild in India, is supposed to be under a curse, and although the bloom is perfection itself, both in color and color, no true Hindoo would touch it in the world. They tell you it originally grew in the "Garden of India," in the center of Heaven, where it was hourly worshipped by all the denizens of the blessed abode. Krishna stole it and brought it to earth, but all who worshipped at its shrine after that event died before they could leave the spot. On this account India is shunned as if it were a poisonous serpent.

The Ratio of Land to Man.
Someone has estimated that 22 acres of land is needed to sustain a man on flesh, while that amount of land sown with wheat will feed 42 persons; sowed to oats, 88; to potatoes, Indian corn and rice, 176 persons, and planted with the bread-fruit tree, over 6,000 people could be fed.

A WICKED LOOK IN HIS EYE

That Caused Fortune to Smile on the Actor, E. H. Sothern.

People who have succeeded always like to put their finger on the spot where their success began, as people who miss the train which later runs into an open switch like to think that their lives were spared because they stopped to take a second cup of coffee. "If it hadn't been for that cup!" they say. The spot from which Mr. Sothern dates the turn in his fortunes is situated on some part of Broadway. Mr. Sothern was going down this thoroughfare one day in a dejected and discouraged spirit; managers did not seem to want him, the public had not learned to know him well enough to forget him, and even the papers left him alone. In this desperate frame of mind he met a friend who asked him to come and hear a man read a play. The fact that Mr. Sothern did go to hear this play read shows how desperate his condition was. The play was very bad, and Sothern, on being asked his opinion, said so to the author. A year later the author succeeded in getting the play placed upon the stage, and telegraphed wildly over the United States for Mr. Sothern, who was then traveling, to drop his present engagement, to return to New York, and play the villain in the piece. This Mr. Sothern did, not because he thought he could play a villain, but because he had not received any salary for twelve weeks. On his return Sothern asked the author why, of all people, he had chosen him to leave one company and come east to play the villain in his. The author replied that on the afternoon of the day when he had first met Sothern, and when he had read him his play, he had noticed "a wicked look in his eye," and had said to himself in consequence, "That is the man to play my villain in my play." Accordingly, a year later, when he was about to cast the play, he had made it a point to discover the whereabouts of the young star with the wicked eyes, and had offered him that part. It would make a much better story if I could now add that Mr. Sothern made the hit of his life and the sensation of the day. This, I regret to say, I cannot do; for, though I never saw him in the part, he assures me he was very bad in it—so bad, indeed, that Miss Helen Danvers' manager, after seeing him play the villain, promptly engaged him to play low comedy in her company."—Harper's Weekly.

Cheap Candle Light.

A fish frequently seen in the district around Vancouver is the candle fish. Technically the name is Thaleichthys Pacificus, a remarkable species of the family Salmonidae, strictly a sea fish approaching the coast to spawn, but never entering rivers, says the San Francisco Call.

The specimens measure a foot in length, and have somewhat the appearance of an eel, except the head, which is pointed and conical. It has a large mouth. The color is greenish on the back, passing into silvery white on the sides and belly, which is sparsely spotted with dirty yellow.

The Indians of Vancouver Island and vicinity use the fish both for food and light. It is the fattest or most oleaginous of all fishes, and it is said, of all animals. It is impossible to either boil or fry it, for the moment it is subjected to heat it turns to oil.

The Indians, who use the fish for food, take them, and, without cleaning them, run a skewer through the eyes and suspend them in the thick smoke that arises from wood fires. The fish acquires the flavor of the wood and the smoke helps to preserve it. When the Indians want to make a meal of the fish they heat them, reduce them to oil and drink the oil.

When they want a light they take a dried fish, draw through it a piece of rush pitch or a strip from the upper bark of the cypress tree, a species of arbor vitae, as a wick, a needle of hard wood being used for the purpose. The fish is then lighted at one end and burns steadily until consumed.

Forestry.

Every society or individual that is engaged in popularizing a knowledge of forestry is rendering a valuable public service.

A knowledge of the uses of our forests is calculated to check the barbarous and ruinous habits of our predecessors, which have already destroyed much of the possible ornamentation of our streets and fields and threaten to affect injuriously those sanitary provisions which nature bounteously provides for our protection.

The ruthless and uncalculated destruction of the native growth of our forests, the savage scalping of our hill-tops of those "arboreal" locks which wreath their heads with pride, the grubbing-up and burning of the forest, the needless destruction of even our swamp thickets, whose dense shadows have, with as much scientific exactness as poetry, been called the "protecting parents of our murmuring streams"—all this wanton waste of a benign natural provision for our health and happiness has not only deprived the face of the country of its original beauty, but is changing for the worse the character of our climate and even imperiling the water supply.

We are thus compelled to acknowledge even on this continent that what is called by us civilization can be carried to a point by human effort at which it ceases to be improvement and becomes simply destruction.

Recent Inventions.

Reviving an old project, a French company proposes that lightships connected by telegraph be stationed at intervals of 200 miles across the Atlantic.

A new invention is a saw-horse with a toothed dog for holding the piece of timber in place, the device being pivoted at the cross-logs and operating under a spring tension.

A recent invention is a bicycle tire consisting of an endless closed rubber tube filled with hollow rubber balls of the same diameter as the inside diameter of the tube.

The perpendicularity of a monument is visibly affected by the rays of the sun. On every sunny day a tall monument has a regular swing leaning away from the sun. This phenomenon is due to the greater expansion of the side on which the rays of the sun fall.

A new electric appliance for surgeons is intended to serve as an extension to the fingers, nerves, and all. It is a hard rubber tube, inclosing a number of small wires, and it is to be attached to the finger tip in internal operations, its design being to transmit substantially the sensations that would be experienced if the finger were in contact with the same surfaces.

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SEASON

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