

LETTERS FROM NANNARY.

No. 8.

It is a scene from fairyland when you see the balconies of the hotel I made my home for seven short fleeting weeks...

The drives in and around the Hawaiian capital are indeed perfect dreams—things of beauty and a joy forever. The streets and highways leading out of the quaint and picturesque old town...

The drive along through the superb natural and artistic beauties of Neuanee Avenue with its lovely looking homes...

Speeding on we reach the still more famous Pali, where the misty mountain tops soar away into the clouds and look down in wondrous splendor and majestic loveliness...

The business houses are all closed up, the shutters are on and the volume of a single day is elapsed in satisfied or discontented murmurs of the artisan and the laborer...

twilight. The lovely drives are at times alive with people in carriages or on horseback; lovely women with the tint of the olive in their cheeks...

The bicycle rider is also very much in evidence, skipping over the smooth level walks with the speed of a trotter on the turf. Shakespeare's "seven ages of man" have dwindled down to three for many people dwelling in that lovely island home...

Eating "poi" and witnessing a Hula dance are two things which are characteristically Hawaiian. The former is good to eat and the latter is decidedly naughty and by no means nice.

Poi is to the native particularly what porridge is to the "bonnie Scot," pulque to the Mexican, the potato to the Celt, the baked bean to the cultured Bostonian.

On a certain occasion when a renowned violinist was making a few days' stay in a large town, where love for music was very widely diffused...

lived that day, about noon, and, as he understood, by his master's orders. When the box was broken open it was found to contain twenty-two violins...

TARANTULAS AND SCORPIONS.

Reassuring Facts Vouchsafed for by Eminent Bug Sharps.

The Bureau of Entomology has been collecting some interesting information lately about scorpions, centipedes, and tarantulas. Respecting these creatures all sorts of nonsensical beliefs are prevalent...

Scorpions and centipedes are very painful creatures, but they are not dangerous to life. At all events, it is the belief of Prof. G. V. Riley. In regard to the centipede, Prof. Riley says that its bite in warm climates is sometimes excessively virulent and painful...

Some scorpions are much worse than others. The rather small, slender, pale-colored kinds have the "worst" reputation. In warm latitudes certain species are nearly fatal with repetition, so that a person who has been stung many times may become actually proof against the poison.

HE TAUGHT DEEP ALIVE.

Some Exploits of Eph Bishop, a Mighty Hunter of the East.

Eph Bishop was about the toughest and the most fearless man that ever roamed the hills and forests of Potters county, Pennsylvania. He lived back on Steer Brook, in Hebron township...

Once he owed Storekeeper Jones of Coudersport about \$30, and Jones took Eph's note for it the amount to be paid by a certain date in venison. The note wasn't paid, and one day when Eph was in Coudersport Jones asked him about it.

Now it happened that Eph knew where five deer were herding near Dr. Post's clearing in Hebron township, and early one morning he started out to get one of them. There was a light snow. Eph left his dog at Dr. Post's house, with instructions for him to be loose when Eph gave the signal.

One of the deer managed to get itself into a big brush pile. The other three jumped on top of it, and the brush fell and covered the deer. Eph jumped on the pile and caught the deer. He had to fight the dog to keep him from killing it, but succeeded in saving it and tying it to a tree with a rope.

Eph had travelled over twenty-five miles, but he was not through yet. As soon as he got his note and money from Jones he returned the sled to the person from whom he had borrowed it and they started out after the two deer that had got away.

Eph was close at her heels, and caught the deer by one hind leg. The deer kicked loose, Eph made his way up the steep mountain side on his feet and one hand. There was a mitten on that hand, but the other mitten he carried in his teeth...

One time Eph came upon a buck back of the Mills place, near Coudersport. Somebody had wounded the buck, and Eph thought he would take him in. But the buck was ugly and wouldn't be taken in.

The King got square with the Queen. An amusing anecdote reaches us from the court of Italy. Queen Margaret had observed with pain that the King's moustache was getting whiter every day.

While Goldsmith was completing the closing pages of "The Vicar of Wakefield," his garret, he was aroused from his occupation by the unexpected appearance of a landlady...

Among the multifarious functions of the London County Council one of the oddest is that of hunting up baby-farmers. Few people are aware that the Council has a thing to do with this, but it is a fact that no advertisement having the remotest connection with anything that looks like baby-farming is ever left unanswered by the Council.

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JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.



Supplies all the elements of PRIME BEEF needed to form "Flesh," "Muscle" and "Bone."

HAPPY JACK THE COWBOY.

A Cattle Puncher Who Carried no Revolver in His Work on the Plains.

"Happy Jack, the Colorado cowboy, was a Kentuckian by birth," said the amateur ranchman. "Kentucky's sons in the far West are typically very tall men, good tempered, and of indomitable courage, and Happy Jack was no exception."

"Happy Jack was up next morning earliest of all, and while the rest of the boys were going to breakfast, he had saddled his gray horse, a vicious creature, and having led it to the front of the ranch house was about to mount. The morning was cold and frosty, and Jack wore his regulation cow boy equipment an old army overcoat.

"I have known a lamp to be consigned to the attic in disgrace because nothing seemed to reach the root of the trouble, when all that was necessary was to pour some alcohol or ammonia into the reservoir socket, shaking it back and forth through the curved tube, and allowing it to run out at the burner."

It has become an almost universal belief that while every other feature can be so made up that it is hardly possible to recognize one's own brother, were he properly disguised, yet the eyes will always be the same. After the shape or color of the eyebrows, paint lines in any position around them, yet they are the old eyes still, and it is impossible to tamper with them without destroying the sight.

There is a place near Glasgow where a railway track runs for some distance beside the fence of a lunatic asylum. Not long ago some workmen were busy repairing the bed of the railroad, when an inmate of the asylum approached one of the laborers, and from his position on the inner side of the inclosure, began a somewhat personal conversation.

Here is a little tonorial joke which, whether true or untrue, amusingly illustrates the force of habit. A hairdresser was summoned to a private house the other day simply to shave a pet poodle. The young lady of the house bearing a sound of a voice in the room in which the operation was being performed, put her ear delicately to the keyhole, and this is what she heard:

"Nice day, sir. (Pause.) Razor suit you, sir? (Pause.) Good deal of weather, sir, lately. (Pause.) A little powder, sir? (Pause.) Hair's very thin, sir, on the top; wants a bottle of restorer: shampoo, sir? (Growl.) Next!"

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PHONOLOGICAL COMPROMISES.

A King Square auctioneer had just knocked down some of his wares to a lady a few evenings ago, when his assistant asked the lady her name.

This was a power for the assistant, so he called the auctioneer to him, and told him that he could not catch the lady's name.

The auctioneer looked at the lady with an expression which still showed signs of mystification.

THE STUDENT LAMP.

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