

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEWEEN, PUBLISHER.

AN ISLAND NATION.

A STUDY OF HAWAII AND HER PEOPLE.

The Simplicity and Barbarous Innocence of the Natives—A Beautiful Land—The Source of Leprosy—Value of Our Hawaiian Imports.

Bigger than Wisconsin.

Hawaii, land of smiling sunshine and rushing rain, place of paradise and abode of torment! Ten little islands sleeping in the sea, where indolence and industry meet and mingle; where commerce thrives incredibly, and idleness exists in its laziest perfection! At once a health resort and a breeding-place of humanity's most frightful scourge! Where Nature's most refulgent luxuries creep to the very edge of pits

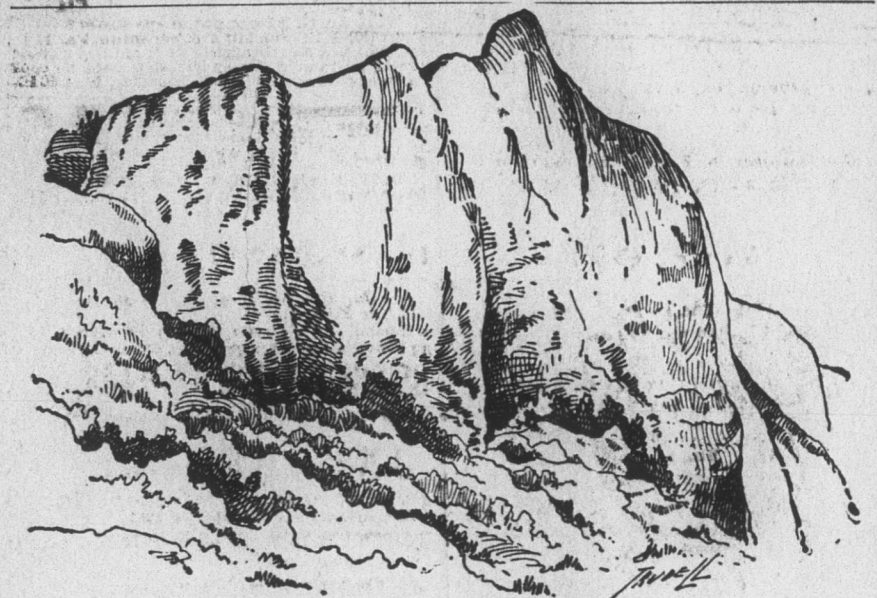
A Gentle People.

If the natives were malicious and man-eating, then they have changed marvelously since, for nowadays it seems impossible for them to believe a man is bad. With them you are their friend until you have three proved



HAWAIIAN HOTEL, HONOLULU.

yourself their enemy, and even then you need but ask forgiveness to receive their love again. And to be a Hawaiian's friend is to be little less than his



THE PEAK OF PALI, NEAR HONOLULU.

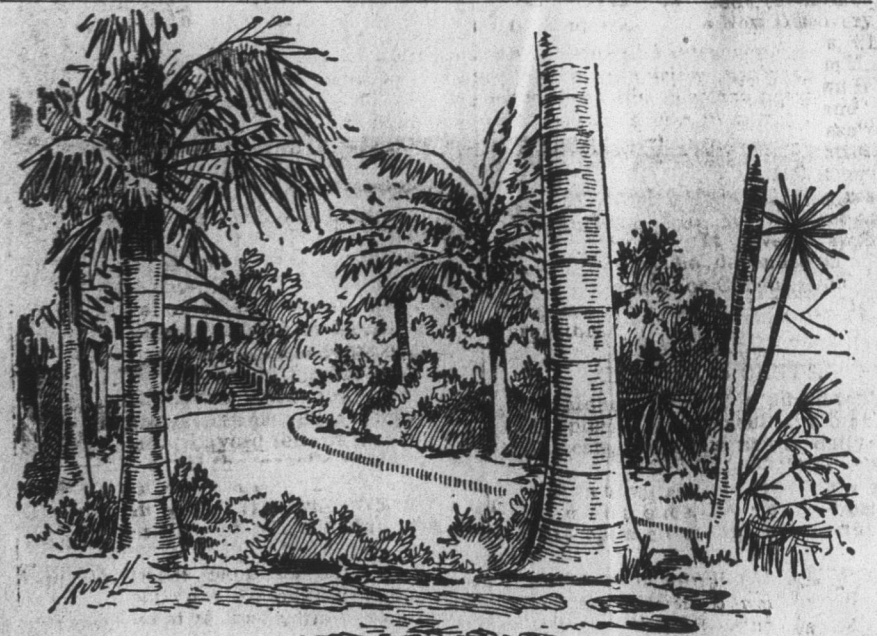
where Nature's most malignant anger ever boils and bubbles, and sometimes reaches out a sinuous arm of molten lava to engulf a town and murder thousands! Hawaii is truly a strange little nation—a strange little nation in strange little lands with a strange little people. But with all the strangeness of them all



SCENE ON HAWAIIAN RAILROAD.

they are marvelously rich now and richer yet in future possibilities.

Ever since this group of oases on Pacific's watery desert was discovered by Captain Cook and claimed by Van couver, the Sandwich Islands have been



GROUNDS OF A PRIVATE RESIDENCE, HONOLULU.

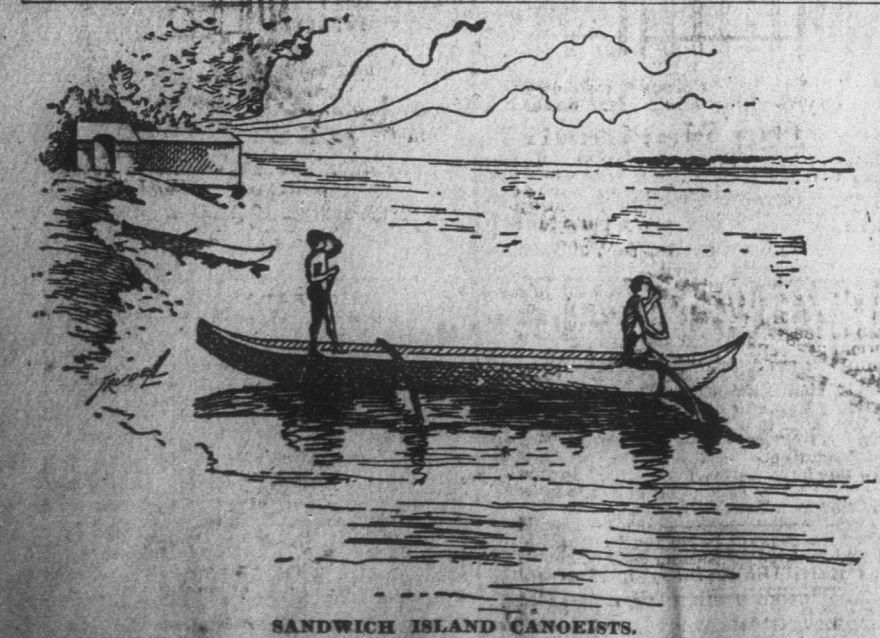
incredibly regarded as the home of cannibals. As a matter of fact, no instance of cannibalism has ever been proven against them. The natives doubtless gained their reputation for ferocity through the killing of Captain Cook. But Captain Cook appeared among them claiming and believed to be a god. For weeks he and his sailors basked in the credulity of the natives, who voluntarily despoiled themselves of whatever they valued most—from tiniaut, carved trinkets to their wives—to make their peace with the white-skinned emissaries from heaven. At last they found that they had been deceived—that Cook and his English sailors were not gods, but grasping, lying men, not half so near divinity as they themselves. Then Cook was murdered. And if, full of the knowledge of the first wrong that had ever entered into their childish lives, they helped his death along with wailing tortures, is it to be wondered at? Now, at Kawaia, in the blue shadows of one of Hawaii's loveliest mountains, within the sound of the gentle murmur of the world's bluest sea, and surrounded by magnifi-

with each succeeding day. This blight and helplessness of the Hawaiians, when they believe death is hovering near, have much to do with



HAWAIIANS EATING.

the steady decrease in their numbers, which in twenty-one years has amounted to 44 per cent. But there are other reasons for this decline. The delicate, Nature-loving Hawaiians seem not to



SANDWICH ISLAND CANOEIST.

cent palms, a marble monument, at which all Hawaii does homage, stands above the moldering bones of the murdered man.

thrive under civilization. Foreign diseases of however simple a sort are almost always fatal with them, and their women have become strangely sterile.

At the present rate the lapse of not many years will bring a time when few full-blooded natives are alive.

How the Queen Laid Idolatry Low.

Yet while they live they are a brave and muscular race. There are few weak-minded ones among them, although intermarriage of families was until recently common. In everything except facing unseen death they are courageous. The queen, who was recently deposed, once gave as magnificent an exhibition of will power and heroism as any woman ever did. Her subjects had been forbidden to worship Pele, the god of the volcanoes, many years ago, and had almost forgotten him when an eruption occurred which threatened to overcome Hilo, on the east coast of the Island of Hawaii. Hilo is smaller than Honolulu, the capital, but much more beautiful. Its trade is trifling, but as a health and pleasure resort it is popular with both natives and foreigners. It is the Paris of the Sandwich Islands. Honolulu is their Chicago. The great river of lava was slowly but surely descending on the city. The queen, King Kamehameha, thinking that Pele was powerful after all and was sending the lava in anger, prayed to him three days and nights. Then, at the very back door of the city, the lava stopped and now forms a glittering gray wall behind the town. This revived the faith of the islanders in Pele. When Liliuokalani came into power she decided to unseat it and announced the fact throughout her kingdom. The queen went to the volcano of Kilauea, in whose molten crater Pele was believed to abide. It had been considered sinful and provocative of certain death to eat ohelo berries without first offering some to Pele, but as the queen went she picked and ate ohelo berries, meanwhile singing a song of defiance to Pele. It was dramatic, and may seem silly here, but it was the only way in which she could, as she did, remove the last vestige of idolatry from the Hawaiian Islands. She ventured into the very heart of the volcano, stopping only when the lava on which she walked burned her shoes. But Pele harmed her not and she decided him. Since then all Hawaiians laughed in his face, and eaten ohelo berries when and where it pleased.

The native Hawaiians with their rich brown skin, their big liquid eyes, and their supple, energetic limbs, are far from being an unhandsome race. The men are of good height and muscular; the women charming in their youth, beautiful in their early prime, and no



A VOLCANO GUIDE.

worse than other tropical women in their maturity.

From a Materialistic Point of View.

Such are the Hawaiian people and the Sandwich Islands. Surely they form a fascinating study for the romancer. In the commerce of the Hawaiian group the materialist finds a no less absorbing subject for research and speculation.

The islands lie between the 18th and 20th degrees, north latitude, and longitude 154-165 west. Twenty-one hundred miles of uninterupted ocean roll between them and San Francisco. The largest of the islands is Hawaii, with Maui, Oahu, Kauai, Molokai, Lanai, Niihau, Kahoolawe, Lehua and Molokini, ranging in size in the order named. The total area of the islands is 61,000 miles. Thus the new State—if the islands be added—will be 3,000 square miles larger than Idaho, 2,500 square miles larger than Michigan, 5,000 square miles larger than Wisconsin, and only 8,000 square miles smaller than Missouri or Washington. Nor does the only richness of Hawaii lie in size. Her population of 89,910 is larger than that of Washington and almost as large as that of South Dakota, which has 15,000 square miles greater area.

Hawaii has been referred to as a land of languor-loving, lazy bodies. But these lazy bodies have built up a trade that is not to be despised. In 1890 Hawaii's total business dealings with this country alone amounted to more than \$17,000,000, the balance of which was largely in Hawaiian favor. For while these brown-skinned islanders were buying \$4,711,417 of American goods, America was buying \$12,313,908 of Hawaiian products. Trade between the United States and Hawaii has reached proportions that few people realize. We bought three-fourths as much in 1890 from that little group of islands in the South Pacific as we did from the whole Chinese Empire, notwithstanding freetraders and tea. Multiply our imports from Hawaii by three, and you will have a total almost as great as our imports were from Canada in the same year. Among the commodities which helped to make up these surprising totals are sugar, coffee, pulu (a silky vegetable fiber), and hides. It has been observed that this little water-locked nation is not to be lightly sneezed at as a commercial entity.

Wholly American in Sympathy.

When Queen Liliuokalani was deposed, it was not surprising that her subjects should apply for a bit of the protecting warmth found under the wings of the American eagle. For many years the islands have been entirely American in sympathies. The whole population, except the 5,000 or 6,000 Englishmen, Germans and Frenchmen, is more American in spirit than it is Hawaiian. For years it has been unusual for residents, whether they had ever visited this land of the free or not, to refer to it as "home," or should one contemplate coming to see it, he would very likely speak of the projected voyage as "going home."

The agricultural products of the islands are, besides sugar, to which more than seventy large estates are devoted, rice, of which 2,455 tons were exported in 1893; some coffee, pineapples, oranges, mangoes, custard apples, guavas, maize, and wheat. Besides these, great quantities of kalo are raised, and to the fact that it needs practically no cultivation, and that a patch forty feet square will produce enough food to support a native for a year, is chiefly attributed the indolence of the islanders. Sheep and cattle are raised to some extent. There are only a few sheep owners in the islands, but their flocks are large. In 1878, the latest figures obtainable, 228,000 pounds of wool were exported. The commerce between the islands and the United States practically began in 1876, when a trade treaty was signed.

RAILWAY SPEED AT SEA.

What the Use of the Propeller Has Made Possible.

Far back in the year 1834, Captain John Ericsson, of whom we all remember as the builder of the first ironclad "Monitor," applied for a patent on a screw propeller to be used in driving ships through the water. Ten years later the Secretary of the British Admiralty persuaded that body to make a trial of the new machine in the frigate "Arrogant."

The device was a success. The frigate went faster than others of her size using sails alone; she could move about in the water when there was no wind, and when other ships were motionless or at anchor; and although her speed, even with the wind, was but little increased, and the sailors grewled at having the ship's hold filled up with "tea-kettles and boilers," they had to admit that she was safer in a gale, and could go better than before. Popular feeling was against the propeller, however, and it was not until 1852 that it was placed in the larger ships of war.

All great inventions have to fight their way, and this was no exception. It gradually came into use among merchant ships, and when the naval authorities saw its advantages most of the opposition ceased, and they decided to try it in the greatest ship they had. The "Windsor Castle" had just been completed at the Royal Dockyard, Pembroke. She was 255 feet long, 60 feet wide, and had three tiers of port-holes—room for 120 guns. She was the result of years of labor, and was then the greatest warship in the world.

It seemed a pity to desecrate this noble craft by loads of coal, tons of oily machinery, hot boilers, and a company of "greasy engineers," but it would never do to have England's greatest war-ship lacking in anything that could give her greater speed and strength. Therefore it was decided to cut the vessel in two, and lengthen her so as to accommodate the machinery. She was saved directly through amidships, the stern was pushed back twenty-three feet, and the gap built up solid with the rest of the ship. When she was launched the machinery was put in. Complete, she was 278 feet long, and carried twenty more guns.

In making a report of this great ship to the French navy, Lieutenant Labrousse urged the French also to adopt the propeller, and wrote that "the use of the screw as a means of propulsion is far from diminishing a ship's sailing qualities. It is, on the contrary, capable of adding to the certainties of navigation."

In 1859 we find the "Great Eastern" using the propeller, but only as an aid to her paddle-wheels. In fact, for many years thereafter, all the ocean steamers used paddles only. The warships alone continued to experiment with the propellers. Now, however, everything has changed in favor of the screw, and, except some light river boats drawing little water, all steamers are run by propellers. Boats were soon built with propellers under the keel, then others used two, one on either side of the keel, and now three are being successfully operated.

Then came the days of "forced draft," when the fire-rooms were closed up tight, and air was pumped in to go roaring up through the chimneys, after fanning the fires into greater heat. The engines worked faster, and the ship's speed was increased; but the increase soon reached a limit, for the boiler-room became so hot that the poor firemen could not stay at their posts for more than fifteen minutes at a time. One hundred and sixty-five degrees was the awful heat they had to work in recently on the fast United States ship "Concord." The men fainted in front of the furnaces, and others were hard to hire. What was to be done? The limit of speed for ships seemed to be reached, while more speed was wanted.

Commodore George W. Melville, of the United States navy, has solved the puzzle by designing a ship with smokestacks 100 feet high. These have the same effect as the tall factory chimneys on land. The firemen do not find this natural draft so oppressive, and these smokestacks give a steam power that sends the great ship, with spinning screws, at the rate of twenty-six miles an hour. And, even at this railway speed, she will use so little coal that she can run 24,000 miles, or almost around the world, without renewing her supply.—St. Nicholas.

KILLING THROUGH LOVE.

Even the Meanest of Things Love to Pro-

long with Lives.

An old man, cat, hunted out of its abode no doubt by its owner, had established itself in its street, into the footpath of our house, where a little November sun once more warmed its body, says Pierre Loti in "A Book of City and Death." It is the custom with certain people whose pity is a selfish pity thus to send off as far away as possible and "lose" the poor animals they care neither to tend nor to see suffer.

All day long it would sit piteously in the corner of a window-sill, looking, oh, so unhappy and so humble, an object of disgust to those who passed, menaced by children and by dogs, in continual danger, and sickening from hour to hour. Its poor head was eaten up with disease, covered with sores, and almost without fur, but its eyes, which remained bright, seemed to reflect profoundly.

It must have felt, in its frightful bitterness the worst of all sufferings, for a cat—that of not being able to make its toilet, to lick its fur, and to comb itself with the care cats always bestow on this operation.

To make its toilet! I believe that to a beast, as to a man, this is one of the most necessary distractions of life. The poorest, and most diseased, and most decrepit animals at certain hours dress themselves up, and as long as they are able to do so, have not lost everything in life. But to be no longer able to care for their appearance because nothing can be done before the final moldering away, that has always appeared to me the lowest depth of all the supreme agony. Alas! for those poor old beggars who before their death have had to fling on their faces, their bodies scarred with wounds that no longer

can be dressed, the poor, diseased animals for whom there is no longer even pity.

I ended its life with a narcotized cup. The annihilation of a thinking animal, even though it be not a human being, has in it something to disturb us when one thinks of it. It is always the same revolting mystery, and death besides carries with it so much majesty that it has the power of giving sublimity in an unexpected, exaggerated form to the most infinitesimal scene from the instant its shadow appears. At this moment I appeared to myself like some black magician arrogating to myself the right of bringing to the suffering what I believed to be supreme peace, the right of opening to those who had not demanded it the gates of the great night.

Cats, as the people say, have their souls pinned to their bodies. In a last spasm of life it looked at me across the half sleep of death. It seemed even all at once to comprehend everything. "Ah, then it was to kill me and not assist me. I allow it to be done. It is too late. I am falling asleep."

In fact I was afraid that I had done wrong. In this world, in which we know nothing of anything, men are not allowed to even pity intelligently. Thus, many tabby's look, infinitely sad even while it descended into the putrefaction of death, continued to pursue me as with a reproach: "Why did you interfere with my destiny? I might have been able to drag along for a time—to have had still some little thoughts for another week. There remained to me sufficient strength to leap on the window sill, where the dogs could no more torment me, where I was not cold. In the morning when the sun came there I had some moments which were not unbearable, looking at the movements of life around me, interested in the coming and going of other cats, conscious at least of something; while now I am about to decompose and be transformed into I know not what, that will not remember. Soon I shall no longer be."

I should have recollected, in fact, that even the meanest of things love to prolong their lives by every means, even to its utmost limits of misery, preferring anything to the terror of being nothing, of no longer being.

A Blacksmith's Museum.

Henry B. Smith, of Detroit, Mich., has collected an interesting museum of local and general character. He began life as a blacksmith at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and settled in Detroit in 1863. He worked hard for a little more than a bare living, and still found time and means to gather the things which interested him, and which now form a valuable collection. As he himself explains it, he always watched the second-hand stores of Detroit and other cities very carefully. Whenever he heard of an auction sale of the effects of an old or prominent citizen he made it a point to be on hand. That was the source from which many valuable relics were obtained, including those of General Cass and the Campau family. For many years past he picked up everything of historic interest which came within his reach. He has embodied in his museum the Bela Hubbard collection of coins, that of Herbert Bowen, the Young collections, and many others of equal note. He also picked up many valuable odds and ends at New York auction sales. His collection includes a very complete assortment of the relics collected by General Lewis Cass. In it are old newspapers dating back to 1799, an ancient warming-pan, old brass andirons, tall brass candlesticks, candlestick trays or waiters, and portable snufflers. From the Abbott homestead he has andirons, trays, snufflers, candlesticks and tongs, bought from the Jew dealers after they had been sold at auction, and from the old Campau home the old iron coffee mill, candle molds, flat irons, three tin and two pottery teapots, sugar bowl and cream pitcher. A copper stew kettle of unique design was made in England in 1760, and a small hair trunk was owned by Mrs. John E. Warren in 1750, and given to Miss S. M. Warren, a Detroit descendant, in 1852. There is a brass tea kettle that once belonged to George Washington, and another that was used by Mrs. James K. Polk, and unique brass candlestick that was used by Sir William Johnston. There is a map of the city of London in 1807, one of Detroit in 1836, one of Washington in 1850, valuable old steel portraits of Washington, General Harrison, grandfather of the President; Daniel Webster, Edward Everett and Henry Clay. These were executed many years ago and are very rare. Mr. Smith's museum includes an almost innumerable collection of relics of the wars of the Revolution, 1812, and the Rebellion. There are four trees which contain cannon balls and grape shot, a very ancient and curious English bar shot, no less than sixty-four different styles of pistols, ranging in age from the invention of such weapons down to the present time, one being a twelve-chambered old French blunderbuss, the saber carried by General John Morgan during his famous raid, a banjo made from an old pian and pieces of wood by a Union soldier in Libby Prison, and what he claims to be the key of Libby Prison itself. He has also a collection of coins numbering some 6,000 pieces.—New York Collector.

Good Thing If Practical.

A clever chemist has invented an automatic sensitive paint, which is a bright yellow at the ordinary temperature, but, upon being brought into a warmer atmosphere it changes color gradually, until at 220 degrees, it becomes a bright red. It returns to its original color upon cooling, and may be heated with the same effect over and over. It is suggested that this paint may be used with advantage to detect a rise in the temperature of the fractional working parts of machinery.

Bound to Celebrate.

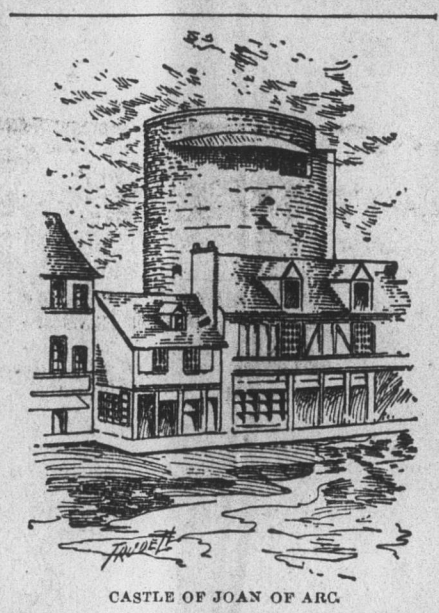
Kansas society made an interesting innovation in anniversary celebration at Hutchinson by celebrating a diamond wedding, from which the bridegroom was absent because of an untimely death. The bride was still alive, however, and capable of enjoying a good thing, so the anniversary was duly and becomingly celebrated.

THE CITY OF ROUEN.

In This Manchester of France Joan of Arc Was Burned.

Rouen, capital of the ancient province of Normandy, France, has had a checkered history. It is a city consecrated by centuries of historical associations, but it sleeps not as do some of these towns that are useful for little besides, forming a connecting link between civilizations that are dead and gone and the present. Rouen is the Manchester of France. Its quays on the Seine are lined with new warehouses, and the din of its mills and the smoke of its furnaces announce that it is in touch with the progress of the age. Yet it is withal quaint and picturesque. In places the buildings of past centuries remain, and one in beholding them can almost go back to the times of William the Conqueror or Joan of Arc.

Normandy first became an important province under the Northman, Rollo, who first was a terror and scourge, but after his conversion to Christianity in 912 became a blessing and a founder of the Dukedom of Normandy. Rouen shared with the province the vicissitudes occasioned by the many wars of subsequent years. It was possessed by the English, the French, the Germans, the Calvinists, until finally the French obtained control and Rouen, with Normandy, became one of the most prosperous possessions of France. It was in Rouen where William the Conqueror died—the potent warrior who grafted Norman civilization on England; it was there, too, where, if we may believe history, Joan of Arc was burned at the stake after she had freed France from the clutches of England and had the French King crowned at Rheims; and it is in Rouen where rest the ashes of the kingly knight errant, Richard Coeur de Lion, of England. Rouen is rich in ecclesiastical buildings. First comes the Cathedral of Notre Dame, one of the finest gothic churches in the world. Near the cathedral is the Abbey Church of St. Ouen, believed to be one of the most perfect gothic ed-



CASTLE OF JOAN OF ARC.

ices in existence. The present structure was begun in 1318 and was not completely finished until 1852, being over 500 years in building. The church stands in a garden where Joan of Arc was forced to make a public recantation of her errors before the citizens of Rouen. The castle where Joan was imprisoned still stands. The city is the seat of an archbishop, and of a Protestant and an Israelite consistory. It has a library of 230,000 volumes, an academy of science and art and several special schools.

Printing Under Difficulties.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's father was a newspaper editor, and his boys printed a newspaper of their own, called the Fly. In the December Atlantic Doctor Heath tells an amusing story of the difficulties under which the last issue of it was printed, in 1836.

"We had not type enough then to print more than one page at a time. Three pages had been printed, and the fourth was still to be set up, when the news of Lafayette's death arrived. This was too good a paragraph to be lost, and we knew we could anticipate every other newspaper in Boston by inserting it. But, unfortunately, the n's had given out. We had turned upside down all the u's we had, and they also had given out. Also, still more unfortunately for printers in this difficulty, Lafayette had chosen to die of an 'influenza,' which disease was at that moment asserting itself under that name in France. It had not yet been called 'la grippe,' which would have saved us.

"We succeeded in announcing the death of 'the good, generous, noble Lafayette,' although 'generous' added one n and one u, and noble took one of the last n's. The paragraph went on to say that the death was 'caused by,' and the last u was devoured by 'caused.'

"Then came the word 'influenza.' The boldest held his breath for a time. But we were obliged indignantly to go to press with the statement that his death was 'caused by a cold.' This was safe, and required no n and no u. Alas! in the making up of the form the precious n of the word 'noble' fell out; and any library which contains a file of the fly will show that its last statement to the world is that 'the good, generous, noble Lafayette has died; his death being caused by a cold.'

Such are the exigencies of boy printers in all times.

Do You Like to Fish?

An Oregon newspaper declares that the place for sportsmen to go just now is to Okanogan River. The stream is said to be full of trout, and that section of the country is the natural home of canvasback and teal duck, and also of wild geese. Within an hour's walk from the town of Okanogan the mountains are over-run with deer and other game, while a few miles further back mountain lions and bears furnish all the sport that more ambitious hunters might desire.

Numismatics.

One of the famous collections of coins in this country is that owned by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schome, of Indianapolis. It was made by William Winkler, of Columbus, Ind., who traveled all over Europe to make it. In the collection is a piece which is said to be the oldest Saxon coin in existence.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable.

Sprinkles of Spice.

ALL France is now talking through its Panama—Memphis Appeal.

A dog's bark does not always indicate that he is upon the seize.—Boston Courier.

The couple who "married for fun" afforded a large amount of it in the divorce court.—Puck.

"This is undoubtedly a skin game," said the man who had been cheated in the purchase of furs.—Washington Star.

LAVINIA—Yes, James and I are to become partners for life. Mabel—And you will be the senior partner. How sweet!—Judy.

Mrs. BILKINS—What a commanding presence that lady has. Mr. BILKINS—Yes, I guess she's married.—New York Weekly.

HOWEVER much we may revere the wisdom of the ancients, a 20-year-old encyclopedia is a great accumulator of cobwebs.—Puck.

"In some respects the ancient Romans had the best of us." "Give me an instance." "They hadn't got to learn Latin."—Half Holiday.

PERHAPS the strongest advocate of an extra session is the young man whose best girl's parents hold him down to one call per week.—Exchange.

PHOTOGRAPHER—Now, madam, a pleasant expression, please? Son-in-law (in the background)—Whew! I must not miss that!—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Let's go back and break a bottle, Cholly?" "Impossible, my dear boy! I've quit breaking." "Why so?" "I'm broke already."—Atlanta Constitution.

"This," said the youngster, as he gazed at his effulgent metal-tipped shoe, "must be what they call the light fantastic toe."—Washington Star.

JESS—To be safe, a young girl should keep her heart under lock and key. Jack—I fancied most of them did keep at the bottom of their chests. Quips.

"My son is a smart boy at a bargain," said Hicks. "He sold a \$20 gold piece his grandfather gave him last Christmas to a coin collector for \$15 yesterday."—Puck.

Mrs. DOWNYCOUTH—Burglars broke into the church last night and took everything. The Rev. Downycouth (absent-minded)—Did they take a collection?—Texas Siftings.

"How DOES Editor Scrabbleton manage to get such a reputation for originality?" "He waits till all the other people have expressed their views and then disagrees with them."—Washington Star.

GREAT—"If you want anything well done do it yourself! It is a good rule." Mullins—"I know a better one. If you want anything well done tell the waiter to bring it rare."—Harper's Bazar.

TIMID CITIZEN (who has just escaped from a riot)—Who are you, sir? Policeman—I am a member of the police force. There's my badge. Timid Citizen (vociferously—Help! help!—Washington Star.

IN BOSTON.—Tourist—I'd like a conveyance this afternoon at 4 o'clock. Liveryman—Yes, sir. Do you mean a vehicle or a blank legal form for the conveyance of real estate.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A LONDON magazine has been suppressed for publishing one of Queen Victoria's poems. It seems to us that the editor might have established an alibi by showing that it was not poetry.—Memphis Appeal.

"No," said good old Mrs. Jenkins; "I haven't any faith in these new-fangled specifics. I've buried eight children in my time; and the good old-fashioned yarbs is plenty good enough for me."—Somerville Journal.

HUSBAND—"Mercy! what have you got all the gas turned on full force for?" Wife—"As a matter of economy, John. I want to consume \$1,000 worth this year so's to get the discount of 10 cents a thousand."—Boston Transcript.

PERTERZE LINCZIKOWSKIELOWSKI is a San Francisco cabinet-maker, and Perterze Zmuczizkomskekiowski is a Buffalo boiler-maker. The consequences of a chance meeting of these two men in a narrow Boston street would be too horrible to contemplate.—Rochester Post Express.

Tendencies and Effects.

Each phase of a man's mind and life, says L. G. Wunder in Leisure Hours, is fraught with pleasure or pain, and worthy of praise or blame, according to the motives or principle by which he is actuated and guided, for its result, and "the thread of our life is of a mingled yarn." Sir Walter Scott writes: "There's aye gude and ill i' the chief."

If a man follows the bent of his own inclinations, he must keep his passions and desires under the control of reason, or he may do many things amiss which will cause him regret. Peace chooses for her home the breast in which she finds harmony. To every earnest heart, life will seem richer and brighter in companionship with toil, disappointment and reverses, if fortified with strength, resolution and endurance, than when passed away in elegant ease and the pride of profusion. Men who would share the world by storm rather than silently work for their own welfare and the public good, men who will allow the efforts of their souls to be wasted in useless pursuit after chimerical objects, without a fixed purpose to gain what is best and most reliable, will never attain any beneficial results for themselves or others. Beneath the mantle of conventionalism the human heart is still seen throbbing, filled with hope and desire for improvement, though selfishness, prejudice and vanity may have dominated our lives and caused our own actions to degenerate. The man who wanders from right and duty is sure to go astray and be at the mercy of contending elements. Honor and integrity are thereby sure safeguards of home.