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FOR THE

Maui News

FOREIGN NEWS

British Defeat Natives.

LONDON, Jan. 26.—The British expedition against the rebellious Tagas, under Mat Salleh, British North Borneo, has been entirely successful. Captain Harrington with 100 soldiers, after two days fighting, January 8th and 9th, against 1,000 rebels, captured two forts and two villages, blew up the rebel magazine and killed or wounded sixty Tagas. The British had four men wounded. The remaining villages of the disturbed district submitted.

Holland Submarine Boat.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—Secretary Long today received from the Board of Naval Construction two reports on the Holland submarine boat. The Holland Company had offered to sell the Holland to the Government for \$165,000; to embody certain improvements in her and sell her for \$170,000, or, finally, to build two new and larger boats for \$170,000 each. Four of the members of the board united in a majority report favoring the rejecting of the proposition, based on the fact that the company is now a delinquent in the case of the submarine boat. Plunger, on account of which the Government has already paid \$99,716, with no likelihood of her completion in the near future. If the company makes satisfactory settlement for the Plunger, then the board will be willing to build one of the larger boats, but not to purchase the Holland.

The chief constructor submits a minority report, declaring that the majority did not give sufficient credit and encouragement to the enterprise of the company. He declares that the results obtained with the Holland were satisfactory, and that, in view of the small cost of submarine boats, the government should accept the Holland and order two larger boats.

ASSASSINATION OF GOEBEL.

How the Democratic Leader of Kentucky was Shot.

FRANKFORT, Ky., January 30.—The campaign of lawlessness and threatened bloodshed inaugurated in December, when the State Election Commission met, culminated today in a shooting which assassinated William Goebel, the Democratic contestant for the Governorship, while walking through the State-house yard. Mr. Goebel was dangerously wounded.

He left his hotel at 11 o'clock this morning to attend the session of the Senate which was to convene at 11:30 o'clock.

Suddenly a shot rang out from a large three-story building, which is fifty feet east of the Capitol building. This building is used for offices of nearly all the leading officials of the State, Governor Taylor and the Secretary of State having rooms on the first floor.

As the shot was heard Goebel gave a quick, involuntary exclamation of pain and made an effort to draw his revolver.

His strength was unequal to the task, however, and he sank upon the pavement. With great rapidity several more shots were fired, the bullets striking the brick sidewalk close to where Goebel lay. None of them touched him, however.

Harland Whittaker, a farmer from Butler county, the home of Governor Taylor, is now in jail in Louisville charged with the crime. There is no direct evidence against Whittaker and he was placed under arrest because he was caught around the Capitol building when the shots were fired.

LATER.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Feb. 1.—Governor Goebel passed a comfortable night but was worse this morning. His pulse has increased to 104, his temperature has risen to 101 and his respiration to 44. His normal pulse is 72 and normal respiration 18. At 11:20 Goebel was resting comfortably. He had improved slightly since morning. There is no doubt, in the opinion of the physician, that death will ensue sooner or later.

Germany Thinks England is Whipped.

BERLIN, January 30th.—According to private reports received here, the Cape Dutch are still joining the Boer forces.

The German press expresses the belief that Great Britain has about reached the end of her military resources, and would do well to acknowledge defeat and conclude peace.

The Kreuz Zeitung, which attributes her reverses to the absence of compulsory military service says: "Among the most interesting results of the South African campaign is the much-doubted truth that the worth of nations is weighed in war's balance, and England is already in the midst of a catastrophe."

The Tages Zeitung says: "It is evident that not only General Warren, but General Buller's whole force has been defeated on the Tugela."

This it calls "the beginning of the end."

Sir Alfred Milner's Prophecy Borne Out.

LONDON, Jan. 31.—A blue-book was issued yesterday relating to South Africa and covering the period from March last to the present month.

The most interesting feature is a letter from Sir Alfred Milner to Mr. Chamberlain, dated November 30th, in which he says:

"I have always regarded a war with the republicans as a very formidable war indeed, owing to the colossal armaments of the Transvaal. In view of these I could not but anticipate a terrible struggle, the last thing in the world to which I or any other man could look forward otherwise than with the gravest solicitude."

In the course of the same letter, Mr. Alfred Milner describes the Transvaal as a "huge arsenal."

It is also worthy of note that on August 21th he wrote to Mr. Schreiner, the Cape Premier, saying: "Like yourself, I do not expect war."

May Flood Ladysmith.

LONDON, Feb. 1.—The correspondent of the Times at Lorenzo Marquez, telegraphing yesterday, says: "Information has been received here from the Transvaal that the War Department, convinced that it would be useless to storm Ladysmith and that the bombardment will continue ineffective has decided upon a change of tactics. Huge quantities of timber and sandbags and hundreds of Kaffirs have been sent from Johannesburg and Pretoria for the purpose of damming Klip river some miles below Ladysmith, the idea being to flood the town and to drive the soldiers and inhabitants out of the bombproof caves, so as to expose them to shell fire."

More Cheerful Humor.

LONDON, Feb. 1, 4:30 p. m.—The St. James Gazette says it is reported on good authority that Gen. Buller has again crossed the Tugela river at three places, and that fighting has been proceeding all day long.

Fat and Lean.

Scientists with the government in Washington assert that American men are bulging in the middle because they eat wheat and oats in one form or another. Men with large stomachs are frequently proud of the distinction. Often they stand with their hands on their hips and their coat tails pushed back. The side elevation may be startling to the beholder or may be entertaining or may engender covetousness. It depends upon the point of view. But stomachs are largely a matter of food and drink.

If you want flesh about the hips and abdomen eat sugar and starch—wheat, oats, fresh bread, cake, pie, preserves, candy, leg, cream, potatoes, heavy soups, fat meat, nuts, butter, cream, oyster patties, goose livers, beans and bananas.

If you are already too large, diet, diet, diet, and then begin all over again. Crucify your appetite; go into a strait jacket; array yourself in sackcloth and ashes. Live on lean meat, eggs, fish and raw cabbage. Drink hot water. Walk five miles before dinner. Starve in the land of plenty. Become irritable. Watch the hungry and fierce look grown into your face. Go to the scales every day. Dream of banquets. In three months your clothing will fit you. Oh, it's great fun for the tailor and the doctor.

His Modest Luncheon.

"The ordering of my luncheon used to be a great nuisance," said a lawyer yesterday. "I would go into a cafe, perhaps pretty hungry, but take or three minutes' study of the huge menu would put me in an uncertain, irritable mood, and no matter what I ordered I wouldn't enjoy it on account of the thought that I might have ordered something different and better. It was like going into a public library to read. With so many books there, it is impossible to sit down and read one book exclusively, as you can at home. But now I have an arrangement that makes my luncheon a joy. I said to my wait-ress yesterday:

"But I eat here at noon costs me, on the average, \$1.25, and my average tip to you is 20 cents. Now you ought to know what I like. I see luncheon is better than do, so make you this proposal: Serve me every day a lunch of my usual number of courses, and whatever under \$1.25 it costs you keep it."

"The waiter jumped at that. It brings me every day now a better meal than I would think of ordering myself, and he makes from 20 to 30 cents by keeping down the price. It is a splendid scheme, and I wonder why I never thought of it before."—Philadelphia Record.

They Don't Know Nerves.

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

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

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

A Chinese Dooley.

Two Irishmen stood at Gates avenue and Madison street discussing a Chinese luncheon.

"Kin ye, Pat?"

"Where?"

"There. Don't ye say that?"

"Oh, Oi do now."

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

"Yis."

"Then rade it backward."

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

"But rade it backward, man."

"De-w, De, Lee, Le-Dooley."

"Roight ye are, Pat, an Dooley is a foin old Irish name, but it's the furrud toime in me liffe Oi ever heard of a Chinese with an Irish name. He ought to hang, the spalpeen."—New York Press.

His Style.

"I have been considering your application for an editorial position," said the managing editor, "and I sent for you today that I might get some idea of your style."

"Just so," replied the bright young man. "Well, you will observe, I am wearing a blue suit, plain, but well cut, and a brown soft hat; quite the proper thing for this time of the year. Will I do?"

In Cuba.

In Cuba the kitchens are always on the roof or in the courtyards back of the house. Only twice a day does the Cuban housewife or servant prepare meals—at 10 o'clock, when she enters the kitchen to make ready 11 o'clock breakfast, and at 6 o'clock to cook the dinner, which is served at 8.

WRECK OF THE MOKOLII.

A probable wreck on Lanai, an accident to a sailor and the departure of the Iwalani for Hawaii, caused no little stir on the front yesterday, Feb. 7th.

The ship George C. Smith after a tedious voyage of twenty-one days from San Francisco, arrived about 6 p. m.

The schooner Transit with a full load of sugar took the tug, immediately after dropping the George C. Smith, and started on her trip to San Francisco. Early in the morning the Pacific Mail wharf was made ready for the Doric, the bark McNeil being moved out in the stream.

It was busy at Kilauea wharf getting the Maui ready for her trip to Lanai to aid the Mokoli. She left last night. Bennett, brother of the skipper of the Mokoli, taking her out.

THE MOKOLII STRANDED.

The luck of the Wilder Company boats has of late not been of the best and news came yesterday of another mishap. The little steamer Mokoli, while entering Kahalaiaha on Monday after dark got on the reef and all efforts to get off proved unsuccessful. The news of the trouble of the little steamer was brought by the launch Lalulua which arrived yesterday morning from the scene of the accident. The Talua tried to tow the Mokoli off the reef where she was struck, but as the launch is small and not very powerful her efforts were unavailing. She took the care of the stranded steamer and landed it safely and came here bringing the news. The steamer Kaui was spoken in the channel and will go to the aid of the Mokoli.

President Wright of the Wilder Company stated that the Maui had been dispatched to the aid of the Mokoli and as it was reported that the latter vessel was in smooth water and apparently unharmed he thought she might be saved if the Maui arrived in time. He thought perhaps by this time the Kaui or Lehua had got off the rocks. —Advertiser Feb. 8.

HE TAKES A SHOT.

Resulting in a Badly Wounded Man Being Sent to the Hospital.

Last Saturday evening while Officer Spencer of the Hilo Law and Order Department was working when he might corral and how he might earn his salary, he came upon a party of Kanakas playing cards in a private house. He immediately apprehended them for breaking the law of the land. He also requested them to produce their coin and to accompany him to the paahao. They denied that the use of the pasteboards was for any more evil purpose than to pass an idle hour; they also pleaded innocent to the charge of having any money, and turned their pockets inside out to prove that they had no object in drawing to three card flushes or bluffing on a pair of ducees for pecuniary reward. The officer insisted, however, that his theory was too well founded to be overthrown by such worthless evidence as mere facts.

A controversy ensued in the course of which the officer drew a gun. One of the men grabbed his arm, and the scuffle which followed, was discharged, whether intentionally or by accident is a matter yet to be determined, and one of the men was shot in the breast, the ball passing through between two large arteries and lodging in the back. The victim was removed to the hospital and the gunner to the police station. He claims that he fired his pistol as a bluff.

"I didn't know it was that always seem to weight to the one else. The bluff is quite ancient suits in some one's times it is the bluff the bluff." The wounded man the care of Dr. and was doing well, that the bluff moved. The generally rep. the man was dead, however, that his whether he is alive or June, Feb. 10.

THESE LOVING GIRLS.
Helen—See my new engagement
Don't you think George has good taste?
Mattie—He certainly has—in
selection of a ring.—Chicago II

LOCALS

Well, here we are.
Wailuku is swept and garnished.
No new plague cases at Kahului.
No stage between Wailuku and Lahaina this week.

Dr. McGittigan reports a mild case of varioloid at Hana—a Jap.

Hana, Kihei and Lahaina are quarantined against Kahului and Wailuku.

The Wailuku sanitary sub-inspectors are doing their work well and faithfully.

On last Monday afternoon a delightful birthday party was given by Mrs. Stroubeck in honor of her daughter Anna.

The schools in Kahului, and also in all adjoining districts have been closed temporarily.

Notable differences were observed between the bacilli of Honolulu and those of Hilo. Naturally.

The Honolulu Board of Health is to be commended for prompt attention to the needs of Maui.

Central and East Maui have been receiving copious and much needed showers during the past few days.

Dr. Winslow is in charge of the sick on the Wailuku Plantation during Dr. Weddick's enforced absence.

"Jack" Atkinson, of Honolulu, has charge of the detention camp at Kahului. Ray Wodehouse is his assistant.

Dr. Garvin has splendidly vindicated the wisdom of the Board of Health in selecting him for the responsible position to which he has been assigned at Kahului.

Attorney George Hons returned from Honolulu on the Lohoe last Wednesday, bringing a bountiful supply of sulphur and Rough on Rats for free distribution.

Geo. Cummings and Ed. Montgomery are authority for the statement that Dr. Boote had himself quarantined in Kahului on purpose—but they don't state the purpose.

The mills on the Maui sugar plantations are running to their full capacity, but it is becoming a serious question as to where they can store their sugar until shipping facilities are had.

Honolulu has nearly won in her gallant fight against the plague. Already preparations are being made to allow many visitors in Honolulu to go into quarantine, preparatory to their departure for their respective homes.

The road being built between Hana and Nāhiku by Judge McKay is rapidly nearing completion, and the Judge hopes to return to Wailuku and resume his duties as District Magistrate within a month or so.

The Bismark Stable has generously offered to carry mail and small packages from Wailuku to Kahului and from Kahului to Wailuku free of charge. Its backs leave Wailuku at 9 A. M., 2 P. M. and 6 P. M. for Kahului.

Manager Wells of the Wailuku Sugar Company states that if even one case of plague develops on the plantation, he will immediately shut down the mill and suspend operations until the district is declared free from all further contagion. A sensible resolution.

There is no lack of hotel accommodations at Wailuku, which is destined to be one of the noted health resorts of the Islands in the near future, and ample accommodations will always be found for Island and tourist travel. With Lao Valley and Haleakala as attractions, much of the latter may be expected.

W. R. Flett, of the Home Bakery, Honolulu, is rusticated at the Wailuku. Jack Atkinson has offered him the position of caterer for the detention camp at Kahului. It is to be hoped that he will accept, for while he may not serve the wretched dainties which made a reputation for the Home Bakery, still under his management the cuisine of the camp ought to be well and economically served.

Hons has been authorized by Honolulu Board of Health to an effort to trace the ship goods which are supposed to have brought the plague germs to Maui. On Friday he fumigated shipping receipts of the Sam Sing company, and with the assistance of an Sing's bookkeeper, will probably trace the goods to the Honolulu use from which they were purchased.

To Our Subscribers.

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

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

MAUI NEWS.

Wailuku Water Works.

For several years past Wailuku and Kahului have been hoping for a system of water supply from Lao Valley. The Legislature voted the necessary appropriation and heretofore nothing has been accomplished. At one time the pipe was sent here, but for some unexplained reason it was reshipped to Honolulu.

Finally the people of Wailuku and Kahului became insistent, and aided by the Honolulu press, have finally induced the government to begin work. Under the supervision of Mr. J. T. Taylor, plans have been drafted for reservoirs and pipe lines, lands, rights of way and water rights have been acquired, and pipe ordered from the coast. The pipe arrived on the S. S. Cleveland and is now at the Wailuku depot.

A recent letter from Mr. Taylor brings the pleasing news that he is coming to Wailuku as soon as possible to begin the actual work of construction. There is no scarcity of labor here for that purpose, and the next few months will probably see the completion of our long hoped for and waited for water works.

IRROQUOIS' HEALTH MISSION.

Carries Pres. Wood and Party to Kahului and Hilo.

The Iroquois left Honolulu last night at 10 o'clock for Kahului and Hilo with Consul General Haywood. President Wood of the Board of Health, Dr. Carmichael, U. S. M. H. S. and A. L. Atkinson on board.

The Consul General and Dr. Carmichael will investigate the arrangements made at Kahului for transferring sugar from inland plantations, as Spreckelsville, Haiku, Wailuku and Paia, from the Kahului railroad wharf to scows and from them into vessels. Although the railroad runs through the town of Kahului, yet it is some distance from the infected district; and the trains will be run directly upon the wharf, which is at present quarantined against the town and under guard at the land's end.—Advertiser.

FROM HAWAII.

Over \$1100 Contributed by Hilo for Native Sufferers in Honolulu.

The town of Hilo has responded to the wants of the Hawaiian sufferers of the Chinatown fire and sends both money and clothing to them. Better than all Hilo adds the deep sympathy of her people. Substantial dollars and many of them too, old clothes and material for making hundreds of new garments for Hawaiian men, women and children are coming from the big island to relieve the refugees of Honolulu.

Nearly twelve hundred dollars, three hundred finished garments, made by ladies representative of all nationalities, a hundred or more ready made garments and numerous other necessary articles of clothing are included among the things to be sent. Mrs. G. C. Beckley secretary of the Hawaiian Relief Society, is in receipt of the following letter and list of contributors to a relief fund from Mr. Geo. C. Beckley: "Hilo, Hawaii, Feb. 10, 1900. Hawaiian Relief Society, Mrs. G. B. Beckley, secretary."

"Dear Madam: We trust you will accept the cash donation contributed by the people of Hilo (by which you will find a list enclosed) for the homeless Hawaiian sufferers of Honolulu. We sympathize deeply with them and hope our little offering will assist them in some way."

Yours respectfully,
The people of Hilo, Kohala and Kawaihewa.
Geo. C. Beckley.

—Advertiser.
It should never be necessary to demonstrate that an article is the one you have advertised. The advertisement ought to be explicit enough to cover that point.—The Naked Truth.

BUBONIC PLAGUE ON MAUI

Kahului the Plague Spot. The people of Maui Aroused to Action.
Six Deaths.

The plague has reached Maui. Six deaths have occurred and the whole of Chinatown is a heap of ashes. The people of Maui are aroused to action and feel confident of being able to control and stamp out the pest in a short time.

On Saturday, February 4th, Dr. Armitage, of Wailuku, was called to see Ah Tong, a wash house Chinaman of Kahului, who died the same day. The doctor notified Sheriff Baldwin, who with Dr. Weddick, examined the remains, but there were not sufficient data to indicate plague. On February 6th, Ah Ming, manager of the Sam Sing store at Kahului, called in Dr. Armitage, and died on the 9th. The suddenness of his death, rather than any pronounced symptoms, prompted Dr. Weddick, the government physician, to send to Honolulu certain results of the autopsy to be submitted to the Board of Health for examination.

On February 6th Sam Yung, from the same wash house as Ah Tong, died. A Japanese woman and her child called in Dr. Armitage on the 6th, in the rear of the Japanese barber shop in the same block. The child died the same day and the mother the next day. None of the cases up to that time had presented marked bubonic symptoms and were diagnosed as pernicious malaria.

On the 9th Ah Sam, from the Quong Chung store in the same block came to Wailuku to consult Dr. Armitage. This case developed such marked symptoms of plague on Saturday, February 10th, that there could be no doubt of the plague having gained a foothold in Maui.

Sheriff Baldwin at once established a strict quarantine at Kahului which is still maintained. The Maui Board of Health met at once and selected a site for a pest house and one for a detention camp, the latter being established at the race track of the Maui Racing Association. Attorney George Hons, of Wailuku, was dispatched to Honolulu on board the Lohoe, chartered for that purpose, to request the attendance of skilled physicians.

In the meantime Drs. Wood and Garvin had started for Maui on Saturday evening, and on Sunday morning the cheering news of their arrival was announced. Dr. Wood immediately took charge of affairs and by noon on Monday the detention camp was ready for its occupants. Over 200 Chinese, Japs and natives were fumigated and dressed in new suits, and at two o'clock the procession quickly moved out to their new quarters.

Scarcely had they reached their destination before everything was prepared for the destruction of their old quarters. At three o'clock a cloud of dust and broken timbers leaped into the air, accompanied by the savage roar of dynamite; then another and another, being the exterior houses of the doomed district. Soon dense volumes of smoke, through which pierced yellow shafts of flame, told that the work of destruction was begun. In two hours the whole block from the Kahului saloon to the Custom House was a heap of glowing ashes. The breeze was from the sea and no trouble was experienced in holding the fire within the prescribed district.

ORIGIN OF THE PEST.

One of the Chinamen who afterwards became a victim of the plague, stated it as his opinion that it had been brought to Kahului in Chinese New Year goods which had been brought from Honolulu some months since and had remained unopened till needed for their New Year festivities. There is not much doubt but that this is the true theory of its origin, as all the surrounding circumstances seem to corroborate his opinion.

SUPPRESSION OF THE CHINESE.

The Chinese of Chinatown became uneasy even before it was known to the authorities that plague existed in Kahului and as a result many of them left and took refuge among their friends in the neighboring towns and camps. Every effort is being made to locate the fleeing men, and already many of them have been brought back.

PRECAUTIONS IN WAILUKU.

On Sunday evening, February 11th, a meeting was called in Wailuku, at

which Mr. Wells was called to the chair. An executive committee of inspection, consisting of Hon. A. N. Kepoikai, W. T. Robinson and John Ahuli were appointed. This committee divided Wailuku into twelve sanitary districts and called for volunteer district inspectors. Over fifty names were enrolled at once, and from two to five inspectors were appointed for each district. Dr. Weddick advised them as to their duties, and on Monday morning a house-to-house inspection was begun. Each committee is pledged to make two inspections each day, and so far the work has been done with scrupulous care. It is needless to add that old Wailuku is receiving a cleaning up that is new to her history.

Latest.

KAHULUI, Feb. 17, 1900.
No deaths since Sunday, the 11th, 3 p. m. One case in detention camp a little suspicious.

C. L. GARVIN,
Agent Board of Health.

Probable Outbreak of Plague at Hilo.

On Tuesday morning the Kahului from Hilo touched at Lahaina and reported that a case of probable plague had developed at Hilo.

On January 25, Mrs. A. G. Serrao of that town was taken sick with headache and fever, dying Feb. 6. Dr. Moore, the agent of the Board of Health at Hilo sent glands to Honolulu for examination. When Dr. Wood examined them, he decided to start for Hilo at once. The U. S. tug Iroquois was placed at his disposal, and at ten o'clock on Tuesday evening he left for Hilo, accompanied by Dr. Carmichael and Consul General Haywood, touching at Kahului on Wednesday morning where he stopped to make a brief inspection. Before noon the Iroquois, with Dr. Wood and party on board, steamed out of the harbor for Hilo direct. Further news is awaited with anxiety.

NOTICE

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

1000 doz. bottles with boxes arrived on the "Centennial" and were not landed until after the fire. These will be the only ones used by me until the old ones from all parts of Maui are thoroughly disinfected.

MAUI SODA & ICE WORKS.

BY AUTHORITY

Notice to the Public

KAHULUI, MAUI.

Feb. 15, 1900

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

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

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

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

By order of

DR. C. L. GARVIN.

Agent Board of Health.

Chicago's Queer Indian.

An Englishman of rank and money visited Chicago recently and with him came his private secretary, a young, fresh faced, jolly fellow just out of Oxford university. The secretary brought letters of introduction to a Chicago man from a well known London actor and an equally prominent man of letters. The Englishman came direct to Chicago, making no stop in New York. The secretary called upon the Chicago man to whom he had letters and who did a little entertaining, having three city friends to meet the private secretary at luncheon at a noted restaurant.

It was after the cigars were lighted that the conversation turned upon things American. The Chicagoans knew that the Britons were credited with believing that they could shoot buffaloes under the shade of the Auditorium and shoot grizzlies along the Shokke, but they were not quite prepared for what was to come. The little luncheon party had been waited upon by a coal black negro with crisp hair curled tight to his head. The secretary throughout the evening had eyed the attendant with interest. When the waiter finally had left the room, the English guest turned to his host and said:

"Mr. Nelson, it seems to me that I read somewhere that the American Indians had straight hair. The hair of the one who waited on us curls like an ostrich's."—Chicago Tribune.

Married With a Bump.

The marriage customs of the Negroes are peculiar. The young man who seeks a bride first obtains the favor of her parents and then pursues her, catching her in his arms. She breaks loose and runs and does not yield until he has caught her several times. Finally he leads her in triumph to her home. Here her father drags the youth up a ladder to her door of their hut. The mother drags up the maiden. They are then made to kneel, and the father pours over them a coconut shellful of water. He then bumps their heads together, and the ceremony is completed. They spend their honeymoon in the depths of the mountains and for five days and nights are lost to sight, after which they come back to everyday life.

There is another marriage custom which is worth describing. Instead of the youth and maiden being dragged up the hut ladder they are made to climb two saplings that grow near each other. Then an elder of the group grasps the saplings and draws them together until the heads of the young couple touch, with a kiss or a bump, according to the force used. This makes them man and wife.—Forum.

Taking Umbrage.

A few idlers (no very unusual thing) were lounging in front of the shop of the bulle of the burch, among whom the laid espyed the village Aesculapius, who was his political oracle, and thus addressed him:

"How's a' w' ye the day, doctor? Any political news?"
"Nothing very particular," replied the doctor; "only it is said that the Dutch have taken umbrage at"—Here the doctor got a touch on his shoulder from his shop boy, who acquainted him that a valuable patient was waiting for him, and he broke off abruptly from his political harangue.

"Ta'en Umbrage!" exclaimed the laird. "Merely upon us! Has they ta'en Umbrage? Baillie, ken ye if it's a wa'ed town or no?"

"A wa'ed town!" said the baillie; "nae sic thing. It's a sugar island and ane o' the sweetest o' them. The article's up already, but ye shall see a stane weight hame wi' ye at the auld price."—Cornhill.

An Expensive Knife.

An old man went into a cigar store where pocketknives are on sale. He had a fancy for one of the knives, but thought the price, 75 cents, too high. After a parley with the proprietor he concluded to wager 75 cents against the knife and play a game of poker. He lost the money and then that much again. He continued to lose until he lost \$121, all the money he had, but the proprietor made him a present of the knife.

In the afternoon he returned, saying he was dissatisfied with the knife. He had paid \$121 for it, but would willingly exchange it for a \$1 article. The dealer kindly made the exchange, and the man went his way rejoicing. He had no money to trouble him, but he had a knife, and after all, a knife is a good thing to have.—Arizona Republic.

Significant Signs.

It has been intimated that the Appleton-O'Byrne wedding is off. If you want to know, go past the Appleton house. The sound of a half dozen sewing machines can be heard there, from daybreak till late at night. When a marriage is given up for good, the sewing machine is idle, except when patches must be put on the old man's underclothes.—Acheson Globe.

The Druggist's Work.

There is a druggist in one of the suburban districts who advertises: "The doctor prescribes; we execute." Such advertising cannot fail to appeal to those who desire to be executed.—Boston Journal.

He Needed No Help.

"Help, help!" cried the man who was being relieved of his valuables. "Calm yourself, my friend," said the easy going footpad. "I can take care of this job without any assistance."—Ohio State Journal.

Settling Down.

"I'm anxious to get married and settle down," said the fast-bachelor, "so that I can pick out one good club and stick to it."—Philadelphia North American.

It carries the current.
"If I were you, I wouldn't lean against that post. You might get hurt."

The speaker was a policeman, and the person to whom his words were addressed was a young fellow who stood under an iron awning with one hand resting on an iron post which helped to support the awning. The young man jerked his hand away quickly.

"What's the matter with the post?" he asked. "It looks all right."

"Yes, it does," responded the policeman, "and it may be all right. But it's iron, and its surface is wet from the rain that is falling. There are a whole lot of telephone and telegraph wires in the vicinity. One of them may be mixed up with an electric light wire somewhere and may also be rubbing up against some part of this awning. Understand? If it should be, the continuation would be one that, with the water that is running down the post as a conductor, would be apt to put you out of existence. I've seen one man killed in just that way, and I really don't want to see another. That's all. Goodby."

Then the policeman walked off down the street, leaving the young fellow staring first at the post and then at the wires overhead. But as long as the saunterer remained under the awning he kept his hands away from the wet iron.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Not Wanting a Job.

When the late W. E. Gladstone was chancellor of the exchequer, one day he was in the shipping department of the government office getting some information and figures for the coming budget. While thus engaged a Sunderland shipowner called to see Mr. Lindsey, the then member for Sunderland.

While waiting for Mr. Lindsey to come in the shipowner got his eye on Mr. Gladstone and was watching him closely. After doing so a little while he thus addressed him:

"Thou seemst a good writer and clever at figures. I'll give thee £100 a year, and that's an offer thou'lt not get every day!"

Mr. Gladstone thanked him and said he would see Mr. Lindsey.

Just then Mr. Lindsey entered. Then Mr. Gladstone told Mr. Lindsey of the offer his friend had made him.

Mr. Lindsey said it was a very good offer, but he did not know if Mr. Gladstone could be spared. Anyway he had better introduce them. Turning to his friend, the shipowner, he said: "Allow me to introduce you to W. E. Gladstone, chancellor of the exchequer—Mr. So-and-so, Sunderland." The announcement of the shipowner cannot be described. The Grand Old Man laughed immoderately.—London Answers.

Willing to Compromise.

About the middle of the civil war a freshly appointed colonel, with a newly enlisted regiment, joined the U. S. forces in the far south. One October morning word came that a small detachment of Federal Wheeler's cavalrymen were on the other side of the hill, and a force started out in pursuit. The next day the Confederates were reported miles distant in the opposite direction. The third day the new colonel and a veteran brigadier started out for a pleasure ride. A mile from camp they rode into the fugitive Confederates, who had been circling the camp for a week. It was a narrow escape, but they got away unharmed.

After it was over the general said to the colonel, "Well, what do you think of war now?"

"Is Wheeler in this neighborhood much of the time?" replied the colonel evasively.

"All the time. He is here, there and everywhere. What do you think of the prospect?"

"Well," answered the colonel reflectively, "I wonder whether there isn't some way this infernal thing can be compromised."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Yankee Jokes Abroad.

A story on the fraudulent conferring of degrees is told in the London Post, which, while it may not be strictly accurate, is not without interest. It seems that a chimney sweep took proceedings against an Edinburgh man for debt, and in the course of his evidence the sweep mentioned that his name was "Jamie Gregory, LL. D." The following colloquy ensued between the witness and the sheriff:

"What, doctor of laws or letters? And where on earth did you get that distinction?"

"It was a fellow fra' an American university, an I swept his chimney three times. 'I canna pay ye cash, Jamie Gregory,' he says, 'but I'll make ye an LL. D., and we'll ca' it quits.' An he did."

Another Mystery.

"The study of the occult sciences interests me very much," remarked the new boarder. "I love to explore the dark depths of the mysterious, to delve into the regions of the unknown, to fathom the unfathomable, as it were, and to—"

"May I help you to some of the best 'professor'?" interrupted the landlady. And the good woman never knew why the other boarders smiled audibly.—Chicago News.

The Old Lady's Story.

Old Lady (reading a letter from her son in college)—"Lor' sales alive! Josiah, if John hadn't gone an' done it! An he warn't no hand for the gals, neither!"

Her Worse Half—Wut's the trouble, Saman'ly?

Old Lady—Why, he says he's fallen in love with Belle—or—Belle Letters.—Brooklyn Life.

All mechanical powers, the screw, lever, pulley, inclined plane, wedge, wheel and axle, were known to the ancients and used in everyday life.

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JOHN'S FIRST WIFE.

—BY—
ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS

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The air was crisp outside, but the roomy kitchen was warm and sunny. Mingled with the grateful heat was the odor of sprinkled linen, steaming under the iron. Linen hung on clothes-horses and on the backs of chairs, and still the wicker basket underneath the ironing board groaned with sheets, pillowslips, tablecloths and napkins neatly piled in soft damp rolls.

Ann Quigley stood at the board ironing. As she ironed she chatted with her neighbor, Susan Stephens, who had come in with her knitting from across the way.

"You don't mind my going right along with my work, do you?" she asked. Susan shook her head, her lips being occupied with counting intricate stitches. "Today's Tuesday, you know, and the ironing's got to be finished. It goes against grain to leave it over till Wednesday, for Wednesday I make. Besides, I can work and talk at the same time."

She straightened out a sheet, tested an iron with the tip of a wet finger and passed it across, back and forth, this way and that, sidewise.

"You are a good housekeeper, Ann," said Susan admiringly. "You are given up to be the best housekeeper in this town. John Quigley got a prize when he got you. Everybody says so."

Ann stopped short, resting her hot iron on the sheet so long that when

from the basket, she shook out the fringe and spread it on the board.

"She was a pretty woman," she continued, briskly ironing the bright red border. "and beauty goes a long way with a man. Nobody would ever accuse me of being pretty," she added, with a constrained laugh, and Susan, looking up, was forced mentally to confess the truth of her remark. Her purple calico, starched and bristling with cleanliness, set off a fairly good figure, but aside from that little could be said in her favor.

"You've got pretty hair, Ann," she ventured encouragingly. Ann sighed again. "Yes, I've got pretty hair," she acknowledged, "but hair don't count much when your face is plain."

Her face was plain. There was no disguising it. Its plainness was accentuated by the halo of reddish brown hair.

"Beauty ain't but skin deep," said Susan sentimentally.

"Yes, but ugliness is to the bone," fluted Ann.

There followed a period of energetic silence freighted with thought.

"John's first wife was pretty," repeated Ann by and by, "mighty pretty. She was young and fresh and blooming, like a flower. She was one of them southern women what don't know any more about house-keeping than a fly, but they know how to make



"HE'LL NEVER FORGET HER, AND I CAN'T MAKE HIM."

she suddenly remembered and took it off there was the print of it in a fine light brown.

"See what you made me do!" she cried, and, snatching up the sheet, she took a shining pill from a shelf, filled it at the sink and scoured the linen into the water. "Maybe it will come out," she muttered, "but I don't know. I'm afraid not."

"I am awfully sorry," apologized Susan contritely.

"Never mind. I'll leave it to soak. I guess it will come out." She folded another sheet across the board. "It was my fault," she said. "You surprised me so. And they talk like that, do they? I'm a good housekeeper and John got a prize when he got me, eh?"

"That's what they say," asserted Susan.

Ann ironed awhile in silence. "And they say you're a splendid cook, too," added Susan, anxious to atone for the scorched sheet.

Ann smiled, well pleased. Then she sighed.

"It don't make much difference how good a housekeeper you are, Susan," she said reflectively, "or how good a cook. Things like that don't make a man care anything more for you. He kinder expects it of you. All the cooking in the world won't keep a man from thinking about somebody else if he's a mind to. It won't make him forget."

"What do you mean?" asked Susan. "You don't mean John?"

"Yes, John. Do you remember his first wife?"

"Umph, hum! But she wasn't a patching to you when it comes to house-keeping."

"Maybe not," mused Ann wistfully, "but there must have been something mighty lovable about her. She's been dead five years now this coming June, and John hasn't forgotten her yet. And what's more, I don't believe he ever will forget her."

She folded the sheet into squares, pressed it lovingly between her palms—it was so clean and white and smooth, and Ann's soul rejoiced in cleanliness and whiteness and smoothness—and laid it on a chair. Then, taking a towel

the men care for them, and that's half the battle. It's more than half. They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but it ain't. It's through his eyes.

"You know I lived next door to them. I could see into her kitchen. And of all the kitchens it was a sight! She hadn't any system about her work. She would put things away and spend half her time looking for them. And cook! She couldn't fry no more cook than she could fly to the moon. She would have her potatoes mashed and ready for the table, a-cooling off, and her chicken only half done. I don't believe she ever got everything done at once in her life. She couldn't cook, and she couldn't learn to cook. It wasn't in her."

She shrugged her shoulders, with a laugh.

"It's the greatest wonder," she went on, "that John didn't get chronic dyspepsia eating the things she set before him. But he didn't. He seemed to thrive. Whatever she cooked was good enough for him. He would come home early and help her, stewing over the stove, doing all kinds of woman's work, trying to make things easy for her. I've seen him run along the walk and up the steps—three steps at a time—he was so glad to get home, then work like a nigger when he got there."

She hung the towel on the back of a chair and shook out the fringe of another.

"He has never done a lick of work since we have been married," she said, her mouth twitching. "He has never had to help me in the kitchen or in the garden or even in the flower beds in the front yard, but he never comes hurrying home, he never runs up the steps three steps at a time, and he never smiles when he meets me at the door."

"Maybe he is worried about business," suggested Susan, measuring the thumb of the glove she was knitting by her own. "Men have lots of things to worry them that they don't tell their wives."

"No, it ain't that; it's remembering her. He can't forget her, and I can't make him forget her."

"Sometimes I wish I didn't live in

the same house as . . . They lived together. That makes a worse. There's the little front porch where they used to sit of evenings. When he and I set there in the summer time and I see his eyes way off yonder, I know he's thinking of her."

She looked slowly, staring through the window, her own eyes moist. "I know," she reiterated softly, "that he is thinking how he used to sit there with her, and he is wishing it was him and her again instead of him and me."

She took to ironing faster.

"I'll never forget the day she died," she continued. "She died three days after the baby was born. She never liked me somehow, but I didn't let that interfere with doing my neighborly duty by her. I went over and helped take care of her."

"The baby was born dead, but she grieved after it the same as if it had been a living child. She would lie there staring up at the ceiling and grieving until it was painful to see her. I believe it was that that killed her. She didn't want to live and it dead. One day she made me bring out its little clothes and lay them on the bed all around her. She fingered the sleeves, the tears rolling down her cheeks. 'There'll never be any little arms in them,' she said and turned her face to the wall."

"I put the things back in the drawer where she couldn't see them any more."

"That last day she was burning up with fever. Her little feet were hot as fire. So were her hands. She talked flightily about the baby, about how she wanted to see it and they wouldn't let her. How could they and it dead? I sat on the edge of the bed, stroking her poor hot feet, when suddenly they began to get cold, and she stopped talking."

"I sent for John in a hurry. When he came, he was like a madman. He knelt down by her bed and begged her to listen to him. 'Don't go away without telling me goodby, sweetheart!' he said, a-sobbing between the words. 'Don't leave me like this! Say goodby to me, sweetheart!'

"I put my hand on his shoulder. I wanted to tell him that she was past speaking, and past hearing for that matter, but he stared up at me as if he had never seen me before. 'Go away,' he said. 'Leave me alone with her, can't you? Go away!' And he gave me a push."

"I went out and shut the door."

She leaned her elbows on the board and looked hard at Susan, who had dropped her knitting in her lap.

"I think the only reason he married me," she said sadly, "was because I took good care of her. But sometimes I wish he hadn't. He'll never forget her, and I can't make him. I do everything I can to please him. I keep this place like wax from parrot to cellar, but it might be better skelter from one week's end to the other for all the notice he takes of it. I stand in this kitchen for hours cooking things to please him, and he hardly tastes them. He sits and stares across the table at me, and I know he doesn't see me. He sees her there opposite him in her old place that I have taken. The look in his eyes hurts me, Susan."

Susan heaved a sigh and again took up the glove. "Maybe you imagine it," she said.

Ann stood erect. She replaced the cold iron with a hot one.

"I wish I did," she said. "I only wish I did. I don't complain. You mustn't think that. He is kind to me. There couldn't be a kinder man, but kindness ain't all a woman wants. She wants a little love mixed up with it sometimes—just a little bit of love."

"Listen! Last night I was lying by his side wide awake and he asleep and dreaming. After awhile he threw his arm around my neck and kissed me in his sleep. 'Sweetheart,' he said, 'my sweetheart!' You'd have felt sorry for me then if you could have seen how still I lay, hardly daring to breathe for fear he would wake and find that it was me there by his side and not his 'sweetheart.'"

"Maybe he meant you," said Susan. "Don't he ever call you 'sweetheart'?"

"No, and he never called her anything else."

The basket was empty. Not a single towel, sheet, napkin or pillowslip remained to interfere with Ann's work on Wednesday—her baking day. She was ironing the last piece, a damask tablecloth, her best cloth, which she reserved for company. Traced upon it was a pattern of ivy leaves. Under the manipulation of her iron this pattern shone, raised into brilliancy by the heat and the pressure of her strong right hand.

A tear dropped. She quickly ironed it out and, passing her sleeve across her eyes, caught two other tears.

Then the slow, soft sweep of the iron over the steaming linen, back and forth, this way and that and sidewise, made rhythmic music in the silent room, while Susan's needles clicked in silent sympathy.

Fashions in Candy.

The confectionery trade is a trade of topsy-turvydom. There is as much fashion in it as in the craft of evolving those creations of fallals, flowers and feathers whose ultimate destination is the adornment of ladies' heads. Time was when the hardpan goods were the one thing needful; those were ousted from public favor by the American invention of soft centered jam goods, jelly beans and so on. Jap nuggets had a reign, and a long one, and might fitly be styled the Victorian reign of this era, so far as candy is concerned. Hanky panky, slapjack and a thousand others of like kind had a brief popularity, to give way, in turn, to some other cunning form of candy weaving. It is to this ever-changing fancy that the candy trade owes its vitality, and so long as there are inventive brains ready to devise new forms, so long will the trade be prosperous.—Exchange.

WADDLES' HOLIDAY.

WAS MARRIED BY THE EXPENSE OF LIFE AT A HOTEL.

So Mrs. W. Decided to Better Things by Taking Meals at a Restaurant. With Results Not the Most Satisfactory in the World.

"Now, William, this here livin' at expensive hotels is all foolishness. We can't afford it. We get more to eat than we need anyway."

"It's most supper time now," replied William Waddle meekly.

"Yes, an' right now's a good time to begin eatin' supper. We'll go over to that restaurant an' have some nice tea an' toast. I don't say folks oughtn't to eat much before goin' to bed. Ten an' ten is right as healthy. If it wasn't for your wife, William Waddle, you'd get to be a regular gormandizer. Like that fat man as sits at our table an' eats two meals while decent folks is only gettin' ready to begin on one."

So the Waddle procession moved over to the restaurant and pre-empted two seats at the best table.

"Some tea an' some toast," ordered Mrs. W.

"Yes'm. What else?" said the waitress.

"Nothin' else. Tea an' toast is enough supper for anybody. Folks do too much eatin' nowadays."

In due time the toast appeared—two thin pieces for Mrs. Waddle, two thinner pieces for William Waddle. A chunk of butter kept guard between each two pieces and refused to soften in honor of the occasion. Likewise the tea arrived, nice and green, nice and cold, and with the cups only half filled.

"What next?" asked the girl, with a faraway look in her eyes.

"Nothin' next," snorted Mrs. W., with her eyes on the tea. She detests green tea. The girl went away.

"Patience, William. This here toast is good, an'—an'—dry," she added, failing to find any other point of excellence.

"So's the tea. Have some sugar—an' milk?"

Mr. W. had some accordingly, meanwhile eyeing the pickle jar and the catchup bottle hungrily.

The toast vanished. The tea disappeared like dew under the hot morning sun. Nothing remained but two unrepentant chunks of butter.

Mr. Waddle looked at Mrs. Waddle, but her eyes were on the bottom of the cup. He reached for the cracker jar and helped himself to that, too, seasoning up the crackers to a nicety and adding a pickle by way of an appetizer.

Still Mrs. Waddle made no remark. The girl with the faraway look in her eyes came back.

"Anything else?"

"Some more tea an' toast, please," said Mrs. W. carelessly. William wondered, but said nothing. He knows a thing or two, does William.

"What's the bill?" asked Mrs. Waddle in a well-fed, unconcerned tone of voice. "William, wipe that catchup off your whiskers." William did so promptly.

"Ten, 10 cents a cup, is 40 cents; toast, 10 cents a plate, is 40 cents; crackers, 10 cents—40 cents, please."

Mrs. Waddle paid, and Mr. Waddle pondered. As they passed out of the front door he noticed a sign reading thus: "Regular Supper, 35 cents." Then he did a little mental figuring and pondered some more. Mrs. Waddle said not a word, but led the way back to their hotel.

The porch was empty. The guests were inside, comfortably eating their fill in plain sight of the Waddles' camp place. The waiters inside passed the second course. An appetizing whiff of well cooked fish stole on to the porch and landed fairly upon Mrs. Waddle's nose. She is particularly fond of fish.

William picked his teeth cautiously, yet hopefully.

Mrs. Waddle rocked placidly back and forth in her porch chair. The Bay View train, just passing by, seemed to engross her entire attention.

William grew more hungry with every passing moment. His stomach felt empty and heavy and queer. But hope was not dead.

As the Bay View train faded out of sight Mrs. Waddle stopped rocking, sat up straight and calmly announced:

"William Waddle, it's supper time. There's our table, an' there's our waiter. Do you mean to sit out here a-moonin' all night?"—Detroit Journal.

Getting Matters Adjusted.



"You are half an hour late at our appointment, Mr. Tompkins."

"Yes; I stopped to get my hunchoon."

"Well, be kind enough to sit down and wait while I go out and get mine."

It Went Into the Waste Barrel.

"Your meter in this poem limps a little," replied the editor.

"Ah!" replied the poet. "But please observe that it is about the wooden-legged hero of the street cleaning gang."—Philadelphia North American.

No Bedclothes Trust.

"These coal barons can't squeeze me."

"Don't you burn anthracite?"

"Yes, but when the price gets high I go to bed early."—Chicago Record.

WAS GOOD AT FIGURES.

How Mr. Otto Skinner Managed to Make Some Money.

"Otto Skinner, the actor, was standing in front of the Tulane theater," said an attorney of the house, "when a somewhat seely looking stranger rushed up and seized him by the hand."

"My dear fellow! I'm delighted to see you!" he exclaimed in a hoarse voice, indicative of prolonged drought. "I noticed in the papers you were coming, and I've been on the lookout for you ever since your bills were up."

"That's very good of you," murmured Mr. Skinner, doing his best to simulate joy and recalling the man as a decidedly casual acquaintance of a preceding visit. "I was a little preoccupied when you came up and—"

"Oh, not a word!" interrupted the other heartily. "It's all right, my boy! The fact is I can only stop for a moment and want you to do me a bit of a favor. I see a chance to make \$250 tonight if I have \$10. Can you oblige me with the amount until tomorrow morning? It will be \$2.50 in my pocket and not a cent out of yours."

"The actor pondered for a moment and then produced two silver dollars and a half."

"I'll do better than that," he said, handing over the coins. "Now you've made \$2.50, and I've made \$7.50."

"Mr. Skinner was born in Hartford, and when he was a boy he took first prize in arithmetic."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

True to Principle.

Constance, the beautiful maiden, struggles desperately in the water.

"Save me!" she shrieks.

Harold, the brave youth, standing upon the shore, throws aside his coat. "Are you sinking for the third time?" he asks anxiously.

"Oh, dear! I forgot to count! How stupid of me!" cries Constance in much confusion.

Harold is as brave as a lion truly, but he will scarcely risk violating what is perhaps the most cherished convention of romance. —Detroit Journal.

At the Zoo.



Freddie—I wonder what that bygone sees to laugh at.

Maudie—Why, don't you know that your necktie has crept around beneath your right ear. —Pittsburg Press.

Righteous Soul.

"You are bitter enough on trusts now," spoke up a man in the audience, "but I happen to know that you belonged to one for several years."

"I did, my fellow citizens!" thundered the orator. "But when I became fully awake to the enormity of the thing I did my best to crush that trust. I sold my factories to that trust, my fellow citizens, for twice what they were worth in cash!"—Chicago Tribune.

Perfectly Cool.

"I hope you are one of the people who can keep cool in the presence of danger."

"I am," answered the man who wanted a place as a private watchman.

"Have you ever demonstrated it?"

"I have. I once came near being drowned in a skating pond."—Washington Star.

Matrimonial Microbe's Origin.

Singleton—Do you agree with the doctor who considers kissing dangerous?

Benedict—Oh, yes.

Singleton—What dread effect do you think is likely to arise from it?

Benedict—Marriage. —New York Press.

Minds Wanted.

Lady—You ought to be ashamed to admit that you can't find anything to do when the papers say they want thousands of farmhands out west.

Sandy Pikes—Farm hands? Whv, I ain't got farm hands, lady. I've got city hands. —Chicago News.

Topic of Discussion.

He—What did you discuss at the meeting of your literary club this afternoon, my dear?

She—The outrageous action of Miss Burgess in almost doubling her price for making a gown. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Clear Understanding at Start.

Newlywed (after the ceremony)—Do you really think I shall make a good mate, darling?

Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, you're all right! How do you like your captain? —Philadelphia Record.

Courageous, But Rash.

"Mrs. Paddery insulted our club."

"In what way?"

"She suggested that this year take up the study of 'manners.'"

—Cago Record.

Caught Them.

"Here you are, gentlemen!" sang the enterprising fakir at the vegetable picnic. "Filtered cider!"

And they crowded around him. —Cago Tribune.