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Foreign News

SPEARSMAN'S CAMP, Feb. 7.—Gen. Buller commenced the advance for the relief of Ladysmith Monday. The naval guns opened at seven in the morning and a feint attack was made on the front of our position. Three battalions advanced toward the Brakfontein with six batteries.

At 11 o'clock the Boers opened with artillery fire and sent several shells among the British infantry, who retired one hour later. Meanwhile a vigorous attack was made on the extreme right, where the engineers expeditiously constructed a position. Several pieces of cannon, hidden among the trees on Zwartkop, bombarded heavily. The British infantry advanced and the Boers were entirely surprised.

At 4 o'clock a high hill, a continuation of the Brakfontein, had been taken. The operations were excellently planned. The name of the hill taken is Krantzklouf.

The bombardment of the Boer position was resumed this (yesterday) morning. The Boers worked a disappearing cannon from the high Doorn Kloof range on the right of the hill captured, but the British shells exploded its magazine and the gun was put out of action until late in the day.

Musketry fire was intermittent until this afternoon, when the Boers made a determined effort to retake the hill. Reinforcements rushed up cheering, the Boers were repulsed and the British advanced along the ridge.

LONDON, Feb. 8.—A special dispatch from Spearman's Camp dated Wednesday, Feb. 7th, says: "Our further advance is at the moment prevented, as the Boers enfiladed us from their positions on Spion Kop and Doorn Kloof. Our casualties, although estimated at 250, are trifling, considering the great importance of the movement just concluded."

LONDON, Feb. 9.—The Daily Telegraph has received the following dispatch, dated Tuesday, February 6th, from Spearman's Camp: This is the second day of the battle and the fighting has been fiercer than it was yesterday. At dawn the Boers began the action by shelling our bivouac with their Long Tom and Pompan guns from Doorn Kloof. Their 6-inch shells fell near the spot where General Buller and his staff were watching the engagement. One shell burst amid a squadron of the Thirteenth Hussars, but not a soul was touched.

Our guns from Zwartkop and on the plain soon silenced the enemy's artillery, but repeatedly the Boers brought back their guns, put them into work across the hills, fired a few rounds and then again changed their position. During the morning our gunners succeeded in blowing up the enemy's ammunition wagon upon Doorn Kloof. General Lyttelton's brigade was shot at from three sides, and had a warm time upon Vaal Krantz.

Desperate efforts were made by the Boers to recover the smoking hill. The Durham Light Infantry, the King's Royal Rifles and the Scottish Rifles gallantly charged and cleared the position. General Hildyard's brigade relieved General Lyttelton's brigade toward sunset.

Fighting continued until 9. Several prisoners have been taken. They declare that the Boers yesterday lost heavily. The enemy suffered severely today. It is reported that among their dead in the trenches armed Kafirs were found.

LONDON, Feb. 9.—A dispatch to the Morning Post from Ladysmith, dated Feb. 6th, says: Little can be seen of General Buller's action, owing to the haze. It appears that the Boers have withdrawn their big guns from the hills here southward. A large force of Boers still remain and the garrison is prepared for a night attack.

LONDON, Feb. 9, 2:35 p. m.—(Afternoon Service.)—There is still no news of Gen. Buller's doings today or yesterday. A dispatch dated Frere Camp, Thursday, February 8, but probably written with the advanced lines of Wednesday, February 7, and sent to Frere by runner says: The forces of the enemy are on both our flanks and continue to render our position extremely difficult to maintain.

LONDON, Feb. 9.—The Times in an editorial dealing with General Buller's task, says: The problem before him is unquestionably most difficult. We cannot be surprised or disheartened should he be unable to solve it with success. His task is not merely to force a way through the Boer lines to Ladysmith. That operation would be formidable enough, but it would be easy compared with the feat he must perform if large strategical results are to follow his efforts. He must inflict a crushing defeat upon the Boer army. Unless he can drive into the Drakensberg or otherwise destroy that army the relief of Ladysmith can hardly be accomplished with safety. We await the issue of the operation with great anxiety.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—A cable to the World from Paris says: France, England's hereditary foe, seems to wait her opportunity in England's direst need. France and England are at the door of a serious disagreement. If disagreement comes it probably will be over the Egyptian question.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 7.—Samuel Parker has made two trips to Washington from here during the past eight or ten weeks. In talking about prospective legislation for the islands and former Queen Liliuokalani's attitude thereto, he said last evening: "By next March or April I am confident Congress will give Hawaii a territorial form of government. Mr. Doie is likely to be the first governor. Liliuokalani, who is over sixty years of age and in rather poor health, is in Washington. She has submitted to the inevitable with good grace. Her best friends have advised her not to claim the crown lands. I firmly believe that the Congress and President McKinley aim to treat her fairly. Some satisfactory monetary consideration will be given, or settled upon her."

"Under the monarchy there were set apart many acres known as crown lands. Under the regime of the United States they will be known as government lands and will be treated as such. Much of this land is held by leases entered into by people before Uncle Sam assumed control. These leases will, I think, have to be respected. There will be, in all probability, legislation looking to the right of lessees to dispose of land subject to the government's rights."

"I have spoken to President McKinley and many of the Senators on the subject of the elective franchise for the natives. I think the natives should have the right to vote. I hope, in fact I believe, the McKinley Administration will take that view of the matter."

FRANKFORT, Ky., Feb. 3.—Gov. Goebel died at 6:46 o'clock this afternoon, painlessly and without regaining consciousness. Exactly one hour after his death, J. C. W. Beckham was sworn in as Governor of the State, the oath being administered by S. J. Shackelford, clerk of the Court of Appeals.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 2.—Thomas R. Bard has been chosen United States Senator from California to succeed Stephen M. White. He is an attorney of wide practice, a veteran of the civil war, and is heavily interested in the petroleum industry of Southern California. Dan Burns bolted the Republican caucus and finally withdrew his name from consideration.

ISLAND NEWS

FROM HONOLULU

HONOLULU, Feb. 21.—After 12 days of freedom from the disease, three deaths from plague have occurred. Mary Kaahue, a Hawaiian-Chinese woman, sick for several days, died Monday morning at 5 o'clock. The autopsy revealed undoubted evidence of plague. Ah Chong, aged 24, died at noon on Monday, and Ah Hung, who was taken to the pest house on Monday morning, died late that afternoon. The first victim lived back of the naval reservation, near the proposed extension of Halekauwila Street, and the second back of the Chinese store on King Street near the Waikiki turn. The residence of the last has not been ascertained.

There are no other suspicious cases reported.

FROM HILO

No Plague On Hawaii.
On Friday night, Feb. 16, Dr. Wood returned to Honolulu with the cheering news that there are no further plague cases at Hilo.

To an Advertiser reporter he said: "The case of Mrs. Serrao was very suspicious. In fact, I believe it was a case of plague. I have no positive proof that it was plague, but it certainly looks that way."

"There has not been another suspicious case in Hilo since the death of Mrs. Serrao, nothing whatever occurring while I was there. Members of her family who lived in the same house, and were even quarantined there, were not taken sick; all are perfectly well."

"How do I account for the infection? Well, from my investigation, I think it must have come from the sewer. The store-front is directly on a level with Waiuanue street, while the rear of the store extends over the mouth of the sewer which is somewhat lower than the street. Back of this store is where the storekeeper kept his horse and harness, and Mrs. Serrao went barefooted out in this place; if there was any infection caught by her, that is where she got it. Her husband denies very strongly that she ever went barefooted, but from my investigations I am very sure that she did."

"Evidently there was no infection in the house they lived in, for none of the people became ill there before or after she died. The house, together with the store and contents, were ordered burned before I left, and presume the order has been carried out by this time. I did not consider that the other members had been in quarantine, although the Hilo agents of the Board had kept the people in the residence. I have had them all put under special quarantine for fifteen days."

HILO, Feb. 10.

It is stated upon good authority that within a year it is probable that the erection of fortifications will be begun here and other work preparatory to making this a naval station for the American Government.—Hilo Tribune.

FROM MOLOKAI

Molokai's Malarial Fever.
Malarial fever has evidently taken determined hold of the Kaunakakai side of the island of Molokai, according to a letter received from Dr. Schwalle by the Board of Health yesterday. In fact the fever has so alarmed the inhabitants that they have requested aid of some kind from Honolulu.

Dr. Schwalle's letter reads: Kaunakakai, Molokai, Feb. 8, 1900. Board of Health, Honolulu.

Sirs: There is no abatement of the fever here. There are about twenty-five cases outside and on the plantation at Kamalo and about forty cases here. Most of the cases are malarial with some typhoid and dysentery. They are scattered along about fifty miles on the coast, and it is impossible to give them all the necessary medical attention. The roads are in a very bad condition since the heavy rains. If you can give us a remedy the people here would appreciate it. You will probably receive letters from other cases.

Very respectfully,
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The advertisement that suits the merchant may not suit the merchant's business, or bring the best results.
The man who thinks it is "dead easy" to prepare proper advertisement copy is generally an "advertising don't pay" man.—Naked Truth.

Slow and Sure.
A plunger in advertising stands about the same chance of coming to grief as does the plunger on the race-track and the indisputable truth that there are few who have succeeded by this method is the exception that proves the rule. Advertising is as sure to pay as the sun is sure to rise, but it must be the right amount of the right kind in the right place.—Sacramento Bee

Maui News

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G. B. ROBERTSON, Ed. and Prop. MRS. G. B. ROBERTSON, Bus. Mgr.

Saturday, February 24

MAUI BLUE BOOK

Table listing names and titles of officials in Maui, including Hon. J. W. Kahanu, Circuit Judge, and others.

NEWS FROM THE COAST

Of Interest to Island Resident.

The strict quarantine kept upon the port of Honolulu because of the black plague there is causing a serious delay in the movement of the new sugar crop.

In order to prevent the overcrowding of warehouses, the sugar factories are chartering steamers here to go to various ports outside of Honolulu and bring up cargoes of sugar to the coast.

HAWAIIAN MAIL.

The postal authorities have announced that during the existence of the bubonic plague at Honolulu the regular mail steamers stopping there will carry only mails for the island of Oahu.

Mrs. Dewey Attacked.

Mrs. Dewey's illness, from which she is just recovering, is due to her receipt of anonymous letters of criticism and abuse.

NOTICE

On account of the prevalence of the plague in Kahului and the possible danger which some may fear from the use of old soda water bottles and boxes, I wish to state that I have taken no bottles nor boxes from Chinatown, Kahului, since the first death was reported.

MAUI SODA & ICE WORKS.

Fumigation proves to be a failure in cases where suspected goods are closely packed. Bacilli were put into the folds of a bolt of silk and they survived the ordeal of burning sulphur in a series of thorough tests.

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TELEGRAPHIC ITEMS

Gen. Otis has issued orders raising the blockade of Philippine ports.

Cold weather is damaging the wheat crop in the Western States.

The United States is negotiating a new treaty of commerce with Spain.

Sir Henry M. Stanley, the celebrated African explorer, is seriously ill in London.

General Diaz has been declared elected for his fourth term as President of Mexico.

The mutiny of Sudanese troops at Khartoum has become serious and is causing anxiety.

The death of Mrs. James Phelan, mother of Mayor Phelan of San Francisco, is announced.

The treaty with Peru and the Mexican boundary treaty have been ratified by the U. S. Senate.

The Spreckels Refinery at Philadelphia has been closed by the sugar trust, throwing 1000 men out of work.

It is proposed to send Mrs. Potter Palmer as one of the American commissioners to the Paris Exposition.

Secretary Root states that there are 10,343,150 men in the United States available for military service.

Times are dull in Dawson City in spite of the fact that \$21,000,000 in gold are likely to be taken out this season.

The San Francisco Health Board orders that all houses be cleaned and disinfected before being leased to new tenants.

Colonel Richard Thompson, Secretary of the Navy during President Hayes' administration, died at Indianapolis Feb. 8.

Leading French statesmen say that the time has come to wipe out the Fashoda blot and to neutralize the Suez canal.

The bodies of 138 soldiers were brought to San Francisco on the transport Ohio. 650 more were expected on the Hancock and Indiana.

The thirty-second annual convention of the Woman's Suffrage Association met in Washington, D. C. February 8. Susan B. Anthony was present.

Wm. F. Miller, the head of the notorious swindle of Brooklyn, known as the Franklin Syndicate, has been arrested in Canada and brought back to New York.

The Schurman Commission announces itself as unqualifiedly in favor of a form of government for the Philippines analogous to a territory of the United States.

Cardinal Gibbons denounced woman suffrage in a recent sermon delivered at Baltimore, and urged that the movement is a distinct menace to home life and true womanliness.

The War Department at Washington believe that Aginaldo has escaped from Luzon, and they would not be surprised to hear of him next in London or Paris with Agoncillo.

Two men, Silas Jones and Gottschalk were arrested at Frankfort, Ky., Feb. 9, on suspicion of complicity in the murder of Gov. Goebel. Both strongly deny any knowledge of the crime.

The Dowager Empress of China has issued an edict, commending a return to the old manner of study as laid down by Confucius. It is expected that the new University at Peking will speedily be discontinued.

The Hay-Pauncefote Isthmian Treaty between the United States and England, practically abrogating the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and abolishing the Monroe Doctrine, will probably be ratified by the United States senate.

General Buller cables that the British casualties in the fighting at Potgieter's Drift up to noon, Tuesday, Feb. 6th, were: Officers, two killed and fifteen wounded; non-commissioned officers and men, 216 killed and wounded.

Admiral and Mrs. Dewey were dined at the Brooklyn Union League Club, on February 8th. President McKinley was unable to be present. The Admiral was the recipient of a gold medal, for which he thanked the Club in a brief speech.

The United States is negotiating for the purchase of the Danish West Indies from Denmark, and of Chatham Island of the Galapagos group from Ecuador, which, with the Hawaiian Islands, will practically give the United States full control of both approaches to the Nicaragua canal.

A Study in Hose.

The girl behind the counter said to the young man who appeared as though he knew just what he wanted to buy, "What can I do for you?"

A Modest Hero.

Not long ago a French chronicleur—Montmirail of the Paris Gaulois—encountered in a little village of the south of France a gardener who wore, pinned on his clean Sunday blouse, the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

Chesterfield's Wit.

Lord Chesterfield was never at a loss for a polite retort. Once he proposed a person as proper to fill a place of great trust, but which the king himself was determined should be filled by another.

London Ward Butchers.

Time is required by an American ear to accustom itself to English "as she is spoke" in London. The cockney who had no difficulty of corrupting the Norman French, making Route de Roy "Rotten row" and Marie le Bon "Marylebone" and Beauchamp, who was one of the principal lieutenants of the Conqueror and was rewarded with the lands at Warwick, into "Beecham" would readily call High Holborne "Ighobon" and Ludgate Hill "Lugutill."

The Way Out.

"So you refuse to give me the money?" said the prodigal son. "Not another cent do you get," replied the stern parent.

Up to the New Standard.

"I understand you are looking for a servant," said the girl. "Oh, dear, no," answered the lady of the house. "When I was first married I was foolish enough to occasionally look for a servant, but I got over that. I'm looking for a general supervisor of the household now."—Chicago Post.

Safely Stowed Away.

Mamma—Willie, did you eat that jam? Willie—Why, mamma, I heard the rats in the closet, an I jest thought I'd move it out of their reach.—Philadelphia American.

"A great many people," says the Manyrun philosopher, "must believe there's luck in odd numbers judging by the way they look out for No. 1."—Philadelphia Record.

A LEGEND OF JAPAN.

The Story of Chobel, the Man Who Knew No Fear.

The following legend of Chobel has been handed down in Japan as indicative of the courage of the "bravies," or duellists, who flourished in Yeddo during the sixteenth century forming a sort of Japanese St. Herminand. Chobel, the leader of this clique, was a redoubtable swordsman, whose constantly recurring duels forced his master to expel him from his retinue.

On this pretense he was excluded from a popular tea house one day at an hour when was expected Jurozayemon, the leader of the Hatamotos, then the most influential political party in Japan, who had arrogated the city of Yeddo for the official residence. But Chobel, with a shrug of his shoulders, forced his way past the attendants into the apartments reserved for the prince, where he removed his garments and cast himself on a couch in feigned slumber.

"Who is that brute?" demanded the prince on his arrival. "The leader of the swordsmen," they answered him. Jurozayemon seated himself in silence and began to smoke. Having smoked his pipe, he emptied the glowing cinders into the pretended sleeper's nostrils, repeating this five times, when he paused, astounded by such courageous endurance. Chobel, noting this, yawned rubbed his eyes like one awakening from profound slumber and exclaimed: "You, O most noble master! And I having drunk too much should have slept uncovered before your eyes! How shall I excuse my vulgarity?"

"I have so long sought your acquaintance that you are forgiven. Be seated and accept this cup of wine, I pray you." "Politeness forbade Chobel to refuse a drop of the proffered cup, a huge beaker of powerful wine, offered him in the hopes of overpowering him. But Chobel drained it easily and, replenishing it, presented it to his host, who accomplished this feat with the utmost difficulty.

"Will your highness permit me to offer you some gift of value?" Chobel asked humbly. "Surely." "What do you most desire?" "Thinking to render the brave ridiculous before the whole city, the prince said promptly: "A plate of macaroni."

"Ah, Chobel," thought he, "the town will soon be telling how the great duelist was permitted only to offer a plate of macaroni to the president of the Hatamotos." After a whispered colloquy the attendant disappeared, leaving the two enemies alone, smiling but impassive. But soon a great noise penetrated the apartment, and the prince discovered a crowd of workmen busily constructing an immense wall of macaroni around the teahouse. All Yeddo was assembled to view this unique and royal gift. Discomfited that the "bravo" should have outwitted his ruse, the prince departed to plan revenge. The following day brought with it in an invitation from Jurozayemon to breakfast. Despite his comrades' remonstrances, Chobel insisted on accepting it. As he entered the prince's dwelling the Samurai threw themselves upon him with drawn swords. Chobel's immense muscular strength enabled him to disarm them; when he proceeded unannounced to the rear apartment.

"Pardon me, your lordship," said he, "for announcing myself. Your attendants have forgotten to do so." "Surely. Perhaps they have sought quarrel with you. 'Twas but a joke, for I wagered that all six could not disarm you. Perhaps you would like a bath to refresh yourself."

Who shall say that Chobel was wise? Alone in his enemy's house he discarded his weapons, removed his garments and crouched in the bath. The water that was at first hot was soon boiling. Chobel dashed from the bath, but ten spears held by invisible hands forced him back. Suffocated by steam, exhausted by loss of blood, Chobel fell dying to the ground.

The Samurai were still congratulating themselves on their success when a loud knocking was heard. Inquiry revealed the duelist's confederates who were come to seek their leader.

"He is drunk and cannot see you." "Our leader is dead. We have brought his bier."

The Samurai were dumb with astonishment. Chobel had divined the trap, yet preferring to sustain his reputation of daring untroubled by any accusation of fear, had voluntarily gone to his assassination.

Are the people of Wailuku prepared to profit by the experiences of Honolulu and Kahului?

If the people of Honolulu had resolutely gone to work months ago to remove a filthy Chinatown from their midst, there would have been no plague in Honolulu, and the cost of removing and destroying their Chinatown would not have been a tithe of what the appearance of the plague has cost them.

The sign is quite as true of Kahului, which maintained a pest hole in its midst despite the warnings of the local health officers and despite the sad experience of Honolulu.

Now, Wailuku has a Chinatown which is quite as filthy and dangerous in some respects as those of Honolulu and Kahului, and it is the openly expressed opinion of those most competent to judge, that it is only a question of time until there is an eruption of plague in the Chinatown of Wailuku.

How can this be prevented? The answer is simple. There is only one known method, and that is to use the torch. If the makai side of Market street, commencing at Main street and extending the entire length of the block were cleared of its filthy, pest-breeding shacks, and if the fire should cross to the mauka side at desirable intervals and clear out some of the pest-holes on that side, more would have been accomplished to rid Wailuku of all danger of plague than all the quarantine, inspection and disinfection which may be applied. Of course it would be a costly and disagreeable remedy, but not nearly so costly or disagreeable as one single well-defined case of bubonic plague in those limits. Let the Board of Health see to this.

Some of the cleverest writers of the day are crying out against the newspapers and the education they afford to the world. People are neglecting the study of profitable books for newspapers and other ephemeral literature and the neglect is working mischief in the world, warping or destroying the reasoning powers, affording no check on the vile passions and opening little or no path to that cultivation and enlightenment to which the human being should aspire.—The Anglican Church Chronicle.

This view of the twentieth century newspaper is so superficial and is founded on such radically false premises that it is surprising to see the Anglican strike a note in harmony with these clever writers. Recently, a distinguished reverend gentleman, long a resident of Maui, expressed substantially the same views to the writer. It is true that there is a class of people of high culture to whom it would be debilitating to have to read all the current newspaper topics of the day. For them a higher plane of reading is necessary. But the newspaper of today is for the masses who have neither time nor taste for high culture. The artisan, the mechanic, the laborer, when his day's work is done, sits down to his daily or weekly paper, reads it and lays it aside with a satisfying sense having found in it what he wanted, and is full of an intelligent understanding of what is going on in the world around him. Nor is any the worse for having read any respectable newspaper.

It is a mistake to suppose that the absence of such reading would drive him to a higher class of reading. On the contrary, he thus cultivates a hunger for reading which is far more likely to lead him to high levels of literature.

The fact that there never was a time in the history of the world when higher education, both general and technical, was more eagerly sought or more carefully fostered by colleges and universities than today is a sufficient answer to the clever writers.

And a comparison of the average virtue and intelligence of the masses of today with that of those who lived when there was no literature save that of a high class should be a sufficient answer to the rest of the world.

After twelve days of immunity from the plague pest in Honolulu, three more cases appeared in one day. This can mean but one thing, and that is that a little more judicious burning is needed. Nor can it be doubted that the people of Honolulu will continue to apply the torch as well as the whitewash brush until Honolulu stands pure and clean. The heroism which has moved the hearts and steeled the hands of her citizens is not going to fail them now, and as long as the plague raises its hideous head in the byways of Honolulu, just so often will it be stamped out with unfaltering courage until the verdict is spoken: "Be thou clean, go and sin no more."

A deeper significance than at first appears on the surface under the proposition to run lines of steamers from coast ports to other ports than Honolulu during the quarantine. Already the merchants on Maui are beginning to learn that on goods moved directly from the coast, they make a profit without the handicap of inter island freights and division with Honolulu middlemen. The wholesale houses in Honolulu will have an interesting problem to solve.

It is with a feeling of solid satisfaction that the people of California, irrespective of party lines, must hail the turning down of the notorious Dan Burns as a possible United States senator. He had a strong backing, led by Governor Gage and the Southern Pacific, but the republicans of California simply sat down upon Daniel.

Lahaina has been criticised for the stringency of her quarantine regulations, but no precaution should be omitted to prevent the spread of the plague. Lahaina is justified in the course she is pursuing.

There is something in the proposition to remove the capital of lands from Honolulu to Hilo—provided, however, that Colonel first succeeds in securing a judgeship in Alaska.

PAY.—Have you heard the news? TIM.—No, what is it? PAY.—The MAUI NEWS.

LOCALS

Here we are again. No more plague at Hilo—even if there were any.

The Iwalani brought Honolulu mail on Tuesday.

Warm days. The Wailukans miss their ice very much.

The Australia left Honolulu for the coast last Tuesday.

Over one hundred Japs landed from the Iwalani at Kihai.

See the Maui Soda & Ice Company's notice in another column.

The Lehua leaves Maalaea Bay this morning for Honolulu.

A careful house-to-house inspection is the daily order of affairs in Wailuku.

The steamer "Cleveland" is due in Kahului, but had not been sighted at the time of going to press.

The Claudine reached Kahului from Hana at 2 o'clock A.M. on Tuesday, and left in the afternoon for Honolulu.

The Maunaloa touched at Maalaea Bay on Wednesday morning, bound for Hilo. She brought Honolulu mail.

John Uu, of Lahaina, came over Wednesday to join the working force in the mechanical department of the NEWS.

Hereafter the Post Office in San Francisco will send Maui mail to Kahului direct, until quarantine is raised in Honolulu.

Dr. Weddick spends every day in Kahului and at camp, doing his hospital work at night. He is making his home at the hospital temporarily.

The authorities and citizens of Hana have effected a complete patrol system, extending beyond Kaupo in one direction and to Keanae in the other.

The Wailuku merchants are experiencing some difficulty in replenishing their depleted stocks of goods. But they are not advancing prices on that account.

The refugees in the detention camp at the race track were moved to more convenient and comfortable quarters specially built for them last Monday.

The Lahaina Board of Health are still maintaining a strict quarantine against Kahului and Wailuku. Even the MAUI NEWS was refused admittance through the mails on account of not having been fumigated.

Now is the time for some enterprising young man to start a steam laundry at Kahului. There are few better openings for such an enterprise than at Kahului, as all the neighboring towns are easily accessible, and would doubtless gladly patronize such an institution.

The cut for the heading of the NEWS is taken from a photograph by H. L. Chase, of Wailuku. In the original photograph, copies of which Mr. Chase has for sale, Mr. D. H. Hitchcock, the artist, is seen seated at his easel making sketches for his famous picture of Iao Valley.

The malarial fever at Kihai has abated, and there is but little sickness there now. The plantation is in fine running order, with 850 acres of growing cane amply watered by the four flowing wells on the place. Most of the force on the plantation is now engaged in clearing new land.

The Spreckelsville people who had their washing done at Kahului suffered quite a loss. Several had received baskets of clean laundry on the day the plague broke out, and from the washhouse where one of the patients died. Needless to say that they promptly cremated all these clothes.

There is no truth in the rumor concerning a case of smallpox at Hana. Since the case of varioloid mentioned in the NEWS of a week ago, there have been no further cases. That case was a Japanese living at a Japanese contractor's camp half way between Hana and Hanalei. The camp has been quarantined.

Father Libert of the Catholic Mission, has been one of the hardest worked inspectors in the Wailuku district. His subdistrict is a large one with many Chinese rice plantations. The father is both muscular and persuasive, and as a result rice harvesting was suspended until a thorough whitewashing of shacks and burning of rubbish was accomplished.

The Road Board have commenced work on the streets of Wailuku. John Kinney, in charge of the prisoners, is plowing up and grading Main street from Hoffman & Velle-

son's store to the Giles Machine Shop. This street will be gravelled, and then like work will be done on Market street from its junction with High street to the Waihee road.

The Kahului Store has selected Attorney George Hons as its distributing agent for goods being landed from the "Centennial" and shipped directly from the Kahului wharf to the Wailuku depot. Hay, grain, rice, flour, kerosene, ham, bacon, lard and canned fruits have been received. By order of H. P. Baldwin, the prices of these articles have been made very reasonable. But as some of the local Chinese merchants fixed war prices on some of the goods furnished them, Mr. Hons has resolved to give private families the same rates as the merchants.

Deputy Sheriff Hayselden, Dr. Boote, R. V. Peplowski, Guy and Porebia Goodness, and six policemen, all of Wailuku, and James Smith of Kihai, are in voluntary quarantine in the school house at Kahului, awaiting the time when the citizens of Wailuku will allow them to return home. Dr. Garvin states that there is not the slightest danger in allowing them to come at once, provided they bathe and make an entire change of clothing. The NEWS wants them to come home at once, not as a mere matter of sentiment, but because it would be eminently unjust to keep them in quarantine longer than actually necessary.

For Armstrong Smith.

It has been the dream of Armstrong Smith's life to take a full course in medicine in one of the medical colleges in the States. He went abroad not long ago but was unable to finish the course which he had begun.

On account of his work at the pest house and his cheerful willingness to nurse those who every minute were a menace to his life aroused the public to the feeling that something should be done for so noble a spirit.

As a result S. M. Ballou started out yesterday morning with a list and before night he had succeeded in raising \$2,000 from the large agencies and the banks of the city. This work is being continued and there is no doubt that the sum will reach the \$5,000 limit before many days and thus will Armstrong Smith be able to go to the States, when the plague has died out, in order to pursue the study of medicine.—Bulletin.

To Our Subscribers.

Notwithstanding the fact that the plague in Honolulu and on Maui have practically cut off the advertising support which was anticipated for the NEWS still the management have deemed it wiser to begin publication at once.

Consequently the paper will have to depend almost entirely on its subscription department for funds for a time. For this reason it is urgently requested that all subscribers at their earliest convenience remit their subscription dues.

MAUI NEWS.

BY AUTHORITY

Notice to the Public

KAHULUI, MAUI.

Feb. 15, 1900

THE town of Kahului, Maui, is declared to be infested by bubonic plague. Strict quarantine regulations are now in force and no traffic IN or OUT of Kahului will be permitted except by authorized passes for individuals and approved permits for freight.

Through freight from clean vessels will be landed on the Kahului wharf under strict quarantine and shipped direct into outside districts, without contact with the infected portion of the town.

No merchandise now in Kahului will be permitted to leave the town excepting a limited number of articles capable of easy and absolute disinfection.

All mail matter, (local and foreign), leaving Kahului, will be thoroughly fumigated. All coverings, cosspools, closets and drawers should be put into a sanitary condition, and cases of sickness be reported at once to the nearest physician.

GARVIN.

Board of Health.

PLAGUE STAYED ON MAUI

No Deaths Have Occurred During the Week. No Suspicious Cases Reported. All Well at Camp Wood.

The victory is practically won, and Maui will beyond doubt soon be free from plague.

Lum Shu, a cook at Ah Mi's house in Kahului, died last Sunday at the pest house, to which he had been removed from the old racetrack detention camp. A Japanese was also sent to the pest house at the same time, but his case proved to be not plague, and he has about recovered. Since then no other cases have developed, and it is quite probable that there will be no more.

CAMP WOOD.

A new camp—Camp Wood—has been built, and the people were transferred from the race track to the new camp on Monday. When Mr. Atkinson arrived here on Wednesday of last week to take charge of the detention camp, Dr. Garvin and he inspected the race track camp and found it extremely unsanitary. They selected a new site near the beach just outside of the road leading into Kahului from Wailuku. Dr. Garvin drew the plans for the new camp, and construction was begun on Thursday morning, February 15. On the following Monday morning it was ready for its occupants.

Much judgment was shown in designing the new detention camp, which consists of six corrals, three on either side of a wide street, each corral containing a large, conveniently planned house. In these corrals the people are classified according to their respective nationalities, the Japanese occupy one, the Chinese another, the families another, etc.

At the end of the lane separating the corrals, and facing them, stands a long building divided into store rooms, kitchen and dining rooms for the officers and guards, sleeping quarters for the guards, and three separate kitchens, one for the Japanese, one for the Chinese and one for the Hawaiians. Four wells have been dug which supply an abundance of fairly good water. The buildings are all being whitewashed.

No garbage of any description is left in the camp, not even dish water; everything is carried out into the sand hills and burned or buried.

No precautions have been neglected to secure perfect sanitation, and the results are gratifying. The inmates are all in excellent health. The food supply is abundant, consisting of beef and pork from Wailuku, turo from Waihee, potatoes from Kiua and rice from the Centennial.

The number and nationality of the inmates is as follows: 170 Japanese, 109 Chinese, 45 miscellaneous; total, 324, of whom 68 are women and 52 children.

On Thursday afternoon, 68 inmates were brought from houses in the infected district of Kahului and placed in Camp Wood. On the next morning their residences, household goods and clothes were burned, thus clearing out the whole block in which the plague originated.

AMUSEMENTS AT CAMP WOOD.

Superintendent Atkinson of the detention camp has endeavored to lighten the tedium of his guests as much as possible. The inmates of each corral are escorted down to the beach every day and given an opportunity to go in bathing. An arena for wrestling matches has been constructed and gaily decorated in the Japanese corral. Swings are being put up for the children in their quarters. A Japanese theatrical performance is being rehearsed with a view to its early production. And Cupid, who has no respect for time or place, has been at his tricks. A wedding is announced for one day next week, at which Ray Wodehouse is to be best man, and the editorial staff of the NEWS have been asked to give away the bride.

Over each corral floats the flag of the nationality which occupies it, and in the center of the grounds "Old Glory" dances to the breeze. There is a generous rivalry between the different nationalities as to whose flag shall float the highest. Dr. Garvin and Supt. Atkinson say that "Old Glory" shall overtop the others even if they have to send to Oregon for the longest pine tree in the west-foot State.

Both Dr. Garvin and Supt. Atkinson desire to express their profound sense of thankfulness to the people of Maui, the ladies, especially, who have so generously donated food and cloth-

ing to the inmates of Camp Wood.

But for these donations, there would have been actual suffering in spite of the efforts of the Board of Health.

The camp is thoroughly disinfected every day as well as the limited means on hand will permit, although there is a scarcity of disinfectants.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the guards at Kahului and Camp Wood for their untiring zeal. At Camp Wood Chas. Wagner is captain of the guards, of whom there are twelve, six of whom are always on duty.

A number of the guards, residents of places other than Kahului, have gone into voluntary quarantine at "Camp Thomas," at the end of which they will return to their homes.

Dr. Garvin says they can leave quarantine on Sunday without the least danger of spreading the infection. It is to be sincerely hoped that the people of Wailuku will accept Dr. Garvin's view of the case and offer no opposition to their return here.

Latest.

KAHULUI, FEB. 24, 1900.

No deaths and no suspicious cases since Sunday, Feb. 18th. General health of people at detention camp excellent.

C. L. GARVIN, Agent Board of Health.

JAPANESE CONSUL ACTS.

Directs Maui Laborers to Obey Orders of Health Board.

Miki Kaito, Japanese Consul-General at Honolulu, has issued the following proclamation, copies of which have been sent to Maui:

Whereas, The bubonic plague has been reported at Kahului, Maui, and the further spread of this disease may be very detrimental to the industries and commerce of the Hawaiian Islands, as well as to the health of the Japanese subjects therein, I hereby issue this my official notification to all Japanese subjects on the Island of Maui, as undermentioned.

This being entirely a matter of precaution in sanitary science, and life itself being involved, I hereby order Japanese subjects to conform to the authority of managers and to the officers of the Board of Health:

- 1. That they shall strictly observe the orders and instructions, which may be issued, from time to time, by those in authority, and shall refrain from obstructing in any way the reasonable regulations issued by officers or managers.
2. That they shall not leave their plantations for simple convenience.
3. That if the Japanese subjects have any representations or complaint to make to the managers or those in authority, no matter what it be, they shall appoint two delegates, say out of every one hundred to whom they shall leave the settlement of the matter; and in no case shall Japanese subjects go in numbers to urge anything either at the offices of the manager or residence of any persons in authority.
4. That they shall, in so far as they may be able to do so, refrain from buying or eating provisions, or in using dry goods, or any other merchandise which may have come through Honolulu.
5. That all contract laborers shall carefully observe the instructions and regulations which their respective emigration companies may issue on their behalf.

In addition to the foregoing, I may add that I shall secure circulars of sanitary instruction, issued by the Japanese Medical Society in Honolulu, which will be forwarded at the earliest possible opportunity, to be distributed to Japanese subjects at various plantations and other places in Maui.

(Signed) MIKI SATTO.

H. I. Japanese Majesty's Consul.

"Mamma, please gimme a drink of water; I'm so thirsty." "No; you're not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep." A pause. "Mamma, won't you please give me a drink? I'm so thirsty." "If you don't turn over and go to sleep I'll get up and whip you!" Another pause. "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to whip me?"

A Raise in Salary.

Some years ago Coils P. Huntington's private secretary, Mr. Miles, asked for an increase of salary.

"Do you need any more money?" asked Mr. Huntington thoughtfully.

"No, sir, I don't exactly need it," replied Mr. Miles, "but still, I'd be glad to get a little more."

"Ah—hmm—m—m" mused his employer. "Can you get along without the advance for the present?"

"Oh, yes," answered the secretary. "I guess so," and the matter was dropped.

A couple of years later a new boy appeared at the Miles home, and the secretary thought the time propitious to renew the application. "Why, my dear sir," said Mr. Huntington when he heard him through, "I raised your salary when you asked me before."

"I never heard anything about it," said the secretary in amazement.

"Probably not," returned Mr. Huntington. "In fact, I used that money to buy a piece of property for you. I'd just let it stand for awhile if I were you."

Mr. Miles thanked him warmly and retired somewhat mystified. Shortly after Mr. Huntington called him into his private office. "By the way, Miles," he said, "I have sold that real estate of yours at a pretty good advance. Here is the check."

"The amount was \$50,000. The property was part of a large section purchased by the railway king as an investment for his wife.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Live Bird on Her Hat.

One Chicago girl's hat made a sensation in the women's luncheon at the Auditorium yesterday. She came in from Michigan avenue and stopped for a moment in the parlor. While there she noticed a young sparrow flutter through the open window and wheel once or twice around the room. She felt it brush against her hat in its flight, but thought no more of it and passed on into the luncheon. She had picked up the bill of fare and was reading it when she felt that some one was watching her, and glancing around, she discovered that she was a focusing point for all the eyes in the immediate vicinity.

Of course she blushed and colored up and began to wonder at the cause of the people's interest. Just then the waiter, who had been hovering around, noticed her confusion and, bending down, whispered, "Pardon me, miss, but ain't a live bird on yo' hat?"

And then instead of going into hysterics she calmly said: "Thank you. Will you please shoo it off?" And the waiter "shooed" the sparrow toward a nearby window, while the owner of the hat fixed it on straight and proceeded to order her luncheon.—Chicago News.

Good He Didn't Accept.

During the second Dreyfus court martial, M. Quenay de Beaurepaire, ex-president of the civil section of the court of cassation, who was bitter against the accused captain, received a very polite letter dated from the Chateau de Prefargier, near Neuchatel, in Switzerland, and signed, "A de Prefargier," praising him for his efforts in the Dreyfus case and inviting him to come and stay at the writer's residence.

M. de Beaurepaire replied in his usual flowery style, saying he would continue the struggle as long as he had strength, and that he would remain at the breach like a valiant soldier to see an example of duty to God and the fatherland, even should he stand alone. He did not positively decline the invitation, holding out hopes that some day he might be free to accept it.

The Chateau de Prefargier is the inmate asylum for Neuchatel.—St. Paul's Budget.

Man's Million Years.

According to the conclusions of Mr. A. H. Keane, a well known English ethnologist, the first creatures that could properly be called men appeared on the earth in what geologists know as the Pliocene period, somewhere about a million years ago. The precursor of man, Mr. Keane thinks, was some such apelike creature as the Pithecanthropus erectus, discovered by Dr. Dubois in Java a few years ago. Four varieties of men were developed: Homo ethiopicus in Africa south of the equator, Homo mongolicus in central Asia, Homo americanus in the new world and Homo europaeus in northern Africa. From these the existing races are descended.

Deceptive Covers.

It is safest, in London secondhand bookstalls at least, to look into a book before buying it. A London bookseller has confessed in court that he and others had the habit of "buying up old books and sticking covers on 'em." It appears that the plaintiff had found on buying "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist" that there was never a word about Nicholas and Oliver in them.

How He Got It.

"I," said the gruff old merchant to the young man who wanted to go away for a week, "have worked here for 22 years without a vacation."

"Yes, I know it. That's why I want to get away. But for the horrible example you present I might be willing to work on and on without a—"

Let it suffice to say that he got his vacation.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Impressed.

"Isn't it awe inspiring," said the youth with tendencies toward the sublime, "to think of this earth rushing forward on its track, superior to all human direction and beyond all restraint?"

"Yes," answered the fair girl softly after a long pause. "It makes me think of my new automobile."—Washington Star.

A Famous Distillery.

The poor receive all the profits of one of the most famous distilleries in the world, that which is connected with the monastery of St. Bruno, in the department of Dauphine, which is better known as La Grande Chartreuse. The distillery itself is a considerable distance from the monastery, but it stands on land belonging to the order, although the French government has a claim over it.

The monks of St. Bruno, although they are sworn to poverty, have control of an industry which produces about \$150,000 a year profit. Of this one-third goes as a contribution to the fund known as Peter's pence. Another portion is devoted to the maintenance of hospitals, and the remainder is devoted to subsidizing poor churches throughout France and to the personal relief of poor applicants, without distinction of church or creed. It is interesting to note that those who have control of this lucrative business are expressly forbidden by their vows to carry on a trade which could result in a profit to themselves.

Many attempts have been made to purchase the business, one notably by the Rothschilds, but all have failed, because the heads of the order consider that they are not justified in selling the business to a firm that would make a personal profit by it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Know When They Have Enough.

The llama, that docile animal which was the beast of burden in Peru in prehistoric times and played the part that was assigned to his cousin, the camel, in Egypt and Arabia, is still seen in large numbers in the mountain districts, but he cannot live in the warmer latitudes along the coast. He is docile, enduring and sure footed. He can go a long time without water and food and chews the cud of contentment when other animals are in distress because of the temperature of the rarefied atmosphere found in the Andean plateaus.

A llama will carry 100 pounds and no more, and if you add an ounce to his load he will lie down and wait until it is taken off. He knows when he has enough, and there is no use in trying to argue with him. The native Indians have learned this by the experience of generations, and when a llama lies down they immediately unstrap and diminish his burden without making any fuss about it. Then, when he is satisfied that he has been given no more than his share, he climbs on to his hoofs again and follows the mountain trail for days and weeks at a time without murmuring or slipping or forgetting his good manners.—Chicago Record.

A Rather Novel Complaint.

An English traveler once met a companion, sitting in a state of the most woeful despair and apparently near the last agonies, by the side of one of the mountain lakes of Switzerland. He inquired the cause of his sufferings. "Oh," said the latter, "I was very hot and thirsty and took a large draft of the clear water of the lake and then sat down on this stone to consult my guidebook. To my astonishment, I found that the water of this lake is very poisonous! Oh, I am a gone man—I feel it crawling all over me. I have only a few minutes to live! Remember me to—"

"Let me see the guidebook," said his friend. Turning to the passage, he found, "L'eau du lac est bien poisonneuse" ("The water of this lake abounds in fish").

"Is that the meaning of it?"

"Certainly." The dying man looked up with a radiant countenance. "What would have become of you," said his friend, "if I had not met you?"

"I should have died of imperfect knowledge of the French language."

One Too Many For the Deers.

A well known dean of Norwich tells the following good story against himself:

Some few weeks ago he came to a stile in a field which was occupied by a farm lad, who was eating his bread and bacon lunch.

The boy made no attempt to allow his reverence to pass, so was duly lectured for his lack of manners.

"You seem, my lad, to be better fed than I ought."

"Very like," answered the lad, shewing off a piece of bacon, "for ye teaches Ol, but Ol feeds meself."—London Answers.

How He Got Exercise.

Lord Palmerston used a clever expedient for coercing himself into little regular daily exercise.

It was his custom when in government positions to have his breakfast placed upon a table several yards away from the desk at which he worked, so that he had to walk several paces for each dip of ink.

He attributed his maintenance of sturdy health and jaunty manner under the trying conditions of office routine to this simple practice, as also his habit of performing all work standing.

Ready Answer.

"Papa, what is the meaning of the word 'mandalava'?" asked Sammy Snuggs, who was doing his "home work."

"That's easy, Sammy," replied Mr. Snuggs. "The word explains it elf. A candy laborer is a workman in a candy factory."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

This old world at best is only an evil and life a sort of Phoenician bark, smitten, that, with varying blows, strikes us into form. The blow that hurries most may shape us best.

I never listen to calumnies, because if they are untrue I run the risk of being deceived, and if they are true, hating people not worth talking about.—Montesquieu.

AN ARTIST AND HER AUNTY.

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

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"Marion," gasped Miss Adams, leaning against the balustrade at the head of the third flight, "do you mean to tell me that you came here alone at night? Why, I'd be scared out of my wits."

"I don't come very often, aunt," replied the girl, "but tonight I had to finish some drawings, as I told you. There's nothing to be afraid of. The building seems quiet, but there are people in many of the studios. If anything should happen and you should scream—"

"I'm likely to do it any minute," interrupted Miss Adams.

"—you'd have assistance in no time," Marion continued. "There! Do you hear those voices?"

A door was opened in the far end of the hall above them, and a burst of uproarious song rang out:

"John Brown tried to steal her away,
Goddie went to his home yesterday,
Now he's in it!"

The door closed again, and the details of Mr. Brown's obsequies were lost to the two ladies.

"Well, I suppose even such people as those are better than nobody," said Miss Adams, "but not much."

The girl flickered and strange, alarming shadows ran along the dingy walls of the old studio building, but Sarah Adams marched with head erect and face to the front. Marion unlocked a door near the end of the hall and entered her workroom. The gas flamed up as the elder lady crossed the threshold, revealing a small apartment full of artistic odds and ends, furniture of weird designs, tapestries aesthetically ugly, and in the midst of all a dummy model with draperies that were still fluttering in the draft from the door.

Marion had found a letter on the floor and was holding the envelope under the gaslight. It was decorated with a pen and ink sketch of a table bearing a punch bowl and numerous bottles, and Miss Adams viewed it with the strongest disapproval.

"An invitation to the ladies' night at the Paint Pot," said Marion. "It's a very swell artists' club."

"These artists are a disreputable lot," rejoined Miss Adams, "and the more I think of you in such surroundings the madder my conscience gets. I wish you'd come right back with me to Hatfield. Of course you're not going to that orgy."

In what seemed to be a sheet, the four corners being tied together.

As Aunt Sarah stooped to examine it she saw a card lying on the floor. She picked up the card and read the name, "Philip Hobart."

"So these are Mr. Hobart's things," said Aunt Sarah, "and a nice way he has of sending them around. Tied up in a sheet! Well, for goodness sake, what kind of society has poor Marion got into. I should like to know! Let's see what Mr. Hobart has sent."

Aunt Sarah lifted the bundle up on to a table and untied the knots in the sheet. The contents then revealed themselves to be a considerable portion of a gentleman's wardrobe.

There were half a dozen shirts, a dress suit, two pairs of trousers, an overcoat and some shoes.

Aunt Sarah contemplated this assortment, and a red spot appeared in each of her cheeks. Any one who knew Aunt Sarah might have seen that she was angry. Presently she strode across the room and gave the messenger a call with that nearly dislocated its machinery.

"The idea of asking Marion to take care of this man's old clothes!" she exclaimed. "I never heard of anything so monstrous. It's time some of these crazy artists had a lesson in manners."

A boy appeared promptly in answer to the call. Aunt Sarah let him in after making him give his word of honor three times through the door that he was neither a burglar nor an artist.

"You take this bundle to Mr. Philip Hobart," said Aunt Sarah. "He lives—"

"I know where he lives," said the boy. "I've taken messages over there before."

"From here?"

"Sure!"

"Oh, you have!" said Aunt Sarah. "Well, I guess this will be the last one. You tell Mr. Hobart that Miss Marion Adams declines to be responsible for his old clothes and that her aunt, Sarah Adams, from Hatfield, Vt., says he ought to have known better."

The boy rubbed the side of his head thoughtfully.

"Let's see if I've got it straight," he said and repeated the message with great care.

"You're a bright boy," said Aunt Sarah, and she gave him half a dollar.

Marion sat down by the table and began to struggle with a note to Mr. Hobart. She tore up half a dozen sheets of paper, but finally folded one and put it in an envelope.

"I've merely begged him to come and see me tomorrow," said she. "It was all I could do."

She rang the messenger call and then sank into a chair. Aunt and niece surveyed each other in silence. Neither could find words to express her feelings.

A loud knock startled them. Marion opened the door, and in strode a tall and dark young man whose appearance suggested slightly the handsome villain of society drama. His manner was appropriate to the scene where the villain begins to be foiled, but does not yet despair. He was pulling and tugging his moustache in quite the conventional manner. Behind him came a messenger boy carrying a big white bundle.

"Mr. Hobart?" cried Marion, amazed, and Aunt Sarah sat up very straight in her chair and looked severe.

"Miss Adams," said the young man, "I have entirely failed to understand your message, and as for that of your aunt—"

He finished with a gesture of despair as he glanced at Aunt Sarah.

"Do you think it was quite proper, sir," said the maiden lady from Hatfield, "that you should consign your superfluous wardrobe to the care of a young lady?"

"And may I ask, madam," said Hobart, "what led you to believe that it was mine?"

Then Aunt Sarah was what she would have called "flustered." The suspicion of his awful mistake began to dawn upon her.

"I left my card for Miss Adams late this afternoon," said Mr. Hobart, with dignity, "but as for these garments I know nothing about them. They are not mine, and I shall ask Miss Marion Adams to explain how they came to be here. I should tell you, madam—and he turned to Aunt Sarah—"that there is an engagement of marriage between your niece and myself, or at least there was."

At this last clause Marion burst into tears.

"—I really beg your pardon," stammered a voice from a corner of the room.

Every one started, and the two ladies screamed. A bearded face appeared above a screen. Evidently its owner was standing on a chair in order to make himself visible.

"Why, it's Mr. Walling!" exclaimed Marion. "Well, I should like to know what he's doing there!"

"So should I!" cried Aunt Sarah and Mr. Hobart in one voice.

"I can explain in one moment," said Walling. "You will pardon my remaining here. I am somewhat imperfectly attired."

Aunt Sarah threw up both hands with the gesture of one who abandons a wicked world to its fate, and Hobart looked like the villain just before he commits the murder in the last part of the first act.

"You see," said Walling, "my studio is next door. I live there. This evening after dinner I came home to dress and was astonished to find my dress suit and many other articles missing. The studio was upside down. In the middle of the floor was a sheetful of my bric-a-brac and other small belongings.

"Of course I saw at once that I had been visited by burglars and that they had been frightened away by some sudden alarm. How they had got in or out I could not understand, and I spent some time in wrestling with that problem and in discovering the extent of my loss.

"At last, in knocking about the studio I became aware that the door between it and this one was not fastened as usual."

"I walked it up myself!" cried Marion.

"Evidently the burglars drew the nails and picked the lock," said Walling. "They doubtless knew the habits of the tenants and counted upon your being out, while I was a doubtful problem. So they planned to get my things together and carry them into this room, from which they would have more leisure to escape in case I interrupted them. But the interruption came unexpectedly from you, and they had no time even to collect their booty. They probably got away by means of the fire escape at your window.

"When I found that the door between the rooms was open, I came in here, because I saw through the thieves' game and supposed, from the fact of the light being here, that they had fled hastily. I hoped to find some of my property."

"While I was looking about you two ladies came in like a whirlwind. I had not time to reach the door, so I lodged in here, where I have been trying to concoct an apology that should fit the crime."

"Your apology is accepted, Mr. Walling," said Marion. "It comes in good time. Phil, will you accept mine and Aunt Sarah's?"

Then handsome Phil Hobart ceased to look like the villain at all. Instead he resembled the hero when he says in the last act that together they will face the world. It was a pretty scene, and Aunt Sarah, in memory of her absurd mistake, could do no less than give her blessing.

"And now, good people," said Mr. Walling, "if you will be kind enough to step out into the hall I will go to my own place. You see, I discovered the loss of my dress suit last of all, and I had got ready to put it on when the discovery of the open door tempted me here."

When this maneuver had been successfully executed, Mr. Hobart stepped over to his house for the few little things that he had wished Marion to keep for him, and they proved to be a half dozen small landscapes very nicely done in water colors.

Marion sat down by the table and began to struggle with a note to Mr. Hobart. She tore up half a dozen sheets of paper, but finally folded one and put it in an envelope.

"I've merely begged him to come and see me tomorrow," said she. "It was all I could do."

She rang the messenger call and then sank into a chair. Aunt and niece surveyed each other in silence. Neither could find words to express her feelings.

A loud knock startled them. Marion opened the door, and in strode a tall and dark young man whose appearance suggested slightly the handsome villain of society drama. His manner was appropriate to the scene where the villain begins to be foiled, but does not yet despair. He was pulling and tugging his moustache in quite the conventional manner. Behind him came a messenger boy carrying a big white bundle.

"Mr. Hobart?" cried Marion, amazed, and Aunt Sarah sat up very straight in her chair and looked severe.

"Miss Adams," said the young man, "I have entirely failed to understand your message, and as for that of your aunt—"

He finished with a gesture of despair as he glanced at Aunt Sarah.

"Do you think it was quite proper, sir," said the maiden lady from Hatfield, "that you should consign your superfluous wardrobe to the care of a young lady?"

"And may I ask, madam," said Hobart, "what led you to believe that it was mine?"

Then Aunt Sarah was what she would have called "flustered." The suspicion of his awful mistake began to dawn upon her.

"I left my card for Miss Adams late this afternoon," said Mr. Hobart, with dignity, "but as for these garments I know nothing about them. They are not mine, and I shall ask Miss Marion Adams to explain how they came to be here. I should tell you, madam—and he turned to Aunt Sarah—"that there is an engagement of marriage between your niece and myself, or at least there was."

At this last clause Marion burst into tears.

"—I really beg your pardon," stammered a voice from a corner of the room.

Every one started, and the two ladies screamed. A bearded face appeared above a screen. Evidently its owner was standing on a chair in order to make himself visible.

"Why, it's Mr. Walling!" exclaimed Marion. "Well, I should like to know what he's doing there!"

"So should I!" cried Aunt Sarah and Mr. Hobart in one voice.

"I can explain in one moment," said Walling. "You will pardon my remaining here. I am somewhat imperfectly attired."

Aunt Sarah threw up both hands with the gesture of one who abandons a wicked world to its fate, and Hobart looked like the villain just before he commits the murder in the last part of the first act.

"You see," said Walling, "my studio is next door. I live there. This evening after dinner I came home to dress and was astonished to find my dress suit and many other articles missing. The studio was upside down. In the middle of the floor was a sheetful of my bric-a-brac and other small belongings.

"Of course I saw at once that I had been visited by burglars and that they had been frightened away by some sudden alarm. How they had got in or out I could not understand, and I spent some time in wrestling with that problem and in discovering the extent of my loss.

"At last, in knocking about the studio I became aware that the door between it and this one was not fastened as usual."

"I walked it up myself!" cried Marion.

"Evidently the burglars drew the nails and picked the lock," said Walling. "They doubtless knew the habits of the tenants and counted upon your being out, while I was a doubtful problem. So they planned to get my things together and carry them into this room, from which they would have more leisure to escape in case I interrupted them. But the interruption came unexpectedly from you, and they had no time even to collect their booty. They probably got away by means of the fire escape at your window.

"When I found that the door between the rooms was open, I came in here, because I saw through the thieves' game and supposed, from the fact of the light being here, that they had fled hastily. I hoped to find some of my property."

"While I was looking about you two ladies came in like a whirlwind. I had not time to reach the door, so I lodged in here, where I have been trying to concoct an apology that should fit the crime."

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HIGH LIGHTS.

Some Bits of Wisdom Compressed into Flashes of Wit.

Man is known by the company he keeps out of.

Only inferior people make the mistake of assuming superior airs.

When two women are said to resemble each other, both are secretly vexed.

Even when man makes his own opportunities they are not made to suit him.

We never hear the same story twice alike, even when we tell it ourselves.

Grandparents back up a self-willed grandchild because they feel partly to blame.

One of the valuable privileges we often overlook is the privilege of not saying anything.

After a woman has lived to be 70 she still believes that she never has had her own way.

Work is our only safeguard against people who would like to have us do something for them.

One of the queer things in life is that the frocks in old photographs were once considered pretty.

A man forgives his sweetheart for trouncing his nose, but he always reminds her of it after they are married.

When a man brings his wife an unexpected present, it makes her fear he has bought himself something extravagant.—Chicago Record.

The Probable Reason.



"I wonder why a marriage engagement is called a match?"

"Because it's often a light headed affair, I suppose."—Judy.

They Needed Him.

"So you want a job?" inquired the manager of the great mercantile establishment. "Ever had any experience in this business?"

"Well, no, not exactly," the young man replied. "You see, I have just got through college."

"Oh! Do you play football?"

"Yes; I was center, rush in our varsity team last year."

"Good! And did you take any other part in athletics?"

"I hold a medal as a shot putter."

"I suppose you were in all the cane rushes and hat smashings too?"

"Yes, sir. I was the best hat smasher in my class."

"All right. John, give this young man work out in the warehouse. He'll be good at handling heavy boxes and barrels and such things—a college graduate, you know."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Right Word at Last.

"Ze cowboys were cackled. They made ze remark if they had ze insurgent leader they would puzzle him."

"Are you sure, count, that they said 'puzzle'?"

"Ah, I fear I have made ze stupede mistake again. Could it have been ze rebuz?"

"Impossible, count."

"Ah, I have eet. They said they would riddle ze insurgent. We foreigners are so stupede. Make ze unpardonable blunder."—Chicago News.

Reminders.

Orpheus C. Kerr—Well, my friend Jones has been elected governor.

Kaustic Kad—Indeed!

Orpheus C. Kerr—Yes. I want to send him some flowers. What kind would you suggest?

Kaustic Kad—Forgetmenots.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Sort of Freed the Old Man.

"Anybody who knows enough," said Mr. Spiffins, "can learn something from anybody else, however ignorant the latter may be."

"That is true," assented Mrs. Spiffins cheerfully. "I can occasionally learn something from you."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

She Must Have Been of Boston.

A shopwalker with rather an awkward gait was leading the way and requesting a lady to "walk this way, madam."

"Thank you," said the lady, "but I consider my style of walking more graceful than yours."—Tit-Bits.

A Hint.

Rejected Suitor (dimplantly)—Oh, well, there are just as good fish in the sea as were ever caught.

She—Yes, George, there are, but unless you change your bait they are safe.—Ohio State Journal.

The Weaker Vessel.

"Figgs took his wife to New York last week for her health."

"Well?"

"She brought him home on a mattress."—Chicago Record.

The Responsible Party.

"And so you are to be married?"

"I think so, but you'd better ask me. I wasn't dead sure that we were engaged until it was all over."—Chicago Post.

An Insect Tragedy.

There is something really pathetic in the way a mother butterfly builds a nest for her children. In the first place, the little home where the eggs are deposited represents a great deal of sacrifice, for it is lined with several layers of down plucked from the mother's own soft body. The eggs having been laid carefully upon this luxurious, puffy couch are protected by an equally pretty coverlet made of the same material.

These butterfly bedclothes are often arranged with an intricacy that is quite curious and perplexing. Sometimes a bed is made so that each separate delicate hair stands upright, thus giving the entire nest the appearance of a little bush of downy fur. Then again, the eggs are laid spirally round a tiny branch, and, as the covering follows their course, the effect resembles the busy tail of a fox, only the nest is more beautiful than the "brush" of the finest fox that ever roamed over country.

The building of this downy nest is the latest earthly labor of the mother butterfly, for by the time it is completed her own delicate body is denuded of its natural covering, and there is nothing left for her to do but die, a sacrifice which she promptly and heroically makes in the interest of the coming butterfly generation.

Some Odd Names.

The most suggestive and inviting name I saw was that of a druggist in North Dakota. It was U. B. Welcome, his first name being Urias. Across the street was another man with a funny name. He bore the euphonious cognomen John Stone-pounder. In the next town I found a man who was so fat that the name of Abraham Crumppacker seemed especially fitting. But there was a woman in the town who went him one better. Her name was Emily Freshbread.

In the next town I got so interested in queer names that I soon heard of a speedy individual called Sarah Deer-hoof. In that same town there is a man named Henry Bookstruck. Ever after that I was on the lookout. On the train I met David Newsalt and Millie Newlove. The man with the most warlike name I ran against was Abraham Salt-peter. In one town I found a man who had a very poetic name. It was Scabright Sumbloom. But the last name I struck finished me. It seemed like a direct command to cease my sniggering monkeying with people's names. I took it as a warning and quit. A. Quékinkish. And what do you suppose his partner's name was? It was W. K. Goforth.—St. Paul Dispatch.

An Intelligent Censor.

No play may be publicly performed in England until it has been passed upon and agreed to by the stage censor. A certificate must be secured from the lord chamberlain. The lord chamberlain himself does not, of course, read all the plays submitted to him, but the work is passed on to the examiner of plays, who is not always a man of education or discretion and who in many cases has been suspected of letting things pass because managers have made it profitable to him to close his eyes to supposed faults.

The story is told of one of these examiners who was moved to strike out "drunk as a lord" in one of the plays submitted to him. There used to be an old rule that the word "heaven" should be substituted in stage lines wherever the name of any of the persons of the Trinity came up. So this clever examiner changed the line to read "as drunk as a heaven."

The penalty for disobeying the examiner is a fine of \$250, which may be levied on any person connected with the forbidden performance—callboy as well as star.

Real Greatness.

An exchange gives this story of a pompous member of parliament who attended an agricultural show in Dublin. He arrived late and found himself on the outskirts of a huge crowd.

Being anxious to obtain a good view for himself and a lady friend who accompanied him, and presuming that he was well known to the spectators, he tapped a burly coal porter on the shoulder and peremptorily demanded, "Make way there."

"Garn, who are you pushin'?" was the unexpected response.

"Do you know who I am, sir?" cried the indignant M. P. "I am a representative of the people."

"Yah," growled the porter, as he stood unmoved, "but we're the bloomin' people themselves."

Fooling the Youngsters.

Mrs. Grimes—How in the world do you get rid of all your stale bread? I have to throw lots of mine away.

Mrs. Smarte—There is no need for you to do that. Why not do as I do? I just hide it away from the children.

Mrs. Grimes—Hide it away from the children? What then?

Mrs. Smarte—Then the children find it and eat up every morsel of it.—Boston Transcript.

His Repertory.

"What have you been playing during your present tour?"

"We played 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear' on the stage," answered Mr. Storming Barnes.

"Were there no comedies in your repertory?"

"Only one. When we came to count up the box office receipts, it was usually 'Much Ado About Nothing.'—Washington Star.

Who You Unfold your Pocketbook in a Good Cause.

you also remove a load from your conscience. You feel better, and so does every one concerned.—Denver News.

Inquiring Boy—Ma, what did the moths eat before Adam and Eve wore clothes?



"MR. HOBART" CRIED MARION, AMAZED.

"No," said Marion, "I haven't anything to wear. And now, aunt, I want you to stay here and make yourself comfortable for a few minutes while I hunt up the jacket. I must find out whether Phil Hobart has sent those things around."

"Who's Phil Hobart and what is he going to send?"

"He's an artist," replied Marion, "the most eccentric and at the same time the finest fellow in the world. He is going away for two or three months, and he has asked me to take care of a few little things for him. He has given up his studio and has no place for them."

"Doesn't he live anywhere?" inquired Miss Adams. "I suppose not, since he's an artist."

"He lives in that house that I pointed out to you on Eighteenth street—the one with the vines on the front—but it's a boarding house, and of course he will give up his room when he goes away. Now I'm going to find the jacket. If you get lonesome, ring for a messenger boy. There's the call box."

Marion hurried away, and Aunt Sarah hastily closed the door, supplementing the spring lock by pushing a bolt. No sooner had she done this than she became aware of a big bundle that had been concealed by the door when it was open. The bundle was done up

He had no sooner gone than Marion appeared. With the rapidity and directness of speech characteristic of the New Englander in earnest Aunt Sarah related what she had done. Marion was agnostic.

"Oh, aunt," she cried, "how could you? He'll never forgive me. There must be some explanation. I told you he was eccentric, but—"

"Eccentric! I call it downright insulting. Where are you going?"

"To catch that boy and bring him back," answered Marion as she ran out of the room.

Aunt Sarah followed her down the three flights of stairs to the street, but the boy was beyond recall.

So they climbed the stairs again. Marion in tearful wrath, Aunt Sarah suffering in sympathy, but sustained by conscious rectitude.

"You shouldn't have done it without consulting me," sobbed Marion as she re-entered the studio. "He may be offended and go away without giving me a chance to explain. I may never see him again."

"Small loss, I should say," rejoined Aunt Sarah. "Still, if you feel so badly about it you can write a note to him and say it was all my doing. Thank heaven, my shoulders are broad enough! Let him come and see me. I'll give him a piece of my mind."

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