

(Continued from first page)

was instantly head and tail erect awaiting the attack. Biggs at once saw the horror of the situation, but was at a loss what to do. He feared to fire lest he might shoot his companion, and he also feared that if he didn't kill the snake instantly it would dash its fangs into the prostrate man.

While both men were thus stupefied with fear the bushes again parted and another actor was on the scene. It was the dog. He at once saw his master's peril, and, crouching with his belly almost on the ground, he slowly crept toward the snake. The latter watched every move of the dog, as if it knew the dog was creeping slowly as a snake, then, when within five feet, with one leap of almost lightning-like rapidity he was on the snake. The bound was so sudden that the snake had no time to strike, and before the two men could realize what had happened the reptile was torn to shreds. The two men took the dog to the creek and thoroughly washed his mouth, and to their joy, found no scratches.

After the excitement had passed McCloud sank in a faint, and was just able to get home. The dog, in his eagerness to follow his master, had broken his fastenings. It can be easily guessed that no money could buy the dog now.—St. Louis Republic.

OYSTERS GROWING IN ALASKA.

Experts Pronounce Them of Superior Quality and Like Those of the East. For some time past it has been rumored in California that large beds of oysters had some months since been discovered in certain waters in Alaska. The location has not been stated, but it has been understood that the oysters were entirely different from any found hitherto on this coast, being much larger and as fine, or almost as fine, as the best Eastern oysters.

News is now received from Washington that these oysters are in the vicinity of Killisnoo. This special information under a Washington date was received yesterday, and is as follows:

"United States Fish Commissioner McDonald has obtained the consent of the Treasury Department to avail himself of the services of Special Agent Max Pracht, having in view the investigation of certain oyster beds said to exist in the vicinity of Killisnoo, Alaska. Specimen shells from this locality, obtained from natives in the employ of the Alaska Guano Company, were submitted to the ichthyologist of the Commission during the recent visit of the special agent to this city, and were pronounced by the ichthyologist to be of a superior variety. Proper appliances have been forwarded to Special Agent Pracht at Sitka, with instructions to secure and pack some oysters for transportation to the Commissioner. If the report of the ichthyologist is favorable, steps will be taken to secure spat and young oysters for the purpose of transplanting to the waters of Chesapeake Bay."

Hitherto it has been supposed that the waters of Alaska were too cold for oysters, but old residents of Alaska now here point out that this is an error. They say that the Japan current strikes and influences greatly a portion of the waters of that great country, and that oysters can live and thrive there the same as anywhere else in the country. The California and Shalwater Bay oysters, as everyone here knows, are small and sweet. By many Californians they are preferred to the Eastern product. The newly discovered oysters of Alaska, while as large as those of the East, are said to have much the same flavor as the California oysters.—S. F. Examiner.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

There are sermons in stones only for the man who knows how to break them up.—Ram's Horn.

A man who is in society and wants to keep in, must be continually going out.—Yonkers Statesman.

The politician that noes his bizness kin think one thing, say another and do a third.—Judge Waxem.

Some men try to carry the world on their backs while somebody else is carrying their families.—Galveston News.

The lesson of the times is that we need more money in our business.—Syracuse Herald. Same here; now is the time to subscribe.—Chicago Dispatch.

Le Fiancé—Why have you never introduced me to your mother, darling? L. Fiancé—Gerald, my mother is a widow, and I have lost two fiancés to widows already.—Life.

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Keep cool! You'd better let the world wag onward as it will Than stew and fret until you're sick And pay a doctor's bill.—Elgin Register.

NOTES AND OPINIONS.

"Tariff reform can wait," says the Democratic New York Times. Congress should remain in session until after the November elections.

There is money enough in the country to buy anything which is offered cheap enough.—Buffalo Express.

Let Australia, Argentina and the rest of the world just watch how the United States winds up panics.—Globe Democrat.

The orators who talked the most about the necessity of revising the tariff last year are saying the least upon the subject this year.—Globe Democrat.

The indisputable fact is that there was no trouble under President Harrison, and there would have been no trouble had he been re-elected.—Philadelphia Press.

GEMS IN VERSE.

An Old Maid. Serene she sits, her knitting in her hand, While round her clusters a childish band, And she weaves romances to suit each mind Of dreamful giants or fairies kind.

Though her hair is gray, her heart is still young And happy always the children among, And the world may pass when she gets a book—She's quite content in her little nook.

But she's ready to work when need comes by, With her eyes on earth, her thoughts on high; Glow with her anger, in sympathy quick To help the weary, wretched or sick.

Has she missed her life, this woman alone? If so, she knows not, utters no moan. She thinks not of missions, of rights or power, But tries with duty to fill each hour.

Her work for others takes a husband's place, Home lies in many a loving face, And for the lives of ever-sinners she prays Her heart goes out to them, every one.

Consolation. There's another land and better, We are told, Where the slave shakes off his fetter, And where worth is never debitor—'Tis so gold.

Thither often are we turning, And our heavy hearts are yearning, Night and day are throbbing, burning, For its skies.

There that foolish superstition, Pride of birth, Finds its sudden demission, And our being's final mission Is of worth.

There the insolence of power Falls away, And the proudest soul must cower, For the spirit takes no power From the clay.

Common lives have wondrous splendor In that light, For the spirit meek and tender Puts to shame the king's defender Shorn of might.

Natures touched with fires seraphic Shed their care, And on peace-girt islands Sapphic, Far from fretful toil and traffic, Dream and dare.

Laws through years of wrong descended, Customs with injustice blended, Creeds for centuries defended, Rearranged.

Heaven has solace without measure— You and I, Should not dream of earthly pleasure, But should think about our treasure In the sky.—George Horton.

A Battle Royal. Love challenged me, so, proud in my strength Of worldly armor, to the battle gave consent. We were to strive until a year's short length Had run—and thus a pleasure new to life was lent.

Love brought his magic arts in play, and I, On the defensive, fought alone, but neither gained, And so the springtime of the year passed by, While Love still fought undaunted, nor was I enchained.

The summer fled; the leaves burned with frost's flame; I still regarded Love and all his arts with scorn, Until across my path Neera came, Then feared I that the year too quickly would be gone.

I threw my sword aside, took on Love's clout, And sought to win her at whatever cost Of worldly pride, and now my only pain Is this: What would life have been worth if Love had lost?—Flavel Scott Mines.

Like a Book. Man is something like a book— Gilt embossed to gaily look, Bound in calf or sound in cloth, Shod periphs with some of both, Named or titled to appear Very grand as well as dear.

Such as care for outward show Wear rich garments as they go, But to others little matters Lavings loose and cloth in tatters, Still with men as 'tis with books— They covers help their looks.

Much a man is like a book— Glanced at, read, then shelved or shook. What a course! Once thrown in state, Now deftly and out of date; Shabby but what once was grand, Battered, bent and secondhand!

Man and book alike are strange Till within the reader's range; Till are perused the hidden boards Ne'er are shown the secret hoards; Shown, we take or let alone; Thus it is our choice is known.

Smirched perhaps and all unclean, Pages of the heart are seen; Or perhaps they're clean and pure, Filled with "David's mercies sure;" If my heart be like a book— Only print that's pure I brook.—Edward Vincent.

Sound in Silence. Walking where all the ways seem wondrous still, I suddenly was aware it was not so. The silence was a web of sound, below, Above, that did the earth and heavens fill. The wood-lark thrush, the field sparrow's sliding trill.

The dominant insistence of the crow, The shrill of crickets and the voiceful flow Where curves the river currents down the hill; The wind amid the pines, the far-off call Of boys at play, the lopers at their task, With creaking carts, the lowing cows—they all

Were present, like the face behind the mask. The silence swarmed with noises—nay, was blent With many musics for my solacement.—Richard Burton.

Beginnings. O mighty, mighty river, flowing down so deep and calm, With the mills upon thy fingers and the ships upon thy palm! Tell me why thou never faltest, never growest weak and small, But with ever swelling current bringest down thy wealth to all?

Quickly then the river answered: "Praise the little mountain spring. Ever sparkling, ever gushing, for the precious gifts I bring. Far away among the forests, where the moss lies deep and cool, There the mill hums in a cove and the ship swims in a pool!"—James Buckland.

When I Am Old. Grant me, kind fate, when I am full of years, If 'tis decreed that I should have remain To reap the full fruition of life's span, But respite from its fevered hopes and fears, From joys too keen and all too poignant pain, From vain, unfulfilled ambition and sad care: This boon I ask—let life which erst began In lurid turmoil end in tranquil peace. I would not crave to dwell in high estate, Nor vie with others here in pomp or show; Contented I will be if I may rest, Far, far removed from men renowned and great.

HE RELENTED.

The Magic Word That Saved the Old Man's Reason. Hezekiah Smith, the millionaire builder, contractor and real estate owner, was sitting at his desk. His dark, stern face from time to time wreathed with an expression that bespoke agonized thought. It was evident that something terrible was preying on his mind. Presently his secretary entered and handed him a card which read:

"Smythe? Smythe?" muttered the old man. "I know no one of that name. But show him in."

A moment later Mr. C. Cholmondley Smythe was ushered into the presence of his father. He sank languidly into a chair, remarking: "Dear me! What a foolish boy! Youth beset by man would not believe I was your son, and I had to send in me cold."

His father looked at him first with surprise, then with stern pity. "Well," he exclaimed impatiently, "he was not in a mood to look upon the degeneracy of his race with composure, 'what has brought you all the way from Fifth to Twelfth avenue? Are you in debt again?"

"Oh, dear, no!" and the fragile exquisite made a deprecating gesture. "Well, then, what is it?" "The fact is, my father, I'm going to get married."

"But Henrietta is still in Vassar." "Henrietta? Weally, I don't understand!"

The old man jumped up in a towering rage that towered above Babel on the plain of Shinar. Bringing down his large curved ham fist on the desk, he yelled: "Have you dared to think of marrying any one but Henrietta Rivard, the daughter of the congressman whose influence has made you rich man I am? You were betrothed when children."

"The daughter of a ward healer," sneered the son. "Yes," roared the father, "and the son of a bad carrier."

They glared at each other in silence—silence thicker than the mortar Smith put into his contract houses. "What is her name?" the father finally hissed.

"Miss Lovina Ch'—"

"What's that name again?" he exclaimed, a flush of joyous excitement oozing through his rock-like complexion. "Lovina."

"Spell it!" "L-o-v-i-n-a."

"With the accent on the second syllable?" "Yes."

"Hurrah!" he yelled, fairly dancing for joy. Then he sat at his desk and wrote out the name, whispering softly to himself "Lovina Lovina." Then he wrote it in large letters and holding it at an arm's length beamed upon it.

At length Mr. Smythe became restless and disturbed Mr. Smith's blissful reverie by inquiring: "Then am I to understand that I have your consent?"

"What's that? Oh, I forgot! Certainly! Go and marry her whenever you like. She has saved my reason."

"You see, I was half crazy trying to think of a name for the new apartment house I have just built. Lovina will do it."

And as the son faded gently out of the room the old man gazed over the sweet name again and again and rubbed his huge, hard palms together till they gave forth a sound like that of the sand paper boards they manipulate in the wings when the pretty waltzette is dancing a double shuffle.—Life.

He Left. A certain allopathic physician, not more than a thousand miles from a given point in the city of Detroit, has a daughter whose steady complexion is a pronounced homoeopathic, and for reasons not at all professional the father doesn't admire his possible son-in-law, though the daughter does. Some time ago the old gentleman found the young man at his house, and thinking it a good time to settle matters he proceeded to speak his mind very freely to the youth.

"Well, have you said all you wanted to say?" inquired the father when the father had made a series of uncomplimentary and seditious remarks. "No, I haven't," exclaimed the allopath, getting his second wind. "I want to say that my advice to you is to get out of this house at once and never come back again."

The young man beamed up and smiled. "Well," he responded, "you may go to Jericho with your advice. You a homoeopath, I am, and I don't allow any allopath in existence to prescribe for me. Good evening," and the young man sat down so firmly that the old gentleman concluded he had made a mistake and left the house himself.—Detroit Free Press.

Camping Out. Photographer—There now, my man, look as pleasant as you can! Try to think of something exhilarating. Customer—Well, but what, I wonder? Photographer—Consider, for instance, that you have not only got to pay me fifty cents per dozen cartes, while my competitor over the way charges 9 shillings!—Tit-Bits.

Caught. Dr. John Erskine, a well known Scottish divine, was remarkable for his simplicity of manner and quiet temper. He returned so often from the pulpit minus his pocket handkerchief that Mrs. Erskine at last began to suspect that the handkerchiefs were stolen by some of the old women who lined the pulpit stairs. So both to talk and detect the culprit she sewed a corner of the handkerchief to one of the pockets of his coat.

Half way up the stairs the good doctor felt a tug, whereupon he turned round and caught hold of the hand of the guilty old woman, saying, with great tenderness and simplicity: "No! the day, honest woman; no! the day. Mrs. Erskine has sewed it in."—Spare Moments.

Making a Bargain. Gus de Smith—Your charge for pulling that tooth is 50 cents? Dr. Molaryanker—Yes, that's the regular price. "Here is a dollar bill." "I can't make the change. What do you say to pulling another tooth for the change?" "No, I thank you."

"Well, suppose I pull two teeth for the 50 cents? You can't kick about that."—Texas Siftings.

Very Wretched Economy. A fellow in Smithville who couldn't spare \$2 a year for a newspaper sent 50 2 cent stamps to a down east Yankee to know how to raise bats. He got an answer, "Take hold of the tops and pull for all you are worth."—Oregon Times.

General Advertisements.

Aim at the Drake And you are bound to hit some of the ducks. This is precisely the same with Wampole's Tasteless Preparation OF Cod Liver Oil.

It aims to cure Consumption, Hits the Mark, too, and it most effectually breaks up Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness and all Throat and Lung troubles that cause this disease.

It is natural logic to conclude that if WAMPOLE'S PREPARATION OF COD LIVER OIL has power to prevent Consumption, it surely is able to cure these lesser emergencies.

This vigor-making, fat producing preparation is Absolutely Tasteless, in so far as Cod Liver Oil is concerned. All you notice is a delightful flavor of Wild Cherry and Anise.

But the purest Norwegian Cod Liver Oil is there all the same. It is a great blood enricher. Best of all it is a natural food that in its stomachic effects, actually assists its own assimilation.

In Pulmonary or Bronchia troubles it is unequalled. No one doubts the value of Cod Liver Oil, but not every one is able to take it.

WAMPOLE'S PREPARATION removes the nauseous objection and actually makes Cod Liver Oil palatable.

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Building Materials, Doors, Sash, Blinds, BUILDERS' HARDWARE, WALL PAPER, Etc. Corner of Fort & Queen Streets, HONOLULU, H. I.

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Here is the largest assortment of every thing in this line and lowest prices prevail. This week we are offering our Souvenirs of Hawaii at the reduced price of 50 cents each, which means over 50 views of Hawaiian scenery gotten up in very artistic style for Fifty cents. Don't fail to send one of these to your friends abroad. Postage 4 cents to any part of the globe.

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We are Still Importing Goods. Among other things the bark "G. N. Wilcox" brought us the following: Hubbuck's Genuine, No. 1 and No. 3 White Lead, in 25, 50 or 100 lb. iron kegs.

Hubbuck's White Zinc, Red Lead, pale boiled and raw Oil. Stockholm and Coal Tar, in barrels or drums. Castile Soap, Shot, BB to No. 10, Punched Horse Shoes, Sal Soda, galv'd Anchors, Brush Door Mats, flexible steel and iron Wire Rope, Seine T wine Harris Harness Liquid, Day & Martin Blacking, galvanized Buckets and Tubs, Chain, blk. and galv'd 1/4 to 3/8; galv'd Sheet Iron, No. 16 to 26; Tinned Wire, Copper Wire, No. 10 to 20, black and galv'd Fence Wire, Nos. 4, 5 and 6, Blue Mottled Soap, Anvils, 70 to 200 lbs.; Blacksmith's Vises, all sizes; a large assortment of Bar Iron, kegs Dry Venetian Red, Yellow Ochre, Paris Yellow, Burnt Umber, Ult. Blue, Paris Green, Metallic Paint, etc.

Also, received ex Australia, 2600 ass'd Elect. Lamps, Hose, Butcher Knives, Carvers, Carriage Gloss Paint, Sulphur Bellows, Scissors, Shoe, Paint and Varnish Brushes; Buckles, Picture Cord, Furniture Nails, Tape Measures, Jennings Bits, Yale Padlocks, Oilers, galv'd Swivels, White Shellac, Gold Leaf, Leather Washers, and at last our fine assortment of Wostenholm Pocket Knives and Razors has got here.

We were almost out of those fine swing Razor Stropps, but have a new lot this steamer. We have a full line of Electrical Goods, and can wire houses for Electric Lights on short notice. Now is the time to leave your order for wiring, as in a few months the current for lights can be furnished and then everyone will want lights at once, and those whose houses are wired will of course get lights first.

E. O. HALL & SON, LIMITED. COR. FORT & KING STS. 42, 56 and 63 bars to case— One Hundred Pounds.

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