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S. S. "ARAWA".....Dec. 2 1893
S. S. "WARRIMOO".....Jan. 1. 1894
And Monthly Thereafter.
For Sydney and Brisbane.
From Vancouver, B. C.
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S. S. "ARAWA".....Dec. 21, 1893
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TAKING 'EM MIXED.

A Buffalo Bartender Puzzled Over Some Extraordinary Orders.

"Say," said an imported bartender the other night, "what kind of a town is this anyhow? Are the men crazy, or are they simply trying to knock themselves out as soon as possible? I've tended bar in pretty near every big city in the country, but Buffalo beats me. I have never seen such hair raising, mania producing drinks used anywhere as I am obliged to hand over this bar every day. Nearly every man drinks mixed drinks, and most men have a mixture of their own. I've got to such a state now that if a man should come to me and say, 'Mix me a little tomato catchup and champagne,' I would mix it without lifting an eyebrow."

"Take queer drinks, do they?" asked the man who was dallying with a little sherry and Rhine wine mixed.

"Well, I should say they did. The men of this town make me tired. They don't know how to drink—that is to say, a good portion of them. First day I was here a lantern jawed young fellow came in and asked me for a little ginger ale and port wine. I looked over at him and listened. He said, 'I want a little ginger ale and port wine, and I want it mixed, and I want it quick. See?' I saw and handed it out. Then another fellow came in and asked me for some Tom gin and a dash of hard cider. Say, I came near falling through the floor. I mixed it, though, and before I had finished making change a big, strapping fellow with a Vandyke beard called for absinthe and milk, and another man wanted whisky and creme de menthe blended. I began to tumble to the fact that I was put up against a queer game and mixed what was asked for without a question. If I was to tell you all the combinations I have put up, you would call me a gilt edge liar.

"Tonight, though, I got a staggerer. A fellow came in and played the mixed business to the limit. Half an hour ago a consumptive looking little cuss waltzed in and said, 'Say, bar boy, I want a medium sized glass of beer.' I drew the beer and put it on the bar. The little fellow looked at it for a minute and then said, 'Say, bar boy, put half a gill of lemon juice in that.' That capped the climax. Beer and lemon juice! After this everything goes in this establishment if it's milk and curacoa and pepper sauce that somebody wants."—Buffalo Express.

How Spools Are Made.

Birch wood is preferred. The wood is first sawed into sticks 4 or 5 feet long and seven-eighths of an inch to 8 inches square, according to the size of the spool to be produced. These sticks are thoroughly seasoned. They are sawed into short blocks and dried in a hot air kiln. At the time they are sawed holes are bored perpendicularly through each block, which is set on one end under a rapidly revolving long shanked auger. Next one whirl of each little block against some little knives that are turning at lightning speed fashions it into a spool, according to pattern desired, and that, too, at the rate of one a second for each set of knives.

A row of small boys feed the spool-making machines by simply placing the blocks in a spout, selecting the best and throwing out the knotty and defective stock. The machine is "automatic," but there are some things which it cannot do; hence the employment of the small boys above mentioned. After the spools are turned they are placed in a large drum and revolved rapidly until they have taken on a fine polish. For some special purposes they are dyed yellow, black or red, according to taste. When one sees a spool of thread marked "200" or "300 yards," it does not signify that the thread has been measured, but that the spool has been gauged and is supposed to have that amount of thread upon it.—Harrison's Magazine.

The Black Cat Superstition.

A lady going up Charles street was very much interested in the performance of a black cat which was hunting for a tender sparrow on which to make a breakfast. The cat proved to be a successful sport. He bagged the game and ran across the path between the lady and a gentleman approaching from the opposite direction. The gentleman was on his way down town to business. When he saw the cat, he stopped short, as if he had been shot, turned around three times on his heel, said "Darn that cat" and hurried away from the spot.

The lady, who very well understood all the actions of the cat, was so surprised by those of the gentleman that she became fixed to the spot. She could not make it out until a black woman informed her that it was "mighty bad luck for a black cat to cross one's path, especially on the way to business in the morning." She also learned that the way to break the spell of ill luck was to turn around three times and "cuss" the cat mildly. Satisfied with this solution of the question, she did not consider it necessary to step across the street to consult any further authority on the black art in the Peabody library, within sight of which the incident occurred.—Baltimore Letter in Louis St. Globe-Democrat.

A Trifle Too Leisurely.

She was well dressed and had the appearance of being exact. She came into the union depot and tripped to the ticket office.

"What time does the next train leave for Chicago?" she asked.

"It will start in five minutes."

"How much is the fare?"

"Twelve dollars."

"I thought it was only $10."

"Twelve dollars is the usual fare."

"Will it be any cheaper tomorrow?"

"Not a cent."

"Well, I'll take a ticket."

"Here you are."

"Can you change a $50 bill?"

"Yes. Change a $500 bill."

It took her some time to gather up her change and stow it away. When she had performed the operation, she smiled and asked:

"What time did you say the train went?"

"The train is gone. There will be another one to Chicago tomorrow morning."

It was then that the woman vented her wrath upon the ticket seller, but three other people who had been waiting in line behind her, and who had also missed the train, smiled grimly.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Out of Date.

The same conventional cuts of a cow, a horse, a steamboat and other objects that adorned newspaper advertising columns 50 years ago are still seen in some newspapers of Philadelphia and Baltimore, and half the butchers' account books in this country still bear a rude engraving of a fat British butcher in high beaver hat standing beside an ox. It must be nearly a century since there were any such butchers in the United States.—New York Sun.

When Too Pointed.

"It is bad luck to give a pointed present, isn't it?"

"Yes—cuts love, they say. I've even known the point of a joke to make trouble."—Truth.

THE HAWAIIAN STAR.

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WALTER G. SMITH, Managing Editor.
CHAS. W. DAY, - Business Manager.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1893.

ROYALIST STRATEGY.

It appears to us that there is much method in the madness of the Royalist faction over a return of the ex-Queen to power at the hands of the American Government. In spite of the fact that the United States have recognized the Provisional regime and assured it of their friendship; in the face of all the tenets of international dealing; in the teeth of the historic American policy towards the interests in these Islands of citizens of the United States; in full knowledge of the truth that President Cleveland has given the Royalists no sign of approval, we still hear the parrot-note of exultation over a coming revival of the monarchy at the behest of Uncle Sam. Now it is fair to assume that not all the men who are repeating this dull prophecy are fools. Some of them, at least, are capable of putting the right interpretation upon the American diplomatic policy. Most of them, indeed, know that the ex-Queen's chances of becoming the sovereign of Hawaii are not better than they are of being a seraph in Heaven. Yet, after all, there comes the ceaseless and unvarying cry of restoration, restoration, forever restoration, with Yankee tars leading the way to the palace doors and saluting the old royal ensign when it rises on the tower.

It is a timely question: What does all this spectacular business mean? Why this sham reliance upon an impossible event? Why the noise and shouting of the prophets even after the course of the American Government has proved a constant disappointment to their dupes? To the STAR it looks like a concerted effort to divert the minds of the Annexation party and of the men on guard from a method of restoration that would be practicable enough if the Government forces could be caught napping. We mean restoration at the hands of the Royalists themselves. Naturally, if that is their game they would first pretend to have placed complete reliance upon the Americans, and thus lull the authorities to a sense of false security. Common strategy would suggest that device and apparently has suggested it. This accounts, not only for the ceaseless gabble which we have described, but for the ostentatious plea of the Royalist prints that the "Queen's" supporters have "rested their case" upon the wisdom and justice of the United States, and that, therefore, no cause remains for keeping up a large military force.

There is but one moral to be derived from this postulate and it is that vigilance and dry powder are the two great essentials now in the camp of the revolutionary forces. Everybody knows that if the Royalists could capture the seat of Government and hold it for an hour they would have restored the throne. That is a great temptation to them, one that becomes greater as each day passes. The danger may be said to increase in ratio with their protests that they mean no violence. Hence the conclusion that now, if ever, the army and the citizens should be watchful, suspicious and above all be ready to act decisively. That status assured and the Royalist party cannot rise except to meet a destruction more complete and terrible than any they have deemed possible in a community the past revolutions of which have been attended by so little bloodshed.

Fellow Annexationists: Be on your guard and there will be no restoration.

HASN'T the Government done enough for the Royalists by keeping mum about last year's Custom House scandals and the late Premier's family drafts on the public funds, without paying them $40,000 a year for services which loyal men could be had to render? Question?

THE most scathing *expose* of the grosser features of the late monarchy which Mr. Blount obtained for the historical chapter of his report was Colonel Volney V. Ashford's remarkable narrative which we give the Hawaiian public in tonight's STAR. The subject matter has never been published before on these Islands, though it appeared in the Honolulu correspondence of the *Chronicle* last April, some three months after the monarchy had been overthrown. The present interest in the facts thus marshalled is due to the assertion of a Royalist paper that Mr. Blount's report, which Mr. Willis is supposed to have read, contained no evidence to justify the specific arraignment of the Royal family and its hangers-on and of its methods of governing which lately saw print in this journal; but on the contrary that it had exonerated the lost cause from the blame thus bestowed. The Ashford revelations, made as they were at Mr. Blount's request, serve to show with great clearness the kind of material which Mr. Cleveland's Commissioner was willing to receive for the uses of his Government. Naturally, there is small comfort for the Royalists in that.

THE *Holomua* has satisfied its inner man—or inner dog—that the Royalist hold-overs should be kept in office. Speaking of the Hawaiian diplomatic corps, the Citizens' Reserve, Annexation Club, the American League and of men of the class of W. R. Castle, S. E. Bishop, C. L. Carter, Dr. McGrew, John Emmeluth, C. P. Ripley and W. W. Hall, the Monarchist organ says: "A Ministry which has the confidence of the revolutionary party cannot be dictated to by small factions of illiterate, disgruntled soreheads." No doubt the interference of the *Holomua* in behalf of its friends in office will prove instructive to the Ministry as to the political views and character of these incumbents. Some revelation of the sort has been needed, apparently, to show the real strength and personnel of the retention movement. Obviously it now appears to be pretty well confined to the conspirators against the Government and the former banditti of the crown.

THE Royalist rumors which have been flying about remind one of the gossip caused last April by the alleged remark of Mr. Blount to one of the Macfarlanes—namely, that his program was only "half finished." We were to have restoration then at once if not sooner. Since that time the predicted restoration days have numbered twenty-nine in all, and yet the House of Dominis is farther in the cold than ever, and the American Minister calmly abides by his instructions to so advance the interest and prosperity of the United States and the Provisional Governments as to make himself acceptable to President Dole. Plainly, all this makes a rather arctic background upon which to produce any warm illusions of a Monarchist revival.

AN additional list of down-trodden Hawaiians, whose native right to run the Government has been despotically abridged, was sent to the STAR office this morning. It includes such indigenous names as John Bowler, Ned Thomas, Tom Rawlins, George Hawkens, Billy Cunningham, Charles Creighton, Charles Peterson, Carson Kenyon and James Robertson. All these gentlemen are prominent in the movement to restore the "Queen" to the end that the holy cause of "Hawaii for the Hawaiians" may not be trampled in the dust. Can it be that they mean "Hawaii for the Englishmen" and have tripped up on the phraseology? The fates forbid!

WHILE we know of no candidates for the official posts held by the Monarchist faction, it is fair to presume that there are plenty of good men who might be had if wanted. If any Minister doubts it let him canvass the business, manufacturing and commercial places where there are bright young fellows, trained to business and loyal to the core, and see if any of them would take up with a fair offer. It is no sign of lack of proper material that men do not force themselves upon the notice of the Cabinet and make opportunity by importunity. That sort of modesty should be looked upon as a recommendation.

THERE is twice as much reason to turn out Royalist officials here than there is to remove Republican holdovers in the United States. In the latter country the removals being made are for politics only. In Hawaii they are demanded on grounds of both politics and public safety. Abroad no question of common loyalty is raised, but here it is imperious, and adds to the strong party argument for a change, the plea of protection to the Government itself.

PRIVATE obligations ought not to retain any man in Government employ at the expense of public duty. A billet in the civil service cannot be regarded as proper payment of a personal debt of friendship. "Public office," as Mr. Cleveland says, "is a public trust," and that means, if it means anything, that the responsible posts of the common Government are not official perquisites and should not be so used. Turn the rascals out!

IT is not thought probable that Mr. Cleveland's Hawaiian views will find expression until they appear in the annual message to Congress. This message will be sent to that body on Monday, December 5th. The news should be received here on the Alameda, December 21st, unless it should drift into port on a sailing vessel in the meantime.

BY AUTHORITY.

SEALED TENDERS.

Sealed Tenders will be received at the office of the Minister of the Interior till 12 o'clock noon on WEDNESDAY, November 22, 1893, for the erection of a Jail at Honokaa, Hamakua, Hawaii. Specifications and plans at the office of the Superintendent of Public Works, also at office of J. W. Moanauli, Deputy Sheriff of Hamakua.

All tenders must be endorsed "Tender for Honokaa Jail."

The Minister of the Interior does not bind himself to accept the lowest, or any bid.

J. A. KING,
Minister of the Interior.

187-6t

HONOLULU, November 13.

ALL MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN League are requested to be present at their hall at 7:30 this evening, as business of importance will be brought forward.

Per order
PRESIDENT.

Notice.

THE POSTPONED ANNUAL MEETING of the Honolulu Library and Reading Room Association will be held at Library Hall, Friday, the 17th, at 7:30 P. M., for the election of Trustees, and other important business.

H. A. PARMELEE,
Secretary.

Old Kona Coffee

FOR SALE AT

J. T. WATERHOUSE'S

Queen Street Stores.

M. W. McCHESNEY & SONS,

Wholesale Grocers,

HONOLULU, H. I.

A FULL LINE OF

GROCERIES

Always on Hand.

FRESH GOODS

Per Every Steamer and Sail.

SPECIALTIES:

Cheese, Lard, Hams,
Butter, Codfish, Milk, Onions,
Crackers, Potatoes, Salmon,
Macaroni, Corn Meal,
Pickled Skipjack, Alvicore,
Herrings,
Flour, Grain and Beans.

AND ALL KINDS OF

Leather and Nails

FOR SHOEMAKERS.

A FEW OF OUR SPECIALTIES.

COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

"SUPERIOR"

STOVES AND RANGES.

"EUREKA" RANGES,
"CLIPPER" CABOOSES,
LAUNDRY STOVES,
FRENCH RANGES
set in Brick.
AGATE IRON WARE,
AND TIN WARE,

COLUMBUS' WROUGHT STEEL SINKS.
Galvanized and White Enameled.
RUBBER HOSE.
CAL. LAWN SPRINKLERS.

Sheet Metal Goods in Tin, Copper or Galvanized Iron on hand or made to order.

Full line of Sanitary Goods, Bath Tubs, Lavatories, Water Closets, Pipe and Fittings.

We are equipped for work of all kinds in the Sheet Metal and Plumbing trade, and can guarantee thorough workmanship and first class materials in these lines.

We solicit your patronage.

J. EMMELUTH & CO.

No. 6 Nuuanu St. and 104 Merchant St

THOSE CIGARS

That we are selling at such low prices are known as

La Constantia,
La Insular
and
La Isabella.

These cigars are of our own importation and direct from the

MANILA FACTORIES.

Hobron, Newman & Co.,

DRUGGISTS
and
TOBACCONISTS.

186-1m

Aim at the Drake

And you are bound to hit some of the ducks. This is perfectly the same with

Wampole's
Tasteless
Preparation
OF
Cod Liver Oil.

It aims to cure Consumption, **Hits the Mark, too,** and it most effectually breaks up Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness and all Throat and Lung troubles that cause this disease.

It is natural logic to conclude that if WAMPOLE'S PREPARATION OF COD LIVER OIL has power to prevent Consumption, it surely is able to cure these lesser emergencies.

This vigor-making, fat-producing preparation is Absolutely Tasteless, in so far as Cod Liver Oil is concerned. All you notice is a delightful flavor of Wild Cherry and Anise.

But the purest Norwegian Cod Liver Oil is there all the same. It is a great blood enricher. Best of all it is a natural food that in its stomachic effects actually assists its own assimilasion.

In Plumonary or Bronchia troubles it is unequalled. No one doubts the value of Cod Liver Oil, but not every one is able to take it.

WAMPOLE'S PREPARATION

Removes the nauseous objection and actually makes Cod Liver Oil palatable.

KEPT IN STOCK AND SOLD BY

HOLLISTER & CO.

DRUGGISTS.

109 FORT STREET, HONOLULU.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

AT AN ADJOURNED ANNUAL OF E. O. Hall & Son, Ld., held Friday, November 10, 1893, the following officers were re-elected to serve for the coming year:

Wm. W. Hall ..... President
E. O. White ..... Sec'y and Treasurer
W. F. Allen ..... Auditor
T. May and T. W. Hobron ..... Directors

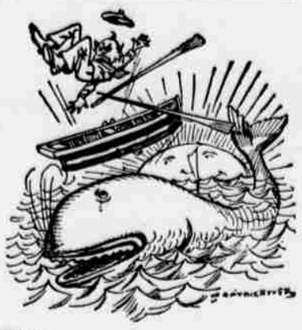
E. O. WHITE,
Secretary E. O. Hall & Son, Ld.

193-3t

Notice to the Public.

I HEREWITH NOTIFY THE PUBLIC that on the 1st of November, there will be a reduction of fares to one-half, being 2½ cents from corner of Fort and Queen Streets to the terminus of the Street Car line on Nuuanu Valley. The public will be supplied with tickets from the driver of the busses. There will be a buss every half hour in the first week of November and after that one every twenty minutes to meet the requirements of the public. The fares from the Street Car terminus to my terminus, further up the Valley will continue the same as before.

185-1w F. SMITH.



This

Is one way of getting the Miowera off the reef, but that it is not the best way Captain Metcalfe has already proven.

Now that the excitement is over, suppose you get one of those really and truly

Steam Boats

that we have just gotten in for the Christmas trade, to show your little boy (or some one else's), how it was done, you know.

Besides Steam Boats we have hosts of other things suitable for presents which must be seen to be appreciated.

Call early and take first choice.

KING BROS.

HOTEL STREET.

Santa Claus' Headquarters
at
Thos. G. Thrum's

"UP-TOWN BOOK-STORE"

Presents an array of HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS in NEW and SEASONABLE PRESENTATION BOOKS, in ART, POETRY, TRAVEL and BELLES LETTER.

ALBUMS, all Sizes, Styles and Bindings.

BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS and HYMNALS—The finest assortment of CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR CARDS—The choice of several leading Art Publishers' offerings, at prices lower even than former acknowledged bargains.

REMEMBER! Not a last year's card or design in the Book, Celluloid and other Art Novelties.

CALENDARS for 1894 and BOOKLETS that are gems of the prin ers art.

Finest LEATHER, SILVER FILAGREE and CELLULOID Articles for Beadoir, Library, Parlor or Office in INKSTANDS, PAPER WEIGHTS, FOLDERS PORTFOLIOS, DESK PADS, CARD CASES, WALLETS, PURSES, MUSIC ROLLS, Etc.

TOILET SETS, HORN GOODS, NUT PICK SETS.

A new line of Austrian Vases in Glass and Porcelain.

French Brisque Figure Pieces and Bric a Brac, Work-Boxes, Work-Bags, Reticules, and Baskets.

BASKETS THAT ARE BASKETS.

Novel and attractive in styles and variety, (*Made by the best Basket-Making tribe of American Indians*) from a Bon Bon size to a Hamper; said to be the first lot exported by their Agent—MUST BE SEEN TO BE APPRECIATED.

PARLOR and OUTDOOR GAMES for Old and Young, and TOYS in abundance and variety for all the good little Girls and Boys from now till Christmas.

The array of DOLLS exceeds that of any previous season not only in quantity but also in quality, variety and price.

In the line of DOLLS' SUNDRIES we are also more complete than ever; to all of which inspection is invited.

TOY BOOKS in variety for all grades.

All orders promptly attended to, and goods for Shipment packed with care.

SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS.

196-1m

A Event in the Retail Dry Goods Business

A BUSY TIME WITH US AND A PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE ONE FOR YOU.

CLOSING OUT OUR DRY GOODS BUSINESS FOR GOOD.

White Flannel 12½c per yard,

Now is the Time TO BUY CHEAP. WE MEAN BUSINESS!

These are only Sample Items.

Gents' Underwear 20c

Dress Shields	$ .15	Gents' Neckwear	$ .20
Ladies' Hose Supporters with Belts	.20	MILLINERY REGARDLESS OF COST.	
Misses' " "	.15	Ladies' Linen Collars	.05
All Silk Binding, in all colors	.15	Gents' Standing Linen Collars	.05
Covered Dress Steels, 3 dozen for	.25	Richelieu Ribbed Vests	.10
Children's Colored Hose	.10	Collar Buttons, per doz	.05
" " " "	.15	Sleeve Buttons, per pair	.05
" " " "	.25	Marking Cotton, 2 balls for	.05
Ladies' Lisle Thread Hose	.40	Silver Match Safes	.75
" Silk Spun Hose	.75	Silver Card Cases, with cards	.75
82 yards carpeting	.18	Ladies' Silk Mitts	.35
675 Bone Corset	.85	Misses' " "	.35
Figured India Silk	.25	Fine Dress Buttons, 3 doz. for	.26
Children's Rubber Shoes	.20	Xmas & Plush, etc. at half original cost.	

This is a BONA FIDE SALE and our entire stock may GO. OUR COUNTERS CROWDED WITH BARGAINS.

FINE TENNIS FLANNEL 10 cts. a yard. BOYS' WOOLEN SUITS $2.00

I HAVE 18 GLASS SHOW CASES FOR SALE CHEAP.

35 Pairs of Ladies' Slippers, small size. Will Sell at 25 cts. a pair.

CHAS. J. FISHEL,

Corner Fort and Hotel Streets.

188-3m

H. E. McINTYRE & BRO.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Groceries, Provisions and Feed.

EAST CORNER FORT AND KING STREETS.

New Goods received by every Packet from the Eastern States and Europe Fresh California Produce by every steamer. All orders faithfully attended to, and goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

Island orders solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed. Telephone No. 12. Post Office Box No. 145.

H. S. TREGLOAN & SON,

HAVE JUST RECEIVED, PER S. S. AUSTRALIA

Full and Complete Assortment of

Woolens, Comprising Worsted, Cassimer, and Tweeds.

BUSINESS SUITS TO ORDER FROM $20 UP. BUSINESS PANTS TO ORDER FROM $5 UP.

H. S. TREGLOAN & SON,

CORNER FORT AND HOTEL STS.

EQUITABLE

Life Assurance Society of the United States

OFFERS INSURANCE ON ALL THE POPULAR PLANS, viz:

Ordinary Life Plan,
Endowment Plan,
Semi Tontine Plan,
Free Tontine Plans,
Indemnity Bond Plan (Coupon Bond at maturity, if desired),
Tontine Instalment Plan (NEW, CHEAP and ATTRACTIVE),
Joint Life Risks,
Partnership Insurance,
Children's Endowments,
Annuities,
Endowment Bond Plan (5 per cent. guaranteed), Term Insurance, etc., etc. etc.

It will cost you nothing to call at the office of the undersigned and make further inquiries. Should you conclude to insure, it will be money in your pocket.

BRUCE & A. J. CARTWRIGHT,

Managers for the Hawaiian Islands EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of U. S.

BENSON, SMITH & CO.,

SOLE AGENTS

BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP.

OVER TWO MILLION CAKES SOLD IN 1892.

Excels any Toilet Soap on the Market.

BENSON, SMITH & CO.

ONE COUNTRY CUSTOM

HOW SYMPATHY WELLS UP WHEN DEATH'S SHADOW DESCENDS.

The Universal and Spontaneous Condolence That Is Called Into Being by a Death In the Family—A Funeral Ceremony In the Busy Harvest Time.

He died in the morning—died in the farmhouse where he was born—in the quiet, peaceful neighborhood in which he had grown almost to manhood, where for miles around the farmers and their families knew him or his parents. Before the sun set that warm summer day everybody knew that Thomas Baker's son James was dead, and that the funeral would occur two days later at 2 o'clock p. m. How did everybody know it? The clerk in the store at the Corners told it to such farmers, their wives, sons and daughters as came to trade, and they passed the word along. If no one was visible in the fields, they called in front of each house they passed until the door opened. If the caller was the farmer or one of his sons, the message of death was delivered in this way:

"Tom Baker's boy Jim died yesterday. Funeral day after tomorrow at 2 o'clock." If the farmer's wife or daughter told the sorrowful news, it was done in this way, or about so: "Mrs. Thomas Baker's son James is dead—died at 9 o'clock this morning. He will be buried day after tomorrow at 2. Mrs. Diedrich will take a bunch of sweet pea blossoms, and I am going to send Johnny over to the pond for some lilies. Can't you take some pansies, phlox and geraniums? I heard that Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Vincent and Mrs. Good are going to take mignonette and goldenrod."

I was nearly half a mile away, but I heard Farmer Loehr call to Farmer Holliday and say: "Did you know that poor Jim Baker was dead? Yes, died this morning. Burial takes place at 2 o'clock Wednesday." Not less than a dozen different persons told the news to my entertainers, pioneers of the neighborhood. That is the way everybody for five miles roundabout came to know of the sorrow in the home of generous neighbor Baker.

My friend asked me if I cared to go to the funeral. I did. The day before I had taken a long ride through the neighborhood and had noticed that all the farmers in their sons and on some farms the wives and daughters were as busy as beavers in harvest fields. The broad brimmed hats all wore—men, boys and women—the plain gray, brown or half red wearing apparel made the women all look alike, and it was not easy to tell one man from another. But they were substantial citizens, specimens of the real bone and sinew of the land. "They will not look like the same people when you see them at young Baker's funeral," remarked my friend. "Do you mean to tell me that those farmers and their families in this busy harvest time will stop work, or more than a few of them, to attend a funeral?" "Watch and see," was his lone response to a question he seemed astonished to hear propounded.

Soon after 1 o'clock there were seen little dust clouds on half a dozen roads centering at the Corners half a mile from Baker's. "We will go early, so that you may see our people under different circumstances—see them away from their farms, out of their working suits and in their dress up clothes." Half an hour before it was time for the services to begin there was a constant coming of carriages—bright, clean, modern carriages—all bearing men with clean shaven faces, clad in stylish clothes, women in fine gowns and hats, and children as pretty of feature and as well dressed as their city cousins, and they looked and were a great deal healthier.

For a quarter of a mile on both sides of the road teams were hitched to the fences. The house of mourning was crowded, and the ample grounds were filled with sympathizing neighbors and friends. As far as the eye could reach—and it could reach a long way in that level tract of the finest farming land in Wisconsin—not a farmer or a member of his family or a hired man could be seen at work that afternoon. All work had been suspended that everybody might go to the funeral.

What a beatiful custom that! A brother farmer and his family were in sorrow. Their neighbors would express their sympathy by participating in the last sad rites by following the silent sleeper to the grave. This they did, and with a warm press of the hand, and in many cases a choking, broken word of regret at the loss they had met with, they lifted a heavy load from the hearts of the weeping family.

The hymns were sung by a hurriedly collected choir from a couple of farmers' families. I shall never forget the soft, solemn, sympathetic way in which the possessors of those sweet voices rendered the touching hymns. The young minister read the beautiful and impressive Episcopal service in a clear, ringing voice, as though he had done so many times, but that was his first experience as pastor at a funeral. Several different nationalties were present. Baptists, Methodists, Catholics, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Presbyterians and those who belong to no church reverently bowed their heads when the good man spoke his message to the King of kings, who looks into hearts instead of church pews when he seeks to know of and about his people.

My attention was called to two clusters of men, one under an apple tree and the other under a maple. In the welcome shade of the latter were a dozen or more of gray haired men. On their left breasts were pinned a familiar badge. These men had come from a dozen widely separated farms for the purpose of showing their comrade in trouble that they were ready with sympathy and would be glad to aid him in any manner in their power. They were soldiers—comrades of Baker, who had been a hero in the Thirteenth New York. While I was not surprised to see this evidence of brotherly love—of true comradeship—I was deeply affected by it.

Under the other tree there was assembled a delegation of Odd Fellows from the lodge to which the young man's father belonged. There, too, was evidence of true fraternity. The fraternal spirit was apparent on all sides. How beautiful, strong, helpful and splendid is the true fraternal spirit!

Do I give evidence of weakness when I say that some of the time I was watching that long procession—it was more than a mile long—winding its way to the little graveyard on the hill overlooking the old mill pond I watched through tears? It was my first experience at a funeral in the country. The impression it made will be lasting. "It was just an average funeral," was my friend's remark on my comment that it was the most impressive funeral that I had ever attended.—J. A. Watrous in Milwaukee Telegraph.

The Penalty.

"Ho! You say your prayers every night and morning, do you?" jeered the bad little boy. "Yes, and so would you if you had to do it or take a lickin," replied the good little boy firmly.—Chicago Tribune.

Agreed.

Hicks—Speaking of the Foglesby twins, are they really so much alike?

Wicks—Yes, indeed; when one of them lies, the other will swear to it.—Boston Transcript.

The Easiest Part of It.

Plugwincle—Getting on with your bicycle, Blenkinsop?

Blenkinsop—Oh, splendidly. Getting on about every two minutes.—Truth.

The Australian Woman.

Though pretty, tall and well formed, the Australian is not graceful. Her feet are seldom small, her hands rarely beautiful. Moreover, she does not dress well. Her toilet has none of the chic of the Parisienne's, little of the sobriety of the English woman's. Overdressed or dowdy, she produces the impression of not only having little taste, but no artistic sense of the fitness of things. Stylish and elegant women are to be seen more frequently in Melbourne than elsewhere. Nevertheless dress is dear to the soul of an Australian, and much is spent on it. Down in the lowest social grades it plays an important part.

The Australian hugs the idea of equality, and believing in uniformity of dress as the visible sign of equality often sacrifices actual comfort to obtain fashionable clothing. An Australian family makes a brave show on holidays. There may be bare feet and rags in the house, but there are cheap feathers and gloves in the street. Here the vanity of the race peeps out and hatred of apparent social distinctions, for vanity is stronger in the Australian woman than ambition, just as indolence is more inherent than energy. She is clever, but not intellectual; accomplished oftener than highly educated. To be able to play the piano is regarded as a sort of cachet of distinction, not to play it is a lamentable sign of neglected education.

Tact is natural to her; also a quick sense of perception. With the ready ease that a troutlet changes its color into harmony with that of its surroundings, she adapts herself to circumstances, catches the cue of her entourage and contrives to produce a favorable impression. With a cheerful disposition and mercurial temperament, the serious side of life scarcely appeals to her. Foreseeing not that to sow the wind is to reap the whirlwind, she exacts neither obedience nor due reverence from her children, and without being specially religious leaves the responsibility of their future very much to Providence.—North American Review.

The Late Emily Dickinson.

Emily Dickinson, the Amherst poet, was a woman of few friendships. The few with whom she was intimate seldom saw her, for when they called she invariably insisted upon their being seated in the hall while she conversed with them from over the balustrade in the upper hall. It was her custom to correspond by writing with these friends, and her letters were marvels of poetic expression.

Emily Dickinson wore white at all times of the year. In pleasant weather she used to go walking in the garden and in the spacious grounds around her father's residence, and her companion out of doors was a large Newfoundland dog named Carlo. Mrs. Luther W. Bodman of this city recalls the time when, as a little girl, she went walking with Miss Dickinson while the huge dog stalked solemnly beside them. "Gracie," said Miss Dickinson, suddenly addressing her child friend, "do you know that I believe that the first to come and greet me when I go to heaven will be this dear faithful old friend Carlo?"

It is said that Miss Dickinson's eccentricities resulted largely from disappointment in love. While she was still a girl she became deeply interested in a young man who was pursuing his studies in Amherst college. The young man subsequently became an instructor in the college. Mr. Edward Dickinson, Miss Emily's father, disapproved of the intimacy, which gave promise of ending in marriage, and at last, being a somewhat violent man, he peremptorily forbade the young man the house. It is said that at that time Miss Emily told her father that, as he had closed the doors upon her friend, so he had closed the doors upon her, and from that day she so seldom left the house—and, for that matter, so seldom left her room—that she was for 80 years practically as much a recluse as any nun doing penance.—Chicago News-Record.

A Negro Boy's Remarkable Memory.

South Carolina possesses a negro boy, 12 years of age, who is looked on as the owner of the most remarkable memory of which the world has any record. He committed the entire book of Genesis to memory the other day in the space of three hours, repeating every chapter after reading it over once, and forgetting only some half dozen words from the first verse to the last.

Some weeks ago a local politician delivered a speech of nearly two hours at a county meeting, and on returning home the boy was able to tell the discourse over with such accuracy that the following day the man who delivered it went to see him to take a copy of it from his mouth, having himself lost the manuscript on which it was written. This gift seems unaccompanied by an unusual degree of intelligence, the boy being only a day laborer in the fields, and he appears not to take in the sense of what the camera of his mind preserves, but to repeat it after the manner of a parrot.

His mother says that he has possessed this faculty since a baby, and that at the extraordinary age of a year he could repeat any conversation that took place in his presence, irrespective of its length and purport. He does not know how to read or write, but has frequently given exhibitions of being able to correctly copy out any sheet of writing he has read over once, giving every punctuation mark and flourish and imitating the handwriting with startling accuracy, and this for several pages of ordinary letter paper.—Barnwell Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Senseless Display.

When diamond aigrets are used as bonnet pins and gemmed and enameled watches are flimsily and ostentatiously fastened on bodices, it is not strange that thieves should find occupation among the tens of thousands that flock to the fair daily. If good taste—that necessarily revolts against a needless display of costly ornaments—in such places will not induce women to leave jewels at home and to wear watches less obstrusively, conscience ought to have some weight with them. Many a thief has been made so by opportunity. It is tempting the weak to carry expensive gems where a little strategem is all that is required to seize and conceal them. It is putting a premium on dishonesty to parade bijouterie in a manner to make employment of detectives necessary where simplicity of dress would be at once more dignified and less dangerous.—Chicago Herald.

Couldn't Fool Her.

"Have you any lobsters today?" asked Mrs. Honeymoon.

"Yes, ma'am," said the fishman. "Here is a fresh lot."

"Oh, dear me, I don't want them. They are green. Haven't you any riper ones than those?"—Truth.

Seeing Was Believing.

"Mrs. Smith's daughter is singing her new song now."

"I can't hear a sound, and I don't believe you can, with the house two blocks away."

"I didn't say I could, but I see the company all leaving.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Word For It.

"Does that mule kick?" asked a man who was standing on the curb.

"Nope," replied the proprietor of the animal. "Wid some mules hit might be called kickin, but when he lets go hits er explosion."—Washington Star.

A Mark Down Sale.

Customer—The price of these shoes seems pretty high. Are you sure they have been marked down?

New Salesman—Yes'm. They've been marked down from sevens to threes.—Chicago Tribune.

GEMS IN VERSE.

The Transformation.

When love was young, it asked for wings
That it might still be roaming.
And away it sped, by fancy led,
Through dawn and noon and gloaming.
Each daintiness that blooms and blows
It wooed in honeyed meter,
And when it won the sweetest sweet
It flew off to a sweeter—
When love was young.

When love was old, it craved for rest,
For home and hearth and haven,
For quiet talks round sheltered walks
And long lawns smoothly shaven.
And what love sought at last it found—
A roof, a porch, a garden—
And from a fond unquestioning heart
Peace, sympathy and pardon—
When love was old.

—Alfred Austin.

Nobility.

True worth is being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by,
For whatever men say in blindness
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
The heart of I's ills to beguile,
Though he who makes courtship to glory
Gives all that he hath for her smile,
For when from her heights he has won her,
Alas, it is only to prove
That nothing's so sacred as honor
And nothing so loyal as love!

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them, like fishes, in nets,
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating—
Against the world, early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth,
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—Alice Carey.

Heredity.

There is nothing we cannot overcome,
Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn
And calls down punishment that is not merited.

Back of thy parents and grandparents lies
The Great Eternal Will! That, too, is thine
Inheritance—strong, beautiful, divine,
Such lever of success for one who tries.

Pry up thy faults with this great lever—will!
However deeply bedded in propensity,
However firmly set, I tell thee firmer yet
Is that vast power that comes from truth's immensity.

Thou art a part of that strange world, I say!
Its forces lie within thee, stronger far
Than all thy mortal sins and frailties are.
Believe thyself divine and watch and pray.

There is no noble height thou canst not climb;
All triumphs may be thine in time's futurity
If whatsoe'er thy fault thou dost not faint or halt,
But lean upon the staff of God's security.

Earth has no claim the soul cannot contest;
Know thyself part of the Eternal Source,
And naught can stand before thy spirit's force;
The soul's divine inheritance is best.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Adam Never Was a Boy.

Of all the men the world has seen
Since Time his rounds began,
There's one I pity every day—
Earth's first and foremost man.
And then I think what fun he missed
By failing to enjoy
The wild delights of youthtime, for
He never was a boy.

He never stubbed his naked toe
Against a root or stone;
He never with a pin hook fished
Along the brook alone;
He never sought the bumblebee
Among the daisies coy,
Nor felt its business end, because
He never was a boy.

He never hooky played, nor tied
The ever ready pail
Down in the alley all alone
To trusting Fido's tail.
And when he home from swimming came
His happiness to cloy
No slipper interfered, because
He never was a boy.

He never cut a kite string, nol
Nor hid an Easter egg;
He never ruined his pantaloons
A-playing mumble peg;
He never from the attic stole
A coon hunt to enjoy,
To find the "old man" watching, for
He never was a boy.

I pity him. Why should I not?
I even drop a tear;
He did not know how much he missed;
He never will, I fear.
And when the scenes of "other days"
My growing mind employ
I think of him—earth's only man
Who never was a boy.

—T. C. Harbaugh.

Evil's Triumphs Are Her Loss.

I watch the circle of the eternal years
And read forever in the storied page
One lengthened roll of blood and wrong and tears,
One onward step of truth from age to age.
The poor are crushed: the tyrants link their chain;
The poet sings through narrow dungeon grates;
Man's hope lies quenched: but, lo! with steadfast gain
Freedom doth forge her mail of adverse fates.
Men slay the prophets; fagot, rack and cross
Make up the groaning record of the past.
But evil's triumphs are her endless loss,
And sovereign beauty wins the soul at last.

—Lowell.

Immortal Influence.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth:
The impulse of a wordless prayer,
The dream of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things shall never die.

—Dickens.

The Heavy Heart.

And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside forever; it may be a sound,
A tone of music, summer's eve, or spring,
A flower, the wind, the ocean, which shall wound;
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.

—Byron.

Consider all thy actions and take heed
On stolen bread, though it is sweet, to feed.
Sin, like a bee unto thy hive may bring
A little honey, but expect the sting.

—Watkins.

She Objected.

Mrs. Rapsard—Didn't you have a girl to take care of your dear little Fido?

Mrs. Lingerly—Oh, yes. But I couldn't get her to stay.

Mrs. Rapsard—What was the matter?

Mrs. Lingerly—She didn't like it because we kept a baby.—Brooklyn Life.

A Refreshing Change.

Miss Beenthere—You evidently enjoyed Miss Prettie's conversation this evening?

Mr. Wearie—Yes. She hasn't been to the World's fair.—New York Weekly.

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CHASED BY A TORNADO

A LOCOMOTIVE'S TERRIBLE RACE WITH A BLACK TERROR.

An Engineer's Experience With a "Twister"—The Fireman Knew What Was Behind Them and Shouted, "Make the Bend!"—The Engine Broke Her Record.

Henry Wetherell, an engineer on the Jersey Central railroad, told a reporter his experience with a tornado in Kansas and said that if fear always turned a man's hair white his locks ought to be like snow.

It happened this way: It was some time in July. The weather had been pretty hot, and it was just the sort of a day for breeding a tornado. I was working on a one horse railroad in southern Kansas. The superintendent wired me to fetch my engine a distance of about 70 miles to a place called Peterstown.

Well, I got fuel and water aboard as quickly as possible and started for Peterstown, taking it rather easily, because the truck wasn't in condition to stand fast running well. It was an hour out from my starting place, and I had gone 16 miles perhaps, when I noticed some queer looking clouds on the western horizon.

The day was extremely sultry, and there was a curious sort of a glare over the landscape which made it look sort of feverish. I can't think of a better word for describing it. There was something unnatural about the appearance of everything. My fireman was a boy who had been brought up in that region, and he said that it looked like a tornado coming. He ought to have been a good judge of the symptoms because the whole of his family, together with all their property and live stock, had been wiped out by such a "twister."

By the time we had gone maybe eight or nine miles farther a dense bank of clouds had spread around toward the southwest. It was black as ink, but beneath it was a blank streak of white. I had never seen anything that looked quite like it before.

It seemed as if something awful was going to happen. It was the boy who called my attention to the pointed cloud, and he said it was a tornado beginning.

"Then we'll run away from it, I guess," said I, pulling the throttle wide open. But the boy, he said nothing—only watched the clouds in the distance.

By this time the pointed cloud had got very much bigger, the lower end of it nearly touching the ground. It grew rapidly larger and larger and seemed to be approaching at a great rate of speed, while the rest of the view toward the west and southwest became blurred to the eye, so that nothing could be made out very clearly. I saw that it was a tornado that was coming, and no mistake, for the strange cloud, which had the shape of a gigantic peg top, was distinctly outlined in its inky blackness against the general blur. I began to feel pretty badly frightened myself. Now and then, when I could take my eye off the cloud, I looked at the boy, but he only sat silent in the cab, staring at the great peg top with starting eyeballs and white lips. Finally I said:

"Do you think we are going to escape it?"

"We are right in its track," he said, without looking at me.

You see, we were running in an air line over the prairie, directly northeast, and pursuing the very path in which the tornado was coming. Any other course, with the steam I had on, would have carried us out of the way.

The boy shoveled more coal on. He had already done so three or four times since the strange cloud was sighted. But it was no use. The engine was doing its best, and she wasn't capable of more than about 38 miles an hour.

"It's gaining on us," I said. "How fast does such a thing as that travel?"

"About a hundred miles an hour," replied the boy, white as a sheet.

If that had been true, I would not be here to tell the story. I have since learned that 80 miles an hour is supposed to be the best a tornado can do. My belief is that this one was going at about 60 miles. Anyway, it wasn't more than six or seven miles distant by this time, and gaining on us rapidly. If my reckoning was correct, it would catch us in a little more than 20 minutes.

It was the most frightful spectacle to look at that can possibly be imagined. To me it seemed to be a monstrous giant, pursuing us with an evil intention to destroy. Now and then its blackness would be transformed into a dark green, and it was constantly lighted up by flashes, as if it were an immense balloon illuminated from within. It appeared to whirl around with inconceivable rapidity, and from it came a sound across the prairie as of bellowing, with a voice so awful that the rumbling of the locomotive was lost in it. Of the destruction it was accomplishing I could get no notion from my point of view. Fortunately there were few settlements in that part of the country, but as we passed two or three hamlets at full speed I could see the people running about trying to find some place of safety.

The boy staggered at my side—the rocking of the engine made it difficult to keep one's feet—and clutched my arm. I stooped my head, and he yelled into my ear the words, "Make the bend!"

I knew what he meant on the instant. Less than 10 miles ahead of us was a bridge over a river, after crossing which the road turned abruptly southward. It was a freak railway anyhow, and its zigzags were intended to pass through as many supposed centers of future population as possible. The only long stretch of it in a straight line was just where we got caught by the tornado. If we could get to the bend ahead of the monster, we might be saved.

As you may well imagine, I had no opportunity to consider the plan calmly and in detail, but it struck me like a flash. It was a race for life sure enough. If that engine never did her 40 miles an hour before, I think she must have done that and more, too, then. With the great funnel cloud racing on behind us, steadily approaching, we tore over the rails.

Six miles passed as well as I could estimate, and the monster was only four miles behind. Three miles more and it lessened the distance by a mile at least. But we were near the river. A minute later and we were crossing the bridge. No time then to heed the warning that "trains must run slowly over this stream."

We flew around the curve and dashed southward, just in time to see the mighty balloon pass by with a whirl and a roar, as if all the demons in the infernal regions were let loose. We could not make out anything very distinctly, the sky being darkened and the air filled with dust, but we knew that we were safe. A few minutes later the clouds rolled away, and everything was as quiet and peaceful as before the storm. We ran back to the bridge, but it wasn't there. It was clean gone. The road was so badly torn up, the track for considerable distances being twisted and broken to pieces, that the expense of repairing it nearly bankrupted the company. Eleven people lost their lives by that tornado, which afforded me an experience which I would not repeat for all the money in the world.—Washington Star.

Following Advice.

Annie's cousin visited her after she returned from her trip, and Annie never asked her anything about it. After the cousin had gone Annie's mother told her little daughter that that was not very nice; that when a person had gone away and returned she should ask something about it, even if it were only "How did you enjoy yourself?"

Soon afterward Annie's father attended a funeral, and when he came home Annie was the first to greet him.

"Well, pa," she asked, "how did you enjoy yourself?"—Philadelphia Times.

BRODIE IN SCULPTURE.

How They Played It Low Down on the Dead Game Sport.

Steve Brodie has been suffering most poignantly the penalties of fame. For over a week he has been tortured, and he proposes to have redress.

"Dey played it low down on me, see?" said Steve yesterday in an injured tone. "I'm no kicker, but I don't wanter be played fer a gilly. I'll tell yer de trut' of de whole snap. I wuz in me art gallery here figurin on a scheme to relieve de stringency in the money market, see, when a coon dame come in and sez, sez she, as how dere wuz a lady in a back as wanted to see me around de corner. I wuz a little leery of dat game, see, but me wife wuzn't around, an I tort I w'u'd jis' see wot de snap wuz for fun. Well, dere wuz er young lady dere in a coopay, see, an, say, she wuz a corker too. I giv her de salute of a Fift' avenoo mug, see, an she sez, sez she, smilin like a watermellin, 'Dis is Mr. Brodue, I persoom?' 'Yer called de turn, miss,' I sez. 'Wot kin I do fur yer?'

"Den she swiped me wid a lot o' taffy, an sez as how she wuz a sculpture an wuz gettin up a colleshun of the famous men of de wurl. She sez she wuz makin sculps of Gladstone, Bismarck, de Emprer William, Clevelan an er lot of odder big mugs, an she wanted ter sculp me wid de gang. I sez, sez I, 'Cerntly, miss, I'm agreeable ter ennytin ter be perlite.' So I jumped inter de coopay an brung her ter me house at 161 Elm street, where I knocked her down ter me wife. Me wife sized up her giblets suspicious like, but I giv' er de ting straight, an dey wuz frens right away. Den me wife wanted ter know if de dame 'ud giv' me as big a sculp as she would Grover, an dat set us all ter langhin. Den de sculpture sez ter me, sez she, 'Take off yer close ter de wais'.' Dat wuz purty raw, I tort, an me wife looked 'z ef she wanted ter kick, but de sculpture sez, sez she, 'Dat's de proper caper, see?' an I stripped right down ter de waise, 'z ef I wuz goin ter scrap.

"Den de sculpture made me lay down on de floor an stretch out me arms like 'z ef I wuz goin to make my celebrated swim down de Hudson ag'in. She had er lot er stuff in er bag, and wile I was gettin in posish she mixed up er lot er mortar, same 'z ef she wuz er dago fixin up de chalk images uf de 'postles an saints. Den she stuck de stuff all over me body, leaving a little spigot hole fur me wind. Hully gee, but it wuz hot! But I didn' weaken. I'm er dead game sport. See? Well, I staid in dat mud soup fer an hour an er half. See? An wen dat sculpture tuk me outen it I felt like I'd jumped the bridge ag'in—I wuz dat weak. De first t'ing I knowed after dat wuzer guy come in here a few days ago and sez, sez he, 'Steve, dey got yer bus' in Huber's musyum.' An it wuz de trut' too. It's dere yet, and it's er caricaychuh of me. Dere ain't no Gladstone nor no Bismarck nor no Grover wid me, an I'm goin to make der musyum guys pay fer de shame an disgrace and conchummelly dey's heaped upon me. Dat's wot de lawyer's complaint sez. Dat sculp's gotter go. See?"—New York Advertiser.

Wifely Solicitude.

A rare instance of wifely solicitude took place yesterday when the steamship Spree arrived at her pier. Among the members of Lole Fuller's company on board of her was Miss May Bruce, the serio-comic singer, who in private life is the wife of Barter Johns, the company orchestral leader. It had been arranged that Mr. Johns and his wife were both to come hither on the Spree. At the last moment, however, when, in fact, the Johnses were already at the railway station, Manager Grau rushed up, thrust a ticket into Mr. Johns' hand and told him that he would have to sail on the Majestic, as an extra passage on that steamship had been secured. There was no time for protestation. Before Johns could say a word the train moved out, leaving him without a wife or a change of linen.

The Majestic reached here first, and Johns, investing in a telescope camp stool and a package of sandwiches, awaited the Spree's arrival at the end of the steamship pier.

His wife was the first passenger to bounce down the gangway. In her hand she carried a clean collar. As she threw herself into her husband's arms she cried: "Take it, dear. I got the steward to keep it in the icebox, so it wouldn't lose its starch. I used to lay awake nights, darling, thinking of you going about with that dirty collar on."

When she saw that Johns' linen was quite immaculate, Miss Bruce looked surprised and crestfallen.

"Why, I had no idea, dear, that you could buy such a thing out heah!"—New York Evening Sun.

How a Boston Man Saw a Sun Spot.

A Boston man living out in the suburbs has discovered a fact that may interest a good many persons. What he found was that it is quite possible, to see the larger spots that appear on the sun's surface without glass or lens of any kind.

The shutters of the observer's house happened to be closed, and through a tiny hole near the top of them a beam of sunlight found its way to the floor. There is left an image, clear and round, tinged at the circumference with a fringe of blue and orange. The whole appearance of the beam as projected reminded the spectator of the image of the sun taken on paper through a telescope, and he got a sheet of white note paper in order to test his surmise. The result confirmed it. A beautiful round image of the sun fell on the paper, and near the center thereof could be seen a bluish spot, which moved about with the image whenever the paper was shifted. The bluish colored object was a veritable sun spot, and the observer watched it by the simple means described for several days until the revolution of the sun had carried it out of sight.—Boston Herald.

A Tablet to Jenny Lind's Memory.

The question of a memorial to Jenny Lind in Westminster abbey has been agitated, and the admirers of the Swedish nightingale were fearful that they would probably fail in their object. The point was made against her that there is no room in the Pantheon of England for a vocal artist—that place being consecrated to creative genius. Finally permission having been given for a medallion to be set up in the abbey, somebody has sent out circulars begging for subscriptions to pay for the medallion, which will cost between £400 and £500, including the abbey fees. As the medallion must of necessity be small, the question is how much of the money goes severally to the artist, the artisan and the abbey.—London Letter.

How a German Liked Spiders.

Bushmen and New Caledonians are said to enjoy spiders, and we have heard of a German—a scientific German of course—who spread them on his bread like butter. But the taste is not a European one any more than a taste for caterpillars, cockchafers, ants and wireworms, all of which are eaten in different parts of the globe.—London Spectator.

Began Work at Once.

Fond Mother—And so my little angel joined the Little Defenders today and will always be kind to dumb animals?

Little Angel—Yes'm. Comin home I met a man wif a bag full of kittens 'at he was goin to drown, an he promised to bring them here for us to be kind to.—Good News.

Business In the Family.

He (in Chicago)—So your name is Daisy?

She—Yes. Papa named me after his famous brand of hams.—Life.

ROLLED UP IN HIS CAR.

A STORY OF THE KENDALLVILLE ROBBERY FROM THE INSIDE.

An Express Messenger's Thrilling Tale. The Robbers Seemed to Be Pretty Good Fellows at Heart—How They Got Into the "Burglar Proof" Safe.

Express Messenger M. M. Weist, who was blown up by the train robbers near Kendallville, Ind., had just returned from a trip over the Lake Shore road, and very readily told of his thrilling experience in the famous robbery. He has lived in Buffalo about a year and has been an express messenger on the Lake Shore road for 12 years.

We were rolling along at a good lively rate. My assistant, B. B. Hamlin, and myself were alone in the car. It was about 1:30 in the morning. The lights were turned low, and most of the passengers back in the coaches and sleepers were asleep. Just as we were approaching the switch at Kessler the emergency brakes were suddenly applied with great force, and the train came to a quick stop. I opened the door of the car and looked ahead. I saw at once that the red switch light was turned on us, which caused the engineer to stop so suddenly. Before I had time to look a second time or shout to the engineer "crack," "bang," sounded a pistol shot by the engine, and I knew what was the matter.

"They're after us," I said to Hamlin, and closed the door and fastened it as quickly as possible. Then I went to the local safe and took out a bag of currency and all the valuables I could get hold of and threw them over among the boxes and packages in the freight end of the car. That was the last I knew for some time. When I recovered consciousness, I was lying on the floor of the car, and two of the robbers were inside at work.

Immediately after stopping the train they had placed a dynamite bomb on the outside sill of the car door, and the explosion, the great concussion, is what made me unconscious. When I came to, as I said, two of them were inside and had the lamps lighted. The chimneys had been broken by the shock, and as the car was full of smoke you can imagine that it was something like a nightmare to rouse up from unconsciousness and see those two masked robbers in there through that dim, smoky light. The moment I stirred, one of them, the shorter one, covered me with a winchester rifle. Hamlin was guarded in the same way. They had red handkerchiefs tied over their faces up to their eyes and tucked down around their necks.

"We're here for business," said one of them as I staggered up to a half standing position. It was the tall one—the leader—who spoke.

"I see you are," said I.

"Where is the money?" he asked.

"In the large safe, most of it," I replied. "What I have is in the local safe."

"Well, I want it," he said. I threw the door open and told him to help himself.

"There is nothing in there to amount to anything but 'nigger' jewelry and valuable papers," I said as I opened the door.

"Well, I'll see, and d——d quick too," he replied, and began to pull the things out of the safe.

I want to explain to you that there are two safes in an express car. One is the stationary safe, which has all the greatest valuables, and the local safe, in which we carry things of less value and small amounts of money. We always call all jewelry "nigger" jewelry. The stationary safe we never open. The dial is taken off the lock at one end of the route and not opened until it gets to the other end—that is, say, between Chicago and New York or between San Francisco and Chicago.

But to get back to the robber. He pulled out two or three packages, and after breaking them open and finding no money in them seemed to fly into a most furious rage. The jewelry he didn't want and threw it on the floor. In some of the packages there was some railroad money, but he didn't know where to look for it and so didn't find it. Then he turned to me, and with the most frightful oath that I ever heard asked me, "Where is the money?"

"In there," I said, turning to the stationary safe.

"Open it," he demanded.

"I can't," said I.

"Then you open it," he said, turning to Hamlin.

"I can't," said Hamlin, and then I explained to him that the dial was off and we had no way of opening it.

"Well, I'll open it d——d quick," he growled and ordered some one outside the car to get him a pickax. At this point I asked him if I might pick up the freight bills that he had thrown about on the floor, and he gave me the privilege. I gathered them up, and we talked all the time. By that time he had got a sledge hammer and told his partner to order us to the rear of the car and allow us to make a barricade of the freight boxes. I did not know what this was for at first, but I soon saw. It was to protect us from the explosion when he blew open the safe. We made a little barricade, and the watcher got behind it with us, keeping us covered with a winchester rifle all the time.

"Then the other man went to work at the safe. He struck it twice with the sledge and then, after stooping over and fussing about a minute, lighted a fuse and sprang back near where we were. Then came a discharge and immediately he would rush back again. He put four cartridges in the safe before he blew it open sufficiently to suit him. I know that he must have been an expert safe blower because I was told that the safe was burglar proof, but he opened it. While he was working at it I said to him: 'You're making a pretty long job of this. If you don't get away pretty soon, there'll be a posse down here from Kendallville.'"

"Never mind," he replied; "when the posse comes we'll go," and he said it just as coolly as I do now.

After the safe was opened he took out the bags of money, and turning to his companion said, "Tom, come on." He got out of the car first, and then Tom backed out, keeping us covered with his winchester all the time. They were at work in the car just 30 minutes, but we were delayed an hour and five minutes.—Buffalo News.

The Deadly Tinto River.

The Tinto river in Spain possesses remarkable qualities. Its waters are yellow as the topaz, harden the sand and petrify it in a most surprising manner. If a stone falls into the river and rests upon another, they become both perfectly united and conglutinated in a year. No fish live in its stream.—New York Times.

Wedding Wigs.

When a Greek bride's hair was not adequate to the demands of fashion, she eked out the deficiencies of nature with horsehair. Pericles once had a citizen of Athens arrested and fined for cutting off the tail of the statesman's horse to supply a marriage wig for the offender's daughter.—Exchange.

His Exhibit.

"Hullo, Rogerson. How are you?"

"First rate."

"Intend to have anything on exhibition at the horse show this year?"

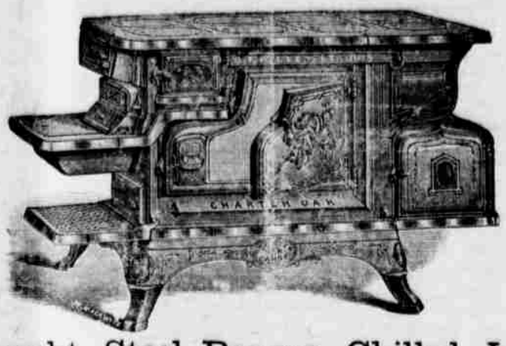
"Yes. My wife and daughters."—Vogue.

Like Church Congregations.

Little Boy—The preacher said there is no marryin in heaven.

Little Girl—Of course not. There wouldn't be enough men there to go round.—Good News.

JOHN NOTT.



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, 95-97 KING STREET.

Just Received by Last Steamer

KID GLOVES IN 8 BUTTON, UNDRESSED FANS, DRABS AND GRAYS

12 BUTTON MOSQUETAIRE EVENING SHADES

20 BUTTON EVENING SHADES

ALSO A CHOICE LINE OF

White and Colored Dimitys, Muslins, Swisses and Percales.

These are the CHOICEST LINE of DRESS MUSLIN we have Ever Shown

WE HAVE ALSO RECEIVED A NICE ASSORTMENT OF

White and Cream Point de Irelande Laces

Suitable for Trimming Wash Dresses,

All Widths, from 3 to 12 inches.

EGAN & GUNN,

FORT STREET, :-: BREWER BLOCK.

New Furniture Store

ROBINSON BLOCK.

HOTEL ST., BETWEEN FORT AND NUUANU STREETS

Is now opened for business, and has in stock the finest assortment of

Antique Oak Bed Room Sets,
Chiffoniers, Sideboards,
Extension Tables, Etc.

Also a Fine Assortment of

Reed and Rattan Furniture

UPHOLSTERY.

Fine Spring, Hair, Wool, Moss and Straw Mattresses, Live Goose Feathers and Silk Floss for Pillows. Special attention called to our latest style of WIRE MATTRESSES, the best and cheapest ever brought to this country. Fine Lounge and Sofa Beds, at San Francisco prices. Complete Assortment of Baby Carriages, Cribs, Cradles and High Chairs.

CORNICE POLES IN WOOD OR BRASS TRIMMINGS.

We make a Specialty of Laying Matting and Interior Decorating, Furniture and Mattresses repaired by First-Class Workmen, Cabinet Making in all its Branches

A TRIAL IS SOLICITED. LOWEST PRICES PREVAIL.

ORDWAY & PORTER,

ROBINSON BLOCK, HOTEL STREET.

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ENTERPRISE PLANING MILL,

PETER HIGH, Proprietor.

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.

BEAVER SALOON.

Fort Street. - Opposite Wilder & Co.

H. J. NOLTE, Prop'r.

First-Class Lunches served with Tea, Coffee, Soda Water, Ginger Ale or Milk.

Smokers' Requisitss a Specialty. Open from 3 a.m. till 10 p.m.

C. B. COOPER, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE, MASONIC TEMPLE,
Corner Hotel and Alakea Streets.

OFFICE HOURS: 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., 7 to 8 p. m. SUNDAYS: 9:30 to 10:30 a. m.

TELEPHONES: Mutual 254-Office-Bell 98. Residence: Mutual 490.

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Life Assurance Society of the United States

OFFERS INSURANCE ON ALL THE POPULAR PLANS, viz:

Ordinary Life Plan,
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Semi Tontine Plan,
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It will cost you nothing to call at the office of the undersigned and make further inquiries. Should you conclude to insure, it will be money in your pocket.

BRUCE & A. J. CARTWRIGHT,

Managers for the Hawaiian Islands EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of U. S.

TAHITI LEMONADE WORKS CO.,

23 Nuuanu, Honolulu, H. I.

MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH CLASS BEVERAGES.

Lemonade Soda, Water,
Ginger Ale, Hop Ale,
Sarsaparilla,
Plain Soda,

Sarsaparilla and
Iron Water,
Seltzer Water,
etc., etc., etc.

A Trial Order Solicited

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AGENTS.

H. E. McINTYRE & BRO.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Groceries, Provisions and Feed.

EAST CORNER FORT AND KING STREETS.

New Goods received by every Packet from the Eastern States and Europe
Fresh California Produce by every steamer. All orders faithfully attended to, and goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.
Island orders solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed. Telephone No. 92.
Post Office Box No. 145.

BENSON, SMITH & CO.,

SOLE AGENTS

BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP.

OVER TWO MILLION CAKES SOLD IN 1892.

Excels any Toilet Soap on the Market.

BENSON, SMITH & CO.

ASHFORD'S HARD FACTS.

WHAT HE WROTE FOR BLOUNT'S REPORT.

A Chapter of the Monarchy Which the People of Hawaii Should Remind Themselves Of.

By request the STAR republishes the *Chronicle's* text of Colonel Ashford's able contribution to Mr. Blount's report—a document which a Royalist paper recently said had "exonerated the Queen and the monarchy."

"HONOLULU, April 9.—Your correspondent has secured a copy of the text of a secret report upon Hawaiian politics made to Commissioner Blount at his request by Colonel Volney V. Ashford. Colonel Ashford has lately returned to Hawaii from the United States, whither he was banished several months ago by the Queen's Government, and is now leading the Statehood movement. He is a Canadian by birth and has served in the American and British armies. He organized the Hawaiian Rifles, which was the backbone of the revolution of 1887, and has been prominent in politics for a decade.

"Ashford gives a clear account of the causes that led to the uprising of 1887. Then he sketches in a few strong pages the recent events that led to the Queen's overthrow. Like most other shrewd observers Ashford attributes this largely to the infamies of Marshal Wilson and other corrupt favorites of the Queen. Of Wilson's relations to the Queen he says:

"Wilson's 'pull' on the Queen consisted, in fact, that for many years he has been her chief favorite. They openly assumed suspicious relations years before the death of her husband; and he himself, although a man with a family, moved into the dead man's house and permanently established himself therein almost before the corpse was cold. A private gateway was cut through the palace wall, immediately contiguous to the Queen's private apartments, through which the guards allowed none but Wilson to pass, a scandal at which even the most obtuse of the native people drew the line. The pair were publicly accused of openly living together in the Queen's place at Waikiki, a suburb of Honolulu, during and succeeding the 'sand-bag' episode at the palace, just preceding the descent upon the league. All these and many other equally scandalous acts are matters of public notoriety at the capital, and have been aired and commented upon in scathing terms by the native press of Honolulu; but the English press were either gagged by the palace party or kept silent to avoid the effects of the scandal abroad. Through the Queen's influence over her brother (during his absolute power of official patronage) Wilson was given the superintendency of the Honolulu Water Works, though he was ignorant of all theory regulating hydraulics, and the real work was necessarily done by another highly paid official. Wilson collected the water rates, however, and an investigation being demanded by a member of the Legislature of 1886, a parliamentary committee found he had stolen in the neighborhood of $16,000 from the receipts. Then through the same influence the Cabinet of the day entered into a stipulation whereby the matter was compromised, Wilson repaying into the treasury $10,000. The Princess paid over $5000 of this amount in cash, and by her further influence, exerted in the same direction, prevailed on the Legislature to pass an 'act of indemnity' restoring to her the $5,000 out of the public funds. To save further scandal, friends of the Ministry indorsed Wilson's notes for another $5000 on the Government's pledge to retain one-half of his salary until the amount was recouped, while he himself, of course, retained the office, although members of the Legislature, from their place on the floor of the House, expressed the opinion that he should be breaking stones on the street with a ball chained to him.

"At the revolution of 1887 the fellow was believed to be a spy on both sides, and the King subsequently informed friends that he at least betrayed him into the enemy's hands as soon as the revolutionary cause began to promise success. He was in the Dominis conspiracy in 1888, and was the man to first reach the Government officials and betray his comrades when he suspected the plot was discovered. Unless the official documents were stolen while he and his tools were in power, there are still confessions of his own, under oath, in the Government archives, 'which would hang him,' to use the words of the then Minister of the Interior. The particulars of this conspiracy were suppressed by the Government of the day, to prevent a lowering of Hawaiian bonds then selling in London on a $2,000,000 loan, and for other reasons already stated. He was in the Wilcox insurrection of 1889, but kept out of harm's way, and it was developed at the trial of Loomens that he introduced Loomens to the King, and sent him, by the King's order, to join the conspirators.

"During the Queen's reign and his incumbency of the marshalship he was the absolute dictator in Hawaii. It was common report that no act of importance in governmental functions transpired without either emanating from him or receiving his approval. He over and over agan insulted the people, the Legislature and the Cabinet by openly commanding the Queen to disregard the Premier, on behalf of the Cabinet, when that Minister was urging upon her the adoption, modification or rejection of contemplated public acts. Boodle, thievery, blackmailing, bribe-taking and general disregard of the laws were alarmingly common; and gambling houses, dives, illicit liquor dens, opium joints, and the wholesale importation of that deadly drug have been openly charged in the public press as being traced to his acquiescence for monetary considerations. He kept a body guard about him, composed in part from fugitives from justice from other countries accused of all degrees of crime.

"Wilson is a half-breed Tahitian who as a waif, was brought to Honolulu by an old Hawaiian sea captain. He grew up here, learned the blacksmith trade and followed it till his physical development attracted the attention of Mrs. Dominis, who at once procured a Government office for him and advanced him as occasion offered. Though physically large, active and well proportioned, he is morally of a low order—a circumstance which is true of all the ex-Queen's favorites. The feeling of disgust resulting from the Palace scandals, as well as the general repugnance to having the laws maladministered by worthless favorites, combined to originate the league 'to promote justice and equal rights in the political Government of Hawaii.' Among the wrongs to be remedied was, of course, the differential franchise, and it was the belief of the Hawaiian leaguers that annexation would mean equal civil rights which most strongly tended to bring the annexation view into prominence among them as the true solution of the question. At first the Palace party encouraged the league. They thought to use them in the promulgation of a new Constitution by throwing to them the sop of 'equal rights' in exchange for their actual co-operation in the Queen's intended coup.

"The league did not openly quarrel with the Queen's representatives, but 'negotiated' at arm's length, with the object of being left unmolested by the authorities, or, rather, by Wilson, who was directing the 'new Constitution' conspiracy from the Queen's side, and giving only such information to the Ministers of the Government as the Queen's party chose they should know.

"The league rapidly increased in numbers and included many of the best natives and half-whites in the country. By May 31st there were over 300 sworn members. There was a quasi-military organization, controlled mostly by ex-officers or native chief officers of late native volunteer companies or of the guard. Spies reported that the leaders of the league had arranged for a large supply of arms to be landed by smuggling from small craft at out-of-the-way points. The Legislature was about to meet, and it was the Queen's plan that the new order of things must be inaugurated in time to prevent its meeting.

"Matters finally came to a head by the refusal of Wilcox to agree to the Queen's demands. Warrants were made out for every member of the league whom the spies had located—some eighty-seven in number. Plans were laid to attack and shoot down in cold blood the executive council of the league, who were, according to information from spies, to hold a meeting at my rooms that night. This was to be done under cover of an alleged but bogus resistance to arrest, in face of warrants, and, to make the thing complete, martial law was to be at once declared and the league leaders were to be disposed of by a court-martial, composed of officers of her Majesty's personal staff and royal guard. But the league had friends at the Palace and at the headquarters of most of the Government departments: so the meeting did not take place, but, instead, Wilcox and other leaders attended a public meeting of the Liberal party on that evening and denounced the Government, the Queen and royalty in the bitterest terms. If there was basis for the 'arms' story, no evidence was found in the searches by the police of residences of all known to belong to the league. But the details of the first move having failed, it was still contemplated by the Queen to remove, at all hazards, those she considered her enemies. It is positively known that a proclamation of martial law was drafted by one of the Queen's advisers, revised in the Attorney-General's office and carried for some days in the pocket of one of the Queen's staff, while the authorities were busily engaged in hunting up more evidence.

"The palace party calculated to stifle all necessity for such evidence as would convict in a court of justice by establing a 'military' court, composed of ignorant Kanaka partisans and body servants of the Queen. In this search for evidence, after the arrests, the authorities threw parties into prison without warrant or form of law, kept some without food for days, plied prisoners with promises of reward and office if they would perjure themselves in such a way as to make a case against the Liberal leaders, and with threats of death in case of refusal, and used means to extort 'evidence' of the kind they wanted in a manner which would disgrace brigands. These facts were proved in court by witnesses for the prosecution. But the failure of the Queen to destroy all opposition to her abominable course is due chiefly, after all, to the interference of Major Wodehouse, British Commissioner (now Minister), on my behalf as a Canadian, by compelling the Government to try the conspirators in one of the courts of law instead of by a so-called military tribunal.

A Growing Concern.

The increasing business of the California Feed Company has led it to take larger quarters, though keeping its old place at Lileo. The company imports by the shipload and will soon have a fresh cargo of hay and grain by the bark Mauna Ala. The main offices of the company are now at the corner of Nuuanu and Queen streets in the warehouses recently occupied by J. F. Colburn.

THE NEW SAILORS' HOME

VISITED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE TRUSTEES.

Plans and Specifications Ordered for Necessary Outbuildings and Fencing.

The Building Committee of the Trustees of the Sailors' Home, consisting of Messrs. C. M. Cooke, J. H. Paty, H. F. Glade, W. W. Hall and J. H. Schaefer paid a visit of inspection to the new building this morning, accompanied by the architect and contractor. With the exception of a few minor details, which will be attended to in a day or two, the building was found to answer all requirements. When these are completed a formal vote of the committee will be taken on its acceptance from the contractors.

It was decided to have plans and specifications prepared for the immediate erection of the necessary outbuildings and sheds, and bids for their construction will be asked for. The ground surrounding the Home will be inclosed with a neat wooden fence and the lot leveled off and planted with grass and shrubbery to give it an attractive appearance. The trustees hope that the street improvements in the vicinity of the Home will be hurried up. No definite period has yet been fixed for the opening of the building to the public.

HOW RUMORS GROW.

From the Pollywog State to Perfect Maturity.

EDITOR STAR: That a STAR reporter traced a Royalist rumor through the labyrinths of street gossip and missed the trail at the Golden Rule Bazaar is a cause for some reflection on the origin and growth of the many rumors that help to inspire the ex-Queen's friends. A simple remark—a mere pollywog of an expression of thought—may be reinforced and thrive if judiciously nurtured, and in the space of half a day attain an importance that will fire the Royalist heart with real new spirit.

Some one in the Bazaar, for instance, may say, as he looks out of the window and sees Mr. Mills going along, "There goes Mills." The person who hears this walks up to Hobron, Newman & Co.'s corner and says to a Royalist friend, "Mills just passed by." "Which way?" is asked. "Up towards Beretania street." The Royalist crosses over and casually tells a hackman that Mills has gone up Beretania street. The hackman quietly says to a favored passenger, "I hear Mills was seen walking up towards Washington Place this morning." Instantly the perambulations of Mills become intensely interesting, and the passenger afterwards finds some political acquaintances on the makai side of Merchant street, between Fort street and Bishop's bank, to whom he makes this announcement—"Minister Willis has sent Mills up to Washington Place." With one accord the crowd exclaim, "To try to get an audience with the Queen, of course!"

The Royalist rumor and the coming of restoration day are subjects that force themselves upon one's attention every day and could not be more tiresome if they were set to the music of "After the Ball." RUMOR.

Honolulu, Nov. 15.

A FORMER CRY OF "WOLF."

Some of the Many Disturbing Rumors That Amounted to Nothing.

HONOLULU, April 9.—The departure of the China permits the sending of two days' later news than that which went to the coast on the Mariposa. Within the twenty-four hours just past nothing of marked importance has occurred, although the air is filled with rumors of a coming restoration. It is certain that the ex-Queen looks upon a return to Iolani palace as among the events of the near future. The friends of the Provisional Government ridicule the report, but are dissatisfied at the reticence of Colonel Blount to them and his apparent good terms with the Royalist leaders.

However, the rumors that the Queen is to be restored are so common and so threatening that the Americans here, while not in a panic, are filled with grave misgivings. All the Royalist leaders have an air of unmistakable triumph. Colonel George Macfarlane reported last night that he had seen Colonel Blount, and that the latter, with a hearty grasp of the hand, said: "My program is only half finished." Others claim that the United States Commissioner has definitely promised to undo the work of Minister Stevens and restore the *status quo ante*.

If this is true the Hawaiian group will become the "Inferno of the Pacific" in more than a volcanic sense, but that it is true the leading Annexationists, though visibly disturbed in mind, cannot convince themselves.—*Chronicle.*

Scares of this kind have been of fortnightly occurrence for eight or nine months, but have all proved to be the invention of idle minds.

The Norrie Libel Case.

In the Circuit Court this morning the Attorney-General moved the Court to have the case of Edmund Norrie placed on the criminal calendar. The defense objected on the ground that the committal of the District Magistrate was dated on November 7th, three days after the opening of the term. Judge Cooper overruled the objection. Counsel for the defense excepted to the ruling.

According to one of the many rumors about, to-night has been fixed as the time for the Royalists to take possession of the Government buildings. It is generally hoped the attempt will be made.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

The Board of Health is in session this afternoon.

Polynesian Encampment No. 1, I. O. O. F., meets on Friday night.

There have been no passengers booked to leave by the Alameda so far.

A lot of fancy goods belonging to Mrs. Lack were sold at auction this morning.

The STAR has received numerous compliments on its improved appearance.

Squad No. 5 of the Citizens' Reserve held a meeting last night to perfect details.

The HAWAIIAN STAR Company is now prepared to do all kinds of job work at reasonable rates.

Some Royalists were foolish enough to bet money yesterday that the ex-Queen would be "restored" to-day.

The *Gazette* Company has shipped two pairs of carrier pigeons to John M. Horner at Kukaiau, Hawaii.

A large amount of stock of the Hawaiian Exhibition Company has been subscribed in San Francisco.

A four-year-old son of Nick Peterson, the hack driver, broke his thigh bone yesterday afternoon while playing.

Maile and Ki were fined $250 and $200 respectively by Judge Robertson yesterday for having opium in their possession unlawfully.

The stone curbing for a new sidewalk on the quarter block at the corner of Bethel and Hotel streets has been hauled to the premises to-day.

The commitment and other papers in the libel suit against Edmund Norrie, editor of the *Holomua*, have been sent up to the Circuit Court.

There is trouble in the Japanese church and it bids fair to split up into various small congregations of different denominations and pastors.

The Pacific Hardware Company exhibit in one of their windows a large photograph of about fifty members of Excelsior and Harmony Lodges, I. O. O. F.

A letter from Maui states that W. H. Cornwell had circulated a story among the natives that the ex-Queen would be "restored" by the American Minister yesterday.

The call attributed to the ex-Queen by Ellis Mills was made by a Mr. Ellis, as we are informed by one who was on the Washington Place premises at the time.

The members of the minstrel organization are practicing faithfully, and expect to be able to furnish an elaborate program for the first performance, which will be given on the 25th.

PERSONAL.

J. R. Holt, Jr., of Waianae, is at the Arlington.

Rev. and Mrs. E. P. Baker have returned to Hilo.

Theo. H. Davies and his son have gone to Mahukona.

W. Peak was the only passenger for the Volcano yesterday.

Miss Kate McGrew and Mrs. Van Vliet have gone to Kauai for a short visit.

Brother Bertram of the St. Louis college has gone on a trip to Maui, where he will spend a couple of weeks in visiting the Catholic schools.

The Lougee Brothers, who have been here as divers for some time, have finished their work on the Miowera and expect to return to San Francisco by the Alameda sailing to-morrow.

CHINESE POI SHOPS.

Those Near the King Street Bridge Said to Be a Nuisance.

EDITOR STAR: I desire to call the attention of the Board of Health to the condition of the Chinese shops on the mauka side of King-street bridge. Poi peelings and other kinds of foul matter are dumped under the houses and on to the bank of the river, where it is converted into a seething mass of corruption, from which the germs of disease will eventually spread into the city. At present the smell is overpowing to pedestrians and the restaurant trade is being injured, as strangers not understanding the situation suppose the smell emanates from where they are and consequently leave in disgust. This could easily be remedied by the Government connecting the end of Hotel street with King street (which is a distance of between 60 and 100 feet), by building a walk and filling in. The cost would be comparatively small, as the material for the same could be taken from the island in the bed of the river. The offal could be run out through pipes into deep water. * * *

Ananias Not in It.

Within five minutes after the booming of the cannon which saluted the British Minister on leaving the Philadelphia a STAR reporter was asked if it was true that Mrs. Dominis was on board the flagship, and that the saluting was in her honor. Verily, old Ananias would stand no show in Honolulu, and the father of lies himself would have to take a back seat.

To Dissolve an Injunction.

A. J. Cartwright, by his attorney C. W. Ashford, has filed a motion to dissolve the injunction issued against him on November 4th, restraining him from disposing of his property pending the termination of the divorce suit. The motion will be heard by Judge Whiting to-morrow at 10 o'clock.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

THE MIOWERA'S INJURIES NOT SERIOUS.

The British Cruiser Champion Due To-day—The Waialeale Sails—Official Visits.

The steamer Likelike is undergoing a thorough overhauling.

The bark Matilda will sail in ballast for Departure bay Saturday.

The steamer Waialeale sailed this morning for Hamakua and Lahaina.

H. M. S. Champion is expected to arrive here soon from Esquimault.

There was but one passenger by the Waialeale this morning, Mr. Schwalb being the only one booked.

The steamer Kaala is not expected to come off the marine railway for several days yet.

The new iron plates were put in the damaged starboard bulwarks of the bark J. C. Pfluger yesterday.

The firing aboard the Philadelphia this morning was in honor of the British Minister, who called officially.

Consul Mills and Vice-Consul Boyd paid a visit to the Adams this afternoon. After leaving the Adams the gentleman called on the Philadelphia and received a salute of seven guns.

There are but twelve foreign vessels in port at present, and of these several are anchored in the stream waiting for cargoes and one is undergoing repairs, consequently there is very little loading or discharging going on and the principal occupation of most of the waterfront people is talking politics and swapping inaccuracies.

The damage to the Miowera, it appears, will be but slight, as the survey made by the divers yesterday showed that, aside from the damage done to the stern in the tearing away of the post and rudder, the principal harm to her is in the form of a few dents in the side plates. Regarding her engines, they are not so badly strained as was thought. This was proved yesterday by turning them over by hand. To-day men from the iron foundry are at work on the broken stern-post, and Lyle & Sorenson will commence the construction of the coffer dam to-day. Altogether, the Miowera's escape from far more serious injuries than she has sustained is a matter of surprise to all. The leak is nothing to speak of, and what water there is coming in comes principally from the mutilated stern.

PASSENGERS.

DEPARTED.

For Kauai per stmr Mikahala, Nov 14—Miss Juliette Smith, P N de la Vergne, Lau Chong, E R Hendry, Miss K McGrew and friend, and 40 on deck.

DEPARTURES.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 15.

Stmr Waialeale, Smythe, for Lahaina and Hamakua, 9 A M.
Schr Mary E Foster for Kauai.
Stmr Pele, Petersen, for Makaweli.
Schr Ka Moi for Hamakua.

IMPORTS AND CONSIGNEES.

Per stmr Claudine—13 hogs, 100 sacks taro, 320 sacks potatoes, 73 sacks corn, 30 sacks beans, 113 pkgs sundries.

Per stmr Waileale—3239 bags sugar, 75 green hides, 30 head cattle.

VESSELS IN PORT.

NAVAL VESSELS.

U S S Adams, Nelson, San Francisco.
U S S Philadelphia, Barker, Callao.

MERCHANTMEN.

German bk J C Pfluger, Bremen.
Am sch Transit, Jorgensen, San Francisco.
Am sch Robert Lewers, Goodman, Port G'ble
Nor sh Beaconsfield, Bastiansen, Newcastle
Haw bk R P Rithet, Morrison, San Fran
Am bgt W G Irwin, Nelson, San Fran.
Yacht Tomna, Tolna, San Francisco.
Am bk Matilda, Stevenson, Nanaimo, B. C.
Am bk Klikitat, Port Gamble.
Am bk S C Allen, Thompson, San Fran.
Am bk Albert, Griffith, San Francisco.

FOREIGN VESSELS EXPECTED.

	Sailed
Am bk Martha Davies, Boston	Aug 18
Br sh Villata, Liverpool	Aug 16
Am brgt Consuelo, S F, Kah	Oct —
Am bkt J. D. Spreckels, S F, Kah	Oct 27
Haw schr J G North, S F, Mah	Oct —
Am schr Allen A, Eureka	Oct —
Am schr Glendale, Eureka	Oct —
Am schr Anna, S F, Kah	Oct —
Ger bk Nautilus, Liverpool	Dec —
Am brgt Lurline, S F, Hilo	Oct 26
Ger bk H Hackfeld, Liverpool	Dec —
Schr Haleakala, Fanning's Island	Nov —
Am bk Wrestler, NSW	Oct —
Br bk Duke of Argyle, NSW	Nov —
Am bk Alden Besse, S F.	Oct 27
Am bkt Irmgard, S F	Nov —
Am bk C D Bryant, S F	Nov —
Am bk Enock Talbot, Port Gamble	Nov —
Ger bk Galveston, Hongkong	Nov —
Am bkt Planter, S F	Nov —
Am bkt Discovery, S F	Nov —
Am bkt Amelia, Port Blakely	Dec —
Am schr Alice Cooke Port Blakely	Dec —

FOREIGN MAIL SERVICE.

Steamships will leave for and arrive from San Francisco on the following dates, till the close of 1894:

ARRIVE AT HON'LULU FOR SAN F'ANCISCO.		ARRIVE AT H'N'LULU FROM SAN F'CISCO.	
Alameda	Nov 16	Monowai	Nov. 23
Miowera (Van)	Dec 3	Warrimoo (Vn)	Nov23
Oceanic	Dec 4	China	Nov 28
Australia	Dec 9	Australia	Dec 2
Mariposa	Dec 14	Alameda	Dec 21
Warrimoo (Van)	Jan 2	Miowera (Van)	Dec 24
City Peking	Jan 2	Oceanic	Dec 28
Australia	Jan 6	Australia	Dec 30
Monowai	Jan 11	Warrimoo (Vn)	Jan 29
Oceanic	Feb 12	Mariposa	Jan 18
Australia	Feb 3	Australia	Jan 27
Alameda	Feb 8	China	Feb 7
Australia	Mar 3	Monowai	Feb 15
Mariposa	Mar 8	Australia	Feb 24
China	Mar 26	Oceanic	Mar 4
Australia	Mar 31	Alameda	Mar 15
Monowai	Apr 5	Australia	Mar 24
Australia	Apr 28	Mariposa	Apr 12
Alameda	May 3	Australia	Apr 21
Gaelic	May 14	Monowai	May 10
Australia	May 26	China	Apr 17
Mariposa	May 31	Australia	May 19
Australia	June 23	Alameda	June 7
Monowai	June 28	Australia	June 16
Australia	July 21	Mariposa	July 5
Alameda	July 26	Australia	July 14
Australia	Aug 18	Monowai	Aug 2
Mariposa	Aug 23	Australia	Aug 11
Australia	Sept 15	Alameda	Aug 3
Monowai	Sept 20	Australia	Sept 3
		Mariposa	Sept 26
		Australia	Oct 8
		Monowai	Oct 25

I. O. O. F.

HARMONY LODGE No. 3, I.O.O.F., MEETS in Harmony Hall, Way's Block, King Street, every Monday, at 7:30 P. M. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend.

D. P. LAWRENCE, Noble Grand. GEO. A. TURNER, Secretary.

187-1yr.

THE CHAMPION DUE TO-DAY.

A Brief Description—Her List of Officers.

The Champion is a screw cruiser of 2380 tons, with an indicated horse-power of 2000, and belongs to the third class. Minister Wodehouse said this morning that he expected the Champion to arrive to-day. Her list of officers follows:

Eustace Rooke, Captain.

C. W. Fowler, R. Nugent, F. K. Gibbons, H. D. G. Flood, W. F. Benwell, Lieutenants.

J. Marchant, Lieut. Marines.
Rev. T. T. Griffiths, Chaplain.
J. C. Dow, M. B., Staff Surgeon.
B. C. Scott, Staff Paymaster.
J. Armstrong, Chief Engineer.
F. H. Walter, Sub Lieutenant.
R. F. Bate, Surgeon.
T. Hayles, Ass't. Paymaster.
W. J. Kent, Engineer.
J. T. Machaut, Gunner.
S. J. E. Galley, Boatswain.
W. Male, Carpenter.

R. A. Willis, G. C. Clarke, O. J. Prentis, G. A. Rooke, R. M. G. Knight, Midshipmen.

OPIUM ON THE MIKAHALA.

The Chinese Steward Arrested and Twenty-seven Tins Found.

Just previous to the sailing of the Mikhala yesterday afternoon Captain Parker and officer Hart boarded the vessel and interviewed Aki, the Chinese steward on the subject of opium. He denied having any in his possession and all knowledge of any. The officers searched the ship, however, and were rewarded by the discovery of a satchel under the staircase leading to the main saloon, which, on examination, was found to contain twenty-seven tins of opium. The steward was arrested and taken to the station house where he confessed and gave away the name of a prominent Chinese firm that had employed him to take the opium to Kauai. Aki procured the services of V. V. Ashford later on, who procured his release on depositing $250 bail, and he sailed on the regular trip a sadder and perhaps wiser Chinaman than usual.

"TURN THE RASCALS OUT."

Some Plain Talk From a Member of the Citizens' Reserve.

EDITOR STAR: I joined the Citizens' Reserve soon after the publication of the correspondence between the Annexation Club and the Government about the removal of certain Royalist officials from office. I joined in good faith, expecting that the Government would fulfill its implied promises and make some removals at once. It has not done so, and now I am in a quandary. If trouble should occur and any fighting be done, and I should help do some of it, whom would I help by risking my life? Should I not benefit Royalist and Annexationist officials alike? This is more than I bargained for. I am willing to fight for the Provisional Government, but I will not do so to help maintain a lot of Royalists in its service, and there are many others of my squad in the same boat.

CITIZENS' RESERVE.

GOVERNMENT LAND SALES.

Bidders Conspicuous by Their Absence and Prices Low.

Chief Clerk Hassinger of the Interior Department offered four pieces of Government land for sale to-day. There were very few bidders on hand, and only $1 over the upset price was realized on three pieces sold, which went as follows:

Seventeen hundred and fifty square feet on the south side of Punchbowl slope, Honolulu, was sold to Mrs. A. M. L. Smith at the upset price of $50.

Four acres at Laepaoo, in the district of Puna, Hawaii, was sold to R. Ryeroff for $81, or $1 in excess of the upset price. Expenses of surveying the lot to the amount of $60 was added to the purchase price.

Forty acres at Kuaia, in the district of Hilo, less a strip reserved for a Government road, was sold to A. W. Crockett for $160 and costs of survey.

For the piece of land at Waawaa, in the same district, no bids exceeding the upset price of $250 were made and the sale was declared off.

THIRTY DAYS EACH

Is What Three Natives Got For Illegal Fishing.

Three natives were up for larceny in the fourth degree this morning in Judge Robertson's court. The Sun Chan Lee Company, which has leased some fishing rights at Waikele, Ewa, accused the defendants of the larceny of nine mullet, three ulua and one other fish, name unknown, the whole being valued at $1 50. The case occupied the whole morning session, a great number of witnesses being examined on both sides. The Court found the defendants guilty as charged and sentenced them each to one month's imprisonment at hard labor and $3 20 costs.

Circuit Court Notes.

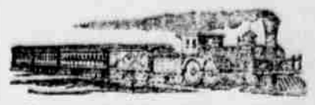
A verdict of guilty was rendered in the case of Ikeole, for assault and battery, tried before Judge Cooper and a jury yesterday afternoon. At this morning's session the defendant was sentenced to pay a fine of $30 and costs amounting to $18.50

The trial of E. Devauschelle for selling opium has occupied the Court to-day. Deputy-Marshal Brown for the prosecution and J. L. Kaulukou for the defense.

A Heavy Shower.

A heavy shower of rain fell at about 2:30 this afternoon and in a few minutes the streets were flooded. Professor Lyons thinks it was probably the tail end of the late storm.

OAHU RAILWAY & LAND CO.'S TIME TABLE.



From and After June 1st, 1893

TRAINS

TO EWA MILL.

	B. A.M.	B. P.M.	A. P.M.	D. P.M.
Leave Honolulu	8:45	1:45	4:35	5:10
Leave Pearl City	9:20	2:20	5:10	5:56
Arrive Ewa Mill	9:37	2:37	5:28	6:22

TO HONOLULU.

	C. A.M.	B. A.M.	B. P.M.	A. P.M.
Leave Ewa Mill	6:21	10:43	3:43	5:42
Leave Pearl City	6:55	11:15	4:15	6:10
Arrive Honolulu	7:30	11:55	4:55	6:45

A—Saturday's only. C—Sunday's excepted.
B—Daily D—Saturday's excepted

Tides, Sun and Moon.

Day.	November.	High Tide large.	High Tide small.	Low Tide large.	Low Tide small.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Moon sets.
		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.			
Mon	13	7.15	7.30	3.40	.....	6.10	5.19	9.39
Tues	14	8.18	10. 0	4.20	1.20	6.11	5.19	10.33
Wed	15	9. 5	11.30	5. 0	3. 0	6.12	5.18	11.27
Thur	16	9.50	.....	5.30	3.30	6.12	5.18	.....
			a.m.					
Fri	17	10.40	1 10	6. 0	4. 0	6.13	5.18	0.21
Sat	18	11.18	0.40	6.20	5.20	6.13	5.17	1.15
		a.m.	p.m.					
Sun	19	1. 0	0.20	6.38	6.37	6.14	5.17	2. 9

First quarter of the moon on the 19th, at 7th, 13m. a.m.

Time Whistle Blows at 1h., 28m., 34s. p.m. of Honolulu time, which is the same as 12h., 0m., 0s. of Greenwich time.

For every 1000 feet of distance of the observer (from the Custom House) allow one second for transmission of sound, or 5 seconds to a statute mile.

METEROLOGICAL RECORD.

By the Government Survey, Published Every Monday.

Day.	Nov.	BAROM. 9 A. M.	BAROM. 3 P. M.	THER. Min.	THER. Max.	6 A. M. Rain, in.	9 A. M. Humidity	Clouds	Winds	Force
Sun	5	30.15	30.06	68	79	0.17	63	5	NE	3.0
Mon	6	30.10	30.04	66	81	0.13	65	5	SE	2.0
Tue	7	30.16	30.10	67	79	0.09	65	8-10	NE-S	2.0
W'd	8	30.20	30.13	68	78	1.84	62	6	NE	4
Thu	9	30.15	30.06	71	79	0.02	70	6	NE	4
Fri	10	30.10	30.00	70	79	0.01	61	5	NE	3
Sat	11	30.06	29.99	64	81	0.42	69	4	S	1

Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation, but not for latitude.

The California Feed Company

Are now located corner Nuuanu and Queen streets, in the warehouses recently occupied by J. F. Colburn. We have been compelled to make this change on account of our fast increasing business. We now carry a very large stock, as we import by the ship load, and do our own buying. We will still keep our old place at Leleo. The Hawaiian bark Mauna Ala will be here about December 1st, 1893, with another full cargo of selected Hay and Grain for us. We thank our friends for their liberal patronage in the past three years. We hope by strict attention to the wants of our patrons to merit a continuance of the same. We will keep in stock the VERY BEST to be had in our line, and at PRICES AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST. We do not want the earth, only a small portion will do us. Give us a trial and we will treat you right. If you want good fresh Hay and Grain ring up 121 on both telephones.

All Orders Delivered Promptly.

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King & Wright, Props.

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L. H. DEE,

—JOBBER OF—

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Cake Bakery. HOT COFFEE, TEA, CHOCOLATE

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Our Establishment is the Finest Resort in the City. Call and see us. Open till 11 p. m.

IN A TRAPPIST MONASTERY.

The Solemn Chanting of the Matin In the Dim Gray of Dawn.

A postulant fetched me and led me through a labyrinth of passages to the church. Although the building was almost in darkness, I could see that it was in the pointed style, and that it was marked by a cold elegance befitting its special purpose. The nave was divided near the middle by a gothic screen of wood artistically carved, although the ornamental motive had been kept in subjection. The half that adjoined the sanctuary was somewhat higher than the other, and here the Trappist fathers had their stalls—the brothers' stalls were in the lower part.

I was led to a place below the screen. The office had already commenced. The monotonous plain chant by deep toned voices had reached me in the corridors. Perhaps it was half an hour later when the chanting ceased. The lamps were darkened in the stalls above the screen—in the lower part there was but one very small light suspended from the vault—then the monks knelt each upon the narrow piece of wood affixed to their stalls for this purpose, and for half an hour with heads bent down they prayed in silence, while the thunder groaned outside and the lightning flashed through the cloister windows.

To the Trappists, who day after day, year after year, at the same hour had been going through the same part of their unchanging discipline, heedless whether the stars shone overhead or the lightning glittered, there was nothing in all this to draw their minds from the circle of devotional routine. I alone felt as if I was going down into my grave. The gray light that was now making the ribs of the vaulting dimly visible was like the dawn of eternity breaking through the brief night called death, which is not perhaps so dark as it seems.

At 3 o'clock the chill and awful silence was broken by the white robed prior, who rose from his low posture, like a dead man in his shroud, and began to chant in another tone and measure from what had gone before, and which had in it the sadness of the wind that I heard moaning in the pine tops on the moor before the storm broke. The voice was strong and clear, but so solemn that it was almost unearthly, and it seemed in some strange way to mingle with the purity of the cold dawn that comes when all the passions of the world are still, but which makes the leaves tremble at the crime and trouble of another day.—Temple Bar.

Dancing Classes.

Dancing is so graceful, so charming, so fascinating as an accomplishment, that no young man or woman can be considered to have been properly educated if he or she has not received proper training in this essential social art. To dance well is to be sure of giving and receiving pleasure on many occasions when the person ignorant of dancing must of necessity find the time extremely tedious.

A mother who is foresighted and careful will often arrange a dancing class at her own house for her children and those of her neighbors, engaging the services of a competent instructor and keeping her children and their associates thus strictly under her own supervision.

Dancing classes of grownup young people are select and exclusive affairs under the patronage of some gentle woman or women who are of undoubted position, and who chaperon the class not only on the weekly occasions of their practice, but at the other pleasant social affairs, receptions, theater parties, etc., which are the natural outgrowth of the dancing class. Very charming friendships, sometimes growing into betrothals and happy marriages, are the not infrequent result of the informal acquaintance of the dancing class, where young people are brought together in a happy and natural way, their elders looking on, and the whole pleasant affair being one of the agreeable associations of home life and good neighborhood.—Harper's Bazar.

In That Case—What?

Maurice Barrymore, the actor, is a great wit and wag, and at sharp repartee he is wonderfully clever. One of the acquaintances he made at the Hoffman House is a dapper little agent for a certain brand of champagne and is constantly pushing its sale. Barrymore liked the agent, and he liked his wine, and the two cracked many a bottle together. One day not long ago the agent approached the actor in a confidential manner, and buttonholing him aside said.

"Barry, I have got a new scheme, and you can help me in it if you will."

"Certainly, my boy. What is it?" replied Barrymore.

"Well, as a sort of a side line I have taken the agency of the skoodle water, a very fine beverage."

"That's all right, old man, but what have I to do with water?"

"Nothing, Barry; but you can help me in this way: Sometimes you are out with a party and feel like chopping off on wine and drinking something else. At such times you could assist me by saying to the barkeeper, 'Have you any skoodle water?'"

"Yes," said Barrymore, "but suppose he has?"—Chicago Post.

Frogs.

Frogs, whether blind or not, become dark green or black if they are kept in a dark vessel in a sparingly lighted room, but when a larger branch with green leaves is introduced into the vessel they all recover their bright green color, whether blind or not. In some way unknown the reflected green light acts either upon the nerves of the skin, or—what seems more probable, if Steinach's experiments are taken into account—directly upon the pigment cells. Moreover, the sensations derived from the toes have also an influence upon the changes of color. When the bottom of the vessel is covered with a felt or with a thin wire net, the frogs also become black, recovering their green color when a green branch is introduced into the vessel.—Exchange.

The Plant of Calvary.

Those versed in plant and flower lore say that the celebrated "plant of Calvary" was unknown in the flora of the world prior to the date of the crucifixion of Jesus. According to the tradition, the original plant sprung up in the track made by Pilate when he went to the cross for the purpose of placing that famous "title" over the head of him of whom the Jews said, "Say that he called himself 'King of the Jews.'" The plant, as it is now known, is a common trefoil, resembling the common clover in many particulars, especially in the peculiarities of growth.—New Orleans Times.

He Announced Himself.

A rector of Eltham once gave out the words, "Who art thou?" and as he paused for a moment an officer in uniform, who had just entered the church, suddenly halted, and taking the question as personal promptly replied, "Sir, I am the recruiting officer of the Sixteenth Foot, and having my wife and daughter with me should be glad to make the acquaintance of the clergy and gentry of the neighborhood."—Argonaut.

"It's only a question of a few days now, Mr. Kreditt," said young Tudors to the creditor he was putting off. "It's only a few days before I shall pay you in full. The future is bright with promise"——

"Excuse me, Tudors," said the creditor gruffly, "that's what I'm kicking about. The past has been a good deal too bright with promises. I want pay."—Chicago Record.

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Fresh California Roll Butter and Island Butter always on hand.

Fresh Goods received by every Steamer from San Francisco.

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Has superior facilities for buying and selling **Stocks** and **Bonds** and is in a posstion to handle large blocks of stocks, paying cash for same; or will sell upon Commission.

Ewa Plantation Stock can be disposed of by us in large or small lots at fair prices.

Safe Deposit Boxes of various sizes for the safe keeping of all sorts of valuables, rented at reasonable rates.

Silver Ware and **Valuable Articles** taken on storage for a long or short period.

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Reliable Goods

AT

REASONABLE PRICES.

A well known Engineer in charge of a large Sugar Mill writes us this week: "We use no other but VACUUM OILS, they are the best."

Genuine Mixed Paints, made of pure colors and pure oils. The MAKERS name on each can a guarantee of quality. During the past year a large quantity of this paint has been used with the most satisfactory results.

Fence Wire, Galvanized or plain Black annealed—Four Point Galvanized Black Wire. So much complaint has been made of the quality of Fence Wire brought into this market, that, after tests covering the past five years, we have selected a make of Fence Wire peculiarly adapted to this climate, and which has proved superior to any other. Users of this make of wire endorse its value.

Water Filters. Do not try experiments with articles made "to sell" and then buy a "Slack & Brownlow" after paying for your experience, as so many have done. Slack & Brownlow's Water Filters are made on scientific principles, and are known and used everywhere. They are accessible in all parts and can be cleaned by the user.

Terra Cotta Flower Pots and Water Bottles, Boston Bean Pots.

New Goods constantly arriving.

PACIFIC HARDWARE CO., L'd.

402-404 FORT STREET - - HONOLULU.

Old Kona Coffee

FOR SALE AT

J. T. WATERHOUSE'S

Queen Street Stores.

Tons & Tons & Tons of NEW GOODS

have been pouring into our Store and Warehouses the past few weeks Ex. barks "Paul Isenberg" and "J. C. Pfluger" from Europe, and the different steamers and sailing vessels from San Francisco. Our stocks of heavy goods, such as Black and Galvanized Chain, Galvanized Sheet Iron, Sheet Zinc, Pig Lead, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, Lump Chalk, Shot, Bar Iron, Etc., has never been so large and complete as it is to-day. Fence Wire—Our stock on 4-5-6 black and 4-5-6-9-12 galvanized is very large, and we claim it is as fine a lot of wire as ever came to the country. However, we don't ask you to take our word fo it if you don't wish to, just come in and we will let you cut a piece off of any coil and put it in our big vise upstairs and you can twist it, bend it, tie knots in it, and test it to your heart's content, and after you have done this and asked the price of it, you will be pretty sure to buy some.

Galvanized Buckets and Tubs, Sauce Pans, Tea Kettles, Ball Blueing, Crown Soft Soap, Fine Clay and Day & Martin's Shoe Blacking we have plenty of now, and our stock of Galvanized Flexible Steel and Iron Wire Rope is complete from ¾ to 4 inches Hubbuck Boiled and Raw Linseed and Castor Oil, White Lead and Zinc, Red Lead and Oxide, Colza Oil and Stockholm Tar, all came by the "Isenberg" in fine order and are offered at low prices. Now is the time to have your Coffin trimmed; the hundred sets of "Coffin Furniture" just received are going off like "hot cakes."

The new "Pumping Plant" works well and you can get all the water you want, so you want one of our new Lawn Sprinklers. It is the best Sprinkler ever sold here, no parts to wear out, as it does not revolve, and is good for either light or heavy pressure of water.

Electrical Goods.—Our stock is more complete than ever, and we have five men hard at work wiring houses for Electric Lights. We can furnish wou the fixtures, shades and lamps in any style, and if we wire your house you can feel sure it is done according to the latest Underwriters' rules.

Game is said to be plenty. We have the right kind of Schultze, Wood, or Black Powder Cartridges to get big bags with.

E. O. Hall & Son,

LIMITED,

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A FEW OF OUR SPECIALTIES

COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF "SUPERIOR"

STOVES AND RANGES,

"EUREKA" RANGES,
"CLIPPER" CABOOSES,
LAUNDRY STOTES,
FRENCH RANGES set in Brick.
AGATE IRON WARE,
AND TIN WARE,
COLUMBUS' WROUGHT STEEL SINKS, Galvanized and White Enameled.
RUBBER HOSE,
CAL. LAWN SPRINKLERS.

Sheet Metal Goods in Tin, Copper or Galvanized Iron on hand or made to order,

Full line of Sanitary Goods, Bath Tubs, Lavatories, Water Closets, Pipe and Fittings.

We are equipped for work of all kinds in the Sheet Metal and Plumbing trade, and can guarantee thorough workmanship and first class materials in these lines.

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The A B C "Bohemian Beer" brewed by the above Company is undoubtedly the finest ST. LOUIS LAGER imported into this country.

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San Francisco Stock Brewery, California.

Cyrus Noble Whiskey,

Packed in Screw Stoppered Bottles.

Hiram Walker & Son's "Canadian Club" Whiskey.

Every bottle of which bears Certificate of Age and the Excise Seal of the Dominion of Canada.

J. J. Melchers' "Elephant" Gin, Schiendam.

Vaughan Jones, C. I. G. Scotch Whiskey.

A. & G. Thompson's "Royal Blend" Scotch Whiskey.

Jno. Jameson & Son's X and XXX Irish Whiskey.

Mitchell & Co.'s "Cruiskin Lawn" Irish Whiskey.

☞"Goods sold at bed-rock figures, and a liberal discount allowed for CASH.

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S. F. GRAHAM, MANAGER.

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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, 95-97 KING STREET.

Just Received by Last Steamer

KID GLOVES IN 8 BUTTON, UNDRESSED FANS, DRABS AND GRAYS

12 BUTTON MOSQUETAIRE EVENING SHADES

20 BUTTON EVENING SHADES

ALSO A CHOICE LINE OF

White and Colored Dimitys, Muslins, Swisses and Percales.

These are the CHOICEST LINE of DRESS MUSLIN we have Ever Shown

WE HAVE ALSO RECEIVED A NICE ASSORTMENT OF

White and Cream Point de Irelande Laces

Suitable for Trimming Wash Dresses,

All Widths, from 3 to 12 inches.

EGAN & GUNN,

FORT STREET, :-: BREWER BLOCK.

New Furniture Store

ROBINSON BLOCK.

HOTEL ST., BETWEEN FORT AND NUUANU STREETS

Is now opened for business, and has in stock the finest assortment of

Antique Oak Bed Room Sets,
Chiffoniers, Sideboards,
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Also a Fine Assortment of

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UPHOLSTERY.

Fine Spring, Hair, Wool, Moss and Straw Mattresses, Live Geese Feathers and Silk Floss for Pillows. Special attention called to our latest style of WIRE MATTRESSES, the best and cheapest ever brought to this country. Fine Lounge and Sofa Beds, at San Francisco prices. Complete Assortment of Baby Carriages, Cribs, Cradles and High Chairs.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE, MASONIC TEMPLE,

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