

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
HAWAIIAN

AUSTIN'S WEEKLY OF THE PACIFIC



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General Otis' Interview. The Czar of the Philippines and weakening of the American army, General Otis, has deigned to give a *Sun* correspondent an interview on the situation. It is about time. Several thousand volunteers have returned to the United States who will not hesitate also to say something concerning the situation in the Philippines. If what a number of these volunteers, who were discharged at Manila and are going home by passenger steamer, were willing to say and swear to while passing through Honolulu, be any index to what the thousands of volunteers discharged at San Francisco will also swear to, there will be enough accumulation of evidence to convict this incubus of the American Eastern question of high treason.

As is the fate of all weak men, General Otis has "opened his mouth to put his foot in it." At last the American people have learned the General's novel method of suppressing insurrection. He says:

The question is whether, after all, it would be wise to hasten the ending of the insurrection. With the exception of a few robbers and adventurers, the people grow sicker and more disgusted with independence every day they have it. I believe that if the insurrection is not ended too soon the Filipinos will be so heartily sick of independence that there will never be any more trouble on that score.

Independence was a craze with these people. They did not understand what it meant, but their worship of the idea amounted almost to fanaticism. Now that they really know what independence means, it is the best object lesson they ever had, and it will not be necessary to continue it much longer to forever settle the question.

General Otis should have lived in the last century. One can quite easily imagine an English General in the revolutionary war saying the same thing of the Americans. The statement is weak in every respect, and reveals the mainspring of General Otis' most remarkable methods of warfare, which have gained for him the opprobrium, and even hatred, of the rank and file of the army. It has been the policy of General Otis to forbid any pursuit of the enemy after a brilliant victory by the American troops. The cavalry has thus practically been useless. The enemy have been permitted to retreat and given time to entrench themselves again, so that the troops have been continually compelled to storm the insurgents in their trenches. Besides this, all prisoners taken are at once set free to return to their respective regiments, to take up the fight again—a strange way, certainly, to make the insurgents sick of independence. Such tactics rather tend to make the American troops dispirited and sick of fighting a foe that their commanding general will never permit them to whip after they have fought with extraordinary bravery and brilliancy to gain the advantage.

Is it possible that Secretary Root, who is committed to a vigorous prosecution of the war, can continue in command a general who openly avows it his opinion that it is not wise to hasten the ending of the insurrection? Or, is it possible that President McKinley, who has pledged himself to hasten the pacification of the Philippines, is in sympathy with General Otis' policy?

It is reported by returning veterans that there is a more hopeful feeling in the army now that General Joe Wheeler is in Manila, because he is one of the most dashing cavalry officers in the army, and no power on earth will stop him from pursuing the enemy after a victory.

How General Otis Answers Letters. General Otis states in his interview that he has received many letters from prominent and wealthy Filipinos asking him to send troops to protect their property from the insurgents, and that he invariably replied: "What's the matter with independence? Go back and enjoy it a while longer." Besides being insulting and disgusting, such an answer to an appeal for help is positively childish and undignified. How are the mighty fallen? The representative of this great nation with "benevolent intentions," as Mr. McKinley says, sneers and laughs derisively at an application for protection. And this childish old fool boasts of this in his interview, as if he had said something clever. Oh how proud we feel to be American citizens!

An incident is related by a sergeant in the Montana regiment of an interview with General Pando, while a prisoner in the insurgent camp, which is interesting in revealing the opinion of both the volunteers and insurgents concerning General Otis. General Pando, seeing that the prisoner wore officers' stripes, spoke to him and asked, in excellent English, why the American troops were fighting so hard. The prisoner answered: "Because we are ordered by General Otis to fight you, and being Americans, we fight as hard as we can, when we must." "Do you want to fight us?" continued the General. "No; I think we'll feel sorry every time we have to kill your men. I know I do," replied the prisoner. The General paused a moment. "We do not want to fight you either, but we must. General Otis will not give us any satisfaction as to the kind of government we are to have. Many of us believe that we can have greater independence and freedom under American rule if we can be permitted to govern ourselves as your States do. But General Otis treats us in a most childish manner, as if we had no intelligence. We are willing to lay down our arms, if matters of government are settled to our satisfaction." "The volunteers have nearly the same opinion," replied the Sergeant. "We believe General Otis to have reached the imbecility of second childhood. There is not a volunteer who would not infinitely rather put a bullet through General Otis than shoot a Filipino. He does not dare come out on the firing line, for there are too many of our bullets waiting for him." It is such stories as this that probably gave rise to Aguinaldo's statement that the volunteers were on the point of mutiny. But the Filipinos can not understand that patriotism and sense of duty in the American soldier are greater than hatred for any individual, and in the presence of an enemy, they will obey orders.

The foregoing statement was not made by a fault-finding soldier from the slums of New York, but by an intelligent well-to-do business man from Helena, Montana, and there can be no good reason to doubt his veracity. Where several thousand good

American citizen-soldiers are unanimous in the condemnation of one man, as a childish imbecile, and a butcher of his own men, through criminal incapacity, it is an impeachment before the bar of public opinion which should cause that criminal to be court-martialed.

General Otis is described as sitting in his comfortable palace, located in the inner city, with five thousand regular troops to guard him against assassination by the volunteers, with a map of the country before him, directing by wire the operations in the field. Reports are made every fifteen minutes by telegraph to this inner citadel, and, when he thinks a real victory is to be won, he orders a retreat the moment the insurgent troops have begun to run. This, of course, constitutes an American victory in General Otis' eyes. Instead of pursuit, the insurgents are permitted to retire a few miles and make new trenches, out of which the Americans are expected, next day, to dislodge them. All the field generals even, of such as Generals McArthur and Lawton, are made to move according to the little telegrams from the palace in the walled city, where Otis comfortably sits gazing upon his maps.

If Catholic priests happened to be entertaining the General he would spend hours with them, and orders to the front must wait his august pleasure.

This all seems too terrible for belief. It is, nevertheless, the common gossip among the volunteers, and must have some foundation in fact.

An instance is given of the disastrous effects of one of General Otis' delays. It seems that the American army had caught the Filipinos in a trap and were in a position to compel Aguinaldo to surrender or have the flower of his army destroyed. The delay in receiving orders to advance from the palace in the walled city, gave the insurgents time to escape.

During the battle of Rio Grande bridge, where General Funston won promotion, the wires were cut between the firing line and Manila, supposedly by the insurgents, and Funston led his command, the Kansas, Montana and Utah regiments to glorious victory. It was afterwards found that the insurgents could not have been within many miles of where the wires were cut. It is averred, although this may be exaggerated, that all the great victories were won after some accident had happened to the wires between the battle ground and Manila.

If all due latitude be allowed for exaggeration on the part of the volunteers there is still enough of truth to impeach General Otis of criminal weakness and neglect of duty.

The Paris Exposition of 1900. The world's fair, which is to be opened at Paris the 15th of next April, will be the climax of a series of industrial exposition in that city extending over a time of more than a century. The first

of the number which took place in 1798, and was held on the Champs de Mars, where the coming one is to be situated, was not of an international character. It had only 110 exhibitors, and cost but \$12,000. Twenty-five medals were distributed, however. The fair took firm root in popular

fancy, and was followed by others of generally increasing size until, in 1855, was held the first Paris Universal Exposition, which inspired the emulation of other nations. An idea of the growth of the Parisian world's fairs from that date may be derived from the following figures: The exposition of 1855 had a motive force for its machinery of 350 horsepower, and it attracted 23,954 exhibitors and over 5,000,000 visitors. The fair of 1867 had 626 horsepower, and 52,000 exhibitors. That of 1878 had 2500 horsepower, 52,838 exhibitors, 1,600,000 visitors. In 1889 there were over 5000 horsepower, of which but half was actually used, 55,486 exhibitors and 32,500,000 visitors. Next year will see a prodigious leap in the motive power, for it is estimated that 45,000 horsepower may be needed, although half that amount will quite possibly suffice. Some 20,000 horsepower will be installed for electric lighting alone. It is noteworthy that the distribution of power throughout the exposition will be by electricity. The exhibitors from the United States alone will number over 2000. The number of visitors expected is 60,000,000, equal to three-fourths of the population of the United States.

A fair such as that of 1900, or of 1889, is an event of tremendous importance to a nation from purely financial considerations. To the last one is attributed an increase in French railroad receipts alone of over \$15,000,000, and exports for the year increased \$90,000,000. Next year foreign visitors are expected to leave \$250,000,000 behind them. A single restaurant out of the eighty-six cafes and bars at the exposition of 1889, cleared over \$300,000, while the profits of five others averaged \$40,000. Cafe concessions for 1900 are now ruling at \$10,000 in price. More than 20,600 workmen are employed on the grounds making ready for the coming exposition, and a much larger number are benefited through the outside industrial activity caused by the preparations. The number thus kept busy is estimated at 150,000.

A feature of the exposition of 1900, which is rather a departure from that of previous fairs, will be the selective character of the exhibits. All public fairs are necessarily big advertising schemes, but the authorities are determined that in this case the commodities advertised shall be worth advertising. Doubtless many visitors to Chicago in 1893, while profoundly impressed with the conception of the show as a whole, and with the buildings, were disappointed with much that was inside of them, and saw much that suggested the annual fair in some rural county of boyhood memories. The Paris show does not have a whole prairie to spread over, and its managers perforce must discriminate in what and how much they admit. The principle of selection governs the American Commission, which has been in desperate straits to ward off the attacks of would-be exhibitors who demand any number of times over the space that Commissioner Peck's efforts have finally wrung from parsimonious French authorities. The American machine tool builders have decided to erect at their own expense, a building at the Vincennes annex, seven miles from the main grounds.

A commendable policy which is now being pursued in Paris and which unfortunately we did not follow at Chicago, is the embellishment of the fair grounds with substantial and permanent works of architecture. Such will be the Alexander III

bridge across the Seine, the triumphal arch at the entrance to the grounds, which will cost about \$300,000, and the two fine art palaces which, together, will reach \$4,500,000. The monumental gateway will not only be a masterpiece of decorative architecture, but of inventive genius as well, for the ticket office will be arranged to admit 60,000,000 persons an hour. — *Current Literature.*

General Otis is an ardent Catholic, as the Spanish priests in Manilla **In the Toils of Priestcraft.** soon found out. It is reported that he has succumbed entirely to their influence. Whether this be true or not we cannot say; but his reference, in his interview, to the complications of church and state would indicate the trend of his mind, and is very Catholic and un-American. He says:

After all, the military question is, perhaps, not the most important. The question of establishing civil government is far more complex, and requires the most careful action in order to avoid mistakes. The relations of the church and state afford all manner of pitfalls, and bring out many points that require most careful work and profound study.

How can the relations of church and state afford pitfalls? Under American institutions there is no such thing as relations between church and state, and General Otis is old enough to know it. As the Czar of the Philippines, of course, he has the power to institute relations between church and state temporarily (he being the state), and take the priests of the Spanish into his innermost counsels. But when he attempts to force the doctrine of church and state upon the United States he finds some difficulty. This has been tried before by the Catholic Church and utterly failed.

Why should the establishing of civil government be any more complex than it is in any territory within the United States? General Otis and the American people at large have a strange hallucination that American institutions of freedom are complex. The commonest savage will comprehend American principles quicker than we will.

The WEEKLY is fortunate in being able to give the public, in the **Maori Land and Hawaii.** issues of last week and this, a series of illustrations of the Maoris of New Zealand, accompanied by very interesting articles dictated by Mr. Rawei. Of all the Polynesian races the Maoris are nearest of kin to the Hawaiian. In fact, the Maoris have a well defined legend tracing their origin directly to the Hawaiian people. The same conditions prevail there as here. In coming in contact with civilization both races are gradually becoming extinct. In his article last week, Mr. Rawei very clearly defined the causes that are working destruction among his people, and one is struck by the strange similarity in the causes that are at work here. It is sad that two so amiable peoples are doomed to become extinct.

Many papers which favor expansion and uphold the general policy of the Administration **Sulu Slavery and the Constitution.** in the Philippines do not sanction the arrangement made with the Sultan of the Sulu Islands, by which he is given an annuity, and by which polygamy and slavery are permitted in his dominions in return for his

allegiance. According to the dispatches, our treaty with the Sultan provides that any slave in the archipelago may purchase his freedom by paying his owner \$20, and some papers think that in this way slavery will soon come to an end; but the dispatches do not tell us what facilities the Sulu slaves have for obtaining the necessary \$20. Many papers reprint, in connection with the provisions of the treaty, the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which reads:

Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

An interesting feature of the situation, in view of the treaty's toleration of slavery, is the praise accorded to it by some of the Republican papers of the North, and the opposition of the Southern Democratic papers. The New York Tribune (Rep.) says, that the news of the treaty "is to be received with sincere satisfaction," and that the agreement "is of the happiest omen for the future government of that important part of the archipelago." The New York Commercial Advertiser (Rep.) calls it "an exceedingly wise and practical arrangement." The New Orleans Picayune (Dem.) denounces it as an "astonishing anomaly," and says that, if actually concluded, the "Constitution of the United States will have to be changed to meet the new conditions." The state of Columbia, S. C. (Dem.) calls it "comic opera."

An editorial which has been widely commented upon appears in the Yale Review (August). President Hadley is one of the editors of the Review, and, though he denies the authorship of the editorial in question, he does not disclaim agreement with the sentiments expressed. The editorial declares that "despite the mists of cant that have been studiously thrown about our position," it is becoming clearer to an increasing number of people that "we have undertaken just what Spain had on her hands in Cuba—the reduction of an unwilling people to subjection;" and that the thing for the United States to do is to "turn back on conquest" and offer the Filipinos "self-government and protection against foreign aggression." It then refers to the inconsistency in recognizing the local autonomy of the Sultan of Sulu, and in refusing to recognize the local autonomy of the Filipinos in the northern islands.— *Literary Digest.*

The H. Hackfeld & Co., Ltd., well known merchants of this city, celebrated the (golden) half-century anniversary.

of the business, by a reception, extended to the friends of the house, at their business quarters, on the 2nd instant, the multitude of guests being entertained sumptuously from 11.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. The offices were grandly decorated, and the flag of "Faderland" floated proudly from the tall flagstaff at the front of the building. During the reception-hours an excellent musical entertainment was given by the Hawaiian band, under the leadership of Capt. Henri Berger. The guests voiced their appreciation in hearty unison by giving three cheers for the continued prosperity of this progressive and popular house. May the firm live long and prosper.

HERMIT OF THE DEATH CAVE.

A Story of Skeletons.

BY FRANKLIN AUSTIN.

"You don't mean to tell me, your Majesty, that you actually believe in ghosts?"

"I am perfectly sure that ghosts exist," said his Majesty, "because I have seen them myself. We all have an astral body which, after death, may return to earth with power to make itself visible. Furthermore, I am of the opinion that this astral body can, under certain circumstances, rehabilitate the skeleton of their former selves and temporarily bring the dead to life. Our Hawaiian philosophy does not go thus far in its reasoning, perhaps, yet in the past, after death, the ancient Hawaiians waited before burying their dead until the body became so decomposed that all the bones could be easily extracted. The bones were then buried in caves and laid out systematically upon shelves or ledges in the caves. Why did they do this? I can assure you that I have witnessed the phenomenon of the astral body taking possession of the bones of their former selves and appearing again as though in the flesh."

"Such a phenomena is impossible, your Majesty: perfectly inconceivable."

This colloquy took place in the early eighties in the King's boathouse between King Kalakaua and Ernest Greenwood, a wealthy young New Yorker, who was traveling around the world. He had come to Hawaii armed with a letter of introduction to the King from a prominent naval officer. The King had entertained him at a formal dinner at the Palace, and was now giving him a taste of "high jinks" at the boathouse, where only Bohemianism prevailed.

There was champagne galore and at intervals the King's dancing girls gave an exhibition of the hula-hula before the assembled guests in the large and elegantly decorated hall. The girls had just retired and the quintette had begun to play an Hawaiian air in the interval, when the foregoing conversation attracted the attention of the "boys," as his Majesty's immediate circle were familiarly called.

"If you are willing to go to Hawaii (the steamer sails tomorrow at 12 o'clock) and investigate this matter for yourself; I will wager a hundred dollars that you will return convinced of the existence of ghosts. I will give you a letter of introduction to an old kahuna, who has somehow learned to speak fair English, and is generally known as 'The Kahuna' or 'Hermit of the Death Cave.' The trip will take nearly two weeks and I command that this same party shall be present here two weeks from tonight to hear the story of your adventures," said the King.

"It is a go," assured Greenwood, laughing. "I'll take the wager and be off tomorrow. There is my hand on it." And after several more bottles of wine and more dancing the party broke up to meet again at the appointed time.

Two weeks later Greenwood was the center of attraction at the boathouse. With the circle drawn up around him he related the thrilling story of his adventures, which was as follows:

"I proceeded at once to Hilo as your Majesty directed and as soon as possible sought out the people your Majesty had directed to furnish me with saddle-horse and guide, and the next morning we started for Puna, the land of caves and cocoanuts. Except for the grand and picturesque tropical forest through which the trail wound for nearly half the distance, the journey was a tedious one. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, my native guide stopped and surveyed the country around with his eye, then plunged suddenly into a blind trail, hidden by ferns and bushes nearly as high as our heads, that led in the direction of the mountains. After about half an hour's ride, over the rockiest trail I ever saw, we came to a bluff or precipice about fifty feet high; there the trail turned to the left, winding along at the foot of the hills. In a few minutes we sighted a green spot in the rocky desert, with a primitive hut built close up to the precipice, with one end of it abutting the wall of rock. Here my guide again paused and with abject terror depicted on every feature of his countenance, he silently pointed to the hut, then wheeling his horse started down the trail we had just come over, like a scared wolf. I would not have supposed a man could ride a horse over that rocky trail at full speed with safety to life and limb had it not been that late that night I accomplished that same feat and still live.

"I must confess that the sudden terror of my guide, at only the sight of the hut in this lonely spot, somewhat disconcerted me and I felt like following him. But I was determined to solve the mystery, and pulling myself together trotted leisurely down the incline into the hollow, or meadow, and went boldly up to the hut. As I approached an old man with white hair and whiskers came out to meet me. He was entirely devoid of clothing, with the exception of a breech clout. His skin was dark-brown and shone like polished ebony, only not so dark. He was tall, erect and athletic, and carried himself with extraordinary dignity. The only thing about him that indicated age was his white hair and whiskers and wrinkles under his eyes and around his knees. As he approached he seemed to tower above me like a giant. His eyes were riveted upon me suspiciously, and he said in the most scathing tones, 'Ka! he haoli!' (it is only a white man).

"He had such a commanding presence, and he looked at me in such a way that I almost felt terrified. When I handed him your Majesty's letter, a broad smile came over his face after its perusal. In fact, an expression of great satisfaction overspread his countenance, and I was very hospitably invited to enter. He took charge of my horse.

"While my weird host unsaddled my horse and staked him out on the lawn, I entered the hut. The sight that met my eyes made me shudder from head to foot.

"Now, gentlemen, remember that I have taken a course of medicine, and if my father had not died and left me a fortune I might now have been a very ordinary country doctor; and yet, gentlemen, I

shuddered when I entered that room. It seemed as if the room was frescoed and upholstered with skulls and human bones. There were human skulls everywhere. In one corner, on a little shelf, was a particularly large skull, in which a candle burned and the light streamed from its gaunt eye-holes in a most uncomfortable way. I surmised, very correctly, that this was the mystic shrine where the Hermit worshipped. But the horror was completed when, in the other corner, I discovered a skeleton, arm and hand protruding from under the rude bed. Upon further investigation I found that the bed, consisting of mats, was made upon a pile of human bones. In what terrible company to sleep, live and have one's being! I shuddered again at the thought. My ancient host came in and I found it necessary to pull myself together. Without taking any notice of me, he walked over to the corner and made three salaams before the grinning skull, muttering an unintelligible incantation.

"'Skull of my most famous ancestor,' he said, 'I always keep him illuminated. His eyes thus seem to stream forth their old-time fire, especially at night.' Sitting down on the pile of bones that constituted his bed, he motioned me to a seat on a big stone in the back of the hut.

"'Those are also bones of your ancestors I suppose,' I said, pointing to a pile of bones he was sitting on.

"'No, but all friends of the family. I like to have my friends about me, especially at night. I sleep better. Well I must catch a chicken and cook you some supper.'

"While he went to catch the chicken I sought the open air. I felt depressed. Every few moments a nameless terror would seize me and I wanted to run away as fast as my legs could carry me. But I had made up my mind to see the exhibition in the death cave if I died for it, and resisted the inclination.

"The shades of night were creeping over the vast expanse of lava that stretched to the sea, by the time the chicken was cooked. Mine host brought out a finely woven mat for a table cloth and there being no table in the hut, placed it on the floor, and inviting me to sit cross-legged on the rock floor, served the chicken, some hard-tack and poi. A melancholy light streamed into the room from the eyeholes, nose and grinning teeth of the skull in the corner. It served in some measure to dispel the darkness of the room, but it wasn't a cheerful lamp.

"'We must have a little more light I think,' said mine host, and to my horror he began taking down the skulls fastened to the walls and lighting little candles inside of them. The room was now well-lighted, to be sure, but it was not a light that was particularly soothing to the nerves. I felt like screaming. Having finished this duty, my ancient host sat down cross-legged on the floor, and began to devour the chicken and poi.

"The chicken was good, well cooked and I was very hungry, but somehow I could not eat with any degree of comfort. At every little noise I would start and look around with a nameless fear, as if I expected to see some phantom, only to meet the glaring eyes of a grinning skull. All the skulls seemed suddenly to have come to life.

"How I ever passed the hours until mid-

night and remained sane I cannot say. The ancient hermit reclined comfortably upon his pile of bones, telling me tales of Hawaiian folklore which, under less distressing circumstances no doubt I should have found instructive, while I crouched upon the rock close to the precipice which formed the back wall of the hut.

"At last mine host said it was time we entered the cave. 'That rock you are sitting upon stops the entrance.' He picked a long stick, evidently for this purpose, and used it as a lever to pry the rock away from the precipitous wall. The rock was so evenly balanced on rolling boulders that it easily swung out into the room, disclosing the entrance to the cave, which was about three feet square.

"I hope you have good nerves," said the hermit, as he busied himself preparing a flaming torch made from kukui nut oil. "You will see a great many skeletons, but, of course, being a doctor, human bones cannot have much terror for you."

"Yes; I have done a great deal of dissecting in my time," I answered as bravely as I could.

"We had to crawl in on our hands and knees to enter the cave, but once having entered, we were able to stand erect without difficulty, and in some places the roof was, perhaps, eight or nine feet high. The faint roar of water could be heard in the deep recesses of the cavern, which, my guide explained, was the underground channel of the spring which caused the little oasis in the rocky desert. On either side of the cave, laid out on ledges or benches hewed out of the solid rock, were hundreds of skeletons, that looked ghastly in the feeble light of the torch. The floor of the cave was strewn with loose bones and it was impossible to avoid making foot-ball of the skulls as we walked along. Mine host chattered pleasantly, even cheerfully, as we went, called this or that giant chief's skeleton by name, relating anecdotes of his life and deeds of valor. It was doubtless very interesting and instructive, but I must confess that I felt very uncomfortable.

"These bones," said the hermit 'that we are kicking around with our feet,' and he gave a skull a kick and sent it thundering down the cavern, 'are the bones of slaves. It is an inspiring sight during a manifestation to see these old chiefs get down and dance on the slaves.'

"I began to feel that I would prefer to skip the manifestation.

"We had proceeded perhaps fifty yards or more, when my ancient guide stopped and turned around so as to face me. Reaching to the ledge on the left, he selected the shin-bone of one of the largest skeletons in the cave.

"What a giant this fellow must have been," he said. "Surely not less than eight feet tall. His name was Kaunakakai. He was not a very high chief, but his great deeds of valor won him a place among the very highest chiefs and kings."

"Suddenly, the hermit paused and stood in a listening attitude, with his glittering eyes fixed on mine. He seemed to quiver in every nerve as if he had received an electric shock. He waved the shin bone of Kaunakakai around his head as though it were a magician's wand and shouted, his voice resounding through the cavern.

"The manifestation is coming; I can hear it. Listen." His powerful eyes were again fixed on mine. His excitement was immediately transmitted to me; my nerves quivered and my fears vanished. I was all excitement and expectancy. A cold, clammy chill crept into the cavern, and a cold wind—from whence it came I know not—swept through the cave. An ethereal mist, as it were, was borne down toward us from the remote recesses of the cave.

"It is the manifestation," whispered the hermit, in awe. "See, the cloud begins to take shape." And, sure enough, the mist parted into distinct human forms that, one by one, settled down over the skeletons on the ledges.

"The hermit was still waving Kaunakakai's shin-bone as though it were a magic wand, and unexpectedly, without warning, all the skeletons jumped down from their places

and danced the wildest, maddest dance I ever witnessed. I was fascinated, spell-bound. Around each skeleton was the faintest misty contour of the human figure. The wind whistling through their ribs, in not so varied tones as the aeolian harp, made most doleful music. In all their mad dancing they conformed largely to the hula step. And it is not an inspiring sight to see a skeleton dance the hula.

"I did not lose my head until Kaunakakai took it into his head to jump down from his perch right beside me and began pirouetting around me and dancing the wildest hornpipe, which one of Captain Cook's sailors had taught him. His white bones glistened with phosphorescent glow in the immediate rays of the torch, while his great, grinning skull loomed above me like a Nemesis—the very incarnation of the devil. My nerve was gone. In a panic I fled, falling over bones, rolling over skulls and bruising myself over rocks, until I reached the entrance of the cave. Taking one terrified glance over my shoulder at the illuminated skulls, I saddled my horse and rode down the trail like mad. If the moon had not been shining bright I would have been killed a hundred times."

"How I reached Hilo I shall never know, because I ceased to remember anything after I left the hut. I was prostrated for three days with nervous prostration. Oh; it was terrible! terrible!" and Greenwood quivered in every nerve and muscle.

During the recital the King had become more and more excited, and when it was over, he jumped to his feet and cried:

"I knew you would become convinced of the reality of ghosts."

"I am not so sure that I am convinced yet," answered Greenwood very deliberately. "During the manifestation, as he called it, the old hermit held the shin-bone in his hand and I cannot conceive of Kaunakakai's dancing a hornpipe with one shin bone missing, whatever may have been his prowess at arms. After very serious consideration I have come to the conclusion that I was hypnotized by the Hermit of the Death Cave."

MAORI LAND.

ITS SCENERY AND NATIVE PEOPLE.

New Zealand is a unique country, owing to the sublime grandeur and endless variety of its scenery, including, as it does, magnificent mountain ranges, hundreds of miles in length, the peaks of which, pierce far into the region of eternal snow, and down whose slopes travels the ever-moving glacier, bearing its stupendous burden of frozen snow and ice.

Then it has its volcanoes, both active and extinct, its hot lakes and boiling springs, its cold lakes, its remarkable sounds, its mighty rivers and countless waterfalls (one of which, the Sutherland, has a drop of nearly 2,000 feet), its enormous forests with their giant trees and luxuriant ferns, its stalactite caves, its flowers, and beautiful birds. The Maoris, too, must be included in the attractions of this land of strange sights, for in their manner of living and traditional surroundings they are an interesting and distinctly picturesque race.

An opportunity of seeing some of these wonders pictorially illustrated and described by a cultured son of the soil has never previously occurred in Honolulu, it is therefore, not surprising that the unique and charming recitals



A MAORI RESIDENCE

descriptive of Maori life and customs, given at the Y. M. C. A. Hall, on Sept. 25th and 28th, by Mr. Wherahiko Rawei, attracted audiences which packed the building in every part, and which throughout testified its appreciation by hearty laughter and warm applause.

Standing before that large gathering, the representative of a fine but fast disappearing people, the gifted New Zealander seemed to form a connecting link between the Maoris and our own Hawaiian natives, for the two races undoubtedly possess many similar characteristics, and the welcome he received was at once spontaneous and enthusiastic.



TATTOOED MAORI CHIEF.

Attired in picturesque native costume, Rawei presented an attractive appearance, and aided by a constantly changing background of beautiful and artistic pictures, he succeeded in transporting his hearers into the heart of Maoriland, and it was easy to imagine oneself in the very midst of scenes described so ably, so eloquently, and with a power of pathos that was equalled by irresistible touches of humor.

Commencing at Wanganui, situated about a hundred miles beyond Wellington (the capital of New Zealand), the delighted audience was

carried up winding river, over mountain fastness past charming fern bank and sparkling cascade, and by impregnable forest to the terrible grandeur of the towering cliffs of the King country, whose massive clefts are lit up by the flash of falling waters rushing from an unknown source to an equally mysterious destination.

And while these rapidly changing scenes were thrown by limelight upon the stage—the views painting the description, the word-painting aiding the view—Rawei simply entranced all present with Maori song and quaint legend, enlivened now with ready wit or humorous satire, shots that struck home, but left no wounds; by little touches of pathos, and sweet melody.

From a seemingly inexhaustible stock of valuable information, quaint witticisms and legendary lore he produced a series of life like pictures of one of the noblest, most war like and intellectually greatest of the races of Oceania. Illustrations of curious Maori customs, religious and social, were given and artistic pictures of native men and maidens displayed. Several reproductions appear in this article, one of the most interesting being that of a Maori Tuhunga (native priest) elaborately tattooed in accordance with ancient custom. For to be plain-faced, that is without tattoo marking, was in olden days a severe reproach to a Maori. Yet it is a painful and prolonged operation, and the wounds or cuts made by the shell chisel, which was driven into the flesh with the blow of a greenstone mallet, take long to heal.

The tatooing instrument "uhi," before being applied to the skin is dipped in a black dye, and redipped for each stroke, blood flowing freely. The dye in question is a solution of burnt resin and wood, or the awets, the latter a caterpillar which, burrowing in the vegetable soil, gets a spore of a fungus between the folds of its neck, and, unable to free itself, the insect's body nourishes the fungus, which vegetates and occasions the death of the caterpillar by filling the interior of the body with its roots, always preserving its perfect form. When properly charred this material yields a very fine dark dye, much prized by the Maori for the purposes of tatooing.

During the process of ornamentation a native is tapu, that is sacred, and the priests exercise jurisdiction over him.

Especially he must by no means touch with his hands food of any description; it is usually conveyed to him in liquid form through a finely-carved trough or funnel.

The tattoo pattern (moko), varied as it is, represents well nigh all the art the people possess, for the Maori knows no other form of decoration, and apparently has no capacity for expressing himself otherwise.

His wooden effigies, the tribal war canoes, wharepunis, and various articles of domestic use are all decorated with somewhat similar work.

When a famous Maori chief, Te Pehi Kupe, visited Europe years ago, he stated that the New Zealander had his name written on his forehead, and pointed to portions of his own curiously carved visage. The patterns employed by the Maori artist are such that no two men are ever tattooed alike, and the operator is an artist whose sense of what is fitting appears to be the only guide to his handiwork.

Referring to our illustration, attention may be drawn to the fact that the tattooed or chiseled curves seem to follow the lines which age would give to

the face, consequently the Maori warrior thus tattooed has nothing to fear from the effects of time on the features. The old face looks young and the young face looks old. Age makes no changes.

The representation of Moko on the face of a chief or owner has frequently been used to sign a document conveying land to Europeans where



MAORI MAIDEN.

he could not write. But it is not on the same footing as European heraldry, though it may possess one or two features in common with that system of decoration.

One of the duties of a Maori Tuhunga "priest" is to teach the native children to read and write their own language, and to instruct them in all matters concerning the traditions and history of their people, who are said to have emigrated to New Zealand from Hawaiki (probably Hawaii) in seven large canoes, many hundreds of years ago. These canoes were named as follows: The



MAORI BELLES.



MAORI BELLES.

Aotea, Arawa, Tainui, Mata-Atua, Takitumu, Tokomaru and Kurahaupo. Hence the native proverb: "I kune mai i Hawaiki te kune kai te kune tangata." The seed of our coming is from Hawaiki, the birthplace of man. The following dialogue will serve to illustrate a Tuhunga's method of teaching Maori youths and maidens this interesting tradition:

Priest (to class of children).—Keiwhaea koia taua whenua i huaina nei e koe, ko Hawaiki? (Where is the land which you called Hawaiki?)

Children (aloud).—He moutere tena o te moana nui, e tu na ki te teha o te raki. Ko te whenua i nohoia e nga tupuna Maori i eke mai nei ki Aotearoa. (It is an island of the great sea standing towards the north. It is the land which was inhabited by the forefathers of the Maori who emigrated to this land of Aotearoa.)

Priest.—He aha te take o ta ratou hekenga mai? (What was the cause of their emigration?)

Children.—He nui no te whawhai ki Hawaiki. Na, ka heke mai a Ngahue ki konei, kai ana ia i te moa, hoki atu ki Hawaiki, korero ana ki nga tangata o reira ki te pai o tenei kainga o Aotearoa. Katahi ka tahuri nga tangata ki te tarai waka hei whitinga ma ratou. Nana koki i utiana mai te kumara, te karaka, te pukeko, te ngeru, me te kiore Maori, me te taro. (The great wars in Hawaiki Ngahue emigrated here; he ate moas, returned to Hawaiki, and spoke to the people of the good of this place. Then the men set to work to make canoes to come across here. It was he also who imported

the kumaras, the karakas, the water-hens, the Maori cats and rats, and the taro.)

Priest.—Me te poaka me taewa? (And the the pigs and potatoes?)

Children.—Kahore, na e pakeha te poaka me te taewa, na Kapene Kuki. (No, the pigs and potatoes were imported by a European named Captain Cook.)

The Maori alphabet is composed of fourteen letters, viz., a, e, h, i, k, m, n, o, p, r, t, u, w, ng, the sound of which is as follows: a has three sounds; first, the slender, as in cab, ex. kapiti; second, the broader, as in rather, ex. kawa; third, the full broad, as tall, ex. mama; e is pronounced as e in dedication; h is pronounced the same in both languages; i is pronounced like ee in sheep; k has the same sound as the English k in keen; m, n, have the same sound as in English; o has a short sound, as noti, to pinch, and a long one, as to, to drag; p has the same sound as in English; r has a soft sound which resembles l, as in rere, to fly, and a rough one, as in regard, ex. rino, iron; t has a rather sharp sound, like th in antipathy; u has the sound of oo in cook; w has a simple sound, as in winter, ex. wero, to stab, and an aspirated one, as in whero, red; ng has a peculiar sound which must be uttered in closely uniting the n to the g without allowing the tongue to touch the palate.

Several beautiful photographs of typical Maori women appear in this issue of the WEEKLY, but perhaps one of the most striking illustrations is

that of a Maori residence in which the occupants of a native village, irrespective of age or sex, usually sleep in association at night; it is a picturesque and well-built structure 70 feet long by 40 feet in breadth. The carving about its portals is of an intricate and ingenious character, and forms an interesting specimen of native decorative art.

The grotesque figures in front, "carved with no better implement than a flint chisel," are rude portraits of by-gone chiefs. The interior presents a strange spectacle, the roof, high and slanting, is supported by an elaborately carved ridgepole, while the rafters are covered with curiously curved and twisted lines of strange design and endless variety. The lower walls of the building are ornamented with figures representing renowned ancestors of the tribe, whose genealogy dates back to the landing of the first canoe.

The singular effigies appear at first glance to have been carved after the same model, but upon closer examination each is found to have some peculiarity of feature or bodily characteristic for which the particular warrior represented was supposed to have been remarkable while in the flesh. One and all are depicted with distorted features, protuding tongues, and defiant mien, while their large staring eyes are formed of the pearly shell of the fresh water mussel. Our illustrations also include several types of typical Maori maidens. All are from excellent photographs by Mr. A. Iles of Auckland, N. Z.

The reception given by Mrs. S. G. Wilder, at the palatial Wilder residence "Esbank," on the 4th inst. in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Craft and Mr. and Mrs. James Wilder, was the most successful function of the season, not alone for the large attendance, but in the beauty of the drapery displayed by the fair guests and the thoroughly hospitable, Hawaiian manner, in which the hostess catered to the comfort and pleasure of the large company. The affair will long live in the memory of the lucky guests.

The band of the 26th Regiment, U. S. V., now on board the transport Grant, gave a public concert at the Hawaiian Hotel grounds on the evening of the 4th inst. and at which was present an audience of over two thousand people. The band stand was, as usual, beautiful in electrical display. The various items of the program were well given and received merited applause. The special cornet solos, by Fred W. Lewis, obtained deserved encores. An innovation in band concerts, viz: a buck and wing dancer, was the choice morsel for the multitude of gamins present.

The Wilder S. S. Co.'s steamer Kinai commenced running on the two trips in eight days schedule, between Hilo and Honolulu on the 2nd instant. The company makes this great change for the convenience of tourists and business men, and Hilo people especially, will have opportunity for benefit. By the new schedule the Kinai will leave Honolulu each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 p.m. for Hilo and certain way-ports, arriving in Hilo the following afternoons.

The post-office building at Hilo, and at which considerable business is done, is at present a dilapidated wooden building, and situated in the center of a roadway, not street. The Hilo people deserve better accommodations in that line, and there is apparent neglect and carelessness by the authorities.

The promoters of the Olao and Puna sugar plantations, on Hawaii, visited the localities during the past week, and will pay strict attention to devising ways and means to advance the work now in hand and to obtain material for a report for the stockholders.

The initiatory proceedings toward a proper representative of Hawaii at the coming Paris Exposition, have already been taken by the Planters' Association of this city, and Major George C. Potter, secretary of the dormant Hawaiian Foreign Office, has been chosen as the traveling secretary to obtain material for the exhibit. Major Potter will be the probable secretary of the Hawaiian Commissioner to Paris and Hon. Wm. G. Irwin will be the president of the commission.

Lieut. Henry Merriam, 3d Artillery, U. S. A., at present stationed at Angel Island, San Francisco harbor, has become engaged to Miss Alice Lishman, the daughter of Mr. William Lishman, a prominent contractor and builder of this city. Lieut. Merriam is the eldest son of General Merriam, a distinguished officer of the U. S. Army. The marriage will not take place until after the commencement of the coming New Year.

The funeral of Corporal Hunter of Co. G, 27th Regiment, U. S. V., who died of dysentery at Buena Vista Hospital, took place from the Roman Catholic Cathedral on the afternoon of the 5th inst., Father Valentine officiating. The body was accompanied to the grave by the band and companies of the regiment; taps and the usual salute left the volunteer at rest.

The harbor of Honolulu has held at one time, during the past week, five of the army transports en route from San Francisco to Manila with men, horses and supplies. Two of the transports, the Sherman and the Grant, are the largest in service. A total of 3000 men were here at one time and, with a few exceptions, all behaved well.

The incumbered sidewalks, broken up roadways almost impassable streets and the murky darkness, by continued absence of the (presumed) paid for electric lights, causes residents as well as strangers, to make much adverse comment of the condition and keep of the principal streets in Hawaii's capital city.

Capt. Paul Smith of the Hawaiian regiment is awaiting the appearance here of the 30th U. S. V. to which he is attached, with his rank unchanged.

The much-abused public favorites, the Hawaiian band, resumed performance again, under the leadership of Capt. Berger, after their vacation, on the evening of the 2d inst. in a public concert at Emma Square. A large and appreciative audience was present. Regular daily and Sunday concerts will be resumed.

The U. S. hospital ship Relief, Capt. Hardinge, arrived in port here on the 2d inst. from San Francisco, making the passage of 2100 miles in 5 days and 16 hours. The Relief is the first ex-Hudson river (N. Y.) boat to come to the Pacific. The steamer sailed for Manila on the afternoon of the 5th inst.

Just at this season of the year occurs, in Honolulu, the annual meetings of stockholders in the various sugar plantation companies. Many of the old established plantations pay dividends, nearly all of the later "promotions" explain the "reason why" of assessments.

The death is reported at Chicago, aged 74, of the Rev. Dr. Corwin, a former pastor of the First Foreign Church of Honolulu. The pastorate of Dr. Corwin extended from 1858 to 1868. The deceased had many acquaintances and friends here and he never forgot his aloha for Hawaii.

"The Portland, Honolulu and Philippine Islands Steamship Line," is advertised in Manila papers of Sept. 2d as being prepared to carry freight and passengers each way. Colgrave-Finley Co. are the agents. The pioneer steamer of the line here is expected to be the Tacoma, due about the middle of this month.

Honolulu's cosmopolitan side is presented when it is shown that there are in existence, and flourishing, two Chinese theaters, three Japanese theaters, an excellently conducted vaudeville theater, and a first-class opera house.

The Janet Waldorf Company, so well and pleasantly remembered here by theatergoers, is now playing an engagement in the city of Manila.

The Research Club of this city will meet at the residence of the Rev. William Kincaid, on the evening of the 12th inst.

MUSIC and Drama

The Orpheum.

The Orpheum with the latest arrivals continues to present a program that draws good houses. Boggs and Haeward keep up the dramatic end in an entirely satisfactory manner. Winton's engagement, though short, was a great success, and on his return he will be welcomed as an old favorite. Hamilton, through sheer merit, has made more than a passing reputation for himself in Honolulu. His excellent baritone, I see the "Tiser," persists in calling him a "tenor," has been employed to excellent advantage in happily selected ballads, and has succeeded not a little in helping to draw to the house the clientele that can appreciate his repertoire. The rest

nishing a very neatly and cleverly executed performance of legerdemain. His facial imitations too are excellent. The Willards, announced to arrive next week, have been heralded in the San Francisco dramatic papers as somewhat phenomenal in their way.

AN OLD TIMER.

The Boston Lyric Company.

The advance sale of season tickets for the season closes today with the result that the presence of the elite of the town is assured at each performance. The holders of the boxes, too, ensure dainty dresses, gleaming shoulders and pretty faces. The writer remembers the season of the Boston

Lyric Company at Denver, where they succeeded in turning the beautiful, but up till then unlucky Broadway theater into the most popular playhouse during their stay in the city. The writer was playing at the Tabor at the time and was unable personally to see the performances, but distinctly remembers the flattering encomiums bestowed by the press and public; and Denver, musically, is a critical town to play in.

The varied repertoire cannot fail to please everybody. Cavalleria Rusticana will prove without doubt, a strong attraction. So much is heard of Mascagni and so little known of his work in this quarter of the globe, that the desire to hear more than the familiar Intermezzo is predominant. So with Faust we have to travel to the mainland to see and hear the complete opera.

The Jewel song, the Soldiers' chorus and Siebel's serenade are well known to all, but the charm of Gounod's complete work is a luxury hitherto denied to many. Il Trovatore, Fra Diavalo, with its picturesque, defiant brigand chief, the famous disrobing scene, and the weird, death ominous music of the last act. Carmen



SEVEN OF THE FOURTEEN PRINCIPALS OF THE BOSTON LYRIC CO.

of the old numbers on the program continue to please. Armstrong and O'Neil have made quite a hit. The former does some exceedingly clever work with the bag, while his partner divides the honors in the sparring exhibition and furnishes a laugh in his Irish comedy work. Travelle brings something new to this city in his silhouettes besides fur-

with its wealth of color, its glow of passion. The Bohemian Girl, gem of operas, Maritana, La Somnambula, Said Pasha; what more delightful program could be desired.

"Of two evils, I have chosen the less," and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior.

Clay Clement's Engagement.

Clay Clement has his "paper" out, but whether he is actually coming the WEEKLY has been unable to find out. Mr. Clement is not exactly a new star; he was known in the environs of Chicago several seasons ago—he played the Bells and the New Dominion, opening at Waukesha and, after a brief season, re-opening and playing through Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin. He has been known to the Pacific Slope also for several seasons. His plays, by some, are voted prosy—by others good. The WEEKLY reserves its own opinion, based upon personal observation, until learning of his positive appearance.

SPORTING.**The Financial Side of Yacht Racing.**

It is estimated that the cost of building and racing the Shamrock and Columbia for this season alone cannot be much less than \$1,000,000.

The thirty-nine sailors on the Columbia will receive \$35 a month; so that for a season of five months their wages alone will absorb \$6,825. Their food will bring this sum to at least \$10,000 and to this total for wages and food must be added the skipper's salary of \$4,000.

These items, although they amount to nearly \$15,000, only represent a part of the season's expenses. At least once a week the yacht will have to be taken out of the water to have her bottom polished. The manganese bronze of which her hull is built accumulates sea-weed rapidly, and this and all other accretions must be cleared away at short intervals if her speed is not to suffer.

To say that the Columbia will cost her owner \$25,000 for the season's racing is probably an under-estimate; while the cost of racing the Shamrock will be greater. If the Shamrock is successful in taking back the Cup to England, the trophy will cost her generous owner no less than \$325,000 in addition to all other normal expenditure; for this is the sum which will be required to pay every member of the winning crew the promised \$5 a week for life.

A "Tip" for Golfers.

At a golf match recently played in the vicinity of Edinburgh a competitor appeared one morning in a new suit of a very decided pattern. He played much below his usual form, missing several easy putts at the first holes. Turning to his caddie he exclaimed, "despairingly, "What on earth can be the matter with me today?" I played a great deal better yesterday!" Thus appealed to, the caddie, whose circumstances did not permit of many

changes of raiment, looked solemnly into his face and replied: "Ye sud never play gowf in a pair o' new breeks, for ye'll aye be lookin' at them when ye sud be lookin' at yer ba!"

Maitre Labori, who almost lost his life at the hands of an assassin at Rennes a few weeks ago, was until recently editor of the professional newspaper *La Gazette du Palais*. He is compiling and editing a comprehensive treatise on French jurisprudence entitled "The Encyclopedia of French Law," of which nine solid quarto volumes have already appeared. He made his reputation as a remarkably clever criminal lawyer in the case of the anarchist, Duval, and in the defense of the Niort brothers, accused of parricide. Among the best known cases with which he has been connected may be cited that of M. Prieur against the minister of foreign affairs; the eccentric case of the comic actor, Chirac; several lawsuits against *Gil Blas*; and the Vaucluse anarchist trial in 1894. His pleadings in the Zola trial have since greatly enhanced his professional reputation, not only for forensic eloquence, but for adroit and skillful handling of his case.

A new use has been found for the motor cab. A woman having broken her leg in the street, a motor cab and a doctor were telephoned for, and arrived simultaneously. The doctor brought an X-ray apparatus, and the cab brought the battery. The two being combined, an excellent skiagram of the lesion was obtained and suitable first aid rendered. The battery was then disconnected from the Roentgen tube, and by its means the cab took the woman to the hospital.—*Ex.*

Those whose feet have become tender from over-use, will find a bath of strong alum water very beneficial. Dissolve about two tea-spoonfuls of powdered alum in a quart of warm water. Soak the feet in this solution for ten minutes or so, and then wipe dry. Repeat for several days. The alum toughens the feet, and in many instances gives almost immediate relief.

To allay the intense itching caused by erysipelas, and other eruptions upon the skin, there is nothing better than vaseline. Rub it gently upon the affected part, and relief will immediately follow.

A pail of water standing in a room that has been newly painted will quickly absorb the disagreeable odor of the paint.

It is doubtful if any of us could make the world much better; but any of us could make it a little better.

Oh! That Last Word.

"I should like to know," said Mr. Rambo, testily, when the conversation began to wax warm, "why it is that a woman always wants to have the last word."

"She doesn't," replied Mrs. Rambo. "It's a slander."

"My dear, it certainly is the truth. You know you always—"

"Absalom, you know better. I don't."

"I am sure—"

"No, you're not. It isn't so."

"Why, my dear, can't you see—"

"No, I can't! And I think (boohoo)—you are—are just as—as horrid as you can be."

"Well, dear, I'll take it back. You don't always want the last word."

"Of course I don't. I don't see what you wanted to say so far."

"Well, I won't say it any more."

"Because you know it isn't true."

"I—"

"As well as I do."

"I—"

"You want it yourself."

"I—"

"And you know it."

"You may be right, my dear," said Mr. Rambo, putting on his hat and going out.

"I know I'm right," called Mrs. Rambo after him.

Grass stains may easily be removed from any white material by washing the stained garment in spirits of camphor.

The Steamers.

Steamers	ARRIVE.	Due
Gaelic—China and Japan	Oct 7	
Mariposa—San Francisco	Oct 11	
America Maru—San Francisco	Oct 13	

Steamers	DEPART.	Due
Gaelic—San Francisco	Oct 7	
Mariposa—Colonies	Oct 11	
Moana—Colonies	Oct 13	
America Maru—Yokohama	Oct 13	

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Suva, Brisbane (Q.) and Sydney:		
WARRIMOO.....	SEPT. 30	AORANGI..... SEPT. 27
AORANGI.....	OCT. 28	MIOWERA..... OCT. 25
MIOWERA.....	NOV. 25	WARRIMOO..... NOV. 22
WARRIMOO.....	DEC. 23	AORANGI..... DEC. 20

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HONOLULU, OCTOBER 7, 1899.

A Half Century Old.

A half century ago Mr. H. Hackfeld established the firm of H. Hackfeld & Co. It had a small beginning as all business concerns that now wield great commercial influence had. H. Hackfeld & Co. from the start made a reputation for strict integrity and aggressive push in business. The fiftieth anniversary came last Monday and all the employees of this great firm were treated to a holiday.

H. Hackfeld & Co. have been one of the greatest factors in the development of Hawaii. They have been instrumental in starting and carrying to a successful issue some of the largest sugar estates in the country. Everything they have touched, by reason of their sterling business integrity and energy, has proved successful and the firm is rated as one of the wealthiest and most enterprising in the Islands.

In a most unostentatious manner, and without even imparting the knowledge to their guests, the Hackfeld firm closed the celebration of their notable anniversary on the 2nd inst., with the following munificent and unexpected donations to the charitable societies extant here. It will be noticed that all kinds and conditions are included in the list of beneficiaries, and the sadness of many a poor creature will be turned into gladness, by the Heaven-born act brought to earthly and tangible fruition by the kindness of the H. Hackfeld Co. firm. They gave to charity \$1000 for each year they have been established, or \$50,000 for the establishment of a Lutheran church.

"Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed Three;
Turning sadness, into gladness,
Heav'n born, art thou, Charity."

Following is a list of the charitable organizations benefitted:

American Relief Fund.....	\$1000
Hawaiian Relief Society.....	1000
German Benevolent Society.....	1000
Strangers' Friend Society.....	1000
British Benevolent Society.....	1000
Free Kindergarten & Childrens' Aid Society.....	1000
Associated Charities of Hawaii.....	1000

Ladies Portuguese Charitable Association	1000
Charitable Society of Hawaii	1000
Catholic Benevolent Union	1000
Kapiolani Maternity Home	1000
Chinese Hospital	1000
Japanese Benevolent Society	1000

On Monday evening all the employees, their wives and sweethearts, were entertained at a ball by Mr. E. Suhr at his Waikiki residence.

The employees of the Hilo branch of the Hackfeld Co., aside from receiving a douceur of \$50 each, were further entertained by a grand dinner at the Hilo hotel, given by Mr. George Rodick a member of the firm, and manager of that branch in the "Queen City" of Hawaii.

The WEEKLY offers Messrs. Hackfeld & Co. its most hearty congratulations on the remarkable success attained during the half-century of its existence, and its best wishes for future success under the most able management of Mr. J. F. Hackfeld. May there always be a Hackfeld born for centuries to come capable of conducting the vast business interests of this great pioneer firm.

Viel Glueck fuer die naechsten 50 Jahre!

And still they come to the only port in the mid-Pacific, i.e., another line of steamers. The North Pacific and China S. S. Co. advertise in Hongkong and Japanese papers that the steamers Columbia, Monmouthshire and Lennox, each of about 3000 tons tonnage, will sail from Kobo for Portland, Oregon, via Honolulu. The Columbia, Capt. F. Dobson, was scheduled to leave Oct. 3, to be followed by the Monmouthshire, Capt. Evans, Oct. 17.

It is satisfactory to have the statement that the South and Central American Republics are planning an alliance against the United States emphatically denied by the State Departments. It is understood by the authorities that the Pan American governments desire if possible to bind themselves still closer in friendship to the great Republic of the North.

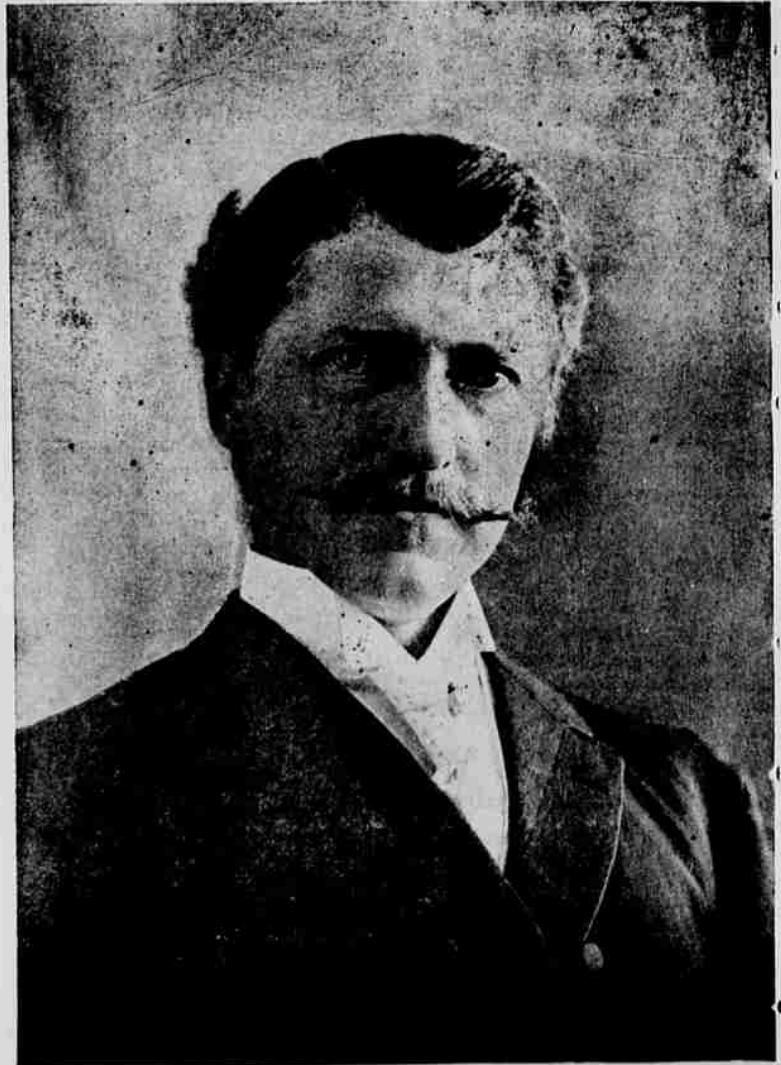
Mr. J. N. Belcher, now superintending the placing of the sewerage piping in the streets of Honolulu, is the authority for the statement that the piping is amply large enough to supply the needs of Honolulu for some years to come, and in accord with the detail plans of Civil Engineer Herring. The further information is obtained that about one-half of the entire piping is now laid and that all speed will be used in completing the contract. The hardest (slowest) part of the work is now before the contractors and in which blasting will have to be resorted to; in fact the first action in that line was taken yesterday afternoon in front of E. O. Hall & Son's store, and the manner in which the dynamite power was applied showed that Mr. Belcher and his assistants are not new in their work. The sewerage system will be a great and needed benefit to the city, and its early completion and practical use is hoped for.

Mr. F. J. Cross, the local representative of aerial telegraphy, went forward by the steamer Australia, en route to New York City, where he expects to meet the inventor of wireless telegraphy, Mons. Marconi. Mr. Cross, on leaving here, expressed strong faith in his ability to have these islands soon telegraphically connected with each other.

It was announced some time ago (says the Japan Mail) that Dr. Kitasato had discovered the bacillus of dysentery, and that by means of inoculation he had cured a number of cases. The intelligence is now supplemented by a statement that experiments have been successfully made by Dr. Kitasato's assistant D. Shige, and by Dr. Ando of the Police Department. At the request of the people of Olmura in the Yeburi district, Dr. Saiga has proceeded thither with a provision of lymph, and it is expected that the spread of the disease will be checked. If these discoveries justify the accounts given of them, an immense number of lives will be saved, and wide-spread suffering averted.

The artistic illustration that adorns the title-page of this issue is one of the most characteristic photographs of Hawaii ever produced. The picture was made by Frank Davy at great cost. It is a copyright photograph, and is published by permission of Mr. Davy.

Miss Charlotte Miller, the society editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, a brilliant writer and loveable lady, having many friends in Honolulu, was married in Cincinnati on the 20th ult., to Mr. Robert K. Temple, of this city.



J. F. HACKFELD, Head of the House of H. Hackfeld & Co.

How a Story is Written.

A writer in the Academy, who evidently belongs to the class of readers who insist upon remembering popular authors through the things which the authors themselves have forgotten, rather than those which have since made them popular, has recovered from his inconvenient memory the fact that once upon a time Anthony Hope began in a magazine, the name of which he omits to mention, a series of articles entitled *The Fly on the Wheel*, and that they came to an untimely end, a circumstance which terminated Mr. Hope's connection with journalism. In one of these articles, this writer says, the question was asked by a woman, "Oh, Mr. Fly, how do you think of those lovely stories?" or by a man, "I say, Fly, old chap, how the deuce do you turn out all that stuff of yours?" which question was answered by a page from the *Fly Journal*, the genuineness of which will, we think, be acknowledged by the experience of most writers who are dubious of themselves and the work in hand. But here is the Fly's, or, rather, Mr. Hope's journalistic answer:

Let us suppose I am bidden to write a short story. I arrive at my working den at about 9:45 and read my letters. The rest of the day is as follows:

10:00—Put on writing coat; find a hole in the elbow.

10:03—Light pipe and sit down in large arm chair by fire.

10:15—Who the deuce can write a story on a beastly day like this? (It was quite nice weather, really—that's the artistic temperament.)

10:45—I must think about that confounded story; besides, I don't believe she meant anything after all.

11:15—I wish the——these——people hadn't asked me to write for their——paper!

11:45—Hullo! Will that do?

12:00—Hangit, that's no use!

12:30—I suppose if I happened to have a head instead of a turnip I could write that story.

12:40—Yes! No! By Jove, yes! Where's that pen? Oh, where the——? All right, here it is! Now, then. (Scribble.)

1:00—Lunch! Good; I believe it's going!

1:30—Now I'll just knock it off. (Scribble.)

2:15—Well, I don't quite see my way to——. Oh, yes, I do! Good! That's not so bad.

3:00—one, two, three—300 words a page. Well, I've put that in good time, anyhow! Where's that pipe?

3:15—I think I'll fetch 'em. Pitched in passion, by Jove!

3:40—Oh, say, look here! I've only got about 1,200 words and I want 2,000. What the deuce shall I do?

3:50—I must pad it, you know. She mustn't take him yet, that's all.

4:00—She can't take more than a page accepting the fool, though; it's absurd, you know!

4:15—Oh, confound it!

4:45—Now, let's see—two, four, six, seven. Good! I'm in the straight now!

5:00—Thank Heaven that's done! Now I suppose I must read the thing over. I know it's awful rot. Well, that's their lookout; they've bought it.

5:03—It's not so bad, though, after all.

5:11—I rather like that. I don't know, but it seems rather original.

5:15—M'm! I've read worse stories than this.

5:20—No, I'm hanged if I touch a word of it! It's not half bad.

5:25—Pretty smart ending!

5:30—Well, if there are a dozen men in England who can write a better story than that, I should like to see 'em, that's all.

5:35—Puff, puff, puff! Well, I shan't touch a pen again today."

She Was Too Mad to Speak.

The Washington woman came across some excellent tea in England—tea the like of which she had never known before. She knew there was none of it to be had in America, so she bought pounds and pounds of it to bring home with her. She didn't mean to pay duty on it, for she felt that no really patriotic American can consistently pay a tea tax after what our ancestors did in Boston harbor, so she made herself a petticoat, and into the lining thereof she quilted the tea. When the steamer drew into port, she put on the garment. To wear it was martyrdom. It seemed to weigh a ton. She could scarcely walk in it, and the hang of her new going ashore gown was utterly ruined by it, but the custom house officials let her pass without suspicion. She went directly to the railway station and started for Washington. The journey will live long in her memory for its discomfort. Her husband met her at the station. He marked her pale, worn look. As they stepped into the carriage she told him the story.

"I wasn't going to let them get ahead of me," she said proudly. "Wasn't it a lovely idea?" Her husband fell back in the carriage and roared.

"Lovely!" he said. "Lovely! I should say it was. Why, my dear, there isn't any duty on tea."

And let me remark in passing that the child's sob in the silence isn't by any means the only thing that curseth deeper than the strong man in his wrath.

Naturally Enough.

"I gave that poor man one dollar a few days ago, and told him to come around and let me know how he got along."

"Oh, that was good of you! He was your bread cast upon the waters."

"I suppose he was. Anyhow, he came back 'soaked.'"

The signal department of the United States army has awarded a contract for three electric automobile telegraph and balloon wagons to be used by that department of the army. Two of the vehicles are to be designed for heavy work, and one for light work. They are to be used in connection with balloon work and experiments in wireless telegraph. The heavy wagons must be able to carry not less than 800 lbs., besides the driver, and must be capable of storing a sufficient charge of electricity to run twelve miles. These wagons are to be arranged for conversion into a signal corps station, with telegraph lines for use at military headquarters; and a switchboard will be provided by means of which the entire output of the battery at fifty-five volts may be available for general service. The light wagon must be able to carry at least four persons, and to run twelve miles on a single charge. The vehicles will be supplied with duplicate batteries, and so fitted that they can be drawn by horses. Each wagon, including the extra battery, will cost about \$3,300.

Three very similar railway projects are now claiming the attention of the engineering world. The trans-Siberian railway, across the backbone of Asia, will shorten enormously the time necessary in a trip around the world. In Africa, Cecil Rhodes has an elaborate scheme for a railroad from Cairo to the Cape, and in this hemisphere the Intercontinental Railway Commission has just completed a seven-volume report on the surveys for a railroad which would make a through line from the States to Buenos Ayres. Three continents it is thus proposed to span with iron highways.

WHY KETTLES SING.—The reason is a very simple one. As the water gets hot little bubbles of steam are formed at the bottom of the kettle. These in their rush upwards strike the sides of the kettle, and set the metal it is made of in vibration, thus causing the humming sound we call singing. You will notice that a large copper kettle the sides of which are thin will emit a much louder and more musical note than a common iron kettle.

Mr. W. J. Clarke has suggested a means of detecting the presence of a ship or an iceberg by wireless telegraphy. The apparatus which he proposes is so arranged that when two ships approach each other a large vibrating gong will ring in each, and the transmitter is so arranged that the signal would be operated at a distance of from one to ten miles. Mr. Clarke claims that if it were made compulsory that sea-going vessels should be so equipped with the necessary outfit, it could be carried out at a small cost.

It was the shank of the evening in Berlin. "Good evening, Herr Police Officer," said the citizen.

"Come with me," was the policeman's answer.

"Donner-wetter! Was ist lost?" asked the astonished citizen.

"You that it is evening assumed, have when the emperor not dined has yet already."

The Emperor of Japan is entitled to be considered the most aristocratic ruler on earth. The Royal Family of Japan has a genealogical tree which reaches to Adam. There have been 121 Emperors of Japan, and they all belong to this family. The first one governed Japan just about 2500 years ago. He was on the throne 300 years before Alexander the Great thought he had conquered the world. The Japanese have the history of all their Emperors from that time down to this, and they assure you that the Mikado is a lineal descendant of the first Emperor.

One day Dr. Talmage, the famous American preacher, opened a letter in his pulpit, according to his custom, which he found contained a single word, "Fool." He mentioned the fact to his congregation, and then quietly added: "Now, I have known many an instance of a man writing a letter and forgetting to sign his name, but this is the only instance I have ever known of a man signing his name and forgetting to write the letter."

NEWSPAPERS FOR ONE-TENTH A PENNY.—Owing to the cheap quality of paper used for Chinese newspapers and to the low price of labor, both literary and mechanical, the native papers are issued at an extremely small figure. The price of an ordinary Shanghai journal is four cash, or about one-tenth of a penny.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.—A singular custom prevails among the Tartars or Kurds. If a man loses his cattle or other property he pours a little brown sugar into a piece of colored cloth, ties it up, and carries one such parcel to each of his friends and acquaintances. In return he is presented, according to circumstances, with a cow, or sheep, or a sum of money.

Admiral Dewey's favorite watch is made of steel from the sunken battleship Maine. Captain Sigsbee, who commanded the ill-fated war vessel at the time she was blown up, carries a simple timepiece.

NEW ZEALAND BIRTH-RATE.—The New Zealand birth rate has been steadily diminishing during the last two decades. In 1882 it was 37.3 per 1000; to-day it is 25.96.

The Ainu women in Japan tattoo their faces to give them the appearance of men with whiskers.

"She says her husband is awfully obliging. He'll eat almost anything that's set before him." "Dear me! She couldn't expect him to eat it if 'twas set behind him, could she?"

Echoes of Religious Thought.

BY W. K. AZBILL.

The Coming Theology.

A writer in *The Interior* (Presby.), has this to say of the reformers who have appeared on the religious arena since Luther's time:

The present condition of theology is that of a great number and variety of partialisms. We have had no great theologian since the Reformation, who was not a partialist, confining himself to one truth with its immediate foothills, and antagonizing other partialists who were exalting some other truth. Perhaps the most striking example is seen in Arminius and Calvin, both of them extreme partialists; the one carrying freedom to the extent of absolute self sufficiency, and the other carrying Divine Sovereignty to the extent of fatalism. Every denomination stands upon a partialism, some of their specialties so small and insignificant as to divide the Disciples of Christ into warring sects, which can have no other source or motive than human obstinacy, egotism and perversity.

It is true that each sect rallies all its forces about one or another point of theology which is held up in the denominational name as the clan's battle flag, with the result that such Scriptural names as "Christian" and "disciples of Christ," which would honor Christ as the head of his church, are pushed aside for the names of men and of dogmas. But it is too much to say that no other motive than human obstinacy, egotism and perversity has moved the various parties to these unhappy contentions. Of course, all the contending parties can not be right, and some may be bad at heart, but most of them think themselves to be "contending earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the saints."

Setting forth the outlines of this article on the present condition of theology, the *Literary Digest*, Sept. 16th, says:

The writer points out that just as in secular and in religious history, the new tendencies of the times have been materialized and brought into play by some great man as a Copernicus, a Luther, a Bacon, or a Darwin, so now we may expect the appearance, sooner or later, of some great modern religious interpreter and prophet, who shall harmonize the new spirit of religion with the new life and ideals of man.

What is this "new spirit of religion" but the spirit which was the characteristic of the Founder of Christianity and with which he always inspires his real followers? That it is being manifested more and more by Christians in these days is a delightful truth; but to pure and undefiled religion it is no new spirit. And what are "the new life and ideals of man" but the ideals of Christ being now somewhat more frequently seen in the lives of his disciples? The way to bring about the harmony here hinted at, but seemingly not clearly apprehended, is for every professed follower of Christ to bring his own life into perfect harmony with the teaching, the ideal—the

life and person—of Jesus of Nazareth. The interpreter, the prophet, who shall be most successful in bringing this state of thing to pass in Christendom, will do most for the peace, the harmony and the progress of the Church.

Solomon's Mines.

Here is a clipping from the account of Dr. Carl Peter's recent great 'find' in South Africa:

For many years hardheaded and prosaic but enterprising capitalists have been encouraging and helping biblical scholars, antiquarians and geographers, to puzzle out the problem of the territory in which the mines of Ophir probably are. And an immense mass of testimony has been gathered, with the result that enough money was forthcoming from shrewd and unimaginative men to fit out this expedition. The world soon will hear remarkable news from the Zambesi.

The news is that Solomon's Mines have been re-discovered. Thus the good work of confirming the historicity of the Old Testament goes on. Almost every year brings some new surprise of this sort to help the unbelieving world to set their proper value on the facts recorded in the Scriptures.

With reference to Admiral Dewey's reception, the editor of the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser* says:—

But he yields to the popular feeling, which seems to be as intense among the people of this great Christian nation in crowning about the victory over a lot of miserable, half armed ill-supplied badly manned Spanish ships, as the Roman people, two thousand years ago, crowded over the victories of their legions, and crowned with laurels the brows of generals who reduced the men, women and children of nations into slavery, but called it giving them the blessings of Roman civilization.

With the attempt to belittle the achievements of our navy in Manila Bay, this department of the HAWAIIAN WEEKLY will not deal; but of the sneer at the Christianity of our nation, and of the implication that we are reducing the men, women and children of the Philippines to slavery while professing to give them the benefits of American civilization, we may remark that when the editor of the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser* writes in this vein, as he does too often, he is letting his sentiments get the better of his judgment. He ought not to write in this way, and we are glad to have heard that he is shortly to quit.

Rev. Wm. D. Westervelt, assistant pastor of the Kawaiahao church, read an able paper before the Honolulu Ministerial Union last Monday morning on Taao the famous high priest who came in the eleventh century to the Island of Hawaii from Upolu, Samoa, introducing Pili, a high chief from Samoa. The paper pointed out that Pili was the ancestor of the Kamehameha family.

Rawai spoke last Sunday afternoon at the Y. M. C. A. hall, and will speak there again tomorrow afternoon. He will preach at the Christian church tomorrow evening, Oct. 8th.

The night school for young men at the Y. M. C. A. reopened on the 2d inst., at the association hall on Alakea and Hotel streets. A thorough course of instruction is given in each of the branches and the instructors are practical and capable.

A plan is on foot for holding meetings every Sunday evening at the Progress Hall, in the special interest of the strangers whom we have with us always. The object of The Meeting of the Strangers, is to afford opportunities for making and for renewing acquaintance, for giving the community an opportunity to hear gifted visitors who may be induced to speak or sing or play or entertain in any way, and for affording visitors who are not habitual church goers a pleasant and profitable evening once a week with exercises in all respects suitable for Sunday evenings. We shall be able next week to announce more definitely the plans for these meetings.

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Strike of Japanese Laborers in Peru.

DIFFERENCE OF LANGUAGE CAUSED ROWS—WANT OF RICE BROUGHT ON A STRIKE.

As we reported in April last, the Morioka Emigration Company sent over 800 Japanese contract laborers to Peru to be distributed among the thirteen sugar plantations along the Pacific coast in that country. We now learn that the emigrants in some of the plantations struck work in June and July last. The circumstances that induced them to do so are thus given by the *Yomiuri*:

Of the thirteen Japanese who accompanied the emigrants in order to superintend them, several understand English, but only one is acquainted, and even that imperfectly, with Spanish, the national language of Peru. This disadvantage proved a serious obstacle to the maintenance of smooth and amicable relations between the Japanese laborers and their native overseers—who knew only their own mother tongue. Furthermore, it must not be forgotten that Peru once maintained the slave system, and although that baneful custom is now abolished, its influence still survives to some extent, especially in a certain nasty habit the overseers have of, from time to time, allowing themselves to mercilessly ill-treat their employees. This was enough to cause serious misunderstandings between the Japanese laborers and their masters; and, to make matters worse, rice was not obtainable in sufficient quantities. It is said that the Sugar Manufacturing Company by which the Japanese emigrants were employed was obliged by the contract to have all the provision shops attached to the plantations well stocked with rice and provisions in order to meet the demand of the Japanese laborers, but, as a matter of fact, it was almost impossible to provide each of the shops in the plantations with sufficient quantities of rice, as most of the rice is supplied by India. Such a condition in the contract was not in harmony with local circumstances, could not have been complied with, and should not have been there. But, at any rate, this negligence on the part of the employers gave the Japanese laborers at least one legitimate grievance. The Japanese superintendents, ignorant of the native language, were incompetent to undertake the delicate task of restoring good relations between employers and employed; and, naturally, the situation went from bad to worse till, in June and July last, about 180 men went out on strike. The agents of the Morioka Emigration Company entered into negotiations with the proprietors concerned, but, failing to bring about an amicable settlement, consented to receive all the strikers into their employ. The men were subsequently distributed among the plantations which happened to want employees.—*Japan Weekly Times*.

"Post-Box Angling."

There are considerable varieties in the method of the "gentle angler" in different parts of the world; and different kinds of fish are sought, but "post-box angling" is a variety of the amusement with which we in Tokyo have not previously been acquainted. Yet we learn to-day on what we regard as good authority that this peculiar form of sport is assiduously cultivated in the business quarter of this city, and we surmise that those worthies who indulge in it are not animated by strictly honorable intentions.

They possess, however, the merit of originality. The instrument which they use con-

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Handout Harry: "I wasted de hull mornin' yesterday readin' a piece in de papers about how to get rich."

Traspass Teddy: "Didn't it tell how yer could do it?"

Handout Harry: "It didn't tell no way but workin'."

"I asked little Jim the difference between 'inertia' and 'momentum'!"

"Did he know anything about it?"

"Yes; he said 'Inertia' is something that won't start, and 'momentum' is something that won't stop."



Round about Honolulu

Branded for Life.

The writer of Round About Honolulu is not feeling up to his usual mark; he is depressed, and has the feeling of a branded man. The finger of suspicion has been lifted against him all on account of an innocent shampooing recipe. The barber of the illustrious knight of the pen, after making sundry uncomplimentary remarks anent the baling-wire calibre of his hair and its imminent state of baldness, offered to restore his locks to their pristine state of brilliancy if he, the writer, would procure half a dollar's worth of alcohol, pure, to be mixed with other ingredients. Unsuspectingly, the victim went forth to his doom.

Entering the palatial store of Hollister & Co., where they dispense with equal celerity and placidity, soda water, cameras and drugs, the would-be shampoee boldly approached the affable clerk with a request for fifty cents worth of pure alcohol.

"Won't methylated spirits do? It's just the same thing."

"No. I want the genuine article; it's for a shampooing decoction."

"Aha! Aha! for a shampoo, eh? Well, you'll have to get a doctor's prescription."

"Do I have to get a prescription for methylated spirits?"

"No."

"But isn't it the same thing?"

"You must get a doctor's prescription for pure alcohol. It's only a form; write it yourself."

Here was light in the darkness.

The scribe wrote a prescription for "medicinal purposes only," signing it with his initials. All seemed straightforward.

But Fate, in the person of the dapper, demurely fascinating, senior clerk, who stands in the doorway and attracts fair purchasers to enter and buy soap they don't want for the sake of seeing him closer—he of the eagle eye and marble cheek,* with as dainty a mustachiolet as ever "brushed the powder from a maidens' nose;" Fate, as personified by this Adonis, interfered.

"Is this a doctor's certificate?" he thundered in a tone that drew the immediate attention of all the young ladies who were drinking soda, all the matrons who were buying tonics, and every passer-by and lounger between Hotel and King streets.

"It is merely my name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and the use to which the alcohol is to be put," said the scribe. "I thought you might think I wanted it for the lamp I heat my curling tongs on."

The soda drinkers tittered; the scribe had scored.

"This is not correct. We cannot give you this without a prescription. There is no knowing to what base uses—"

The attention of the bystanders changed to suspicion. Mutterings of "a confirmed drunkard," "morphine fiend," fell upon the ear of the blushing scribe. The tonic-buying ladies edged away from him with a whisper of "so young, too."

"I can't drink myself to death on 50 cents worth of alcohol."

"There's no telling what you might do. In addition to the certificate, you must bring an affidavit in which, it being testified that you are of sane mind, you freely and fully absolve the firm of Hollister & Co., druggists, soda-water sellers and camera vendors, from any responsibility in any imagined or actual deed you may now, or at any future date, perpetrate with this half dollar's worth of alcohol. The shampoo is but a paltry subterfuge," and he turned on his heel, while the scribe fled and hid himself from the sight of men.

* Erratum: For cheek read brow.

A Parable of Politics.

There was once an imported fruit that lay on the grass beneath a cocoanut palm that grew on an island in mid-Pacific. Now the cocoanut palm was a native of the island.

The fruit, as before stated, was imported. Under the warmth of the tropical sun, the imported fruit felt supremely happy. "This is the place for me," quoth he. "I'm a peach, that's what I am, and things are coming my way."

At that moment a cocoanut fell from the palm exactly upon the imported fruit and buried it in a squelched condition in the soil.

The imported fruit was—peachless.

Heard in the Night.

A STORY OF THE SQUATTERS.

Midnight, and the squatter upon the summit of Tantalus called across the waters to the squatters on the isle of the cocoanuts.

"How goes it with you, brethren, over yonder?" and a voice replied:

"It's nuts for us, O Watcher on the Heights."

Then the squatter from the cocoanut isle lifted up his voice across the waters to Diamond Head.

"How is it with you, O Brother of the Promontory?"

"Rocky," was the reply, and the squatter on Diamond Head passed the word to Punchbowl.

"How is it on Punchbowl, Brother? How are you holding it down?"

"It's dry work," came the response.

"Why?" said the listening squatter of Tantalus, "Why, O Brother, if you are dry, don't you try a drop of the crater?" And a star fell.

AMPLE PROVOCATION.—A schoolmaster was catechising some boys in a country school some time since, and asked one of them the question:

"What is your name?"

"Aminodab Joshua James Geod-enough," was the answer.

Question No. 2 then came.

"Who gave you this name?"

And the master received the astounding reply:

"I don't know; but if ever I find out I will break his face for him."

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Digital Echoes

Rudyard Kipling's Impressions of Japan.

Rudyard Kipling made one voyage around the world avowedly as a globe trotter. It was in 1889 he was, at that time, a reporter for The Pioneer, published at Allahabad, and also did work for The Military Gazette. In the early spring of that year he set out by way of China and Japan to visit America and England. At regular intervals he wrote letters describing what he saw.

"Nagasaki is inhabited entirely by children. The grown ups exist on sufferance. A four-foot child walks with a three-foot child, who is holding the hand of a two-foot child, who carries on her back a one-foot child, who—but you will not believe me if I say that the scale runs down to six-inch little Jap dolls such as they used to sell in the Burlington Arcade. These dolls wriggle and laugh. They are tied up in a blue bedgown which is tied by a sash, which again ties up the bedgown of the carrier. Thus, if you untie that sash, baby and but little bigger brother are at once perfectly naked. I saw a mother do this, and it was for all the world like the peeling of hard-boiled eggs."

His description of his first visit to a tea-house is very amusing:

"I assure you there is no dignity in sitting down on the steps of a tea-house and struggling with muddy boots. And it is impossible to be polite in your stocking feet when the floor under you is as smooth as glass and a pretty girl wants to know when you would like tiffin. Take at least one pair of beautiful socks when you come this way. Get them made of embroidered sombhu skin or silk if you like, but do not stand as I did in cheap striped brown things with a darn at the heel, and try to talk to a tea girl."

He closes in this happy vein:

"My very respectable friends at all the clubs and messes, have you ever, after a good tiffin, lolled on cushions and smoked, with one pretty girl to fill your pipe and four to admire you in an unknown tongue? You do not know what life is. I looked around me at that faultless room, at the dwarf pines and creamy cherry blossoms without, at O'Toyo bubbling with laughter because I blew smoke through my nose, and at the ring of Mikado maidens over against the golden-bearskin rug. Here was color, form, food, comfort, and beauty enough for half a year's contemplation. I would not be a Burman any more."

One morning after a refreshing rain Kipling arose to find the sun come out for the first time in a month:

"Then the land of peach blossoms spreads its ragged wings abroad and rejoiced, all the pretty maidens put on their loveliest crepe sashes—fawn color, pink, blue, orange and lilac—

all the little children picked up a baby each, and we went out to be happy. In a temple garden full of blossoms I performed the miracle of Deucalion with 2 cents' worth of sweets. The babies swarmed on the instant, till, for fear of raising all the mothers too, I forebore to give them any more. They smiled and nodded prettily, trotted after me, forty strong, the big ones helping the little ones, and the little ones skipping in the puddles. A Jap child never cries, never scuffles, never fights, never makes mud pies, except when it lives on the banks of a canal. Yet lest it should spread its sash bow and become a baldheaded angle ere its time. Providence has decreed that it should never, never blow its little nose. Notwithstanding the defect, I love it."—*Kobe Herald*.

Rise in Commodities.

A personal letter received from Japan on the last mail, complains of the rise in the price of general commodities under the Revised Treaties Act. "Many American merchants," says our correspondent, "are leaving for home disgusted with the steady rise in tariff. Jinrickshaw rides are so expensive as to become a luxury." The principle advances seem to be in cotton and silk thread, timber, kerosene, sugar, salt, rye, cotton cloth and oil. Matters seem somewhat discouraging to American trading enterprise under the present conditions.

The Japan Trading Association and American Business Men.

Extracts from an interesting article in the Japan Weekly Times under the above heading, which treats of the commercial changes under the Revised Treaties, give us most interesting tables showing the strides made by American exports, which once far below the imports from Japan to this country, now considerably exceed the latter.

Emigrants for Hawaii.

The *Gaelic* which entered Yokohama on the 28th ult. brought orders from Hawaii for the dispatch of Japanese emigrants to the number of 9,310 men. Of the above number an order for 6,915 is to be filled by the Kumamoto, Morioka, and Kaigai Toko emigration companies, and the remaining 2,395 by the Tokyo and Nippon. All the emigrants are to sail before or during November coming. It is stated that orders requesting at one time such a large number of our emigrants have never before been received. The total number of the present emigrants will swell to about 13,000 souls, when the members of the men's families to go with them are included.—*Japan Weekly Times*.

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