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### FOREIGN NEWS

**LONDON, March 31; 4:15 a. m.**—The head of the army of Lord Roberts is now about twenty-one miles north of Bloemfontein. It occupies a cluster of hills won from the Boers after a stiff fight, in which the British lost seven officers and 100 men.

The reason why a hot chase was not made after Commander Olivier is that Lord Roberts did not wish to wear out the cavalry transport. General French lost 3,000 horses in the relief of Kintberly and the pursuit of General Cronje. Lord Roberts lost 3,000 transport cattle at Watervald Drift, and it is estimated that he has lost 4,000 other animals since the forward movement began on Feb. 13.

The advance beyond Bloemfontein is through a bare country and the supply officers foresee an increasing difficulty in providing for a great army moving along a single line of railway, even when the latter is working smoothly and with ample rolling stock.

**LONDON, March 29.**—The Pretoria correspondent of the Daily Mail, telegraphing yesterday, says:

"General Joubert died of peritonitis. The funeral will take place tomorrow (Thursday). The Government is pleading with the widow to allow a temporary interment here, with a state funeral. Joubert always expressed a desire to be buried in a mausoleum built on his farm.

"His successor in the chief command will probably be General Louis Botha, now commanding in Natal."

**LONDON, March 30.**—Queen Victoria has cabled to Lord Roberts asking him to convey to Mrs. Joubert, widow of General Joubert, her sympathy at the loss of her husband, and to tell her that the British people always regarded the dead general as a gallant soldier and honorable foeman.

**LONDON, March 30.**—The War Office has issued the following from Lord Roberts to the Secretary of War:

"**BLOEMFONTEIN, March 30.**—Owing to the activity of the enemy on our immediate front and their hostile action toward burghers who surrendered, I found it necessary to drive them from some kopjes they had occupied near Karee Siding station, a few miles south of Brandfort. The operation was successfully carried out by the seventh division, assisted by the first and third cavalry brigades under French and Le Gallais' regiment of mounted infantry. The enemy retreated to Brandfort, and our troop now hold the kopjes.

**LONDON, Mar. 28, 5 A. M.**—The Standard gives double-headed prominence to the following dispatch from Odessa:

"There can be no longer any doubt as to the object of the war-like preparations now being completed in South Russia. Nearly 250,000 troops have already been mobilized for active service. The Black Sea squadron, with transports, is held in instant readiness. The tension in the relations between St. Petersburg and the Sublime Porte becomes every day more acute. The position is looked upon with the gravest apprehension.

"If the Ottoman Government, supported by Germany, should prove stubbornly intractable with regard to Russia's concessionary demands in Asia Minor, serious complications must inevitably ensue. The Russian garrisons in the Caucasus and along the Armenian frontier have been increased fourfold and equipped for active service."

**LONDON, March 28—4 A. M.**—Commandant Olivier appears to have gotten his 5000 men and twenty-five miles of wagons into rugged country, where he can make an easy rear-guard defense. Charles Williams, the military expert, says:

"If this column gets through substantially Olivier will have carried out the great feat of the war, seeing that he ran every chance of being ground between the upper millstone of Lord Roberts' army and the nether millstone of the broken Basuto frontier. He will have done it within fifty miles or so of Lord Roberts' main strength. Certainly it looked for a week though Lord Roberts held Olivier in the hollow of his hand. If Oliver gets through to Kroonstad with even 3000 men it will be an important addition to the Boer gathering there. His escape is attributable in part to the worn out condition of the British cavalry horses."

The correspondent of the Daily News at Lourenzo Marquez, telegraphing Sunday says: The Transvaal War Office announces that the southern commandos from Colesberg and Stromberg will join the main body within forty-eight hours. Some apprehension exists that Commandant Olivier and Commandant Grobler may be cut off.

The Boers are having a little good luck and are showing some boldness again, as a raiding party estimated at 400 is believed by the British forces at Warrenton to have headed for Jacobsdal, with the intention of cutting the railway ten miles west.

Lord Roberts' transports appear to have been badly dislocated by the loss at Reit river, before Cronje's surrender, of the wagon train and in addition to this the army with which he purposes to advance toward Pretoria is nearly double that of the earlier rapid movements.

Ten thousand transport, cavalry and gun animals are due to arrive at Cape ports during this and next week.

It is given out at Cape Town that Lord Roberts' advance may be delayed for a month. Although such statements should be received with reserve, it seems positive that he intends to go to Cape Town to meet Lady Roberts, who is due to arrive there in ten days.

The War Office has issued another table of British losses, showing an aggregate of 16,652, which does not include 4004 who have been invalidated home.

**YOKOHAMA, March 27.**—A Russian squadron has arrived at Chemulpo. It is believed this presages a demand for a concession of land at Masanpho, a small harbor twenty miles south of Chemulpo, and is arousing uneasy comments in Japan.

**PEKING, March 27.**—The "Boxer" movement in the north is assuming alarming proportions. News has been received here that an indecisive but severe fight has taken place between the "Boxers" and imperial troops at Yen Chiu, province of Chi Li. Each force numbered about 1500 men and there were heavy casualties on both sides.

### TELEGRAPHIC ITEMS

The sale of the library of the late Augustin Daly realized \$100,035.

There is fear of another outbreak between the native factions in Samoa.

General Sir George White was accorded an immense reception in Cape Town, March 27.

Ex Secretary of the Interior, Hoke Smith, has sold the Atlanta Journal to a syndicate of Bostonians.

J. Pierpont Morgan has gone to Europe to arrange with William K. Vanderbilt for a big railroad deal.

Krueger threatens to hold Lord Salisbury's son as a hostage for the good treatment of Boer officials.

H. C. Grosvenor of Ohio has been nominated to Congress for the sixth time. In accepting the nomination, he made a strong speech favoring the renomination of McKinley.

James B. Dill, a corporation lawyer of New York is reported to have received a fee of \$1,000,000 for his services in healing the breach between Carnegie and Frick.

It is stated that the first act of the Boer Peace Commission, on arriving at Brussels will be to relieve Dr. Leyds the diplomatic agent, of his official position.

A resolution was to be moved in the Cap. Parliament, March 30, by J. Rose Innes, former leader of the British in the Parliament, in favor of the annexation of the Boer republics.

The Duke of Orleans was soundly thrashed by an Englishman on account of his letter of congratulation to M. Willette, the artist who caricatured the Queen in Le Rire.

Congressman Kahn of California has secured the introduction of an amendment in the Hawaiian bill excluding Island Chinese from the United States.

The Australian Premiers have joined in a cablegram to Mr Chamberlain declaring that it is undesirable to conclude peace in South Africa except on terms guaranteeing the absolute supremacy of British rule.

Secretary Root has created a new military division to be known as "the Division of the Philippines," embracing all of the Philippine archipelago.

General Bates will command the Department of Northern Luzon; General Hughes, the Department of the Visayas, and General Kobbe the Department of Mindanao and Jolo.

Copies of Filipino documents captured by the American troops disclose the fact, that a meeting at Honkong, May 5, 1898, it was decided by the Filipino junta to fight the United States if this government declined to give them complete independence, and measures were taken to secure arms for the Tagalos.

No apology was demanded or received by the United States from Lord Salisbury for tampering with Macrum's mail. An explanation was voluntary made by the British officials to the effect that in the rush of mail to be censored it was possible that some of Mr. Macrum's mail was opened by mistake.

St. Mary's Catholic Church in Chicago was recently robbed by William Porter and Edward Jackson, two notorious crooks. They completely stripped the altars and vestry, carrying away over \$2100.00 worth of plunder. A few hours later, they were cornered on the roof of a dwelling, and after a long struggle, were knocked senseless and handcuffed. Later, both men confessed.

A gold statue of Miss Maude Adams, weighing 712 pounds, has been cast in the bronze foundry of Henry Bonnard in New York City.

Bessie O. Potter Vonnoh is the sculptor, and Miss Adams gave her twenty five sittings. The statue is of life size, and stands six feet on the pedestal. It portrays Miss Adams as "the American Girl", in a simple pose, erect, her hands close to her sides, and wearing a plain evening dress, with lace at the throat.

It is pronounced an excellent likeness of Miss Adams.

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MEALS 25 CENTS  
WAILUKU, MAUI







LOCALS

Easter Sunday tomorrow. Several country teachers are in town enjoying Easter vacation.

Don't forget to attend the meeting of the Maui Racing Association at the Court House tonight.

Mr. Helmick, former foreman of the News, is slowly improving, but is still confined to his room.

Johnny Kerr is seen quite often on the street behind his fast pacer. Guess he is shaping him up for the July races.

Superintendent Filler of the Kalului R. R. Co. and wife have come to Wailuku to stop for awhile as guests at Shrader's New Hotel.

A new job printer has developed spontaneously in the News office, and arrears of job work are being rapidly turned out. Send along your orders.

Messrs. Kinder and Beach will locate in Wailuku for some months as plumbers and pipe-fitters. This will prove quite a convenience to Wailuku householders.

We notice a number of life insurance men around town, but as they have not seen the News, we shall make no mention of the fact of their presence in our midst.

Mrs. H. P. Baldwin will leave for the coast shortly to place her two children, Sam and Lottie, in school. She will probably remain till July and return with her son Frank and his bride.

W. G. Scott, the head luna of the Spreckelsville Plantation, has had to resign his position on account of the serious injuries which his eyes suffered, while fighting cane fires at Spreckelsville recently.

MEETING NOTICE.—A meeting of the Maui Racing Association will be held at Wailuku Court House on Saturday, April 14th, at 7:30 o'clock, P. M. All members are urgently requested to attend.

GEORGE HONS, Secretary Maui Racing Association.

NOTICE.—The steamer Centennial will take passengers from Kahului to the Coast at reasonable rates. She will sail about the 17th. For further particulars, apply to THE KAHULUI RAILROAD OFFICE, KAHULUI, MAUI, H. I.

Dan Quill called at the NEWS office the other day and reported a serious case of "plague" at Kahului.

Waiting patiently till the reportorial pencil was sharpened, he gravely assured the reporter that he himself was the unfortunate victim, who had been "plagued." His remains can be found back of Hoffman and Vetlesen's stable by enquiring friends.

J. R. Higby, who had the road contract at Keanae has about finished his contract. He has made about six miles of eight foot road, for foot and horseback travel. The work done commences at Keanae and extends three miles toward Nahiku, and also commencing at Nahiki extends three miles toward Keanae, leaving some three miles between the two places unbuilt.

Moses Waiwaiale, son of Attorney Waiwaiale of Wailuku, has become an entered apprentice in the mechanical department of the MAUI NEWS, and by his adaptability for the work, promises to become an honor to the craft. It is the policy of the News to man its office entirely with young Hawaiians, and the experiment so far has proved quite successful.

Superintendent Taylor is making very satisfactory progress in laying pipe for the Wailuku waterworks. Pipe has been laid along Market, Main and High streets and almost from town to the reservoir. The Superintendent of Public Works at Honolulu woke up long enough this week to send over a tardy but most welcome remittance on Thursday, and the work will now be rapidly pushed to completion.

Chief Engineer Petersen of the Kaunakakai Plantation, Molokai, is visiting Maui this week. He reports that the water being pumped for the plantation is becoming more brackish all the time. One large pump which was furnishing water for about one thousand acres of fine, young, growing cane some three feet high, last week pumped nearly pure sea water, and the pump was shut down, leaving the cane without water. Smaller pumps are to be tried at frequent intervals, each throwing a small stream into one main aqueduct from which it will be handled by a larger pump.

LAHAINA LOCALS.

Judge Kalua, Judge Kaleikau and Attorney George Hons, attended Court at Lahaina on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

J. J. Conbs, the energetic and irrepressible Wailuku merchant came over to Lahaina on Tuesday of this week and established a branch store with headquarters in the rear of John Ricadson's law office.

Several Kona (Hawaii) boys came back to school last week, having been kept away since Christmas vacation by the plague quarantine. Several others on Hawaii will not return till next term, on account of being behind with this term's work.

On April 5, two wood turning, power lathes were received by the Lahainaluna School. These are excellent machines, simply and thoroughly built, and well adapted to school work. They will be run by water power. Special attention is now being given to various kinds of manual work at the Lahainaluna School.

A test case was brought by a Japanese against the Olowalu plantation, to cancel his contract on the ground that its terms had been violated by the plantation, by withholding his pay for two weeks after the end of the month. An appeal was taken by the plantation from this decision, to the Circuit Court, and the appeal will be heard at Lahaina this afternoon.

Sheriff Baldwin returned to Wailuku from Lahaina on Wednesday night, leaving everything quiet here. The Kaunapali Japanese have returned to work, but the Lahaina contingent are still out. They have formulated sixteen different complaints, and it is a poor day when they do not formulate another. Most of these are both ridiculous and untenable. The Lahaina Plantation seems to be willing to meet the Japanese half way in all reasonable complaints, but of course cannot concede to the many absurd claims of the Japs. A few days since, the Lahaina Japanese ordered the representative of the Honolulu Japanese Consul to leave their camp. The Lahaina Japanese are still on a strike and the Pioneer mill is idle.

SHIPPING

Vessels in Port—Kahului.

Brigantine Larline, Turla, S. F. April 2. Ship Emily F. Whitney, Pendleton, Maui, April 2. Sch. Mokihana, Joseph Koolau. Strm Centennial-Eagles from S. F. Apr. 7. Sch. Lady, Martin, from Koolau, Apr. 10.

Vessels Arrived—Kahului.

Apr. 7 S. S. Centennial, Eagles, 10 days from S. F. with general M case and passengers. Apr. 8 S. S. Claudine, McDonald from Hana. Apr. 10 Sch. Lady, Martin from Koolau with Rice. Apr. 9 Sch. Norman, Weisbarth, from Hana and Nahiku. Apr. 13 S. S. Mokoli, from Honolulu.

Vessel Departed.

Apr. 7 S. S. Claudine, McDonald for Hana. Apr. 8 Ship "Antipe", Murray for S. F. with 33000 bags sugar. Apr. 13 Sch. Norman, Weisbarth, for Hana with sundries. Apr. 13 S. S. Mokoli, for Honolulu.

Honolulu Post Office Time Table.

Table with columns: DATE, NAME, FROM. Includes routes to Hongkong, Nippon, Australia, etc.

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC NEWS STILL LATER

British Convey Captured. Seven guns lost. Cronje off to St. Helena. The Queen in Dublin.

LONDON, April 2.—The War Office has received the following dispatch from Lord Roberts dated Bloemfontein, April 1st:

"I received news late yesterday evening from Colonel Broadwood, who was at Thabaneu, thirty-eight miles east of here, that information had reached him that the enemy was approaching in two forces from the north and the east. He stated that if the report proved true he would retire toward the water works, seventeen miles nearer Bloemfontein where we have had a detachment of mounted infantry for the protection of the works.

"Broadwood was told in reply that the Ninth Division with Martyn's mounted infantry will march at daylight to-day to support him, and that if he considers it necessary he should retire from the water works. He moved there during the night and bivouacked. At dawn to-day he was shelled by the enemy, who attacked on three sides. He immediately dispatched two horse artillery batteries and his baggage toward Bloemfontein covering some of them with his cavalry.

"Some two miles from the water works the road crosses a deep nullah or spruit, in which during the night a force of Boers had concealed themselves. So well were they hidden that our leading scouts passed over the drift without discovering them, and it was not until the wagons and guns were entering the drift that the Boers showed themselves and opened fire. Many of the drivers of the artillery horses were immediately shot down at short range and several of the guns were captured. The remainder galloped away, covered by Roberts' Horse, which suffered heavily.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Chesternaster of Rimington's Scouts found a passage across the spruit unoccupied by the enemy, by which the remainder of Broadwood's force crossed.

They reformed with steadiness, notwithstanding all that had previously occurred.

"Broadwood's report, which has just reached me and which contains no details, stated that he had lost seven guns and all his baggage. He estimates all his casualties at about 350, including 200 missing.

LONDON, April 4.—6:40 A. M.—No news has yet been received of the expected battle between General French and the Boers. There is now but a remote prospect of the recapture of the guns. This, however, is regarded as quite trifling compared with the political effect of the disaster. As the Bloemfontein correspondent of the Times remarks, Commandant Olivier's strategy in reoccupying Ladybrand and Thaba Nchu was bold and even brilliant. Most of his force is composed of Free Staters and the advantage gained by them will have a most disturbing effect on the mind of the Free State population.

The impossibility of effecting complete protection for the moment to all farmers in the south and south-east sections of the Free State is recognized at Bloemfontein. Men who surrendered under the proclamation of Lord Roberts are now being punished for the reliance they placed in the ability of the British to protect them. As the correspondent further remarks, "this is a hard fate and every possible effort will be made to help them, but consideration for the sufferings of repentant belligerents at the hands of their fellow countrymen cannot be suffered to prejudice the military plans of Lord Roberts."

The Daily Telegraph, which takes a more humane view, says: It is just as important to protect those burghers who have trusted in our power and surrendered all means of defending themselves as it is to win victories against those who are still in arms. The Daily Chronicle whose Cape Town correspondent joyfully predicted that the war would be over in three months, says: In order to re-establish our position in the Free State we need a brilliant success won on the scene of our latest reverse.

It is announced from Springfontein that the censorship has again curtailed the dispatches. Therefore important developments must be impending. There is little news from other

points. Mafeking was still besieged on March 29th, and there are rumors that General Buller is preparing to advance.

LONDON, April 4.—The correspondent of the Times at Lourenco Marques, telegraphing Tuesday, says: It is reported here that all the Rand mines closed down. British workmen and their countrymen in other parts of the republic are being expelled wholesale from the Transvaal. On the other hand, the Boers are so demoralized that it is impossible to induce many now on furlough to return to the front.

BERLIN, April 2.—The serious condition of affairs in the German Cameroons continues to engage attention here. It is said that the revolt already extends along the entire length of the Mungo river. Everywhere the villages are deserted and the planters find it impossible to get workers.

BERLIN, April 3.—The Kolnische Zeitung a semi-official organ, publishes alarming reports regarding the war preparations which Russia is making on land and sea. The Zeitung announces that the Czar will go to Moscow tomorrow, to be present at a military council.

All dispatches relating to the mobilization of troops are carefully censored before they are given to the press. Officers who have applied for leave of absence have been notified that all such leaves will be denied for the present.

The statements that Russia is intriguing against the Bagdad Railroad are branded in Government circles as a British invention.

BERLIN, April 2.—Reports by mail and wire are arriving from the Cameroons, Western Africa, which describe conditions there as precarious. Disaffection prevails among nearly all the tribes. The main cause is said to be the haughty and brutal treatment which the blacks receive. The German Colonial Department has called meetings of all interested in the Cameroons with a view of avoiding a further spread of disaffection and of obtaining sufficient help for the plantation.

CAPE TOWN, April 1.—Army orders were issued to-day declaring the abolition of the title "Free State Railway" and superseding this by the title "International Military Railway."

DUBLIN, April 4.—A. M.—In spite of the rain that was falling and the huge puddles of water under foot, the arrival of Queen Victoria in the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, of Kingstown, was the occasion for much enthusiasm, although she did not take an organized form, owing to the fact that her majesty came several hours ahead of schedule time. It had been officially announced that the Queen would reach Kingstown at 5:30 P. M. Tuesday, instead of 2 P. M., but at the latter hour the Victoria and Albert loomed up through the haze and rain and was greeted with the thunder of twenty-one guns from each ship of the British battle squadron.

CAPE TOWN, April 3.—General Cronje, Colonel Schiel and 1000 Boer prisoners called for St. Helena tonight.

Two small parties of Boers escaped from the Green Point tract. One party was traced to a railway train, which was stopped and searched near Cape Town. The Boers jumped through one of the windows of the train and got away.

Shot at Prince of Wales.

BRUSSELS, April 4.—As the train was leaving the Northern station for the southern railroad station an individual fired a revolver at the Prince of Wales, but missed His Royal Highness. The attempt upon the life of the Prince of Wales occurred at 3:35 p. m. The would-be assassin jumped upon the footboard of the Prince's salon car as the train was starting and fired into the car, aiming at the Prince of Wales. The man was immediately arrested.

Dewey Will Run.

WASHINGTON, Apr. 4.—The Associated Press has confirmed the World's statement that Dewey is a candidate for the Presidency.

WASHINGTON, Apr. 4.—It is not known what ticket Dewey wants to run on. He is a nominal Republican, and his wife is an active Democrat, as becomes the sister of John R. McLean, of Ohio. She is ambitious to rule the White House, and probably imagines the Admiral as a candidate of patriotic Americans without respect of party.

SALVATION ARMY NEWS.

Major Wood, in command of the Hawaiian Salvation Army, will visit Maui next week, and will conduct a series of special meetings as follows:

Table with columns: Place, Time, Date. Lists meetings in Honolulu, Wailuku, etc.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

At a meeting of the shareholders of the "Hui Aina o Huelo, Maui," held at Huelo, Maui, on Thursday, the 8th day of March, 1900, the following officers were elected to serve in accordance with the Constitution and By-Laws of said Hui:

- HON. A. N. KESKONAL, President. HON. H. P. BALDWIN, Vice-President. F. C. ALLEN, Esq., Secretary. W. J. LOWRIE, Esq., Treasurer. H. N. LANFORD, Esq., Auditor.

LOST DRAFTS.

Drafts No. 47 for \$500.00, No. 48 for \$100.00, and No. 49 for \$150.00, dated February 14th, drawn by the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company on Alexander and Baldwin, Honolulu, and payable to Tang You, have been lost. Payment has been stopped, and all persons are warned against negotiating same.

NOTICE

The Merciful Man. Regardeth the Life of His Beast. . .

The undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he is in the business of horse dentistry, rasping or shaping horses' teeth which have become abnormal in shape. I have just received a fine class of instruments from the East for this work and guarantee satisfaction in all work. Horsemen understand and practice this treatment. I do business on the "no cure, no pay" principle. Will examine free of charge and leave owner to examine and see if the work is needed.

A noted horseman says: "The first thing I do with a colt whose speed I wish to develop is to have a veterinary dentist examine his teeth, for if his teeth are not all right he will not come up and take a good strong hold of the bit." This is equally true of saddle, driving and work horses, and mules.

The only difference between my work and that of a veterinary dentist is that where he charges \$5 I only charge \$2.50, with a slight reduction for a number of animals. C. B. MILES, Wailuku, March 24, 1900.

Subscribe For the MAUI NEWS

NOTICE.—The Undersigned has purchased the Lahaina Restaurant owned formerly by W. A. Yeats, and is conducting the same. No responsibility will be assumed by undersigned for any debts contracted by said restaurant prior to Mar. 31, 1900. SING HO.

LAHAINA SALOON. MATT. MCCANN PROPRIETOR. Choice Brands of American & Scotch Whiskey. Beer, Ale and Wine. Ice Cold Drinks. Lahaina, Maui H. I.

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**Maul News**

## AN UNDESERVING BEGGAR.

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

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Crowded close to the curb of Sixth Avenue in the New York shopping district sat a beggar man on a rickety camp stool. He seemed to be 60 years old, but the poor age rapidly. He might have been much younger. A chilly wind was blowing up the avenue, and it tossed the old man's white hair about his ears as he took off his battered hat and laid it appealingly in his lap.

On that side of the thoroughfare the breeze and the crowd were moving in the same direction, and they seemed to take about equal heed of the beggar's plight. Presently he began to sing an old-time, sentimental ballad in a weak but not unmusical voice. The elevated railroad trains rumbled and roared, and the electric cars contributed the rattle of their wheels and the whining whirr of their motive machinery, but the beggar was not to be discouraged by a discordant accompaniment or an unsympathetic audience. He sang his best despite all.

There was a pretty girl in the crowd who had an ear attuned to everything musical. She recognized some merit in the beggar's singing, and she paused to hear him. No one else paid the slightest attention to his music, and he received no alms until, just as the song was done, a robust and hairy young man dressed in good style approached and put some money into the hat.

"Heaven bless you, sir!" said the beggar. "This is the first penny I've had this day."

"Penny?" cried the young man. "Did I give you a penny? I thought it was a dime!" And he immediately began to fish for coins in the small pocket in his overcoat.

But the beggar hastened to explain that it wasn't a penny. What he had meant to say was that he hadn't had a penny before that.

"Sing another song as well as you sang the last one and I'll give you a quarter," said the young man.

This colloquy had excited some attention, and a group of people were grouped in front of the beggar as he prepared to earn his fee. He sang "My Old Kentucky Home," and when he came to the chorus his benefactor supplied a tenor that was clear and sweet as the note of a flute.

The duet furnished by this strangely assorted pair would have found favor with a much more critical audience, but it was probably the unusual spectacle rather than the excellence of the music which impressed this knot of shopping women. The result, in the beggar's hat, must have been nearly \$2, for the pretty girl who has been already mentioned enthusiastically started the collection with a half.

The beggar, evidently realizing that he had, as the slang phrase goes, struck a good thing, hastily started another old-time negro melody, and as he did so he looked up out of the corner of his eye at the real cause of his prosperity, but the young man seemed to feel that he had attracted more attention than was agreeable, and he prepared for flight.

At this moment, however, he caught the eye of the pretty girl, and his glance was bent upon her appealingly. He stopped, hesitated a moment with flushed face, and then with an air of good humored recklessness stepped



"PENNY! DID I GIVE YOU A PENNY?"

back to the beggar's side and once more lent the gentle magic of his voice to the cause of charity.

He got through two verses and then fled; but as he passed the pretty girl she received his just reward, for she said "Thank you" very sweetly and just loud enough for him to hear. There was another glance between them. Then he lifted his hat and hurried away.

The pretty girl floated up the avenue with the tide of humanity, which presently swept her into a big dry goods store. She knew that she had intended to make a purchase there, but she couldn't remember what was the article desired. The only thing she could think of was a tenor voice, and if she had been searching for one in the stock of the store her wanderings from counter to counter could not have been more fruitless. She eventually left the place empty handed.

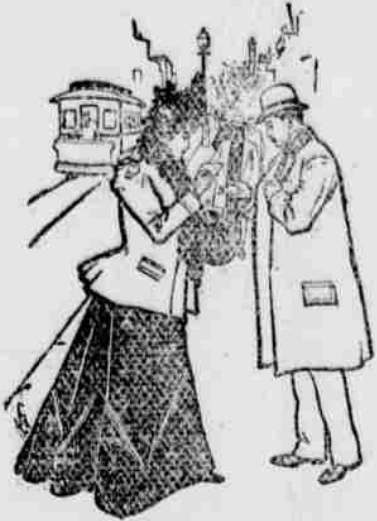
When she got home, the pretty girl related the adventure of the beggar to her mother, Mrs. Harriet Alston, widow of the banker and philanthropist, who died at Newport two years ago

last summer. Mrs. Alston remarked that it must have been well worth seeing, but she thought her daughter shouldn't have spoken to the stranger.

"It won't do any harm, mother," replied pretty Miss Anne in a tone not quite as cheerful as her ordinary. "I shall never see him again."

It was on Broadway near Grace church that a few days later Anne Alston again encountered the musical beggar. He was just planting his camp stool near the curb. She had a singular feeling of owing him something, and she walked hastily up and gave him a few small coins.

The old fellow looked despondent, and he was obviously suffering from a



"IT WOULD BE SO KIND OF YOU, HERE IS MY CARD."

severe cold, for the voice with which he gave thanks was very hoarse. One might have expected music like a crow's from him, yet he began a ballad quite tunefully.

Suddenly he tripped in the melody, and Anne saw that something had startled him. Following his glance, she beheld the young tenor coming along Tenth street westward. He saw the beggar when within 20 yards of the Broadway corner and seemed to have an impulse to avoid him. Then, like the good Samaritan, he decided not to pass by on the other side.

As he came up the beggar stopped singing.

"Well, Mr. O'Mara," said the young man cheerily, "how's the luck today?"

"Bad—very bad, your honor," replied the beggar. "Ah, I'll never see the likes of that day on Sixth avenue!"

"Oh, yes, you will!" was the reply.

"But, I say, what's the matter with your voice?"

"I have the devil's own cold on me chist, sartin' the lady's presence!" answered the beggar as he laid his hand upon the region of his trouble.

"You oughtn't to be out in this weather," said the young man, dropping his bantering manner and speaking in a tone of serious concern.

"It might ruin his voice forever," said Miss Alston, so much interested that she forgot to be conventional.

"I'm really afraid of it," said the young man, aside to her. "I believe I'll try to send the old fellow home for tonight at least."

He turned to the beggar.

"O'Mara," said he, "what'll you take to go home and stay there for two days?"

"I can't do it today, sir," was the reply. "The rent's to be paid, or out we all go."

"You have a family?" asked Anne.

"A wife and six children, ma'am," said he, "the oldest of 'em."

A rather flashy young woman standing behind O'Mara laughed irreverently, and the tenor looked somewhat disturbed. But Anne saw nothing extraordinary in this statement, and she looked on the beggar with greatly increased pity.

"Suppose I give you \$10," said she. "Will you agree not to sing upon the street again until your cold is better?"

"Heaven bless your kind young heart!" said the beggar. "Not a foot will I stir from me own fireside till I'm well ag'in, for it's me voice that's all I've got to keep the wolf from me dhure."

Before the young man could restrain her—though he made a move to do so—she had taken a \$10 bill from her purse and had put it into the beggar's hand. O'Mara, with many words of gratitude, picked up his stool and trudged away.

"I hope he is worthy of your great kindness," said the tenor with deep respect, "but I am afraid!"

He paused as if at a loss just how to express his doubts.

"Why do you think him undeserving?" asked Anne.

"I'm afraid," he replied gently, "that he was not telling the truth just now."

"About his wife and children?" said she.

"Indeed he was. I saw his sincerity in his face. I shall find out more about him and send some things to his house for the children. Oh, why didn't I ask him where he lives? You know his name. Perhaps you can tell me where to find him."

The tenor hesitated a moment. Then he said earnestly:

"If you will permit me to do so, I will try to investigate this man's case thoroughly for you."

"Oh, will you?" she cried. "It would

be so kind of you. Here is my card. Please let me know about him as soon as you can."

In exchange for her card he gave her his, on which she read the name Douglass Wayne.

"I shall expect to see you tomorrow or the next day at the latest, Mr. Wayne," said she as they waited for a car which was to take her home.

He hesitated for a moment and seemed very much embarrassed.

"I could write," said he at last, "if it isn't convenient to have me call."

"Don't let that disturb you," said she. "You will call on a matter of business, and after we've settled that I hope you'll sing for me."

He tried to say something appropriate, but could only manage a "Good-by" that was like a faithful school-boy's.

On the following afternoon Mr. Wayne called upon Miss Alston, and she received him alone in a manner as unconventionally friendly as their earlier acquaintance had been. But no cordiality of welcome could put Mr. Wayne at his ease.

"It's a pitiful story I've got to tell you," said he.

"About our friend, Mr. O'Mara?" queried Anne.

"Yes; about our friend, Mr. O'Mara. I've looked him up, and he is entirely unworthy. In fact, he's a fraud."

"Isn't he really poor?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, he's poor enough!"

"Then why shouldn't I help him? A man of his years!"

"Ah, there's the point!" said Wayne. "He isn't really old. He's only 24, and—"

"Twenty-four! And with a wife and six children!"

"No; he hasn't any children, and he isn't married. His name isn't O'Mara either, and he's not an Irishman. He's Scott Barman, a vaudeville performer. He and his partner had been out of an engagement for several months, and their money was gone almost to the last cent. They had an engagement in sight, but it looked as if they would starve to death in the meantime. At this juncture the partner—a worthless fellow who ought to be something better, for he comes of a good family and was well brought up and educated—suggested this scheme of street beggary. They squandered matters with the police in the usual way and, I understand, have made quite a bit of money."

"That's just too funny for anything!" exclaimed Anne. And she laughed like a child. "It's a great joke on me! That fellow must be dreadfully clever. The idea of his fooling me in broad daylight! I'm sure he's welcome to my money!"

"I forced him to return it," said Wayne, drawing the identical \$10 bill from his pocket. "I was unwilling you should be robbed in that way."

"Robbed?" she cried. "Not a bit of it! I've had more than the money's worth, and I'd be very much obliged if you'd return it to him."

"I can't do that," he protested. "You see, it's not only that O'Mara's a fraud, but there's his rascally partner, who—"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Anne. "Tell me about the partner?"

"Why, you see," said he, "the scheme they made up between them was that



ANNE GASPED FOR BREATH.

Barman should represent a poor old man, and that while he was singing to an unresponsive crowd the partner, dressed as a gentleman in the only good suit of clothes he has in the world, should come along and join in."

"Just as you did," said Anne. "Isn't that odd?"

"Yes," said he, looking at her a moment and then letting his head fall forward upon his breast; "just as I did."

Anne gasped for breath.

"You, you!" she cried. "You are—No; it isn't possible!"

"It is true," he replied, turning away from her. "I am the concert hall singer, Douglass Wayne, a profligate and a rascal; last of all, a beggar on the street, but not quite all a thief, for I couldn't steal your money. Here it is, the whole sum, so far as Barman and I can remember."

He laid the money on a table and hurried toward the door.

"Wait! Wait!" she called after him. "You have done nothing wrong. Let us talk of this. Perhaps I can do something to help you."

"No," said he, pausing on the threshold, "you don't want to know me, and, as for helping me, it's enough to have seen you—far more than I deserve to have been one minute your guest in your own home. Your class and mine are apart and ought to be. Good-by!"

A week later Wayne and Barman, the celebrated musical comedy duo, appeared at a place of amusement where "refined vaudeville" perennially holds the boards. Barman was dressed as a tramp and Wayne as a dude, in which character he wore an enormous chrysanthemum in his buttonhole. On the second evening he wore a much larger and finer one—the very rarest chrysanthemum in New York—which had been sent to the stage door in a box, but there was no visible clue to the identity of the giver.

## LIKED TO BE ON TIME.

SO MR. JOBSON TOLD MRS. JOBSON REGARDING THE THEATER.

And the Good Wife Was Inconsiderate Enough to Take Him at His Word, Much to His Disgust and Unqualified Amusement.

"Mrs. Jobson," said Mr. Jobson when he got home at 4:30 the other afternoon, "just let me take this early opportunity to remind you again that we're scheduled to go to the theater this evening. It is my desire and purpose to reach the theater in time to see the rise of the curtain on the first act, for once in the whole course of my married life, this evening. I want to see the beginning of the show, and I feel unwilling on this particular occasion to trample seven or eight unoffending men and women underfoot in order to reach my seat just 14 minutes after the performance has begun, when the orchestra is rendering shivery music and the abused and starving woman with the diamonds is narrating the history of her life. Nor do I feel resigned this evening to the spectacle of your completing your toilet on the street after we start. Just see if you can't get out in time for us to make the break for the cars somewhere in the neighborhood of 7:30, and you'll do me a favor."

Mrs. Jobson smiled and superintended the setting of the table. The dinner passed off quietly. After dinner Mr. Jobson settled himself in his easy chair and buried himself in *The Star*. Darkness began to creep on apace, as the lady novelists put it, and he illuminated the house. When he finished *The Star*, he picked up the copy of "David Harum" that Mrs. Jobson had been reading and plunged into it.

"This is the stuff they've been making such a row about," muttered Mr. Jobson to himself when he sat down with the book, and in less than eight minutes he had read 12 pages of it and had forgotten his name and number. Mrs. Jobson had disappeared up stairs some time previously, but he didn't even hear her moving about in her dressing room. After awhile, however, she called him.

"It's getting late," she said. "Aren't you going to begin to dress?"

"Oh, hush," replied Mr. Jobson, turning over a page. He had only an indistinct idea of what she was saying. Ten minutes later she called to him again.

"I am pretty nearly ready," she said, "and it's 7:30. Aren't you going to change your clothes?"

"Um-m, uh-huh," answered Mr. Jobson, unconsciously digging into his pocket and pulling out another cigar, which he didn't light, but chewed on. He was too much engrossed with the book.

At 7:25 Mrs. Jobson tripped down stairs all ready. Even her gloves were buttoned.

"Well!" said she, smiling at Mr. Jobson.

"Huh?" he inquired, looking up at her. "Where are you going?"

"It seems to me that we had intended attending some theatrical performance this evening, had we not?"

Mr. Jobson surveyed her in a mystified way and then pulled out his watch.

"By Jingo, I believe there was something said about the theater this evening!" he exclaimed. "How's it happen that you're all ready? And why didn't you just tip me off, by the way, that it was time for me to be getting arrayed in purple and fine linen?"

"I called you several times," said Mrs. Jobson.

He laid the book down and regarded her severely.

"Called me several times, hey?" said he skeptically. "Mrs. Jobson, I don't claim to be getting any younger, like some people I know, but it's simply out of the question for you to attempt to make me believe that I'm as deaf as a post. Don't you suppose I could have heard you if you had leaned over the banisters, and talked above a whisper? But I see through your little game. Just because I happened to remind you this afternoon that it would be a good scheme for you to be ready on time you figured that it would be funny to sneak up stairs at about 5:30, walk around on tiptoe while you fixed up and permit me to doze off in my chair here, just so you could have it on me about not being ready myself. Suppose you thought that was a really subtle scheme and hard to see through, hey?"

And he went muttering up stairs to get ready. He found the buttons all placed in his shirt and everything laid out on the chairs, but still he muttered. Mrs. Jobson didn't stand in the hall and shout up to him. "Hey, there, are you going to be all night getting those duds on?" as Mr. Jobson would have done under reversed circumstances.

At 8:20 he clomped down stairs with his tie very much mussed and at one side, his hair parted in several different places and with the sanguinary marks of several cuts he had inflicted upon himself in shaving still showing quite prominently. They reached the theater at 8:40, and seven persons had to stand to let them pass to their seats. Mr. Jobson sat and watched the remainder of the play in gloomy silence. He didn't say a word on the way home. As he got a bee line on the bed, with his hand on the gas key, preparatory to putting out the lights, however, he addressed her thus:

"Mrs. Jobson, a joke's a joke, but a put up job is a different sort of proposition. You weren't out for a light comedienne. The next time you feel inclined to be funny just count up to 184 and take seven steps to the rear. That'll give you a chance to decide to pass up your elephantine manifestations of humor. By the time you learn your limitations you are liable not to have any husband, and he won't be in Oak Hill either."—*Washington Star*.

## The Saleslady's Romance.

"Yes, I'm in the necktie department now; I like it ever so much better than selling ribbons. Men are so much easier to suit than women. All you've got to do is smile at them and you can sell them any old thing. The women will finger over the whole stock and not buy 10 cents' worth—just as if a lady had nothing to do but shop goods. Besides, I don't like the floorwalker in the ribbon department. The one we've got now is lovely. His name is Perkins—Horatio Perkins—and he's just as well."

"And, say, can you keep a secret? He's—you won't tell a soul?—well, he's in love with me. No, he hasn't said so yet, but I can tell by the way he looks at me—never takes his eyes off me from morning till night. He's jealous, too, and that's a sure sign. You ought to've seen him yesterday when George came in to invite me to the bill poster's ball. George—he's my old steady, you know—well, he and I was standing there talking when Horatio—I mean Mr. Perkins—came along. He gave me an awful fierce look, but I never let on that I seen him, but just kept right on talking."

"Then he stopped right up to me and says, his voice quivering with suppressed emotion, he says: 'Miss Robinson,' he says, 'are you aware that there are half a dozen customers waiting for you?'"

"I know he only said that so as not to betray his real feelings, because when I turned around there wasn't any six customers there at all. There was only four."—*New York Journal*.

**A Row at the Show.**

The lord mayor's show is an annual theme for the newspapers. Very little can be said about it that has not been said again and again. It costs about \$2,000, the banquet from \$2,000 to \$3,000. The show has sunk during the century to borrowing some of its splendors from the "property man." Thereby hangs a tale.

A certain lord mayor hired from the Surrey theater two suits of armor, brass and steel, with a couple of suppers to go inside them. The manager of the Surrey stipulated, by the way, that the steel armor should not be used if the day be a wet or a foggy one. After the show the men in armor were taken to the Guildhall, remaining there several hours without food. No one, it appears, was able to rid them of their ironmongery.

Wine was given them, and the man of brass became intoxicated. The bystanders, thinking if he fell about that he would injure others as well as himself, tried to eject him. But he showed fight, and to add to their further dismay, his companion in arms joined him. They were overcome at last only by sheer weight of numbers. Then the maker of the armor was sent for. He eventually succeeded in freeing the men, who were in danger of being stifled by the weight of their equipment.—*Good Words*.

**Treating Insomnia.**

So many people suffer from insomnia nowadays that it is a wonder they do not adopt the time honored custom of French kings and indeed of our ancestors generally, the "ten cases" by the bedside, the meal of fruit or bread and cold chicken, put ready in case of wakefulness. Many a merry little meal might be eaten in the middle of the night, when thoughts crowd on the mind and care sits heavy. It is the wakeful digestion that claims its due and clamors to be fed. Our forefathers were wise, and many a hunter after old furniture knows the quaint little cupboard with a grated door which served for the night meal and is now sometimes labeled a cheese cupboard. A bedside book is of no use when the pangs of hunger make for masonry, but with a book and a "snack" one can contrive to pass some pleasant hours, even when sleep does not touch one's eyelids and the sweet hush of unconsciousness evades one's grasp.—*New York Times*.

**They Don't Know Nerves.**

Those who know the Chinese best have been particularly struck with their absence of nerves. The foreigner notices, the native sits still; balmy sleep, especially in hot weather, will resist the foreigner's sweetest wooing, while to the native lying on a heap of stones or across the bars of a wheelbarrow she comes as a matter of course; we need constant change and variety, they would find contentment and rest on the treadmill.

"It would be easy," says Mr. Smith, "to raise in China an army of 1,000,000 men—say, 10,000,000—tested by competitive examination as to their capacity to go to sleep across three wheelbarrows, with heads downward, like a spider, their mouths wide open and a fly inside!"

From which it is evident, says *The North China Herald*, that in a crusade against noise we can hope for no assistance from our native fellow townsmen, but instead a great amount of vis inertiae, if not positive opposition.

**A Chinese Dooley.**

Two Irishmen stood at Gates Avenue and Bedford street discussing a Chinese laundry sign.

"Kin ye say it, Pat?"

"Where?"

"There. Don't ye say it?"

"Oh, Oi do now."

"Well, they say a Chinaman's furst name is his last name. Do ye blave it, Pat?"

"Yis."

"Then rade it backward."

"But rade it furrud furst, an it spells Lee Dew."

"But rade it backward, man."

"D-o-w, D-o; L-e-e, L-e—Dooley."

"Roght ye are, Pat, an Dooley is a foine old Irish name, but it's the furst toime in me loife Oi iver heard of a Chinese with an Irish name. He ought to hang, the spalpeen."—*New York Press*.