

DAILY HONOLULU PRESS.

VOLUME I.

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1885.

NO. 35

ON A HILL-TOP.

One afternoon, in Central park, when the late spring was wading strenuous efforts to assert herself by means of a hovering fringe of green hung upon faded bougainvillee and by a tinge of red, like a blush for her tardiness, over the bushes of Pyrus japonica, the main drive offered the usual spectacle of pleasure-seekers on wheels, rolling at a discreet rate of speed between Fifty-Ninth street and One Hundred and Tenth street, and back again, while keeping carefully in view each other's equipages, horses, grooms, and gowns. Not so brilliant in variety as this cross-parade of American fashion as that familiar to the lonelier in the Bois de Boulogne, but sufficiently gay and changeable to excite the watchful eyes during the hour or two when its glory is at the height. Passing in review the rapid succession of coaches, landaus, victorias, troupes, wagoons, T-carts, tilburys, and village-carts sprinkled with last year's tending lugs; and an on-coming, a young man on horseback kept his spirited steed in check, curving back and forth at the entrance of one of the apartment houses crossing the principal drive, until a trip policeman began to cast upon him side glances of a decidedly investigating character. Evidently the young man's search was vain, for a look of annoyance upon his open face, and giving his horse an unreasoning gallop away from the spot he had so long haunted. At that exact moment another rider, cantering lightly along the boulevard, emerged from the trees ahead, bringing face to face with him a pretty girl with golden hair, and a bunch of narcissus in the breast of her well-cut habit.

"You could not have been to drive with your mamma!" abruptly exclaimed the young gentleman, to which the lovely Amazon replied, blushing slightly and tossing her head, that she could not know who she was called to render account of her doings to every person with whom she might chance to dance at Mrs. Gardiner's ball. The groom coming up at this juncture diverted conversation from an apparently threatening channel. In the most natural manner our young gentleman's horse was turned, and the couple were making their way through the dreary suburb on the west side of the park, to emerge upon the beautiful River road. Here a wide and admirably made road runs parallel with the Hudson, whose tranquil bosom, skimming by white-winged sail boats or scoured by rattling steamers along the channel, reflects on the far bank, bringing wood-crowned summits of the palisades and the colors of the sky.

"To enjoy the Riverside," the young man said, "one should resemble the true love of the early English poet, who looks not back, his eyes are first afixe." Let me recommend you to impose a forfeit on yourself for turning your head one moment from the left as we follow up the avenue. In this way you may be able to preserve the illusion that you are out of town."

"It's all of a piece with everything here," the girl answered, with a discontented glance at the landscape. "In the most natural and ambitious architecture, she chanced to see the gray slope in front of a squatter's shanty, where, in a wilderness of rubbish and tomato cans, two sports drove. Here, as using the attitude of the supporter of the British coat of arms. Beyond an open expanse of rocky hills, streets and boulevards in various stages of construction were to be seen. Here a building, a grand, looking as if it had come out of a bandbox across beside a whitewashed cottage with dilapidated roof and shutters. There a smart Queen Anne villa overtopped a road-side saloon for the better part of a hundred wayfars. Where a glimpse was caught of the elevated railway, the trains looked like caterpillars crawling along an immensely high and inexplicably long bridge. Great masses of wooden drills, piles of sand and granite, everywhere obstructed the neighboring streets. To see what still remained to be done might have depressed the most naturally sanguine spirit, save for the constant evidence of what had been already done by the great city spurring her island boundaries in this her eager growth. To Miss Caroline here, twenty-one recently returned from a six years' residence in Europe, the incompleteness of American affairs in general was a source of continual comment. Edgar Barclay, on the contrary, the son of a western man, who after making a fortune in Cleveland had moved to New York to spend it, was a warm defender of our peculiar institutions, and coming from other lips than those of the present critic, would have resented unflattering comments upon them with emphasis.

"You are a most unreasonable person," he answered, as it was a few moments ago you were raving about our atmosphere. You declared yourself thankful to be a native New Yorker."

"Perhaps that was because I saw it was the only thing you could not boast of," she said, sullenly. "I can imagine a Cleveland man feeling quite awe-stricken by our antiquity. But for me, I have your forgotten that ever since I was 13 years old I've been roaming about Europe, absorbing bygone, living in delicious old palaces where tragedies had taken place many years and years before I came there. Why, I'm saturated with that kind of thing—tinged, like the bowl of a pipe. Think of Florence and Venice, will you, and contrast them with this New York and England! Why, the last house mamma took there was a lovely old grange surrounded by a dry moat, and by trees and hedges and turf so green and soft and unbroken that it made one sleep merely to stand at the window and look out."

"I should prefer to keep awake,"

"Not if the only amusement you had was to walk down a pretty green path, where the trees met overhead to call upon the rector and his wife. When that was done, we waited till they came back the little path to call on us. Then, too, it rained almost every day last summer. But it was enchanting, all the same."

"I don't wonder you find the change to New York exhilarating."

"That's just what I complain of. I'm tired of a champagne diet. Besides, everything is brand new. The houses, most of furniture, polish. I want to rest my eyes on something belonging to the past."

They had now turned into a broad boulevard, and followed it to an end, indicated by the presence of workmen with their impediments making a barrier across the road.

"Let us go on," Carry urged. "Yonder, on that hill-top, I see a genuine old house that must have been there since the revolution at least. I am determined to ride up and have a peep at it."

Apparently uninhabited but for a pale ring of bricks from the kitchen chimney, the old house stood in melancholy

isolation upon a bluff overlooking the river. The avenue there in process of construction had thickly shrouded off the near side of the hill, leaving exposed a steep and gravelly incline crowned with the straggling grasses of an ancient lawn. Around the white columns of the portico grew laurel and chestnut trees, and in the garden at the rear was a ruined summer-house, and several broken statues arising amid an unpruned growth of box. Cocking their ears cautiously at the unusualness of the proceeding, the horses consented to be guided up a precipitous path along the edge of the declivity, Barclay conscious of a feeling of relief when his adventurous young comrade had finally attained her wish, and stood facing the moss-grown portico.

"Nobly lived here, wasn't it?" said willful Caroline. "Mr. Barclay, I am determined to explore."

So saying, she slipped lightly from the saddle, about which landed Junny, and ran around through the weedy garden at the side, Barclay consigning his horse to the groom followed in time to see her engaged in active conversation with a dear old dame who emerged from a mouldy kitchen at the rear.

"She says you may have water from the well, and leave to look at this lovely river in the west. There, she says, that's deliciously cold and pure. Do you see, this garden must have been a stately one in its prime. I wonder if the ancient dragon could be induced to let us have a glimpse of the interior of the house? I'm positively wild to try."

Nobody withstood Caroline, so Barclay was not particularly surprised to see her return from a second interview with the old lady, beckoning him with a mysterious forefinger.

"We're to see the ground-floor. It is the hour for Miss Stillman's afternoon nap, when she never comes down-stairs. Hush! tread as lightly as a burglar, and follow me."

In the wake of the ancient guardian our two young people went from one room to another, filled with handsome furniture of the pattern peculiar to a century ago. Old bookshelves, fluted drabwood chairs, convex mirrors, black-framed mezzotints, knobs of brass or crystal, there ruled supreme, their sway undisputed by the appendages of modern luxury as seen every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline, and even the purblind eyes of the old woman lighted upon some of the things she saw.

"She 'ain't no one belongin' to her I ever heard of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last one 'em to die was Miss Tabitha, and she's Miss Lark. They was great folks once, I've heard tell, but that was before I came here. She was pichin' poor till the city took the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't seem to be aartin' sure. The two of us don't eat morsel's keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, every where today. It was in the last parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"This is the room, there is it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is sold."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon bustle resembles you," Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay as he astonished gaze. She paused, puzzled by the data.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any wild respectabilities of this kind in the east, I have yet to

THE DAILY HONOLULU PRESS

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING Except Sundays.

At the Office, No. 29 Merchant St.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Per annum \$6.00 Six months \$3.50 Three months \$2.00 Per month \$0.65

Subscriptions Payable always in Advance.

Brief communications from all parts of the Kingdom will always be very acceptable.

Matter intended for publication in the editorial columns should be addressed to

EDITOR DAILY HONOLULU PRESS.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed simply "Business Manager."

DAILY HONOLULU PRESS, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

Advertisements, to ensure prompt insertion, should be handed in before 6 P. M.

SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1885

COMPARED WITH CITIES IN SPAIN.

The following excerpts copied from The Lancet of Sept. 5th are so strongly corroborative of the position the PRESS has taken in the matter of the condition of our surroundings and water supply as to be almost startling:

"The appalling statement that 82,000 people have already died in the Peninsula is already realized in this change in its full meaning. * * * In this article we will endeavor to see what practical lessons we in England can learn from the experiences of the present epidemic.

Every one is agreed that the water-supply, soil, site, surroundings, drainage, etc., exercise a more or less powerful influence in propagating or intensifying the spread of the disease, and any one acquainted even superficially with the country will at once be struck by the comparative immunity of some cities and districts and the frightful mortality in others. We will take the water-supply for example. There are only three cities in Spain with a water-supply worthy of the name—viz., Madrid, Seville, and Barcelona.

The capital possesses the inestimable gift of a pure and bountiful supply from the Guadalupe range of mountains, which is brought by the Zatlala canal a distance of sixty miles. Since cholera appeared in May last, the use of any other water has been strictly prohibited by the local authorities. Now Madrid is by far the most populous city in Spain—containing about 500,000 inhabitants. Yet, though cholera has been present for three months, it has never reached alarming proportions, nor does it at present show any signs of doing so; twenty fresh cases daily being rather a high average. Again Seville, so well known to English travellers, has just had a fine system of water supply constructed at considerable expense by a well known English engineer; the population is about 140,000. So far no cholera has appeared; but should it unhappily do so, we have no doubt that, like its sister Madrid, it will enjoy comparative immunity.

We now come to Barcelona, the thriving and prosperous capital of Catalonia—the Manchester of Spain, as it is called. It contains a population of 200,000, is well situated, and has a delightful climate. Cholera appeared here last autumn; it never spread to any extent, and died out during the winter. It has lately reappeared in a slight degree, and being situated on the high road to France, by which route all the fugitives from the infected provinces of Valencia, Mencia and Castellon endeavored to escape, the wonder is that it has not appeared sooner. Barcelona obtains its water from different sources: from the Rio Lubrigat, on the south side of the city; from the Rio Basos, on the north side; from the Mata'n, a spring also on the north side; and lastly, from wells within the city. With the exception of the Mata'n and the wells, the supply is uncertain and apt to run short in summer (it is needless to say what a well-supply means), therefore the city cannot be said to have a satisfactory system. * * *

If we now turn to some of those cities that have been most severely smitten, such as Aranguez, Valencia and Granada, we shall find that the water-supply is entirely from polluted sources. Aranguez, the chosen retreat of the Spanish Court, is some thirty miles from Madrid, and contains a little over 8,000 souls; towards the end of June and beginning of July a frightful outbreak of cholera occurred, over 200 cases happening at times within twenty-four hours. The inhabitants get their water either from wells or from the Tagus, on which the city is built. It is stated on eminent authority that the drainage of Madrid was directly responsible for the calamities of Aranguez. The sewage of Madrid (where the cholera existed about this time) is discharged into the Manzanares. The Manzanares flows into the Hauma, and the latter falls into the Tagus close to Aranguez, thus affording a more or less indirect means of contaminating the smaller town. We now come to the beautiful city of Valencia, whose name has acquired a sad notoriety this year in the peninsula, though at last it has come to show a clean bill of health. Built on the Guadalaviar, or Turia river, its water-supply is unsatisfactory. It is from two sources—from wells

which are situated in the enclosure of each building, generally near the closest drain, so that pollution by filtration is unavoidable. This well water is not supposed to be for either cooking or drinking purposes, but is often used for both. The other source is from the river Turia; but as this is liable to pollution and is somewhat limited in its supply, it cannot be depended on.

Granada, which next to Anauquez has suffered out of all proportion to its population, is if possible, worse off than either of the places we have just mentioned, and notwithstanding its elevation, and temperate climate, has been only too fertile a soil for the dread disease. In a future article we will consider the drainage, soil, site, etc., of some of these Spanish cities, and we have no doubt that an examination of them will demonstrate the vast importance of attending to sanitation and hygiene in the face of a terrible pestilence."

With our own water-supply obtained from a cow pasture what a food for thought this article affords.

CORRESPONDENCE

Home Enterprise.

EDITOR DAILY HONOLULU PRESS: Sir—On a visit to Mr. J. T. Waterhouse's premises in Nuuanu valley, I find the cottage where the hale old couple have spent many, many happy days and prosperous ones too, has been changed to one of the prettiest cottages on the Island. The grounds have long been the greatest treat to visitors of Nuuanu Valley—they are so well and beautifully laid out, abounding with bronze figures of animals of the sport and forest, and graceful statues. But the cottage has been renovated with great taste; we were shown the plan for the change, made by Mr. Isaac Moore, which of itself would tempt any one with means to transform their old houses at once, as Mr. Waterhouse has done, thereby giving employment to a number of worthy artisans and mechanics. Mr. John Oederkirk superintended the work throughout, and John is just the man to run a job, and put it through. The ornamental woodwork was gotten out at Geo. Lucas' Planning Mill. Nuuanu Valley is also receiving another addition to its habitations in the transformation of the old Olympic Hall into a spacious Temperance Hotel, another of Mr. Waterhouse's enterprises. It is for creating so much work at this critical time, when everybody is crying hard times and hundreds of our best mechanics are leaving the Islands, that Mr. J. Waterhouse, Sr., is to be commended. He certainly has done his share to stay the exodus of worthy, sober men, the wealth of whatever country they may be found in. The Old British Business Lion is not afraid of our future, on these Islands. He has not tightened the string of his money bag, but has bountifully compensated and employed the workers. It is every man's duty to do the same. They have nothing to fear. Still amongst these very men are often found those of the least courage or forethought. In fact they get so scared that they are scaring away the chickens that lay the golden eggs. This charge cannot be laid to Mr. Waterhouse's door. Others should imitate him.

OBSERVER.

EDITOR DAILY HONOLULU PRESS, Sir—Is there any law in the Hawaiian Statutes regarding the victualing of licensed Hawaiian schooners? If so, who is the paid inspector, who ought, but does not attend to his business? X.

OUR SAN FRANCISCO LETTER.

The Weather—The Mechanics Fair—Deceptions in Trade—The Artists—Jules Tavernier's Volcano Pictures—Social Phases—Starling Events—Fires—Throwing—New Crises—Dog Shows—People of Fashion, etc.

At present we are having nothing remarkable except the weather, and that only because it is pleasant; "Winter has been lingering in the lap of Spring" all Summer. In fact we have had no summer at all, only a long weary time of wind, fog and general depression. Lately things have changed; we have had a shower and, as a consequence, less dust. The winds are soft, and it is as warm and bright, and beautiful, as one could wish; but we speak of it only in whispers, for fear the charm may depart, and be lost in fog once more.

We have just finished the Mechanic's Fair, which in many respects was the same as those that have preceded it. The leading industries were well represented and the displays of fruit very fine; but on the whole there seemed to be a lack of enthusiasm, in a great measure, owing, no doubt, to the general depression in business that has prevailed for some months past. The national pocket like a great thermometer indicates very accurately the state of things socially and otherwise. When the pocket is full and overflowing, there is seen everywhere a superabundance of activity and joyous living, but let it once become light and there is indeed an "aching void," and the effect on the springs of joy and happiness is worse than a sudden "cold snap," and changes the laughter of summer brooks to Winter's frozen tears.

With the exception of a few fine pictures by our best artists, the gallery this year presented a rather "amateurish," if I may be permitted the term, appearance. Perhaps, however, it is as well to encourage "building genius" or at least as much of it as gives hope of some good fruit in the future.

By far the most striking pictures on view during the Fair, were Jules Tavernier's painting of the volcano of Kilauaea. I suppose it is sufficient praise to say that the beholder, without reference to his own knowledge of artistic detail, finds himself at once impressed with a deep sense of reality, while hours of study only adds to this impression. The grandeur and sublimity of this representation of the most wonderful of earth's mysterious fires gradually take possession of the whole being and a sense of awe, as though in the actual presence of the weird, unearthly lights, falls like the hush of night upon the spirit.

Socially, everything moves in the usual routine, with laughter and tears ever near together; with marriages and deaths in high and low life, joy and sorrow, shoulder to shoulder, brightness and mirth and smiling lips without and too often hearts full of bitterness within.

The usual course of "startling events" has been varied by an event altogether dreadful which may become a tragedy. I refer to the frightful case of vitriol throwing in which Mr. Martin Fuller, loan teller of the San Francisco Savings Union, was the victim. Surely a punishment worse than death for any wrong doing. It is natural for humanity, except in a state of barbarism, to sympathize with a woman when deeply wronged, but when a woman stoops to so foul and unwomanly a revenge there is a limit even to natural sympathy. But what can be expected when our school boys and girls are daily seen devouring greedily all kinds of light and pernicious reading matter and young ladies too often degenerate into that most useless of all human beings an "insatiable novel reader?" It is a wonder when mind and soul are starved on such food that such dreadful crimes are not more frequent.

Besides our "highly original" weather there is another thing for which we of San Francisco are noted, namely, when any new craze strikes us, we are completely overwhelmed by it. Is it a new shade in dress goods and ribbons?—the eye is sooner dazzled or completely wearied by it. Is it a picture or a piece of statuary?—witness the same results. For the past two years we have been deluged with copies of "The Diver," both possible and impossible, and in every conceivable kind of material. The distortions that the poor girl has gone through with should call forth our deepest pity. And now that she is beginning to sink into obscurity, it is dogs! The first whisper of their fashionable advent was wafted from the classic shores of the Atlantic two or three years ago. Then followed dog shows here, and now all our "too utter class, seem to be giving themselves over body and soul to dogs. It was bad enough to have the fleas alone, but when one thinks of the results of the happy combination of innumerable dogs and fleas, the look out is simply appalling.

We have still among us a steady old fashioned class who take pride and pleasure in children, but among those who wish to be in the fashion, or to appear to be "somebody," there is no doubt but that children are out of style, and are given over to the nursemaid, while dogs of every degree of ugliness are displayed in public on all possible occasions. The ultra fashionable woman does not care to emulate the virtues of the "Mother of the Gracill," and her fashionable brother seems to be much of the same mind, as he is often seen carrying a shivering little animal in his bosom, while the first thing a couple who wish to be "somebody" do, is to go for a promenade, leading a crazy little dog by a "silken cord." Of course, this does not apply to those whose love of pets is genuine, but only to that class who will persist in giving us dogs "in season and out of season," and because they fondly imagine they are doing a stylish thing. In view of the pinched and little suffering faces often seen in the poorer parts of town, one cannot look with much favor upon tampered dogs, though it is a question whether any of the little ones for whom kindness and care would do so much, would be any better off in the hands of those who cultivated dogs for the style of the thing. There are few things more beautiful than the honest love of children, for pets, or the love and pride of parents for and in their children, but it only renders the more despicable by contrast, the false and selfish pretense of something good and genuine of a class who are incapable of a deep appreciation of either human beings or the lower animals.

Without further remark I shall say for the present Au revoir. GENEVA. San Francisco, Sept. 28, 1885.

By order of the German Government a shaft is being sunk at Schladebach towards the centre of the globe, for the purpose of finding what is the increase of the earth's temperature in descending into the interior. The shaft is being sunk by a diamond tipped borer worked by water-power, and has already penetrated to the depth of a mile and a half, which is supposed to be the greatest depth yet attained by boring. At this point the temperature is 120 degrees Fahrenheit, and at the rate at which it is now increasing the boiling point of water will be reached at about three miles down. Seventy-five miles below the surface the heat ought to be sufficient to melt platinum, so that the earth's crust, it is now believed, can not be more than one-ninth of its radius. A cannon-ball can be made to move 1,626 feet per second, or a mile in 3.2 nearly. The velocity of the earth is 1,000 miles per hour, or a mile in 3.6

General Advertisements.

ASTOR HOUSE CURE

DYSPEPSIA!!

A Sure Remedy. Properly Cooked Food. An Ounce of Prevention Better than a Pound of Cure.

One great evil of this city is a certain fiendishness displayed by restaurant keepers in the manner in which they slap victuals together and throw the same at their customers.

Worse by far than a certain Nevada Eating House where a tramp was in the act of walking out without paying. The irate cashier violently seized a pie crust, took deadly aim, and brought down the unfortunate free luncher, badly cut about the head. The Grand Jury afterwards held the cashier to answer for assault with a deadly weapon. Take for instance a Honolulu Hash Factory doughnut when cooled off. A leaden bullet is no where in comparison; then again some of the HOT CAKES would prove unworkable for mending old shoes and will stretch further than any rubber band ever made. From all such, etc., deliver us.

The above named instances of cooking depravity are much to be deplored. A recent change in the Proprietorship of the ASTOR HOUSE (at all times famous for good grub) enables the management to greatly improve the suppression of such villainous systems of careless cooking which tend in such a marked degree to destroy the Human Digestive organs. Upon all occasion it will be found a real luxury to step into our Dining Parlors (no flies) and there partake of a savory meal cooked by our Champion Chef.

Every morning Boarders and Transient customers may order German Pancake, Tender Loin, Porterhouse, or Sirloin, steak with or without onions, Prime Ham and fresh eggs Royal Breakfast Bacon, Fish every day, Rib Mutton Chop (none but the best of material used.) The midday bill of fare as published on the Bulletin Board is something that everybody should read and inwardly digest. For supper we supply in addition to the substantial goods. Sponge cake, Ice cream, Jellies, Fruit, and various other dainties. Some of our would-be competitors are surprised to know how we can sell 21 meal tickets for \$4.50. And in our elegantly appointed private dining room only charge 35 cent for meal.

The secret may easily be given away; the ASTOR HOUSE is centrally located and doing a large Transient cash trade. Meals at all hours produces a constant flow of ready money, thereby enabling us to go out to the market and buy at reduced rates for cash. Our patrons receive the full benefit of this superior system of dealing. All who have not yet experienced the luxury of eating at the Astor House can now come right in and be made welcome at the oldest established Dining Rooms in the Hawaiian Kingdom. 35-1 mo.

THE

PRESS PUBLISHING COMPANY,

(LIMITED.)

NEWS, BOOK and JOB PRINTING OFFICE

No. 29 MERCHANT STREET.

- Wedding, Visiting or Business Cards, Invitations, Menu Cards, Ball Programmes, Letter, Note, Statement or Bill Head, Shipping Receipts, Money Receipts, Certificates of Stock, Contracts, Bills of Lading, Checks, Drafts, Orders, Notes, Tickets, Legal and Mercantile Blanks, Labels, Books, Pamphlets, etc.,

NEATLY, ELEGANTLY, PROMPTLY, SURELY and REASONABLY DONE.

THOS. G. THURM, Manager.

L. B. KERR, MERCHANT TAILOR

NO. 27 MERCHANT STREET.

HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A

SELECT ASSORTMENT OF CLOTHS,

Imported Direct From Europe,

AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

Workmanship and Fit Guaranteed.

General Advertisements.

This Space is Reserved.

FOR

C. J. FISHEL'S

New Advertisement.

GENTLEMEN!

I have received by steamers "Mariposa" and "Alameda," the most complete stock of

Elegant Stylish Custom Made Clothing

Ever offered in this town. My designs are pronounced the NEATEST ever seen here, having been carefully selected from a large lot of Sample Goods, and

Made up by the Most Stylish, Fashionable House in the United States.

I have in the same stock

Young Men's & Boys' Suits

For all Ages.

Prices Correspond with the Times

"WAY DOWN LOW."

No more Fancy Prices for Worthless Goods. Just drop in and see these nice goods.

M. McINERNEY.

21-1f

H. E. McINTYRE & BRO.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Groceries, Provisions and Feed.

East Corner Fort and King Streets.

New goods received by every packet from the Eastern States and Europe. Fresh California Produce by every steamer. All orders faithfully attended to, and Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. Island orders solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed. Post-office Box No. 145; Telephone No. 92. 21-1y

Pacific Hardware Company

LIMITED.

Successors to Dillingham & Co., and Samuel Nott.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Hardware, Agricultural Implements, House Furnishing Goods & General Merchandise.

Just received Eddy's Refrigerators and Ice Chests, new styles of Chandeliers and Library Lamps, Stoves and Ranges, Kerosene Oil Stoves.

FAIRBANKS & HOWE'S SCALES.

All of which are offered upon favorable terms.

PACIFIC HARDWARE COMPANY. 214-1f

H. DAVIS, Honolulu. Z. K. MEYERS, San Francisco.

HENRY DAVIS & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF ALL KINDS OF

Groceries, Provisions and Produce.

Kits Mackerel, Kits Salmon Belles, Kits Smoked Halibut, Kits Halibut Fins and Napes, Kits Tongues and Steaks, Bonitos Coffins, Tomato Catsup, Chow Chow, Worcester Sauce, (in keg), California Cider Vinegar, (cask and keg), Dried Apples, Peaches, Etc., California Table Raisins Assorted Nuts, Assorted Table and Pie Fats, Jams and Jellies, COLUMBIA RIVER SALMON, 1885 CATCH, (Bbls. and half Bbls.) CALIFORNIA FRESH FRUIT AND BUTTER BY EVERY STEAMER.

Which are offered at Lowest Market Rates for Cash.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

Seammel Packing Co., E. J. Bowen's Seeds, Lynde & Hough, "THE HARDEN HAND GRENADE FIRE EXTINGUISHER." Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. Island Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed. 21-1y

No. 73 Hotel Street, POST OFFICE BOX No. 415. (213-261) Honolulu, Oahu, H. I. TELEPHONE No. 274.

ST. MATTHEW'S HALL, SAN MATEO, CAL.

A SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Under Military Discipline.

Located in the beautiful village of San Mateo, on the Southern Pacific R. R., 21 miles from San Francisco. Established in 1865. Fourteen instructors of reputation and ability. The buildings are extensive, are heated by steam and are in every way arranged for the health and comfort of the cadets. Trinity Session begins July 24. For further information and catalogue, just out, address, Rev. ALFRED LEE BREWER, M. A., Principa. 217-18

THE DAILY Honolulu Press

Will be for sale Daily at the following places: J. M. OAT, Jr. & Co., Mechant street; F. G. THURM, Fort street; N. F. HURGES, King street; WOLFE & CO., Cor. King and Nuuanu sts; C. J. McCARREY, Hotel street; CRYSTAL SODA WORKS, Hotel street.

TO-DAY'S ENGAGEMENTS. Band at Emma Square at 4:30 P. M. Lewis J. Levey's closing sale at the Hawaiian Bazar at 7:30 P. M. Cash sale at Adams & Co.'s auction rooms, at 12 M., of growing taro.

LOCAL NEWS.

Street drill last night. A large number of sailors were ashore from the man-of-war last night.

Charlie McCarthy will have a new brand of cigars down on the next boat that will smoke all day.

It is rumored that the coming man will invest in real estate—he will not be an Englishman this time.

Jim Dodd says the biggest tank on the island only holds about 5,000 gallons and that it is as big as his bar-room.

The steamer Mariposa brought down a heavy pair of castings from the Risdon Iron Works for the Koloa plantation, for an engine bed.

Mr. James Love who has more money than stability was committed for 15 days yesterday in the Police court for disorderly conduct.

The Satellite is announced to sail this morning for Tahiti. She will take a mail from these Islands for that place. It was closed last night at four o'clock.

The planters will commence congregating to-day and to-morrow from the other islands for the annual convention which will be organized next Monday.

The discriminations in the prices of ice noted in the Press, do not refer to retail dealers in town who have to make up for waste by charging an advance per pound.

Mr. F. L. Clarke informs us that he has placed a fine collection of Hawaiian ferns, mosses, and lichens on exhibition at the art store of King Bros., on Hotel street.

Mr. Lycan informs us that the Ramic machine is now in perfect working order, and may be seen at the shop of Robert More, on King street, by all persons desirous of examining its mechanism.

In the Supreme Court day before yesterday, in the case of the protest of Prince Albert Kuniaka against Queen Emma's will, the jury after being out half an hour, returned a verdict against the contestant.

A native, who had tied his hack horse with a long piece of rope to a post in front of the Bethel Church on King street, almost had a runaway yesterday afternoon by the horse getting entangled in the rope.

A report was started around town on the arrival of the steamer W. G. Hall that the steamer C. R. Bishop had been seen towing the schooner Ka Mo'i into port, but on enquiry the rumor turned out to be false.

The old coral house which stands near the Water Works' Office is being torn down. It was built about 25 years ago and was used as an office for the water works. The coral will be used for the new light house in the harbor.

We understand that the Myrtle Boat Club are having a six-oared boat built by Rogers for the coming races. The Eclipse Boat Club is having a four-oared boat built by the same maker, but it will not be down before December.

The Rev. E. C. Oggel, will preach a series of sermons at the Bethel Union Church, on "The Apostles, Creed." The first one will be preached to-morrow morning. Theme: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth."

The Astor House has a unique advertisement in another column which there is but little doubt was gotten up by the gay and festive George, who gives chromos away behind the counter. The House offers its cooking as a sure remedy for dyspepsia and well as hunger.

Eleven thousand gallons of water weigh about 44 tons, and Jim Dodd has a pair of imported horses that yank this load along our streets every day and switch the flies off with their tails at the same time—at least it has been so reported in a local paper.

The Advertiser reports that on last Tuesday evening about ten o'clock, a Chinaman was set upon when opposite Thomas' Square, by a Portuguese who went through his pockets and then made off. The Chinaman luckily did not have stean bits or um dollars in his pockets at the time.

Captain Cluney's organ grinder at the Merry-go-Round, who was up in the Police Court yesterday on a charge of poking holes into the back of the "music box" at that place, after a hearing was discharged, as it was shown that it was only the boy's way of oiling the machine.

Persons who live on Emma street at the Square and beyond are complaining that the trees between Beretania street and Emma Square on that side of the street need trimming badly. People who own property and allow trees to overhang the sidewalks ought to keep them trimmed without having to be told about it.

Captain Woods reports that the syphon at Kapena Falls is again in working order. The cause of its running dry was, that some of the natives living thereabouts turned the water into their taro patches during the night. When the natives got up the next morning they thought Old Nick had been fooling with the pool of water, sure.

Services will be held at the Bethel Union Church to-morrow, as follows: Sunday School at 9:45 o'clock, B. F. Dillingham, Superintendent. Services, with preaching by the Pastor, Rev. E. C. Oggel, at 11 o'clock. Subject: "God—Creator and Father." In the evening, at 7:30 o'clock, services, with a short sermon on the question: "Is Religion Reasonable?" All are cordially invited.

The Reception given at the Y. M. C. A. Hall last night to the officers and sailors of the Satellite well attended and the programme presented was a good one. The attendance of sailors was rather unexpected, and by seven o'clock several squads were seen marching along Hotel street to the Hall. The evening was most pleasantly spent and the sailors who were there will not complain of a headache in the morning.

Captain J. M. Brown and Dr. James Brodie returned yesterday morning from a flying trip around the island. They were gone a day and a half and it is understood that during this time they thoroughly inspected the stock of the different ranches and mills along the route. There is nothing remarkable about the trip except the amount of thorough work done by these officials in the short space allowed them by the exigency of the occasion.

Pastor Cruzan's Sunday morning sermon will have for its theme, "A few Picked Men," and the evening sermon will be upon "The one Living thing never Tamed—a sermon for your neighbors who gossip." All are cordially invited to be present. Those who are acquainted with Pastor Cruzan and enjoy his quiet humor and keen wit, will doubtless be amply repaid by hearing what he says about your neighbor in the evening sermon.

The Royal Hawaiian Band, under the direction of Mr. H. Berger, will play at Emma Square this afternoon at half past four o'clock, as follows:

- 1. Overture: Fra Diavolo.....Auber
2. Hymn: The Palms.....Faure
3. Waltz: Marianne.....Waldteufel
4. Selection: The Troubadour.....Verdi
5. Ballad: Before Her Window.....Nehrl
6. Polka: The First Step.....Coote
Hawaii Poniol.

The Band plays on Monday evening at the residence of Dr. McGrew in honor of Miss Gay.

Day before yesterday noon while a gentleman was going home to lunch along the sidewalk in front of the Catholic School on Fort street, a stone, large enough to knock a man down, was thrown over one of the school buildings so close to him that it struck the rim of his hat in its descent. While he was looking around to find out where the stone came from, two more were thrown over the same building and fell into the street. It would be advisable for the teachers of this institution to immediately put a stop to such careless playing among the children—if they are the one's who threw the stones.

They say that the silver question will be agitated in Honolulu again before long; that the late report of the Collector-General was not addressed to any body in particular, because he did not know who the Minister of Finance was; that it is an open question who he really is; that Minister Kapena took an airing to give somebody else a chance to handle the dumps; that Mr. Claus Spreckels has lost some money in San Francisco by having it carried off by a confidential clerk; that there will be some quiet little jobs "put up" during the coming campaign; that the newspapers of Honolulu are looking around for the highest bidders; that some of them will likely find their man; that the independent ticket will not be known until it is published "by authority"; that the moon will look at Hawaiian politics in a new phase next quarter; that the fastest horse does not eat the most oats; that the "funny" boys will organize a bachelor's club; that Honolulu ought to have a dog show; that the hope of the future can redeem the political past of Hawaii if the people have grit enough to realize it; and that the safest investment is in foreign bonds.

Captain Alington may continue to send requests to contradict the Press, but it will not do away with the fact that some of his sailors have been half seas-over every time they have been allowed ashore at night. Did the worthy Captain ever see a sailor or any other man that would admit he was drunk? It makes one smile to imagine the examination spoken of as taking place the next morning. It may have been so formerly, but for the last two years every man-of-war that has touched here has only succeeded in adding to the revelry of our already too licentious streets. If Captain Alington had printed his contradiction in the Bulletin the same day, the Press would have furnished him proofs of the drunkenness of some of the crew. As the Satellite leaves this morning the gallant Captain's discretion in reserving his contradiction is to be admired. During yesterday there was a rumor afloat that some of his sailors could hardly be restrained from coming ashore and clearing out the Press office. If they had come it would have been well for Captain Alington to have seen that they were not in the fix several of them were the other night when they stopped at the window of this office and insisted on hiring a bed for the night in the editorial rooms.

In a recent interview with the publisher of the "Illustrated Hand-Book of Hawaiian Localities," we have evinced the fact that he is positively going ahead with his book, although it will cost more than he at first estimated. The work will be an expensive one, but the publisher says he will put no shoddy work forth but will get up a book that will be a lasting benefit to the islands. The work, when completed, will cost \$10,000 or more. It will contain maps of the islands, as well as of the districts, in colors, also illustrations of public buildings, residences, ranches, mills, business houses and all points of interest that may be thought needful for such a work. The subject matter will be in three columns of octavo print, eight and one-half inches in length and will contain from 150 to 200 pages, which will present the history, early settlements, lives of prominent men, descriptions of various places and kinds of business, and business interests of the islands. We are informed that 500 or more of these books are to be sent to different parts of the United States and different parts of the world free, which will enhance the value of the work to the islands. This is for the benefit of those wishing to find a place for investment or for a pleasure tour. Everything contained in the work will be written fairly and squarely and not exaggerated in any sense of the word. One of the finest writers on the Coast has already been engaged for this work and no pains will be spared to make it a success. The lithography will be done by the Schmidt Lithographic Works of San Francisco and one or two views to show their quality will soon appear.

Answers to Correspondents. L. M. M. X.—No. If you are out of money you had better see Minister Gibson. Politician.—Perhaps Mr. Pratt will be able to tell you who the Minister of Finance is—at present we do not know. Johnnie.—No, you misunderstood us, we admired your lei very much, but it was the gin under the wreath that we condemned. Rosebud.—We hope so, but our last attempt at notoriety was such a signal failure that we have since been content to sleep in the shade of journalistic nothingness.

Captain.—No, we will not print your contribution. If you have any grievance with another paper you must go there first, if they refuse to give you a hearing then we will publish it for you. You will understand, dear Captain, that journalistic courtesies will not allow us to do otherwise.

SHIPPING. Vessels Expected from Foreign Ports. SAN FRANCISCO, Am. Sch. ANNA, McCulloch. Due at Kahului Sept. 5-10. PORT BLAKELEY, Am. bkne AMELIA, Newhall. Due Sep. 20-25. Allen & Robinson, Agents.

PORTLAND, Or, Am. bk ALDEN BESSIE, O'Brien. Due Nov. 1-5. R. W. Laine Agt. NEW YORK, Am. bk MARtha DAVIS, Benson. Due Nov. 1-5. C. Brewer & Co., Agents.

NEW YORK, Nor. bk LOVINGSPRING, Thompson. Due Nov. 20-25. Casel & Cooke Agts. LIVERPOOL, Brit. bk CHILENA, Davies. To sail in Aug. T. H. Davies & Co. Agt. HONGKONG, Haw brig ALLIE ROWE, Holland. Due Oct. 25-30.

GLASGOW, Brit. bk LIZZIE IREDALE, Iredale. Due Nov. 15-20. F. A. Schaefer & Co., Agents.

JALUIT, Haw. sch. JENNIE WALKER, Anderson. Due Nov. 1-10. Pacific Navigation Co. Agents.

BERMEN, Ger. bk C. R. BISHOP, Due Nov. 5-10. H. Hackfeld & Co., Agents.

PORT TOWNSEND, Am. bk CEYLON, Calhoun. Due Nov. 1-5. Allen & Robinson, Agents.

SAN FRANCISCO, Am. bkne W. H. DIMOND, Hoodlett. Due Nov. 1-5. W. G. Irwin & Co., Agents.

SAN FRANCISCO, Am. bkne ELLA, Howe. Due Nov. 1-5. C. Brewer & Co., Agents.

NEW CASTLE, — WILLIE McLEAN, Due Nov. 1-5. Wilder & Co., Agents.

HONGKONG, Brit. bk LADY HARWOOD, — Agents. Due Oct. 10-15.

EUREKA, Sch. JENNIE MINOR, — Agents. Due Oct. 21-25. Lewers & Cooke, Agents.

Merchant Vessels Now in Port. Bk CALBARIEN, — Hubbard. H. M. S. S. SATELLITE, — Allington. Brit bk JUPITER, — Jones. Bk HOPE, — Penhallow. Regne CONSUELO, — Cousins. Bkne EUREKA, — Leo. Stmr MARIPOSA, — Hayward.

ARRIVALS. FRIDAY, October 9.—Stmr W. G. Hall from Maui and Hawaii. Stmr James I. Dowsett from Molokai. Stmr Mokoli from Molokai.

DEPARTURES. Sch Manukawai for Koolau. Stmr James Makee for Punaluu.

VESSELS LEAVING THIS DAY. Bk Hope for Port Townsend. H M S S Satellite for Hilo, Hawaii.

PASSENGERS. Arrivals. From Maui and Hawaii, per stmr W. G. Hall, Friday, Oct. 9.—C. H. Eldridge, Capt. L. Marchant, Mrs. A. Rosa, Miss Ladd, Peter Lee, Miss M. Hotck, Miss E. Conroy, Miss L. Napoleon, Miss Kapoli, Miss M. McGuire, A. Wall, W. Shing and 77 deck.

Imports. From San Francisco, per steamer Mariposa, Thursday, October 8.—608 pigs gross, 50 sks corn, 190 sks middlings, 184 pkgs sunde, 30 bxs soap, 5 cs crockery, 31cs glass, 73 bxs dry goods, 3 bales bags, 206 cs wine, 101 bxs hhdwe, 12 bxs drugs, 1038 sks potatoes, 386 cs canned goods, 843 sks oats, 2187 sks flour, 887 sks bran, 298 sks wheat, 370 cs beer, 340 bales hay, 640 bxs apples, 19 kegs lead, 40 cs paints and oils, 7 cs books, 69 bdles shoos, 90 bdle salmon, 70 cs whisky, 66 rolls wire, 40 pkgs furniture, 876 sks barley, 32 cs hats, 15 cs stationery, 85 cs boots and shoes, 25 cs tobacco, 23 cs empty bottles, 16 kegs nails, 992 sks bone meal, 138 coils rope, 50 bxs sugar, 300 doors, 3 chests for W. F. & Co's Ex, and 1 pkg money \$445.

New Advertisements.

SCHOONER DOMITILA. J. PAIKO, Master. Molee, Kaneohe, Heala, Kahaluu, Waihole, Waikaha, and other Ports on the Coast of Koolau, Oahu.

QUARTERLY MEETING. The Quarterly Meeting of the PRESS PUBLISHING COMPANY, will be held on Thursday, October 13, 1885, at its office, at 11 A. M. T. G. THURM, President.

TO THE PUBLIC OF HONOLULU: The undersigned who is about to continue his journey to Sydney per steamer of this day, begs to inform his numerous subscribers to "Grant's Life," that he has left all his instructions with Mr. JAMES T. WHITE, messenger of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, at G. W. Macfarlane & Co.'s, who will on the arrival of the work by the steamer Mariposa, see to their speedy delivery, and collect for same, and make arrangements for any new subscribers who may offer. Respectfully, (Signed), T. K. MACDONELL. Honolulu, October 3, 1885. 30-1f

Interpreter Wanted. A Japanese Interpreter, one who can act as Interpreter. Apply to CASTLE & COOKE, Agents.

An Appeal. WANTED.—Employment for an honest, intelligent hard working boy, 14 years of age, son of a widow, having a large family of young children to support, and needing aid. Please enquire at DAILY HONOLULU PRESS Office for particulars.

Situation Wanted. A situation is wanted, by a capable and industrious man, who has had seven years experience on the Islands, and brings first class recommendations, as a luna on a plantation or as a teamster or general plantation man. Address J. K., care of PRESS Office.

AT THOMAS G. THURM'S. FORT-STREET STORE, BREWER'S BLOCK. CAN BE FOUND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF Fine and Commercial Stationery.

Consisting in part of Note, Letter, Packet Post, Cap, Legal & Bill Paper, Gold, Steel and Quill Pens, Black Writing and Copying Inks, Carmine, Violet, and Blue Inks.

TREASURY MUGLAGE. Dixon's, Faber's, Gutzbeck's and Grossberger Pencils, Wood, Rubber and Celluloid Penholders.

Stoakes' Automatic Shading Pens. In several sizes, Very Useful in Ornamental Work, and INK POWDERS, VARIOUS COLORS, FOR USE WITH THE SAME.

Plantation Time Books, Trial Balance Books, Log Books, LETTER PRESSES.

Pass, Memo, Time, Order, Receipts, Exercise and Letter Books. Copying Brushes, Rubber Copying Sheets, Mann's (Manila) and French (white) Copying Paper, Blank Books in Various sizes and Styles of Binding, Roll, Mounted and Manila Detail.

DRAWING PAPER. Photograph Frames and Ice-partments, Photograph and Photo, Albums, Scrap Books, Inland Work-Boxes and Writing-Desks, Antotypes framed and unframed, Engraved, Enamels, Brackets and Cabinets, Celluloid Sets of Comb, Brush and Mirror, Ladies Hand-Bags, Kestrels, Baskets, Shawl Traps, School Bags, A Fine Variety of Prang's Miscellaneous Cards, Portraits, Birthdays and Birthday Books.

Illustrated Letter Sheets. Pocket and Letter Maps of the Islands. Maps of Honolulu. SOUVENIR VIEWS OF HONOLULU.

Winsor & Newton's Artists' Materials. Oil and Water Colors, Brushes, Palettes, Canvas, Oils and Varnish, Plaques, Oil Cups, etc.

Special or extra large books made up to order from WESTON'S LINED RECORD PAPER, BY EXPERIENCED WORKMEN, In Any Style Desired.

PAPER RULING TO ANY PATTERN, FAITHFULLY EXECUTED. A FULL LINE OF FLAT PAPERS, Constantly in Stock, INCLUDING MARCUS WARD'S IRISH LINEN.

Pocket Edition "Seaside Library," IN LARGE VARIETY OF THE MOST POPULAR AUTHORS MUSIC, MAGAZINES, PERIODICALS, LARCH, — AND— MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, BOUND TO ORDER ON SHORT NOTICE.

LADIES HAIR DRESSING. Switches, Curls, Front Pieces, All warranted Natural Hair. INVISIBLE BACK HAIR NETS. Ladies and Childrens Hair Cutting and Shampooing at store or residence. Langtry Hair Cutting a Specialty. All at San Francisco Prices. MADAME WANER. 249-274. Fort Street Opposite Dodd's Stable

Special Notices.

NOTICE. Owing to the delay in getting the goods out of the "Mariposa," the "LIFE OF GEN. GRANT" will be delivered as soon as received. JAS. T. WHITE.

Wanted. FOUR CARPENTERS. Apply at JOS. E. WISEMAN'S, 34-4f 28 MERCHANT STREET.

ANNUAL MEETING. The annual meeting of the WAILUKU SUGAR CO. will be held on MONDAY, October 12, 1885, at the office of C. Brewer & Co., Honolulu, at 10 o'clock A. M. WM. W. HALL, Secretary.

ANNUAL MEETING. The Annual Meeting of the ONOMEA SUGAR CO. will be held on TUESDAY, October 13, 1885, at the office of C. Brewer & Co., Honolulu, at 11 o'clock A. M. P. C. JONES, Secy.

ANNUAL MEETING. The Annual Meeting of the PAUKAA SUGAR CO. will be held on TUESDAY, October 13, 1885, at the office of C. Brewer & Co., Honolulu, at 10 o'clock A. M. P. C. JONES, Secy.

ANNUAL MEETING. The Annual Meeting of the PRINCEVILLE PLANTATION CO. will be held at the office of C. Brewer & Co., Honolulu, on Tuesday, October 30, 1885, at 10 o'clock A. M. P. C. JONES, Secy.

MONTHLY ACCOUNTS. In accordance with the desire of many patrons, and to meet the exigencies of the times the undersigned will hereafter render and collect all accounts monthly. J. M. OAT, JR., & CO., T. G. THURM, WEST PUBLISHING CO. WEST, DOW & CO., FRANK GERTZ, H. E. MCINTYRE & CO. DAILY HONOLULU PRESS. Honolulu, Sept. 1, 1885. 253-260f

ROOMS TO RENT. Furnished or unfurnished, centrally located, within ten minutes walk of the Post Office. Address, P. O. Box 307, 4-29

General Advertisements.

INTER-ISLAND STEAM NAVIGATION CO. (Limited.) THE BEST ROUTE To the World-Renowned Volcano of Kilauea, Via Punaluu, Hawaii.

THE NEW AND STAYING Stmr. W. G. Hall (Malulant.) BATES.—Commander

Will leave HONOLULU, HAWAII (stopping at Maunaloa, Maui, Kailua, Kona and Kau, Hawaii), on the Monday following the arrival of the steamers Mariposa and Alameda from San Francisco, due here the 8th and 2nd of each month. When these dates occur on Monday, the W. G. Hall will leave the same day.

The steamer passes along the entire coast of the leeward side of Hawaii, affording Tourists a panorama of charming scenery, and will call at Kailua Bay where sufficient time is allowed to visit the monument of CAPTAIN COOK.

Tourists by this route reach PUNALUU at 5 o'clock P. M., Tuesday—14 hours ahead of any other line of steamers, being only one night on the vessel, and making the entire passage in smooth water.

At PUNALUU there is the finest Hotel on Hawaii, and from here Tourists will be conveyed by Railroad to Pihala, thence by stage coach to Half-way House, where Horses and Guides will be in attendance to convey them to the Volcano.

By this route the entire trip is made in five and a half days, allowing Tourists two nights and one whole day at the Volcano House—and arriving at Honolulu early Sunday morning.

THIN IS THE ONLY ARRANGE ROUTE Tickets for the round trip \$50, which pays all expenses. Apply to HARRY ARMITAGE, Agent for the I. L. S. N. Co., "New Routes to the Volcano," at J. Williams, Photographer, No. 102 Fort Street, Honolulu, or at Office of the I. L. S. N. Co., on the Esplanade.

T. J. SPENCE, SPECIAL AGENT FOR The Michigan Portrait Comp'y, Producers of the Finest Grades of India Ink, Water Color, Crayon and Pastel Portraits. Headquarters at King Bros., Hotel street, HONOLULU.

THE ELITE ICE CREAM PARLORS! No. 85 Hotel Street. Delicious flavored Ice Cream made from pure Dairy Cream, Fruit Ice, Sherbets, Ice Cream Drinks and many other refreshments can be found always at this really first-class resort. Choice Confectionery and Cakes in great variety.

Families, Parties, Balls and Weddings Supplied. For the convenience of the public we pack orders for Ice Cream in Patent Refrigerator Cans, which hold from 1 to 20 Quarts, warranted to keep its delightful flavor and perfect form for many hours.

Ring Up Bell Telephone 182 Or Mutual Telephone 338. The Elite Ice Cream Parlors are open daily until 11 P. M. 21-1y

J. J. Williams, No. 102 FORT STREET. Leading Photographer of Honolulu. WORK FINISHED IN Water Colors, Crayon, India Ink or Oil, Photo, Colored &c. The only complete collection of Island Views, Ferns, Shells, Curiosities, &c. Charges Moderate. 6-2

General Advertisements.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE TO LET. No. 1. For Rent or Sale—The premises owned and lately Occupied by Samuel Nott, Situated on Nuuanu street, in the Valley, opposite the Royal Mausoleum, the grounds are ample to keep two animals being covered with good manure turf.

Will be Sold on Time Payments, At reasonable interest, or let at a low figure. No. 2. For Rent—The premises immediately above and adjoining that last above mentioned, and known as the 'Andrews Homestead.' This house has been put in first-rate order throughout and newly papered and painted. Will be let, or rented, for a term of years at \$45.00 per month.

No. 4. For Sale—The premises owned and lately OCCUPIED BY W. O. SMITH, Situated on Pensacola street, having a frontage on Pensacola street of 400 feet.

Gas and Water, Laid on throughout the premises, with gas machine complete. Also, a cistern with a capacity of 1000 bbls, connected with the Government pipes, for use in case of drought or fire. View of Diamond Head and the Sea, Is unrivaled and cannot be cut off, owing to the elevation of the premises. Price \$12,500. Terms Cash, or one-third to one-half cash; balance on mortgage at 8 per cent.

No. 5. For Sale—A Lot with New Dwelling House and Outhouses, Situate on Kinu street near the residence of W. R. Castle. Sale on account of departure. Price \$3,000. Terms cash, or part cash and balance on mortgage at 8 per cent.

No. 6. For Sale—A SMALL CATTLE RANCH, Situate in Hamakua, Hawaii. Contains 258 acres of good land, suitable for grazing, cane land. Within easy distance of the landing and the plantations.

Forty-eight Heads of Choice Tame Cattle, Including an imported short horn bull, also 2 horses. There is a DWELLING HOUSE on the place suitable for a small family. All the milk produced is sold for cash in the district. Chickens at \$1.00, pigs at \$5.00 to \$30.00, and produce, find a ready cash market in the district. Part of the land is wooded sufficiently to supply firewood for the whole place. The climate is cool and bracing. Price \$7,000. Terms Cash, or part cash and part on mortgage at 8 per cent.

L. A. THURSTON, 35 Merchant street. 21-1W

Corporation Stock for Sale.

I have for sale shares in the following corporations at the prices named:

Table with 2 columns: Corporation Name and Price per Share. Includes Hawaiian Agricultural Co., People's Ice Co., etc.

Apply to HARRY ARMITAGE, Agent for the I. L. S. N. Co., "New Routes to the Volcano," at J. Williams, Photographer, No. 102 Fort Street, Honolulu, or at Office of the I. L. S. N. Co., on the Esplanade.

L. A. THURSTON, STOCK BROKER, Honolulu, Sept. 21, 1885. 21-1f

Crystal Soda Works.

SODA WATER, GINGER ALE, FLORIDA LEMONADE, Aerated Waters of All Kinds, Fruit Syrups and Essences. Our Goods are acknowledged the BEST. NO CORKS WE USE PATENT STOPPERS In all our Bottles.

We invite particular attention to our Patent Filter, recently introduced, by which all waters used in our manufactures is absolutely freed from all impurities. We deliver our Goods free of charge to all parts of the city. Careful at a 10c. paid to Islands Orders. Address THE CRYSTAL SODA WORKS, P. O. BOX, 377, HONOLULU, H. I. Telephone No. 298.

Orders left with Benson, Smith & Co., No. 11 Fort Street, will receive prompt attention. We also, are agents for the sale of J. W. Hingley's CELEBRATED CIGARS Of his own manufacture 21-110

ENTERPRISE PLANING MILL.

Alakoa, near Queen St. C. J. Hardie, Contractor and Builder, is Proprietor of the Hawaiian Stone Company. The mill keeps for sale hard and soft stove wood cut and split. Telephone No. 52. 213-216

General Advertisements.

WENNER & CO., Manufacturing and Importing JEWELERS, No. 92 Fort Street. Have just received per "Mariposa," the most elegant assortment of FINE JEWELRY, SOLID AND PLATED SILVER WARE Ever brought to this market.

Clocks, Watches, Bracelets, Necklets, Pins, Lockets, Gold Chains and Guards, Sleeve Buttons Studs, Etc., Etc. And ornaments of all kinds. Elegent Solid Silver Tea Sets, no all kinds of silverware suitable for presentation. These goods are all of the finest quality and let at designs and complete stock of all articles in his branch of business which will be sold at close figures.

KUKUI AND SHELL JEWELRY Made to order. The repairing branch of our business we regard as an important one, and all jobs entrusted to us will be executed in a manner second to none. Engraving Of every description done to order. Particular attention is paid to orders and job work from the other Islands. 10-11f

HOPP & CO., FURNITURE, Upholstering, Mattresses and Bedding.

Special attention given to Upholstering, Of all kinds. Jobbing done at reasonable rates. No. 74 King Street. Telephone No. 143. 10-1f

BISHOP & CO'S Savings Bank

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL RECEIVE MONEY AT THEIR SAVINGS BANK UPON THE FOLLOWING TERMS: On sums of Five Hundred Dollars or under, from one person, they will pay interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, from date of receipt, on all sums that shall have remained on deposit three months, or have been on deposit three months at the time of making up the yearly accounts. No interest will be computed on fractions of dollars or for fractions of a month.

No interest will be allowed on money withdrawn within three months from date of deposit. Thirty days notice must be given to the Bank of an intention to withdraw any money; and the depositor's pass-book must be produced at the same time. No money will be paid except upon the Draft of the Depositor, accompanied by the proper pass-book. On the first day of September of each year, the accounts will be made up, and interest on all sums that shall have remained on deposit three months or more, and unpaid, will be credited to the depositors, and from that date form part of the principal. Sums of more than Five Hundred Dollars will be received, subject to special agreement. The Bank will be open every day in the week except Sundays and Holidays. 249-270 BISHOP & CO.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

We take pleasure in announcing that, in addition to our CONFECTIONERY AND CAKE BUSINESS, we will open on SATURDAY, APRIL 25th, an

ICE CREAM PARLOR

Which has been neatly fitted up to meet the requirements of our trade. Our ice cream will be of only superior quality, made of genuine cream from the WOODLAW'S DAIRY with whom we have arranged to supply us regularly with pure cream, which, having frequently tested, enables us to guarantee a first-class article of ice cream equal to that made in the large cities. The following varieties of ICE CREAM and ICES will

General Advertisements. N. F. BURGESS, CARPENTER AND BUILDER. Respectfully announces to the public...

CITY SHOEING SHOP, FORT STREET. HORSE SHOEING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

HONOLULU CARRIAGE FACTORY, No. 128 and 130 Fort Street.

BEAVER SALOON, H. J. NOLTE, PROPRIETOR. Cigarettes, Tobacco, Cigars.

CENTRAL PARK SKATING RINK, Corner Boretania and Punchbowl Sts.

METROPOLITAN MARKET, KING STREET. C. J. WALLER, Proprietor.

MANUEL NUNAS, Cabinet Maker. No. 53 HOTEL STREET, OPP. ENGINE SALOON.

Pioneer Line. Several Ships Annually from Liverpool. THEO. H. DAVIES & CO.

Yellow Sheathing Metal & Nails. SHELF HARDWARE. A LARGE FRESH ASSORTMENT OF...

MRS. THOMAS LACK, No. 79 Fort Street, Honolulu. SEWING MACHINES.

Pantheon Stables, Corner Fort and Hotel Streets. LIVERY, BOARDING, AND SALE STABLES.

Saratoga House! 90 Hotel St. near Library Building. FIRST-CLASS BOARD BY THE WEEK.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 24 Post St. S. F. Send for Circular.

M. W. McChesney & Son. No. 42 Queen Street. Would call attention to their Large and varied Stock of...

Assorted Merchandise. Consisting in part of: Bbls. Flour, Golden Gate, Bbls. Flour, El Dorado.

Best California Leather. Sole, Insole, Harness, Skirting and Uppers.

C. BREWER & CO., BARK AMY TURNER. JULY 1, 1885.

FARMER'S BOILERS, MANILA CORDAGE. Electric & Downer's Kerosene Oil.

Centrifugal Luings, Cases Brown Soap. Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Co. of California.

CASTLE & COOKE. HONOLULU, H. I. Would call attention to their Large and varied Stock of...

John Deere's Gang Plows. Sugar Mill Requirements. SUGAR BAGS, SUGAR KEGS.

Staple Groceries. No. 1 and 2 Flour, No. 1 and 2 Rice, Crushed Sugar.

SEWING MACHINES. Wilson and Gibbs' Automatic Singer Manufacturing Company.

CHAS. HUSTACE. DUPEE HAMS AND BACON. California Comb Honey.

LAINE & CO. No. 34 Fort St., Clock Building. Have received a consignment of the most Economical...

HOLLISTER & CO. INVITE THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC & COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

PARKE DAVIS & CO'S. J. C. AYER & CO'S. Patent Medicines.

HOLLISTER & CO. are also Proprietors and Manufacturers of the celebrated RHEUMATIC LINIMENT.

OUR GINGER ALE & SODAWATER. has always been recognized as the best in the market.

GEORGE LUCAS, CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER. STEAM PLANING MILLS.

Orders from the other Islands solicited. 250-261

JOHN NOTT. At the Old Stand, No. 8 Kaahumanu St., Honolulu. STOVES AND RANGES.

Plumbing, Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Work. OF ALL KINDS, ATTENDED TO.

E. O. HALL & SON, (Limited). Have just received Ex Bark Mendota and other arrivals.

Readers of the "Daily Honolulu Press" Will find it an advantage to SEND FOR OUR LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE...

WEINSTOCK & LUBIN, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408 K ST., SACRAMENTO, CAL. 250-261