

















WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7 1885  
MR. SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE

## A Glimpse at the Great London Preacher.

Mr. Spurgeon and his Tabernacle are

one of the sights of London, and nobody

who visits the city, thoroughly well to

know it, is not acquainted with the Taber-

nacle in the Borough, as the part of the

city on the Surrey side of the Thames is

called, and hence the street called New-

ington. I suppose the street is so

named because there formerly was a rifle

range in the neighborhood, but I do not

get to information on this point, although

I made inquiries of several persons who

ought to know. I walked to Newington

Butte from St. Paul's, going by way of

London Bridge and the Borough High-

street. The most direct route would have

been by Blackfriars Bridge and Black-

friars Road, but I was anxious to go

through the neighborhood of the Taber-

nacle, and to see the street called New-

ington. I found it almost dark when I

reached the Tabernacle, and I was

glad to find that it was not yet closed

for the night. I went in, and found

that the Tabernacle was a large

solid-looking structure, with no claim to

be called handsome. There is a large

pulpit in front, supported by six

columns. The evening service begins at

6.30. When I arrived it was 5.45, but

already people were assembling on the

sidewalk, and in a minute or two the

pulpit gates were thrown back and the

people were allowed to take places in the

pulpit. Some stood in front of the

doors, while others sat on the steps or

on the benches in the nave. The

crowd gathered slowly. Minute by minute

and favored persons passed in by the

entrance. By 6.15 the pulpit was

well filled, there being 200 or 400 men

and women in waiting. The doors were

not opened until seven minutes later, and

by that time the crowd had nearly

filled the nave. The five or six doors

opening from the porch were thrown

back at the same moment, and a rush

was made for the interior. There was

a good deal of pushing and shoving,

but no real fighting. "Plenty of seats,"

cried an usher. "Go as far as you can."

"Room enough at the bottom," cried

another, meaning near the pulpit. I got

a good seat near the middle of the

chapel. It is only a chapel here, however, in

spite of its pretensions, and while others

were being seated had an opportunity

to glance about me. The building is

rectangular in shape, with two galleries

running all the way round it. The

windows are numerous and the plain

lighted, but turned low. The oldest

thing in the building is the pulpit. It is

a small platform built on a level with

the bottom of the first gallery. The

pulpit extends around it, and stairways

run up on each side. Within the railing

are a table and a red-upholstered chair.

Underneath the pulpit platform, and

along the side of the first gallery, are

seats for the choir, but I do not think

there is a choir. Neither is there an

organ or any other instrument. The

singing is congregational, being led by

a young man who sat next to me called a

"preacher."

When I looked at the pulpit again the

chair was occupied by a stoutly built

man with iron gray hair and whiskers,

wearing a dark suit. When he rose a

minute or two after 6.30, he was seen to

be above the medium height and well

proportioned. He wore a black frock

coat, unbuttoned. He introduced his

service with a brief but earnest prayer.

The first impression was that of a simple

man, straightforward, and; and the

impression was strengthened as he

proceeded. His voice is easily heard

throughout the large building, and yet he

speaks in a low, earnest tone. He

announced a hymn, reading the first

and repeating the first two lines; and

when he sang he reads the second stanza,

and so on, reminding one of the frontier

preacher who used to "line" the

cause the congregation were not all

supplied with hymn-books. The second

hymn, however, Spurgeon read entire,

but the third he took stanza by stanza.

This hymn, by the way, is a favorite

and familiar one in revival meetings. Before

reading the third or fourth stanza the

preacher said: "The next verse very

softly; therefore let only the sisters'

voices be heard;" and so it was sung

by the women alone. After the

first hymn came a Scripture lesson, with

plentiful comments. The preacher never

hesitated for a word, and rarely seemed

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# Gazette Supplement, October 7, 1885.

## The Dance.

Dancing has been called the "mirth of the feet." It is the one fine art of which we have no account of its origin. There is evidence that man knew how to dance wherever there are human records; in the hieroglyphics of the oldest nations, on Egyptian monuments, in pictures on rocks, in the most ancient writings on parchment and papyrus. The priests of Isis and Osiris danced before their altars, the Hebrew children, when they escaped from Pharaoh, danced to the songs of Miriam, and David danced before the Ark of the Covenant. But suppose we skip history and come down to yesterday. The *Herald* writer saw on Madison street a robust and jolly individual, manifestly in that state of happiness produced by libations of something more potent than water. To give full expression to his eternal delight he began gyrating and dancing to the musical croonings of his own husky voice. There was a happy but vacuous smile upon his face, and his showed him to be oblivious to most things external. With appropriate but by no means graceful gestures he walked around on the pavement, holding his cane for his partner, having no thought for himself and no care for the spectators. Nature was thus vindicating her supremacy and illustrating that, after language, dancing is the one method by which the feelings are expressed, and has its origin in the constitution of humanity. There is not an emotion that has swept the heartstrings but what has found expression through the choreographic art. Love, mirth, martial fury, funeral grief, religion, all have their special dances, and a religious form still survives among us in that eccentric sect we call the Shakers. Among the savages, the glories of the chase as well as the more heroic deeds of war are recounted by means of dancing and besides their war dances the North American Indians have their buffalo dance, the Kamtschatskans their bear dance, and the Australians their kangaroo dance.

## CHANGES.

From our own social dances the pantomime and the ceremonial have long disappeared, and little remains but the love of kicking and the love of flirting. No one who dances a quadrille now-days is conscious why he shuffles his feet in one way at one time and another way at another time, if, in fact, he condescends to shuffle them at all. Every motion had a meaning at one time, though the key is now lost. For all that, dancing still has its uses. Is any young man short in his conversational powers, and like Orlando, easily "gravelled for lack of matter?" He can still hold his own with the fair sex if he have but agility, a single conversational formula being adaptable to many partners. Thus he may dance himself into the affections of some maiden fair, though he could never have talked himself there if he had lived a hundred years. How can a lady show the grace of her form so well as in the dance? The "ladies' chain" was invented expressly for that, and very well does it fulfil its purpose.

Most nations have their own peculiar dances, and we, cosmopolitans that we are, have tried them nearly all. The country dance is indigenous with us, or rather brought by our forefathers from England, and its hearty, social fun, its pretty figures, its availability for any number and for all ages, make it a truly happy dance, like the chorus of a song where all the parts come in together. Then there was the stately minuet dance of the eighteenth century which we see occasionally in some old comedy on the stage. That, too, was English, and suited to the English temperament. We read that at a grand ball given in New York on the inauguration of Washington as President, and in his honor, he danced two cotillions and a minuet. We are glad to rescue from the idle worshippers such a bit as this about the Father of his Country, for we have but little other evidence that he was a human being. We know of three occasions on which he swore, and of one on which he laughed uproariously, and these, with his dancing, must convince the most skeptical that he had some of the attributes of humanity at least. Perhaps as time goes on we will find more.

## THE COTILLON OR QUADRILLE.

The cotillon, or quadrille, we got from France, the mazurka and polonaise from Poland, the waltz from Germany, though it originated in France some centuries before the Germans adopted it. The German cotillon, which we call "the german," also came from Germany. This is not so fashionable as it was fifteen years ago, but it is a most seductive dance. Schiller describes it: See how the couples whirl along the dance's buoyant tide, And scarcely touch with winged feet the floor on which they glide. Ours are they flying shadows, from material forms set free, Or elfin shapes, whose airy rings the summer moon-beams see?

Every necessary was called in to beautify its figures. Gay and many-colored streamers and strips of tarlatan floated about the heads of the dancers, while jingling bells and exploding bonbons kept time with the low and sympathetic music that filled the air like a perfume. To lead the german was a post of high honor, and one who could do it well had no other world of dance to conquer. It required a clear head, a fertile imagination, a graceful figure, a handsome face, a polished manner and a perfect dress. Some of our society young men possessed all these, and were heroes in their day. In the society novels and tales of twenty years ago the hero

was always a man who was unexcelled in leading the german. But the favorite movement of the german was the galop, and its vivacity too often degenerated into a romp and indecorousness, which finally led to its banishment.

The valsevienn, from Vienna, was a popular dance in the ballrooms some years ago, but it, too, has been laid aside in favor of our modern quadrilles, the most of which now have a waltz movement in some of the figures.

## THE WALTZ.

The waltz has long been tried, and the poetry of its motion is enticing and seductive, but American girls can never dance it well nor at all complete in it with their German and Scandinavian sisters. And the reason is that Americans fell, or at least half suspect that somewhere concealed in the waltz there is an impropriety, and this restrains them from the abandon that is essential to grace of movement. When an impropriety is felt, for that person it exists, for "as one thinketh in his heart so is he." The waltz, except as retained in the quadrilles, will have to go.

From Scotland come the strathspey, the Highland fling and the Scotch reel, lively enough on occasion, but solemn as the grave when danced by Scotch people to the sound of bagpipes.

And from Ireland the lively jig, in which Pat and Nora try to dance each other down amid much surrounding hilarity. "Well done, Pat."

"Step out now, Miss Brady," with many varied encouragements to increased activity, constantly salute the ears of the dancers, and the fun becomes contagious, while every foot beats time to the music and the dancing.

From Spain comes the fandango, with bells and clicking castanets, and jingling tambourines. This is a love dance, full of beauty and grace, and as well adapted to our morals of climate as that of the Natch girls from India. We can just hear to see it on the stage and that is all.

The polka, the galop, the valse deux temps, the Newport, are all in vogue and help to enliven and variegate the programmes of dancing assemblies, and beautiful enough they are when joined in by bright-eyed, merry maidens and not too solemn young men. But for some young people dancing is a very serious affair, and these we would advise to leave their dancing pumps at home.

But few of the importations have ever become well acclimated, and for real amusement and enjoyment old and young among us still prefer the square and country dances, the "lancers" and the "Virginia reel," "Money-musk" is as potent now as ever, the "pigeon wing" is not entirely effete, nor the "double shuffle" extinct, and the people who cherish these can never become entirely bad.—*Chicago Herald.*

## Queen Natalie of Serbia.

Through her paternal grandmother, Madame Balsa, the Queen of Serbia is descended from one of the most remarkable families in Europe. Historical research has proved beyond doubt that the Roumanian Balsas are direct descendants of the Serbian Balsas, who were in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries ruling prince of Montenegro and North Albania. The Serbian Balsas were a branch of the Provencal family of Les Bauls, of which several members accompanied Charles I of Anjou to the conquest of Naples, and established themselves there under the name of Balzs, whilst numerous representative crossed the Adriatic to Serbia, where at that time Helene de Courtenay was the Queen. The Provencal Bauls were pre-eminently distinguished for love of poetry. Some were themselves poets, and many a troubadour has sung of the wit and beauty of their women and of the generosity and valor of their men. Adelaide de Bauls was sung by the famous troubadour Pierre Vidal, and Laurette and Phantette de Bauls inspired some of the most beautiful of the troubadour lays. Petrarch's Laura was herself a descendant on one side at least of the Provencal Les Bauls. The picturesque ruins of the old Castle de Bauls are still to be seen in the neighborhood of Arles.

Queen Natalie of Serbia has inherited, with the traditional beauty of the des Bauls women, their wit and their religious fervor. Her Majesty has had the good fortune to be educated by an English lady, and as a consequence, speaks English fluently, and has imbibed what some people call "English notions"—viz, she is indefatigable in all sorts of charitable works; educates orphans; helps poor women; supports schools, and encourages national literature and industry. In fact, almost all charitable institutions of Serbia are under her special protection. But even in recreations she evinces her English taste, having a passion for garden parties, including croquet and lawn tennis. Needless to add that, as Queen Natalie literally "goes about doing good," she is beloved by all classes of her people.

The merit of tracing the family history of the Balsas belongs to the Serbian Envoy in this country, and in Mme. Mijatovich, his wife, an accomplished lady of English birth, who, among other things, has published some successful English translations of Serbian epic poetry. The French ancestors of the Balsas had a pedigree going back to the King Balthezar who came to Bethlehem and a star is the principal device in their coat-of-arms. In this connection it may be worthy of mention that the distinctive title of Slav, and notably

Russian, sovereign—Czar—has been wrongly identified with Caesar. The word occurs, on the contrary, in Balthezar and Belshazzar, as well as in the names of many other Babylonian kings, and is of Accadian, that is, Turanian origin. The Russians adopted the title from the Tartars, and the Southern Slav perhaps from the Bulgars, likewise of Turanian race. As regards the name Balsa, it may not be uninteresting to mention that there is a tributary King Balaan—the Balaan of the Greeks—spoken of in Babylonian history.—*Life.*

## General Advertisements.

### Notice!

## TO THE VOLCANO AND BACK



## Inter-Island S. N. Co

THROUGH TICKETS TO THE VOLCANO AND RETURN can now be had at the office of the Inter-Island S. N. Co. Tourists leaving Honolulu per time table of the "W. G. HALL," will be landed at Punalua, thence by Railroad to Pahala where Horses and Guides will be in attendance. By this route, Tourists can make the round trip to the volcano, giving 4 days to visit the Volcano. TICKETS FOR THE ROUND TRIP, including Horses, Guide, Board and Lodging, \$60. For further particulars enquire at the office of

Inter-Island S. N. Co., Honolulu, Of to J. E. JORDAN, Volcano House, 1885.

## TIME TABLE OF STEAMERS

—OF THE—

## INTER-ISLAND STEAM NAVIGATION CO. (LIMITED.)



## Steamer "W. G. HALL"

(Malulani) BATES, Commander. Will run regularly to Manana, Maui, and Kona and Kau, Hawaii.

## Steamer "PLANTER"

(Illinoe) CAMERON, Commander. Leaves every TUESDAY, at 5 p.m., for Nantuli, Koloa, Eleale and Waimea. Returning leaves Nantuli every SATURDAY at 4 p.m.; arriving at Honolulu every Sunday at 5 a.m.

## Steamer "IWALANI"

FREEMAN, Commander. Will run regularly to Manana, Maui, and Kona and Kau, Hawaii.

## Stmr. "C. R. BISHOP"

MACAULAY, Commander. Leaves every SATURDAY, at 5 a.m., for Waialua, Waialae, Oahu, and Hanalei and Kilauea, Hawaii; returning leaves Honolulu every TUESDAY, at 4 p.m., and touching at Waialua and Waialae every WEDNESDAY, and arriving at Honolulu same day at 4 p.m.

## Stmr. "JAS. MAKEE"

WEIR, Commander. Will run regularly to Kapa, Kauai.

OFFICE of the Company, foot of Balaan Street near the P. M. & S. Wharf.

J. E. NA, Secretary. T. R. FOSTER, President. Honolulu, January 3, 1885. 1885

## Wilder's Steamship Co

## New Route to the Volcano Via Keauhou!

THE STEAMER KINAU, KING Commander, will leave Honolulu on Tuesday, June 2nd, for Keauhou, the New Volcano Landing, and thereafter upon the first Tuesday after the arrival of the Alameda and Mariposa, due here the 5th and 22nd of each month.

We offer passengers THROUGH TICKETS for the sum of FIFTY DOLLARS—ALL CHARGES PAID:—allowing passage to Honolulu at 8 A. M. Saturdays. On Volcano trips, passengers from Lanipahu must take the steamer on up trips. Passengers can remain on board or stop over at Hilo until Friday at 9 A. M., as they choose.

All further particulars given at the office of

## Wilder's Steamship Comp'y

Honolulu, June 12th, 1885. 1886

## Shipping.

## WILDER'S Steamship Company LIMITED.

## STEAMER KINAU

KING, Commander. Leaves Honolulu as per the following schedule, touching at Lahu, Manana, Makoua, Mahanui, Kilauea, Lanipahu, Hilo and Keauhou.

Commencing on MON. DAY, October 12th, and thence on the first Monday following the arrival of the Steamer Alameda and Mariposa, on the 5th and 22nd of each month.

The Steamer Kinau will make the VOLCANO TRIP, calling Keauhou on Wednesday morning, giving tourists two days and two nights at the Volcano House. When the 5th and 22nd of the month fall on Monday, the Kinau will leave on that day.

TICKETS FOR THE ROUND TRIP TO THE VOLCANO, FIFTY DOLLARS, WHICH PAYS ALL CHARGES.

The Kinau will arrive in Honolulu Sunday mornings on Volcano Trips. On Hilo Trips, will leave Honolulu on Tuesday, and return Saturday morning.

PASSENGER TRAINS connect with the Kinau at Mahanui.

The Kinau WILL TOUCH at Honolulu and Paahau on down trips from Hilo, for Passengers, if a signal is made from the shore.

## STEAMER LIKELIKE,

LORENZEN, Commander. Leaves Honolulu every Monday at 5 P. M. for Kilauea, Keauhou, Kona, Mahanui, Oahu, and Niihau every other week. Hilo, Kauai and Lanipahu. Returning will stop at the above ports arriving back Saturday morning.

For mails and passengers only.

## STMR. KILAUEA HOU,

WEISBARTH, Commander. Will leave regularly for Paahau, Kilauea, Oahu, Kilauea, Honolulu, Lanipahu, Mahanui and Oahu.

## STEAMER "LEHUA,"

DAVIES, Commander. Will leave regularly for same ports as Kilauea Hou.

## STEAMER "MOKOLII,"

McGREGOR, Commander. Leaves Honolulu every Monday, at 5 p.m. for Kilauea, Keauhou, Piko, Lahu, Mahanui, Oahu, Waiala, Lanipahu and Kilauea. Returning leaves Piko Friday, at 9 a.m., for Honolulu, arriving Saturday morning.

The Company will not be responsible for any freight or baggage unless receipted for, nor for personal baggage unless plainly marked. Not responsible for money or jewelry unless placed in charge of the Purser.

All possible care will be taken of Live Stock, but the Company will not assume any risk of accident.

SAM'L. G. WILDER, President; S. E. ROSS, Secretary.

OFFICE—Corner Fort and Queen Streets, Honolulu, Sept. 16, 1884. 1886

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

## For San Francisco.

THE SPLENDID STEAMSHIP

## ZEALANDIA

WILDER, COMMANDER. WILL LEAVE HONOLULU FOR SAN FRANCISCO On or about October 25,

## FOR SYDNEY VIA AUCKLAND!

THE SPLENDID STEAMSHIP

## AUSTRALIA

SALE, COMMANDER. On or about Oct. 31, 1885.

For Freight and Passage, apply to H. HAEGERFELD & CO., Agents. Goods for shipment per Steamer can now be stored, Free of Charge, in the Fire-proof Warehouse near the Steamer Wharf.

## HAY AND GRAIN!

## Messrs. S. F. Graham & Co.

Take pleasure in supplying to their old friends and patrons that they have

## Just Received

A FRESH LOT OF

## Choice Hay and Grain

WHICH THEY OFFER AT THE Lowest Market Rates.

25 Hay and Feed delivered to any part of the city. S. F. GRAHAM & CO., Telephone No. 187. No. 92 King Street, 1884



### Won and Lost at Poker.

It is no trouble at all for a man who loves a good, stiff game of poker to find it in Kansas City. There is a State law, which makes the keeping of a gambling house a felony, but it is not enforced against poker "club-rooms." There is no far east of the Kansas State line. The strictly professional gambling amounts to almost nothing, but there are some stockmen's games that would make cold chills run up the back of the average business man. I have seen \$25,000 change ownership in a little friendly game, on hands that went to the pack without being seen. Unsuspecting people never dream of the extent of the poker mania. I believe that if the World would look it up, it would find that if the poker clearings were included in the weekly statements, they would go a long way towards effecting the loss of thirty or forty per cent that the metropolis is suffering. At all events it would be so if poker playing is as popular in New York as it is in Kansas City.

### THE LIQUETTE OF THE POKER TABLE.

Was once the man who jumps the game! Thrice disgraced is he who jumps the game when he is winner! Five rich stockmen hired a room in the St. James Hotel on Friday night a week ago. They had a poker layout and the blue chips were worth \$25, the red \$10 and the white \$5. It was \$10 ante and no limit. The night flew away apace, and morning dawned on the absorbed players. Some were poorer and some richer by thousands. Breakfast and dinner and then supper were brought up, but the play went on. Late Saturday night one of the participants signified his intention to go home to his wife and babies, but he was kept by the promises of his friends that they did not mean to play much longer. Another daybreak soon peeped in upon the players, and still the click of the chips never ceased. Breakfast, dinner and supper were again served. The play became higher and more reckless. Jack pots that would mean but a ranch were raked in by first one player and then another. At breakfast time Monday morning the man who wanted to go home Saturday night swore he would wait no longer. As he plunged through the doorway he was followed by this scathing remark: "A man who would jump a game."

A year ago I met a young man who had come out West to grow up with the country. He was a graduate of Harvard and had pleasant manners, but evidently left a comfortable Eastern home with exaggerated notions of the West. In three weeks after his arrival he was strapped and had all his best duds in pawn. I was somewhat interested in his fate at the time, but did not see him again until a few days ago. He had the earmarks of prosperity about him, and I was told later that he had graduated from a coal dealer's office as a crack poker player, and had earned it all within a few months. Some wonderful stories were told of this young fellow's nerve and it was said that he had a good fat bank account and sat regularly in a stockman's game.

The tide in his fortune was turned by his grit in playing two deuces in a big game. He had been drifting into gambling for some time, and knew a great deal about a deck of cards. Three of the players had laid down their hands after the draw, leaving only two contestants. The hero of this story had been winning and bet freely on his hand. His opponent kept seeing him and raising him, and finally, after the pot had grown big enough to be worth fighting for, raised him \$2,500. The clerk in the coal office put on his thinking cap. He had two deuces unsupported, and he looked at them, and then coolly eyed his antagonist. This lasted two or three minutes. Not a facial muscle moved.

"I call you," he said at last, throwing his deuces down on the table.

They won the pot.

The other man's hand was not as good as he thought.

I am told that this young Harvard graduate is one of the best poker players hereabouts. He calls a bluff instinctively. His luck is charmed, and the oldest and most reckless players tremble when they go against him.

### THE GREAT ART OF POKER.

The great art in poker is to know when to call and when not to call. With \$100 in the pot and \$5 bet by his antagonist, I once saw the best gambler in Missouri lay down three of a kind.

"Why did you not call him—it would only have cost you \$5?" I asked.

"He had a better hand than I did, and I would have been just \$5 out."

Men are born gamblers, and it is this intuition to call at the right time that makes them successful. In a big game at a hotel here not long ago, in which five or six friends took part, there was an exciting illustration of this delicious sort of doubt. Every player had made good his ante, and some of them had put in a few hundred dollars additional before dropping out. At length \$10,000 lay on the table with two players fighting for it. I stood behind one of them. He had three queens, having drawn to them at the start. His opponent had drawn three cards. The latter at this juncture coolly announced a raise of \$10,000.

The man with three queens was fairly staggered. His antagonist might be bluffing. He might have drawn to an ace and king and caught nothing, or he might have caught another king and two more aces, or he might have drawn to a pair and caught a full hand. Was he bluffing? That was the question. After thinking the matter over he did not consider his queens worth that amount of money, so both hands went to the deck and the man on the other side of the table raked in the stakes.

I found out afterward that all this money was won on the following hands: Ace, jack, ten and two aces. The three queens would have won by a large majority.

It is one of the delights of the stockman, whose fortune has grown up on him like a Jack's bean stalk, to do absurdly extravagant things. These nabobs will actually shake dice for a nice house and lot, first dash out of the box. Sealskin overcoats are worn over hand-me-down suits, and immense diamonds flash from flannel shirt fronts. A rich ranch owner would ask no better fun than to throw silver dollars into a crowd of street gamblers.

There was one poker game here in which every chip—red, white and blue—represented a steer. When a man ante, what he threw to the center of the table represented a steer, and it took another steer to make it good. This was a gilt edged game, and nobody who could not count his cattle on a thousand hills dared take any part in it. It would make a poor man dizzy to think of the money that is won and lost in this steer game. It is evident that a stockman's game is no place for a poor man anyhow.—Cor. New York World.

A writer in *Truth* says: I observe that the Rajah of Travancore is dead. This, if I mistake not, is the gentleman who was recently weighed against a mass of pure gold, in order that the gold might be distributed in charity—that is to say, among the Court officials. It is, of course, natural enough that these gentry should wish to have a new Rajah as often as possible, for the weighing process is undergone by every occupant of the throne. But if I were the next Rajah of Travancore I should take good care not to be weighed until I had arrived at a period of existence when life was beginning to lose its charm.

Colonel Jung, who attained to unenviable notoriety in the Cissey-Kaula case, has just published a work in three volumes, entitled *Lucien Bonaparte et ses Memoires*. The most interesting portion relates to the struggle between Lucien and Napoleon in regard to the former's wife. In 1802 Lucien had met a fascinating young widow, who had been very unfortunate. At seventeen she had married an adventurer of the name of Joubert, who deserted her after a year and died in India. Madame Joubert was left by him with her little daughter, penniless, but was alleged later by Lucien, when her husband, to have been so virtuous as to refuse the advances even of the First Consul. His brother however, was more fortunate, and after having had borne to him a son by her, Lucien married Mme. Joubert in secret. M. Jung relates circumstantially how incensed Napoleon was at this marriage, and how continuously he wished to engage his brother, by threats as well as persuasion, to divorce her, as he himself did Josephine. Lucien however, remained constant to his love, and rather than forsake his wife, renounced all the crowns and thrones his brother placed at his disposal, on condition of his contracting a new marriage with some scion of a sovereign house. Yet the *Memoires secrets sur la Vie de Lucien Bonaparte*, which appeared at Paris in 1818, represent his wife in a light which scarcely explains Lucien's constancy.

A humorous story is told of a recent meeting between two distinguished men of letters. One of the pair is a well known and ultra successful dramatic author; the other is the editor of a famous comic journal. The meeting took place at the dinner table of a mutual friend. During the course of the banquet a guest of an inquiring turn of mind proceeded to interrogate the editor of the comic newspaper as to the manner in which he conducted it. "Do you often," the guest asked, "get any good contributions from the outside public?" "Oh yes, very often," the editor replied, cheerily, proud of the capacities of the world at large. There was a momentary pause in the conversation, which was broken by the dramatist. Leaning forward and gravely gazing at the editor, he asked, in a voice in which blind wonder struggled with incredulity, "Indeed! Then why do you never put them in?"

Tourists used to go from St. Germain to see Monte Cristo, the architectural folly of old Dumas, which he built at a cost of 700,000 francs, and sold to get rid of an urgent creditor for 30,000 francs. It was an asylum in his time for all the masterless dogs in the neighborhood, and the grounds were open to anybody who felt tempted to use them as a promenade. The inhabitants of his manor, with whom he was on companionable terms, were almost human in their intelligence. Jagurtha, a vulture which he bought in Algeria for ten francs, and brought thence in ante-railway times, to Monte Cristo at an expense of 50,000 francs, was the tyrant, and, to some extent, the schoolmaster, of Dumas' private Zoo. All this is changed now. There is a high wall round the premises, with broken ends of bottles stuck in the mortar on the top. A ferocious dog menaces all those who try to peep in through the bars of the gate. If the ghost of Dumas haunts the domain he created, how it must suffer in the presence of this Cerberus!

The late Lord Houghton had during his long life been a very diligent collector of rare books and old folios, with the result that he died possessed of one of the finest libraries in England. One of his cherished possessions was a copy of Congreve's works presented by the poet himself to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough the wife of the great Duke. The copy is a fine one, large paper, and in old red morocco, with a dated inscription in each column in Sarah's own hand writing, recording their presentation to her in 1710 by the great dramatist. This rare copy was picked up at a book sale by Lord Houghton for six guineas.

He bought largely and with discrimination in the "good old times," when three guineas was the "good old time," for a first edition of *Paradise Lost*, with the result that his shelves were rich in choice editions acquired at what would nowadays be considered a very small cost. Collectors of old books who are looking forward with keen anticipation to a dispersal of this notable library in the next art season may, however, look in vain.

### General Advertisements.

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THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO inform the Planters and the public in general, that he intends to establish a Chemical Laboratory in Honolulu, for the purpose of analyzing Soda, Sugar, Fats, Mineral and Vegetable Substances of any kind, and that he is willing to analyze the soil gratis for such plantations as will pay him a royalty on his patent for transforming molasses into a soil fertilizer by means of lime, and will, besides, give all instruction as to which kind of fertilizer has to be supplemented. The undersigned will visit the plantations personally and take the samples from the fields.

DR. GEO. MARTIN.  
Honolulu, August, 1885.  
1074 2m

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Surplus	10,887,017 19
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New Assurance, written in 1884, (larger than that of any other company)	61,577,007 68
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Increase of Premium Income	1,307,792 20
Increase of Surplus—Legal Standard	1,029,575 94
Increase of Assets	5,131,343 54
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In ordering the above Harness the measure of the horse about the neck and girth should be sent to insure entire satisfaction as to fit and durability.

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