

in 1887 that an armed demonstration was made against royalty with a view to establishing a republic, probably a stepping stone to annexation. King Kalakaua, in order to keep peace in his realm, signed a new constitution on June 30, 1887. From that day to August 12, 1898, these islands were almost constantly perturbed by bitter intercerenary wrangles. The mercenary motive was higher than the patriotic motive in prompting the strife. Emoluments of office were the root of the evil. The Outs were against the Ins and vice versa. After 1887 there were violent outbreaks in 1889, 1893 and 1895. Several persons lost their lives in fighting for their principles and after the insurrection of 1895 the desire became greater than ever for a strong protecting arm, one that should remove the rifle as an arbiter of civic differences and enforce peace throughout the little commonwealth. Admiral Miller hoisted the Stars and Stripes on a beautiful August day nearly two years ago and since that time Hawaii has ridden on a wave of genuine prosperity. The plans of annexation have just been perfected at Washington, making the heart of the native and foreigner alike rejoice over the conclusion of the suspense.

The House bill appropriating ten millions for the immediate expenses of the Nicaragua canal and giving the President and Secretary of War almost unlimited powers in the matter has passed the House by an overwhelming majority, indicating the popularity of the measure. The Senate will be morally bound to act on the same lines. So much good news coming all at once staggers this little island community. Volumes have been written about the benefits accruing to Hawaii through the construction of the canal, leaving little to be said now. As we said before, we are now in the hands of our friends, who will advance our interests with all expedition possible.

MESSAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

A PEN SKETCH.

He had a fever, with a temperature hovering between 103 and 104 degrees, and a pulse beating like a triphammer. He had been sent to the Queen's Hospital for better care and scientific treatment and was laying quietly on a neat little iron bed. There was no pain. He did not even feel the burning of the fever, yet he knew it was a fever, and a bad one, that made him so listless. He was a man of strong mind and great power of thought. He tried to think it all out—where he had left off his work. But his mind refused thought of things that happened before he was put on that little bed.

"What!" thought he, "is my mind to be clogged by so little a thing as a fever that I cannot think?" He had never had a fever before.

The shades of night were falling rapidly, and with the night a gloom came over him and he thought:

"What if I should lose my mind during this long night."

Terrible thought! He was a man of strong intellectuality. He lay there thinking of it and roused himself as much as possible from his lethargy and thought:

"Intellect is the crown of manhood. It is like the mantel of divinity that encompasses and pervades him—the badge of humanity that lifts man above the brute. Without intellect man becomes a drivelling idiot. Even a moment of reason gone is a moment of manhood irretrievably lost—humanity reduced to a beast of some kind; only a brute. Oh this long dreary night." He started in

The Democrats over the water see pretty clearly that Admiral Dewey and Mr. Bryan are to be pitted against each other at Kansas City and that a dark horse will fare badly in the pools against these two favorites. Mr. Bryan's charm is his promise of cheap money and the Admiral's is his naval career. Either one is alluring enough to attract a respectable multitude and either one of the candidates would make a president. Such great surprises have occurred at the conclusion of presidential contests since 1876 that it is hardly safe to bank on Mr. McKinley's popularity next November. Mr. Bryan has grown greater in the four years succeeding his defeat in 1896, while the doughty Admiral, who may possibly lead the Democratic host, has a war record of equal brilliancy to that of General Grant's, which won for the hero of Vicksburg the seat in the White House.

The New Testament has never been satisfactory to Biblical scholars. The old manuscripts purported to have been prepared by the first writers of the Christian church convey such a variety of meanings to students that many theses of the early Christian Church now printed in the New Testament are made doubtful by the lack of authoritative support. Under the head of "Is Our New Testament Text Reliable?" the Literary Digest utters the following:

"For years scholars have pointed to the resultant investigations chiefly of Tischendorf, Tregelles, and Westcott-Hart, in producing, in spite of the two hundred thousand variants of the Biblical manuscripts, a practically uniform Greek text of the New Testament, as one of the greatest achievements of the scholarship of any age. Indications, however, are increasing to show that this joy has been premature, and that a movement is on foot that may lead to a complete revision of the principles that have been currently accepted in New-Testament textual criticism."

alarm. "What if I should lose my reason to-night and become a beast—an irresponsible animal. No, no; I will hold my reason. I will be strong. Yes, my strong will, will hold it—must hold my intellect down; not let it fly away. No, not let it fly away."

The last was very weakly thought. The effort was too much for him. The patient turned over on his pillow. His eyes closed and he sank into apparently oblivious sleep but only to dream. It seemed to him that his intellect oozed through his skull and formed itself into a circle, or halo, separated from his head. It still performed its functions of thought but was inclined to float away. He bent his entire power of will to keep it near him encircling his head like a crown. Even if separated from his brain still if he would keep his intellect near him, as a halo, it might be in convenient, yet it would keep him from becoming an animal with only a brain, without power of thought.

Then, to his horror, four little imps came floating down—miniature devils with tails and hoofs and all—and seized his intellect that was laying like a crown, or a halo, close to his head, held there by his will, and flew away with it. Up, up they went clear out of sight and left him, as he thought, a dog. Bow-wow wow-ow-ow-ow, he wailed after his lost intellect. Oh the agony it—the terrible agony of it.

After a while—a long while it seemed—he thought he heard the sound of angel wings (it was the nurse's silent footsteps). It must be his good angel come to drive away the imps and bring his reason back. Sure enough, she flitted into the room. He felt her presence and awoke with a start. She brought back his reason, thank God. When a soft hand felt his pulse then passed over his