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Wailuku Market
YEE TAI, Prop.
Market Street, Wailuku
FRESH
BEEF AND PORK
Delivered daily in Wailuku,
Wailuku and Kahului
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WONG TUCK
MERCHANT TAILOR
Market Street, opp. Saloon,
WAILUKU, MAUI
Neat Fit Guaranteed

Young Hook
COFFEE SALOON
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Market St., near Borba's store.
WAILUKU.

BY AUTHORITY

WATER RATES.

Wailuku and Kahului Water Works.

GENERAL RATES.

SECTION 1. For buildings occupied by a single family, covering a ground surface of (not including open porches):

Square Feet	One Story	Two Stories
0 to 800	\$ 8 00	\$ 9 00
800 to 900	9 00	10 00
900 to 1000	10 00	11 00
1000 to 1200	11 00	12 00
1200 to 1400	12 00	13 00
1400 to 1600	13 00	14 00
1600 to 1800	14 00	15 00
1800 to 2000	15 00	16 00
2000 to 2500	16 00	17 00
2500 to 3000	17 00	18 00
3000 to 3500	18 00	19 00
3500 to 4000	19 00	20 00

For all houses one story in height, covering a greater area than four thousand square feet, there shall be added one dollar for each additional five hundred square feet or fraction thereof, and the further sum of one dollar for each additional story.

For all houses of more than two stories in height there shall be added to the above table rate one dollar for each additional story.

Where a house or building is occupied by more than one family the general rate for each additional family shall be three-quarters (3/4) of the foregoing rates, except where two or more families occupy the same floor, in which case the rate for each family on the same floor shall be the rate for the floor surface occupied by such family, according to the foregoing table.

NOTE.—The general rate includes water for general household purposes, but does not include any of the following specified rates:

—SPECIAL RATES—

SECTION 2. For horses, including water for washing vehicles:

For 1st horse	\$3.00 per annum
For 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th horse	2.00 per annum each
For 6th to 50th horse	1.00 per annum "
For 51st and above	.75 per annum "

Same rate for mules

For 1st cow	\$1.50 per annum each
For 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th cow	1.00 per annum "
For 6th cow and above	.75 per annum "

SECTION 3. Irrigation, when confined to such four (4) hours of the day as are published from time to time by the Superintendent of Water Works, at the rate of one-half cent per square yard per annum; no annual charge to be less than (5.00) Five Dollars.

Irrigation, where the hours are not restricted, three cents per square yard per annum, minimum charge as above.

SECTION 4. Stores, banks, bakeries, offices, warehouses, saloons, grocers, eating-houses, barber-shops, butcher-shops, book-binders, blacksmith-shops, confectioners, hotels, lodging-houses, boarding-houses, churches, halls, laundries, photograph galleries, printing-offices, steam engines, green-houses, markets, market-stalls, horse troughs, soda fountains, and other places of business, each to be charged according to the estimated quantity used.
Approved June 19, 1900.

JOHN A. McCANDLESS
Supt. of Public Works.

FOREIGN NEWS

BUSSELS, June 22.—The Petit Bleu states that a telegram was received by an important Brussels firm from China saying Admiral Seymour's relieving force and the Russian column entered Peking simultaneously. The legations were reported intact and all the Belgian residents are said to be safe.

CHE FOO, June 22.—It is officially reported that the bombardment of Tien-Tsin with large guns continues incessantly. The foreign concessions have nearly all been burned and the American Consulate has been razed to the ground. The Russians are occupying the railroad station, but are hard pressed. Reinforcements are urgently needed. The casualties are heavy. The railroad is open from Tong Tu to Ching Long Chun, half way to Taku.

WASHINGTON, June 22.—The State Department has received a cablegram from Consul General Goodnow at Shanghai announcing the arrival there of two steel cruisers. No details are given. These vessels are supposedly British cruisers to protect the town in the event of an attack from the outlying forts.

BERLIN, June 22.—According to a dispatch from Shanghai received here, Tien-Tsin is being bombarded by Chinese regulars and not by the Boxers.

LONDON, June 22, 4 a. m.—General Buller is pressing his advance. On Wednesday he followed the Johannesburg railway to Paardekop, thirty-one miles from Standerton. About 300 Boers, singly or in small parties, have surrendered.

Lord Roberts has adopted the Transvaal mining regulations for military administration. The first train for Pretoria left Cape Town yesterday.

PHILADELPHIA, June 21.—Col. Sam Parker was selected to represent Hawaii on the committee to notify McKinley of his nomination, and Judge A. N. Kepoikai on the committee to notify Roosevelt of his nomination.

TELEGRAPHIC ITEMS

The President has gone to Canton for his vacation.

Senator Perkins of California is a candidate for re-election.

Lord Salisbury does not think a war on China will be necessary.

D. B. Hill would refuse second place on the Democratic ticket.

Creeks are said to be yellow with gold all through the Napper region.

Senator Lodge thinks America should act in China as a world power.

The monsoon, bringing rain, has improved conditions in Western India.

The British relief column at last accounts was ten miles from Coconaso.

It is said that Krueger will make peace if allowed to stay in the country.

A powerful French fleet will engage in manoeuvres in the English Channel.

The skeleton head of a mammoth has been found near San Francisco, at Half Moon bay.

Unless General Miles is sent, Gen. Chaffee will command the United States forces in Cuba.

Count Muraviev's death started the French, who fear the Russian alliance may be shaken.

Herr Martel, a member of the Reichstag, says Germany's next war will be with England.

It is reported that half the American garrisons will leave Cuba within the next few weeks.

The American Government is said to be considering the expulsion of the friars from the Philippines.

The "Young Turkey" party has issued a manifesto saying it is time to end the Sultan's reign.

The editor of a Prussian paper is in trial at Berlin for plotting to restore the Kingdom of Poland.

Germany has loaned soldiers for harvest work in the Eastern provinces, where laborers are scarce.

Rain in Cuba is causing yellow fever to break out in places where the disease was never before known.

Berlin celebrated, on June 23, the 500th anniversary of the birth of John Gutenberg, the inventor of printing.

The Muir glacier, in Alaska, has been shattered by earthquakes and the sea thereabouts is blocked with floating ice.

Bryan says the Chicago platform will be reaffirmed with strong planks on trusts, imperialism, militarism and the Boers.

President Krueger's sons, who surrendered to General Baden-Powell, have returned to their farms and are working peacefully.

From the character of the Chinese defence at Taku and of their general military movements, it is sure that they are having foreign advice.

Li Hung Chang says he would behead the leaders of the Boxers, send their ignorant followers home, and make peace with the powers.

Chicago shows but a million and a half of population, and fears that Philadelphia may succeed her. The Two Million Club may demand a recount.

Kentucky's State Treasurer lost his combination to his safe and a professional safe-blower was sent for from the penitentiary, who opened the doors in thirty minutes.

The American pavilion at the Pacific fair is discreditable to a first-class country. One of its features is a cheap restaurant with French waiters and a soda fountain.

The Boxers have posted this placard at Canton: "Kill all German, French, Americans and English. To have peace prevail in the hearts of the people all foreigners should be driven out. This end can be attained in a few days if we unite our strength."

Hoffman & Vetleson

FOR
4th of JULY
LADIES
CAPES
BLACK
GREEN
DRAB

TELEPHONE No. 75
Goods will be delivered at Wailuku Monday, Wednesday and Friday; at Wailuku Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; and at all hours in Wailuku.

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General Merchandise

LADIES DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS

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Goods delivered in Wailuku, Monday, Thursday and Saturday; in Wailuku and Wailuku daily.
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Ladies' Skirts a Specialty

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FRESH BREAD EVERY DAY
WAILUKU, MAUI

LOCALS

How much did you win?
The Kahului Store is able to fill orders for hay and grain.

The Lurline arrived on Wednesday, having cleared in San Francisco, on June 6.

Both the Claudine and the Kinau carried large numbers of passengers to Hilo to see the races.

Matt. McCann, Mr. Scringier, and Mr. and Mrs. Ford, of Lahaina, came over to the races.

Thomas McTighe, of McFarlane & Co., spent the Fourth in Wailuku, looking after matters at the new Wailuku Saloon.

The Maui Racing Association deserves much credit for the excellent day's sport on the Fourth. They promise to do even better next Fourth.

There was considerable hilarity of a spirituous nature in Wailuku and Kahului on the Fourth, but no drunks,—that the Court knows of.

Mr. A. A. Benson, of L. B. Kerr & Co., Honolulu, arrived from Hilo on the Kinau last night, and will spend several days among the Maui merchants.

Jack Dow, of Kihel, was an interested spectator of the races, and lost twenty-five cents to the News man, owing to his deficient knowledge of the relative speed of mules.

Mr. J. L. King, of Waikapu, was dangerously sick for a few days recently, and his many friends will be glad to know that he is now out of danger and slowly convalescing.

The District Court at Wailuku has been overcrowded with work, both civil and criminal, for several weeks past, and end is not in sight yet. Cannot we have a shorthand reporter, please?

Rev. W. Ault, who came over to Wailuku to hold divine services on Sunday last was taken ill on that morning, and by the advice of his physician, did not attempt to hold services.

Wailukans, irrespective of politics, felicitate themselves on the cordial reception which was accorded to our distinguished townsman Hon. A. N. Kepoika at the Philadelphia convention.

Attorney Davis of Honolulu, and Mr. Smith, U. S. treasury agent, came over on the Claudine, the former to attend to legal matters in the Circuit Court and the latter to look after Uncle Sam's interests at the custom house and elsewhere on the Island.

Mr. Ricker and Mr. Tutill, of Honolulu, have come over to Maui to superintend the construction of several hundred cars for the Spreckelsville plantation railway. They will erect a car shop near the Warehouse of the company in Kahului. Much material has already been received, and more is expected on the Lurline.

Orders for pipe for the Lahaina water works have been sent to the States, and work is to be pushed as soon as the pipe is received. Matt. McCann is favorably spoken of for Superintendent of the Lahaina water works, and will probably receive the appointment. This would be a good move, as he is well qualified for the position.

Mr. Isaac Kaopua, the foreman of the Lahaina printing office graduated from that school, last week, and has secured employment as a carpenter at Paia. Mr. Kaopua is a very worthy young man, who stood high in the estimation of his teachers, and will be a credit to the institution which has fitted him to step out of school into a carpenter shop.

Prof. John A. Moore, of the Wailuku grammar school, who had gone to Honolulu to take steamer for the Coast, found it impossible to secure a berth on account of the rush for the Coast, and returned to Maui on the Claudine. Mrs. Heapy also was unable to secure accommodations, and is waiting in Honolulu till she can take passage.

Dickie Davis, with Chester Doyle in tow, anchored in Wailuku for a few hours on Tuesday. After entering the Claudine for the free-for-all pacing race, to be trotted the next day, Dickie raised sail and steered for Kahului, signaling back as he ran to the windward of the barber shop that the responsibility of looking after Chester was turning his hair gray.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

A Fine Program of Races.

The Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the Maui Racing Association was held at the Racing grounds of the Association on the fourth, and was a success financially, socially and, best of all, it was successfully from a racing point of view.

The races were all filled, and were run on the square, the money and laurels in each case being given to the fastest animal. The track was well officered by men who faithfully performed their arduous duties. McLane and Courtney in the judges' stand, Robinson and Quill as starters and Eldredge as weighing judge, each performed their duties in a manner beyond criticism.

The first race on the program was a mile dash, bicycle race. The contestants in this race were Nigel Jackson, Aug. Freitas and Johnny Decoto. At the end of the first half mile, Johnny Decoto, seeing that he far overmatched his two opponents, magnanimously drew out of the race and left Jackson and Freitas to struggle to an exciting finish, in which the former won the race and the handsome medal, by a "wheel".

Son-of-a-Gun, a handsome chestnut sorrel, which by the way deserves a prettier name, easily won the mile dash in 1:58.

Jerry handily captured the money in the mile trotting race, in 3 minutes flat.

The fourth race was somewhat of a surprise to the talent and if the backers of Admiral Dewey, who won in 1:25, had the nerve, they could have sent the Waikapu contingent, who were backing Billy C., home on foot. Billy C. was however considered so sure a winner that there was not much Dewey money put up.

In the quarter dash, Mousie, a general favorite won fresh glory by easily winning out, and was rewarded by being led up to the grand stand and crowned with a beautiful lei by Miss Mousie Hons, from whom the beautiful little mare received her name.

Mary Mac and McKinley contested the next mile trotting event, and the mare proved herself a flyer, for a new beginner, handily capturing the purse in 2:51.

Next came the mule race, in which Kickapoo, the invincible Lahaina purse-winner once more showed the Wailuku and Spreckelsville donkeys what real speed means, winning out in 2:25.

The next was a best two-in-three between Mousie and Miki Oi, in which the gallant little Mousie once more carried her colors under the wire first, in straight heats.

The last was the Corinthian or gentleman riders' race, in which Walter Lowrie, mounted on Admiral Dewey, W. H. Cornwell, Jr., on Son-of-a-Gun and James Smith on Gray Eagle, contested. Admiral Dewey, ridden by Walter Lowrie, came under the wire first, winning for his rider the handsome Association medal, and receiving for his own reward, a hug around the neck by a handsome young lady, which of course made a certain young professional gentleman of Wailuku turn green with envy. Some claimed that Mr. Smith, mounted on Gray Eagle, would have won the race, if his nag had been fast enough, but others deny this, on account of his having stopped at the saddling paddock, on the home stretch, to get a light for his cigarette.

Altogether, the day was a delightful one, the weather being simply perfect, the races excellent and the management of the affair without a flaw.

Paia Depot Burned.

The Paia Depot was totally destroyed by fire on the afternoon of last Monday. The fire started in some nitrate of soda that was stored outside of the building at the windward end. A portion of the nitrate had melted and run under the building, thus when that outside look fire—presumably from sparks of a workman's pipe—the flames were immediately carried beneath the building, and the whole structure was soon a mass of flames. In 40 minutes from the time of the starting of the fire the building had vanished.

Nothing was saved except the books of the station keeper. There were stored in the building at the time of the fire 11,900 bags of sugar and a small amount of merchandise belonging to the Paia and Hamakua-poko stores. Of the sugar over

6000 bags belonged to Paia Plantation, above 5000 to Hamakua-poko and 100 to Spreckelsville. Besides the loss of the sugar 15 cars were burned, a considerable amount of lumber and 5 or 6 tons of coal. The sugar and building were insured.

Death of J. L. King.

It becomes the sad duty of the NEWS to announce the passing away of one of the oldest and most respected of Wailuku's citizens, Mr. J. L. King, who died at Waikapu last night.

Mr. King was one of the earliest settlers in Wailuku, and has been on the Islands for nearly fifty years. He was the step-father of Hon. Samuel Parker, and the father of Deputy Sheriff William King of Makawao, and of Mrs. Thomas Cummings of Waikapu.

Although 78 years of age, Mr. King preserved all his faculties in a marked degree, and was actively engaged as a carpenter until taken sick, a little over a week ago. For several years past, his children have urged him to give up business and enjoy his declining years, but being of an active temperament, he could not be happy unless at work.

He was universally esteemed and respected by all who knew him and left no enemies. His remains will be laid by the side of those of his wife whom he lost many years ago, in the Wailuku cemetery.

A New Enterprise.

The erection of 900 cane cars has just been begun at Kahului, by W. C. Gregg & Co., of Honolulu. These cars are for the H. C. & S. Co. and the Kihel plantation, and will probably be completed within the next four months.

Over 70 car loads of material have been received, including a half million feet of lumber, many tons of iron work, and a cargo of wheels, axles, castings, springs, etc., on the recently arrived Lurline. This iron work was forwarded from Pittsburg by Mr. J. A. Tutill, now of Kahului, who had charge of the making of all the parts there.

These cars will embrace several new features, the invention of Mr. W. C. Gregg, among which are the "Gregg" patent adjustable stake pocket and the "Gregg" patent draw-head and bumper, the latter being a device which prevents the losing of links or pins, which in the past has been a source of considerable trouble to those using the old fashioned style of couplings.

Mr. Gregg has also invented a portable railroad steel tie and a cane unloader, one of the latter of which is now in use at the Awa mill where it supersedes the work of 12 men, and the fact that a dozen new orders have been placed for the "Gregg" cane unloaders is the best evidence of its adaptability for the purpose intended.

The erection of these cars at Kahului is in charge of Mr. W. W. Ricker, the engineer of the firm, assisted by Mr. H. B. Weller and Mr. J. A. Tutill. From fifty to seventy five carpenters, blacksmiths and machinists will be employed on the work.

This firm is the first and only one, outside of England, to construct steamplows. An outfit of plows, made especially for the Kihel Plantation is now en route from the Ohio shops of the Gregg Company, and will soon be doing service at Kihel.

A Farewell Luncheon.

Mrs. H. A. Baldwin entertained, at her home at Hamakua-poko, ten of Makawao's ladies at a "blue" luncheon last Tuesday. The lunch was a "farewell" to Miss Steele. The decorations were blue and white. Miss Steele departs by the Claudine this week for San Francisco via Honolulu.

SHIPPING

Vessels in Port—Kahului.

Sch. C. S. Johnson from Seattle June 4.
Sch. Robert Searles, Piltz, from Newcastle June 7
Sp. Emily Reed, Baker, from Tacoma May 30.
Sch. Eva, from Seattle.
Bgtne. Lurline, from S. F.
Sp. Bangalore, Blanchard, from Honolulu July 1.

Vessels Arrived—Kahului.

July 6 Sch. Eva, from Seattle.
" 6 Bgtne. Lurline from S. F.
" 6 Claudine from Hilo and ports.

Vessels Departed.

July 3 Sp. Luzon, Park, for Philadelphia, with 28,526 bags sugar.
" 6 Bl. Carrollton, Jones for Tacoma in ballast.

LATE TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

LONDON, June 27.—A special dispatch from Che Foo says:

The fight of the allied forces against the combined Boxers and the Chinese soldiery, barring the road to Tien-Tsin, opened at day-break. One hundred and fifty Americans were among the 2,000 international troops. The Chinese soon broke under heavy shelling and then the arsenal was attacked and the guns were gradually silenced. The fight was practically over at noon.

BERLIN, June 27.—The German Consul at Che Foo confirms the contents of the message from Vice Admiral Seymour, which reached Tien-Tsin Monday, saying he was then eight miles westward of that city, terribly harassed, could only hold out another two days, and had sixty-three men killed and over 200 wounded.

LONDON, June 27, 3:38 p. m.—The British Consul at Amoy telegraphs this morning that the Europeans at Peking are reported to be safe.

LONDON, June 27.—A special from Shanghai dated last evening, says that communication with Admiral Seymour was opened by the Tien-Tsin relief force Sunday. Admiral Seymour was at that time said to be ten miles from Tien-Tsin. Three hundred of the members of his party reported sick and wounded, only a few had been killed. They were short of provisions and were returning without having rescued the legations.

Notice.

Under the United States law, on and after June 14, 1900, all shipping receipts must bear a one-cent Documentary War Tax Stamp on the original, duplicate and triplicate.

Shippers are requested to affix the stamps according to law, and freight cannot be received otherwise.

Shipping receipts must contain a statement of the contents of packages.

INTER-ISLAND STEAM NAVY CO.
WILDER'S STEAMSHIP CO.

BANK NOTICE.

Customers are informed that every check, draft or order, drawn on or after June 14th, 1900, payable at sight or on demand, must have thereon a two-cent U. S. Internal Revenue stamp, cancelled by the initials of the drawer and date of issue before it will be paid, received on deposit, or taken for collection.

The negotiation or payment of any check, draft or order, without such cancelled stamp affixed will be a violation of the U. S. Revenue Law and will render the maker liable to the prescribed penalty.

Stamp for above purposes will be supplied to customers at face value by the undersigned, or can be obtained at the U. S. Internal Revenue office, corner Fort & Allen Streets, Honolulu.

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CLARK SPRECKELS & CO.,
YOROKAMA SPECIE BANK,
THE BANK OF HAWAII, Ltd.,
THE FIRST AMERICAN BANK
OF HAWAII, Ltd.,
Honolulu June 9, 1900.

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Valuable for Breeding Purposes.
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JOB WORK

From the MAUI NEWS

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An Invoice of Really Excellent Spars from 30 to 60 feet long.

Straight; free from Knots.

KAHULUI R. R. Co.
Kahului.

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SALOON

MATT. McCANN PROPRIETOR
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Of
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Beer, Ale AND Wine

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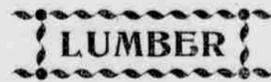
Lahaina, Maui H. I.

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Terminals at Wailuku, Spreckelsville and Paia.

CENTRAL OFFICE

Kahului, Maui.

TELEPHONE No. 1

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" " SALVE
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Maui News

MATRIMONY ON POSSUM RIDGE

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

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A young man on horseback was riding through that section of Missouri known as Possum Ridge. He was in very good spirits, and he was cantering along the road, which led across a stretch of native forest, he merrily whistled the tune of some gay old song.

After a while, however, he came to a point where the road "forked." He ceased his whistling and reined up his horse. He was perplexed, for he had no idea which of the two branches he should follow in order to reach his destination.

While he hesitated, undecided what to do, the silence was suddenly broken by a sharp, cracked voice which gave forth, with some semblance of singing, the following original lines:

"Mr. Man came cantering down the road,
All so peart and gay,
But first thing Mr. Man knowed
He'd up and lost his way."

The stranger turned and cast a glance in the direction from which the sound of the voice came, and over beyond a little field he saw a man sitting on top of a high rail fence. One look was enough to identify him as a native of the Ridge. He was a little, sawed off, sun-dried chap, past middle age, and wore a big hair and a little wisp of scraggy chin whiskers. He was bare-footed and in his shirt sleeves, had on an old weather-beaten, sharp pointed straw hat that had lost its brim and a pair of overalls patched with all kinds and colors of goods from broadcloth to red flannel.

"Say!" the stranger called. "I want to go to Squire Beeson's. Can you tell me which of these two roads I must take?"

"Guess you mustn't take neither one of 'em," the man called back.

"Why? Doesn't one of them lead to Squire Beeson's?"

"Yes; one of 'em does."

"Then why mustn't I take that one?"

"Cause for several reasons."

"What are those reasons?"

"Well, first, the road ain't yourn, and you got no right to take what don't belong to you; second, you ain't got no place to put the road if you was to take it; third, you can't take it now, 'cause it's fast to the ground. Ha, ha!"

"You are very cute, aren't you?" the traveler said sarcastically.

"Widder Wheeler says I'm cute as a bug's ear, and she knows. Widder's powerful sweet on me too."

"Well, how shall I go to reach the squire's place?"

"I'd go horseback if I was you, seein' you got a boss."

"Blame it all, which of these roads shall I travel in order to get to my destination?"

"Thought you wanted to go to Squire Beeson's?"

"I do."

"Then what you asking about which road you'd travel to get to that other place for?"

"What other place?"

"Oh, pshaw, man, what's the matter with you? Squire Beeson's place is my destination."

"Guess you're off about that, mister. I know squire's place like a book and every ding-dong thing on it, and if there's any destination that I don't know anything of it."

"Well, then, which of these two roads shall I travel in order to reach Squire Beeson's place? Is that plain enough for you?"

"Yes; now you're talking sense. If you'd asked me that at first, I could have told you long ago."

"I hope you'll be as good as to tell me now."

The man climbed down off the fence and came slowly across to the road. He carried an old-fashioned long-bar-

"Something about law?"

"Yes; I have a case in the squire's court, and I'm going over to try it."

"Then you're one of them lawyers, air you?"

"Yes; I wish you would direct me."

"I will. I see you 'pear to be in a hurry, and I won't stop you. What did you say your name might be?"

"I didn't say it might be anything, but it is Conyers."

"Conyers, eh? Reckon you don't happen to be a son of old Bob Conyers, over on the Ridge here, who was sent to the penitentiary for stealing hosses?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"I loved you couldn't be. Maybe you're a son of old Dick Conyers, what was hung for killing his wife?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Well, squire, ain't no use of fooling around here. If me and the widder's going to splice up, we might as well be at it."

"I guess you're too late, Rix," the squire replied. "The widder is already married."

Rix looked around at the woman, then at both.

"Is that so?" he asked disinterestedly.

"It is," the woman answered, industriously continuing her rubbing. "I reckoned you wasn't coming."

"Didn't I send word I'd be 'long as soon as I got this coon?"

"I guess, but I got tired fooling with you. Coon couldn't wait."

"Coon wouldn't do it, but I loved you would."

"Well," the woman said conclusively, "talk ain't going to do no good now, Bob Rix. What's done can't be undone, and I don't know as I'd have it so if I could. It's about six of one and a half dozen of the other betwixt you and Jim Cobb anyhow. I reckon, though, you're going to give me that coon for my wedding supper, ain't you?"

"Don't guess I am. I low to eat him myself. I must be a-going. Kind of sorry you didn't wait for me, M's Wheeler, I am for a fact. Well, 'em, goodbye!"

Rix turned and started off down the road, with his six dogs at his heels.

"I'm ready,"

and pretty soon, as Conyers and the squire rode in the opposite direction, there came to their ears the following words, sung to no particular tune:

"Old Mr. Cobb, didn't see his
Up a tree, say 'em in a hole,
Widder Wheeler didn't mind 'em Jim Cobb,
Widder had her done for a dollar."

Conyers burst out laughing.

"That certainly beats all the matrimonial affairs ever I saw or heard of," he said.

The squire looked up, surprised.

"Why, there wasn't nothing wrong about it, was there?" he asked.

"Heart and stomach,"

The masculine characteristics, as well as the feminine, begin to show themselves at an early age. There are a small boy and girl in the city who in a conversation the other day showed this very noticeably. The little girl is and the boy a couple of years younger. The former has a habit while she is dressing of talking to herself. "Arin, go in," she will say as she puts on one garment, and "Foot, go in," as she puts on another. The small boy had noticed this and spoke to her about it.

"Why do you say 'Foot, go in' and 'Arin, go in'?" he asked. Why don't you say 'Me go in'?"

"Why, it isn't 'me' that goes in," replied the small girl; "it is just my foot or my arm. What is 'me,' anyway?"

The small boy thought earnestly for a moment.

"Why, 'me' is your head and stomach," he finally answered.

"No," said the small girl; "I think 'me' is your head and heart," which proves positively that even in early years the ego of the man is his stomach and that of the woman her heart.—New York Times.

BE A GOOD BOY! GOODBY!

How oft in my dreams I go back to the day

When I stood at our old wooden gate
And started to school in full battle array,
Well armed with a primer and slugs,
And as the latch fell I thought myself free
And gloried, I fear, on the sly,
Till I heard a kind voice that whispered to me:
"Be a good boy! Goodbye!"

"Be a good boy! Goodbye!" It seems
They have followed me all these years;
They have given a form to my youthful dreams
And scattered my foolish fears;
They have staid my feet on many a brink,
Unseen by a blinded eye,
For just in time I would pause and think:
"Be a good boy! Goodbye!"

Oh, brother of mine, in the battle of life,
Just starting or tearing its close,
This motto altho' in the midst of the strife,
Will conquer wherever it goes;
Mistakes you will make, for each of us errs,
But, brother, just honestly try
To accomplish your best. In whatever occurs
"Be a good boy! Goodbye!"

—John L. Shroy in Saturday Evening Post.

A PARTIALLY OBEYED ORDER

The Reporter Returned, but the Mule Was a Total Loss.

Harmon W. Brown of Ohio, who held a responsible place on the staff of General Rawlins during the civil war, tells the following story of the general's treatment of an intrusive reporter:

"One day before Vicksburg the correspondent of a certain paper went to General Rawlins for news.

"The general pondered a moment and took me one side.

"Take this young man," he said, "up to the top of those trenches within a stone's throw of the enemy. Take him up there and lose him. I don't care what happens. Understand?"

"I said I did, and we started through the lines. Both of us were mounted. I pointed out a crest overlooking the enemy and told him he could get a good view from that point.

"Ain't you coming with me?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "I know all I want to know."

"So he started alone. As soon as the top of his hat and the tips of his mule's ears showed above the crest there came a volley of musketry ten yards wide that cut the air like a big knife blade. The crown of his hat was sliced off as with shears. He managed to drop to the ground in safety, but the persevering mule was literally filled with lead. After the firing ceased the correspondent crawled to the spot where I was.

"Did you learn what you wanted to know?" I asked.

"Eh?" gasped the correspondent, wiping his face and looking at his hands to see whether they were bloody. "What I wanted to know? Oh, yes, of course. The enemy are over that ridge all right."

"When we returned to headquarters, General Rawlins saw us and hailed me. I went inside his tent.

"I thought I told you to lose that confounded reporter somewhere," he said testily.

"I did the best I could, sir," I answered. "He came back, but I have the honor to report the mule a total loss."—Saturday Evening Post.

A Navajo Superstition.

No Navajo Indian will ever make a campfire of wood from a tree that was struck by lightning or that might have been. If such a fire is made by an irreverent white man, the Indians will retire to a distance, where they cannot feel the heat or smell the smoke, and they will go to sleep in their blankets, fireless and supperless, rather than eat of food prepared on that kind of a fire. The Navajo believes that if he comes within the influence of the flame he will absorb some of the essence of the lightning which will thereafter be attracted to him and sooner or later will kill him. Up in the mountains more than half the great pines are scarred by lightning, but no wood from them is used. Almost any old Navajo can narrate instances where the neglect of this precaution has resulted disastrously, for men are sometimes killed by lightning in a region where thunderstorms are frequent, and it is but a step from the effect to the cause.

What Joseph Was.

The Sunday school teacher had been telling the class about Joseph, particularly with reference to his coat of many colors and how his father rewarded him for being a good boy, for Joseph, she said, told his father whenever he caught any of his brothers in the act of doing wrong.

"Can any little boy or girl tell me what Joseph was?" the teacher asked, hoping that some of them had caught the idea that he was Jacob's favorite.

"I know," said one of the little girls, holding up her hand.

"What was he?"

"A tattletale!" was the reply.—Baltimore News.

The Grenade Thrown.

The grenadiers, the senior of British regiments which compose the brigade of guards, got its name from the fact that toward the end of the eighteenth century the men were armed with hand grenades to throw among the enemy. They had to be in the front of the fighting line; hence they gained a reputation for bravery and the name of the "grenadiers." The badge of the regiment is still a hand grenade pointing flames, though that deadly engine of war has long since been superseded.—Scottish-American.

The Abyssinians Make a Tea.

The Abyssinians make a tea from the leaves of a certain plant which has such stimulating qualities that to chew a single leaf will produce all the effects of a strong cup of tea.

The Man who persistently blows his own horn will sooner or later convince his audience of his good opinion of himself.

—Washington Post.

If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till tomorrow; if you intend to do a noble thing, do it now.

SHE WAS A DIPLOMAT

AND UNDOUBTEDLY WOULD HAVE BEEN A GOOD STATESWOMAN.

As Was Proved by the Neat Way in Which She Induced the Man of Her Choice to Keep Away From Her Dreaded Rival.

"Dear me, I haven't seen you since you came back from the south!" cried the girl with the appealing eyes. "I must say that I was surprised when I heard you had gone, but I suppose you know your own business best, so—"

"I rather fancy I do, dear, but it is awfully sweet of you to admit it. Most people"—said the girl with the distracting curls.

"Can manage the affairs of every one else better? I know it. Still, even you?"

"Settle the affairs of others sometimes? I do, dear. Indeed I fancy that I have just been doing so. No one is, however, aware of the fact, so—"

"It really doesn't matter, after all? I see. By the way, what has become of Tom? I haven't seen him for an age, though I have asked Grace about him several times. I thought—"

"You should have asked her elder sister, dear. She could have told you more. By the way, I had a lovely time in Florida. I could hardly make up my mind to come home when I did."

"Who was the man, dear? Was he rich or only good and handsome? Do—"

"I haven't seen an unmarried man over 18 and under 80 since I left home," smiled the girl with the distracting curls.

"Oh! Then you were trying a new freckle eradicator or a complexion improver? I see it all now, and I beg your pardon. But you must admit at first it did look odd for you to run off to Florida in that fashion just when Tom had found out that the nearest way to his office led him past Grace's house just at the very hour at which she was in the habit of taking her little niece for a walk each day."

"Did it, dear? You might have had more faith in me. Why, I have often gone with you to the drug store to make purchases and still declared that your complexion was entirely natural!"

"Ah—er—I had perfect faith in you, dear," said the girl with the appealing eyes. "I only said that it looked odd. Have you seen Tom since you returned?"

"I have, several times. And, by the way, I have just come from Grace's house. She said she had never seen me looking so radiantly lovely in her life."

"Oh, my goodness, gracious me, how dreadfully she must have been talking about you in your absence!" cried the girl with the appealing eyes.

"H'm! Perhaps so, dear, but I fancy that after this she will feel bound to say things which are much nicer than she would ever think of any girl, no matter how much she loved her."

"If you say so, you must have some foundation for your belief, dear. Still, if any one else had said so I should have—er—thought she was an optimist."

"She was very sweet, though a little thoughtful, the day I went to see her, just before I went away. Tom hurried around the corner just as I came up the steps to her house that day, and she threw a sheet of music so carelessly over the top of the piano that I knew even before she went out and I had a chance to investigate that it was a box of candy."

"H'm! After a man has threatened to shoot himself because you hesitate as to whether it is wise for a man to marry on eight hundred a year it must seem rather odd to find him bringing candy to another girl."

"It was, dear. But I never even said that her complexion was bad. I—I said I had a request to make of her. She turned pale, but stammered out a response that she would grant it if it involved a quarrel with her dearest dressmaker."

"Mercy on us! I hope you didn't ask her to let Tom alone in your absence!"

"And have him marry her before my train was out of the city? No, thank you, dear, I am quite sane. I made quite a different request of her."

"And she acceded? H'm! I hope it was not a request for her recipe for taking away other people's admirers? I doubt if she—"

"Would give me the actual one? I am sure of it. No; I—I asked her to do me a great favor. I said that I would be away a good while, and as Tom admired her so much I wanted her to promise that she would look after the poor fellow in my absence and keep him from feeling too bad about it. She promised."

"I wonder that she didn't call for the police under the impression that she was enjoying the society of a lunatic, that's all."

"She didn't, dear. The morning I left I had a nice long talk with Tom. I told him that I had left him in her care, and he was to go to see her every day until I came back. I also happened to mention the fact that Robert was also in the south."

"But I thought you said you did not see a man while—"

"Robert was in Texas, dear, but Tom did not know. I am sure that is south, too, isn't it? As my train steamed out of the station I called to him to remember what he had to do every day."

"With the result that Tom wrote to me so often that they needed an extra clerk to handle the mail at the hotel. And now he has discovered that Grace lives too far away for him to call oftener than once in six months."—Philadelphia North American.

A Prolific Writer.

Ask it—Whom do you regard as our greatest writer of fiction?

Tell it—The weather man.—Baltimore American.

HE WAS EASY.

The Moral to This Little Story Is, "Don't Bet."

"Talk about your 'easy marks'!" said a Chicago turfman. "I heard of a case out at the track the other day that really beat the record. One of the professional touts that hunt the ground got hold of a pretty verdant insurance man who lives here in town and talked him into putting up \$200 to bet on a 20 to 1 mug that he swore had a lead pipe cinch on the first race. The tout went to the betting ring ostensibly to place the money, which, needless to say, he really put in his inside pocket and brought back a 'fohney' ticket.

"But that's only the starter. After delivering the fake ticket he sat down by the victim and remarked casually that he wished it would rain.

"You see, this horse is dead struck on mud," he said, "and if he swore had a double riveted certainty, I've sent over to the paddock to see whether it can't be fixed."

"What d'y' mean?" asked the insurance man in surprise.

"Sh-h!" whispered the tout. "Here's my man now."

"Just then a sporty looking individual rushed up with a great air of mystery. 'Well, it can be done for \$25,' he said.

"Give him \$25 quick, old man!" exclaimed the tout excitedly. "This is for getting the stretch wet."

"On the spur of the moment the insurance chap handed over the cash.

"Now just wait," said the tout, and ere enough in a few minutes a springing cart appeared and wet down the track, as is always customary before the first race.

"What did I tell you?" cried the tout gleefully. "We couldn't lose now if our horse went to sleep! Just excuse me a minute till I tell that fellow to lay it on good."

"He flew out of the grand stand, picked up his side partner and in almost less time than it takes to tell it the pair were in a trolley car headed for Royal street and dividing the \$225 swag.

"The poor sucker waited patiently in the stand and was overjoyed when his horse by something next to a miracle actually won the race. Then he presented his bogus ticket, and they say the language he used after the bookie tossed it back was a caution to box constructors.

"It was nothing, though, to the remarks of the two touts when they heard in town that the 20 to 1 shot had landed."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Idea of the Scots.

"Say, pa."

"What?"

"The Boers could have an easy time coming out ahead if they had any brier patches down there in Africa."

"Why? What would brier patches have to do with it?"

"Nearly half of the soldiers fighting against them have their legs bare. How could they do anything in among a lot of brambles?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Lucky Deformity.

"Pretty good joke on that latest jealous lover, wasn't it?"

"Go on."

"Why, he got a gun and started out to kill his sweetheart, but he was so blinded cross eyed that he shot himself in the back of the head instead."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Poetry and Prose.

First Burglar—How sweet do moonlight sleeps on yonder bank!

Second Burglar—But don't interest me none, but look how sweet do copper sleeps on his head!—New York Journal.

A Pertinent Query.

He asked her to marry him as they rode up town in a trolley car. As he paused for her answer the conductor opened the door and bellowed, "Sev'enth!"

"Who were the other six?" she asked curiously.—Philadelphia North American.

Giving It a Name.

"If our new girl really likes us as much as she says she does, I don't understand why she breaks so many plates."

"Evidently it is only a platonic affection."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Additional Testimony.

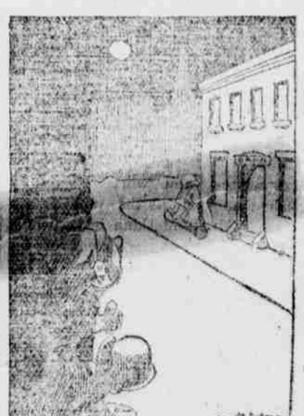
"Well," granted the prominent citizen of Mankato, laying down his knife and fork after another struggle with the mule steak, "General Sherman was right. That's exactly what war is!"—Chicago Tribune.

Venerable Revenge.

"Ma, I do wish I had a little sister."

"So you would have some one to play with, Freddy?"

"No'm; soze ev'ry time you washed my face I c'd wash hern."—Chicago Record.



HE WAS A LITTLE, SAWED OFF, SUN DRIED CHAP.

reled rifle on his shoulder, while from a belt about his waist hung three dead rabbits. Four or five lank, hungry looking dogs trotted along at his heels.

"Say," he said when he had come up to the horseman, "air you thinking of going to the squire's?"

"Well, I presume so," the other replied impatiently. "Why else would I be inquiring the way?"

"Thought maybe you just wanted to know."

"I want to go there, and I'm in a great hurry. I wish you'd tell me at once which road I must travel."

"I will do that, stranger. Yes-sir-ee! Got business with the squire, I reckon?"

"Yes."

"Well, squire, ain't no use of fooling around here. If me and the widder's going to splice up, we might as well be at it."

"I guess you're too late, Rix," the squire replied. "The widder is already married."

Rix looked around at the woman, then at both.

"Is that so?" he asked disinterestedly.

"It is," the woman answered, industriously continuing her rubbing. "I reckoned you wasn't coming."

"Didn't I send word I'd be 'long as soon as I got this coon?"

"I guess, but I got tired fooling with you. Coon couldn't wait."

"Coon wouldn't do it, but I loved you would."

"Well," the woman said conclusively, "talk ain't going to do no good now, Bob Rix. What's done can't be undone, and I don't know as I'd have it so if I could. It's about six of one and a half dozen of the other betwixt you and Jim Cobb anyhow. I reckon, though, you're going to give me that coon for my wedding supper, ain't you?"

"Don't guess I am. I low to eat him myself. I must be a-going. Kind of sorry you didn't wait for me, M's Wheeler, I am for a fact. Well, 'em, goodbye!"

Rix turned and started off down the road, with his six dogs at his heels.

"I'm ready,"

and pretty soon, as Conyers and the squire rode in the opposite direction, there came to their ears the following words, sung to no particular tune:

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"Why, there wasn't nothing wrong about it, was there?" he asked.