

Protection Extended. SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 10.—The most important news brought by the steamship Australia, which arrived from Honolulu at 3 o'clock yesterday morning, is that United States Minister Stevens had established a protectorate over the islands. The act was acknowledged at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 1st inst., when the stars and stripes were raised on Aliouani hall, and Minister Stevens issued the following proclamation:

The Hawaiian People: At the request of the provisional government of the Hawaiian islands, I hereby, in the name of the United States of America, assume protection of the Hawaiian islands, for the protection of life and property and occupation of public buildings on Hawaiian soil as far as may be necessary for the purposes specified, but not interfering with the administration of public affairs by the provisional government. This action is taken pending and subject of negotiations at Washington.

JOHN L. STEVENS, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States, Legation, February 1, 1893. Approved and executed by C. C. Wiltz, captain, United States navy, commanding the United States steamship Boston.

The Advertiser says regarding the Stevens' proclamation that the action was principally due to the incessant agitation on the part of certain whites, who have always been the curse of the country, coupled with English and native newspaper efforts to discredit and block the new government. These agencies spread through the town a feeling of uneasiness and distrust. The provisional government concluded that some positive step was necessary, and it would be wisest to call on the United States for direct assistance. The Advertiser, continuing, says:

At 8:30 a. m., on the 1st, the Boston's battalion was landed, under Lieutenant Commander Swinburn, and sent up to the government building, where detachments from the volunteer companies' provisional government were drawn up. Lieutenant Rush read Mr. Stevens' proclamation, and on the stroke of 9 the star spangled banner fluted up the staff on the tower. The flag was saluted by the troops and marines, and the heavier guns of the Boston and Hawaii were under Uncle Sam's wing for the time being, at least.

The Hawaiian flag still flies on the court yard; the palace, barracks, police station, custom house, etc., remain in possession of the provisional government, which will administer public business, as usual. The arms and ammunition will be withdrawn from Honolulu, which, until definite intelligence arrives from the United States, will be guarded by a detachment from Boston. Public confidence in the ability of the provisional government to preserve order and quiet is manifest everywhere, as well as a disposition on the part of the citizens to co-operate in every possible way to assist it. President Sanford B. Dole on January 20 issued a proclamation announcing that all powers, duties, etc., required of the sovereign of the Hawaiian kingdom should be hereafter vested in and performed by the president of the provisional government and that the executive council would perform the duties of the cabinet. Another proclamation announced that if any person, recruit, soldier or sailor within the Hawaiian islands should engage in armed hostility against the government or act in any other treasonable manner he shall be punished by fine and imprisonment, not less than six months nor more than six years. The proclamation also demanded that all persons in the employ of the government take the oath of allegiance within twenty days. At a meeting of the executive and advisory councils on January 23, it was decided to send notification of the appointment of S. B. Dole as president of the provisional government, to the rulers of foreign powers, and to organize a national guard of four companies. W. G. Ashley was appointed marshal, and J. R. Soper commander of the forces, with the rank of colonel. Martial law still continues at Honolulu, but the hours have been lessened. Its proclamation resumed in the maintenance of complete order and diffused a feeling of security throughout the community. Among the passengers on the steamer were Paul Neuman, the deposed queen's attorney, and Prince Kavankow, who are on their way to Washington to present the queen's case.

The Panama Sentence. PARIS, Feb. 10.—The Panama sentences have just been delivered. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps and M. Charles de Lesseps are sentenced to imprisonment for five years, and to pay a fine of 2000 francs. M. Marius Fontane and M. Cottu are each sentenced to imprisonment for two years. M. Kistler is sentenced to imprisonment for two years and to pay a fine of 2000 francs. The sentences were pronounced after a long session of the court. The judgment ends the de Lesseps' guilty of swindling and fraud.

Four Wrecks. DETROIT, Mich., Feb. 11.—A special to the News from Potosky, Mich., says: There were four wrecks on the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroads last night. Three freights are in the ditch, with no one hurt but on Manton hill a horrible accident occurred. Conductor Harry Chamberlain, in charge of the mixed train south, is badly injured; brakeman Whiting was killed, and Harry Barlowen, a traveling salesman for the Star Clothing company, was roasted to death, only one arm being found. The accident was caused by the south bound passenger crashing into the caboose of the freight, which was halting to push the mixed train.

His Body Has Been Found. FARRIS, Tex., Feb. 11.—News has just been received that the body of Will Butler has been found hanging to a limb and riddled with bullets, on Hickory creek, five miles southeast of this city. Butler was a stepson of Henry Smith, who was crowned king here February 1, and made himself notorious during the search for Butler by claiming to know his whereabouts which he could not do.

"I found that a beauty!" said Pat. "I can get twenty hundred more from Washington street every day as long as it is open."

Forty-four Lives Lost. DOVER, N. H., Feb. 11.—The county insane asylum four miles from here was burned last night and forty-four lives were lost. When Watchman William Chevey made his 10 o'clock trip into the insane asylum he found the fire coming from the cell occupied by A. Lafamitain, a woman, and gave the alarm. William Driscoll the keeper, whose family lived in the building at once broke the locks of the forty-four cells and tried to get the inmates out, then he got his wife and children out, neither of whom were dressed. Of forty-eight inmates only four escaped. They are William Twombly, Rose Sanderson, William Davey and Frank Donahon. The latter walked two miles in a blinding snow storm with only his shirt on to William Horne's house, where he was taken care of. The keeper's books were burned in the building. One woman escaped to the yard, but was burned to death there. The building was of wood, 135x36 feet, two stories high, with a big yard on either side. It was built twenty years ago and had fifty cells. The building cost \$15,000.

The main building, in which were over 100 of the county poor, caught fire, but was saved by the heroic efforts of the inmates, who carried pails of water and extinguished the flames, although many were burned in so doing. The Dover fire department was summoned, but owing to the distance, the blinding snow storm and the icy roads, it took ninety-five minutes for the department to get there, and was too late to be of any service. The smoking ruins show the charred bodies still lying on their beds. How the building caught fire is a mystery.

Found Guilty. PITTSBURGH, Pa., Feb. 11.—The trial of Henry Bauer and Carl Nuld, as accessories to Bergman the anarchist in the attempted assassination of Henry C. Frick in July last was begun yesterday before Judge Slagle. Judge Slagle in his charge instructed the jury to render a verdict of guilty. The jury was out ten minutes and returned with a verdict in accordance with the judge's charge. Judge Slagle sent Bauer up and fined him \$50 and sentenced him to sixty days in jail for contempt of court in refusing to answer questions while on the witness stand. The same defendants are on trial again.

Asks for Additional Appropriation. WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 11.—A delegation appeared before the committee on appropriations to show cause why congress should make additional appropriations for the World's fair President Willets of the government board asked for \$201,750, in order to enable the board to complete its exhibit, pack and ship it to Chicago and make it ready for exhibition. This, he said, would bring the total appropriation up to the \$1,000,000 originally estimated as necessary for the government exhibit. Lieutenant T. S. Tacey, representing the navy department, asked for \$40,000 to fully equip and man the brig ship John Boyd Thatcher, in behalf of the national commission, wanted \$570,888 to defray the expense of procuring medals and diplomas, and employ judges. The commissions wished to know what proportion of the judges would be females, and the discussion followed left that subject in doubt the commission promising that women would be proportionately represented among the judges. At President Palmer's request Mr. St. Clair, speaking in behalf of the commission, urged an original appropriation of \$138,185 and a deficiency appropriation of \$27,000, which was necessary to complete the commission's work.

From France. PARIS, Feb. 11.—Papers of all shades of opinion comment on the severity of the sentences in the Panama canal cases, especially that of Ferdinand de Lesseps (whose genius) was the glory of France. Cattui and Chas. De Lesseps have decided to appeal from the finding. The tribunal of Selve delivered a decision in the suit of Madame Seborowski, formerly Madame Destures, wife of the Dabet Minister to France, who secured a divorce in South Dakota and married Seborowski and who asked the court for the custody of her child. Under the South Dakota decree the court refused to grant the petition or to consider the merits of the case.

EDUCATIONAL NEWS. The increase in the number of students attending college in the east as well as in the west is remarkable. The new catalogue of Yale shows that there are 1967 students in attendance this year. The class of '96 numbers 507, while the corresponding class of a year ago contained 468 students. Harvard has 2966 students with a freshman class numbering 400.

To the numerous opportunities for higher education which have been opened to women during the past year has, recently, been added the graduate department of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. In 1877 the trustees passed a resolution admitting women to the graduate courses. The resolution, however, was not confirmed by the professors until a month or two ago. This gives the women the right to pursue their studies under the same regulations that govern their brothers. They may, also, be examined and proved to the degree of Ph. D. after the manner prescribed for the young men.

Education in the south seems to be taking a turn in the right direction. The people of Alabama, especially, are realizing more and more, the benefits to be derived by a state whose citizens belong to an intellectual and moral class. They are rallying to the support of the public school system. Last year the sum of \$627,911 was paid out for that purpose. The state appropriated \$35,000 of this amount, while the balance was secured from various funds and taxes levied for school purposes. The children in attendance at the different institutions of learning comprised 300,000 whites and 240,000 colored. This is an indication that the Negro population is rapidly learning to appreciate the benefits to be derived from an education. "The schools are increasing in numbers, the attendance is better, and the public appropriations by local taxation" to a degree hitherto unknown.

The University of Liege, Belgium, has just celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of its foundation. The country has passed through many changes during this time. The college was in existence most of the period of the union between Holland and Belgium, and during the independent kingdom of the latter. The students were always been patriotic. They have loved their country first, but, at the same time, they have been active in promoting the spirit of international union. The roll of professors has included many distinguished names. The students number at present about one thousand and thirty, of whom two hundred are foreigners.

Governor Cronruse has reappointed Prof. E. H. Parbour, of the department of geology in the University of Nebraska, acting state geologist. Miss Carrie Barton, instructor in art in the University of Nebraska, has sent in her resignation to the chancellor and it has been accepted to take effect about March 1st. She goes from there to the Agricultural College of South Dakota where she will receive a salary of nine hundred dollars a year with a midwinter vacation of four months in which to go on with her own studies in art. Dr. J. H. Pickering has discovered the skull and skeleton of a Mastodon. As soon as the weather permits he is going to have this find dug up and will then present it to the University of Nebraska. Hon. J. W. Woolworth, of Omaha, Hon. T. M. Marvett, of Lincoln, Hon. J. C. Watson, of Nebraska City, representative from Cass and Otoe counties, Rev. D. R. Dugan, D. D., president of Cotner University and other well known men and prominent lawyers, are on the board of lecturers in the law college of the University of Nebraska. A student of Nebraska's state University has recently presented the museum with a complete set of the corals from the boring of a natural gas well at Hastings. The university authorities desire to secure as many such sets as possible, as they are of much value in solving many problems in regard to artesian wells in Nebraska. On Wednesday evening, February 15th, Hon. Seth Law, president of Columbia College, New York City, will deliver the address at the annual charter day exercises of the University of Nebraska. His subject is "The American University." President Law was a classmate of Chancellor Canfield at Columbia, and is a prominent man in the educational world. For twenty years after his graduation from college he was engaged in business and was not directly connected with educational work. Then he was called to the presidency of his alma mater and his success in that capacity is known everywhere in college circles. His success seems to clearly show that the essential qualification of a successful college president in these days are not far different from the requisites for a successful man.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the rantage ground of the truth.

When a man is "beside himself" he generally demonstrates that he doesn't like the company.

You can be sure of this: if you are doing all you can to make a child happy, you are doing something that pleases God.

Light travels at the rate of hourly 300,000 miles in a second, but it is a small consolation to think of it when you fall over a wheelbarrow in the dark.

CHAPTER VIII. [CONTINUED.] It was an open window that looked out on a private court, that ended at Merwyn's stables. Against it stood a ladder. When last he had stood at that window, it was closely shut, and the ladder was certainly not there. Its presence now perplexed and worried the schemer.

"Perhaps the officers put it there in trying to get in," reflected Dacre, but unessily. "At all events, Flora first. I'll release her, and force the rear door." He approached the vault. Its combination was familiar to him. A mere mechanical twirl of the fingers, and the tumbler clicked. He swung back the ponderous door and glanced within, deciding that his prisoner was still insensible, for all was silent.

Then a great hollow cry rang from his lips, for, peering into the gruesome void, he made a marvelous, a lewd, a lewd discovery. The vault was empty—the banker's daughter was not there!

CHAPTER IX. WHIFFER? "Gone." Arnold Dacre recoiled from the vault door of the bank with that word gaspingly uttered, with heart and soul bewildered and benumbed by the startling discovery of the moment.

"Gone—vanished—disappeared! What did it mean? What could it mean, but treachery, or providence? Securely shut in he had left Flora Merwyn. The massive door had been doubly locked. How had she penetrated that barrier, or, rather whose hand had liberated her? Certainly not that of the Sheriff or his guards. They had not visited the room since he had left the bank for the Court.

Wharton? A fierce, passionate rage burned in the plotter's bosom at the suggestion of that thought. Had his life-long rancor been so cruelly bestowed a critical moment? What more natural than that, under the stress of conscience-stricken misery, he had stolen back to the bank, rescued the imprisoned Flora, restored the stolen fortune, and washed his hands of the entire affair by speedy, precipitate flight?

With a cry of ungovernable anger, Arnold Dacre made a bound for the door, as if to overtake and punish his treacherous subordinate at once. Then he halted abruptly. "Dolt, idiot that I am!" he ejaculated. "Why it could not have been Wharton. He does not even know the combination of the lock."

The decision was a momentary relief, but this emotion speedily gave way to a new and far more intense dread. If not Wharton, who? Only the dead banker and himself knew the combination, only they had power to enter the vault. Vainly the schemer worried his brain for some solution to the overwelling mystery of the moment. Speculation, theory, dread, doubt, anxiety ran riot in his haunted mind. Then, with a sickening conviction that somewhere along the line of his well-laid plans a broken link had been unguarded, he left the room and the bank, and proceeding around the square, rung at the front door of the banker's dwelling.

Flora had escaped. Flora had been rescued. Flora was free! What enticed behind a carefully-erected fortification, propped up with fraud, forgery, and cunning, he did not so much dread a battle with a penniless orphan, he could set down any public accusation she might make as the ravings of a distracted mind, as the natural endeavor of a daughter seeking to cast the blame due her father upon some one else. But a vague intuition told him that the hand which had liberated her was a friendly hand, that a hidden, secret foe, whose identity he could not even surmise, had appeared to disturb his well-laid projects. An enemy in the dark—what latent power to unmask, to betray, and punish, might not this first act of antagonism presage!

The old housekeeper answered his summons. Her nervous, hysterical manner made her greeting almost incoherent. The master was dead and Flora had disappeared. With stern harshness the cashier subdued her agitation. "Speak!" he ordered. "Where is Miss Merwyn?"

"She left the house for the bank, hours since. I have not seen her. She has not returned. I went through the covered passage way and called her, but the door leading into the bank is locked." The open window—the ladder! Dacre decided that Flora had not returned or been brought to the house. Where, then? He went around into the little court. It had but one entrance—from the stable. Rarely used, the tiles were moldy and covered with dust, and a disturbed path showed leading from the bottom of the ladder to the carriage house.

"Ah! what is this?" Dacre uttered the startled ejaculation with a movement toward an object lying on the ground. It was a lace collar, and the pin that had held it in place bore the intelligent initial "M." "Flora came this way," he decided, "or was brought this way. Yes," his heart sinking, "here are the marks of four feet. Why! the carriage and the two gray horses are gone."

The discovery threw new light upon the subject. The investigation of the ensuing half-hour verified the growing dread in his mind, that the mysterious disappearance of the banker's daughter was due to a rescue, and that, whoever her protector, her subsequent safety and retirement from the proximity of enemies had been well looked after. For, coming out upon the street, Dacre had not questioned half-a-dozen people, before he found one fully able to answer his anxious leading questions—had they seen anything of Mr. Merwyn's close carriage?

"I did," confidently announced one of a group. "Where?" demanded the eager questioner. "Making for the river road, just at the edge of the village, just before noon." "You are sure?" "Don't I know the horse? Didn't I see Merwyn's initial on the door? The inside curtains were all drawn, but I got a glimpse at the wind whiffed one side.



Plain as I see you now I saw Flora Merwyn lying back among the cushions. I suppose she's making off with what her thieving old father didn't steal from the bank." Dacre passed the unjust insinuation by unheeded. That phase of the case would help his own side of affairs. Prejudice for Flora would militate against any effort she made to accuse her father's cashier of crime. "And the driver?" he queried sharply. "Oh, him! He had on a great coat, and a slouch hat drawn down well over his eyes, and drove so fast I could not make him out."

Arnold Dacre turned from the spot with darkening brows. Who was this mysterious coachman—this strange unknown who possessed the secrets of the bank, who knew just how and when to act in the interests of the dead banker's daughter? Whether had he removed the one living witness to the crime of the cashier?

In an agony of suspense, Dacre hurried to the nearest livery stable. He ordered its swiftest horse, and once mounted dashed down the road that led to the city like one mad. At every road tavern and farm house he halted—of every passing pedestrian he made the incessant inquiry—had they seen a close carriage and team of grays? No, was the invariable reply. Once free of the town, the flying vehicle and its occupants had disappeared as effectually as though the earth had opened and swallowed them up.

A man, making slow, limping progress with the aid of a cane, shambled out of the horseman's way as he dashed past at break-neck speed. It was John Wharton's pensioner, the paralytic, Tom Cupples, bent on his mission of secrecy. He stared strangely at Dacre; he was about to call after him, but he remembered orders, and plodded on. The excited schemer little dreamed that the tolling cripple upon whom he had barely bestowed a glance, was bearing away to hiding the precious packet he had entrusted to the keeping of the old bank clerk, only a few hours ago.

CHAPTER X. THE UNKNOWN. The shades of night were falling as Arnold Dacre, an anxious disappointed man, turned his horse's head homeward once more. The long arduous quest had been vain. Here a hint, there a trace of vehicle and occupants, but only a hint, barely a trace—of indefinite, unreliable, which followed up, led to nothing.

"I give it up!" he muttered grimly, and with savage energy. "They have not gone citywards. West lie the forests, the scattered settlements, and it would be like looking for a needle in a hay stack to seek them there. One consolation is afforded me, however: Flora Merwyn's mysterious friend seems more of a protector than a champion. Were he cognizant of the true state of affairs, and intending to unmask or fight me, he would have come straightway to the city, to the lawyers. Instead, they are in hiding. That evidence, fear, and affords me time to penetrate their obscurity later on. To-morrow I will resume the hunt more thoroughly and systematically. For the present, important issues demand careful attention."

He was wearied as he drove into the little town. He went straight to his lodgings. While he ate a rejuvenating meal, he listened to the gossip of his landlady. Her little-tattle showed that affairs were proceeding in full accordance with his well-laid cherished plans. The banker's body had been removed to his home, and prepared for interment. An inquest had been held, but the identity of the assassin had not been established. Meantime a deputy sheriff guarded the bank, and the quieted mob relied on judicial interference to give them their rights eventually. The theory had got abroad that Abel Merwyn had been a sly, scheming acrobat, instead of the man of probity and integrity which public spirit he had been adjudged. Mediastine wholesale robbery, adverse speculation had swept his ill-gotten gains away. It was rumored that the failure had nearly killed old John Wharton, and that the only person who had striven to save enough from the wreck to pay the begard deposits, was Arnold Dacre, who had remained at his post of duty like a hero.

Dacre smiled complacently at the intelligence. Then, in the shadows of dusk, he stole towards the dead banker's mansion. It was silent, solemn, and gloomy. He meditated a brief call upon the housekeeper—he would venture an inquiry regarding any possible word she might have obtained concerning the missing Flora.

Just about to go up the front steps of the house, however, Dacre started violently, and strained his uncertain gaze towards the street again. "It is not possible," he ejaculated, "it is not possible!"

At the curb stood a conveyance—a close carriage. Attached to it, untied, drooping, covered with foam, jalded, worn out, were two grey horses. It was the Merwyn team-out, the self same team that had so mysteriously left the stable eight hours previous. "What does it mean?"

Uttering the query vaguely, Arnold Dacre ran excitedly to the side of the vehicle. There was no driver in the seat. He pulled open a side door. The vehicle contained no passenger. "Oh! Mr. Dacre."

He turned sharply at the words. They were spoken by the housekeeper, who, a handkerchief held hysterically to her eyes, stood on the covered side porch regarding him. "Oh! it is you?" murmured Dacre. "Tell me—Miss Merwyn, Flora she has returned?" "No."

"But this carriage?" "Wandered up here a few minutes since." "Driven by—?" "No one, just as you see it. Oh! where is your carriage—what has become of her?" The schemer's eyes dilated with rapid, excited thought. To him the situation was plain. Flora Merwyn and her mysterious protector had reached a place of

seclusion and safety, had turned the horses loose, and they had found their way home as intended. "I'll take them to the stables," he said.

He seized the bridles and led the tired steeds into the court yard. Just unloosing the gates, he looked up as his name was called in tones of inquiry, and a form loomed up in the near distance. "Is that you, Mr. Dacre?" "Yes, who is it? Oh! the Sheriff. What is it?"

"You are needed." The schemer looked annoyed. "Needed?" he repeated vaguely. "What for? No more bother about the bank, I hope?" "Oh, no; but I think you had better see your old clerk."

"Wharton?" "Yes." "What's the matter with him?" "As if he did not know! Consummate actor! As if he had not anticipated the very information about to be awarded to him!" "Well, he's acting mighty queer." "How?"

"Cranky—peculiar. The people say he's gone clear daft over this trouble. He's got positively unmanageable." Arnold Dacre chuckled to himself. To himself, too, he muttered complacently, "Good! Wharton is carrying out the scheme nobly." "Will you come. He's at his room and cutting up badly." "Yes," replied Dacre, "I'll be there in fifteen minutes." "Very well."

The Sheriff departed down the street in the direction of Wharton's lodgings. Arnold Dacre looked after him with glowing eyes of mingled contempt and triumph. "The unsuspecting dolt!" he ejaculated. "This little dream the plot we're playing. Wharton adjoined insane, and irresponsible, and unable to answer certain ugly questions about the bank accounts, which might be difficult to explain. Merwyn dead, the papers all fixed to suit my claims, my course is plain sailing—only the girl and her unknown protector!" he muttered darkly, as he led the horses into the carriage house. "If I was sure of her silence and his identity, if I could only trace them, I would feel the victor complete."

He groped about until he found a lantern on a hook. This he lighted. By its aid he un hitched and stalled the tired horses. Then, taking up the light, he held it close to the vehicle. It showed rough usage, evidences of hard driving. A peculiar sandy loam attached to the wheels, and he noted it. "Hello! that's a clue. They have gone west beyond the swamp lands. I will prosecute my search in that locality to-morrow."

He flashed the lantern through the door of the carriage next, striving in the appearance of the seats, the floor, the robes to trace the possible movements of the two persons in whom he was so enormously interested. "No mud or loam here," he reflected, "so the drive was made without stop. Ah! what is this?"

It indicated with the eagerness of a gold miner groping in the glittering dust for a nugget, Arnold Dacre snatched up a card lying just under the driver's seat. It was yellow—ominous hue, suggestive of the tawny flag of quarantine, the lottery card, the convict ticket of leave. It was worn, its edges frayed, and had been trodden into the mire of careless feet.

He held it nearer the lantern. He glanced at it, stared, recoiled, and, gasping for breath, fell back against the stable door as if struck there by a powerful blow. The lantern went jangling to the floor. Into his eyes came a weird, superstitious dread, a nameless horror. "The truth was revealed now. No need to seek further for the identity of persecuted Flora Merwyn's mysterious friend. For that ominous yellow card dropped accidentally by the driver of the carriage, was a revelation complete—it told all.

His brain reeling, his senses distraught, all the past hovering over him like a dark, threatening cloud, all the future menacing him like a flaming sword, he seemed to see duplicated in the air everywhere, swaying in serpentine flashes of fire, the words that little card bore:

Convict 2,324, Good-Conduct Card.

And convict number 2,324, as he well knew, was the man his villainy had consigned to hideous prison cell, the man whom Flora Merwyn had loved and lost—Ray Webster!

[TO BE CONTINUED.] Cheap White Sponges. It is well to be economical, but there is no economy in buying certain articles because they are offered at low prices. Attention has frequently been called, for instance, to the white sponges which are offered for sale by street peddlers and at cheap fancy-goods shops. To begin with, they are not what they are represented to be, namely, sponges. On the contrary, they are very coarse, as a rule, their high color being due to a liberal use of chloride of lime. There would be no harm in this artificial bleaching process were the salt entirely washed out of the sponge by soaking in clear water or by a solution of anti-chlorine. But this is not done, as your nose will tell you, and the result has been that people who have used the sponges for toilet purposes have been affected with inflamed and watering eyes. Concerning the use of chloride of lime by these dealers in cheap sponges, a story is told by a New York paper that it is to disinfect the sponges, a necessary process, because of the previous use to which they have been devoted—washing wounds on hospital patients, and other nameless, but imaginable service. It is difficult to believe that the hospital authorities would permit sponges once used by them to be disposed of in any price. But the sale of them by street vendors is not unprincipled, servants could easily be effected without the knowledge of the superiors of the household, and they are not so easily detected.

They will do the least harm to the best furnace.

Two annual runs received by the Prince of Wales from the Duke of Cornwall began between 1890 and 1891, 1892.