

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

AUSTIN'S HAWAIIAN WEEKLY

OF THE PACIFIC



Vol. II.] Per Copy, 10 Cents.

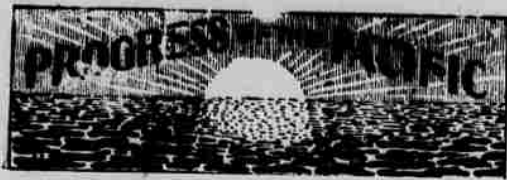
HONOLULU, NOVEMBER 4, 1899.

Per Year, \$4.00. [No. 7.]

FROM PHOTOS BY DAVEY.

Glimpses of Hawaii





Up to the latest advices, the British advance, as seemed only inevitable, has been marked by hard won victories.

Britain and the Boers.

The outcome must be the crushing of the Boers; it is impossible for undrilled mobs, however brave, whatever good marksmen, to stand against the tactics of Imperial regiments.

Some comments have been made with regard to the apparent deterioration in the Boer marksmanship. It must be remembered that the splendid shooting of England's opponents has hitherto only been exemplified by the frontiersmen of the country, who by circumstance depend on their rifle for sustenance and protection, as did our own hardy Western borderers. It is only natural that when citizens who have not handled a rifle for a generation, join the fray the average should be lowered.

That the shooting of the Boers is in no way to be despised however, is proven by the heavy British losses at Glencoe and Ladysmith.

Up to the present British strategy seems to have outmastered that of General Joubert at Glencoe. Owing to General Symons foresight the three columns of the Boers failed to unite, the flank movement was averted and the Boers defeated with the heavy loss of 800 against the British 250. The Boers have shown not only dogged persistence in the face of repeated defeats but anxiety to renew the, from the onlooker's point of vantage, hopeless contest. The British have sustained their reputation for pluck and valor; the flag that still flies at Mafeking is one of the triumphs of the campaign.

Following our own experiences in Cuba, artillery has played the most important part in the duel. The English batteries are equipped not alone with all facilities but with long experience in warfare. The heavy losses of the Boers are without doubt due to the rapid movements and precision of fire of the artillery in the field.

It is only probable that within the next two weeks the already flying rumors of surrender by the Boers will have become certainties.

The San Francisco Chronicle seems to have a bad attack of Anglophobia. Not content with being, practically the only paper to decry the sportsman-

Anglophobia in California.

like spirit of Sir Thomas Lipton by persistently referring to the Shamrock as purely an advertising scheme. It goes further, much further, in sympathizing with the Boers in the present imbroglio. Whatever sorrow may be felt for the Boers as the under dog, it must be conceded that in the world's evolution Progress must eliminate such a nation. The present Boer nation are degenerates from their ancestors and as typified by their President the acme of sluggishness in modern and progressive affairs. Politically, officially, mechanically, from an

agricultural standpoint, in mining, in all commercial enterprise Boerdom is in a state of dry-rot. It is then, somewhat surprising to read in the Chronicle editorials the statement that of the two civilizations, English and Boer, "the Dutch is the more respectable."

In direct contradistinction this, with the gift from William Waldorf Astor of \$5,000 towards the British Red Cross fund in the Transvaal and the volunteer enrolling of our own Rough Riders for service under British arms.

Great Britain is confronting a hard problem in the question of non-combatants in the Transvaal. As hardly any of the Boer troops wear uniform of any

Non-Combatants in the Transvaal.

kind the distinction will be a hard one. Peaceful Boers however had better not go rabbit shooting as the possession of a firearm will be about the only direct way of solving the problem.

The secret understanding between England and Germany is one of the riddles of diplomacy that Time alone can read. After the Jameson raid, it

The Kaiser's Friendship to Britain.

will be remembered, a congratulatory telegram from the German Emperor to President Krueger sent a wave of indignation throughout England. The Flying Squadron was ordered out and war talk ran high.

"Tempores mutantur." Four years have passed, the Boers are now predestined to defeat, and despite the bitter railings of the German Press, the Kaiser has passed from the position of an onlooker to that of actual sympathy with Britain.

Diplomatic relations between Germany and England reached some definite understanding several months ago. Lord Salisbury held frequent interviews with Germany's ambassador and the complete change in the Kaiser's policy from that of four years ago doubtless dates from this meeting.

That a plum has been offered in exchange for the securing of immunity during the present crisis "goes without saying." What the nature of the tempting morsel is, is a matter of conjecture. It is probable that Germany, by virtue of her practical alliance, is protected from naval interference—in any quarter of her possessions, thus enabling her to push forward peaceably the formation of the grand navy that the Kaiser has openly expressed his desire to possess. It is also surmised that under the agreement the free license granted England in the Transvaal will be balanced by a like non-interference on Britain's part in Germany's future movements in Asia Minor.

Germany's present position and the proposed visit of the Kaiser to England will prove a valuable checking move to any possible aggressive move on the side of Russia or France.

The apparently superfluous preparations made by England in connection with the present war may, according to foreign exchanges, induce Russia

Russia and France on the Transvaal.

and France to ask the intentions of Great

Britain. In view of the openly expressed opinions of both countries in both official and press circles, this seems rather amusing. It is reminiscent of two urchins each with a brick in his fist, edging towards the other and defiantly asking "Well, what are yer goin' ter do?"

Great Britain at all events seems to take no chances. Her fleet has been ordered to Gibraltar and while no fear has been expressed in regard to Russia's possible interference on the Indian border, it is significant that England is not drawing largely on her armament in the Orient.

Editor H. F. Seymour of the Manila American expresses to a San Francisco interviewer during his present trip to America that the war will be ended inside of four months. The opinion is valuable from an observer on the ground and it is to be hoped, though perhaps doubted, that his impressions are correct.

Speedy Settlement of the Philippines.

General Funston has been reordered to the Philippines by Adjutant General H. C. Corbin, with the rank of Brigadier General. He will leave about the 16th inst for Manila.

The German press, which is not always synonymous with official opinion, is strong in depreciation of that country's retirement from Samoa. It is rumored that Germany will ask for the Tonga Islands as a recompense for her retreat.

Brigadier-General Funston.

16th inst for Manila.

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Germany and Samoa.

As a victor to a conquered foe it is gratifying to note the rapidity with which she is rising superior to her losses. The Bank of Spain issues a statement of twelve million dollars in gold in advance of its condition twelve months ago. The loans to the government at this time last year, regarded as more than risky, have been reduced by thirty millions. The circulation of notes has been increased about twenty millions, a good sign of business activity. The Bank of Spain holds in toto one hundred and thirty million dollars in gold and silver with apparent power to increase its cash reserves at will.

Spain's Recuperative Power.

The bank's coin resources, too, have within the year grown by a sum thirty-two millions greater than the expansion of its circulation.

According to information received by the Hilo Tribune, interviews procured for them by L. T. Grant, of the Honolulu Automobile Co., with American

U. S. Senators on Hawaiian Legislation.

Senators, are not encouraging in their tone. Mr. Grant says:

"I had an interview with Senator Collum and also Senator Cannon, both from this state, and who were with us last year, as you will remember. He stated that he was pushing the Hawaiian bill with all his might and hoped to effect something, but so many

important measures were to come before Congress that he was sure it would be the latter part of the session before anything was done.

"Mr. Cannon was much more emphatic in his assertions and stated to me that in view of the opening Presidential election he was very much afraid there would nothing come of the present bill and he doubted if any legislation whatever passed Congress about the islands. He even went further than this and stated that all the outside possessions of the United States would probably continue under a military government or something of that kind for the next ten years.

"I have talked to others and they all think the same way, so we can make up our minds to put up with the present state of affairs for some time."

Colombia seems determined to add her name to the quota of war news before the close of the century. The revolution is apparently started with the object of restoring financial equilibrium.

The revolt was started by the Liberal party and has gained considerable headway, being at the latest new general; martial law having been proclaimed. The City of Panama is as yet unaffected but it is probable that the Marblehead, now on the west coast, will be ordered to Panama, and if necessary the Detroit, from La Guayra, providing Venezuela is quiet enough to permit her withdrawal. The revolt is in all likelihood but the usual storm in a teacup and will cool itself off without more material damage than the hasty flight of Andrade. The Venezuelans who propose going across to assist the insurgents will be quietly herded by the Detroit and the troubles of Colombia be soothed by Colombia.

A danger that may readily arise from the present war in South Africa is an uprising of the native tribes. It must be remembered that the white settle-

ments in the Transvaal are mere specks scattered here and there amid tribes neutral of late from former subjugation by the British and pacific overtures from the various settlers. The Basutos, Swazis and Zulus are already infected with the element of unrest and but a little is needed to ferment it into the delirium of war fever.

The Boer republics must suffer the more severely should such an uprising occur as the Basutos are sworn enemies of the Orange Free State, while the Swazis are close neighbors of the Transvaal. In the lust of massacre however the black warriors would not stop to discriminate between the Dutch and other settlers, British or American.

The race for the cup has had no little influence in cementing Anglo-American friendship. Sir Thomas Lipton, by his true sportsmanly qualities, his

lack of all brag, his willing concession to the better qualities of the American boat and the "come again" spirit displayed has not only endeared himself with the American

nation but made still closer our cousinly affections for the Empire.

New York is going to give him a loving cup, and indeed so ardent is their admiration that were it possible, they would give him the challenge cup itself. The cup races this year are a triumph for victor and vanquished alike.

"The social status of the Transvaal may be summed up in a view of each of the three classes of people composing its population. The Boers are the

descendants of the original Dutch settlers. They are the proprietors of the government, and guard their public offices very jealously from the intrusion of foreigners. The Boers know too well that foreigners would be in possession of all the available offices if they got the loophole. The Boers, in fact, are a degenerate class, when compared with their ancestors, and the same degeneracy which makes them inferior mentally makes them less able to carry out a war than their fathers were before them. It would take some time for them to become as accurate marksmen, or as reliable soldiers. Their fathers lived in the open, and made hunting and fighting their daily occupation, while today more fighting goes on in the streets of their cities than ever goes on in the open.

"The cause of a great deal of disturbance in the South African Republic is the presence of the Kaffirs, who are maltreated, and looked down upon by everybody. The Kaffirs are the original natives of the country, and are brought down in large numbers from lands north of the Transvaal to work in the rich gold mines of the foreigners. Agents make a profitable business of securing labor from their chieftains, whose word is law in their own tribes. To do this, the agent must go among the Kaffirs and live as one of them. When the proper stage of friendship has been reached the agent goes to the chief and asks for a hundred men. If he is successful, the chief orders them to go with him and hire themselves out to the owners of whatever mine he may direct. For this the chief receives perhaps fifty cents a head, and the agent takes the hundred men to the railway, conveys them to the most promising mine owner, and turns them over at ten dollars each. From that time on the Kaffir receives weekly wages of seven dollars and a half, but he is like a dog in a city, carrying a license-tag with him wherever he goes.

"The Kaffir is not allowed like other men to walk on the sidewalks of Johannesburg. He must stay in the streets, and infraction of this law involves a heavy penalty. A Kaffir is frequently taken to jail for two weeks and given twenty-five stripes for no greater offence. Kaffirs think it no unusual deed to kill and rob the storekeeper who furnishes them with the necessities of life. Bank robberies take place in the open daylight.

The foreigners in the Transvaal represent the moneyed population, and are the chief capitalists interested in the immense mines in the country. These mines are the most extensive in existence, the regions in which they are stretching for hundreds of miles across the Transvaal. The amount of gold contained in this reef is not known, but no one has been far enough down to get below

it. Others estimate that there is sufficient to provide undiminished returns for a hundred years to come, although the output at present is enormous and increasing day by day. The profits on most kinds of commerce, over and above all costs of importations and customs, is frequently one hundred and fifty per cent. The cost of living is not a great deal higher than elsewhere."—New York Evening Post.

Hon. Colonel Sam. Parker.

The new deal to be completed on the return of the Hon. Sam. Parker, is one the largest land deals on record in the Islands. The steps taken by Colonel Parker has been long expected by the land owners and business men of Hawaii. Its consummation has been delayed only by difficulty in procuring an inventory of the stock on the stations purchase, Humuula and Kaoha on Hawaii. The two stations comprise an acreage of 237,000 acres and will, in connection with his present ranch make a ring fence property of some 550,000 acres. The stock comprises about 30,000 head of



HON. SAM. PARKER.

sheep, 7000 lambs and 600 horses, with two shares in the Metropolitan Meat Market. The purchase price is named at \$70,000.

The securing of so large an acreage through the closing of Colonel Parker's option is an important factor in the meat supply of Hawaii. The rapidly increasing encroachments on the land by established and new plantations, is rapidly diminishing the pastorage, while the call for live stock from Honolulu, augments rapidly from month to month.

U. S. Senator Clark is a member of the new company of which Colonel Sam. Parker is the head.

THE COMING AND GOING OF A WASHOE.

BY PHILLIP VERRILL MIGHELS.

Down the side of a brush-covered hill, and then winding in and out through the vast and intricate curves of the canon, like an endless wooden serpent, stretched a V-shaped lumber flume that was built from the region of the pines, in the Sierra Nevada, to the town with its railroad down below. In places the flume was set in "cuts," made in the side of the hills, and at others it spanned wide-yawning chasms as it lay along the top of its stilt-like trestles. But always its grade was downward, and therefore the water, that nearly filled it full, ran with a wonderful velocity and power hurrying the wood and lumber rapidly forward to the "dump" at the end.

All morning the timbers, boards, and planks had floated swiftly down. They were sawed at the mill above, and thrown in the flume by a force of men at the "Sammit." In the afternoon it was expected that the wood would commence about one o'clock, at a point on the flume where a rough little cabin was built on the side of the hill.

In front of the cabin, which was quite surrounded by the sage brush that clothed the hillsides and valley, a Chinaboy, perhaps a dozen years old, or a trifle more, was sitting astride of the flume, his back to the up of the stream, deliberately dangling a watch up and down in the water, and listening with evident astonishment to the ever-persistent ticking of the not-to-be-discouraged and faithful mechanism. The watch was of Yankee make; its case a strange, conglomerate composition, green in color, and therefore attractive to the Chinaboy, who thought it resembled the jade of his Chinese barcelet.

"Hey, Chuck," called the voice of the "boss," for whom the boy was learning to cook, "fetch me a dipper o' water." The man who was "lookout" for the flume, having eaten his nooday meal, was sitting in the shade of his cabin to smoke.

Tossing his watch with utter unconcern in the sand,—where it cheerfully lay on its face and ticked,—Chuck arose, by stepping firmly on the outside edge of the flume, and attempted to swing his foot clear of the structure. Attempted—nay, he did swing it, well and strongly, but while it was poised in the very air, on its way across, it was suddenly grabbed and clutched by a wild and peculiar little creature that had ridden, all alone, down the flume on the top of a log—which log went skimming quickly on its course, leaving its rider tightly gripping to the leg.

With a yell of frantic dismay, Chuck fell over on top of his watch, jerking his leg and its burden suddenly out of the water.

As he hurriedly scrambled to his feet and the lookout came on a run from his chair to the scene of the trouble, he shook himself free of the clutch of an Indian youngster.

There on the ground for a moment lay the round little roll of brownish-red humanity, whose great soft eyes were ready to burst with tears, whose trembling lip was all aquiver with fear, and whose chubby little hands unconsciously had landed on the

watch, which now they held to as an anchor to the solid earth. Then as the yelling Celestial ran shoeless to the cabin, the round little Indian went darting away in the brush with the swiftness of a scared little quail. And his round little head, from which a couple of wisps of his long black hair were dancing aloft, was an excellent enlargement of that of the swift and timid little bird of the mountains.

"Hey, Chuck, come back—head 'um off," roared the rough and clumsy Mr. Hardy, running quickly in pursuit of the youngster, "read 'um off—he's and Injun!"

"Injun debbil, Slam Hardy!" yelled Chuck in reply, and he slammed the door braced with his slender form against it.

"Here, Injun, here; hole on!" cried the man who was chasing through the sagebrush, "I ain't a goin' fer te' hurt yeh." Then he stopped and looked about, this way and that, forward and back, utterly bewildered. Through the brush he could see in any direction for quite a considerable distance, yet nothing could he now discover of the scared papoose, and not a sound broke the silence. "Wal, bust my buttins if he ain't plumb gone," said Sam, "quickern' a cotton-tail." He looked about as if he expected to see the hole down which the "Injun" had escaped. "Clean gone," he muttered, "the gol-giddenist mysterry I ever seen."

Reluctantly the lookout faced about to return. On his way to the cabin he was near to stepping on a dry old pile of cast-off clothing. "Howlin' coyotes!" said he, "if yere he ain't!" Sure enough, a tiny brown foot, bare of shoe or stocking, was peeping forth from the pile where the youngster, quail-like, was hiding. Running his hand beneath the rags, the lookout got his "Injun" by the slack of his scanty little dress, and hauling him forth, packed him back to the cabin like a small valise. Then he sat like a giant with a Lilliputian captive on the steps of his castle.

"Chuck," he commanded to the Chinaboy, who was risking one of his almond eyes to look through a very narrow crack in the door, "fetch me three or four hunks o' sugar fer teh feed 'um—hey, Injun?"

"Hong oi!" said Chuck, "not muchee for goot one." But he brought the lumps and threw them gingerly forth.

"Here yeh air, Injun," said the giant, loosening his hold on his captive while he reached for the sugar; "this yere'll make yer eyes bug." But no sooner was the wild little creature free than he tumbled from the step and scampered back to the rags.

"Chuck," called the lookout as he once more returned with the lively little bit of a Washoe, "heave me that there clothes line from the head o' my bunk. We've got teh tether 'um here to the house or off he skips." Then, as he gently and doftly secured the rope in the back, about the waist of the big-eyed youngster, he added, "I ain't yit calculated how yeh come fer to be a ridin' in the flume, Injun, but the Injuns has allers been white teh me, an' I keeps yeh safe, agin they call fer teh rustle yeh up. Sabbee?"

"Yit, ghee, sahm, see," said Chuck as he

watched and counted on his fingers, "um lope, Slam Hardy, I tink so some nis one for Injun, 'bout two days eat 'um all up some nis one for sluga."

"The sugar be hanged!" said Sam; "I'll git 'um all he wants." He looked with something akin to fondness on the child, and it regarded him constantly, while clutching the watch to its side and munching at the lumps, which were fast disappearing.

"Ye're a pretty little chap," said the lookout, addressing his "Injun," and holding fast to the rope, "an' a comfort fer teh see. Need'en be scared, yeh pore little tike, ole Sam Hardy was a kid hisself onet." The child sat there stolidly, its brown, round, and bright little face a study in the expressions of fluctuating hope, timidity, and an inclination to cry. Such a wistful, dumb, appealing look old Sam had never seen in his life.

"I'll hev teh git teh work," he presently remarked, "fer the wood's a comin'." With that he tied the end of the rope to a staple that was driven in the wall of the cabin, grasped his pickaroon, and assumed his stand by the side of the flume. All the afternoon, till six o'clock, the wood, in sticks that were four feet long, and heavy, went scudding by in "drives." At times he jerked a dozen or twenty sticks from the water, to prevent the drive from jamming and wedging in the flume. These sticks, when the drive had passed, he would quickly return to the stream. Between the drives he would lean on the handle of his pickaroon to gaze in silence on the Indian child.

For his part the "make-believe" savage crawled as far as the rope would permit, got his chubby little figure in behind a brush, and peered forth shyly, in a manner that rendered the suspicions of Chuck very potent and assured.

With night, the water ceased to run in the flume, and Hardy brought his "Injun" into the cabin. The wild little thing, released from his hand, ran to the corner that was furthest from the light and attempted to hide beneath a hat. There he was left while Chuck and the lookout completed the cooking and eating of the evening meal, when the giant very tenderly lifted the tiny Washoe out, and gave him to eat, of such of the food as he liked.

"Chuck," said the lookout later, as he watched intently the heavy drooping of the weary eyes, "they uster be garmin'ts which ever the kids were callin' 'nighties.' Don't s'pose yeh could make him none, hey?"

"No sabbee," said Chuck, as he quietly recovered his watch, which had slipped from the wee relaxing hand, "no sabbee."

"Don't, hey? Wal, lemme see. They uster be about like a three-x flour sack, unless I disrecollec' with holes fer the head'n sack from a nail, reversed it, cut a gash in the then top for the head, and one in either corner for the arms."

"Reckon thet's the ticket," said he, "Come yere, Injun." He tenderly undressed the roly-poly, little sleepy-head, put the sack fairly over him, and had the satisfaction of seeing the round black head emerge from its hole, and the fat brown arms come approximately right in theirs. The two little ears of the sack stood out below at the youngster's heels, like funny little horns, while the "three-x" lettering, although turned wrong side up, made a very peculiar

effect in decoration.

After this old Sam tucked the child snugly in his bunk. "I don't jest hitch my mem'ry to them 'Now-I-lie-me' rhymes," said he, as the child recognized the blankets and clung to them eagerly, "but I says, 'Sleep tight, an' God bless yeh,' anyhow."

For long after Chuck had retired to his bunk in the shed addition, the lookout sat and stared at his candle. Now and then he would glance at the corner where the youngster was lying, an anxious look in his gentle, serious eyes. When he slept at last it was down on the floor. "Chil'ren," he sagely observed, "air never fit fer teh be disturbed."

"Slam Hardy," said Chuck, on the following morning, "I tink so no time you see some nis one for nother kind for baby."

"Thet's where ye're off, Chinaman," said Sam; "my little kid of a brother was no more bigger'n him when he died."

"Hop die?" said Chuck, "oh, too muchee bad," and he placed the watch very quietly in the hand of the round little Washoe.

All that day the "Injun," loosely fastened with his rope, remained as far in the brush as its length would allow, clinging in a strange, persistent way to the watch, which always continued most cordially to tick. The lookout fed him carefully, sighing that an appetite could be so wee, and he wrought at his work on the flume, hourly expecting the Indians to come his way in search of their missing child. Chuck, convinced by the gentleness and the evident conviction of "Slam Hardy," had overcome his prejudice, and gave his friendship when he gave the watch.

The sun went down on the gray of the sage-brush with never a sign from the tribe of Washoes above or below the cabin.

"No tellin'," said the lookout in the cabin that evening, "how long the Injuns'll be a gittin' here, an' the pore little skeezucks is a needlin' of pants, or I'm a Hottentot." Accordingly he took the second best pair of his own, cut them off, or pared them down at the legs, the top, and the sides, sewing where needed with common twine, and a needle made for sacking grain.

"They don't fit uncommon close," said he as he finally made an inspection, "but when 'saw to a distance,' as the artist sed about his pictur, they ain't more'n half ways bad." Their general fullness, indeed, would require some other description than "bad."

Again the day went by without a visitor, and the program of the days that were gone was repeated, save that Chuck was a little more friendly, and that the "Injun" seemed less than ever inclined to be fed. Not a sound did he make, morning, noon, or night, of word, laughter, or crying.

As the twilight came a caravan of Indians, far below on the dusty, winding road, went slowly along in a march away from the town. Throwing his pickaroon carelessly aside, the lookout ran as hard as he could, down through the sage-brush and over the rocks, till he reached the road ahead of the motley procession.

There were squaws and men, the young and old; a lot on foot, and a few on sorry steeds; and many of the women were laden with baskets, bundles, or children. All shook their heads at queries of a lost or missing son. They plodded away to the misty South, and were lost in the gloom of descending night.

Sam Hardy returned less rapidly, but never with a gentler heart nor a readier solicitude. "Injun," said he, as he looked in the depth of those dumb and wistful eyes, "I'm sorry teh hev teh tell yeh thet I'm still all the mamma ye've got. I'm afeerd some little thet I ain't a makin' of yeh happy, but I'm a doin' of my level best."

"What's mallah him? Not muchee for eatee?" said Chuck, who made it a solemn duty to wind the watch, and return it to the keeping of the brown little fist. "I not muchee sabbie."

"Matter is he's pinin'," Sam gravely replied. "I'd turn 'um loose in the bresh, oney he'd starve fer shore, an' coyotes 'ud git 'um. Mebbe he ain't no Washer after all but has been stole from another tribe an' put in the flume fer devilment."

Chuck could only shake his head and en-

deavor to make his cooking more commendable.

The days now slipped too rapidly away, for never a change there came in the dread monotony. Time after time "Sam" ran headlong to the road below, to speak to the Indians passing down or up, but always to return with a bended head and the same reply athrob in his heart. Not even a squaw was willing to accept the orphan as a foundling of the tribe. And day by day the roundness of the plump little countenance and body became less and less assured, while the light in his eyes grew deeper and dumber, and far more wistful.

"I'm shore yer mama," said the lookout very often, as he tenderly undressed the silent little person, or carried him out in the sun, "an' I wisht I was better eddicated fer the job." And he frequently added, "Yeh couldn't call a feller mamma, now could yeh—hey? Wal, never mind, yeh pore little chap."

Then came a morning when the "Injun" made his first tiny sound—the sound of a weak little cough. He was thin, and a blaze of ethereal light was come in those dumb and wistful eyes. The feeble little hand that clung to the watch was wasted, and its brown, once so ruddy, was rich no more, nor deep.

And all that morning the lookout sat with hands a-clasp, his face all drawn in anxious sorrow, watching—while the flume took care of itself. And Chuck stood silently by, a-grieved to see the two he had learned most deeply to love.

At length a long, steadfast gaze of the soft brown eyes; the parched little lips were opened; the wan wee hand put forth to that of the lookout. On the lips where the strange stolidity had reigned so long a flitting smile came faintly.

"Mum-ma," said the child—its first, its last, its only utterance. Then the weary eyelids drooped, and the wistful look was gone.

The broken little heart and the faithful watch had ceased to tick.

Local * and * General.

The harbor is again afflicted with congestion.

The recent rains saved many a taro patch from total destruction.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wilder have gone to the Orient.

The real-estate men believe that President McKinley is holding the crown lands for a rise.

A Chinese riot at Waianae, early this week, was quelled by half a dozen of "one of the finest."

Now that the Australia is out of port, the sleuthfulness of the police reverts to the Chinese joints.

Tomorrow evening Rev. W. M. Kincaid will begin a series of eleven interesting talks on "The Meaning of Manhood," at the Central Union Church.

Honolulu has lost another kamaaina in the death of C. F. Wall, which occurred last Tuesday afternoon. Deceased was aged 64. The burial took place in Makiki cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, lately of Makaweli, who have come to Honolulu to reside, were given handsome presents by the employees of the Hawaiian Sugar Company upon their departure.

The new Minister of the Interior evidently intends to make the streets of Honolulu passable, and he is not going to allow the people to be inconvenienced by the petty wrangles of two rival trolley companies.

Tai Kee comes out of his lodging house contest decked with palm and laurel. He has overridden the objections of his Caucasian neighbors and stamped his sandaled foot on their prejudices. He will rear a mighty hostelry, where none but Pakes need apply, and it will stand as a defiance to the narrow-minded community of Makiki.

Representatives of the many wealthy fire insurance companies are considering a reduction of premiums, being fully warranted in the measure by the efficiency of the fire-protective service, as well as other circumstances of a character highly satisfactory to insurers. A California gentleman connected with insurance interests on the Coast told a WEEKLY representative that Honolulu presents a better class of risks than any place he ever saw.

"What we want is some more San Franciscans down here to razoo this stock market," said a prominent stock operator on Merchant street yesterday. "There is too much of the retail business going on. I saw a piker turn white in the face the other day because some curb-stone gabbler told him he heard there was salt water at Kihei. He rushed over to his broker and ordered him to sell his ten shares at once. Now there has not been a plantation started in the past ten years that didn't have a salt water story tied to it. I wish some real thing would drop that would squeeze out the pikers for good. Any stock on this market is a purchase at current quotations, but I would not advise those who get sick at the stomach easily to handle any of it, for it might decline before it goes higher. The controlling stockholders ought to be ready to take up these small lots when they are dumped on the market. While they would protect their own interests they would keep the market firm and give our stocks a character of stability abroad."

According to the opinion of the Anglican Church Defence and Extension Association, the Diocesan Synod, to be convened by Bishop Willis on the 13th inst., will be an illegal undertaking, as all the congregations and clergymen in the diocese have not been cited to attend.



The Opera Season.

There was mutual satisfaction, mingled with a little pleased surprise from both sides of the footlights on Tuesday as the curtain rose. Before the players there flashed the rainbow vision of as fair a house to look upon and play to as could be gathered in any cosmopolitan city. Toilets, elaborate and artistic, shimmering satins, lustrous silks, dainty muslins and soft laces. Flashing jewels glittered from tresses of ebony and gold, sparkling eyes and ivory shoulders gleamed from the sombre setting furnished by the men. On the stage sang lustily and well, the Pasha's guard with the stalwart sergeant. Their rich, new costumes and well-delivered "song of the patrol" proved the forerunners of turn after turn of the kaleidoscope. Light opera, in the guise of Said Pasha, is a series of bubbles that prismatic with every hue come one by one, in rapid succession floating before the view, to burst in fragments of delicious melody. The unusual opportunities furnished by the Oriental locations of the piece were most fully realized and handled; the costuming was artistic, new and palpably made for the play. Col. Thompson has redeemed his agent's, Mr. Harkinson's, pledges in every particular. The company is an excellent one, well balanced, well drilled, well costumed, showing every



evidence of the most careful and assiduous training in its chorus, the precision of attack, the light and shade, are capital. In minor details the management has literally "come to time" in ways that are refreshing, after the somewhat dilatory manners we have been used to of late. The curtain goes up at the advertised hour and the waits between acts are made on schedule time. Under the leadership of Mr. Lovell, assisted by Mr. Paul Egry as first violinist, Berger and his orchestra have proven themselves most capable.

The Boston Lyric Company is happy in possessing amongst its principals an amount of pure dramatic talent, seldom expected or found in an opera company. Miss Stanton is exceedingly graceful, both in Serena and Maritana, playing her parts with verve and chic. Miss Leekly did excellent work in Lazarillo, though as Alte little acting was called for. Miss MacNeill as Balah, showed the capable actress. Balah is a ticklish part for even a character woman, pure and simple, to handle and the Lyrics are to be congratulated on the possession of Miss MacNeill. Henry Hallam's Don Caesar was artistically and sympathetically handled. Mr. Rockwell was equally good as Said Pasha and the intriguing Minister. Mr. Roger's Rajah was better than his King, as ??? from the musical rendition. Henderson will be a prime favorite here, long before the season closes: his work possesses the originality and smooth-



ness of the finished character actor, nor must Mr. Kimkel be neglected for his "Why?" The team will furnish much merriment with their songs and antics and will, I predict, have the house gasping on Saturday.

The two operas already presented have given an excellent idea of what the organization can do. Said Pasha delighted everyone, the interpolated selection showed the extreme versatility of the principals, while Maritana was a promise of what the Boston Lyrics can do when they reach more serious work. Maritana is more than light opera—it is classic, and some of its numbers, the Angelus chorus, for instance, most capably rendered by the way, easily pass muster in grand opera. It takes much space to praise all that was worthy. Miss Stanton's "Scenes That Are Brightest," and the duet, "Friendly

Mother," between her and Miss Leekly, deserve particular mention. Mr. Hallam sang his role throughout dramatically and well; his "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall" bringing him his meed of praise. Mr. Rockwell, both in his duet with Miss Stanton and his solo work, showed the trained vocalist, while Mr. Rogers made the most of his opportunities in the basso role. The sextet between Messrs. Rockwell, Hallam, Rogers, Henderson and Joel, with Miss Stanton and Miss Leekly, was ably handled.

The company has captivated the town, who, it is to be trusted, will duly show their appreciation. There are many treats to come, to handle which the Boston Lyric Company have shown already their ability.

The Orpheum.

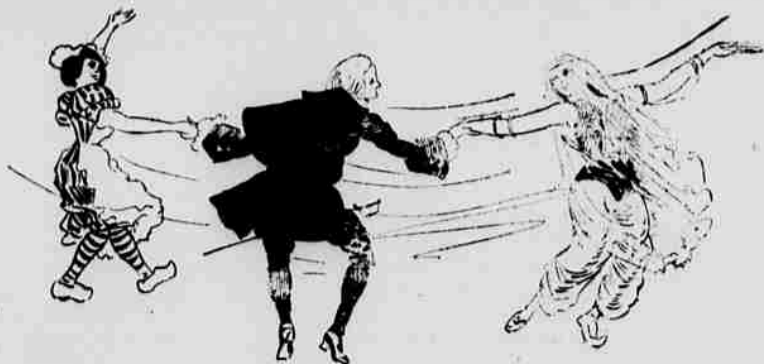
The renovated house is a success, the old Orpheum has disappeared, and a comfortable up-to-date little

repeated success of their "Bloodless Murder." The new performers will make successful hits. Miss Dreyfuss is exceedingly clever in her dancing, fairly bringing down the house and ringing up the curtain with her horn-pipe, while making her turn still more entertaining by her varied and pretty costumes and tasty setting of the act. Rand, Bryan and Rand kept the audience in a good humor, and were especially happy in the selection of their gags, which, for a wonder, were promptly seen by the audience. Mr. Livingston, whose initial performance was rather unfortunate, will, I doubt not, sing and joke himself into popular favor; he has many friends here who have heard him before, and the unpleasant incident on Saturday will soon wear away. Mr. Livingston was unprepared through lack of rehearsals, and Mr. Marcus seemed to be unable to realize that his orchestra was playing the introduction to the song in C while he himself was leading with the piano in E flat. Least said is soonest mended, however. The whole performance was excellent, and the Orpheum, under the present management, seems a secured and settled success.

AN OLD TIMER.

Oceanic Athletic Club.

The exhibition given under the auspices of the club on Friday, the 27th ult. was a thoroughly satisfactory one. The affair was well carried through, the arrangements of seats and ushering cleverly handled. The Orpheum orchestra with little Marcus in the lead, filled up between



bouts, while Heardes and Hamilton Hill supplied the vocal melody.

The turn between young Decker and Dempsey, declared a draw, put the large audience in a good humor; the two youngsters mixed it up in lively fashion, keeping Denny Mullen of the Olympic Club (?) busy in his dual role of referee and timekeeper. Mullen supplied a humorous refrain to the action of the contestants. Both are clever lads. Decker, who is a pupil of Denny's, when he gets better able to remember the use his instructor makes of his right and

follows the example, will make a clever bantam.

The event of the evening was short but sharp. Some rumors of fake have been floated by losers, but the crowd was thoroughly pleased.

The first round was a clever exhibition, Denny wisely allowing Armstrong to do all the work and for the most part cleverly avoiding all punishment by well timed side stepping and countering. It was evident at the conclusion of the round that Armstrong was in no shape to continue many rounds and that his only chance lay in his getting a speedy decision by his superior sparring ability.

In the second, Denny realized that his opponent was in anything but form and left his corner as determined to mix things as the Californian. Frequent mixing and exchanges followed, in which Referee Paddy Ryan came in for his share. Armstrong got in a couple of stiff punches on Denny's neck and left cheek, counterbalanced by returns from the Australian.

The third and last round was fast and furious. Armstrong evidently recognized that in a long fight his chances were nil and strove to utilize his remaining strength to end the fight. Denny, who had been using his right throughout with telling effect, got one to the point that made Armstrong go off dizzily to a corner by himself and viciously hit at nothing. The jaw blow settled the fight. Armstrong speedily went to grass and evidently dazed, failed to take full advantage of his limit and speedily rose to be repeatedly knocked down. According to the marshal's previous arrangement with the management, Chillingworth, on the fourth knock down demanded a decision in favor of the stronger man.

The police swarmed into the ring while Ryan gave the fight to Denny amid universal satisfaction, Armstrong remaining out twelve seconds.

In the dressing rooms Denny appeared little the worse for wear while Armstrong palpably showed his lack of condition and the effect of Denny's jaw reacher.

Denny agreeably surprised many by his clever sparring and deserves credit for his generalship. Armstrong made a plucky showing while he lasted, proving his abilities as an exhibitor, rather than a prize fighter.

Martin Denny.

Martin Denny who secured the decision over Billy Armstrong on the 27th ult. at Independence Park, practically knocking out his man, is well known to the athletic element of Honolulu as instructor of the Oceanic Athletic Club, for whose existence he is in a great measure responsible. Denny is an Australian, a pupil of Peter Jackson. He was born in 1862 and has seen a good deal of campaigning in Australia, England and Ireland.

Denny has been exceedingly successful in his encounters, having met equally such noted boxers as young Griffio and beaten others of Sam

Baxter's, one time lightweight champion of England, class.

Denny is a good fellow socially, without a suspicion of braggadocio. Honolulu has seen the clean, cool-headed tactics he uses in the ring. His arms and body do not apparently denote any large amount of muscular force, but he can put in a good hard punch when necessary. His arms are a bundle of steel wires and springs, while his legs leave nothing to be desired. His superiority in this degree over his opponent on Friday was very apparent. Denny thoroughly deserved the fight and won it cleverly and fairly. There is talk of arranging other matches in which Denny will undoubtedly receive plenty of support from admirers of his clever showing the other evening.



MARTIN DENNY.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE PRIZE FIGHT.

With Apologies to Peter Dunne, Esq.

"I see," said Mr. Dooley, "they've been havin' a bit of a prize fight in Honolulu."

"I thought," said Mr. Hinnissey, "that Honolulu was a missionary settlement where they had family prayers in the mornin' before they took the ledgers out of the safe."

"It's a pity Hinnissey that ye don't read the pa-pers once in a while, ye're slow me bucks, Honolulu is a progressive metropolis, and—I understand that the true Faith has quite a hold of it's own down there. But the interestin' part of the whole affair is not so much to do with the shindy, tho' 'twas in iligant little bit of a schrap in it's way, short and swate loike the lasht dhram in the bottle; the interestin' part was wed a ma'ry that lived in wan of the ither islands, he was what they call a loona, which I take it is kanaka for crazy, and he lived on the slopes of Many Lower."

"And phwat is Many Lower?" said Hinnissey.

"Why don't ye get your son Mike to tache you your jography Hinnissey? Many Lower is where the vast upheaval took place, when the island was turned into Purgatory. 'Tis the na-ame of a volcano and they call it Many Lower, because its higher than most. Well the loony was a bit of a spohrt and interestin' in proize fights, his own daily toil consistin' in bating the Japs an' Chinks that worked on the plantation, over the hid wed a shillaly made out of sug'r cane. So he takes the steamer to Honolulu an' he hires an ough-to-mobile an goes out to a

place called Long Branch, where Denny was punchin a bag suspended between two coconut trees. This same Denny, who is a first cousin of me nephew, was wan of the participators in the affair, an iligant bit of a spalpeen wed legs on him loike a champion buy-cleat, an a divil to foight."

"Denny," says the Loony, "would you lay down for a forchune?" says he? "Where's the forchune?" says Denny a punchin away at the bag.

"The forchunes all right says the Loony," an wid that he gits on the ough-to-mobile and goes along the beach to where Armstrong, the ither la-ad, was thrainin' for the combat at his Aunt Susy's. "Armstrong" says the Loony, "I'm backin ye my lad."

"It's gl d I am to hear I've frinds" says Armstrong, who was skippin a rope for all the wurruld loike your gurl Mary, Hinnissey.

"Are ye goin to win?" says the Loony.

"If I can," says Armstrong, who is a broth of a boy wid the gloves, but not used to the climate being a Westerner.

"Phwat has hem", a Westerner, to do wid the climate?" said Hinnissey.

that thought she had a cinch on the cream and couldn't get her head out of the pitcher, instead off goin' off quietly and knockin' his head against a back wall, starts a misasuring round Honolulu an' telling the town about his bobtail flush, an' has the boys arrested. Until the next steamer arrives from the land of Sandwiches, I don't know the denomong of the thrial, but the town at last accounts had widout a dissensient voice presented the loony wid the Grand Order of the Gi Gi.

"Honolulu is gettin rough up-to-date" says Hinnissey.

"In all but wan respect" replied Mr. Dooley.

"Phwats that?" said Hinnissey. "The gurruls wear long skirts when they go bicycle ridin'."

ALLAN DUNN.

How to Suck Eggs.

"When I was a boy, back in Ohio, I taught my grandmother how to suck eggs," remarked Grandfather Steptoe as his little hearers gathered about his knee.

"O, tell us how!" piped four juvenile voices in concert.

"I was raised principally by my grandfather on his farm, which was on a lonely shore of Lake Erie. My father saw very little of me, and while I stood in need of his examples and precepts, he was in another part of the country. What I see now as clearly as day was, in my childish years, a mystery. At night my little sister and I used to see queer lights out on the lake occasionally. These lights had different colors, and would appear and disappear like a flash. They would make my father nervous and fidgety all the evening, and at midnight he would take the skiff and row out to see what the matter was. When we would see the lights early in an evening I would tell sister not to tell father, as he would get one of his fits. But father would always see them before we did. About that period there used to be a red-whiskered Canadian come to see us, and father would slap him on the back at times and call him 'pard.' One night father went out and didn't come back for fifteen years. We never saw the lights or the Canadian after that. I was told that father was drowned. When he did come back I was a young man. He was paler and stouter, and had on a suit that looked as though it had been given to him. Bef re, he wore fine clothes and jewelry, and drank lots of French brandy. 'Why, father, I said, 'we thought you had gone to Davy Jones' locker.' 'I went to Uncle Sam's locker,' he said, and then he and my grandfather laughed as though they would tear the buttons off their waistcoats. I afterwards learned the meaning of my father's joke. However, that has nothing to do with the story I am going to tell you, children."

"One day when I was fooling around the barn, I felt a great hankering for eggs. I knew where there was a sitting hen up in the loft and so I climbed up there. Say, I had the dod gastedest time getting those eggs, though."

"What does 'dod gastedest' mean, grandpa?" asked Mamie.

"I cannot really tell you just exactly what it does mean," replied the old gentleman thoughtfully. "I heard a judge express himself that way once when he was telling what a difficult task he had in making a Kauai jury understand a case. He used the term, 'the dod gastedest time,' and I thought it was forcible and very good. I walked through the hay near the side of the loft and, not calculating right, fell down a manger hole. It happened to be the stall where my grandfather's best driving mare stood. Of course it gave her a fright and she broke the halter and ran out into the road. They didn't catch her for a week. I got out of the manger and went aloft again. I soon found the nest, and I tell you it was no government billet getting that old hen off her eggs. She had a beak like a pair of scissors. I finally succeeded, however, and, after holding each egg up to the light, picked out four good ones, which I carried into the house. 'What on earth are you going to do with those eggs, Josiah?' my grandmother asked. 'Suck 'em,' I said. 'Lor!' she exclaimed, 'I never heard of such a thing.' I took one egg, broke the shell a little at the small end and sucked it dry. Then she took up an egg and did the same as I did with it."



PUBLISHED BY THE AUSTIN PUBLISHING CO.

FRANKLIN AUSTIN,
ALLAN DUNN,Managing Editor,
Associate Editor and Artist.

Subscription, \$4.00 per Year.

United States and Canada, \$5.00 per Year.

Other Countries in Postal Union, \$6.00 per Year, Postage Paid.

Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Business Office and Editorial Rooms, Lincoln Block, King St., near Alakea.

HONOLULU, NOVEMBER 4, 1899.

Announcement.

The Christmas Holiday Number.

Cash Prizes For Original Stories.

THE WEEKLY intends making a strenuous effort to produce, in its Christmas Edition, a publication beyond anything yet attempted in Honolulu. The Christmas Edition will be especially adaptable, not only for home reading, but to send abroad to give an Xmas "aloha" to friends and relatives, and show them the Christmas of the Southern Seas. A special cover in colors will be a feature; the size of the paper will be enlarged and will teem with original illustrations from wash drawing, pen etchings and photographs. Tales of Hawaiian folk lore and articles of literary interest will fill the pages. A feature will be the offer of the following prizes for Original Stories to be of a "spooky" and generally Christmas-like flavor:

First Prize.....\$20.00 in Gold.
Second Prize..... 10.00 in Gold.
Third Prize..... 5.00 in Gold.

CONDITIONS: The Stories must be original and hitherto unpublished, not to exceed at most 2000 words; not necessarily of Hawaiian character, though other things being equal, these will be esteemed preferable. The Stories will be adjudged by a competent critic, not a member of the Weekly's staff. The tales will be fully illustrated by the Weekly's artists and the rights of future publication reserved by the Weekly. The Weekly also reserves the right to retain for its use any Stories sent in and not winning a prize; the same to be paid for at regular rates. Address all manuscripts care of

THE ASSOCIATE EDITOR,
Austin's Hawaiian Weekly.

All Stories should be typewritten and submitted not later than November 30.

As soon as Congress appropriates the necessary funds, Honolulu will have a full set of teeth in the form of fortifications. Complete projects and estimates have been handed in by Chief of Engineers Brigadier-General John M. Wilson, and all that is necessary for the speedy construction of batteries is the action of Congress.

THE VISIT of Dr. Santon to Molokai, expected early this month, will be watched with interest. Dr. Santon, who is a Benedictine priest and President of the Prussian Committee for the Relief of Lepers, comes here with the sanction of Washington and his own Government, with the intention of a close insight into the local treatment and condition of the Molokai unfortunates. It is to be hoped that the learned Doctor will bring some untried method of alleviation, if not a cure, and that his observations may lead towards a final remedy for the dread disease.

THE REMARK of Executive Officer Cutler, of the Newark, that "the native police are

simply having the same experience that all police have in all ports when men-of-war of any nation give their sailors shore leave" is a truism. We are a seaport, and a rapidly-growing one. Laying aside the transports, that are only a temporary incursion, we must realise that, with the increase of shipping, we must, with all other sea-ports, accept the inevitable when Jack comes ashore. The only remedy for the results of Jack's exuberance, be he naval, merchant or marine, would be to have the harbor for the deeper-draughted vessels and men-of-war at a distance from the town proper—at Pearl Harbor for instance. Honolulu, as situated at present, is unfortunate in this respect.

THE Honolulu Cricket Club give a smoker on Friday at the rooms of the Waverley Club, which promises more than the ordinary amount of talent. Paul Egry, of the Boston Lyrics, is down for a violin solo with Prof. Sharp as his accompanist. Hamilton Hill and others have promised to turn up during the evening and help in its convivialities.

PAUL EGRY, the Hungarian violinist, and William Sharp as accompanist, are open for engagement at parties, dinners and receptions. They will, doubtless, fill many gaps on these occasions.

ONE of those troublesome "conditions" that seldom confronts a national government is the fullness of the public exchequer, which just now is overladen with cash. The absence of a legislature to devise ways and means for "blowing" this burdensome surplus was never so keenly felt as now, and it now devolves upon the Council of State to convene and give the matter serious consideration.

THREE more U. S. A. transports steamed into the harbor yesterday morning, and there are many more to come before the end of the month. It is hoped that the officers aboard these ships will have a better control over their men than those of the last transport here.

Old Kona is rejoicing in its plethoric coffee crop, but has the usual fault to find with low prices.

A Poi supper was the prime feature of an entertainment given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Tenney Saturday evening last.

THE new German Lutheran church will be built near the corner of Beretania and Punchbowl streets. The German residents most interested in this matter have tendered H. Hackfeld & Co a vote of thanks for their munificent gift.

THE Triangle Club, a literary adjunct of the Y. M. C. A., is growing in popularity.

CHINESE who pluck the feathers from live turkeys deserve to be plucked by the police. That childish pleading of ignorance of the law will hardly stand in their favor.

HEKBERT Vos and family departed by the Doric last Tuesday.

THE Masonic Fraternity suffer the loss of another member in the death of the late Charles F. Hall.

Hilo's collector of customs has tendered his resignation.

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EIGHT WEEKS.**Col. W. A. Thompson's
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Saturday Matinee, Nov. 11—Pirates of Penzance.

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Honolulu, H. I.**Merchants** and all others who wish
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of buyers in the islands—those who have the
money to satisfy their wants—should advertise in**Austin's
Hawaiian Weekly.**

New Tests of the Holland Boat.

This submarine torpedo-boat is now undergoing an elaborate series of tests at the hands of a government board at Little Peconic Bay, L. I. Says *Electricity*: "Since the Holland was tested over a year ago in Staten Island Sound it has undergone a complete overhauling, and several important changes have been made in the operating machinery as well as elsewhere. Little Peconic Bay was selected as the place of trial on account of its level bottom and the comparatively small number of moving craft. The principal test will be held over a two mile course, and will consist of diving, running under water, running awash and the discharge of torpedoes. Special attention it is said will be paid to the time in which the boat dives, the steadiness of her course, and the accuracy with which her torpedoes are discharged. From trials which have so far taken place, it has been ascertained that the boat can be made to disappear below the surface in from five to ten seconds. . . . As now equipped, the vessel can carry sufficient gasoline to give it a cruising radius of 1500 miles at a speed of six miles an hour. It is rather curious to note that from the tests that have already been made it is claimed that when the boat is speeding under water, propelled by electricity drawn from the storage-batteries, it makes better time than when running on the surface under gasoline engine power."

Drive Street Cars Out of Business.

Denver claims to have more bicycle riders in proportion to population than any other city in the country. There are estimated to be 40,000 wheels in use in the city, or about one to every four persons. They are used in every line of business, and the street car companies claim they lose traffic valued at \$1,000,000 a year since the general application of bicycles to business. In fact, one company went into the hands of a receiver two years ago, alleging that the universal bicycle had impaired its earnings to such an extent that it could not meet its interest demands. The open weather and fine natural roads are largely responsible for the popularity of the bicycle, as it is conceded that ordinary riders can use their machines daily for fifty weeks out of the fifty-two and not suffer any annoyance from mud or snow. Denver wheelmen are not required to carry lamps at night.

The attention of the State Board of Health of California has been called to the number of consumptives who come yearly to California. At a meeting held on September 15, at Sacramento, Dr. Crowley pointed out that about 20,000 consumptives came to California every year, and offered a resolution that the Board consider the expediency of a quarantine against tuberculosis, or at least some further regulation of it. He did not think that patients suffering from

The Oahu Railway

Affords Tourists and others an opportunity to view an unequalled variety of Scenery.



Leaving Honolulu and passing through rice fields, the traveler skirts the great inland waters of Pearl Harbor in sight of charming distant mountain views, often spanned by many rainbows. The mountains further on crowd the railway close to the ocean. Here and there deep valleys, guarded by high mountain sides almost perpendicular, give sun and clouds an opportunity to display wonderful combinations of light and shadow on the varied greens and browns of the landscape. Along the line are situated the most productive sugar plantations in the world, each representing an investment of millions of dollars, so vast are the agricultural operations, their pumping plants equalling those of the greatest cities, and mills producing hundred of tons of sugar daily.

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tuberculosis should go to church or to the theater, or attend social or public gatherings. His resolution was passed, but severe restrictive action on tuberculosis would be difficult in any state, and very difficult indeed in California. It is a good thing to consider, but the next step is a different matter.

Personals.

Beecher and Ingersoll were always great friends. Mr. Beecher had a celestial globe in his study, a present from some manufacturer. On it was an excellent representation of the constellations and stars which compose them. Ingersoll was delighted with the globe. He examined it closely, and turned it round and round. "It's just what I wanted," he said; "who made it?" "Who made it?" repeated Beecher; "who made this globe? Oh, nobody, Colonel, it just happened!"

C. S. Batterman, one of the best-known mining men in the Rocky Mountain States, was on the stand as an expert in an important mining case in Nevada, and was under cross-examination by a rather young and "smart" attorney. The question related to the form that the ore was found in, generally described as "kidney lumps." "Now, Mr. Batterman," said the attorney, "how large are these lumps—you say they are oblong—are they as long as my head?" "Yes," replied Mr. Batterman, "but not so thick." The attorney subsided, and even the judge could not help smiling.

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G. H. MUMM & CO.'S (Extra Dry.)	57,910 cases
Moët & Chandon	24,103 "
Pommery & Greno	19,226 "
Heidsieck & Co. (Dry Monopole)	8,830 "
Louis Roederer	5,451 "
26 other brands	34,960 "
Total	150,480 cases

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Oriental Echoes

A Hope.

The discovery that mosquitoes are responsible for the spread of malaria is giving rise to exalted hopes of banishing one of the most dreaded scourges of the tropics. Major Ronald Ross' researches in India show that this is probably the only source of infection, and give grounds for believing that not all kinds of mosquitoes are dangerous. Thus far the "spotted winged mosquitoes" seem to be the only offenders, the malaria parasite having been found only in two species of these creatures in India and one in Italy. Their breeding places are rare in India, being only shallow puddles of rain water that do not dry up under a week or more, while the common species find breeding places near every dwelling—the "brindled mosquitoes" in pots and tubs of water, and the "gray mosquitoes" in cisterns, ditches and drains. The problem of dealing with malaria therefore is greatly simplified if the present conclusions prove to be correct. It is simply necessary to drain or treat with chemicals the comparatively few pools yielding spotted winged mosquitoes, and the disease will disappear through the extermination of its carriers.—*Kobe Herald.*

American Tea.

Many experts in New York believe that America is destined to be one of the great rivals of China and Ceylon in the production of tea. The experimental tea garden of 50 acres at Summerville, S. C., is declared by the Government experts in charge to be a complete success. The product has all the flavor of the choicer Oriental brands. It was feared that the labor problem would prove fatal to the success of the plantation, but negro children have now been trained into successful tea pickers.

Gold Fields in the Philippines.

Evidences of the richness of the Philippine Islands in precious metals have been shown in the Black Hills towns since the return of the South Dakota Volunteers, who served a year in the islands. Many of the Black Hills volunteers have had practical experience in mining for gold and silver and they have been watchful of the Philippines for indications of ore deposits. Captain Paul McClelland, Company I, has brought back a piece of decomposed silver ore, about half pure, which is said to have been taken from a ledge about one hundred feet in width situated ten miles from Manila. The soldiers have also brought pieces of rich gold quartz from Luzon, the ore closely resembling the rich free milling vein of the Black Hills. Chunks of gold ore exhibited by the soldiers bristle with gold threads, flakes and nuggets, and most experienced mining men would take it for Black Hills ore.

Riots in Burmah.

RANGOON, British Burmah, October 20.—Serious riots have broken out in the Lower

Chidwin district of Burmah. A number of Sepoys of the Karr military police, who had been prohibited from attending a Burmese theatre, broke bounds on Saturday, entered the theatre and attacked a number of English officers, severely wounding four. The Sepoys are dissatisfied with their long detention in the cholera district. Other outbreaks are reported.

The Famine District.

SIMLA, India, October 20.—At to-day's meeting of the Supreme Council of India, C. M. Rivaz said that the famine affected areas comprised 100,000 miles of British territory and 250,000 miles of the territory of the native states, each section containing upwards of 15,000,000 people. The situation in the central provinces, and particularly Berar, Guzerat, North Deccan, Southeast and Central Punjab, Badora, Indore and Rajputana, was distinctly grave.

Mr Rivaz said he thought the extreme limit of high prices, however, had already been reached, and that the food supplies of Burmah and Bengal would prove sufficient. This would justify the Government in abstaining from the importation of foreign grain or from otherwise interfering with trade. He estimated that the direct relief would cost 1,500,000 rupees, in addition to loans, until March, and said that 250,000 people were already receiving assistance.

The Viceroy, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, said he hoped that the experience he was shortly to gain in visiting the principal areas of distress would enable him to render useful aid and to enter more closely into the joys and sorrows of the Indian people.

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Echoes of Religious Thought.

BY W. K. AZBILL.

Indulgence and Crime.

The editor of the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser* almost daily advocates concession to those addicted to crime. With reference to the prize fight of last week, he has this to say:

The students in anthropology insist that this love of combat in men is a trait or habit, which shows that man never had a divine origin in Eden as it is described in Genesis, but that he is only an evolution from the beast, and cannot get rid of these propensities without better environments and education. The prize-fight and the cock-fight and the bull fight are strong evidences of the truth of this proposition.

Gradually the roots of these traits are pulled up by education and wholesome sentiments. Until they are entirely pulled up, some concession must be made to those who find life to be an arid desert unless their weary spirits are occasionally revived by the blessed sight of two men solemnly punching each other's heads.

Of course, to be consistent, he would argue in the same way about cannibalism and cannibals. Until they are entirely pulled up, some concession must be made to those who find life to be arid desert unless their cannibal spirits are occasionally revived by a mess of human flesh!

The policy of concession to evil doers and indulgence has been for centuries thoroughly tried by the Roman Catholic Church. Here is what Father Walter Elliot, of New York, wrote in the *Catholic World* of September, 1890, comparing Catholics with others of equal chances to know and do the right:

Now comes the horrible truth. In many cities we (Catholics) have something like a monopoly of the liquor traffic, and a monopoly also of getting drunk. There is scarcely a Roman Catholic family but one of its members is a victim of intemperance. I hate to acknowledge it, but three-fourths of the public paupers, and more than half the criminals carried to prison are, by baptism and training, members of our church. For twenty years the clergy of St. Paul's parish, New York, have had a hard fight to keep saloons from the very church door, because the neighborhood of a Catholic church is a good stand for the saloon business, and this is equally so in nearly every city in America. The saloons line all the way to the Roman Catholic cemetery. The Roman Catholic chaplain asserts that of six or seven thousand women brought every year to prison, more than 80 per cent are Catholic.

This all comes of the policy of concession and indulgence. Let men and women understand that their priests, their judges, their neighbors, and the community generally, will condone their crimes, and for a consideration permit them to continue in sin, and they will wax worse and worse.

"A Deep Reason Pointed at Christianity."

A friend in Japan writes as follows to the editor of this department with reference to the attitude of the Japanese Government towards Christian education in that country:

If you have kept an eye upon Japanese affairs you will know how the Government is trying its best to secularize completely all education of the young, and to drive all mission efforts in education to the wall. Among primary schools it is next to impossible to do

any religious work, all religious instruction and worship being rigidly excluded from the schools. In schools of higher grades, like ours, the disabilities imposed are such as prevent young men from applying to anything like the number that would otherwise come. What has been suspected is now proved true by an implicit confession of the vice-Minister of Education that there is a deep reason for this policy—a reason pointed at Christianity, viz., in few words, Christianity recognizes a higher authority and a deeper reverence to be paid than that due to the Emperor. Hence the Government is going to bend its energies and use its resources to counteract Christianity's influence in the training of the young. It is a point gained to know that Christianity is already feared to such an extent as to rouse such efforts against it. It is the old story, though, of course, we live in too civilized and refined an age for any government or people to think of reaching out for the crude and gory weapons of repression of ancient Rome, where we find a pattern of the same policy in essence.

A proposal has been made by the Rev. Julius S per, seconding a move to this end by Mr. Pieters, both missionaries in Japan, to call together all those who are especially interested in Christian education, that an understanding may be reached and that all Christian educators may act together in the matter. It is felt that the present action of the government comes of the sentiments and judgment of the officials in power, and that it is only a temporary hindrance. The instructions of the education department have not the permanence of an imperial ordinance. Besides, nothing is ever finally settled till it is settled justly and properly. We may hope that the instructions will be greatly modified.

Unity on Mission Fields.

The Friend, (Honolulu), reprints with approval from the *Congregationalist*, the following declaration, signed by over one hundred missionaries in China, the representatives of several of the larger denominations having work in that country:

We, the undersigned missionaries, desiring to express to the world our heartfelt unity in regard to the essential points of our Christian religion, and longing to fulfill the desire of our blessed Savior and Master, expressed in His prayer—John 17:11, 20-23—that His disciples should be one, as He and the Father are one, hereby declare that in our united service, as well as in our daily intercourse with each other, we realize ourselves to be one in the Father and in the Savior. Christianity is not so much a system of doctrines as it is a new life, born of the Spirit of God, a life of vital union with God through the Savior. All those who, by the grace of God, have received this new life are living members of Christ's body, and are, therefore, one. Christ himself is the center of our union. We may still have different views and opinions on several minor questions of our religion, and may follow different methods of church policy and Christian work, as each one's conscience directs him, but yet we feel we are one by the blood of Jesus, our only Savior and Mediator, and by His spirit, which moves our hearts. We are like different battalions of one great army, fighting under one great captain (i. e., our common Savior and Master) for one great

end—the proclamation and establishment of Christ's kingdom throughout the world. In Christ we are one.

The spirit of this declaration is excellent, and it shows how deeply most missionaries feel the force of our Savior's prayer that they all may believe in Him. But the unity our Savior prayed for will never be realized on the mission field so long as the work of missionaries, the property of missions, the creeds of churches and the curricula of schools, are in the control of denominational boards of management, or while the support of missionaries depends on denominational loyalty and sectarian success.

Christian unity and union will be realized some good day; but it will be when the followers of Christ shall have learned to completely trust Him for support and direction, and to have

supreme regard for His will, to the utter disregard of denominational requirements, in doctrine, in ceremony and in daily life.

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