

THE KING PLAYS POKER.

And the Ladies Wear Mother Hubbards. [Chillicothe 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, ambitionless 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 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 octoors. 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 'holo-cue,' 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 surely 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 much indeed if he wasn't such an inveterate spendthrift.

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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 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 Sifters*.

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, child-like 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?" asked one of the listeners.

"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 loves beer." It's nice, ain't it?" and she laughed merrily.

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