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E. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say it in the readiest way.
And whether you write of rural affairs,
Or matter and things in town,
Just take a word of friendly advice,
Boil it down.

If you go to spluttering over a page
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through;
So, when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To settle your thoughts in the fewest words
And let them be crisp and dry.
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again and then
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song;
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you want a little renown,
And every time you write, my friend,
Boil it down.

—Home Guardian.

MAN WANTED!

"I don't know that I was more romantic or given to day-dreaming than other girls of fifteen," said Aunt Phœbe, her needles flashing in and out of the blue yarn stocking she was knitting.

Aunt Phœbe took great pride in her yarn stockings, and truly I never saw her equal at knitting those old-fashioned foot coverings. Her bright needles flew nimbly back and forth and usually seemed to carry her mind back through the years, to the time when she, like her hearers, was a young girl, and learnt to knit at her mother's knee; and at such times she told us many a story of her own girlish experience.

"Whether I was worse or better than other girls I don't know I'm sure," continued Aunt Phœbe. "But I do remember that all manner of romances and crotchets filled my brain. I dearly loved to read those wonderful, though impossible, stories in which, by some sudden change of the wheel of fortune the poor heroine was made suddenly wealthy, or the despised hero did some great and noble act which made all love and respect him.

"My brain was so filled with these tales that I am afraid I became just a little dissatisfied with my own prosaic life, and longed for something to happen which might be out of the usual order of things. In the books I read the girls were always doing something, while I lived on, and on, with hardly an object in life.

"I think that it was during one July haying that I become so greatly disgusted with my uneventful life that my parents thought I must be ill. I don't wonder at it for I moped about like a chicken with the pip, and had no interest in anything that usually occupied my attention.

"'That child is sick,' declared mother. 'She is studying too hard,' and forthwith I was taken out of school.

"I did not mind this very much for it gave me more time to revel in my beloved, but to me, unhealthy story books. I do not think I was a lazy girl, but mother would let me help her but little in the house and sent me out into the sunlight of those long, pleasant days. I never went without a book of some sort, and with one of my favorites would climb into the mow, and on the sweet-smelling hay that had just been brought up from the fields, would read for hours together. Of course my malady became little better under this treatment.

"One forenoon, after the men had all gone to the field, I strolled out to the barn intending to mount to my usual place on the mow. The sky was a beautiful blue, with here and there a hazy, lazy-moving cloud, and it was an altogether enjoyable day. The sparrows were twittering and calling under the barn eaves, and a pair of bluebirds were flashing back and forth in the sunlight.

"I was almost tempted to go for a walk instead of climbing up among the rafters; but I had a new book hidden under my apron, and it promised to be a most interesting story, so I postponed my walk until afternoon. Entering the great, cool, sweet smelling barn I carelessly approached the ladder leading to the lofts. Just at the corner of the grain chests a dark figure crouched in the shadow, and as I approached a man suddenly sprang out into the light.

"His unexpected appearance startled me considerably; but I did not scream, although his looks were by no means reassuring. His clothing was dirty and torn, and a rough, stubby beard covered his face, partly hiding a long, red scar on one cheek. His face was pale and he walked with a limp as though one leg—the right one—was injured.

He uttered a terrible imprecation when he saw me, and grasped my wrist with a grip that almost drew a cry of pain from me.

"'Who are you?' he demanded, hoarsely. 'What are you spying round here for?'

"With all his fierceness I could see he was very weak, and even as he spoke he staggered and would have fallen had not the grain chest been within reach.

"'This is my father's barn,' I replied, as calmly as possible, though I was greatly agitated.

"He was silent a moment, panting with either fear or because of his recent exertions. He let go of my wrist and we stood looking at each other a full minute without moving. Then the man spoke first.

"'Don't give me up to 'em, sissy,' he implored. ''Twon't do you no good if yer does, an' I'll bless yer as long as I live.'

"'Give you up to whom?' I asked, trying to choke back my emotion.

"'To the perlice,' says he. 'They're after me, but I've give 'em the slip, an' they don't know I'm here. They say I killed a chap an' they'll hang me! But I didn't do it!' he added, vehemently, as he saw the look of horror on my face. 'I didn't do it, sissy, I swear to you I didn't. Jest let me hide here an' don't tell nobody, an' I'll get away when it all blows over.'

"The thought of hiding a criminal—or at least a man who was accused of crime—in my father's barn was rather appalling. But the man was falsely accused, so he said. If the authorities caught him he would be hung, and perhaps afterward the real criminal would come to light. Such things frequently occurred in my favorite stories and I could not doubt their truth. Here was one of the same incidents in my own life, and I made up my mind very quickly.

"'I'll hide you,' I assured him. 'You can find a place in the hay upstairs, and if I can, without arousing suspicion, I'll bring you something to eat.'

"'Heaven bless you, sis!' he exclaimed, his pale face working strangely. 'Jest give me a boost up this ladder.'

"I helped him as he requested, and as he painfully drew himself up to the mow, I caught a glimpse of a blood-stained bandage about his right ankle. He had evidently been wounded in making his escape, and my pity for him grew apace as I helped him over the littered flooring of the loft.

"One side of the mow had already been well-filled with hay, but in the further corner was a place about twenty feet square in which there was but a small quantity. This hay was from a particular field, and I had heard my father tell Jason (his head workman) to put no more hay in that portion of the mow for he wished to leave room for the second crop from that same field.

"Here I assisted the wounded man to burrow into the hay near the bottom of the heap and carefully covered up the mouth of his lair.

"'Remember,' he said, as I turned away, his voice sounding strangely muffled from his hiding-place, 'that if ye play me false, sis, 'twill be the worst for you!' and the tone more than the words made me shudder involuntarily.

"I quickly descended to the barn floor and went out into the sunshine. The barn seemed close and stifling now and I was in no mood for reading. Almost thoughtlessly I took the road to the postoffice, situated two miles away, and where I usually went once each day for the mail.

"My mind was filled with conflicting emotions. At last a real, bona fide romance had come into my heretofore uneventful life. As I went along my brain weaved castle after castle of fairy fabric out of this adventure.

"The man was of course unjustly accused. With my help he would make his escape, flee the country, and after the real criminal was brought to justice he would return, rich and prosperous, from a foreign shore, and would visit me, and, by way of showing his gratitude, present me with a pony and phaeton like Lila Banby's, or a few thousand dollars to spend as I pleased. And how proud father and mother would be of me!

"Just here conscience whispered to me that what I dared not tell my father and mother about was hardly the right thing to do. And beside I was not very successful in picturing this rough, unshaven, terrible looking man with the scar on his cheek, dressed like a gentleman and coming back in a halo of glory. There was something lacking in it all, and, by the time I reached the postoffice I had begun to be very much frightened over what I had done.

"I obtained the letters for our family and was just hurrying out of the office when I received a shock the effects of which would certainly have been noticed had not the room been deserted. Beside the door and tacked to the wall was a notice and its black headline caught my eye.

"I almost fainted so great was my agitation. Leaning against the wall for support I read it through. Sometime afterward I obtained the circular from the Postmaster and I've saved it until now," continued Aunt Phœbe stopping her knitting long enough to draw forth a yellow and crumpled bit of paper from which she read the following:—

MAN WANTED!

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD!

For the apprehension of Frank T. Najac, who, on the night of June 27, 18—, killed Halcon C. Olney in the village of Coldsprings, Sussex County, the State offers the above reward.

DESCRIPTION OF NAJAC.

Age, forty-five or thereabouts; height, five feet seven inches; slight build. light complexion with reddish hair and a slight cast of one eye. Wore dark and much worn suit of clothes, brown and white checked shirt, slouch hat and low shoes without stockings. Usually clean shaven, but beard stiff and briefly if allowed to grow and same color as hair. Long, deep red scar along the left jaw, extending from lobe of ear nearly to the corner of mouth. Generally vicious expression.

It is thought that Najac bears a gun-shot wound in right leg below the knee, having been shot while escaping from custody. Any information leading to his arrest will be amply rewarded.

JAMES C. ARMSTRONG, Sheriff.

"Can you wonder at my alarm upon reading this?" said Aunt Phœbe. "From the moment my eyes rested upon this notice I was sure that the man wanted was the one hidden in my father's barn. There was the wounded leg, the scar on the jaw and the 'general vicious expression.' And I, who had prided myself on doing a brave deed was really helping a criminal to escape from justice, for, from the reading of the circular there was little doubt of the man's guilt.

"My limbs trembled so that I could hardly walk home. Fear that my complicity with the man would be found out, and fear that if I told, the scoundrel would take vengeance upon me, were terribly conflicting emotions. All thought of the beautiful romance I had woven for myself faded from my mind. Almost against my will I turned toward the barn, my nerves being so shaken that it seemed impossible for me to keep away from the vicinity of my great secret.

"As I approached the building I heard loud voices and hurried forward with fast beating heart. My father was seldom angry, but before I entered the barn I discovered that he was scolding somebody roundly. That somebody was Jason, his head man, who, although a very good workman often made exasperating mistakes.

"'There, it was only last night,' I heard father say, 'that I told you to put no more hay in that corner of the mow, because I wanted to save room for the second crop of the same kind and here you have buried the best lot hay under twenty feet of this 'interval!" I never saw such a fellow in all my life,' added father disgustedly.

"'Wal, I declare for 't I forgot what you said,' Jonas began, but I heard no more of his excuse as I flew by them toward the other end of the barn.

"There was the place where I had left the wounded man in hiding, but the mow was filled almost to the eaves with hay, and under all that terrible weight lay the unfortunate criminal, Frank Najac!

"I screamed aloud as this thought came to my mind and father came running toward me. But he looked over my head through the open door at the rear, for, hurrying toward the barn was a crowd of men headed by a tall, black-whiskered man carrying a rifle. Several of the others were armed, too. Father evidently thought that my cry was caused by their sudden appearance, and he stared at them in great surprise as they hastily approached the barn.

"'Out gunning?' queried father, of the tall man.

"'Yes, gunning for a murderer,' replied the man coolly. 'Been chasing him for a fortnight. Tracked him to the woods over there an hour ago. A woman down the road saw him come into this barn, and—by ginger, boys, he's here!' he added excitedly. 'Here's a blood stain on the floor and here's one on the round of the ladder. He's in the loft!'

"Father was too greatly surprised for utterance and sat weakly down upon the wagon tongue. Jason, too, seemed struck all of a heap; but I managed to find my tongue at this stage of affairs.

"'He's under the hay in the corner,' I said with a sob. 'I—I saw him crawl under there before I went to the mail.'

"'An' I've throwed two loads of hay on there since then,' groaned Jonas.

"The men looked from one to the other with rather white faces.

"'This won't be any case for shootin', I reckon,' said the black-whiskered man, who was the sheriff of the county, leaning his rifle in the corner. 'Let's have your pitchforks, neighbor, and we'll get at him.'

"Father hurried me into the house, and amid a passionate outburst of tears I told him and mother all about it. I was sick after that in good earnest and it was a fortnight before I was able to be about again.

"Then I learned that the man I had thought to befriend because of his innocence was a well known criminal who had already served several terms in prison, his last offence having been the murder of an inoffensive old gentleman, for his money. But, poor creature, he met a terrible punishment for his crime, for, when they removed enough hay to get at him he was already dead.

"I don't think mother and father ever told my part in the sad affair, and there were no questions asked, nor did they ever refer to the matter in a way to attach any blame to me; but nevertheless the lesson sank deep into my heart. I begged this bit of paper from the postmaster and tacked it up in my room where it remained till I left the dear old home, and then I brought it with me here. And do you think, with that reminder ever before me, that I could again long for more of romance than usually falls to the lot of every day mortals?"—Yankee Blade.

One of Dean Burgon's Stories.

A story of Dean Burgon's was about a friend's experience in a conjuror's exhibition. On entering with the crowd the friend felt somebody at his coat pocket and expected to find his handkerchief gone. Instead he found two wooden dolls in his pocket.

"Oh, no doubt," he thought, "the conjuror is going to make game of me by pretending that he has conjured these dolls into my pocket, but I will be more than a match for him."

The two dolls were promptly transferred to the pocket of a stout gentleman in front, and from him the original victim of the conjuror's confederate took care to sit at a distance.

By-and-by the conjuror, pretending to throw dolls among the audience, said, pointing to Dean Burgon's friend,—

"I think if that gentleman will do me the favor to look in his pocket he will find that he has the dolls."

Dean Burgon, telling the story at a breakfast, acted the visitor, exhibiting his coat pockets in proof of their being empty. Standing up on his chair at the breakfast table, and turning his back, he pulled out the linings of his pocket and showed them in an empty and flaccid state. Then, turning around, he said:

"No, I don't carry about dolls in my pocket; but I shouldn't wonder if that stout gentleman yonder should find a doll or two in his."

Then he acted the stout gentleman, who, he explained, was a little irritable.

"What, me; sir? What do you mean, sir? I carry dolls?"

Then he put his hands into his pockets and made believe to bring out the dolls, with a look of amazement and horror—a quasi guilty look, which, as he did it, was indescribably ludicrous. The audience, he continued, were convulsed. But oh, the poor conjuror! How heavily the wheels of his entertainment seemed to drag all the night afterward! Outdone in a trick by one of his spectators, who might, for all he knew, be a great adept in legerdemain, a Prospero or a Merlin.

"The Obstinate Thing."

Lately the little sons of the Emperor of Germany were shown the mysteries of a chapeau-ciaque, or crush hat. Shortly afterward, in the anteroom of their father, they found a tall hat, and immediately desired to test their skill in shutting it up. Being an ordinary hat, and without the claque mechanism, it naturally refused to shut. At last one little prince, growing impatient, said to his brother: "Sit on it, Fritchen!" Fritz obeyed; there followed a loud crack and a roar of laughter from the authors of the mischief. The Emperor sent out to ask the cause of the disturbance. Pointing to the smashed hat, the Crown Prince replied, with a military salute: "The obstinate thing wouldn't shut at first, but among us we managed to make it change its mind!" The wrecked hat was replaced by a new one, which the owner will doubtless keep as a souvenir of a very amusing episode in the life of his country's future head.—Manchester Times.

THE trouble with most schemes is that they look so smooth and plausible, and are so hard to work.

ABOUT THREAD-MAKING.

Did You Ever Wonder How the Different Sizes Were Numbered?

A prominent thread manufacturer said to our reporter: "Our house was originally a Scotch one, and even now has factories in Scotland and in Toronto. A branch was established in Newark, N. J., about thirteen years ago, but the business was by no means so extensive as it is now, until last January, when a large mill and an entirely new plant was put in. The direct reason for this move was the passing of the McKinley bill, which made it almost impossible for foreign makers to do any business in this country.

"By the way did you ever examine into the process of manufacturing a spool of thread? It looks simple, but in reality it is a very complicated process. Only the very best Sea Island cotton can be used for this purpose. The cotton is taken in the raw state and torn all to pieces by a machine called a 'breaker.' It then goes through several other machines, by which it is carefully combed and freed from impurities. A machine called a 'slipper' then takes it up and twists it out into soft white yarn. This is carefully combed again, and it is taken into another department, where several small strands of this yarn are twisted into one fine one. Three of these are twisted together, and you then have six cord thread, which after it is bleached, is ready for the market.

"Another interesting thing is the numbering of the thread. Every lady knows the size of thread that she requires for doing a certain piece of work, but very few of them know how it came to be so numbered. You see, when cotton thread was first made 840 yards of it weighed one pound. This was called No. 1, and if a pound contained just twice this number of yards it was called No. 2, and so on. Until sewing machines were introduced only three-cord thread was made but their introduction demanded a smoother and finer article. The numbers were left the same, but the six-cord thread had to be made of strands just twice as fine as those of the old article."—American Analyst.

How They Do In Florence

A harrowing tale comes across the sea anent a young American girl who was studying music in Florence. She became ill, and apparently from a desire not to worry any one, she struggled against her increasing weakness, and let no one know of her condition.

She had been helpless and in considerable need of careful nursing for some days, when one evening after night had fallen, four black-robed figures, with hidden faces and only holes cut through the sombre cloth for their eyes, appeared in her room. Almost fainting from terror, she made a frantic appeal for mercy, but it only met with a low murmured response, which did not reassure her. Finally the stretcher which they brought was placed beside her bedside, she was slipped on to it, a cloth was thrown over her and she felt herself borne through the streets.

But not to a terrible dungeon, as her fevered imagination supposed. When she regained consciousness it was to find herself in a hospital ward, where she received devoted care and attention. Later on she learned that her case had come under the notice of the famous Order of the Misericode, and its efficient, though mysteriously alarming, ministration was the result.

All ranks and conditions of Florentine society hold membership in this order, and the shrouding robes are worn so that service without ostentation may be rendered. It has existed for hundreds of years.

Needless to Telephone.

If parents could see their own children as others see them, it is to be feared that the sum of human happinesswould suffer a serious diminution. An exchange reports that a boy of 12 years, more or less, rang the doorbell of a house not long ago, and said to the lady who answered the summons:

"Won't you please telephone to the police station for me? I have found a lost boy."

"A lost boy? How old?"

"About four, I should think, ma'am. He can talk, but he can't tell where he lives."

"Some poor child, probably."

"Some awfully poor child. Why, he was the flirtiest boy you ever saw, and so hungry! Ma says he can't have had anything to eat for a week. We think his folks lost him on purpose. Ma says they ought to be sent to State Prison."

"So they had. Does he give any name?"

"Oh, yes; he says his name is Burt——"

"What! Has he light hair and blue eyes?"

"Yes'm."

"And one front tooth gone?"

"Yes'm."

"He's my own son, he is, and you walk him over here as quick as you know how! Also, tell your mother that people have got rich minding their own business."

The Wealthy Osages.

Osage Indians are the richest community on the face of the earth. They are 1,509 in number and have $8,000,000 deposited to their credit in the Treasury at Washington, on which they draw $100,000 interest every three months. The income will continue until Uncle Sam gets ready to pay them the principal. They also have 1,470,000 acres of the best land in Oklahoma, for which the unterrified "boomer," totally indifferent to the rights of the red man, hopelessly sighs. Half of them wear blankets to this day.

A Maine Pauper.

There is but one pauper in the town of Whitneyville, Me., and that one is a festive widow who looks out for herself ten months in the year. It is evident that she will soon be entirely independent, for her last request of the overseers reads as follows: "Please send me ten yards of red ribbon and a new dress, and let the dress be good enough to wear as principal at a wedding.

A DRESS does not make a woman, but often breaks a man.

FACTS ABOUT NEW YORK.

CURIOUS INFORMATION CONCERNING THE EMPIRE STATE.

Its Great Size and Immense Population Picturesquely Shown by Contrast With Other Places.

NEW YORK STATE is nearly twice the size of West Virginia, wanting only 390 square miles.

St. Lawrence County is larger than the State of Delaware and more than twice the size of Rhode Island.

Leaving out Prussia and Bavaria, New York State covers more ground than all the German principalities.

Fifteen counties in this State occupy as much space as Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Jersey.

The population of New York State, according to the official State report, is more than one-tenth of the population of the United States.

It is larger than Scotland and Switzerland together. The total area of Belgium, Denmark, and Servia is less than that of New York State.

Add together the number of people in Scotland, Wales, the Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands and the total is less than the population of New York State.

In 1690 the population of the State equalled the present population of Amsterdam, N. Y. In 1790 it equalled the present aggregated population of San Francisco and Seattle.

The population of the Empire State is now equal to one-fifth of the population of England, more than half as large again as Scotland, and nearly half as large again as Ireland.

Comparing the size of New York State with European and other foreign countries, its area is greater than that of Greenland or Cuba, or of Ceylon and Cochin China combined.

There is also room for favorable comparison outside of the United States. The population of New York City is greater than that of Florence, Genova, Leipsic, Rotterdam, Smyrna, Venice, Antwerp, Dresden and Edinburgh combined.

There are more people in New York than in Ohio and Indiana combined; or in Indiana and Illinois; Illinois and Michigan; Minnesota, Iowa and Missouri; Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi; Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia and Texas.

The entire population of Canada is less than that of this State, which has more people in its sixty counties than there are in Australia, including New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand and Queensland.

The population of New York City is equal to the following group: Fall River, Mass.; Cambridge, Mass.; Atlanta, Ga.; Memphis, Tenn.; Wilmington, Del.; Dayton, O.; Troy, N. Y.; Grand Rapids, Mich.; Reading, Penn.; Camden, N. J.; Trenton, N. J.; Athens, Ga., and Chicago, Ill.

The area of New York State equals that of Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Vermont combined. It is greater in size than Maine and Maryland together. Add the area of Ohio and New Jersey and the total is less than that of New York.

The number of inhabitants of this State is greater than the aggregate population of Connecticut, West Virginia, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Delaware, Florida, Colorado, Oregon, Utah, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona and Idaho.

Going over to the European continent, it is found that the population of New York State to-day only lacks 262,000 of being greater than that of Sweden and Norway combined. It is greater than Norway and Denmark; 1,500,000 greater than Portugal; nearly three times as large as Denmark; half as large again as Holland, and 400,000 greater than Belgium.

Taking a glance at some of the more important cities, it is found that New York City has a population exceeding the total of Milwaukee, Wis.; Newark, N. J.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Jersey City, N. J.; Louisville, Ky.; Omaha, Neb.; Rochester, N. Y.; St. Paul, Minn.; Kansas City, Mo.; Providence, R. I.; Denver, Col.; Beaver Falls, Pa.; Chattanooga, Tenn., and Hot Springs, Ark.

New York State has more than twice the population of Switzerland, and comes within 500,000 of being equal to the total of European Turkey and Greece. It has a greater number of inhabitants than had Italy or Spain under the Emperor Augustus. More than one-fourth as many people are now within its boundaries as occupied the whole of Europe at that time, and its present population is more than one-third of the whole number known to be living on the Continent of Asia.

Considering for a moment the question of responsibility in emergent cases, the Governor of New York State has in his hands a responsibility for human weal or woe equal to that of nineteen State or Territorial Governors. His rule, directly or indirectly, affects the welfare of more human beings than that of the Kings of Denmark, Belgium, Greece, or Portugal, the Swiss Presidents, the Governor-General of Canada, the Austrian Governors, and a host of British colonial Governors of lesser degree.—New York Sun.

A Small Swarm of Bs.

Be earnest. Half-heartedness will not accomplish one-half as much as wholeheartedness will rightly handled. Be earnest.

Be honest. "Honesty is the best policy," and the best policy will often be found along the way that honest men travel. Be honest.

Be straight. Not only "straight as a string," but rather "straight as an arrow," if you would be sure to "hit the mark." Be straight.

Be watchful. "Watch out," and watch in, as well. Also "watch and wait," if you would not let opportunity slip by unnoticed. Be watchful.

Be considerate. "Consider your ways and be wise," and having found the ways of wisdom, walk therein "all the days of your life." Be considerate.

Be amiable. A "cross-patch" may pass by on the other side, without being asked "to come back our way," while all the world likes to go hand in hand with amiability. Be amiable.—Good Housekeeping.

HAWAIIAN FACTS.

OFFICIAL INFORMATION ABOUT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The Treasury Department Gives Out Some Interesting Statistics—Commerce and Industries of the Islands.

THE Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department has issued a carefully prepared history of the Hawaiian Islands and their commerce with the United States which is interesting at the present moment. It states that there is no reliable information showing the discovery of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, prior to Captain Cook's visit there in 1778, when he gave the islands the name of "Sandwich" in honor of Earl Sandwich, the First Lord of the Admiralty. The next year Captain Cook was killed in one of the harbors of Hawaii. At that time each of the islands had an independent Government with its own ruler, but Kamehameha I. brought all of these islands under his sway between 1784 and 1819, and being a man of unusual intelligence and great strength of character, he established a commerce with a fleet of twenty vessels of from twenty-five to fifty tons each, which he caused to be built after the model of European vessels. His son, his successor, Kamehameha II., abolished idolatry in 1819, and in 1820 missionaries went to the islands. From that time the social and commercial conditions have steadily improved, various lines of industries being established and the islands and their commerce greatly developed.

The islands in this group number thirteen, eight of which are inhabited. Their total area is about six thousand square miles, or about the size of the States of Connecticut and Rhode Island put together. Hawaii, the largest of the islands in the group, having an area of about four thousand square miles, and of itself nearly the size of Connecticut. The five uninhabited islands are very small, having less than sixty square miles each.

The islands, as is well understood, are of volcanic origin, high, steep, and mountainous, with many lofty peaks, rising in some instances to the height of from 10,000 to 13,950 feet, their slopes covered with verdue and forests. The climate, although the islands are situated within the tropics, is temperate, extremely equable and salubrious, having neither extreme heat nor extreme cold, the temperature ranging from fifty-three to ninety degrees. The principal productions are coffee, sugar, cotton, rice, cocoa, oranges, bananas and sweet potatoes. On the uplands wheat and other cereals are produced; on the mountain slopes is abundant pastures for large flocks which flourish in this mild climate.

The population is estimated at one hundred thousand, which is considerably more than that of Idaho or Wyoming or Nevada, all of which are now States in the Union. Of this number one-half are native Hawaiians, fifteen thousand are Chinese and nearly as many Japanese, over eight thousand Portuguese, two thousand Americans, fourteen hundred British, and seven hundred Germans. In other words one-half the population are native, one-fourth Chinese and Japanese, and the other fourth are representatives of the Caucasian race. Curiously, the native population has decreased rapidly since the foreign element entered the islands. In 1823 the native population was nearly one hundred and fifty thousand and is now but fifty thousand.

There is more of civilization and the methods of civilized life among the representatives than is generally supposed. Over 11,000 children are in attendance upon the public schools, of which number over eight thousand are Hawaiians. English is taught in most of the schools, and there is a growing tendency to abandon the native language. There are about one hundred and seventy-five schools of which nearly all are under the control of the Government.

That the people are prosperous as well as fairly intelligent is shown by the fact that they have deposited in the postal savings banks which the Government has established nearly a million dollars. The Government is a complete one in all its characteristics, having its Custom House, Postoffice Department, Interior Department, Finance Department, Judiciary Department, Postal Savings Bank system, etc. The largest industry is the production of sugar, there being between seventy and eighty-five sugar plantations valued at thirty-four million dollars, of which Americans own about two-thirds. The exports of sugar have steadily increased until they aggregated, in 1891, 275,000,000 pounds. In addition to this, there was exported about five million pounds of rice, all of which with other exports, such as coffee and fruits, made up a total value of domestic exports of over ten million dollars. San Francisco is the nearest port to be reached from Hawaii, the distance being 2100 miles. Yokohama, Japan, is 3700 miles away; Auckland, New Zealand, 4000; Sidney, Australia, 4100 and Hong Kong, China, 4800 miles.

It is natural, both in view of the fact that ours is the nearest port and that our people have the largest investments in the industries of Hawaii, that her commerce should be mostly with the United States. Her exports during the year 1888-91 inclusive, amounted to about fifty million dollars, of which about forty-eight millions came to the United States, while of imports into Hawaii, which average about seven million dollars a year, about five-sevenths come from the United States. Of the 311 vessels clearing from Hawaiian ports during the year 1891, 233 were Americans.

Burned With Fire From Heaven.

Among the relics at the Capitol is an old book in the office of the Secretary of State.

It contains the original laws framed by the Legislature in 1796 when it was in session at Louisville, then the capital of Georgia. The pages from 603 to 622 have been cut from the book, and in the vacant place a resolution ordering them removed is pasted.

These missing pages were the records of the acts of the House and Senate in the famous Yazoo fraud matter, and when they were thrown out they were burned up with fire drawn down from heaven through a sun glass by Governor Jackson, grandfather of Captain Harry Jackson.

The old book could tell many stirring stories were it gifted with the power of speech.—Atlanta Journal.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Ye Ballade of Mistress Newlywedde—A Good Name—Model Bookkeeping—Beyond His Control, Etc.

She wished to have the shopmen think
Her versed in household lore,
So she strove to look the matron
As she came into the store;
But the shopmen smiled in concert
When she said in clearest tone;
"I think to-day I'll take a pound
Of sausage, off the bone."
—Puck.

MODEL BOOKKEEPING

Principal—"You had a deficit in the cash account yesterday. Has the error been discovered?"

Clerk—"The error, yes; but—not the cash!"—New York Advertiser.

HIGHER RATES.

"A penny for your thoughts," interposed the fair girl.

"Excuse me," interrupted Parr A. Graff, as he roused from his reverie, "the editor gives me fifty cents for 'em."—Truth.

STILL IN DOUBT.

First Little Girl—"Has your sister begun takin' music lessons yet?"

Second Little Girl—"She's takin' somfin' on th' piano, but I can't tell yet whether it's music or typewritin'."—Good News.

AN EXPERT'S VIEW.

Miss Anthropy—"And do you really think that women are prone to jump at conclusions?"

The Novelist—"Certainly; they always read the last chapter first!"—New York Vogue.

WHY HE WALKS.

"Why do you walk instead of riding your bicycle?"

"Because," replied Mr. Shineon, "I've figured it out that it costs less for shoe leather than it did for court plaster."—Washington Star.

A GOOD NAME.

"I tell you Dick Fitzgerald is only marrying you for your money."

"Nothing of the sort; he's told me over so many times that he was attracted by my good name."

"Yes, at the bank."—Truth.

BEYOND HIS CONTROL.

Gentleman—"Why don't you go to work?"

Tramp—"I ain't able to work."

Gentleman—"What's the matter with you?"

Tramp—"I was born that way."—Detroit Free Press.

GASTRONOMIC ITEM.

Mr. Cynical Sneer—"This chicken is an old acquaintance of mine. At least I knew the family."

Waiter—"How so?"

Mr. Cynical Sneer—"I am not sure, but I think I ate his great grandson about five years ago."—Siftings.

A BETTER REASON.

Hobbs—"Do you believe Gallup burned his home to get the insurance money?"

Dobbs—"No; I visited him at the jail, and he confessed to me that he did it to get rid of the box of cigars his wife bought him for his birthday."—Life.

SECURING QUIET.

The fair patient had described her symptoms with much volubility and minuteness, but paused a moment for breath.

"Madam," gasped the doctor, "please let me see your tongue. Thanks. Oblige me by holding it in that position while I write a prescription."—Chicago Tribune.

TOO TRUE.

The Heiress—"Why were you so anxious to be introduced to me?"

The Impecunious—"I had heard of your many attractions."

The Heiress—"And you are still anxious to marry me?"

The Impecunious—"You are so dear to me I cannot live without you."—New York Press.

THE REASON.

Stranger (after placing a thermometer in a bathtub full of hot water)—"See, now, the water instead of being twenty-five degrees, as I ordered, is thirty-one degrees."

Attendant—"I'm not surprised at that considering how long you let the thermometer stand in the water."—Fliegende Blaetter.

PRECAUTIONARY.

"John," called out Mrs. Billus, "are you ready to put up those new curtain fixtures?"

"I am beginning to put them up now, Maria," was the response that came in a metallic tone of voice from the parlor.

"Children," said Mrs. Billus, with nervous haste, "run out and play!"—Chicago Tribune.

NOT OBTUSE.

Mother—"Walter, where is the meat I left on the kitchen table when I left to answer the door bell?"

Walter (who has arrived at the dignity of wearing pants)—"I gave it to Jack, (The dog.)"

Mother—"Why, what made you do that?"

Walter—"He kept looking as though he wanted it, and I guess I can take a hint."—Judge.

MAYBE HE WAS A LOAFER.

"Darling," said he tenderly, "I have made up my mind to ask you—to ask you—"

"Yes," she whispered, breathlessly.

"To ask you to become my wife. I know, dearest, that it is bold—it is presumptuous for me to do so. You are so much superior to me. I am, I feel, unworthy of your—"

"Say no more, John. I am yours. You may be unworthy of me, but—"

"But what, dearest?"

"Half a loaf is better than no bread."—Siftings.

A painting by Millet recently sold in Brussels for $30,000 was originally disposed of by the artist for a cask of wine worth $8.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Fir is stronger than oak.

—Peanuts yield a superior oil.

—There are thirty species of tobacco.

—Tobacco grows wild in some parts of Texas.

—London has about 178 rainy days in a year.

—In Japan editors must be twenty-one years old.

—Italy exported 480,000,000 dozen eggs last year.

—Canada forbids the adulteration of cheese, and Canada is right.

—Three out of every 135 English speaking people have red hair.

—The mildest day England has seen for fifty-two years was last Christmas

—It would take a snail exactly fourteen days, five hours, to travel a mile.

—Drovers say that a sheep weighs more lying down than when standing up.

—The best emeralds found in the United States come from North Carolina.

—Legal executions in Mexico are by shooting and take place in the prison yard.

—Mrs. Lucinda Perry, of Tipton, Mo., has married a widower with nineteen children.

—The "Georgia thumper" grasshopper has a wing spread equal to that of a robin.

—China is the most ancient Empire in the world and contains one-fifth of the human race.

—It is said that the human hair will turn white during violent emotion if the hand is laid upon it.

—In a Royal Aquarium of St. Petersburg, Rome, are fish which have been on exhibition for 150 years.

—In fourteen States and Territories of the Union marriage between first cousins is forbidden by law.

—Letters are still occasionally received at the Marshfield [Mass] Postoffice addressed to "the Hon. Daniel Webster.

—Thirty-two kings and princes have born the name of Albert. It is of Anglo-Saxon derivation, and means, "all bright."

—"Rip Van Winkle" has been on the stage for sixty-five years. The first play was produced at Albany, N. Y., May 26, 1828.

—Among the authors who produced some of their best work while in prison were Poethius, Cervantes, Raleigh, Voltaire and Selden.

—A Florida horticulturist says a scuppernong vine can be made to cover ten acres of land if started off properly when it first begins to run.

—Catherine the great of Russia was very intemparate, and constantly dreaded lest her face should become red. She rarely appeared in public after it did.

—What is supposed to be a meteorite has been unearthed at Windsor, Conn. It is about 3½ feet by 2½ feet and is eighteen inches thick, with a knob on one end.

—The most absent minded man in the world has been found at Geneseo N.Y. He went to his telephone the other day in one of his abstracted moments and rang himself up.

—In the West India Islands, Nubia and the Soudan whistling trees are found. Peculiar shaped leaves and pods, with a split or open edge, gives the wind a chance.

—The "Excelsior," the largest diamond in the world, is kept in a safe in the Bank of England. It is too big and too valuable for use, and therefore remains locked up.

—During the Civil War the Union blockading fleet captured or destroyed 785 schooners, 155 sloops, 262 steamers and 170 other vessels that were attempting to run the blockade.

—A root of cassava that measures seven feet in length and a sweet potato twenty inches in circumference are two products from the farm of H.A. Lusk, near St. Andrew's Bay, Fla.

—The statue Venus de Milo, regarded as the type of perfect womanly beauty, was found at Milo, one of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, by a peasant while digging at the roots of a tree.

—George Babbitt, of Waveland, Ind., was deaf and dumb for five years. A fall lately caused a serious accident to his arm and leg. Since then he can talk and hear as well as he ever could.

—Charles B. Carey, of Boston, is the first to utilize aluminum for leggins. He had a pair made of the metal, and to test them tramped through the swamps of Florida, infested with venomous snakes. They were fang proof

—A millionaire of Vienna has left provision in his will for the constant illumination of the vault wherein he now lies. An electric light is to be kept burning for a year, and even the coffin is to be lighted in the interior by electricity.

—During the siege of Sebastopol the batteries of the allied army threw into the besieged city over 30,000 tons of shot and shell. The cost of the artillery firing and the value of the guns ruined and condemned is estimated at $12,000,000

—Before he died Mr. Dorsey, an exinmate of the Connecticut State Prison, provided a turkey dinner for the convicts on each anniversary of his birthday. These occasions are events in the prison, and last week 339 guests in stripes sat down to the dinner.

NOT LABELLED.

It was the morning of Mr. McSwat's birthday. As he came down to breakfast Mrs. McSwat waylaid him in the family sitting room, led him to the door of a closet, opened it, and pointed to two gorgeous garments hanging from the hooks inside.

"I made them myself, Billiger," she said, "as a little surprise for you. One of them is a dressing gown and the other is a night shirt. How do you like them?"

"They are simply magnificent, Lobella," replied Mr. McSwat, gazing at them in mingled admiration and awe. "Made them yourself?"

"Every stitch. Glad you like them, Billiger."

"Like them!" he echoed. "They overwhelm me. Would you mind telling me, Lobella, which—hum—which is the dressing gown and which is the night shirt?"—Chicago Tribune.