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HONOLULU, MAY 12, 1900.

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President Dole has been congratulated since the arrival of the Australia on his appointment as the first Governor of the Territory of Hawaii, by a very large number of the very best and most influential people of the Territory.

It is to be regretted that some of these congratulations came from quarters that have been loud in their condemnation of the Dole government. To the independent and self-respecting sycophancy is a horror. But without being so stigmatized, reserving the right of forcible criticism of the past and serious and thoughtful comments upon the forecast of the future and the influence of his appointment upon the political conditions of the Territory, which may or may not be complimentary, the WEEKLY desires to congratulate President Dole from a personal standpoint upon his most probable appointment as the first Governor of the Territory of Hawaii. It furthermore desires to congratulate the ex-President and eulogize him, irrespective of his official position, as the first gentleman of the land—a Hawaiian to be proud of. As an old-school gentleman, in suavity of manner, in personal integrity, in sincerity of purpose, in high intellectuality, in all attributes which are requisite to the make-up of a manly man, ex-President Dole has no superior as a gentleman in Hawaii. Furthermore, except for certain local conditions, of which President McKinley was not cognizant, because these conditions were probably not presented with the dignity and merit they deserved, ex-President Dole is most certainly the logical appointee for governor. But because of these unfortunate local conditions Mr. Dole's appointment as governor is, perhaps, the greatest misfortune that could have beset the new Territory of Hawaii as it blooms into political existence under the Stars and Stripes. But of this later when the news of the full official confirmation of Mr. Dole's appointment as the first governor of Hawaii shall have been received. For the present it is the desire of the WEEKLY that if by any mishap there should be a "slip between the cup and the lip" that the ex-President should carry with him in his retirement from office this sincere and hearty tribute to his high personal qualities untrammelled by severe comment or adverse criticism.

It is rather premature to comment upon the appointments reported to have been made by President McKinley for the Territory of Hawaii, for the report comes only as a rumor. The Australia brought the first news. But everyone waited for the Rio in the hope that W. O. Smith could confirm something. When that longed for individual arrived he brought home with him only impressions although he was in close touch with Judge Hartwell by wire until the hour of sailing. Even in regard to Mr. Dole Mr. Smith said:

"My impression is that Mr. Dole will be the Governor. No definite news reached me upon the subject before I sailed from San Francisco."

In regard to the other offices Mr. Smith continued:

"My impression is that Justice Frear will succeed to the Justiceship. Also, I believe, all the present Circuit Judges will probably be retained, with possibly the exception of Judge Stanley, who is, unfortunately, an Englishman, and therefore not a citizen of the United States. As for Judge Perry, my impression is that he will be a Justice on the Supreme Bench."

Even in regard to the Federal offices Mr. Smith had the following impressions:

"Both Judge Estee and Judge Greene are spoken of in connection with that office, and I am inclined to think that Estee holds first place at present."

Furthermore, Mr. Smith had favorable impressions concerning Customs Collector Stackable and Postmaster General Oat. But it is very noticeable that Mr. Smith had no impressions concerning Mr. Cooper for Secretary of State. Why is this? Or any impressions concerning the Attorney General, who also is an appointment of the President's.

As Mr. Smith has brought back only impressions concerning all these appointments the whole matter must still be considered in the realm of rumor and serious comment upon them must be delayed until next week.

If M. M. Estee is appointed federal judge it certainly will meet with universal approval. Although an unfortunate politician Mr. Estee is a learned lawyer and would make an able judge. His coming to Honolulu would certainly be a valuable acquisition to society and the profession.

In a little more than a month the Hawaiian Islands will be as firmly set in the American Union as the old original state of Massachusetts. The law making the islands a Territory will be enforced on June 14th and ever after, as long as the starry banner waves, the people of these green isles of the Pacific will enjoy the rare privilege of a liberal constitution, which gives to all Americans, Europeans and Polynesians an equality of political rights. A gift like this does not fall from the skies. It has to be earned by sturdy and persistent effort. It was secured by the Americans by the expenditure of bloodshed through the trials of fearful wars and it has come down to the Americans and adopted Americans of these islands as a sort of heritage without price. Annexation had its conception in the mind of the late S. N. Castle nearly sixty years ago. The germ grew slowly, as the Kamehameha rule satisfied everybody, but still the need of a greater protection than the power of the Kamehamehas could give the people was felt. It was twenty-five years after the theory was evolved that the practical agitation of annexation was begun by Dr. McGrew, and it came about

in 1887 that an armed demonstration was made against royalty with a view to establishing a republic, probably a stepping stone to annexation. King Kalakaua, in order to keep peace in his realm, signed a new constitution on June 30, 1887. From that day to August 12, 1898, these islands were almost constantly perturbed by bitter intercerenary wrangles. The mercenary motive was higher than the patriotic motive in prompting the strife. Emoluments of office were the root of the evil. The Outs were against the Ins and vice versa. After 1887 there were violent outbreaks in 1889, 1893 and 1895. Several persons lost their lives in fighting for their principles and after the insurrection of 1895 the desire became greater than ever for a strong protecting arm, one that should remove the rifle as an arbiter of civic differences and enforce peace throughout the little commonwealth. Admiral Miller hoisted the Stars and Stripes on a beautiful August day nearly two years ago and since that time Hawaii has ridden on a wave of genuine prosperity. The plans of annexation have just been perfected at Washington, making the heart of the native and foreigner alike rejoice over the conclusion of the suspense.

The House bill appropriating ten millions for the immediate expenses of the Nicaragua canal and giving the President and Secretary of War almost unlimited powers in the matter has passed the House by an overwhelming majority, indicating the popularity of the measure. The Senate will be morally bound to act on the same lines. So much good news coming all at once staggers this little island community. Volumes have been written about the benefits accruing to Hawaii through the construction of the canal, leaving little to be said now. As we said before, we are now in the hands of our friends, who will advance our interests with all expedition possible.

MESSAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

A PEN SKETCH.

He had a fever, with a temperature hovering between 103 and 104 degrees, and a pulse beating like a triphammer. He had been sent to the Queen's Hospital for better care and scientific treatment and was laying quietly on a neat little iron bed. There was no pain. He did not even feel the burning of the fever, yet he knew it was a fever, and a bad one, that made him so listless. He was a man of strong mind and great power of thought. He tried to think it all out—where he had left off his work. But his mind refused thought of things that happened before he was put on that little bed.

"What!" thought he, "is my mind to be clogged by so little a thing as a fever that I cannot think?" He had never had a fever before.

The shades of night were falling rapidly, and with the night a gloom came over him and he thought:

"What if I should lose my mind during this long night."

Terrible thought! He was a man of strong intellectuality. He lay there thinking of it and roused himself as much as possible from his lethargy and thought:

"Intellect is the crown of manhood. It is like the mantel of divinity that encompasses and pervades him—the badge of humanity that lifts man above the brute. Without intellect man becomes a drivelling idiot. Even a moment of reason gone is a moment of manhood irretrievably lost—humanity reduced to a beast of some kind; only a brute. Oh this long dreary night." He started in

The Democrats over the water see pretty clearly that Admiral Dewey and Mr. Bryan are to be pitted against each other at Kansas City and that a dark horse will fare badly in the pools against these two favorites. Mr. Bryan's charm is his promise of cheap money and the Admiral's is his naval career. Either one is alluring enough to attract a respectable multitude and either one of the candidates would make a president. Such great surprises have occurred at the conclusion of presidential contests since 1876 that it is hardly safe to bank on Mr. McKinley's popularity next November. Mr. Bryan has grown greater in the four years succeeding his defeat in 1896, while the doughty Admiral, who may possibly lead the Democratic host, has a war record of equal brilliancy to that of General Grant's, which won for the hero of Vicksburg the seat in the White House.

The New Testament has never been satisfactory to Biblical scholars. The old manuscripts purported to have been prepared by the first writers of the Christian church convey such a variety of meanings to students that many theses of the early Christian Church now printed in the New Testament are made doubtful by the lack of authoritative support. Under the head of "Is Our New Testament Text Reliable?" the Literary Digest utters the following:

"For years scholars have pointed to the resultant investigations chiefly of Tischendorf, Tregelles, and Westcott-Hart, in producing, in spite of the two hundred thousand variants of the Biblical manuscripts, a practically uniform Greek text of the New Testament, as one of the greatest achievements of the scholarship of any age. Indications, however, are increasing to show that this joy has been premature, and that a movement is on foot that may lead to a complete revision of the principles that have been currently accepted in New-Testament textual criticism."

alarm. "What if I should lose my reason to-night and become a beast—an irresponsible animal. No, no; I will hold my reason. I will be strong. Yes, my strong will, will hold it—must hold my intellect down; not let it fly away. No, not let it fly away."

The last was very weakly thought. The effort was too much for him. The patient turned over on his pillow. His eyes closed and he sank into apparently oblivious sleep but only to dream. It seemed to him that his intellect oozed through his skull and formed itself into a circle, or halo, separated from his head. It still performed its functions of thought but was inclined to float away. He bent his entire power of will to keep it near him encircling his head like a crown. Even if separated from his brain still if he would keep his intellect near him, as a halo, it might be in convenient, yet it would keep him from becoming an animal with only a brain, without power of thought.

Then, to his horror, four little imps came floating down—miniature devils with tails and hoofs and all—and seized his intellect that was laying like a crown, or a halo, close to his head, held there by his will, and flew away with it. Up, up they went clear out of sight and left him, as he thought, a dog. Bow-wow wow-ow-ow-ow, he wailed after his lost intellect. Oh the agony it—the terrible agony of it.

After a while—a long while it seemed—he thought he heard the sound of angel wings (it was the nurse's silent footsteps). It must be his good angel come to drive away the imps and bring his reason back. Sure enough, she flitted into the room. He felt her presence and awoke with a start. She brought back his reason, thank God. When a soft hand felt his pulse then passed over his

brow he realized it was the nurse, but he felt there was a good angel in her somewhere that drove the imps away and brought his intellect back and crowned him again a man. The nurse flitted softly about the room, took his temperature, and gave him medicines. Oh, it was good to have her there. When she started to go he murmured:

"Please don't go away and let those devil imps steal my reason."

"Delicious, poor fellow," she murmured. "But I must go," she said, "there are others to see."

"Then leave your good angel with me," he pleaded.

She humored him: "Yes, here she is on your pillow," she said as she took his hand then stole away.

He dosed off again in that terrible sleep only to dream. It was a battle royal, all the live long night, between the angel and the imps; a terrible battle all the night long for intellect and reason, until the dawn; then the devil imps flew away but the angel sat on the pillow and held the crown of intellect close to his head. She looked at the open door as if expectant. By and by, after a long while, a sweet face appeared. Was it an angel without

through us the divine vibration that pulses through all the universe and through you too. Think of the trees and the flowers and the sweet ferns, that grow by the running brooks, and the fragrance shed all around. Thus will our mother Nature by the part of her that pulses through you battle and vanquish the fever, dread destroyer of mankind, and you shall again look upon the face of Nature. We have been plucked and will shortly die but we care not for we shall live-forever imprinted upon your soul, being the messengers of life." Thus said the flowers and smiled again shedding all around still sweeter fragrance.

Lo! as he (the sick man) gazed upon the flowers the scenes of his boyhood returned in panoramic succession. Roaming in the forest and the wild glens, lying on the sweet sented fern clumps by the murmuring brooks, under the roar of the waterfall, with wild flowers all around; or, the scene at early sunrise, when the luminous orb of day peeps over the eastern horizon streaking with radiating rays the eastern sky, and awakening the somber shadows on the distant low-capped mountain, changing the tints, first to a pale delicate blue; then, as the sun rose, to a faint but glorious pink tint, glossy as the finest silk, that chased away the



This is the monument erected to the memory of Jules Tavernier, one of the artists of the *fin de siècle*. He did his last and best work in these islands, where he died and where he was buried. He alone transferred the grandeur of Kilauea to canvas and gave to the world the only faithful picture of Hawaii's natural wonder.

wings? She came in and while arranging some flowers in a glass on the table near his bed asked:

"How do you feel today?"

"I think I am very sick," he answered quite rationally, then looking up into her sweet face he asked: "Are you an angel?"

She opened her large beautiful eyes wide in astonishment, then she realized and smiling said: "No, I am only a flower girl from the Flower Mission. I have brought you some flowers. If you will look at them and breath their fragrance they will bring you a message from the outside that will help you to get well." And she was gone.

There were the flowers on the table in front of him smiling and nodding and shedding sweet fragrance that he breathed. It intoxicated his senses.

"I wonder what message they bring," thought the sick man as he gazed upon the sweet faces of the flowers. Answering his thoughts the flowers said in unison:

"We have just been plucked from teeming life to bring you a message from our great mother Nature. She bids you feel

blue; then the purple; then broad day. Oh the glorious sunrise!

These thoughts stirred the pulsation of all the nature that was within him, and, still gazing upon the flowers, his intellect, which had remained apart, coiled about his head, sank back again and crowned his brain making him again a man; and still under the influence of the flowers he sank into a peaceful and restful slumber.

At noon the doctor came and the nurse waked the sleeper and took his temperature "Remarkable!" exclaimed the doctor in hushed tones. "Last night and this morning his temperature was over 103 and in six hours it is down to 101." And the doctor went away puffed up with the thought of his great skill in the use of deadly drugs.

But the sick man and flowers laughed softly to themselves for they knew it was mother Dame Nature that worked the marvel by awakening in the sick man his sympathetic pulsations with Herself and the Divine vibration through the message of the flowers.

FRANKLIN AUSTIN.

Queen's Hospital, April 14th.

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HONOLULU, MAY 12, 1900.

KAMALO has its troubles as well as Kihei.

IT is about time to hold a Fourth of July rally.

"EVERYTHING comes to him who waits." That's what the Democrats are saying.

JUDGING by the number of controversialists developed by the Republican rally of last week it is hardly fair for Hilo to claim possession of all the kickers in the islands.

THE club of whatever party that shall favor ordinances like those of the municipal government of San Francisco will have the support of three-fourths of the voters of this city.

THE hack stands are to remain. Minister Young has said so. The WEEKLY was the only journal that advocated equal rights of the hack and the automobile.

H. R. HITCHCOCK won his maiden case in court last Tuesday. He defended three natives who had been falsely accused of robbing a Chinaman on the highway. Many were the congratulations extended to him by his friends.

AS THE WEEKLY stated some time ago cremation would not have the approval of the clergy. Dr. Bishop and Bishop Gulstan, representative clergymen of Honolulu, have published their objections to the new movement. We are not prepared to argue ecclesiastical points with the reverend gentlemen. We take a practical, sanitary view of the principle of incineration.

FEARS of the bubonic plague coming here from Sydney are unfounded. Honolulu has recently learned such a hard lesson that the strictest sanitary measures will be enforced against Sydney vessels. The authorities of Sydney are abundantly able to take care of their own bailiwick and consequently will prevent the plague from coming to this port.

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI, being expected home on June 6th, all the Hawaiians in the city are making preparations to hold a grand luau at Washington Place on the day after her arrival. Subscriptions of money to defray the expenses of the celebration are being called for.

THERE are more than two wings to the Republican party. Which one will you take?

UNLESS the automobile acquires more speed than it now has it will never supersede the hack. The automobile of 1900 has all the characteristics of clumsiness and ungainliness, and is devoid of a single graceful line in its construction. It has the appearance of European manufacture. There is nothing like the cutunder surrey of Honolulu workmanship for comfort and convenience in this tropical land.

LEUNG CHI-TSO will have hard work to make the intelligent people of Honolulu believe that the Bow Wong hatchet party will bring about a reform in China. Education and the introduction of white civilization will do more for China than all his bloody revolutionary plans. San Francisco's police will watch Leung Chi Tso very closely, should that archhypocrite succeed in getting ashore there.

THE awarding of cash prizes, donated by W. O. Smith to those residents of Kalaupapa and Kalawao who cultivated their small allotments of land to the best of their advantages, was a worthy act. The event is one of those occasional reminders that we still have the unfortunate outcasts under our charge. A community of goodly proportion exists there—some ten hundred souls—bereft forever of the companionship of loved ones, yet seldom repining their melancholy fate. Their only occupation is devoted to the domestic affairs about home and garden, and fills their monotonous routine of life, unkindled by a single spark of worldly ambition. What they have done to make attractive the grounds around their houses was performed more in the spirit of realizing ornamental effects than in the hope of gaining pecuniary reward.

"Fixing" an Organ-Grinder.

One day, when Mery, the French novelist, was visiting Sandeau, an organ-grinder halted in front of the Academician's house and began to play. Sandeau, with a gesture of irritation, rose from his seat, took a half franc piece from his pocket, and flung it at the tormentor, calling out as he did so:

"Be quiet, and go away!"

"What!" said Mery—"you encourage that detestable kind of thing? That man will now return every day; and not only so—he'll pass the word to his comrades."

"What am I to do?" asked Sandeau.

"The street I live in," replied Mery, "is one of those most infested by organ-grinders. I had only just moved into my apartment and opened my window for the first time, when one of them planted himself on the pavement opposite. He ground out the 'Miserere' from *Il Trovatore*. I manifested a lively satisfaction. After the 'Miserere' he obliged me with a walse. I took a chair and seated myself in the balcony. He then played me the air of one of the most popular songs of the

day; I clapped my hands enthusiastically. Then he passed to the air of a sentimental song; I called to my servant to come and listen to it. 'Encore!' I cried. He played the tune over again, then politely took off his cap and held it towards me; whereupon I instantly banged shut the window. I went through the same pantomime with five or six of the colleagues of my first musician, and then the cure was complete. Better than that, even; for yesterday morning, as I was quietly taking the air, I saw approaching a man in velveteen trousers and with an organ on his back. He raised his eyes to mine and quickened his pace, after lifting his thumb to the end of his nose, as much as to say:

"You'd like me to play you a tune or two, wouldn't you? But you've taken me in once; you'll not do it again!"

The Basis of Power.

THE question of physical culture in Japan which has been receiving some attention lately is, of course, one of the most important that can engage the attention of the "teachers and prophets" of this country. There can be no doubt or discussion as to the facts; Japan is weak and badly developed physically. The country ought to be under no delusion that it is a matter which can be neglected or postponed so long as other claims—the claims of culture and intellect for instance—are fully met and implemented. However unfortunate a thing it may be for "the higher man," it is clear that the world has still a considerable way to go before it will accept intellectual or moral standards as the essential measure of individual or national worth. Nothing is plainer at the present moment than that the real key to predominance among nationalities is force—physical force—crystallized and organized in armies and battleships, the unit in the composition of which is the individual man, his temperament and nerves, his height, the measure of his muscle, and the staying power of his lungs. The Japanese ought to know, if they do not, that in these matters they are in the gross, outclassed and over-matched by all contemporary people in the ring of civilization. So much is this so, indeed, that it is not an uncommon thing for strangers coming among this people to take the impression that the Japanese in reality are a wornout race, a race which has long since seen its best days and is now well on the road towards that stage of degeneration when it must inevitably become the prey of a stronger and more lusty competitor. The primal element in national greatness is the unit—and the primal element in the unit's greatness is his health and vigor. The guns may be the finest the hand of man can fashion but it is, after all, the man behind the gun that defeats the enemy. Japan, indeed, has many grave problems confronting her in the near future, and not the least of them is the maintenance of her position against contemporary peoples whose units are on the average worth two or three of her own from a physical point of view.—*Kobe Herald*.

AUSTIN'S HAWAIIAN WEEKLY.

ROUND ABOUT.

To-morrow will be an unofficial regatta day at Pearl Harbor.

Oahu plantation, having acquired Ford's Island, is putting in 600 acres to cane there.

The case of the Hogan Minstrel Co. against the C. A. S. S. Co. will come up on Monday morning.

Bets on the governorship are not decided. Stakeholders will keep wagers until definite news arrives.

The naval transport Solace, now in port, will follow the Warren to-day or to-morrow, touching at Guam.

Fred. C. Smith brings the good news from Hilo that the new railroad will begin operations on the first of next month.

The adjourned annual meeting of the Austin Publishing Co. will be held next Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Next Saturday night another musical entertainment will be given at the Irwin Opera House. Some superior local talent will be brought out.

D. Keefe & Co., of San Francisco, have established an agency of their grain business in the islands. W. L. Witham has charge of it on Kaahumanu street.

The Oahu Ice Co. will begin business about June 1st. The many friends of genial Theodore Hoffman will be glad to see him in business harness again as manager of the ice works.

While the First New York Regiment gained no plaudits by its conduct here after the Spanish war it has earned a credit mark recently in guarding the Croton aqueduct against Italian strikers.

Rose colored stories continue to come in about the prosperity of the coterie of Honolulu fortune seekers in the Philippines. Some can sign checks in six figures and Jim Sherwood is wearing a diamond as big as a kukui nut.

Mr. A. Marques, the leader of the Aloha Theosophical society, has returned from an interesting tour through India and Australia, where he met some of the world's most distinguished Theosophists. It is hoped Mr. Marques will deliver a lecture on his travels in the near future.

Subscriptions for the Hospital for Incurables have reached \$75,000. The incurables are the most unfortunate people we have among us and far more move deserving of attention and sympathy than such invalids who have the comfort of hope in their afflictions.

Lunalilo Home appears on our cover page to day. This elegant building and grounds are the gift of King Lunalilo, the last of the Kamehamehas, to aged Hawaiians who may be in want. The inmates of this beautiful home revere the memory of their royal benefactor.

The Orpheum holds the interest of the public very well, considering the infrequency of changes. Hogan's minstrels are ever attractive, throwing out their gleams of vaudeville and keeping their evening visitors in a constant state of merriment. This week's attendance at this cozy little theatre was as large as the most sanguine manager could hope for.

The army transport Warren came on Tuesday with the tidings of the passage of the territorial bill. She has already sailed for Guam and Manila with fifty-five cabin passengers, consisting principally of acting assistant surgeons and several officers assigned to duty in the Philippines, and about 350 recruits, under command of Captain Edward D. King. The steamer carried a large quantity of supplies and the usual mail.

From a White House View.

President McKinley—"Say, Hanna, tell the boy to bring in that Haywayin sack of papers. I want you to take a day off with me and examine those bids for jobs. I glanced over the lot the other day and they made my brain reel."

Senator Hanna—"I'll fetch 'em myself, Mac. You're not going to forget our Ohio friends are you?"

McKinley—"Not all of them. I've got to respect California, though, as I'm not so sure of that state in November. Let's see, here's quite a large bundle of applications for postmaster. They all read about alike and refer to gunning and voting the missionary ticket, whatever that is. One feller summarizes his qualifications at the close of his letter in this way, and it is a fair sample of the lot:

"Before coming to Honolulu belonged to the South of Market Tarryers in San Francisco, who carried the state for Harrison. Arrived in Honolulu in the spring of 1887 and packed a gun in the following July. Voted the reform ticket. Packed a gun in 1889. Worked against Wilcox for the Legislature. Packed a gun in 1893. Denounced Cleveland and Blount. Packed a gun in 1895. Wrote articles to the American papers advocating annexation and burning up the royalists. Assisted at the flag ceremony of 1898."

Hanna—"He's a regular gun man, isn't he?"

McKinley—"Ye-es, but I don't see what that has to do with running the postoffice. Do you know anything about island politics, Hanna?"

Hanna—"Never studied it. It's kept me busy finding out things in Ohio. They say a man changes his faith at every election own there and your military applicant may have packed a gun on both shoulders."

McKinley—"I guess I'll turn them all down; there are at least a dozen of 'em. That Honolulu postoffice is seeking an old neighbor of mine in Canton."

Hanna—"How about the Collector of Port at Honolulu?"

McKinley—"Seven chaps are after that, all of more or less warlike disposition. That Columbus friend of ours can fill that billet, and as to those Honolulu parties, why, I'll let them down easy and make them Customs Inspectors. They'll be satisfied. If they can't make enough out of opium to bring their earnings up to the mark of the Collector's salary they won't be on to their jobs, that's all."

Hanna—"Where are you going to get the Governor and U. S. Marshal?"

McKinley—"Four are after the governorship and no less than thirteen are willing to take the marshal's job. Dole has had the governorship bee in his bonnet longer than anybody and I think I'll let the cherry fall into his mouth. He'll have to curtail his expenses if he wants to exist on the governor's salary, which is a few thousands less than he has been getting. I hear he is a man of plain habits and a stickler for economy. He's owed the barber two bits ever since I've known him. It will often devolve upon a governor in his position to entertain American and foreign naval officers and he will have to set aside his Jeffersonian simplicity. By the way, Mark, who are those two morose looking fellers from Honolulu who hung around the lobbies while this territorial bill was pending?"

Hanna—"Hartwell and Smith. They are only lawyers."

McKinley—"Don't sneer at lawyers; I was one myself once."

Ratoons.

Mother—"I'm surprised at you! Couldn't you tell he was going to kiss you?"

Daughter—"Yes, ma, but there was no one to tell except him, and he knew it already.—Philadelphia Press.

"You remember young Carpley, who used to have an ambition to be an actor, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's playing a leading role now."

"You don't say so! By George, I never thought he had it in him!"

"He's with an 'Uncle Tom' company and leads the bloodhounds in the street procession.—Chicago Times-Herald.

"This," said the guide, "is the grave of Adam!"

Historic spot! With reverential awe—nay, with a feeling of deep thankfulness—the wealthy merchant tailor on his first trip to the orient drew near and cast a flower on the tomb.

"Erring ancestor," he murmured, "I should be the last man on earth to revile your memory. To your sin I owe my prosperity."—Chicago Tribune.



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