

## CURIOUS FINDS ON THE LINE.

In addition to the broken bottles, old newspapers, and empty fruit baskets which are the most common of articles dropped from passing trains, the platelayers and others at work on the track sometimes come across finds of greater value.

Not long since a valuable diamond brooch was found on a North London line by a man employed in picking up scraps of paper, and which it transpired had fallen from the dress of a young lady, who had been looking from the carriage window at the house of a friend as the train passed by.

Some years ago a medical gentleman, taking a walk near Hunstanton, was surprised to see a piece of paper come flying out of the window of a third-class carriage of a passing express, and which, when it settled at his feet, he discovered to be a five pound note. Continuing his ramble, he on his return, called at the railway station, and learned that inquiry had already been made for the missing piece of paper, which belonged to a clerk who, starting for his annual holiday, had been reckoning up his assets, when a gust of wind as the train rounded a curve had borne best part of them away.

At Liverpool Street Station a short while ago a gentleman seated in a second-class carriage dropped his umbrella, which fell down between the carriage and the platform. Imagining that he should no doubt be able to recover it when the train had gone, he waited on the station and then got a porter to jump down on to the line; but, though search was made from end to end, no umbrella could be found. Next day it was picked up by a railway employee in the open country near Loughton, having travelled all that distance on the lower steps of the carriage.

The discovery of a stick, hat, pair of gloves, and blood-stained overcoat on the railway line naturally led the officials, at a little South Coast station not long since, to imagine that some dreadful tragedy had occurred. Search, however, failed to reveal any mutilated body lying near the rails, and the matter remained a mystery, until it was discovered that the presence of these articles on the line was simply the ruse of their possessor, a defaulting bank cashier, to create an impression that he had committed suicide, and so render his escape more easy.

An employee on the Great Western Railway one morning, as he was walking to work, saw an elderly gentleman open the door of the carriage in which he was travelling and make frantic efforts to recover a small parcel, which he had dropped upon the footboard.

The jolting of the train, however, as it crossed the points, dislodged the parcel before he could seize it, when it was promptly picked up by the passing employee and lodged with the station-master, pending inquiries being made for it. Remembering the strenuous efforts which he had seen made for its recovery, the finder flattered himself that it must be something valuable, and delightful visions of a liberal "tip" floated before his eyes.

After five or six days, however,

nothing further being heard, it was decided to see what the package contained, and in the presence of the complete station staff, the covering was removed and a tin box revealed to sight.

As the lid was taken off expectation ran high, but the witnesses soon beat a speedy retreat, as, with the raising of the lid, hundreds of angry blue-bottles poured out, settling everywhere around. The box, evidently belonging to some ardent fisherman, had contained a copious supply of gentles, which, lying in the sunshine by the booking office window, had speedily hatched into full-blown insects.

(Tit Bits).

## THE NEWSPAPER MAN.

[Certain Honolulu newspaper men will doubtless gain instruction from this poem, written by a very popular London journalist. All who know newspaper men will be struck with its modest veracity.—Ed. GRAPHIC.]

'My son, I don't know if your youthful conception

Has breadth in the scope of its nebulous plan,  
To weird comprehension of that one exception

To workaday mortals, the newspaper man.  
But if you'll agree to a feeble description  
From one of their number, I'll do what I can,

To blend in the way of a little prescription,  
The mixture that's known as a newspaper man.

'Take a brain that is steeped in solution of knowledge,

Most varied and picturesque under the sun;  
Then add just a pinch of the salt of the college,

A flavour of wit and a soupçon of fun.  
For a relish, Bohemian sauce is the caper,  
And a mind that will stretch from Beersheba to Dan;

In fancy or fact, when it comes to "the paper,"  
Or touches the heart of the newspaper man.

'To a memory that clutches the veriest trifle,  
And a hand that is tireless when work's to be done;

Add an eye that is quick as the flash of a rifle,  
And keen as the eagle that flies to the sun.

Take strength, and endurance, and loyal devotion,  
And add all the grit and the courage you can  
To the heart that's as big and as deep as the ocean;

A hundred to one on the newspaper man.

With a brew of ideas that, seething and boiling,  
Run out into moulds that are models for men;

Add a ceaseless encounter with planning and toiling;  
For the world of to-day that is ruled by the pen.

Add the honey of friendship, the dew of affection,  
And the *esprit de corps* that gets down to hard pan;

And paste in your hat the whole mortal collection,  
As the regular stock of the newspaper man.'

—(N. Z. Graphic).

## How Appropriate!

The words of the old Russian marriage ceremony are 'Here wolf, take thy lamb.'

## A Patriot Aroused.

Editor-in-chief (sternly to Assistant).—I had not expected, sir, that this office contained an Apostle of Secession! What do you mean by this sentence: "Under protection the United States have a surplus"—?

Assistant.—What's wrong? I'm sure it's grammatical.

Editor-in-chief.—Grammatical! I'd have you understand that the United States is one and indivisible; grammar or no grammar! Change that word to *has*.

# Hawaii Holomua

## PROGRESS.

The Life of the Land is Established in Righteousness.

HONOLULU, NOV. 21, 1893.

## NEWS TOPICS.

The readers and friends of the HOLOMUA will excuse its appearing without the usual Topics and Spice this afternoon. There was a transformation scene while the paper was going to "form." It was not such a miracle as that of "opium" turning into "bricks" and "straw," but a couple of galleys of editorial and local matter turning into "pie."

## Gold Filled Teeth.

This Eastern monarch has had a pavilion constructed which is unique of its kind. It is made of glass throughout. The walls, ceiling, and floor are composed of thick slabs of glass, joined together by means of waterproof cement. This glass erection is 28ft. long and 14ft. wide, and stands in the midst of a large basin of coloured marble, beautiful to look at. After His Majesty has entered the pavilion, the little doors which gives access to it is hermetically closed with transparent cement; then a kind of sluice is opened, and the vast basin is flooded with water to the height of a couple of feet above the roof of the pavilion, which is thus entirely submerged. The interior is abundantly supplied with air by means of numerous ventilators. Here the Shah spends the hottest hours of the day, eating, drinking, and smoking. How delightful!

Most mortals are equipped with thirty-two teeth on an average; the Shah of Persia, however, appears to be more amply provided for, as we are told that he has just had his fortieth molar extracted. The phenomenon is thus explained: The first time His Eastern Majesty suffered from a decayed tooth and had to have it removed, his loyal subjects, moved with compassion at the sufferings of their ruler, offered him as a solatium a number of presents amounting in all to ten thousand gold sequins. Having thus discovered a new source of supply for his privy purse, the Shah, whenever he feels the want of those little presents that help to maintain the glow of friendship, causes the fact of his having another bad tooth to be proclaimed by a flourish of trumpets in all parts of the empire. And the presents begin to pour in. Not many days ago this manoeuvre was repeated for the fortieth time, and with the desired effect, for the simple reason that Narsed-din is greatly more feared than beloved. Altogether ingenious this method of extracting—not teeth, but—sequins.—*Le Conteur*.

## Did He Succeed Here?

The Duke of Newcastle's speciality in the amateur photography is to secure portraits of rare wild animals in their native surroundings. He is travelling in quest of these with Mr. Gambier Bolton, a member of the Royal Geographical Society, and well known as one of the most expert amateur photographers of animals in the world. The two proceeded from the World's Fair to California, where one of their chief objects is to photograph the big sea-lions on the cliffs, stealing up to them from off shore on a tug.

## Just Missed It.

Miss Fitt.—And so you were in the Crimean War, Major! Were you with the Light Brigade in their heroic charge?

Major Ananias Bluff.—I-eh-came very near being in that historic charge, Miss Fitt. Never was so disappointed in my life. They would take but six hundred, and I—eh—was No. 601.

## Washing The Face.

On the much-vexed questions as to whether, and, if at all how, the face should be washed by her who aspires to physical beauty, Baroness Staffe says in *The Ladies' Dressingroom* that washing is the best means of keeping the pores of the skin free from the secretions or accumulations which might obstruct them, and that it is contrary to the rules of hygiene to abstain, as we have been told Patti does, from washing the face. She says, further, that if you have a red face you should use hot water, as it will send the blood away, and that it is bad to wash in cold water when the weather is very warm, or when the face is heated by artificial warmth. Tepid water, but without soap, should then be used, and the face powdered and allowed to dry without being wiped. Under ordinary circumstances the face should be dried very gently, with a very fine and rather worn towel. Rough friction tends to thicken the skin. Hot water is a favorite nostrum, we are told, with many well-known beauties. One lady plunges a towel into very hot water, wrings it out, and lays it on her face, where she keeps it about half-an-hour. She goes through this performance at night before going to bed, wiping the face lightly before going to sleep. Lemon juice is preferred by many to soap, and strawberry juice is particularly good for the skin. Rain water should be preferred to spring water, and a good walk in the rain is a capital complexion tonic.

## Umbrella For Cyclists.

It should be of interest to 'cyclists to learn that a London firm have produced a novel appliance, which, they claim, will keep the rider dry and cool in all weathers and increase his speed of transit. In short, an umbrella is fitted to the frame of the 'cycle. It is light and strong, the stalk and socket being made of steel tube and can be, it is said, put up or down in a few seconds, and entirely removed from the machine in less than a minute. The stalk and socket are enamelled; it rises and falls in telescope fashion to the desired height, and is kept in position by the pinching screw. It is finished with a ball and socket joint, which permits it to be angled backwards or forwards or to either side as desired. With the aid of the ball and socket joint it can be angled in any direction to catch the breeze, and thus act like a sail. With a favorable wind, it is said, the 'cyclist's umbrella adds from two to five miles per hour to the speed of travelling.

## Electricity For Balloons.

A balloon capable of seating 10 persons is to be navigated at the Frankfort Exhibition, and is to demonstrate the application of electricity to aerial navigation. The pulley controlling the ascent and descent will be operated by an electric motor, and telephonic communications will be possible at all heights, so that in future an aeronaut may report the movements of an enemy at great distances. Experiments are to be made with a view to steering the balloon by electricity, and charging with electrically prepared water.