





## THE HAWAIIAN STAR.

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WEDNESDAY, - APRIL 25, 1894.

## FOR UGUESE FIELD LABOR.

The course of the planters in trying to secure more Portuguese labor is to be commended from many points of view. As a worker in the cane fields the Portuguese peasant is faithful and industrious; as a subsequent citizen he builds a home, raises and educates a family and adds something to the currents of monetary circulation; and as a member of society he obeys the law. Certainly, not in the Orient nor in the Southern States of America can a better worker and so good a citizen be found for the use to which the field laborer of Hawaii is put and for the general welfare of these island communities. In recognizing and acting upon these facts, as they are doing, the planters will confer equal benefits upon themselves and upon the American, English and German artisans, mechanics and retailers who are suffering from the overplus of Asiatics which finds its way from the plantations into business and the mechanic arts. We infer this partly from the belief that, when Portuguese immigration is fully resumed it will go far in the final analysis, to supplant that which we are getting from the East.

## SOME INTERESTING FIGURES.

According to the report of the Collector-General, the Customs receipts for 1893 were \$545,754 16, an increase over 1892 of \$55,938 07. The value of imports for 1893 was:

Merchandise	\$5,346,808 58
Specie	983,631 00
Total imports	\$6,330,439 58

This shows an increase over 1892 of:

Merchandise	\$334,882 27
Specie	327,719 00
Total increase	\$662,601 27

The value of exports for 1893 was \$10,742,658 50, an increase of \$2,780,070 88 over 1892, mostly accounted for by an increase in the sugar crop of 33,583 tons. The balance of trade in favor of Hawaii for 1893 has been, exclusive of specie, no less a sum than \$5,471,349 51, which is a splendid showing.

The United States have enjoyed 93.13 per cent. of the whole trade—a greater margin than ever before—and 83.76 per cent. of the whole has been carried in American vessels. The Pacific coast, principally San Francisco, has enjoyed \$4,308,188 06 worth of our foreign purchases, or 80.58 per cent. of the whole, and of the 3889 passengers arriving and departing during 1893 San Francisco enjoyed the benefit of 3315 of them.

These figures speak volumes for the prosperity of Hawaii and for the pecuniary value of this possession to the United States.

PURSUING the theme "minority rule," which the Bulletin had the misfortune to draw from the registration returns, some curious facts have been elicited. The local vote of 1892, as was shown yesterday, amounted to 2750; the present registration to 1508. There are, however, as the Tax Collector tells us, 1400 voters left over from 1892 who cannot cast a legal ballot this year because of non-payment of taxes. These are not on the registration roll. Now this ineligible number, 1400, added to the 1508 registered voters, makes a total of adults of voting age, entitled to the privileges of citizenship, if taxes are paid, of 2908, or 158 more than the total poll of two years ago. The difference and something more is accounted for by the eligibility of the armed defenders of the Government to cast a citizen's ballot; but the fact remains that of all legal voters here, on the showing of 1892, those who have taken an oath to support the Provisional Government are in a strong majority. Again in counting up loyal citizens, the only class which is regarded in any country as having the right to participate in elections, the majority on the rolls over, those who have not registered is simply overwhelming.

We fail to see why there should be a row over Judge Robertson. If the question hinging upon his candidature was whether the Constitutional body should be controlled by office-holders or non-office-holders, there might be reason for it; but when the very act legalizing the convention provides for a majority of office-holding members, an official more or less from the outside would not count for anything in the general result. What is the use of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel?

## THE TRAGEDY OF A SAILOR'S CAP.

A TRUE STORY.  
It was a sultry day following a heavy gale that had brought up from the southwest heat, mist and rain. The subsiding winds had left a long even swell rolling in upon the coast, but the surface of each huge sea was smooth and glassy.

The good old frigate *Wabash* rose and fell lazily at her anchors; the sails, loosed to dry, flapped heavily with the swaying of the masts.

Away to the west loomed the low-lying shores of Morris Island; and to the north the sandy beach line was broken here and there by the frowning walls of Sumter and the wide-reaching traverses of forts Wayne and Sullivan, floating the Southern stars and bars. Beyond the steeples of Charleston rose above the smoke of the city.

On board ship a morning of listless activity had begun, as regular in its beats as the movement of a well-timed clock. The clothes of the morning watch had been stretched to dry, hung on the girt-lines between the fore and main masts, for it was Jack-tar's wash-day. Suddenly a gentle air came from the land, the sun burst out, the boat-swain's whistle shrilled, and the word was passed from spar to berth-deck:

"All hands furl sail!"  
Slowly the men swarmed aloft, out upon the yards, and furling away, the fore topmen pitted against the main, trying in quickened emulation to have their duty done the first. As the men laid out at the command, a sailor's cap fell from the foretop-gullant yard, and bounding and tripping against gear and spar, plashed softly into the sea close alongside the rolling frigate. The owner was left bare-headed at the mast.

Now in a sailor's cap are stored many useful and many precious things. Everything but his money; that is kept in a rough purse of Jack's own making, lying close on his hairy chest. In the rim of his cap, however, between the pad and the lining, are his pipe, his plug of tobacco, his open-topped thimble, a needle crossed with thread (like a boy's kite twine), and often his love-letter, to be read and re-read on his watch below.

How that sailor's cap came to fall is not in history, but almost as soon as it had struck the water its owner forsook his duty on the yard, and braving the displeasure of his mates and the reprimand that was almost sure to follow, he hurried down the shrouds. With an eager, resolute demeanor he approached the officer of the deck. Pulling his forelock, in place of a salute, he said, respectfully:

"I've lost my cap overboard, sir. It's close alongside. May I fish it up from the companion-ladder?"

The officer, galled over by the man's earnestness, and occupied by the work going on in the sultry air above him, gave a careless assent, as to a trifle. The sails were soon rolled up, the gaskets passed, and the men came down to the deck. Just then, as the officer turned to give the order to haul taut the running gear and square the yards, a commotion on the poop-deck caught his eye—a commotion that denoted some catastrophe.

"Man overboard!" rang out from a group of idlers gathered near the taffrail. There was a hurried going to and fro, and an order shouted, "Let go the life-buoy," by the watch officer, as he hastened to the side.

The port-quarter boat, quickly manned, was lowered away; but the davit falls were tangled, and it lingered helplessly.

On the facing slope of a mighty swell, drifting swiftly with the northerly set of the tide, could be seen poor Jack, motionless, with outstretched arms, head down, and quite exhausted. In rapid succession two figures leaped up in the hammock nettings, and then dived out together from the frigate's tall black sides. Two heads bobbed up in the clear green water, and one of the rescuers was seen to be an officer—a lieutenant—and the other a simple sailor, who knew no better thing to do than to save a shipmate's life. They struck out bravely for the drowning man, whose white shirt gleamed in the sunlight.

But suddenly a shout came from the ship, whose bulwarks were now fringed with a row of anxious faces. A black triangular fin cut with the spur of a race-horse through the water. And here another, there a third, and then a score of them at once. The sharks were gathering like a pack of wolves.

The quarter boat, cleared at last, pulled from the shadow of the vessel, and the two rescuers, now clinging to the life-buoy, urged the coxswain not to stop for them, but to make for the drifting sailor. His figure seemed to be moving slightly. Then the white shirt was tossed about convulsively, there was an angry swirl, and it disappeared, leaving only a ripple on the oily water to mark the place. The crew stopped their rowing and checked the boat's speed with their oars—too late. Some of the men gazed over the side down into the green depths.

Have you ever seen a shoal of trout around a sinking worm? That's what they saw. The bowman, as they turned, picked up the fatal cause of the catastrophe, the cap, and flung it with a curse upon the forward grating. Then the men, with white strained faces, pulled for the two would-be rescuers, who clung, pale and anxious, to the life-buoy, and none too soon, for the horrid fins were darting about in all directions, and deep in the lucid water dark shapes were hurtling to and fro.

The quarter boat rose to her davits again amidst the silence of seven hundred men mustered on deck. "John Mowbray, seaman," "D—dead, discharged," was entered on the purser's book. As if nothing had occurred the men were piped to dinner. The relic of the tragedy, the cap, remained wet and sodden on the capstan, tossed there by one of the boat's crew as he passed.

The officer of the watch passing the starboard side of the quarter-deck, deep in thought, suddenly noticed a sailor standing at the mast awaiting recognition. "What is it?" said the officer, stopping short; the man saluted. "I beg pardon, sir," he said. "But that cap there is John Mowbray's. I was with him on the fore-top gallant yard when something knocks it off. Says he, 'I'll get it if I have to swim for it, or drown'; then down he goes, leavin' me the heavy hunt to handle, sir, alone."

Back to the capstan went the officer; he lifted up the reeking cap; its story was soon told. Out of the lining came, with the usual sailor's things, a wet blurred letter and a cheap unframed tintype of a pretty woman with pink cheeks, and a gilt chain about her neck. The young lieutenant who had plunged to his rescue was Stephen B. Luce, now a rear-admiral retired. JAMES BARNES.

As our Piano Tuner and Repairer has now arrived, we are prepared to take orders for work, which will be executed in the very best manner possible, as without question we have secured in the person of Mr. G. H. Harrison the most skillful and finished artist in his trade who has ever visited the Islands.

All work guaranteed. Telephone your orders at once.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.  
The Hawaiian News Company, Ltd.

308-11

## THE ELITE ICE CREAM PARLORS

Candy Factory. FINE ICE CREAMS, CAKES, CANDIES, ISLAND CURRIES.  
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Our Establishment is the Finest Resort in the City. Call and see us. Open till 11 p. m.

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Give it a trial. To my happiness and great satisfaction I found it to be the only remedy for this complaint." Mrs. N. Fiske, 425 Geary Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels. 25c.  
Hobron Newman & Co.  
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## BY AUTHORITY.

NOTICE.

The new one and two cent Postal Cards of the Provisional Government will be on sale at the General Post Office on Thursday, April 26, 1894.

JOS. M. OAT,  
Postmaster-General.

331-11.

## IN RE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

To All Qualified Voters in the First Precinct, Second District, of Honolulu, Island of Oahu.

Notice is hereby given that for the purpose of publishing, posting and correcting errors in the list of names of all persons who have registered according to law, and are entitled to vote, the Inspectors of the said Precinct will hold two meetings at the Gate House, at the lower Nuuanu reservoir, in Honolulu, on next Wednesday, April 25th, and Monday, April 30th, 1894, between the hours of 7:00 and 9:00 in the evening, each day.

By the Inspectors,  
W. H. HOOGLS,  
Chairman.

J. D. JOLLY,  
THEO. P. SEVERIN,  
Inspectors.

Honolulu, April 23, 1894. 331-11

## IN RE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

To All Qualified Voters in the Second Precinct, Second District, of Honolulu, Island of Oahu.

Notice is hereby given that for the purpose of publishing, posting and correcting errors in the list of names of all persons who have registered according to law, and are entitled to vote, the Inspectors of the said Precinct will hold two meetings at the Kauluwela Schoolhouse, in Honolulu, on next Wednesday, April 25th, and Monday, April 30th, 1894, between the hours of 7:00 and 9:00 in the evening, each day.

By the Inspectors,  
J. S. MARTIN,  
Chairman.

Honolulu, April 23, 1894. 331-11

## IN RE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

To All Qualified Voters in the First Precinct, Third District, of Honolulu, Island of Oahu.

Notice is hereby given that for the purpose of publishing, posting and correcting errors in the list of names of all persons who have registered according to law, and are entitled to vote, the Inspectors of the said Precinct will hold two meetings at the Royal School, Emma street, Honolulu, on next Thursday, April 26th, and Monday, April 30th, 1894, between the hours of 7:30 and 9:00 in the evening, each day.

By the Inspectors,  
N. B. EMERSON,  
Chairman.

Honolulu, April 23, 1894. 331-11

## IN RE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

To All Qualified Voters in the Second Precinct, Third District of Honolulu, Island of Oahu.

Notice is hereby given that for the purpose of publishing, posting and correcting errors in the list of names of all persons who have registered according to law, and are entitled to vote, the Inspectors of the said Precinct will hold two meetings at the Water Works office in the Kapua Building, Honolulu on Friday, April 27th, and Monday, April 30th, 1894, between the hours of 7:00 and 9:00 in the evening, each day.

By the Inspectors,  
J. A. LYLE,  
Chairman.

Honolulu, April 23, 1894. 331-11

## IN RE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

To All Qualified Voters in the Second Precinct, Fourth District of Honolulu, Island of Oahu.

Notice is hereby given that for the purpose of publishing, posting and correcting errors in the list of names of all persons who have registered according to law, and are entitled to vote, the Inspectors of the said Precinct will hold two meetings at the Bell Tower in Union Square, in Honolulu, on next Wednesday, April 25th, and Monday, April 30th, 1894, between the hours of 7:00 and 9:00 in the evening, each day.

By the Inspectors,  
HENRY SMITH,  
Chairman.

Honolulu, April 23, 1894. 339-11

## IN RE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

To All Qualified Voters in the First Precinct, First District of Honolulu, Island of Oahu.

Notice is hereby given that for the purpose of publishing, posting and correcting errors in the list of names of all persons who have registered according to law, and are entitled to vote, the Inspectors of the said Precinct will hold two meetings at the Bell Tower in Union Square, in Honolulu, on next Wednesday, April 25th, and Monday, April 30th, 1894, between the hours of 7:00 and 9:00 in the evening, each day.

By the Inspectors,  
HENRY SMITH,  
Chairman.

Honolulu, April 23, 1894. 339-11

## IN RE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

To All Qualified Voters in the First Precinct, First District of Honolulu, Island of Oahu.

Notice is hereby given that for the purpose of publishing, posting and correcting errors in the list of names of all persons who have registered according to law, and are entitled to vote, the Inspectors of the said Precinct will hold two meetings at the Bell Tower in Union Square, in Honolulu, on next Wednesday, April 25th, and Monday, April 30th, 1894, between the hours of 7:00 and 9:00 in the evening, each day.

By the Inspectors,  
HENRY SMITH,  
Chairman.

Honolulu, April 23, 1894. 339-11

## IN RE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

To All Qualified Voters in the First Precinct, First District of Honolulu, Island of Oahu.

Notice is hereby given that for the purpose of publishing, posting and correcting errors in the list of names of all persons who have registered according to law, and are entitled to vote, the Inspectors of the said Precinct will hold two meetings at the Bell Tower in Union Square, in Honolulu, on next Wednesday, April 25th, and Monday, April 30th, 1894, between the hours of 7:00 and 9:00 in the evening, each day.

By the Inspectors,  
HENRY SMITH,  
Chairman.

Honolulu, April 23, 1894. 339-11

## IN RE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

To All Qualified Voters in the First Precinct, First District of Honolulu, Island of Oahu.

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By the Inspectors,  
HENRY SMITH,  
Chairman.

Honolulu, April 23, 1894. 339-11

persons who have registered according to law and are entitled to vote, the Inspectors of the said Precinct will hold two meetings at the Gate House, at the lower Nuuanu reservoir, in Honolulu, on next Wednesday, April 25th, and Monday, April 30th, 1894, between the hours of 7:00 and 9:00 in the evening, each day.

By the Inspectors,  
W. L. HOWARD,  
Chairman.

A. C. PRESTANO,  
JOHN KEA,  
Inspectors.

Honolulu, April 23, 1894. 331-11

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having secured the EXCLUSIVE AGENCY for the Hawaiian Islands for the Krajewski Patent Sugar Cane Crusher, are now prepared to receive orders for the same, to be delivered in time for the next crop.

This machine, which has been invented but a few years, has been adopted by a great number of cane sugar manufacturers, especially in Cuba, where it was first put to trial and where it became extremely popular. Nearly one-third of the whole sugar crop made in Cuba is being made with the assistance of these crushers. These crushers have also proved a great success in Louisiana, and other West Indian Islands, as can be seen by testimonials on hand.

These crushers when attached to any cane mill will increase its capacity by from 50 to 100 per cent; will improve extraction; will regulate feed of the mill. We have three of these machines in the way. For further particulars enquire at the

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Latest Novelties in Dress Goods—  
Wool Materials, in the Newest Plaids, Stripes and Solid Colors at very low prices.  
All Wool Cheviots in Solid Colors.

An elegant assortment of  
Fancy Figured and Solid Color Silks, Shot Silks (the latest), in all Shades. Figured India Silks in dress patterns, Crystal Silks, India Silks, Lunch Silks. A full line of Silks in all colors.

Also an elegant assortment of  
Dress Trimmings to match all Materials.

These Goods are selected personally by Mr. SACHS in New York city and are of the Very Latest, and will be offered at prices to suit the times.

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Nature's Grandest Wonder.

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The Kinau Leaves Honolulu Every 10 Days  
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## CARLOTTA'S INTENDED.

By RUTH MENERY STUART.

(Copyright, 1893, by J. B. Lippincott Company, and published by special arrangement with them.)

(Continued from yesterday.)

The scene reminds one of a familiar bar yard group—a little game rooster, a fine Brahman hen and their brood of handsome chicks. The diminutive but pompous father struts around with a most important, proprietary air, and flutters himself forgets to look at the mother. So it was with little Di Carlo. Men and roosters are so thoughtful!

It was true, Carlotta was a beauty, and every one said so was the image of her father, and so she was—his image inspired, and the mother was the inspiration.

The little husband reminded one of a rooster, a rooster who never crows, it was not so much because the wife persisted in doing the family crowing as in cackling as that it pleased him to it by and smoke while she toyed with her prerogative. One always felt that the crow was in him and that he had full confidence in the state of it. Such is the value of reserve.

In reference to Pat the language of the evening circle was usually English. But though he had never attempted the Italian speech or professed a comprehension of it 14 years of such familiarity with it as the shop afforded had opened the doors of his understanding, and nothing less than a subtlety of meaning as far as the Di Carlos as himself would have evaded him now.

A sort of delicacy forbade his revealing this to those who sometimes chose to speak in his presence without inviting his participation.

Among the occasional frequenters of the shop had been for some time an old man, Pietro Socola by name, for whom Pat had always felt an instinctive dislike.

During the past few months Socola had become a frequent guest, and while he sat on a box at the father's side in the evenings and spoke in a low tone in Italian he was observed to cast frequent covert glances toward the daughter, Carlotta.

Now, Socola was rich, according to the Di Carlo standard, and a widower, and so Pat was not superstitious in interpreting these glances as ominous of meaning to Carlotta.

The suspicion quickened his hearing, but the most astute eavesdropper had as yet disclosed nothing to confirm his fears. Gossip about the men on the lingers or at the Pleyenne tier, discussions as to the rise or fall in prices of fruit or oysters, interspersed with long, tobacco flavored silences, seemed to constitute all their social intercourse, and yet why did the ugly old fellow keep looking at Carlotta?

Socola was of the one essentially homely Italian type. His blue gray eyes and reddish hair were bereft of any leaning toward beauty by a heavy, swarthy skin, while the entire absence of upper front teeth gave a touch of grotesqueness to his ugly visage. Short necked and square of build, he had nevertheless a stoop, producing an effect as if his face arose from his chest. The edges of his grizzled mustache were further colored from the tobacco which he perpetually chewed, and his hairy little hands bore about their blunt finger tips similar suggestions of the weed.

Socola was plain as well as distinctly deficient in the subtle charm which we call personal magnetism.

His wife had been dead but three months when he first came on Sunday afternoon to the Di Carlos'. For three or four Sundays he returned there, and then he began dropping in in the late evenings until now almost any night he would be seen propped upon his box at Di Carlo's side, and whether Carlotta sat on the doorstep working on her "sample" or promenade in the languid leisure of the twins astride her hip old Pietro's eyes followed her.

His, which Pat had been observing for some weeks, culminated one day in a tangible occasion for alarm.

Pat was sitting inside the shop putting a finishing stitch to a patch when he saw Socola pass the door to join the circle about the steps without.

A moment later Carlotta hastily entered the shop, her face black as a storm cloud.

"Come here, Lottie," he called quickly, and she approached him. "What ails you?"

"He had never seen her so angry. It was a moment before she spoke."

"Shake out, Lottie, me girl, an tell me who done ye angry with?"

"I don't like 'o Pietro Socola," she said finally, her eyes flashing.

"Norr me nayther," he answered, shaking his head. "But tell me what 'e done ye?"

"He mashed my chin," she said.

"Squashed yer chin, did 'e? An may the devil snatch 'is mother from heaven!"

"Yes, an try to kiss me. I hate 'im!"

"Thried to kiss ye, did 'e? Bad luck to 'is lonesome mouth! An who seen 'im?"

"My paw an my maw was a-talking. I don't know of my maw seen 'im or not. She laughed. I hate 'im!"

"See her, Lottie." He was much excited, but spoke low lest he should be overheard. "There's throne o' heaven for ye, me beauty. Don't ye say nothin' to nobody, but of that low down dirty blue eyed nagur as a dago lays the left av 'is finger tip on ye again ye go for um, dy'e hear?"

She was silent, and he continued: "Well ye do what I tell ye, Lottie?"

"Yes."

"Well, take me advice an kape out av arm's length av 'im when ye can, but when ye can't, an he so much as blows 'is breath on a hair 'o yer head, ye come down on 'im w'ad a regular thunderin pothooe—like this!"

He placed his closed fist against his own temple.

"See her colleen," he resumed, with some hesitancy, "I c'd later 'im for ye—a couple 'o betts 'o me peg 'd him 'im puttin in the gutter, but 'twould dore no good."

"P'e turn 'is sassier 'il eyes on me again 'I'm goin' slap 'is face good," she said as she turned to serve a customer.

A suppressed sigh escaped the cobbler, and his fingers moved nervously as he finished his patch.

His worst fears were materializing. Socola, the rich, the honored guest, was coming for Carlotta.

His cobbler finished for the day, he rose to go to his room. He had not the heart to join the circle about the doors tonight. He hesitated a moment and glanced without.

The signora had crossed from her seat on the step and drawn a stool opposite the men—her husband and Socola.

The guest was speaking very earnestly in a low voice in Italian, and his audience listened with evident deference.

Pat heard distinctly Carlotta's name. Who can blame him for lingering just a moment to be doubly sure he was not mistaken?

But no, he heard it again, and then



"Ye come down on 'im w'ad a regular thunderin pothooe."

something about money—"a thousand dollars"—and the mother and father of the girl smiled, and while they exchanged glances nodded assent.

For the first time since he had been a tectator Pat staggered as he walked to the staircase, and when he reached his attic room, he sank into his chair, trembling as if an ague possessed him.

He was bewildered as much at his own sensations as at that which had produced them. What did it mean? It was bad enough, but why were cold chills running all over him? Why did he think of the night he heard of his mother's death? Why was he sobbing before he could control himself?

Oh, Patrick Rooney, is it possible that you are in love!

It was even so, and the sudden revelation of the truth to himself seemed to seize and shake him to the foundations of his being.

The exquisite agony of the first discovery soon spent itself in emotion, but less than a subtlety of meaning as far as the Di Carlos as himself would have evaded him now.

Among the occasional frequenters of the shop had been for some time an old man, Pietro Socola by name, for whom Pat had always felt an instinctive dislike.

During the past few months Socola had become a frequent guest, and while he sat on a box at the father's side in the evenings and spoke in a low tone in Italian he was observed to cast frequent covert glances toward the daughter, Carlotta.

Now, Socola was rich, according to the Di Carlo standard, and a widower, and so Pat was not superstitious in interpreting these glances as ominous of meaning to Carlotta.

The suspicion quickened his hearing, but the most astute eavesdropper had as yet disclosed nothing to confirm his fears. Gossip about the men on the lingers or at the Pleyenne tier, discussions as to the rise or fall in prices of fruit or oysters, interspersed with long, tobacco flavored silences, seemed to constitute all their social intercourse, and yet why did the ugly old fellow keep looking at Carlotta?

Socola was of the one essentially homely Italian type. His blue gray eyes and reddish hair were bereft of any leaning toward beauty by a heavy, swarthy skin, while the entire absence of upper front teeth gave a touch of grotesqueness to his ugly visage. Short necked and square of build, he had nevertheless a stoop, producing an effect as if his face arose from his chest. The edges of his grizzled mustache were further colored from the tobacco which he perpetually chewed, and his hairy little hands bore about their blunt finger tips similar suggestions of the weed.

Socola was plain as well as distinctly deficient in the subtle charm which we call personal magnetism.

His wife had been dead but three months when he first came on Sunday afternoon to the Di Carlos'. For three or four Sundays he returned there, and then he began dropping in in the late evenings until now almost any night he would be seen propped upon his box at Di Carlo's side, and whether Carlotta sat on the doorstep working on her "sample" or promenade in the languid leisure of the twins astride her hip old Pietro's eyes followed her.

His, which Pat had been observing for some weeks, culminated one day in a tangible occasion for alarm.

Pat was sitting inside the shop putting a finishing stitch to a patch when he saw Socola pass the door to join the circle about the steps without.

A moment later Carlotta hastily entered the shop, her face black as a storm cloud.

"Come here, Lottie," he called quickly, and she approached him. "What ails you?"

"He had never seen her so angry. It was a moment before she spoke."

"Shake out, Lottie, me girl, an tell me who done ye angry with?"

"I don't like 'o Pietro Socola," she said finally, her eyes flashing.

"Norr me nayther," he answered, shaking his head. "But tell me what 'e done ye?"

"He mashed my chin," she said.

"Squashed yer chin, did 'e? An may the devil snatch 'is mother from heaven!"

"Yes, an try to kiss me. I hate 'im!"

"Thried to kiss ye, did 'e? Bad luck to 'is lonesome mouth! An who seen 'im?"

"My paw an my maw was a-talking. I don't know of my maw seen 'im or not. She laughed. I hate 'im!"

"See her, Lottie." He was much excited, but spoke low lest he should be overheard. "There's throne o' heaven for ye, me beauty. Don't ye say nothin' to nobody, but of that low down dirty blue eyed nagur as a dago lays the left av 'is finger tip on ye again ye go for um, dy'e hear?"

She was silent, and he continued: "Well ye do what I tell ye, Lottie?"

"Yes."

"Well, take me advice an kape out av arm's length av 'im when ye can, but when ye can't, an he so much as blows 'is breath on a hair 'o yer head, ye come down on 'im w'ad a regular thunderin pothooe—like this!"

He placed his closed fist against his own temple.

"See her colleen," he resumed, with some hesitancy, "I c'd later 'im for ye—a couple 'o betts 'o me peg 'd him 'im puttin in the gutter, but 'twould dore no good."

"P'e turn 'is sassier 'il eyes on me again 'I'm goin' slap 'is face good," she said as she turned to serve a customer.

A suppressed sigh escaped the cobbler, and his fingers moved nervously as he finished his patch.

His worst fears were materializing. Socola, the rich, the honored guest, was coming for Carlotta.

His cobbler finished for the day, he rose to go to his room. He had not the heart to join the circle about the doors tonight. He hesitated a moment and glanced without.

The signora had crossed from her seat on the step and drawn a stool opposite the men—her husband and Socola.

The guest was speaking very earnestly in a low voice in Italian, and his audience listened with evident deference.

Pat heard distinctly Carlotta's name. Who can blame him for lingering just a moment to be doubly sure he was not mistaken?

But no, he heard it again, and then

## FAMOUS SNAP SHOTS.

SARONY, THE NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPHER, WRITES OF HIS ART.

How He Photographed Blaine, Cleveland and Depew—His Last Picture of Mark Twain—What He Attributes His Success To—The Evolution of a Gasser.

(Special Correspondence.)

New York, March 19.—Mr. James G. Blaine was sitting in my studio one day in the autumn of 1884, waiting to have his picture taken. It was the very day—in fact, it was the very hour—following that in which was left this famous and fatal wound—rum, Romanism and rebellion. My representative, who had been waiting for his keen sense of humor and with unusual light heartedness, all unaware that at the same time Archbishop Corrigan was being informed of Burchard's silly speech made that day and while a circular was being prepared which lost Mr. Blaine the election.

"Are you ready to take my picture?" he said when he had finished his story. "It is taken," I replied. I had caught him just at the right moment, when he was reaching the climax of the story, and this photograph is quite the best I have ever taken of him.

Catched on the Fly.

A snap shot picture indeed is very often better than one taken with considerable study. I have seen a number of such pictures, simply an instantaneous picture taken in the studio, and I mean the taking of a man's photograph when he does not know it.

A photographer who takes a snap shot should already have studied his subject, should be familiar with his habits and surroundings, and should know the one position in which his man appears at the best. The moment a man is told to "look natural, please," that very moment the poor man will look perfectly miserable. He feels that he is posing. He is self-conscious, an element always sure to affect a photograph the wrong way. Strange as it may seem, this is the very reason that Dr. Depew has never had a picture taken that does him justice. He never looks natural. If he could be caught unaware some time, during a political speech or in a momentary moment when he is reaching the point of an after dinner story, Depew could then see himself in a photograph as he really is.

It is evident, therefore, that some men can be photographed to look naturally only by means of a snap shot. But the shot must be made by a sharpshooter. The game cannot be bagged by an ordinary sportsman.

There is always one certain position in which a man appears at his best. This one position the photographer must find, and that quickly, and seize his opportunity to take a picture the moment the man is in that position. When Mr. Wilkie Collins came to me, I discovered at once a peculiar quality of his expression when he was talking about his own books which was most interesting, so while he answered kindly a question or two from me about his "Woman in White" I made a quick exposure.

Mark Twain and Sir Edwin Arnold.

The last picture I made of Mark Twain was also a snap shot, and was also the best I have taken of him. I met the humorist on the street. His long iron gray hair tumbled over his coat collar and his eyes were under his hat, giving him a massive appearance of the old type of patriarch.

"Mark, Twain," I said, "coming here to see me?" He consented and came to my studio in a few days, when I secured a photograph of which I am justly proud.

Another instance: Sir Edwin Arnold soon after his arrival here came to me saying, "Sarony, I want you to make a photograph of the wherein my nose shall be a straight nose. The English photographers," he went on, "have never made that feature right in my photographs. Now, can you?" I observed him attentively a moment, and then I said, "Sir Edwin, when you were a baby you sucked your thumb, pressing your forehead against the right side of your nose and making there an indentation which to a trained eye is still perceptible." Then I simply photographed the left side of Sir Edwin's face instead of the right side—the side which the English photographers had evidently insisted upon taking. I have often had people to ask me which side of a person's face is the right side. Then they will add: "The right side, of course. That's always the best side, isn't it?" And this absurd statement has more than once been made by persons whom I had every reason to suppose were perfectly sane.

President Cleveland's Last Picture.

A recent essential in making a snap shot, if it is to be successful, is magnetism. A silent chord must be struck. There must be harmony or sympathy, or whatever you may choose to call it, between the sitter and the photographer. I myself must be in perfect sympathy with my subject before I can make a good picture. This accounts for the difference between the first photograph which I took of Mr. Cleveland and the last. When he first came to sit for me, he was cold, reserved and haughty. Accordingly the photograph which I made of him betrays those characteristics. Not so the last one, however, for on this occasion he grasped my hand with great warmth and said very cordially, "Sarony, I can't stay away from you." At last we were friendly, and the photographs taken on that occasion show the friendliness of the man.

Now as to the artistic essentials. In the first place, the photographer an artist! This question has been discussed for years, but we have arrived no nearer to a decision than we were at the beginning. Many persons claim that photographers are artists in picture making and entitled to the same standing as those who paint on canvas. Debaters on the negative side argue that photography is an artistic process, but must stand entirely and unreservedly apart from painting to almost as great an extent as sculpture. They claim, further, that the majority of photographs are not noted for their excellence in drawing—most of them can't draw at all, in fact—and that some are even color blind, yet can make fairly artistic photographs.

Photography as a Fine Art.

As for myself, I agree that photography is an artistic art when confined to its legitimate purpose and practiced by men of artistic knowledge and skill. A photographer who possesses these requirements is an artist in his profession, just as is a painter in the profession of painting. It amounts to simply this: The photographer who is also an artist will surely make the best photographs. I have been asked to what one thing I attribute my success in photography? I reply, because I am an artist first. The more artistic taste that can be brought into photography the better will it be for the photographer.

The advantages of artistic training was shown to me in my photographs of General Hancock. The campaign photographs of the general showed him as wearing a gaiter. This was the cause of some people's not knowing that General Hancock had not worn this appendage since he had thrown off the uniform of the war period. After I had taken his picture I placed my hand on the reverse portion of his face, informing him that he had splendid eyes, a good nose and a strong mouth, but that his chin was weak. "You need a gaiter," I said. He assented, and so I drew a tuft of hair over his chin as the negative, thus explaining the warrior's gaiter photographs.

Two Famous Authors Who Have Failed as Photographs.

(Special Correspondence.)

New York, March 19.—There happened in this city recently an opportunity to test the equality of two famous authors, General Hancock and the most famous of American novelists, the other as the editor of the oldest and probably the most important of American literary magazines, and the other as a producer upon the stage. There was much public interest in these productions, happening, as they did, upon the same day, although without any arrangement of a kind between the authors. That was a mere coincidence.

Mr. William Dean Howells had written some time since, when he called "Bride and Rose," and had written it not only with a view to publication, as he has written so many other amusing little farces and comedies, but with the view of stage production. The idea in the trifling plot was simple and yet had dramatic value. It represented three different persons entering a boat's shop at the same time to purchase flowers for the same young woman, although each of these persons was unknown to the others, and the motives which induced them to buy these floral offerings were different in each case.

Competent actors were engaged for the production of this little piece, and it was mounted appropriately in the city of New York. The little play did not succeed and is not likely again to be heard, although it furnished the same gentle interest to those who read it as it was published in the pages of New York. It was melodramatic in its purpose. It was given by a company of trained actors. The announcement of the production of this play caused a great deal of interest in several circles in New York city with which General Bryce has been associated. In society he and his family are in close touch with that element which for want of a better name is called the Four Hundred, an element which contains many who are interested in literary work and some who have done good.

With another circle General Bryce is of influence, due to the fact that he is editor and proprietor of The North American Review, which aims to be the vehicle of the best thought upon great public and social questions. With still another element General Bryce is in close touch, he having been actively engaged in the politics of New York city, having once served as a member of congress, and the politician say, being likely again to be sent to the house of representatives.

Of course, with such wide acquaintance and of such influential relations with social, political and literary elements of the community, there was bound to be the keenest interest in this venture of General Bryce into the field of dramatic composition. He took a collaborator, a man of wit, with the mechanism of the stage, so that it was presumed that part of the work would be well done.

There seems to have been a common verdict about this work of General Bryce's. It satisfied none of his friends, and it furnished another indication that the man who is skilful with the pen and who is skilful with the camera is a rare commodity. The production of these two plays upon the same day is one of the most significant indications of the disposition of American writers to produce works.

On the same evening another play was produced which met with success. The author is a man who had been trained in journalism. He had been a reporter and correspondent for one of the greater newspapers of New York state. He had been brought by that experience into actual and not theoretical contact with life. He had written one novel, which had gained no great literary reputation, but had won popularity. That was called "The Diamond." The author had less literary fame than the other two, and yet his play was a popular success, and at the same time teaching a strong lesson, and it is a singular fact that every one of the young American dramatists whose plays have succeeded has been trained in the hard school of American journalism.

E. J. EDWARDS.

An Ingenious Theft.

In Paris the other day a young and good looking woman stopped a cab on the boulevard and ordered to be driven to the Rue St. Martin. Before entering the cab the woman asked the coachman to give her change for a 5 franc piece, which the latter did. As the cab began to move she made a sign to a man standing on the pavement, who began to run alongside one of the windows. An instant later the passenger on the boulevard was surprised to see the coachman spring from his seat, wrench open the door and demand his purse, which he declared his fare had stolen. It appeared that as soon as he had entered the cab she had let down the front window and abstracted the coachman's purse. The change for 5 francs had only been asked for in order to see in what pocket he kept his money. As soon as she got possession of the purse she had thrown it to the man running alongside. The coachman had observed and at once became aware of the loss which he had sustained. The woman was at once arrested.

Children's Eating.

Some parents compel their children to eat against their will, as when they come to the breakfast table without an appetite, or for the sake of "getting their plates clean," in discouragement of wasteful habits. Unless we are thirsty we cannot drink the purest spring water without aversion, and for the same reason there is no appetite for food when there is no appetite for it. It is revolting, as any one may prove to himself by attempting to take a second meal in 20 minutes after having eaten a regular dinner. The appetite for food is excited by the presence of gastric juice about the stomach, but if there is no gastric juice there can be no hunger, no appetite, and to compel a child to swallow food when it is distasteful is an absurdity and a cruelty, in the opinion of Hall's Journal of Health.

"Now wad ye please look pleasant, led-dy!" said the polite Irish photographer to a woman who came for her photograph. "Oh, only look for wan moment, led-dy!"

The sum of \$100,000 is spent yearly in China for the paper money burned in ancestral worship.

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