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TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER XVI.

CONTINUED.

"Oh, Pele, thou great and good goddess, omnipotent, wise and kind, I am from this day thy faithful follower and worshiper, and do take upon me the vows of the Kamuilonkanilimawai. I will place my life at the bidding of your priestesses, and will obey you in all things. By the light of the sun and the glory of thy crown, Pele, I swear these things!"

"You are now one of us," said Lowai, when I had finished.

"What am I to do with the ring?" I asked.

"Keep your business a secret from everybody. Even your uncle must not know it."

"I promise again," I said, impatiently.

"You must take that pack and go with the ring I have given you to the fisherman, Patua, in Kaunakakai, on the coast of Molokai, and present yourself to him. He will offer you his hand in salutation. Upon the middle finger of his hand is a ring similar to yours. When you clasp his hand the rings must touch each other. You will feel a peculiar sensation, and will know by that token that Pele lives and that you are her follower, and Patua will recognize you, and will take you by night to the island of Lanai. You will land on the east coast of Lanai, and will proceed at once inland. You will find a rough path leading along the bottom of a deep gulf. In rainy seasons there is water there, but now it is dry. Follow that path until you come to a large, white stone—a huge stone—of glistening whiteness. If there is no one there you must wait. Nimolau will come. You will know Nimolau because he has a ring like this. And he will offer you his hand in the same manner as Patua, and you must take it. Nimolau is the guide to the priestess Kaumai. Tell him you are the successor to poor old Lowai and you wish to be led into the presence of Kaumai. He will know, when you have obeyed his orders, whether you have told the truth. Then he will conduct you to the temple of Kaumai, and you must bow before her. Nimolau will tell you what to do. You must obey every word he says, or you are lost."

Toward the last, the words of old Lowai came painfully and slowly.

"What more?" I asked, as he paused.

"Nothing."

"Nothing! You have not told me a word of my sister. Where is she? Why do you not tell me that?"

"She is there. I have told you she is held by Kaumai to be sacrificed to Pele when the volcano spits up its fire."

"But how can I see her, and how can I get her away from there?"

The old man looked at me vacantly a moment.

"I do not know," he replied, feebly. "I have made you a priest of the Kamuilonkanilimawai and have told you how to reach the presence of Kaumai, the priestess of Pele in Lanai. Your sister is there. I can tell you no more. I know of no way you can get a victim away from Pele when once she has been chosen. You must take the course you think best."

"It is horrible! Who stole Winnie?"

"The goddess Pele does not tell to mortals whom she sends to seize her victims. Nor does the priestess Kaumai. They would curse me if they knew I told you this. But you have been very kind to old Lowai, and Lowai does not forget."

Saying this, the old chief lay back upon his pillow, exhausted.

I was so unnerved by what I had heard and so torn with my belief and unbelief, that I sat like a man of stone. The horrible possibilities conjured up in my brain by Lowai's story chilled and frightened me. My first impulse was to rush to the authorities and make them acquainted with facts as I had learned them, and have a force attack the priestess Kaumai and release my sister. But if Lowai's story was true, no doubt his advice was good. If Winnie was on the island of Lanai, she must be rescued by strategy alone.

So I resolved, controlled, seemingly, by an impulse emanating from the shrunken figure on the bed, to abide by Lowai's advice and visit Kaumai.

Malliauki came in with Doctor Tilling.

The doctor bent over old Lowai.

"He is dead," he said. "Literally died of age."

I waited until the doctor had gone, and then told Lowai's daughter that he had given me the leather pack.

"I know," she said, and bent, weeping, over the corpse of her aged father.

A servant came from the house and met me as I was returning from Lowai's cottage. He handed me a letter.

"A messenger has just come with this. He says it is important. Your uncle had me bring it to you at once."

I eagerly opened the letter, recognizing Gordon's handwriting. The note was short, and evidently written in a hurry.

"DEAR TOM," it ran, "meet me without fail at the American to-night. I have learned something about Winnie, and we must act at once. Do not breathe a word of this to a living soul. Even now, I fear trouble. Be cautious, and act as if nothing has happened. Above all, trust nobody.
"Yours, ARTHUR."

I impatiently waited for night to come. Before dark I was at Seacamp's hotel.

"Did Gordon say he would be here to-night?" I asked Seacamp.

"No, I have not seen Gordon in days."

I waited for hours but Gordon did not appear.

I grew anxious and apprehensive of danger. I resolved to hunt him up. I rode to President Dole's house.

"Have you seen Gordon?" I asked him. "I was to meet him to-night, but he failed to keep the appointment."

"No," replied Dole; "I thought he was with you at The Corals. I had arranged a meeting between him and the Secretary of the Interior to-day at five o'clock, but he did not come. What can have happened him?"

Yes, what? What might not have happened to Gordon, with the mysteries thickening around us? I bade Dole good night, and hurried home with an aching head or heart. I fully expected my turn would come next. I would be prepared for it when it came.

CHAPTER XVII.

That night I passed sleeplessly, pondering over the strange events of the day. It was clearly my duty to place in the possession of President Dole such facts as I knew that would assist him in his search for Gordon. Gordon's disappearance would make a great disturbance. He had become a marked factor in Hawaiian affairs. The commander of an army cannot be spirited away without making a stir. But while I proposed to make Dole acquainted with the object of the meeting which was to have taken place between Gordon and me at the American Hotel, and even to give him Gordon's letter to me, I was equally firm in my resolve to say nothing about the strange tale of the old chief, Lowai. In fact, had it not been for the new mystery, the disappearance of Gordon, just when he had discovered some clue to the whereabouts of my sister Winnie, I should have doubted the wild story of the priestess Kaumai, in every detail. But it was evident that we were surrounded by a mysterious power that had spies in our very households, watching for every act of suspicion or any move that might lead to their discovery.

The more I reasoned the more manifest it became to me that I must seek Winnie alone and on the plan partly laid down by Lowai. If I attempted to tell any one else of the mysterious Kamuilonkanilimawai, I would either be laughed at or would create so profound a sensation and make so much of a stir that I would be snatched away bodily myself. Indeed, as I stated in the foregoing chapter, I actually feared and half expected that at any moment I might be seized by some uncanny though powerful hand and spirited away through space.

Having reached a conclusion on these lines, I made haste to put my plans into operation. Early the next morning I was at Dole's house.

The president was at breakfast, but, being well in his favor, no ceremony ever obstructed my visits. I was conducted into his presence.

"President Dole, you will, I presume, institute a search for Gordon?" I said.

"Why, certainly so, if he does not appear. But I cannot understand why he should be in hiding. He is a most trustworthy young man."

"True. Your confidence in him reflects credit upon yourself. He is not voluntarily in hiding. You recollect that last night I told you that Gordon and I were to have a meeting at the American."

"I remember your saying that," replied the president, looking at me sharply.

"Here is a note I received from Gordon yesterday." I handed Gordon's letter to him. He read it over carefully.

"There is some devilment back of all this. We are not yet free from the superstitious practices or the vindictive hate of some of the natives. This demands our immediate attention. What are you going to do to-day?"

"I am going to prepare for a trip to Molokai."

"Molokai! What takes you there just now?"

"I am anxious to begin the monument to Warren, and must choose the site. The ship sails to-morrow, and I shall go in her."

President Dole studied me carefully a moment. His shrewd eyes seemed to pierce the armor of assumed ease I had put on.

But all he said was:

"Very well."

I knew that Dole did not believe me. Yet, my resolve to pursue my search alone, with Lowai's secret untold, was strong, and I risked Dole's displeasure rather than failure. For I knew that even had Dole given credence to the story of the priestess, and sent a force to intercept her, Winnie would be killed in revenge before we could rescue her. My part with Dole was done and, leaving him with Gordon's letter in his hand, I returned to The Corals.

I had not as yet examined the leather pack bequeathed to me by Lowai, nor had I more than casually noted the ring.

Upon examining this ornament, I found it to be a peculiar combination of metals woven together. Zinc and copper seemed to be prominent in its make-up. I had seen similar rings worn by people in the islands, but as they were given to all sorts of odd jewelry and ornaments, the peculiar rings had never aroused any curiosity or excited my attention. It was plain that, if Lowai's story was true, and the Kamuilonkanilimawai really existed, it had many priests in Oahu, some of them of considerable political importance.

In the privacy of my own room I examined the pack.

The contents of it certainly gave a coloring of reality to what Lowai had claimed to be the truth.

I found a long robe, which completely enveloped me.

This robe was ornamented with various stones found in abundance in the mountains; some of them, if properly cut and finished, perhaps valuable. And there were hideous heads and figures, idols no doubt, cut from the lava stone, the workmanship somewhat clumsy, but the character of the figures showing fully the idea. There was a girdle of leather about three inches wide, studded with silver nail-heads, which fastened about my waist with a huge silver buckle. There was also a mask, which concealed my features.

Arrayed in these garments, I stood before the glass, wondering if the mysteries of which I had heard and of which I was now a part could really exist in a land that had made such vast strides in the direction of public enlightenment and liberal Government.

But I had no time to waste in speculation.

The ship left Honolulu for Molokai on the following morning, and I had not yet informed Uncle Tom that I was going.

I had feared that the task of getting away from him would be a severe one. But the excuse I had given Dole struck me as being the best I could use. Everybody knew of my projected monument to Warren, and it must be plain that I would need to visit the spot before having any of the work begun.

It happened to be at the time of year when there was little to do, comparatively, and I could more easily be spared.

When I told Uncle Tom of my intention to visit Molokai, much to my agreeable surprise, he offered no objection.

"Go on, my boy," he said. "I can attend to things while you are away. I know how you feel about Warren, and you are no more in earnest than I am. Hurry the thing along, and see that the tribute is worthy of the grandest man alive."

So I hurried to put in my gripsack such few things as were indispensable to me, as well as the contents of the leather pack.

The rest of the day I spent on the porch with Uncle Tom, except, of course, the time devoted to our meals, and an hour toward evening when we drove up the valley a few miles and back, a custom of Uncle Tom's, which he had followed for years.

And the next day Uncle Tom drove me to the wharf, and saw me embark for Molokai.

It did not take long to get to Kaunakakai. It is a small town on the south coast of Molokai, and of no importance as a port. Still, it was the best harbor on that island, and plans had been arranged by the government to improve the anchorage and landing facilities.

The place is inhabited almost entirely by natives, who gain their living by fishing and raising taro. Everything at Kaunakakai was poor and primitive. Until recently, the people had lived in grass huts, and with no furniture save a few mats to sleep on, and a huge pot for the preparation of poi. In each hut was a fire-place—rude, clumsy, but serviceable in a climate where a fire is used only for cooking.

The first person I saw in the town was a small individual, who sat in the shade of a palm tree, resting himself, not that he was weary from labor. But it is part of the character of the native of Hawaii to be always resting.

"Do you know Patua, the fisherman?" I asked him, in the native tongue in which I had become proficient.

"Oh, yes, I know Patua, the fisherman," he said.

"Do you know where he lives?"

"Oh, yes, I know where Patua, the fisherman, lives."

"Well, where?"

"How much?"

I had forgotten something. The true Kanaka, as the natives are improperly called, never give up any desired information for nothing. I threw him a coin.

"Patua lives in the big house over on the point," he said, stretching his arm and pointing toward a strip of land covered with trees reaching out into the water.

Big houses are comparative. While Patua's might be a big house to my informant, I did not expect to find it very great in size. I started on toward the place indicated.

I have said that the natives were improperly called Kanakas. The word actually means in their language, "a man," not necessarily a man of tone, breed but any man. But the word has been indiscriminately employed to designate this peculiar race, and as they are fast dying out, it is not worth the trouble to invent a new name.

I found Patua.

(To be continued.)

Web to the length of two and a quarter miles has been drawn from the body of a single spider.

BOWIE AND HIS KNIFE

MADE OF AN OLD FILE, HE KILLED SIXTEEN MEN WITH IT.

One of a Group of Heroes That Are Worthy of the Highest Place in Song and Story—The Thrilling Fight in the Alamo With the Mexicans.

There are men who seem especially created to fill a certain place in the affairs of their time. This has been particularly true in American history. The man that in the storm and stress of the period was most needed has always come to the fore at the supreme moment. If ever this was demonstrated by circumstances it was in the early history of the Texas Republic that storm-born State evoked from the local revolution of 1836.

In his remarks concerning the early history of Texas that President McKinley made in his recent tour he referred most felicitously, though briefly, to the four men who, under Providence, had been most prominent in the early days, when the greatest State in the Union, in the matter of territory, was a young and struggling Republic—Houston, Travis, Crockett and Bowie. He spoke on classic ground, too, for it was at the Alamo, where he then stood, that three of the four crowned with their lives their devotion to the young State, whose foundation they had laid deep and wide, and sanctified its cornerstone with the seal of their blood.

Of this group of heroes, as worthy of place in song and story as any who so gallantly died under shield before Troy, the least known of them all, and yet in many respects the greatest, was James Bowie, famous only by reason of the world-renowned knife called by his name. A few words touching his ancestry may not be out of place. He was not from Maryland, as has been stated, but was born in Burke County, Ga., in 1790. In 1802 his father emigrated to Louisiana.

That country was then still under French domination. There had been large tracts of land granted by the French Crown in the territory named for Louis XIV., and one of these, in the parish of Catahoula, was acquired by the elder Bowie. He was a man of substance, owning nearly 100 slaves. He soon had his estate well opened out and was growing superb crops of cotton and corn. His son James he sent first to a famous private school at Natchez, Miss., and afterward to the Jesuit College then located in New Orleans.

James Bowie, in 1827, was challenged to a duel with Norris Wright. The pocket pistols of that day were uncertain. It was long before the percussion cap had been brought into common use, and the flintlock arm was the only firearm known. It was liable to miss fire just when it ought not to. Bowie determined to rely upon a knife he had caused to be made for just such a contingency. He had taken a fourteen-inch long file, such as was then used to sharpen crosscut saws and the upright saws used for turning out planks from logs. He had the file marks carefully ground off the file and the smooth piece of steel skilfully reduced by the grindstone until it was about the thickness and weight he desired. Then he took it to a Spaniard in New Orleans, known as "Pedro, the skilled cutler," a man who had learned his trade in Toledo, where the finest sword blades in all Spain were forged. He tempered and finished the knife, fitted it with a cross piece and hilt. When it was done James Bowie had a weapon "fit to fight for a man's life with," as he said to Governor Wells. It was beautifully balanced, and the artist had hollow-ground it like a razor, with a double edge for three or four inches from the point.

The knife was fitted with a wooden scabbard, covered with leather, and was sharp enough to shave the hair off the back of one's hand. This was the original bowie knife, though it was somewhat modified subsequently in shape. Bowie, while a student in New Orleans, had studied other things besides the humanities, as the dead languages of Greece and Rome were then called. By accident he found in his fencing master a man who could not only use the sword but was a master in the use of the cuchillo, the Spanish fighting knife, a weapon not unlike the bowie. Our young student entered enthusiastically into the training and science of old Spain in that nation's own national weapon. And so he was much better equipped for the deadly fight that was so near at hand.

Natchez Island, where the fight was to be, was midway between the Louisiana and Mississippi shores of the great Father of Waters. Therefore it was a favorite meeting place for gentlemen who had to adjust affairs that might have a fatal ending, as the authorities of neither State could interfere. "I stayed all night with James Bowie," said a friend of his who died over twenty years ago in his ninetieth year, "on the night before the fight was to take place. I never saw a man sleep more soundly than he did, nor eat a better breakfast the next morning."

It was understood that each of the principals should have but one friend, and certainly not more than two, on the ground. But Mr. Wright had five or six present. The fight began with pistols. One of Bowie's missed fire. Three bullets of Wright's bullets took effect upon his antagonist.

Thinking he had Bowie at his mercy, Norris Wright sprang upon him. In a moment Bowie had drawn his deadly knife, and though two or three of Wright's friends were shooting at him and hitting him, too, Bowie made one awful slash at Wright's neck. The keen steel bit into the very neck bone. The blood shot out over Bowie, and Norris Wright was dead before he touched the ground.

Seriously wounded himself, it was for some time a very doubtful question whether or not he would ever get well. But youth, a temperate life and an excellent constitution finally brought him around, and in a year from that time he killed General Crain with the same knife he had used in his first encounter. "The knife doesn't miss fire," he said to an intimate friend, Mr. Bynum, of the parish of Rapids; "the pistol does." This, of course, was long before the perfection of the percussion cap or the invention of the Colt's revolver, the first revolver ever made.

James Bowie was engaged in the purchase and contest of claims for great tracts of land that had been grants made by the French Crown. When Louisiana was ceded to the United States and finally became a State there was a good deal of trouble on this account over some of the titles to land along Red River and its tributaries. A man often had to fight for his plantation, as frequently he would give it up to somebody with an old French or Spanish grant. It was in these contests that James Bowie did most of his killing. He had sixteen lives on his hands from the use of that one bloody knife. After much consideration he had made a knife that has been the model and pattern for all the real bowie knives that ever had the sanction of their originator.

In 1835 Colonel Bowie sold his Louisiana property and went to Texas. The Lone Star State was in the throes of a bloody revolution. The gallant resistance of the Texans so exasperated General Santa Ana, who was chief in command of the Mexican forces, that he swore he would take no more prisoners. When Bowie arrived in Texas and offered his services to the young republic he was at once made a colonel of riflemen in the army of Texas.

In January, 1836, Colonel Bowie was ordered to San Antonio de Bexar to assist in holding that place against Santa Ana's coming forces. The siege ran along until March, when San Antonio, trusting in the pledged word of honor of Santa Ana with a starved out garrison, surrendered. A general massacre took place. Travis, Crockett and Bowie were murdered in cold blood, a stain on General Santa Ana's memory that time can never blot out. Colonel Bowie was badly wounded three times, and was in a room of the main work of the place called the Alamo. He opposed the surrender as long as was possible.

He was lying on his bed when he heard the triumphant Mexicans coming in. It was the first hint he had had of the surrender. He knew his life was ended. He could, however, move about a little. The instant the Mexicans came into the room, they began shooting at him. He grasped his knife and leaped among them like an enraged tiger. And when the firing ended six of his enemies had crossed the Styx with James Bowie and gone with him to the shades.—Washington Post.

Practical Chemistry as a Living.

Young men about leaving college are advised to study chemistry with a view to becoming practical workers in a field that is broadening daily. Not many years ago it was hard for a chemist to make a decent support. He was a theorist, toying with acids and alkalies, atoms and molecules, for the fun of the thing. Pope wrote of him: "The starving chemist in his golden views supremely blest." Such a creature was William Henry Perkin. But at the age of eighteen, while "just fooling around" in his laboratory he obtained results which led to the discovery of the first aniline or coal tar color, the mauve. The world knows the result. He revolutionized the art of dyeing and calico printing throughout the universe. The industry of making colors out of coal tar has become very vast, while other by-products of the gas works, numbering hundreds, are all commercially valuable. Mr. Perkin admits that his achievement was entirely the fruit of "theoretical" chemistry, not studied for the purpose of producing commercial products, but simply for its own sake. He is worth $5,000,000.—New York Press.

The Court's English.

Some of the young gentlemen now busy over their books in the law schools or law offices will be delivering the opinion of the court long before the clock strikes 1950. That is an additional reason why all those young gentlemen (since the wisest of us cannot pick out the future judges now) should be incited and required to study two or three at least of the John Marshall decisions, for the style no less than for the matter. He said what he had to say in simple, straightforward English every time. The ability to do that is worth having and it is much rarer among the eminent occupants of the bench than it ought to be.—Hartford Courant.

Throwing the Shoe.

The peasants of Southern France have the credit of originating the familiar custom of throwing an old shoe after the newly wedded pair. It was, moreover, the rejected suitor who first made it popular. The peasant bride is conducted by her friends to her new home, while the young husband is made to halt at a couple of hundred yards from the house. If there is a rejected suitor, he then arms himself with an old wooden shoe and flings it, with his best aim, at the bridegroom as he makes a dash for the house. When the shoe is thrown it is understood that the last feeling of ill will has been flung away with it.

The world's stock of paper money is now $5,000,000,000, equal to the existing stock of gold coin.

How to Remove Stains.

All stains should be removed before the articles are put into the washtub. The sooner a stain is treated the more readily it will yield to the treatment. Pour boiling water through fruit stains; when obstinate soak in a solution of oxalic acid. Wash vaseline stains in alcohol; paint, in turpentine or alcohol; varnish, in alcohol; grass or other green vegetable stains, in alcohol, kerosene or molasses; for stains from blood, meat juice, use white of egg in cold water. In the case of milk, cream, sugar or syrup stains soak in cold water and wash with soap and cold water. Tar, wheel grease or machine oil stains should be rubbed with lard and allowed to stand a few minutes, then they should be washed with soap and cold water. Tea, coffee or cocoa stains should be removed with boiling water; if obstinate, with a weak solution of oxalic acid. Maria Parloa, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Small Ice Cream Freezers.

The quart ice cream freezer which were put out long ago as a sort of toy have established for themselves a wide use, says the New York Evening Post. In the sick room and in the college and boarding school dormitory they have filled a want that has been felt but not recognized until their satisfactory service began. Persons boarding have found them an easily utilized convenience and the bachelor girl is sure to count one in her studio or den. Dealers are finding a sale for them now for use in small families. A quart of caterer's cream is estimated to serve five persons, and the home made ice goes still further. The little freezers are easily operated, and can be tucked away in any locker for the ripening process of their contents so conveniently that the laziest kitchen maid is willing to use them. A little experience adapts any of the numerous receipts for creams, ices, sherbets, frappe, mousse or parfait to the limited quantity of the miniature freezers, and makes easily possible an indefinite list of frozen desserts.

Canning Grape Juice.

Not every housekeeper has learned that pure grape juice can be canned. Those who have ventured are delighted with results, although some do not go about it the right way. It is needless to cook the fruit before straining. It injures flavor.

The grapes should be gathered in a cleanly manner. If no fruit press is at hand just simply mash the fresh plucked grapes in any good-sized receptacle, preferably porcelain lined. It being best not to let the juice come in contact with tin. Use a wooden masher and wooden spoons. It may strain off the juice, put it through a strong fine cheesecloth, heat to simmer boiling, once more than this, and in porcelain lined kettles, and immediately seal up in fruit jars.

Stand jars bottom up a while. If any prove not airtight, heat again and use a thicker rubber ring. Use no old, dead rubber, or worn out rings. Put no sugar to the juice. Keep it pure grape juice, and serve it.

An ordinary sized family will wish there were hundreds of jars of grape juice in their storeroom, so delightful and refreshing is the drink. The value of it once understood there will be no grapes to spare; no question of "What will we do with all these grapes?"—American Agriculturist.

Horseradish Sandwiches—Spread a thin layer of grated horseradish upon whole wheat bread that has been buttered with almond butter. Form into sandwiches.

Sunshine Cake—Whites and yolks of six eggs, one cup granulated sugar, two-thirds cup of flour sifted seven times, one-half teaspoonful cream of tartar and then beat very stiff. Stir in the sugar, [illegible] of the yolks, add the flour. Bake thirty-five minutes.

Banana Tapioca Pudding—One coffee cupful of fine tapioca dissolved in a quart of cold water, cook until transparent, then add one teacupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon [illegible] and four bananas sliced thin, when cold serve with cream and sugar.

Almond Sticks—Chop one cup cold butter in [illegible] cups flour, add one teaspoon of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon paprika. When like fine meal, wet into soft [illegible] with ice water. Roll out thin [illegible] inch thick, spread with blanched [illegible] almonds, press with rolling pin, cut into strips and bake.

Pineapple [illegible] Scald [illegible] and sift [illegible] a teaspoonful of salt and [illegible] teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat an egg lightly, add two-thirds of a cup of milk, and gradually stir into the dry ingredients; add one cup of pineapple in slices cut into small pieces. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat, and fry to a golden brown. Drain on soft paper and serve.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Dr. Charles Hose, of Sarawak, after many experiments has formed the theory that the disease beri beri traces in tropical regions from the consumption of mouldy rice. Dr. Stransky says Page, of Cambridge, has expounded the theory in England.

Professor Goss, the English entomologist, says that the cockroach, the progenitor of the whole tribe of black beetles, is the oldest bug so far known. Remains of them have recently been found in the lower Silurian rocks in Sweden, carrying their origin back to a very primitive period in the life of the planet.

Dr. Gersuny, a prominent Vienna surgeon, says that in cases where the flesh of patients has sunken away in parts, as for instance, after the removal of teeth or a part of the jaw bone or an injury to the nose, he finds that melted paraffine can be injected under the skin, and that it will be permanently retained there, without absorption, so as to restore the normal contour. The discovery has aroused wide interest among the profession.

In locating the line of the Virginia and Southwestern Railroad over the Alleghenies from Virginia into Tennessee, advantage was taken of a natural tunnel through the rocks which deserves to be called one of the wonders of the world. The entire distance through the tunnel is almost 1000 feet, and so nearly perfect was the tunnel that only sixty feet of blasting was necessary. The region is one of limestone formation, as is nearly always the case where there are extensive caves. The cliffs at each end of the tunnel are fully 300 feet high, and the scenery in the locality is of remarkable interest.

All the coral reefs are not found out in the ocean as most persons suppose. Some are found within the boundaries of a continent. These, of course, belong to a past age of the earth's history, but they are no less interesting on that account. Within the last two years several remarkable reefs of fossil corals have been discovered near Grand Rapids, on the Flint River, in Georgia. One reef so found consisted of coral heads, some of them more than a foot in diameter. Between twenty five and thirty species have been recognized in the Georgia reefs. Geologists say that they belong to the tertiary age.

Sir Oliver J. Lodge, in an address to electrical engineers in Birmingham, recently thus defined an electron, that new term of science which has recently assumed so much importance. An atom is ordinarily associated with a charge, and force is required to separate the charge from the atom. The atomic charge, when separated, is called an electron. In an electrolyte, a salt substance decomposed by an electric current, there is a lively interplay of atoms with their charges; in a metallic conductor the charges are handed on as electrons from atom to atom. In the discharge through highly rarefied gases the electric current is in its most simple form, "for here there is a flow of electrons travelling by themselves, of disembodied charges or electric atoms." Electrons, Dr. Lodge added, are the tiniest of all known [illegible] bodies, their speed being comparable with that of light, which is 186,000 miles per second.

Died of a "Tamaya" Bite.

A tragic story comes from Tromposo, Misantla, in the State of Vera Cruz, of a horseback excursion, in which one of the party was fatally bitten by a snake known as tamaya.

The visitor, D. Gregorio Flores y Peglia, accompanied by a party of friends, had been passing the day in the country and was returning to Tromposo. In riding through some undergrowth which reached well up to the horses' sides, the beast ridden by Mr. Flores y Peglia sprang suddenly into the air and then stood still, trembling violently. His companions, seeing from the rider's face that something was wrong, started to go to him, but their horses refused to approach, with absolute terror. Meantime Mr. Flores y Peglia, who seemed unable to speak, fell from his horse, making signs to his friends in the direction of something in the underbrush, where to their horror they saw an enormous snake making off through the bushes. The injured man, who had lost his speech, communicated to his companions that at the moment their horses refused to approach the snake was coil wound about his leg, having just bitten him. He was removed to his home, but in spite of everything that could be done for his relief, he died a few hours later.—Mexican Herald.

Moscow—or Glasgow?

A certain carelessness about proper names is a common quality with royalty and royalty, and this is said [illegible] borne out by a story going the rounds about his Majesty the King. Some weeks ago he pointed out a picture in one of the royal households, and said: "I have promised to send that picture to Moscow, see that it goes." "To Moscow, your Majesty?" said the [illegible] addressed. "Yes, Moscow," said the King. "There's an exhibition, [illegible] nothing of that sort, in Moscow, [illegible] Majesty." [illegible] again. "There's no exhibition in Moscow. Your Majesty [illegible] Glasgow." "Ah! Glasgow, is it?" said Edward VII., reflectively. "I have say it is. Anyway, see that the picture is sent."—Glasgow Evening News.

England has one clergyman to every 400 people, Ireland, one to every 1250.