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PUT DOWN BY THE DOG

HOW A REVOLUTION WAS SUPPRESSED BY A PLAYFUL PUP.

The Bull Pup Thought There Was a Grand Opportunity to Have Some Fun and Started in to Enjoy Himself—Contestations Among the Revolutionists.

Another revolution has been suppressed in Hawaii, and the supporters of the queen are congratulating themselves on the strength of the government. Other people recall the fact that the first Wilcox rebellion was suppressed by a bull pup after the king had been driven to the royal bathroom for protection.

"We were at the islands a year or two ago—Harry Gillig, Frank Unger, myself and Pierrrot. Pierrrot was Harry's bull pup, the joy of his owner's life, the pride of his heart. He was a fierce, bloodthirsty looking brute, and when ever a true sport would pass him the covetous regard which the man would show for the dog would make the cold chills of apprehension play leapfrog in Gillig's spinal marrow. As a matter of fact, though, Pierrrot was as playful and quite as harmless as a kitten. He never bit anything in his life except the sweetbread, chateaubriands and such delicacies with which his indulgent owner pampered him.

"Well, at the islands David Kalakaua was king—and a kindler man never lived. He showed us marked attention; arranged feasts in our behalf, made me governor of an island for a day, and lost his money to us at poker. He spent nearly as much time at our cottage as he did at the palace, which was close at hand. We grew to have a genuine regard for him, because, whatever his faults, he was every inch a king in the generosity of his impulses and the love which he bore for his subjects.

"There was a condition then prevailing at the islands somewhat similar to that preceding the arrest of Wilcox, Ashford and the other conspirators. Discontent mattered in the corners. An indefinable strain was in the political atmosphere. Without knowing why, the outlook felt that rebellion might set the alarm bells ringing at any moment. The wrecking of a government might have been precipitated by the jostling of a man on the sidewalk.

"The king was uneasy, though he kept a smiling face and his customary affability. Feeling as we did toward him, we shared in a measure his anxiety, and awaited the denouement with feverish impatience.

"The army was giving trouble. It had felt its power by putting down (with the aid of the baseball pitcher) the first Wilcox revolution. It became unreasonable in its demands, and the king was soon involved in trouble with his own troops. "You know the Hawaiian army consists of about sixty-seven men and half as many officers. But though small, it is the one military power of the island kingdom, and it has relatively as much power and importance as the kaiser's marshaled millions. And so it was that when fierce discontent and whispered denunciation were rife in the army the people's faces blanched and apprehension mingled in the merriest rout.

"At last it came. One night, as Gillig and I sat on the porch of our cottage, we heard 'the roll of the stirring drum' and the clangorous marching of armed men.

"The revolution has begun! The army is marching on the palace!" shouted Gillig.

"Being a brave, aggressive man, Harry grabbed a revolver and started on a run for the palace inclosure. Being more or less of a fool, I suppose, I ran after him without any revolver. Being a dog, Pierrrot ran after us both.

"When we reached the palace we found the entire army just drawing into line in front of it. There was all the thunder of the captains and the shouting which a man's heart could wish. The army had come to make a demand on the king, and was prepared to enforce it with bullet and bayonet.

"Now pretty much everything on that trip had been arranged for Pierrrot's amusement. So when he saw the gloriously caparisoned army drawn up in the glare of the palace lamps he supposed it was there as a part of his fun. With a bark and a bound he started to enjoy the army.

"Wow!"

"When Pierrrot started for the army the king saw him coming. With his bow legs, wide jaw and red, overhanging jawl he seemed a ravening beast. His onslaught was quick and noisy. The army stood its ground a moment, and then began to beat a retreat. The retreat was in an instant a rout. The rout became a scramble, with the dog taking the brimstone for every man's motto. This was all the more fun for Pierrrot. He gave expression to his joy in wild yowls of delight. Every few moments a gorgeous officer or slightly more subdued private would come leaping through the trees in a yellow cloud of fear. Pierrrot playfully cutting his heels until attracted by some other scattered remnant of the leaguering host.

"The rebellion was suppressed. Kalakaua was maintained on the throne and Hawaii was again at peace—all on account of Harry Gillig's bull pup."—San Francisco Examiner.

Early English Umbrellas. Two centuries ago the umbrella was known and used as a sunshade. Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher alluded to it. In 1712 it was used as a rain protector. Gay in his "Trivia" speaks of the "umbrella's oily shed," which was recorded as a kind of wester material more serviceable than gingham or silk, which was used in its construction at that period.—Detroit Free Press.

Not a Sourishing Diet.

An old Scotch servant attached to the household of the famous British logician, Sir William Hamilton, was as proud of his master's fame as if it had been his own, and, having picked up a few of Sir William's technical words and phrases, brought them into play on every possible occasion. One day a gentleman who was fond of drawing out old John for the amusement of the company said to him, with an engaging air: "I suppose, John, now that you've lived so long with such a great reasoner as Sir William, you are quite able to conduct an argument yourself?" "Well, I wina say my muckle as that," replied the old Scotchman, with the modesty of true genius, "but if I canna conduct an argument, I'm thinking I could draw an inference."

"Could you? Let us see, then? There's an Eastern proverb, you know, about the wild ass standing up the east wind. Now what inference would you draw from that?" "For a moment old John looked nonplussed, as well he might, and then a gleam of sly humor twinkled in the corner of his dark gray eye, and he answered, with a grin and chuckle: "Aweel, the inference that I wad draw from that wad be that he might sniff a lang time before he grow fat!"—David Ker in Harper's.

Polly Saved the Valuables.

We had moved into a newly built house, which had all the modern improvements, the electric bell being one of them. It was a cold winter's night. Mr. and Mrs. J. were traveling in Europe and the servants were all gathered about the kitchen fire. Polly was also near the fire, but in the dining room, which was up stairs. She used to see our mistress ring the bell for the servants to enter, and, like a clever bird, studied on this for a long while. On this night Polly was all alone, when suddenly the door opened and two men entered. The room being dark they could not see the bird and began searching for valuables, for they were burglars. Polly now proved her worth. She put out her claw and pressed the button of the electric bell. It brought the servants to the dining room, where, after a short struggle, they secured the burglars, who were about to make way with much of the valuable silver in the dining room. Polly was fed on dainties for some time as a reward for her valuable assistance.—Cor. New York Recorder.

An Old Buccaneer.

"I recently met a survivor of Pirate Lafitte's band of freebooters," said Thomas Haines, once a lieutenant in the United States navy. "He was a tough looking specimen, and must have been well past eighty years of age, for it is more than sixty years since Lafitte had his headquarters on Galveston island and preyed upon the commerce of the Gulf. The relic of those half forgotten times was an inmate of a Jersey City charitable institution and was not much inclined to discuss bygone. He said, however, that Lafitte was a very handsome Frenchman more than six feet in height, well made and possessed of wonderful talents as a commander. He ruled the toughest lot of men ever congregated on one island as though they were a flock of lambs. Occasionally a lawless spirit would rebel, however, but his days thenceforth were brief and full of trouble. Every woman who came in contact with Lafitte fell in love with him, and he was as safe among his female friends in New Orleans as on Galveston island surrounded by his armed buccaneers."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Production of Portland Cement.

Mr. Girou, read before the Engineer's club at Philadelphia a paper on the trade of the world in Portland cement, in the course of which he said that the present annual production in Europe amounts to over 20,000,000 barrels and its commercial value to over \$7,200,000. The first factory was established at Northfleet, on the Thames. The process was so crude that in 1850 only four factories were in operation. In England there is now over 8,300,000 barrels made each year. The process is much the same as it was twenty years ago. The raw materials are chalk and clay, both pure, and although inferior processes are employed they make a satisfactory cement. A few years ago the entire product of the kilns was put on the market, but the fitness of the Continental cements led English makers to improve their processes, although even now English cement is not as a rule as firm as Geneva or French Portland.—New York Evening Sun.

Photographic Paper.

Photographers were obliged until recently to import from Germany the paper used in their work, our own manufacturers being unable to assemble the necessary conditions of material water and workmanship for the production of paper suitable for silver printing. A process has now been perfected in this country whereby a very ordinary paper is coated with a thin surface of sulphate of barytes and answers admirably for photographic use, bringing out in the finished picture a wealth of detail formerly unknown in the art, it being lost in the texture of the paper employed.—Engineering Magazine.

A Clever Bit of Workmanship.

In a museum of curiosities at Salem, Mass. there is preserved a common cherry seed or stone hollowed and fashioned like a basket. Within the basket are twelve tiny silver spoons, the shape and finish of which cannot be distinguished with the naked eye. The name of the artist who constructed this little wonder has been lost, but the actual existence of the thing itself will not be questioned by any one from the old with headquarters of the Bay State.—Chicago Herald.

Aged at Nineteen Years.

An important bit of local history has been discovered at Salem in connection with a tombstone in the old Charter street burying ground. In the uppermost corner of this ground is a stone bearing this inscription: "Mr. Nathaniel Mather died October 17th, 1688. An aged person that had seen but nineteen winters in this world." The meaning of this peculiar inscription has long been a matter for conjecture among local historians. In his "American Note-books," Nathaniel Hawthorne refers to it and says: "An aged man at nineteen years' with the gravestone. It affected me deeply when I cleared away the grass from the half buried stone and read the name."

The mystery has been solved by the discovery in the Essex institute of a book entitled, "The Genealogy of the Mather Family." By this book it appears that Nathaniel Mather was born July 6, 1669, and was a brother of Cotton Mather and a son of Increase Mather. At the age of twelve years he had thoroughly fitted for college, and he was graduated from Harvard at the age of sixteen. At twelve he had read the Old Testament in Hebrew and the new Testament in Greek, and was able to converse familiarly in Latin. He was distinguished not only for his complete mastery of languages, but for his attainments in mathematics, philosophy, history, theology and rabbinical learning as well. At the time of his graduation he delivered an oration in Hebrew upon the state of learning among the Jews.—Boston Journal.

Where Columbus Got His Idea.

Medieval Europe knew but very little of eastern and northeastern Asia. Many of the most learned cosmographers of the time taught that Asia stretched eastward indefinitely, and no one imagined that it had an eastern coast washed by the ocean. It was seriously taught that eastern Asia was a land of vast swamps, uninhabited by monster serpents and dragons. This was the opinion that still prevailed up to within 200 years of the time of Columbus.

At this time two Venetian merchants by the name of Polo went on a vast trading expedition to the uttermost parts of Asia. They were gone many years. Upon their return the son of one of them, a young man named Marco Polo, wrote out a full account of their travels, described the empire of the grand khan (the Chinese emperor) and revealed the fact that Asia was bounded on the east by a vast ocean. He described this eastern coast minutely, with all its vast cities and its wealth of precious stones and spices. It was from reading this book that the imagination of Columbus was fired, and he conceived the bold conception of reaching this eastern coast of Asia by sailing toward the west around the earth.

So when he discovered Cuba he had no doubt that he had landed upon the coast of Asia, and that he looked upon the same scenes that Marco Polo had gazed upon 200 years before.—Yankee Blade.

The Floating Weeds in the Atlantic.

The gulf weed (Fucus natans) which, with its little round "berries," is not unlike the mistletoe in form, but of a brownish yellow color, has been thought to have lost its property of rooting on rocks and to have acquired the power of living afloat. It has even been suggested that the sea marks the site of a submerged continent, apparently the lost Atlantis. Dr. Krummel holds that the weed has simply been drifted to its present position by the Gulf stream and its offshoots from the West Indian lands and the Gulf of Mexico. It is now proved that the Gulf stream is not a single narrow "river of the ocean," as Murray poetically described it, but consists of a number of currents, not only from the Mexican gulf, but the Antilles. The weed, according to Dr. Krummel, would take fifteen days to float as far north as the latitude of Cape Hatteras and five and a half months to reach the Azores. In the Sargasso sea it becomes heavy and sinks; but the supply is kept up by the Gulf stream.—London Globe.

Advice for Young Journalists.

A correspondent asks, "How shall a young man proceed who desires to become a reporter?" Let him apply to the city editor of the paper on which he hopes to get a job. If he can bring a short letter of introduction it will not hurt him; but he doesn't need any great word of recommendations. He should know what he can do in the way of reading and writing English, be prepared to say how old he is, if he speaks German or French, or any other foreign language; if he is in good health, if he drinks; if he doesn't want to be fresh, nor does he want to be a chump. He wants to get rid of the idea that the paper needs him, but wants to impress it on the city editor not by talking, however that he is a good man, and that if he has had no experience he will nevertheless learn. Some papers prefer green men; they don't have to learn so much.—New York Sun.

Long Services in Wales.

In Wales the Sunday evening services generally last two hours. Now there can be little doubt that a service lasting two hours on a Sunday evening is considered too long by working men and women who have been hard at work six days running. If our clergymen are to retain their hold, especially in English towns, the services must be made shorter. I have seen an advertisement from which it appeared that a young conformist chap the services were being bright, brotherly! But that was not in Wales.—Liverpool Mercury.

Left Luggage.

Irate passenger, as train is moving— "Why didn't you put my luggage in it?" "I told you!" "Porter—Eh, mon; yer luggage is in a file as yerself. Ye're 't the wrong train!"—London Tit-Bits.

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CHRISTIAN.—Corner Locust and Eighth Sts. Services morning and evening. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Sunday School 10:30 a. m.

EPISCOPAL.—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. H. B. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 a. m., 6:00 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.

GERMAN METHODIST.—Corner 3d and 4th Sts. Rev. H. B. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 a. m., 6:00 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN.—NORTHWEST CORNER of 3d and 4th Sts. Rev. H. B. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 a. m., 6:00 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.

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GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev. W. H. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 a. m., 6:00 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—Corner 3d and 4th Sts. between Fifth and Sixth.

COLORADO BAPTIST.—Mt. Olive, 6th between Tenth and Eleventh, Rev. A. Fowler, pastor. Services: 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

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