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Chiffon Lace, all colors,
45-in. Lace Net, cream and black,
Striped and Check Dimity,
Wide Japanese Crepe, white and color'd
White, Cream and Black Surah Silk,
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Striped and Check Dimity,
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Everything we have mentioned is to be had for the asking (and a little hard coin) at the old stand on the corner of Fort and King streets.

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Notice to Consumers.
The new works of the Hawaiian Electric Co. being now completed, notice is hereby given that from and after January 15th the Company is prepared to supply incandescent electric lighting to customers. In a few days the Company will also be prepared to furnish electric motors for power, and of which due notice will be given. The Company further announce that they are prepared to receive orders for interior wiring and can furnish fixtures and all fittings in connection with new service. Printed rules, regulations and Company's rates can be had on application to the Superintendent.

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TWO MEMORABLE WRECKS.
The Horrors of a Northwest Gale on the Atlantic Coast.
Woe to the sailing ship that encounters a December nor'wester in the north Atlantic near our coast! Hull and rigging become increased with ice the crew work with difficulty, for the prodigious sea coming on board freeze where they strike, make decks rigging slippery and freeze hands, faces and feet. Was to the ship that is wrecked on our coast in such terrible weather? There is one specially memorable wreck in which the horrors were awfully exemplified. It happened to an American private brig in the war of the Revolution. She sailed out from Plymouth with a crew of 144 men, of whom many belonged to that part of Massachusetts. The wind was southwest, but when it got into the bay it veered to the northeast, blowing so hard she could not carry enough sail to keep off a lee shore. They were ship and tried to run back, but she struck on the bar and could not be moved. A prodigious sea was running, it was the month of December and the vessel was loaded down with frozen spray. Then the wind shifted to northwest, and the brig was tossed about as if she were a cork in the sea. The vessel was blown down with frozen spray. Then the wind shifted to northwest, and the brig was tossed about as if she were a cork in the sea. The vessel was blown down with frozen spray.

After the wind went down, the people of Plymouth went off to the rescue. They climbed the slippery rocks and stepped on the slippery deck and entered the cabin and the fore-cabin. There was not a man left alive on board! All were dead. One hundred and forty-four corpses lay on the deck and hid in the cabin. But when the minister arose to preach the funeral sermon and saw that array of dead men before his eyes he fainted him, and he fell back in the pulpit in a fit.

Similar was the doom that befell the ship "New Era" in 1834. She was struck by a heavy gale on the coast of New England. The day when emigrants came to the United States in sailing ships, and the New Era had some 200 souls on board. It was the middle of December, 1834. She was nearing the Jersey shore--of all our coasts one of the most dangerous--and yet her captain, instead of exercising proper vigilance with such a precious freight in his charge, was engaged in making love to one of his passengers and drinking himself drunk.

On a dark night in a blinding snowstorm the ship struck on a reef. To make matters worse she settled on a quicksand, which sucked down the hull, and the breakers roared over her decks and swept off hundreds. The survivors fled to the rigging, and then the wind shifted into the north-westerly gale for the last time. One after another the survivors were frozen to death. Some lay frozen into the surf, some clinging with icy grip to the ropes and spars. Nearly 200 corpses lay on the beach in rows in a long bar, where the bowing alley of the Hathaway House now stands. They were buried in one common grave at Branchburg--Worcester's Magazine.

Bishop Lawrence Favos Cremation.
It was a bold and wise act on the part of Bishop Lawrence to advocate cremation before a Boston audience, but he took no account of the feelings of the people. He was prepared to take, had he lived, as a member of the New England Cremation Society. The opposition to the new method of disposing of the bodies of the dead has chiefly in this country come from those who believe in the literal bodily resurrection of the departed, and who have held that this was a part of the Christian religion.

Bishop Lawrence boldly assailed this opinion and affirmed that cremation is not out of harmony with the highest principles of that religion. He regarded it as a reverent and Christian method of disposing of the remains of the departed. The existence of crematoria for the disposal of the dead within the limits of large cities is now considered as hostile to the living on sanitary grounds, and Bishop Lawrence has taken a forward step in this matter. He has dared to will have a large number of supporters.--Boston Herald.

The Woodcock and Her Young.
The woodcock builds her nest among the dry heather in the woods, and there, of course, she sits on her eggs. The baby birds are helpless creatures, of no use to themselves till their bills grow hard and their legs and wings become strong. They live chiefly on worms and want besides a good deal of moisture.

These things can only be had in swampy ground, and as the youngsters cannot go to the water for their food, how are they fed? It would be a wearisome job for the mother to fly to and fro with the large quantity of worms that her hungry infants need. She would have no time to get a meal for herself.

Well, regularly every evening she actually carries her young in her feet from the woods to the marsh and brings them back again before daybreak to the shelter of the wood, where they stay during the day. This habit was doubted for a long time, and even denied, but it is now accepted as a well established fact.--New York Journal.

Scotch Bells.
The late Archdeacon Atkinson was a great teller of tales (somehow it does not seem correct to say "story teller" of a clergyman), and two of his I remember giving me great pleasure at the time. We were discussing a project one afternoon, and we were anxious but fearful of the success of our venture, when the archdeacon suddenly remarked that we "reminded him of a certain Scotch farmer who, after he had killed, drawn and quartered his Christmas pig, had sadly said: "The pig did not weigh as much as I expected. But, somehow, I never thought it would!"

He told another tale of an old Scotch lady who was dying, and who said to her "nephew," "I'm spared to be taken let the doctors open my head, and see if they can do anything for my hearing."--London Gentlewoman.

The Armenians.
The Armenians are one of the most ancient races in the world. Their country is mentioned by Xenophon and Ezekiel and in the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylon and Assyria. All the nations that surrounded them have passed away, but they remain, though their country has been carried by fire and sword for centuries. The speaker ascribed the permanence of the Armenian race to the virtues of their women and the exceptional purity and stability of the family life. Even in their best days polygamy was unknown to them. They have been a Christian nation for more than 1,800 years and have undergone perpetual persecution for their faith from the surrounding oriental peoples.--Lecture by A. Abovian.

Military Insolence in Power.
At Schroda, in the province of Posen, the other day three landed proprietors--Kohl, Mikulski and Gregor--were elected members of a local committee. The two first named gentlemen, being officers of the reserve, refused to sit with Gregor on the committee. Gregor challenged both of them. They refused to fight, giving the reason that he was not an officer. Then upon Gregor threatened to box their ears wherever he might meet them. The next day he met Mikulski and carried out his threat. Mikulski drew a revolver, saying "I will answer with this." Gregor did the same, and said, "I carry one too." Each began to shoot at the other, one firing three times, the other four. Both men were very seriously wounded.--Berlin Letter.

A VERY BUSY WOMAN.
She pronounced in sounding platitudes Her universal gratitude, For men of every latitude, For her toiler in the mines; She felt a consanguinity, A sisterly affinity, A kind of kin-and-kinity, For all those foreign souls, For Caledonian highlanders, For bristly South Sea Islanders, For stout and stout and drylanders, For Gentiles, Greek and Jew; For Finns and for Siberians, For Englishmen and for Americans, For Terra del Feuigians, She was in a constant stew.

Oh, it worried Miss Sophronia, Let the men of Patagonia, Should die with the pneumonia, With the phillula of the chills, When the toiler in the mines, For the phillula of the chills, Let a group of cold should waylay Some poor soulance of Malay, From the last of the hills.

And she toiled on without measure, And with most untried pleasure, For the good of central Asia, And she toiled on with her legs, For the phillula of the chills, But meanwhile her little sister, Died of a neglected blister, For she toiled on with her legs, For she had no time to spare.--Hudson Gazette.

Came High With a Grip.
A correspondent tells of a unique experience at a hotel where he stopped once for dinner.

There sat next to me a prominent member of the local community--one of those whose capacious maw has extensions attached to the top of his head. For the first 10 minutes I tried to keep up with my fellow diner, but was distanced in no time. I gave up the race and sat down to watch my rival devour his food. He ate to perfection. Everything went from soup to pie, and some of them went several times. Finally his maw was filled, and the farm or passed out to the desk, where he glaukered down a quarter.

"Thank you, said the fresh country law who was officiating as banker. I came next and put up the same ante as my former companion had.

"Half dollar," said the maiden as she shook her head at the tenderer.

"What for?" The farmer sat right by me ate three times as much as I did and only paid a quarter. Why do I have to pay a half dollar?"

The query was evidently one too many for the girl, for she turned to the washroom and hawled out.

"Paw," emerged from the lavatory, evidently bent upon having a row, the limpness of my Carter's jet-black when you write ink eyes melted his anger, and he approached me very gently.

"You had a grip, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did, but I carried it up from the depot myself."

"That don't make no difference. Can't no man with a grip eat in this house for less than half a dollar."--Waukegan State Journal.

Proper Treatment of a Railway Hog.
A car seat monopolist--one of those men who spread themselves out for more comfort than they are entitled to--was discovered on a railway train, near the station at Baltimore. In the ladies' car only one seat was left vacant. It was next to the window, and on it was placed the overcoat and traveling bag. The man sat at the other end of the seat. Two ladies entered the car, and the colored porter politely asked the man to give the vacant seat to one of the ladies. The man did not reply, and the porter, still polite, requested the man to remove his baggage from the seat. The only reply was a grunt. The ladies passed on.

An athletic young man in the car, who was a storker for fair play, rose from his seat for one lady to take it. He had thrown his overcoat over his arm and strode to the seats occupied by the man. He said not a word, but stepped over the monopolist's feet, tossed his overcoat across the back of the seat, threw the other man's overcoat to one side, dropped his valise to the floor and took comfortable possession of the seat. After the young man had seated himself all the passengers in the car clapped their hands in applause. Cigar cases were produced and the other man sat on the seat, threw the other man's overcoat to one side, dropped his valise to the floor and took comfortable possession of the seat. After the young man had seated himself all the passengers in the car clapped their hands in applause. Cigar cases were produced and the other man sat on the seat, threw the other man's overcoat to one side, dropped his valise to the floor and took comfortable possession of the seat. 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THE HAWAIIAN STAR.

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SAURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1894.

GOOD NEWS AS USUAL.

SENATOR GRAY SAYS RESTORATION IS NO MORE.

Cleveland's Senatorial Representative Says That He Will Do Nothing More For the Dominions.

Below is given the latest Hawaiian dispatches, the most important of which covers the admission of Senator Gray, the President's personal representative on the floor of the Senate, that restoration will no longer engage the attention of the American Executive.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—The President late this afternoon transmitted to Congress additional Hawaiian correspondence. The Presidential message is as follows:

"To the Congress: I transmit herewith a few dispatches received a few days ago from our Minister at Hawaii and a reply to one of them from the Secretary of State, in which a correct version is given of the interview which occurred November 14, 1893, between the Secretary of State and Thurston representing the Hawaiian Provisional Government at Washington.

The first of the correspondence submitted a letter from Willis to Gresham, dated January 10th, reciting the former's action in declining to recognize or participate in the celebration of the first anniversary of the Provisional Government.

In the second letter of the same date Willis writes to Gresham: "In a letter from Dole, dated Jan. 11th, the statement is made that on Nov. 14th Thurston called on Gresham and inquired whether Gresham's letter of Oct. 18th was authentic, and was informed that it was. Thurston then asked Gresham if it was the intention of the United States Government to employ force in restoring the Queen. Gresham declined to answer the question, saying that he would speak to the President and talk more fully later.

In the afternoon Gresham informed Thurston that all he was at liberty to state was that Willis had no instructions to do anything to cause injury to life or property.

Thurston said to Gresham: "Your answer does not convey the information I requested. What I desire is to obtain information which will guide my Government in its action. If you think that force is to be used by you, their course of action will necessarily be different from what it otherwise would be. The definite information that you intend to use force may be the means of preventing us from using force and causing bloodshed."

To which Gresham replied: "Our relations in the past have been pleasant, and I want them to continue to be so in the future, and I will be perfectly content to you. I cannot at present answer you more fully than I have done." Willis continues: "I do not know whether Thurston made this statement public in the United States at that time, but I do know that the first intimation this country had upon the subject is contained in Dole's letter of the 11th inst. Had your statement to Thurston been made public here at the time (November 24th) when it was received, the excitement resulting from the warlike preparations of the Provisional Government would have been allayed and critical and dangerous conditions avoided."

DOLE'S CENTER SHOT.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—To-morrow the Senate Sub-Committee on Foreign Relations will further consider the Hawaiian matter and is expected to reach a conclusion. As stated last night in these dispatches Senator Morgan's report will not be all that President Cleveland and his administration could desire. Altogether the evidence before the committee was so strongly antagonistic to the position taken by the administration that it will be hard for the friendliest "cockoo" Senator on the committee to sign a report which would endorse President Cleveland's policy. In the late conversation Senator Morgan plainly intimates that he is not quite ready to endorse it. At the same time the Senator feels keenly the position in which he is placed, as he is known to be disgruntled at Mr. Cleveland and does not care to have it said that in drawing his report on the Hawaiian affair he allowed his prejudice to influence him. But this will certainly not change his determination.

President Dole's letter to Willis, published this morning, was read with great interest at the Capitol. It is generally regarded as a very strong presentation of the Provisional Government case, and one which, if it had been published two weeks ago, as it could have been if not withheld by Gresham, might have defeated Mr. Creary's resolution upholding the President. A United States Senator said today that Dole's letter was more damaging to President Cleveland's case than any speech yet made in Congress. Everybody understands now why the letter was withheld.

"This is not the first time this has been attempted," said a Congressman today, "for the dispatch disclosing Liliuokalani's bloodthirsty disposition was suppressed as much as possible. The detention of the Corwin at San Francisco Bay was another instance of new suppression."

The belief still prevails here that Willis is soon to be called home.

RESTORATION IS ABANDONED.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—The Hawaiian restoration was again the subject of discussion in the Senate today. Gray, the personal representative of the President in the Senate, resumed his argument in support of the President's policy, and reiterated the charges that the revolutionists were dependent on the United States Minister and United States forces for support in their movement and therefore after the Provisional Government depended absolutely upon the United States forces and flag for protection and

for the maintenance of its Government. The full significance of the present Hawaiian situation came out at the close of the Senator's speech, when in a colloquy with Foster he admitted that as a member of the Foreign Relations Committee he understood that the efforts of the President, moral and diplomatic, towards the Queen were at an end and that the present Minister to Hawaii had no directions to pursue further to that end. After the reading of the Senator's bill making the first Monday in September a legal holiday was reported from the Committee, based on the fact that the Gray of Delaware resumed his argument on the Hawaiian question. He reiterated the statements of yesterday that the Queen were at an end and that the present Minister to Hawaii had no directions to pursue further to that end. At 5 p. m. the Senate adjourned.

A GOOD WORD FOR HAWAII.

DES MOINES, Ia., Feb. 12.—In the legislature today Senator Perrine introduced a joint resolution congratulating Hawaii on the first anniversary of its independence and directing the same to be forwarded to President Dole by Governor Jackson.

THE KEARSARGE'S CREW.

IT IS RESCUED FROM THE RONGA-CADOR REEF.

Only One Man Lost—The City of Para Finds the Survivors in Good Health and Spirits.

New York, Feb. 12.—The World's correspondent at Punaia cables: The steamship City of Para, which left Colon on Friday for Rongador reef, to attempt the rescue of the crew of the United States corvette Kearsarge, returned to Colon last night shortly before 12 o'clock. She had on board all of the officers and crew of the Kearsarge except one of the second-class firemen, Anderson Robbins, colored, who was drowned. The men saved by the Para are all well.

It was noon on Saturday when the Para reached Rongador Cay, which is in the Caribbean sea about 250 miles north of Colon. The sea was calm when the relief ship arrived at the cay, where the survivors of the wreck were huddled on a small spot of coral at the north end of the reef. The castaways sent a hearty cheer as a salute to the rescuers, and the guns of the Para banged approvingly in reply, while the crew and Lieutenant Brainard yelled themselves hoarse.

Favored by weather and smooth water, the work of taking on board the gallant steamer proceeded rapidly and without difficulty or mishap. The Para had only four hours but several of the boats from the Kearsarge were available in the calm sea, and they were utilized in getting the 175 men from the cay to the relief ship. At 10 o'clock the steamship Brainard sailed from Rongador to Old Providence island, seventy-five miles southwest, the small boats of the Kearsarge were in a half-damaged condition, but while waiting for aid the castaways devoted a great deal of their time to patching them.

The Kearsarge's people did not suffer as much during their stay on the cay as it was feared they might. They had an abundance of provisions which they had saved from the wreck, and they got a little fresh water from the corvette. By digging in the sand a brackish water suitable for culinary purposes was secured.

The greatest suffering experienced by the castaways was caused by the intense heat, which blistered the unfortunate, unaccustomed to the tropical exposure. The sun beat down on them like a triphammer. Two old butts were found on the cay, and boards and wreckage were used to provide partial shelter, but it was impossible for all the men to get under cover at one time. The company divided into watches and turns were taken in hitting from the scorching rays.

So intolerable became the situation that the desperate expedient of attempting to reach the old Providence island in the boats of the Kearsarge was determined upon the day on which the relief ship was sighted. It is probable, though, had such a trip been undertaken, many lives would have been lost, because, it would have been impossible to land the crowded small boats on old Providence on account of the treacherous currents. After taking on board the officers and crew of the Kearsarge found on Rongador the City of Para assumed to Old Providence to pick up Lieutenant Brainard's boat's crew. The strong currents running there rendered the task a most difficult one, and so much time was consumed in getting the handful of the island that it was feared in Colon that the City of Para might have been lost. Then it was that arrangements were made to fit out a second relief ship.

At no time did it occur to the castaways that the delay in sending succor to them was occasioned by reef tape. It was thought Lieutenant Brainard and his brave crew might have perished before reaching old Providence, as that was the only thing that was imagined, that could prevent a speedy attempt at rescue.

In order to prevent any unpleasantness on the trip from Rongador to Colon the members of the crew were not informed of the cause of the tardiness of the departure of the Para on her errand of mercy.

Nothing but an inquiry will solve the mystery of the presence of the Kearsarge on such dangerous proximity to Rongador reef. That her loss resulted, in the only statement that can be gotten from any of the Kearsarge people. The belief is a general one that the ship was away out of her reckoning, and that the wreck was brought about by a gross error in calculating the force and direction of the currents that prevail in that section.

That the sea was running appallingly high and that the night was dark at the time the ship struck, has hitherto been the belief, but the surprising statement is now made that the weather was not bad.

The wreck of the Kearsarge is total, but the hull will not go to pieces entirely for a long time unless broken up by a hurricane. It is said, though, that nothing can be saved from the wreck on account of the impossibility of approach to it, surrounded as it is by rugged rocks and sharp coral strands. The Kearsarge struck the reef on the north-east side, more than a mile south of the ledge of coral called Rongador cay, the spot upon which the castaways were perched over a week. The ship went clear in amid coral columns which stand out of the water like colonnades. The Kearsarge's company saved not only the clothing they wore at the time they abandoned the wreck.

The British Consul at Colon told Lieutenant Brainard he would send a number of men from Jamaica to rescue the American sailors, but the lieutenant courteously declined the offer, he being fully confident at that time that the

PERILS OF THE OCEAN.

City of Para would start in good season. The officers and crew of the Kearsarge will sail from Colon to New York on the City of Para to-morrow, if the cargo can be stowed. The steamer will be due in New York in about seven days after sailing from Colon.

Appalling Accident on a Man-of-War.

The Paris Loner Her Rudder. King, Feb. 12.—A terrible accident occurred on board the German ironclad Brandenburg this morning near St. Louis, three miles from Duak light-house, at the entrance to Kiel bay.

Today was selected for the forced draught trial. To get the ironclad in first-class condition for the test forty artificers were sent aboard from the Imperial dockyard. While eleven men were in the engine room a tremendous explosion took place. The main pipe of the starboard engine had burst.

Far above the noise of the escaping steam were heard the heartrending cries of the injured and dying. Panic temporarily spread among the crew, but, after a moment's hesitation, every effort was put forth to rescue the unfortunate men in the engine room. It was found that of the eleven artificers all but one had been killed. The man who escaped owed his preservation to the fact that he was standing on the ladder near the top of the room. His companions were all on the floor of the room.

It was later discovered that thirty-nine men had been killed and nine injured, thirty-seven being killed instantly. Four steamers were promptly dispatched from Kiel to the scene of the disaster. They carried a number of physicians and surgeons and a large quantity of medical supplies. The gunship Tissem, with Prince Henry of Prussia on board, also put off instantly to the Brandenburg's aid.

Most of the dead and injured lived here or in the neighborhood, and many had families. The wharves were crowded from the time the steamers left till they returned with the victims. As the dead and wounded were borne from the vessels to the shore the air resounded with the cries of the bereaved, while those who had not lost friends or relatives wept their hearts out.

A strict inquiry will be made into the cause of the disaster. THE PARIS LOSES HER RUDDER. QUEENSTOWN, Feb. 16.—The American liner Paris came into this port to-day and anchored, having been disabled in the storm on last Tuesday by the loss of her rudder. Her advent was preceded by the news, for, after rigging a jury rudder the vessel proceeded slowly to the Irish coast, and sent a boat's crew ashore at Dount's Rock. A pilot was sent the disabled vessel, and eventually brought her into port.

Captain Bandle says the lower part of the broken steel rudder weighs upward of thirteen tons when separated from the stock. When the stock broke there was great danger of damage to the hull. The peril was greatest when the Paris was in the seaway and stopped. If the steamer had not had twin screws she would have become unmanageable. The accident is attributed to a sudden jerk of the rudder and the force of the sea when the steamer was pitching. Capt. Bandle complains that he signed a National Life steamer Tuesday that his vessel's rudder was disabled, and the National liner paid no attention to the signals.

The steamer was 800 miles at sea when the accident happened. She had 129 first-class passengers, 110 second class and 250 steerage. They will be forwarded to New York by the steamer Berlin Sunday, while the Paris will proceed to Southampton to have a new rudder fitted.

CLEVELAND BEATEN AGAIN.

Senator Hill Secures the Rejection of Peckham's Nomination. WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—Mr. Peckham will not be Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. He was rejected by the Senate this afternoon, after a two-days' contest in executive session, by a vote of 41 to 31.

In the personal contest between Grover Cleveland and David Bennett Hill of New York, the Senate has taken the side of Hill by nine majority and has decided that the President of the United States shall not be permitted to use the greatest legal price in this country as a means for the gratification of his personal spite.

The rejection was not necessarily a condemnation of Mr. Peckham. It is a protest against the political methods of Grover Cleveland. It is a warning, also, to the President, that in selecting a member for the United States Supreme Court he cannot secure the votes of Republican Senators if, in order to satisfy the Southern element, which is dominant in the Democratic party, he shall choose a Northern man who can obtain from the ex-Confederates a certificate that he will construct the Federal constitution as the Jeffersonian would like to have had it constructed, and who will also declare, as a means of winning free trade votes, that a protective tariff is unconstitutional.

TELEGRAPHIC NOTES.

Von Bulow the pianist is dead. Fighting continues near San Salvador. Gov. Matthews of Indiana is seriously ill. Nicaragua has seized the mosquito coast. Paris is under arms from fear of the anarchists. The Nevada Southern railroad has been attached. Steele Mackay, the playwright is ill from overwork. There are strained relations between France and Portugal. Rebels in the south of Brazil are said to be marching on Rio. Great Britain is trying to revive the Behring Sea modus vivendi. Col. John D. Stevenson, the most noted California pioneer, is dead. Princess Colonna has arrived in New York with her brother, Mr. Mackay. Prince Poniatowski and Miss Maude Barke of California are to be married. Sir John Thompson accuses agents of the United States of sowing political discord in Canada. Two-thirds of the houses in Diego Suarez, Madagascar, have been destroyed by a cyclone. Chandler the African explorer, has returned to the coast. His forces deserted him in the interior. A ship canal across the State of Michigan, to shorten the route of commerce, is likely to be built at a cost of \$50,000,000. The United States' Government has demanded the release of an American citizen confined unjustly in the Esmeraldas, Lower California, jail. A waiter exploded an anarchist bomb in a crowded Paris restaurant near the St. Lazare railway station, killing and wounding many persons. De Gama made a desperate land attack on forts near Nietheroy on Feb. 12th, but was driven back and was personally wounded in the arm and neck. He will probably die. The East has had an appalling blizzard which has delayed all mails and caused much suffering. The storm entered the United States from the Pacific ocean by way of Lower California.

BY AUTHORITY.

SALE OF TENANCY AT WILL OF TWO GOVERNMENT LOTS AT KALUAOAPA, KALIBI, HONOLULU, OAHU.

On TUESDAY, APRIL 30, 1894, at 12 o'clock noon at the front entrance of the Executive Building, will be sold at public auction the tenancy at will of two Government lots at Kaluaopala, Kalibi, Honolulu, Oahu, containing an area of 19.96 acres a little more or less.

Term: Lease for one year with privilege of continuance at the same rental until such time as the Minister of the Interior may desire to terminate the same by giving 90 days notice. Upset price \$100 per annum, payable semi-annually in advance.

J. A. KING, Minister of the Interior, Interior Office, Feb. 22, 1894.

SALE OF TWO STRIPS OF GOVERNMENT LAND, NUUANU VALLEY, HONOLULU, OAHU.

On FRIDAY, March 30, 1894, at 12 o'clock noon, at the front entrance of the Executive Building, will be sold at Public Auction two strips of Government land below the Kepena Pool, Nuuanu Valley, Honolulu, Oahu, viz: Lot No. 1, containing an area of 75-100 of an acre. Upset price \$40.

Lot No. 2, containing an area of 10-100 of an acre. Upset price \$10.

J. A. KING, Minister of the Interior, Interior Office, Feb. 20, 1894.

NOTICE.

It is hereby notified that the following persons have this day been appointed members of the Board of Education: Mr. William R. Castle, President, for the term of one year.

Mr. Marion M. Scott, for the term of one year. Mrs. Frank S. Dodge, for the term of two years.

Mr. Antonio Perry, for the term of two years. Mrs. B. F. Dillingham, for the term of three years.

Mr. William D. Alexander, for the term of three years. SANFORD B. DOLE, By the President. J. A. KING, Minister of the Interior, Executive Building, Feb. 19, 1894.

IN RE MAUI ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY, Ltd. WHELAN, the Maui Electric Light and Power Company, Limited, a Corporation established under the laws of the Hawaiian Islands, has, pursuant to the law in such cases made and provided, duly filed at the office of the Minister of the Interior, a Petition for the dissolution of the said Corporation, together with a certificate thereto annexed, as required by law.

Now therefore, notice is hereby given to any and all persons who have been or are now interested in any manner whatsoever in the said Corporation, that objections to the granting of the said Petition must be filed in the office of the undersigned on or before Tuesday, the 20th day of March, 1894, and that any person or persons desiring to be heard thereon, must be in attendance at the office of the undersigned in the Executive Building, Honolulu, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day to show cause why said Petition should not be granted.

J. A. KING, Minister of the Interior, Interior Office, Jan. 15, 1894.

248-Ex. Tues. 1d.

Two Magnificent Residences for Sale.

A rare opportunity to purchase a home at a bargain.

No. 1.—House and Lot facing on Green St. and Grand elegantly laid out with lawns and terraces, fruit and ornamental trees. The Gov. is handsomely finished; contains eight rooms and spacious verandas. Unsurpassed view of the ocean. A ferry, barn, stable and servants' quarters comprise the out-buildings. The area is 13 acres.

No. 2.—House and Lot facing on Thurston Avenue. House has seven rooms and wide verandas. There is a barn, stable, servants' quarters and fernery. Has a commanding view of Diamond Head and the ocean.

These two residences are the property of Mr. R. I. Little, who has placed them in my hands for sale. For further particulars apply to

T. W. HOBRON, Fort and Merchant Streets.

THE NEW JEWELRY STORE, 503 FORT STREET, Is prepared to manufacture anything in its line. Souvenir Spoons a Specialty. Also on hand a Fine Stock of Imported Jewelry—everything in the latest designs.

P. O. Box 257. Fort Street. 405. ISLAND ORDERS Promptly Attended to.

E. A. JACOBSON General Managers for the Hawaiian Islands.

CREOLE, 21,702, Race Record: Fourth Heat, 2:15. Made at Stockton, Cal., September 23, 1893.

Sire, Prompter, 2:05, by Blue Bull, 7:5; Dam, Grace, by Buccaneer, 2:05. Prompter is also the sire of Apex, 2:12; Transit, 2:26 1/2; Stalker, 2:23 1/2; Wales, 2:27 1/2; Chico, 2:12; and of the Dams Brilliantine, 2:17 and Vigor, 2:28. Creole is jet black, one hind white foot and a small stripe in face. Weight, 1,050 pounds; is very stylish, gentle, a good producer and a game race horse. Will stand for a limited number of mares at \$50 for the season, payable at time of service. This horse was bred in 1892 to forty-six mares and produced forty-two colts.

D. H. DAVIS, Club Stables.

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Come in and see what you can find. You can buy at your own price.

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Wrought Steel Ranges, Chilled Iron Cooking Stoves.

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS: Agate Ware (White, Gray and Nickel-plated), Pumps Water and Soil Pipes, Water Closets and Urinals, Rubber Hose, and Lawn Sprinklers, Bath Tubs and Steel Sinks, O. S. Gutters and Leaders, Sheet Iron, Copper, Zinc and Lead, Lead Pipe and Pipe Fittings.

Plumbing, Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Work. DIMOND BLOCK, 75-97 KING STREET

ENTERPRISE PLANING MILL, PETER HIGH, & CO., Proprietors. OFFICE AND MILL on Alakea and Richards, near Queen St., Honolulu

MOULDINGS, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, SCREENS, FRAMES, TURNED AND SAWED WORK, ETC. Prompt Attention to all Orders. TELEPHONES: (Bell, 498, Mutual, 55.

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NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!! An entire New Stock has just been opened by 520 FORT STREET, N. S. SACHS, HONOLULU

Latest Novelties in Dress Goods—Wool Materials in the Newest Plaids, Stripes and Solid Colors at very low prices. All, Wool, Cashmere or Solid Colors. An elegant assortment of Fancy Figured and Solid Color Silks, Shot Silks (the latest), in all Shades. Figured India Silks in dress patterns, Crystal Silks, India Silks, Louch Silks. A full line of Silks in all colors. At Fifty cents a Yard.

An immense assortment of White and Colored Cotton Dress Goods. Latest Patterns, Newest Materials, New Challises, New Mullins, New Crapes. A line assortment of Gingham, Percales and Flannellets, Fancy Striped Cotton Crinkles. Also an elegant assortment of Dress Trimmings to match all Materials.

These Goods are selected personally by Mr. Sachs in New York city and are of the Very Latest, and will be offered at prices to suit the times.

WE SELL Stoves, Ranges, and House Furnishing Goods. AGATE IRON WARE, TIN AND GALVANIZED IRON WARE, SANITARY GOODS, BATH TUBS, WASH STANDS, STEEL SINKS, WATER CLOSETS, NICKEL PLATED AND FINISHED BRASS GOODS, GALVANIZED WATER PIPE AND FITTINGS 1/2 TO 2 INCH, 2 TO 6 INCH CAST IRON AND VTRIFIED SOIL PIPE AND FITTINGS.

We are equipped for work of all kinds in the Sheet Metal and Plumbing trades, and can guarantee thorough workmanship and first-class materials in these lines. Jobbing a Specialty. We solicit your patronage. Telephone: Bell, 481, Mutual, 211.

J. EMMELUTH & CO., Nuuanu and Merchant Streets. THE PACIFIC HARDWARE COMPANY Have received an Invoice of DOG COLLARS, DOG CHAINS, HALTER CHAINS, AND STAKING-OUT CHAINS.

These are all of the patent safety link and are very strong and light. Some of the collars are made of aluminum. The line is new to this market.

A FINE LINE OF DANDY BRUSHES, SHOE SETS, SHOE BRUSHES, DAUBERS, POPE'S HEADS IRONING AND PASTRY BOARDS, MARKET BASKETS IN VARIOUS styles, CLOTHES BASKETS, DELIVERY BASKETS.

A choice selection of ARTIST PROOF ENGRAVINGS, Never before offered in this market.

ETCHINGS, ARTOTYPES, ROSENBAUMS ETCHING, PHOTOGRAVURES, FLORAL STUDIES, FACSIMILE PASTELS, PANELS, MEDALLIONS, RANDAL AND GUERIN'S PHOTOGRAPHS, FOURTEEN NOTED HORSES.

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AT THE TABERNACLE.

"WHERE'S MOTHER?" WAS REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SUBJECT SUNDAY.

A Queen Unto God Forever—Old Fashioned Mothers Resting in a Good, Easy, Comfortable Heaven and Waiting at the Palace Window For Their Loved Ones.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 14.—This novel and unique subject was presented by Dr. Talmage this forenoon to the usual throng crowding the largest Protestant church in America. The congregation, led by organ and cornet, sang a gospel hymn to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home." Text, Judges, 28, "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window."

Spiked to the ground of Joel's tent lay the dead commander in chief of the Canaanish host, General Sisera, not far from the river Kishon, which was only a dry bed of pebbles when, in Palestine, we crossed it, but the gullies and ravines which ran into it indicated the possibility of great freshets like the one at the time of this text. General Sisera had some of the best iron chariots, but he was defeated, and his chariot wheels interlocked with the wheels of other chariots, he could not retreat fast enough, and so he leaped to the ground and ran till, exhausted, he went into Joel's tent for safety. She had just been churning, and when he asked for water she gave him butter-milk, which in the east is considered a most refreshing drink.

Very tired and supposing he was safe, he went to sleep upon the floor, but Joel, who had resolved upon his death, took a tent pin, long and round and sharp, in one hand and a hammer in her other hand, and putting the sharp end of the tent pin to the forehead of Sisera, which her other hand she lifted the hammer and brought it down on the head of the pin with a stout stroke, when Sisera struck her and she struck him again, and he struggled to get up, and the third time she struck him, and the commander in chief of the Canaanish host lay dead.

Meanwhile in the distance Sisera's mother sits amid surroundings of wealth and pomp and sees a painful waiting for his return. Every man expects her son to be victorious, and this mother looked out at the window expecting to see him drive up in his chariot, followed by wagons loaded with embroideries and also by regiments of men vanquished and enslaved. I see her now sitting at the window in high expectation. She watches the farthest part of the road. She looks for the dust of the feet of the swift horse. The first flash of the bit of the horse's bridle she will catch.

THE DEATH OF SISERA. The ladies of her court stand round, and she tells them of what she shall have when her son comes up—chains of gold and carvings of beauty and dresses of such wonderful fabric and splendor as she has only hints at, but leaves us to imagine. "He ought to be here by this time," says his mother. "That little is surely over. I hope that freshet of the river Kishon has not impeded him. I hope those strange appearances we saw last night in the sky were not ominous warnings of some disaster in these courses. No, no! He is so brave in battle I know he has won the day. He will soon be here."

But alas for the disappointed mother! She will not see the glittering headgear of the horses at full gallop bringing her son home from victorious battle. As a solitary messenger arriving in hot haste reports to the window as which the mother of Sisera sits here, "Your armies are defeated, and your son is slain." There is a scene of horror and anguish from which we turn away.

Now you see the full meaning of my short text. "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window." Well, my friends, we are all in the battle of life. It is a long and the most of us have a mother watching and waiting for news of our victory or defeat. If she be not sitting at the window of earth, she is sitting at a window of heaven, and she is going to hear all about it. By all the rules of war Sisera ought to have been triumphant. He had 900 iron chariots and a host of many thousands vaster than the armies of Israel. But God was on the other side, and the angry freshets of Kishon, and the hail, the lightning, and the unmanageable war horses, and the caped chariots, and the stellar panic in the sky discomfited Sisera. Josephus in his history describes the scene in the following words:

"When they were come to a close fight, there came down from heaven a great storm with a vast quantity of rain and hail, and the wind blew the rain in the face of the Canaanites and so darkened their eyes that their arrows and slings were of no advantage to them, nor would the coldness of the air permit the soldiers to make use of their spears, while the Canaanites did not much incommode the Israelites because it came on their backs. They also took such courage upon the apprehension that God was assisting them, that they fought from the very midst of their enemies and slew a great number of them, so that some of them fell by the Israelites, some fell by their own hands which were put into disorder, and not a few were killed by their own chariots."

AT HEAVEN'S WINDOW. Hence, my hearers, the bad news brought to the mother of Sisera looking out at the window. And our mother, whether sitting at a window of earth or a window of heaven, will hear the news of our victory or defeat, not according to our talents or educational equipment or our opportunities, but according to whether God is for us or against us.

"Where's mother?" is the question most frequently asked in many households. It is asked by the husband as well as the child coming in at nightfall. "Where's mother?" It is asked by the little ones when they get hurt and come in crying with the pain. "Where's mother?" It is asked by those who have seen some great sight or heard some good news or received some beautiful gift. "Where's mother?" She sometimes was worried by the question, for they all ask it and keep asking it all the time. She is not only the first to hear every case of perplexity, but she is the judge in every case of domestic appeal. That is what puts the premature wrinkles on so many maternal faces and powders white so many maternal foreheads. You see it is a question that comes up every day of childhood. It comes from the nursery, and from the evening stand where the boys and girls are learning their school lesson, and from the starting-out in the morning, when the tippet or hat or slate or book or overshoe is lost, until at night, all out of breath, the youngsters come in and about until you can hear them from collar to garter and from front door to the back fence of the back yard. "Where's mother?" Indeed a child's life is so full of that question that if he be taken away one of the things that the mother most misses and the silence that most oppresses her is the absence of that question, which she will never hear on earth again, except she hears it in a dream which sometimes restores the nursery just as it was, and then the voice comes back so happy, sweet, and so innocent, and so figuring that the dream breaks at the words, "Where's mother?"

A QUEEN UNTO GOD FOREVER. If that question were put to most of us this morning, we would have to say, if we spoke truthfully, like Sisera's mother, she is at the palace window. She has been a queen unto God forever, and she is pulling back the rich folds of the king's upholstery to look down at us. We are not told the particulars about the residence of Sisera's mother, but there is in that scene in the book of Judges so much about embroideries and needlework and ladies in waiting that we know her residence must have been princely and palatial.

So we have no minute and particular description of the palace at whose window our glorified mother sits, but there is so much in the closing chapters of the good old book about crowns and pearls big enough to make a garter out of one of them, new songs and marriage suppers, and harps, and white horses with kings in the stirrups, and golden candlesticks that we know the heavenly residence of our mother is superb, is unique, is colonnaded, is domed,

is embowered, is fountained, is glorified beyond the power of pencil or pen or tongue to present, and in the window of that palace our mother sits watching for news from the battle.

What a contrast between that celestial surrounding and her once earthly surroundings! What a work to bring up a family in the old time way, with but little or no hired help, except perhaps for the washing day or for the ewe slaughtering, and then leaving it all to hired help, with one or two safe a day to the nursery to see if the principles announced are being carried out. The most of those old folks did the sewing, the washing, the mending, the darning, the patching, the millinery, the merrit making, the housekeeping and in hurried harvest time helped spread the hay or treat down the lot in the mow.

They were at the same time enterers, tailors, doctors, chaplains and nurses for a whole household all together down with measles or scarlet fever, round the house with whooping coughs and croup and run-round fingers and earaches and all the infantile distempers which at some time sweep over every large household. Some of those mothers never got rested in this world. Instead of the self-rocking cradles of our day, which, wound up, will go hour after hour for the sake of the young mother, it was weary toil on the rocker sometimes half the day or half the night—rock—rock—rock for the sake of the baby.

Instead of our drug stores filled with all the wonders of materia medica and called up through a telephone, with them the only apothecary shop for miles called the house with whooping coughs and croup and run-round fingers and earaches and all the infantile distempers which at some time sweep over every large household. Some of those mothers never got rested in this world. Instead of the self-rocking cradles of our day, which, wound up, will go hour after hour for the sake of the young mother, it was weary toil on the rocker sometimes half the day or half the night—rock—rock—rock for the sake of the baby.

THE OLD FASHIONED MOTHERS. Fifty years of preparing breakfast, dinner and supper. The chief muscle they heard was that of "pinning" and rocking chair. Fagged out, headachy, with ankles swollen. Those old-fashioned mothers—if any persons ever fitted appropriately for a good, easy, comfortable heaven they were the folks, and they got there, and they are rested. They wear no spectacles, for they have their third sight—as they lived long enough on earth to get their second sight—and they do not have to wait for breath after going up the eternal stairs of the Eternal Palace, at whose window they now sit waiting for news from the battle.

But if any one keeps on asking the question, "Where's mother?" I answer, she is in your present character. The probability is that your physical nature suggests her. If there be seven children in a household, at least six of them look like their mother, and the older you get the more you will look like her. But I speak now especially of your character and not of your looks.

This is easily explained. During the first 10 years of your life you were almost all the time with her, and your father you saw only mornings and nights. There are no years in any life so important for impressions as the first 10. Then and there is the impression made for virtue or vice, for truth or falsehood, for bravery or cowardice, for religion or skepticism. It is steadily start out from behind a door and frighten the child, and you may shatter his nervous system for a lifetime. During the first 10 years you can tell him enough spoke stories to make him a coward till he dies. At 10 before him as though Friday were an unlucky day, and it were lawful to have 13 at the table, or see the moon over the left shoulder, and he will never recover from the idiotic superstitions. You may give that girl before she is 10 years old a fondness for dress that will make her a more "dumpty" frame, or fashion plate for 40 years. Eccles. xvi, 44, "As is the mother so is her daughter."

Before that decade has passed you can decide whether that boy shall be a Slogcock or a George Peabody. Boys and girls are generally echoes of fathers and mothers. What an inebriated father or mother out of temper to punish a child for getting mad, or for a father who smokes to shut his boy up in a dark closet because he has found him with an old stamp of cigar in his mouth, or for that mother to rebuke her daughter for staring at herself too much in the looking glass when the mother has her own mirrors so arranged as to repeat her form from all sides. The great English master's moral character was decided before he left the nursery, and his schoolmaster in the schoolroom overheard this conversation: "Hyon, your mother is a fool," and he answered, "I know it."

You can hear through all the heroic life of Senator Sam Houston the words of his mother when she in the war of 1812 put a musket in his hand and said: "There, my son, take this and never disgrace it, for remember I had rather all my sons should fill one household grave than that one of them should turn his back on an enemy. Go and remember, too, that while the door of my cottage is open to all brave men it is always shut against cowards." Agrippina, the mother of Nero, a murderer, you are not surprised that her son was a murderer. Give that child an overdose of catechism, and in the presence of the Bible as a punishment, and make Sunday a bore, and he will become a stout antagonist of Christianity. Impress him with the kindness and the gentleness and the loveliness of religion, and he will be its advocate and exemplar for all time and eternity.

A few days ago right before our express train on the Louisville and Nashville road the preceding train had gone down through a broken bridge, 12 cars falling a mile when the train was in the air. I saw that only one span of the bridge was down and all the other spans were standing. Plan a good bridge of morals for your sons and daughters, and you will have a really Christian, you have first of all to thank God, and I think next you have to thank your mother.

The most impressive thing at the inauguration of James A. Garfield as president of the United States was that after he had taken the oath of office he turned round, and in the presence of the people, took the hand of his mother, and the senate of the United States kissed his old mother. If I had time to take a walk out of this audience and I could ask what the soldiers of the regiment to which one of your comrades "What has made the change in you? You used to like sin as well as any of us." Pulling from his pocket his mother's letter, in which, after telling him of some comforts she had sent him, she concluded, "We are all praying for you, Charlie, that you may be a Christian," he said, "Here, that's the sentence!"

THE NEEDLE AND THE SWORD. The trouble with Sisera's mother was that while she sat at the window of earth watching for news of her son from the battlefield she had the two bad qualities of being dissolute and being too fond of personal adornment. The Bible accounts: "His wife ladies answered her. She returned answer to herself: 'Have they not spoiled? Have they not divided the prey—to every man a damsel or two, to Sisera a prey of divers colors—a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides?' She makes no anxious utterance about the wounded in battle, about the blood shed, about the dying, about the dead about the principles involved in the battle with the sword. Pointed at one end and with an eye at the other, whether of bow or ivory, as in earliest times; or of bronze, as in Phlegy's time; or of steel, as in modern times; whether laboriously fashioned or

formerly by one hand or its now, when a hundred workmen in a factory are employed to make the different parts of one needle, it is an instrument divinely ordered for its comfort, for the life, for the health, for the adornment of the human race. The eye of the needle has seen more domestic comfort, more joy, more gladness, poverty, and more Christian service than any other eye.

The modern sewing machine has in no way abolished the needle, but rather exalted it. Thank God for the needlework from the time when the Lord Almighty from the heavens ordered in regard to the embroidered dress of the ancient Tabernacle, "Thou shalt make a hanging for the door of the tent of blue and purple and scarlet and fine twined linen wrought with needlework," down to the womanly hands which this winter in this Tabernacle are presenting for benevolent purposes their needlework. But there was nothing except charity and worldliness, and some splash in what Sisera's mother said about the needlework she expected her son would bring home from the battle.

And I am not surprised to find that Sisera fought on the wrong side, when his mother at the window of my text, in that day of contention, had her chief thought on dry goods achievement and social display. God only knows how many homes have made slipcover on the wardrobe. And that mother who sits at the window of my text, waiting for vainglorious triumph of millinery and fine colors and domestic pageantry will after awhile hear as loud news from her children out in the battle of life as Sisera's mother heard from the struggle at Edramon.

MOTHERS STRUCK DOWN. But if you still press the question, "Where's mother?" I will tell you where she is not, though once she was there. Some of you started with her likeness in your face and her principles in your soul. But you have cast her out. That was an awful thing for you to do, but you have done it. That long grinding, discolored look you never got from her. If you had seen any one strike her, you would have struck him down without much care whether he was good or evil, just as you would, my boy, you have struck her down—struck her innocents from your face and struck her principles from your soul.

You struck her down! The tent pin that Jaol drove three times into the skull of Sisera was not so cruel as the stab you have made more than three times through your mother's heart. But she is waiting yet, for mothers are slow to give up their boys—waiting at some window. It may be a window on earth or at some window in heaven. All others may cast you off. Your wife may seek divorce and have no more patience with you. Your father may disinherit you and say, "Let him never again darken the door of our house." But there are two persons who do not give you up—God and mother.

How many disappointed mothers waiting at the window! Perhaps the panes of the window are not of great glass plate, bevel edged and covered over by exquisite lambréins, but the window is made of simple glass. I would say about six or eight feet, in summer wreathed with trailing vine, and in winter pictured by the Ragnhilds of the frost, a real country window. The mother sits there knitting or busy with her needle on lonely repairs, when she looks up and sees coming across the bridge of matrimony a stranger who she knows in front of the window.

He lifts and drops the heavy knocker of the farmhouse door. "Come in!" is the response. He gives his name and says, "I have come on a sad errand." "There is nothing the matter of my son in the city, is there?" she asks. "Yes," he says. "Your son got into an unfortunate encounter with a young man in a liquor saloon last night and is badly hurt. The fact is he cannot get well. I hate to tell you all. I am sorry to say he is dead." "Dead!" she cries as she totters back. "Oh, my son! my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee!"

THE HEAVENLY TRAINS. "But," says some one, "are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of my evil doings since she went away?" Says another one, "Are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of my self sacrifice and moral bravery and struggle to do right?" No! Heaven and earth are in constant communication. There are trains running every five minutes—trains of immortals ascending and descending—spirits going from earth to heaven to live there. Spirits descending from heaven to earth to minister and help. They hear from us many times every day. Do they hear good news or bad news from this battle—this Sedan, this Thermopylae, this Antietam, in which every one of us is fighting on the right side or the wrong side?

Oh, God, whose I am, and whom I am trying to serve, as a result of this sermon roll over on all mothers a new sense of their responsibility, and upon all children, whether still in the nursery or out on the wide prairies and hearts of the world, the fact that their victories or defeats sound clear out, clear up to the windows of symbolic maternity. Oh, is not this the minute when the cloud of blessing fills with the exhaled tears of anxious mothers shall burst in showers of mercy on this audience?

There is one thought that is almost too tender for utterance. I almost fear to start it. I have not enough control of my mind to control it. As when we were children we so often came in from play, or from a hurt, or from some childish injustice practiced upon us, and as soon as the door was opened we cried, "Where's mother?" and she said, "Here I am," and we buried our weeping faces in her lap. So after awhile, when we get through with the pressures and hurts of this life, we will, by the pardoning mercy of Christ, enter the heavenly home, and among the first questions, not the first, but the first, will be the old question that we used to ask, the question that is being asked in thousands of places at this very moment—the question, "Where's mother?" And it will not take long for us to find her or for her to find us, for she will have been watching at the window for our coming, and with the other children of our household of earth we will again gather round her, and she will say: "Well, how did you get through the battle of life? I have often heard from others about you, but now I want to hear it from your own lips. Tell me all about it, my children."

And then we will tell her of all our earthly experiences—the holidays, the marriages, the birth hours, the burials, the heart breaks, the losses, the gains, the victories, the defeats—and she will say: "Never mind. It is all over now. I see each one of you has a crown, which was given you at the gate as you came through. Now cast it at the feet of the Christ who saved you and saved me and saved us all. Thank God we are never to part, and for all the ages of eternity you will never again have to ask 'Where's mother?'"

The Value of Water. The Colorado Irrigating company have projected a canal to irrigate 1,500,000 acres of land in the Salt Lake desert. The water will be conveyed from the Colorado river, the total length of the canal being about 400 miles and the estimated cost \$5,000,000. It should be placed on the tract in question, its value would be raised to about \$20,000,000.

What He Wanted. "Oh, Father Dolan, I am so ill, it's me self which isn't a-goin' to get well, at all, at all." "Well, Pat, I'll ask the good Lord to give you a new heart."

"A new heart, is it? No, be jabbers, it's a new liver I want intirely."—Newport News.

Polite to a Fault. Johnny's Ma'ma—When my little boy went out with Jerry, did he remember to be polite and make Jerry go out before him? Johnny—Yes, ma, sure, I did. An when he wouldn't go one first I turned around and slugged him.—Chicago Record.

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