

THE KING PLAYS POKER.

And the Ladies Wear Mother Hubbards.
[Chilliothe Leader's talk with ex-Consul-General Putnam.]

"In what shape did you leave your friend, the King?"

"Kalakaua? In rather an unhappy condition. He has been reduced to the condition of a mere figure-head. Pretty much all power has been taken from him by his cabinet—all save the veto power. They thought they had stripped him of that, too, but the courts held otherwise. However, poor though he is in authority, and without any military backing to speak of—100 men or so—he gets a good salary and could live very nicely if he wasn't such an inveterate spendthrift."

"What salary does he get?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars a year; but he is of a convivial turn of mind, and an incurable gambler, and could squander many times \$25,000 if he could get it. He got so reckless and so deeply in debt that his Cabinet finally appointed a commission to take charge of his salary, pay his obligations and manage his personal finances entirely."

"Then he is in the hands of guardians?"

"That's it, precisely."

"Does the King run a good establishment at Honolulu?"

"A magnificent one. His palace is finer than our White House—larger and more imposing in every way. He lives in fine style and gives some very brilliant parties at his palace."

"Where and with whom does he do his gambling?"

"At the palace, and with whoever will play poker with him. The Americans are not averse to sitting in a game with his Majesty, when he has anything to lose."

"What portion of the export trade of the islands do we get?"

"Pretty much all of it. Last year they exported some \$12,000,000 worth of sugar—all of which, of course, went through the Consulate. Of this immense trade the United States got ninety-two per cent. And furthermore, the United States supply Honolulu and the islands with about all of their imports of every kind."

"How do the other nationalities rank in numbers?"

"There are 2,500 Americans on the islands; 1,200 Germans, 1,000 English, 3,000 Japanese, 1,200 Portuguese, 5,000 half-breeds—the aristocracy of the kingdom—and 40,000 natives."

"What figure do the natives cut in the affairs of the island?"

"None worth mentioning. They are lazy, ambitious and not very intelligent, and are satisfied to live off of a paste made by grinding up a vegetable they grow with little trouble. This paste they take up on their fingers, and after giving it a twirl or two, take it into their mouths and swallow it. And then they eat raw fish; in fact they depend largely upon nature for a living. They are no good as laborers, or very little. The Portuguese are worthless, too—the scum of the nation. They come mainly from the Madeira and other outlying islands. The Chinese are the laborers of the islands, and are absolutely necessary to the welfare of the kingdom. The natives are rapidly dwindling away. When Cook first visited the islands there was a native population of two hundred thousand."

"Are the native women at all handsome?"

"No; many of them are very large, but none of them are attractive. But the half-breed women are beautiful, much like some of our fine types of octoroons. They have magnificent complexions, finely colored cheeks, black hair and beautiful forms. White men of all nationalities in early days married the native women, and this half-breed population is the result. As I have said, they comprise the aristocracy of Honolulu. Some of them are very stylish. Pretty much all the women are given to wearing the 'holacue,' a garment exactly like the American 'Mother Hubbard.' They wear this loose about the house, and with a belt when they go upon the streets."

[Mr. Putnam is much attached to the island.]

His Love Worth Even More.

"Clara," he exclaimed, laying his hand upon his cardiac region, "I have long looked forward to this opportunity to tell you that I love you with all the ardor of a nature free from guile or duplicity. Say the little word, Clara, which will make me the happiest of men. Or, if your maiden modesty seals your ruby lips, give me some little keepsake which shall mutely say that my love is returned, and which shall be a constant reminder of this, my hour of happiness. Stay! Let it be one of your golden tresses, just one little lock of your fragrant hair."

Clara blushed, and, seeing that George took up the scissors from the table, she murmured: "Nay, George, never mind the scissors; here it is" (and she removed her affluent switch); take it. "It cost me \$10, but such love as yours is worth far more than that."—*Boston Transcript.*

Education in Ancient Egypt.

Boys intended for the Government service entered the school at a very early age, says the *Popular Science Monthly* concerning education in ancient Egypt. The course of instruction was very simple. The first care of the teacher was to initiate the young scribe into the mysteries of the art of writing. After he had mastered the first difficulties, he was given older texts to copy. These texts were moral treatises, old poems, fairy tales, religious and mythical writings, and let-

ters. It is to this fact that we owe the preservation of the greater part of the literary remains of ancient Egypt. When one of these schoolboys died, the copies he had written, that could be of no earthly use to any one else, were buried with him.

From these old books that he copied he learned to form his own style; he learned the grammar and syntax of his beautiful language; he became acquainted with its vast stock of moral precepts, religious and mythical traditions, and with the unnumbered poems and tales that undoubtedly abounded, and of which the merest fragments have come down to us. Two classes of writings were prepared for this purpose, moral precepts and letters. It was considered absolutely indispensable to inculcate on the minds of the pupils vast numbers of moral precepts. Letter-writing was considered a high and difficult art, and the pupils needed very special preparation for it.

A Baby Drunkard.

A blue-eyed baby drunkard. She was the center of a group of officers at the police station Friday afternoon.

Call Officer George Hamilton had led the little waif into the station house by the hand, a little frail, golden-haired girl.

He had arrested her on West Peter street, where some kind-hearted gentleman had seen her tottering about, and had taken her in charge until the officer arrived.

She was barely 5 years old, and her face still retained that innocent, childish appearance, which dissipation was so fast robbing her of.

She was clad in a neat calico dress, was barefooted, and wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, through the rents in which little tangled, yellow curls found their way.

She was laughing immoderately, and talking in a wild reckless manner.

The police officers were asking her questions, and although she would talk plainly enough there was nothing rational in what she said.

She was drunk. Her breath was laden with the odor of beer and whisky, her fair blue eyes were bloodshot, and the baby could scarcely stand on her tiny feet.

She would laugh and joke at the patrol-men, who, in their big hearts, pitied the little baby, and talked to her in the kindest manner. They did not confine her in a cell, but let her play about the office until the effects of the poisoning drink had passed off. She seemed at home, and soon adapted herself to her surroundings.

When she could talk more rationally she said: "My name's Johanna, and they call me 'Little Jo.'"

"Who do you live with?" asked one of the officers, who had interested himself with the little waif.

"I live with my sister. My mamma's dead. She died four weeks ago, and my papa is in Cherokee County. He's comin' to see me when I gets 12 years old."

"Where's your home?"

"It's on Lowe's alley and corner of Rhodes street. That's where my sister lives," replied the little child.

"Who gives you beer, little one?"

"Everybody," she replied. "I drinks beer and toddy all the time. My sister can drink this house full of beer. The baby prattled on, and I love beer. It's nice, ain't it?" and she laughed merrily.

"There's a case," said Dr. Foote, as he turned away, "for the home of the friendless. There is where that baby should be taken before her young life is wrecked."

When the child was sobered up she was taken back to her home, from which she had a few hours before wandered in a drunken stupor.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.*

How to Keep a Razor Sharp.

We often have amateur shavers bring us their razors to be fixed up, says a St. Louis barber. Almost any man with a steady hand can shave himself, but not one in fifty can keep his razor in decent condition. The first reason is that amateurs wear all the temper out of their razors by excessive strapping, and the better the steel the easier it is affected in this way. The only remedy is to let it alone. Put away the razor that scrapes and cuts the skin and give it a good rest. Then use it again, and in all probability it will be in good shape. Some of the modern shaving sets have as many razors as there are days in the week, and on the handle of each is engraved the name of the day. If the rotation is kept up, very little sharpening is needed. I have known men to talk of pet razors which they have used every day for years; if they would let these lie by for a while they would find a welcome improvement. The second cause of the trouble is bearing on the razor while sharpening it. Never attempt to put on an edge before shaving. When you are through, rub the blade lightly a few times on a plain leather strap, which need not cost above a quarter, and then put away. The old boiling-water craze is exploded now, and professionals do just as good work with cold water as hot.

"The charge of the six hundred" has been thought to refer to the per cent. of profit enjoyed by one Solomon Isaacs, a pawnbroker in Milwaukee.

"NECKST!" called out the hangman in New York after he had strangled one murderer.

LOANING money is an interesting vocation.

A Warning to Jockeys.

It is reported that August Belmont has discharged his best jockey because he did not ride his horse to win at a recent race. He was satisfied that the jockey was interested in making the horse lose the race, and Belmont determined to make an example of him, although it might be difficult to supply his place. This shows a deplorable condition of things on the race track, and gives additional uncertainty to a sport that has enough of the element of chance already. The only remedy we can suggest is to do away with jockeys altogether, and let the owners of racing stock ride their own horses in a race. They must "back" them literally as well as financially. Belmont is a little old and a little stout to mount a racer, but the pluck that enabled him to discharge his best jockey in the interest of an honest administration in the government of the race course, may inspire him to do it. What an attraction it would be for the next race in which the millionaire's Raceland figures, to announce that he would be mounted by the August Belmont himself. Half the town would go to see it.—*Texas Siftings.*

To Those Interested.

HASTINGS, Mich., April 22, 1899. Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich: GENTS—This is to certify that I had been troubled with rheumatism in all its forms for the past twelve years, and was confined to my bed at various periods from three to six months at a time, and I could get about only by the aid of crutches. I employed several first-class physicians of this city, none of whom effected a cure or gave temporary relief even. About two years ago I was induced to try Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and, after taking a few bottles I experienced relief, and now consider myself cured. I unhesitatingly recommend this medicine for rheumatism. I know what it has done for me, what physicians could not do, i. e., cured me of rheumatism.

Mrs. H. J. KENFIELD. Ask your druggist for it. I certify to the above statement. FRED L. HEATH, Druggist.

Didn't Like the Milk.

A London Bishop had gone down into the country to visit a charitable institution, into which poor lads had been drafted from the East End of London, and in addressing them he congratulated them on the delights of their new residence. The boys looked unaccountably gloomy and downcast, and the Bishop kindly asked:

"Are you not comfortable? Have you any complaints to make?"

At last the leader raised his hand.

"The milk, my lord."

"Why, what on earth do you mean? The milk here is ten-fold better than you ever had in London."

"No, indeed, it ain't," cried the boy. "In London they always buys our milk out of a nice, clean shop, and here—why, here they squeezes it out of a beastly cow."—*Tid-Bits.*

Herculean Strength.

Continually on the strain, or overtaxed at intervals, is far less desirable than ordinary vigor perpetuated by rational diet and exercise, and abstention from excess. Professional pugilists and athletes rarely attain extreme old age. As ordinary vigor may be retained by a wise regard for sanitary living, and for the protection against disease which timely and judicious medication affords, so also it may be lost through prolonged sedentary labor, interrupted mental strain, and foolish eating and drinking, the chief and most immediate sequence of all four being dyspepsia. For this condition there is, in any way induced, and for its off-spring, failure of muscular and nerve power. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the primeval and most genial of remedies. Not only indigestion, but loss of flesh, appetite and sleep are remedied by it. Incipient malaria and rheumatism are banished, and kidney, bowel and liver complaint relieved by it.

Wedded in the Penitentiary.

For the first time in its history a wedding ceremony was performed in the penitentiary yesterday. The parties were John Danise and Anna Kelly, who came from Amsterdam to serve a term of six months for an assault on each other while living together as man and wife. They have been in the institution only one month, but it being ascertained that Anna was about to become a mother, it was on the advice of Chaplain Anselm Auling that the man and woman consented to marry. The ceremony took place in the guardroom off the main hall, and was performed by Chaplain Auling. Supt. McIntyre gave the bride away. Matron Birmingham attended the bride, and Clerk Bowers the groom. At the close of the ceremony the husband and wife were reconducted back to their respective cells.—*Albany Journal.*

Your Life in Danger.

Take time by the forelock ere that rasping, hacky cough of yours carries you where so many Consumptives have preceded you; lose no time, but procure a bottle of the rational remedy for Lung and Bronchial diseases, Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It will cure you. Sold by all Druggists.

She Got It.

Mr. Watts—I was reading just now about the richest woman in the world.

Mrs. Watts—I know who is the richest woman in the world without having to read.

Mr. Watts—Who is it?

Mrs. Watts—I am. For I've got you, darling, and that makes me the richest woman in the world, even if I haven't got a bonnet fit to be seen on the street.

She will wear a new bonnet to church next Sunday.—*Terre Haute Express.*

SHAKESPEARE will be well represented in the Parisian theaters next winter. The "Merchant of Venice" is to be brought out as "Shylock" at the Odeon; no translation of the piece ever having been played in French. Then will come "Beaucoup de Bruit Rien," the Gallic edition of "Much Ado About Nothing," and an adaptation of "Twelfth Night"—"Conte d'Avril."

Der Burial of Mr. Shon Moore.

Not a drum cood been heard vonce, on akound der feller doud vas feelin' pooty goot, and some foonal notes vas dherefore Augus Shpiel, vhen ve vas dook his dead body dhem ramparts ofer. Dhey cooden't gif a good-by shoot his grafeyard ofer, which vas awful pad on akound of the looks of der ting.

We put him der hole in vhen der moon vas got up, and done der best job ve cood for Mister Moore.

We doud did hafe time to said some few brayful observations, but expressed plaindy of sorrow on akound he vas go doid.

Slowfully and sadly ve vas lay him down, und stuffed all his glory und fames in der box mit him.

We vas put a goot abetite on his toomb stone, und left him dhere, all alone, toggeder by himself. — *Carl Pretzel.*

Don't Waste Your Time

And money experimenting with doubtful remedies, when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is so positively certain in its curative action as to warrant its manufacturers in supplying it to the public, as they are doing through druggists, under a duly executed certificate of guarantee that it will accomplish all it is recommended to do, or money paid for it will be promptly returned. It cures torpid liver, or biliousness, indigestion, or dyspepsia, all humors, or blood taints, from whatever cause arising, skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous affections (not excepting consumption, or lung scrofula), if taken in time and given a fair trial.

THOUSANDS of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

Not at All Humble.

Learned men say that what is commonly known as the humble bee should be called the humble bee—but he shouldn't, just the same.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A Family Gathering.

Have you a father? Have you a mother? Have you a son or daughter, sister or a brother who has not yet taken Kemp's Balm for the Throat and Lungs, the guaranteed remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup and all Throat and Lung troubles? If so, why, when a sample bottle is gladly given to you free by any druggist, and the large size costs only 50c and \$1.00?

HARRISON, the "boy preacher," is worth about \$60,000. What a fortune he will have, when he gets to be a man!—*Texas Siftings.*

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No gripping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

THERE is a paper called *Time* and another called *Yule*, and they wait for no man.

PURE soap is white. Brown soaps are adulterated with rosin. Perfume is only put in to hide the presence of putrid fat. Dobbins' Electric Soap is pure, white and unscented. Has been sold since 1865.

WHEN a man has a cataract, it is cruel to tam his eyes any further.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

WE are now making small-size Bile Beans, especially adapted for children and women—very small and easy to take. Price of either size 25c per bottle. For sale by all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price. J. F. SMITH & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

Is afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it 25c.

HAVE you tried "Tansill's Punch" Cigar?

Scrofula Humor

"My little daughter's life was saved, as we believe, by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before she was six months old scrofula sores began to appear, and in a short time she had 7 running sores. One physician advised the amputation of one of her fingers, to which we refused assent. We began giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla. A marked improvement was noticed after she had taken only one bottle, and by a continued use of it her recovery was complete. And she is now, being seven years old, strong and healthy." B. C. JONES, Alna, Lincoln Co., Me.

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