The Honolulu Times

"Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

VOL. I. HONOLULU, OCTOBER, 1902. No. 1.

BIRDS.

It is considered as criminal, in most parts of our country, to kill a robin, so priceless is the value to the farmer. The fruit the songster eats is as nothing to the fruit it saves! In Boston the English sparrow is housed and fed in the trees, during Winter. Thousands of pigeons throng the very heart of the city, free and fearless. Under the horses' hoofs they run in and out, if birds could be brought to Hawaii, the robin, sparrow, quail and many more, in large numbers, and the law made severe for their preservation, there would shortly be no more cry of "pests," of any sort, in the path of vegetation. Nothing else will do the work. We must follow God the Creator in our dealings with nature. Then darkness and ignorance will disappear and true prosperity will arise. What is needed, is reason, *common* sense not theories.

Theories are expensive and bring no practical end in view.

PREVENTION FOR CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Yes, that reads well and has the right ring. But we have known more cruelty to animals in the past summer than all the rest of our life put together. Truly that Tourist was frank who remarked that he would give Hawaii the palm in that respect.

Look at the youngsters on the country roads who do not want to be thought as driving "an old plug" and so lash them to top speed. Let the spur be taken from their pockets, and if nothing else will touch them, mercy let the whip be put to their own backs that they may realize how comfortable it feels.

"RED AND YELLOW."

In these dull times when all seems a bit or two "slow," when stocks are down, when land and mortgage are cheap and plentiful, when there is not too much of a surplus from the brilliant Legislature we know something of, and shall hope to pass by and forget! it is cheering to see the dear country put on new shoes and a lively neck-tie and stepping out to say:—

"Good morning, I reckon we're all right!" It's the grandest, noblest spot on earth—Hawaii.

Three Cheers for Hawaii,
Every woman, every man;
Three Cheers for Hawaii,
Now beat it, if you can!

THE WAGE-EARNER.

I fancy I hear you say, my friend, that you have no time to study the Politics of this Territory. Your family requires your attention when off duty—your boys claim your few minutes night and morning, your work is heavy and your heart too full of care and anxiety, to make ends meet. You can't bother. Indeed, you do not care for it.

Then kindly let me say to you, follow in the wake of the solid men of the Islands—you can't make a blunder: Listen to the opinion of men, "stedfast and immovable," who will look to it that the tax on your shanty is not an unjust one, who will *know* if your baby has pure and sweet milk, if your boys are properly schooled and prepared for the battle of life, if your wage is a fair one—the men, gentlemen if you please, who will individually and collectively study your best interest.

Follow the Mays, the Athertons, Cooks, Castles, Waterhouses, Damons, Waitys, look to those who cluster about the Davies', the Hackfeld & Co., the Steamship Cos., the Customs, the Executive Building, the Judiciary, the natives who follow the Rev. H. Parker and time and space would fail me to speak of half on whom you can depend in this tiny country—the brave, hopeful cheerful crowd of ready keepers. You can wager your last dime on them, and see it turn out, a dollar, and on it:—

"In God we trust."

MR. HONOR-BRIGHT.

He is still a young man and yet his banking interests are large. His face is so gentle, so calm so truly Christ-like and he looks at one with a steady searching gaze which says plainer than words could speak the working of his rapid brain:—"How can I uplift in any way these men, these needy ones? My Heavenly Father teach me what to do for them" "The solid men of Hawaii!!"

HAWAII-NEI.

We felt really like falling prone at the feet of the Supreme Being and saying:—"Thou art O God and there is none beside." It was on this wise; long before sunrise when Morning was chasing Night away, one day this week, that we witnessed a most sopernal glory of sea and sky and earth. The glow from the east lighted the water and the land in a marvellous flood of color, while the full moon in the west was get above the horizon. No sooner had the sun risen than a rainbow spanned the sky above the sea as companion of the moon. That scene seemed to pay us for the month of work and isolation.

Unique Hawaii!

THE HONOLULU TIMES.

ANNE M. PRESCOTT.....Editor

All communications to the Honolulu Times should be sent in at least three days before publication signed by the author, to the office, 82 Merchant street.

HONOLULU, OCTOBER, 1902.

THE NATIVE.

We are glad whensoever we meet a native, man or woman, well-dressed and holding a position of trust. It makes us hoppy to know that they are contented and happy. We would have them all, if we might, in comfortable and lucrative places—the pretty home and the children about them.

And other things being equal we would always give the native the preference.

Never send the native away, but the white man, where only room for one.

Any man (or woman) is worthy of commendation for trying to keep his business affairs in his own hands; it is certainly sound sense, while it is not so very poetical. It means often hard work and plodding industry from early dawn to evensong and often later. But victory, and not loss, is the sure result.

All communications for the *Honolulu Times* must be sent in early and must have the writer's signature.

Any subscriber not receiving his paper kindly ring up Tel. Blue 251.

N. B.——

Pay no heed to Mr. Scatterbrain wherever you may meet him, but always look for Mr. Stedfast.

It is not the country that makes a gentleman; but, the breed."

We want a good Legislature, men who make for righteousness.

All communications for this paper must be sent in early.

"Come, ye children, and hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that lusteth to live, and would fain see good days? Keep thy tongue from evil: and thy lips, that they speak no guile. Eschew evil, and do good: seek peace, and ensue it." Now the Editor most entirely believes that "Mother" Taylor, spoken of in this morning's paper, has in her daily life done all that is required by God, through the Psalmist. But, we would like much to know if from, say, the Grand Climacteric, sixty-three years, she has tried to pursue any set rule of diet and exercise? We would like to know very much how she, herself accounts, at least, in part, for her 81 years. Counsel and advice from the aged are like "Apples of Gold." We certainly should "covet, life;" and it would seem as if all those who are blessed with home and friends and health here, in this lovely country—this pearl of all island groups should faithfully strive to help any who are not so fortunate as they themselves.

INDUSTRIAL FARM SCHOOLS.

Do you want to save the Hawaiian race? Put an Industrial School on each one of the Islands.

The smallest child can be taught not only to sow the seeds of industry and thrift but those of lettuce, turnips, melons, etc. Put there, Cows and fowls and incubaters.

Plant the vine, the fig, and whatever else will find a market. Have flower-gardens, nurseries for young trees, orchards. Have "a stretch of the imagination" if you can make any money out of it, to help along the gigantic scheme, that it prove no "bubble." And, finally, close all the little country schools that are not, and can not be, under the circumstances, good producers at least not nearly the best, and teach the children how to literally, earn their own living.

Then, will you meet on every road, in this country of mid-ocean, famously good men and women—intelligent "beyond anything," self-helpful and righteous. May God hasten that bridge-building over the chasms of Indolence and Vice that are today sapping the native.

I have never conned Politics, Honey, Republican, Democrat or Home Ruler; yet, I know that none but a rogue, would trade his vote for money. *Now!*

A MANIA.

It is getting to be a perfect mania to harp on, the times, of these Islands—the "hard times!" We have been in from the beach for two days only, and we confess to feeling fairly bared on the subject. It gives us a bad turn to meet whether a banker or a bankrupt, for both seem to be equally dead broke, if not in realty in fancy. Oh dear! we do just hate to hear anyone groan, even when in pain. But, now, when we have no plague, no pestilence no disaster of any sort—when the skies are lovely and Koreas are steaming portward, to hear continually the old song:—"Quiet" "nothing going on" "collapse," yards and yards of it, we must exclaim: For pity's sake hold your tongue!

We most heartily wish some one would bring a first-rate company here and give to us a run of good comedy and farce and pantomime to shorten up the faces we note on the street.

Certainly, the Queen shall be paid ("sure") in good gold, a goodly sum; and, we shall hope to be invited to that *luau* following! Now three times three and a tiger for Hawaii's Queen.

For a few minutes it often disgusts one with truth seeing how successful falsehood is. "It's no use to try to do right," says someone.

Yes, that Legislature of two years ago still leaves a bad taste in the mouth. There's a great man at the top of this Territory. Honey, He'll speak the unvarnished truth —and not too funny.

"Our Delegate to Congress!" yes.

We don't care a crooked pin what color a man's skin, or what his political platform if he be only honest—a white-souled man. That is the point. And we recognise no superiority but brains and spirituality. To that we bow low and doff our cap. A man may be whiter or he may be brown, we heed it not. He may be half white and half brown, or again, he may be half brown and half white, what recks it? To what wretched poverty of thought, and malicious

invention one must have come, to account the color of a man's skin as a bar to anything, or any position on earth, prove be worthy and capable! God made man in His own image. Does that eternal verity rest with the English-speaking race, only? *Allons!*

It was indeed a red-letter day for this Territory when the Senators came.

"The Chinese are the best people in the world to deal with," so say the natives; and they should be competent judges in that matter. We shall now have the needful supply of Chinese labor—there is no doubt of it.

That "ball-and-chain" also, is to be "unrivetted." *Pau. Aloha!*

The clever Senatorial Commissioners will be more than able to spell and define:—"Revolution," "Delegate" (our), "Monarchy," "Queen" and "Governor Dole" by the time they shall have reached Washington again.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

By Lawrence N. Booth.

Again I close mine eyes to sleep,
  Still knowing not
What other hours of day shall keep
  My mortal thought.
Like one who launches from the shore
  Out on a starless sea,
Uncertain of return once more,
  So come I unto thee,
O dark and death-like sleep.

Father, receive my evening prayer.
  Thou knowest best,
What time my pilgrim soul should fare
  To its long rest.
A little longer to abide—
  This may more needful be;
Yet quick departing to Thy side
  Is better far for me.
Thy pleasure is my prayer.

So this I ask for Jesus' sake:
  If called this night,
Then let my mist-cleared eyes awake
  To perfect light;
But if an earthly day shall dawn,
  Give it a resurrection power.
Forgive the error past and gone,
  Bless every new-born hour;
That when I come to launch once more
  On sleep's dark, death-like sea,
Come life, come death, on either shore
  I may be nearer Thee.
Grant this for Jesus' sake.

Seabury Divinity School, Faribault, Minn.

THE CLERGYMAN IN OLD AGE.

Cardinal Wolsey is reported to have said, "If I had served by God as I have served my king, He would not in my old age have deserted me."

We well remember the college oration of a friend (since an eminent Boston lawyer) on "*The old age of the political partisan*," and wish it were in print for all political partisans to read.

But one of the saddest things we know of is the old age of some of our clergymen, who after a life spent in the service of the Master are shoved aside to make way for younger men.

At the age when the doctor and lawyer are receiving their largest fees, and all needy soldiers are honorably provided fotr in well-appointed soldiers' homes, the old clergymen, like the old horse, is too often left to hard work for little pay or to depend on charity.

In the Catholic and Methodist Episcopal churches, we believe, this is not true. But in some of our churches we have had brought to our notice sad instances of the neglect and suering of aged clergymen.

As this paper goes to all the clergy of our own State, we would urge upon them (in view of the fact that sooner or later they will all—if they live—grow old) to take action for the establishment in all churches of funds which shall honorably provide for the old age of those who have given their lives to the preaching of the gospel. GEO. T. ANGELL.

NORTH DAKOTA.

We are glad to find in a letter received this morning a description of the very kind treatment of horses by the Norwegians in North Dakota. Probably in no country in the world are horses more kindly treated than in Norway.

OUR QUEER LANGUAGE.

(From February St. Nicholas.)

When the English tongue we speak
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"?
Will you tell me why it 's true
We say "sew" but likewise "few";
And the maker of a verse
Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse"?
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard";
"Cord" is different from "word";
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low;
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."
Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose";
And of "goose"—and yet of "choose."
Think of the "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb";
"Doll" and "roll"; and "home" and "some."
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"
Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?
We have "blood" and "food" and "good";
"Mould" is not pronounced like "could."
Wherefore "done," but "gone" and "lone"?
Is there any reason known?
And, in short, it seems to me
Sounds and letters disagree.

COMBINATIONS OF CAPITAL.

Don't you think, Mr. Angell, that great combinations of capital are endangering our republican government? Yes.

Will they destroy it? No.

What can prevent it? Great combinations of intelligent labor controlled by intelligent leaders who cannot be bought or sold, resulting in the settlement of questions between capital and labor at the ballot-box, without armies or navies on one side, or dynamite and great incendiary fires on the other.

How do you think this will be brought about? By a public demand that civics and *humane* education shall be considered in our colleges and schools *the most important branches to be taught there.*

BRITISH SCHOOLBOY BLUNDERS.

From the St. Jame's Gazette.

The historical and other "facts" given here are taken from schoolbays' examination papers.

Of whom was it said "He never smiled again?" William Rufus did this after he was shot by the arrow.

My favorite character in English history is Henry VIII., because he had eight wives and killed them all.

Edward III. would have been King of France if his mother had been a man.

Alexander the Great was born in absence of his parents.

What followed the murder of Becket? Henry II. received whacks with a birch.

The principal products of Kent are Archbishops of Canterbury.

The chief clause in Magna Charta was that no free man should be put to death or imprisoned without his own consent.

Where were the Kings of England crowned? On their heads.

What were the three most important Feudal dues? Friendship, courtship, marriage.

What do you know of Dryden and Buckingham? Dryden and Buckingham were at first friends, but soon became contemporaries.

What is Milton's chief work? Milton wrote a sensible poem called the "Canterbury Talls."

Give the names of five Shakespearean plays. Macbeth, Mikado, Quo Vadis, San Toy, Sign of the Cross.

An optimist is a man who looks after your eyes, and a pessimist is a man who looks after your feet.

A man who looks on the bright side of things is called an optimist and the one who looks on the dull side is called a pianist.

EL VAQUERO.

"Ave Maria," a herder said,
One eve in sight of Santa Fe,
Where ground and blanket were his bed
And all around his cattle lay.

"Ave Maria, full of grace—"
How strangely solemn were the words,
In such a wild and dreary place,
Beneath the stars, among the herds.

"Santa Maria, Mother of God,"
Angel-like breezes came to take
The words thus spoken from the sod
To yonder sky while yet he spake.

"Pray for us sinners now," said he,
With earnest hope to be forgiven;
While distant hills all seemed to be
Steps leading from the plains to heaven.

"Pray for us in the hour of death,"
And softly still the murmuring came,
Until at last the lisping breath
Ceased with the sweet and holy name.

"Ave Maria" no more he said,
That eve in sight of Santa Fe;
When morning came a herder dead
Was found there where his cattle lay.

FOR COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

A College Hazing We Approve.

Frank Hinkey, Yale, '94, a famous football captain, told the following story at a recent college alumni dinner:

"It happened in 1892. Some sophomores noticed that two poor country boys began their housekeeping in a room on the ground floor of one of the college halls, with a miserable apology for a bed, no carpet, no table, and only two chairs as the sum total of their outfit. They proposed to board themselves, but had only a few dollars for their food during the term. They expected hazing and were not disappointed.

"One night the trembling youths were summoned by a sophomore, who as not overcourteous, to go to a room upwstairs. They obeyed, pale-with fear. They were detained about an hour, but were only quizzed by the circle of students in the room. Then they were released. Entering their own apartment, they were dazzled by a new carpet, a tasteful bedstead fully equipped, a study table, easy chirs, a handsome drop-lamp, a bookcase partly filled with books, a stove, pictures on the walls, rugs, etc., while in a closet were enough provisions to last a week."

Boston Herald, April 27.

[As our paper goes every month to all college presidents in America, north of Mexico, we hope that this re-publication of the above incident may result in good].

SAVED HER NINE PUPS.

At the fire at "Tom" Earley's place on La Grange street early yesterday morning, the "colonel's" celebrated bull terrier, Zola, performed an act that deeply touched those who saw it. Zola, who is a registered dog, is the mother of nine handsome little puppies and has been caring for her happy family in the basement where the fire started.

When the alarm was given the first attendant on the scene made a rush for the cellar to rescue the dogs. He met Zola staggering up the cellar stairs with a puppy in her mouth and discovered that she had brought the entire family up, one by one, to a place of safety. Three of the puppies were in bad condition from the smoke and the little mother herself was very weak from her efforts. The family received the best of care and it is hoped they will all pull through. Meantime there is nothing too good for Zola.—*Boston Herald, May 12.*

"Ah! you do not know the Little One yet. She is worth a study. I painted her years ago—'La Vivandiere a Sept Ans.' There was not a picture in the salon that winter that was sought like it. I had traveled in Algeria then; I had not entered the army. The first thing I saw of Cigarette was this! She was seven years old; she had been beaten black and blue; she had had two of her tiny teeth knocked out. The men were furious, she was a pet with them; and she would not say who had done it, though she knew twenty swords would have beaten him flat as a fritter if she had given his name. I got her to sit to me some days after. I pleased her with her own picture. I asked her to tell me why she would not say who had ill-treated her. She put her head on one side like a robin, and told me, in a whisper: "It was one of my comrades—because I would not steal for him. I would not have the army know—it would demoralize them. If a French soldier ever does a cowardly thing, another French soldier, must not

betray it.' That was Cigarette—at seven years. The esprit du corps was stronger than her own wrongs. What do you say to that nature?"

"That is superb!—that it might be molded to anything. The pity is——"

"Ah, tais-toi!" said the artist-trooper, half wearily, half laughingly. "Spare me the old world-worn, threadbare formulas. Because the flat and the laleza blossom for use, and the garden-flowers grow trained and pruned, must there be no bud that opens for mere love of sun, and swings free in the wind in its fearless fair fashion? Believe me, dear Victor, it is the lives which follow no previous, it is the lives which follow no previous rule that do the most good and give the most harvest."

THE HOUSTONIAS.*

Half a dozen Quaker ladies,
Straight and slim and small,
In a sunny Berkshire feadow
By a low stone wall.

"Is thee come to Yearly Meeting?"
"Yea." "And thee, too?" "Yea."
"Verily, and thee is early!"
"Opens next First-day."

And in truth, the next day May Sabbath
All that meadow fair
Scarce could hold the Yearly Meeting
Set for session there;

In their little gray-blue bonnets,
Chatting, brim to brim,
Half a million Quaker ladies,
Straight and small and slim.
SARAH J. DAY, in The American Friend.

[*The Houstonia, one of our prettiest wild flowers, is often called "Qauker Lady" on account of the quaint primness of its dainty little blossoms.]

BREAD MAKING.

By L. E. Chittenden.

After I learned to cook most things very well, I still held aloof from bread making, as of something so laborious and uncertain and altogether mysterious that I feared to attempt it.

But the cooks in the kitchen were too often failures in respect to bread making, and we despised baker's bread; hence it came to pass that in the interim between cooks, I came across a recipe of Mrs. Rorer's which read so intelligently and included no all-night settings and early risings and indefinite results; so I resolved to try this apparently simple formula, with a resolution privately made, that if it was a failure I'd say nothing about it, but cast the failure into the furnace and preserve a golden and discreet silence in regard to my attempt. That was nine years ago, and I have met with na failure then or since, and as a proud and happy reward have earned the unique tribute from my husband that my bread is "even better than his mother's." And I know praise can no further go than this!

This is the way I make it.

When breakfast is almost ready, I put a cake of compressed yeast to soak in three tablespoonfuls of tepid water.

In the mixing crock I put one pint of milk and a lump of butter the size of a walnut. I set this crock in the warm oven leaving the oven door open, and go to breakfast; when I come out, the butter has spread over the surface of the milk. I add a pint of cool water, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, then if the mixture is luke warm I stir in the yeast and a quart of flour. I beat the batter hard for five minutes and stir in a quarter or more of flour, enough to knead it into a mass.

I turn it onto a well-floured board and knead for fifteen minutes; I grease my crock and set where it is warm. I place bread within, cover with a close, set it in a warm place, and let it rise three hours. Then I mix into four loaves and let rise one hour more, and bake 45 minutes.

Whole wheat flour bread I make the same way except hat I mix whole wheat flour with the white, one-half of each.

If I wish rolls for breakfast I leave out enough for one loaf; this I roll out and spread with melted butter, cut out with small biscuit cutter, let rise one-half hour longer than the bread, bake 30 minutes, and warm through the next morning by covering pan with a well-fitted cover and watching carefully not to let them get too brown.

Or I add sugar, cinnamon, a cup of currants, and a little melted shortening, and mold into larger shapes for buns, or bake altogether in a flat pan for coffee-cake or Sally Lunn, wetting the top with egg or milk, and sprinklink with sugar ond cannimon.

A cup of boiled rice added to bread sponge makes it deliciously sweet and nutritive. In fact, any of the cooked breakfast foods, if not too stiff, add nutrition and a delightful nutty flavor to the bread.

AN INSTANCE.

Bridget and Pat were sitting in an armchair reading an article on "The Law of Compensation."

"Just fancy," exclaimed Bridget; "accordin' to this whin a mon loses wan av 'is sinses another gits more developed. For instance, a bloind mon gits more sinse av he'rin' an' touch, an' "—

"Shure, an' it's quite true," exclaimed Pat.

"Oi've noticed it meself. Whin a mon has wan leg shorter than the other, begorra the other's longer."—Philadelphia Times.

A PATHETIC MESSAGE.

Kennebec (Me.) *Journal*: A pathetic message was received by Dr. Gould of Rockland recently from that lonely place called Matinicus. Dr. Gould has a system of pigeons which convey messages from there to the mainland, and on Saturday there came a pigeon to the homing loft at Tenant's Harbor conveying news of the serious illness of Mrs. E. A. Young. The silent messenger that flew across twenty miles of seas to Tenant's Harbor was found to have seven No. 1 shot imbedded this injury, by a thoughtless sportsman, the bird had flown across with her message, and, true to instinct, the bird had delivered her message. Shortly after the homecoming the bird died.

LOVE IN SLEEPY CAMP.

(From Mainly About People.)

It was too hot for work in "Sleepy Camp," so nearly all the men had given it up for the day and lounged into Zeb's saloon to have a smoke and a drink.

Though it was getting well on in the afternoon the sun was still blazing hot and there wasn't a breath of air to move the red dust. In a little shanty, not far from the saloon, sat two young diggers, both tall, well built men, but one handsome, the other ugly—hence their nicknames—Bob, the Beauty and Ugly Sam. Sam sat in the corner near the window, through which could be faintly heard the laughing and singing at Zeb's; Bob sat on the table, swinging his legs.

"It's a treat to git out o' that scorchin' sun," said Ugly, pulling a pipe out of his pocket and knocking the ash on the floor.

"Yes," agreed Beauty, stretching his arms and yawning fearfully.

"We've had a grand day, haven't we, Beauty?" asked Sam, striking a match on his boot.

"Yes," answered Bob, shutting his big mouth with a snap.

"You seem to take it awful quiet—you don't seem to grasp that we—we two pards—have found the biggest nugget ever dug up in 'Sloop Camp.'"

"Oh, yes, I do," replied Bob, kicking so hard at the table leg that it seemed more than likely the rickety old thing would give way.

"Let's have another look at it!"

So saying, Sam jumped to his feet and took a key out of his pocket, crossed to a large chest that was standing up against the wall, fitted it in the lock and threw back the lid with a bang.

It was a nugget—goodness knews how much it was worth.

"Isn't it grand," cried Sam, falling on his knees and patting it affectionately with his hand.

"I should say it was," said Bob, slipping off the table to have a look over Ugly's head.

"Another find half as big as that, and we're made fer life," and Sam closed the lid and locked it, putting the key carefully back into his pocket.

Bob crossed to the table and took up his former position.

"Ours has turned out a trump of 'er claim," he said.

Sam nodded his head and replied:

"Rather."

"What'll you do when yer have enough—give up work?" asked Bob.

"I might think o' doing so," answered Sam, relighting his pipe.

"Might git married, eh?"

"Maybe."

Bob slipped down off the table once more and went to the door—opened it and looked out. Two or three miners were passing on their way to their shanties; they greeted him with "Good evening, Beauty," and walked on. Bob kicked the door to and strode across to Sam, who was still puffing at his pipe.

"Look here, Ugly," said Bob; "it's no good us two goin' on like this, is it?"

"No," replied Sam, rising frim his seat.

"What's ter be done?"

Sem shook his head.

"'Bout Lil, I mean," explained Bob.

"I know what yer mean, Beauty," and Sam looked intently at the floor as if thinking.

"Who does she like the best o' us two?" asked Bob.

"Can't say—the one she's talkin' to at the time, I guess."

"Look here, Ugly," said Bob, "we've always been good pals, we've not had rows like Hatchet and Black George, and it's a pity we should start now, especially 'bout a woman."

"Yer right enough there!" agreed Sam.

"Now, we both love Lil," continued Bob, and there was a perceptible catch in his voice at the word "love," "and we think she cares fer us both jist about the same."

"Ye."

"Well, if one were to go, the one left would most probably have 'er—eh?"

"Yes," from Sam, with a nod of the head.

"Who's to go?" asked Bob.

The two men looked at each other—there was silence for a moment except for the distant laughing—then Sam felt in his pocket for something and said:

"You see this dollar piece? Well, it may sound a bit wrong to spin for her, but listen, Beauty, one of us two has ter go. I'll throw this coin up, you call, and if yer right I'll pack, but if yer wrong I'll stay.

Bob bit sis lips.

"Is it a go?" asked Sam.

"And the one that goes, does he take his share?" Bob asked.

"He takes that," answered Sam, pointing to the chest. "If yer right yer have Lil—and I take the nugget, but if wrong yer go with the nugget and I stay with the gal."

"It seems a bit funny——"

"But," interrupted the other, it's a way out of the wood; if we both staty ther'll be shootin'."

"All right, Ugly, it's a bargain." Bob drew a long breath. "We'll stick by the spin of that there dollar."

"We will. Shall I throw?" asked San quietly.

"Yes," came from Bob in the same tone.

"Call while it's high," said Sam, and up it went—spinning round and round in the air.

"Women!" cried Bob.

Down it came with a ring on the floor and rolled into a corner of the room.

"See what it is," said Sam.

Bob crossed hesitatingly and peered down into the corner.

"It's heads," he cried, "I've lost."

"And I've won," cried Sam, rushing over to the place and picking up the dollar, "my dear old lucky coin," and he put it to his lips and kissed it—then went to Bob, who was looking out of the window.

"Shake!" he said, holding out hand.

Bob turned and took it, gripping hard.

"Here's the key to the chest—you've got the nugget," said Sam.

"Yes, that's right enough," repliel Bob the Beauty with a chuckle; "I'll be off in the morning.

It was early when Bob got up next morning—so early that there was only a very faint tinge of light in the east, but he hadn't slept a wink, so it was as good as tossing about for another hour or so.

He unlatched the door at the shanty as noiselessly as he could for fear of waking Sam, who was snoring away on his back, and slipped out into the open. He wanted to have a last look around, and straighten things up for his going—he'd have to make some excuse to the boys, he thought, they'd think it so strange, and so he walked down to the claim.

Although he had gone out so quietly, the click of the latch had been enough for Sam, who awoke to find himself laughing, positively laughing, he was so happy.

He didn't get up immediately, but lay there planning out his future happiness. He was sorry, very sorry for Beauty, but perhaps the nugget would be some consolation to him; besides, he didn't think Bob liked the girl as much as he did.

Quite an hour passed before he dressed himself, a bit smarter than usual, and went out. He even picked a little yellow flower that was growing among the grass by the side of the track and put it in his buttonhole.

He had been walking for some time, now and then breaking into song in his deep, rough voice, and hardly noticing where he went—till he looked up and found himself by Peep Hollow, some way out of the camp; so he sat down with his back against a big pine and lit his pipe.

"As happy as a King I'd be," he started to sing between the puffs of smoke, when he stopped suddenly, for coming along the path toward him he saw a slight figure in a big straw hat. His heart gave a bound. It was Lil!

Ugly sat very still as she approached, and she didn't see him, being very interested in something she was talking to—he strained his ears to listen.

"You dear, dear, old fellow—how I love you—better than all the world—Sleepy Camp thrown in."

It was a photo-picture she addressed these remarks to. Sam could make that much out.

"There, back to your little hiding place, and nobody knows nothing about yer." So saying she kissed it and slipped into the front of her blouse, then, turning from the path, cut through the pines.

Sam had stopped his song to listen, and it was some moments before he thought of getting up to follow her, but he did after a time, and tried to make out the way she had gone.

He had been breaking through the undergrowth for a few minutes when he saw something on the ground a few yards ahead.

"It's the picture she had," said Sam to himself, so he forced his way through to the spot where it lay. It was face downward—he picked it up and turned it over—it was Beaut's.

Sam let it fall with a half-stifled cry and put his hand to his throat, then kicked his way out to the track again and made for the shanty.

He met two or three of the boys who were off to work, but he never raised his head to their greetings. Reaching the hut he pushed the door open and stumbled in. Bob hadn't returned (his things were seill unpacked); he took a long time to say good-by to his friends.

Sam dropped into a chair, and stared hard at the door—then he jumped up and rummaged in the room for something and returned to the table with a dirty piece of paper and a little stump of a pencil

He sat down, and then, with his great heart like a lump of lead, wrote, in a very illegible hand:

Dear Beauty—Your sure ter be knocked when yer see this, but you'll be glad. We tossed square and fair for the gal, and I won, well—I were a fool ter think that a gal would like me in pref. ter you. Anyway, I soon found out my mistake, so I'm goin' instead of you.

The 'rangements were thae 'f one had Lil, the other has the nugget—so being, it belongs ter me, but I ain't goin' to take it—you'd 'ave ter wait a time 'fore yer found another—p'raps never—I don't want it. Yer stay—I go.

Still always your mate and pard.

UGLY SAM.

Leaving the scrawl upon the table, Sam put a few belongings into a bundle and went out—slamming the door.

As he threw the bundle over his shoulder he noticed the little yellow flower in his buttonhole. He took it out and threw it away, lit his pipe and turned his back on Sleepy Camp.

APPLES.

A Life Restoring Health Preserving Fruit From A ll Ages.

Apples were at one time underestimated; they were scarcely considered a fruit rare enough or luscious enough for the consideration of the epicure, unless, indeed, they formed a part of some elaborate dessert, compounded and cooked by a skilled housekeeper. Apple jellies, puddings, pies and cakes might do, but plain, raw apples were fit only for school children, vegetarians or the poor. All this is now changed and the apple has come to its own again.
various times lightly esteemed or discredited, at least its wholesomeness has been steadily recognized. Apple-sayings are frequent, both in our own country and in England, all of which testify in favor of the fruit. In the lowest countree" there are four each: "An apple a day sends the doctor away," is the first and briefest. Then follow, in the order to their vigor, three more:

Apple in the morning,
Doctor's warming.

Roast apple at night
Starved the doctor outright.

East an apple going to bed,
Knocked the doctor on the head.

A little less agressive is one the Midlands:

Three each day, sev'n days a week—
Ruddy apple, ruddy cheek.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

There has recently been organized an institution called the Honolulu school of Dramatic Art. Our city has long wanted an organization of this class, attractious being few and far between. The School is in the hands of well known men who are thoroughly familiar with the professional stage, this fact alone insures the success of the venture. It is the intention of the faculty to produce modern dramas at intervals at the Opera House in order that the pupils may acquire that freedom on the stage that goes to make up the finished actor. The directors of the School are as follows: Lovette Rockwell, Allan Dunn, Stuart Webster and W. D. Adams of the Bergstrom Music Co., to whom all communications regarding initiation should be addressed. There is also a vocal department ably managed by Mr. Hugo Herzer connected with the institution. The rooms of the School are in the Progress Block and visitors are always welcome.

MY ISLANDS.

On the edge of the world my Islands lie,
Under the sun-steeped sky;
And their waving palms
Are bounteous alms
To the soul-spent passer by.

On the edge of the world my Islands dream
Under the tender gleam
Of moon and star
That beckon far
From worlds that only seem.

On the edge of the world my Islands sleep
In a slumber and deep,
What should they know
Of a world of woe,
And mriad men that weep.

On the edge of the world, dear Islands, stay,
Far from its clamorous day,
Content with calm,
Hold peace and balm,
Be Isles of the Blest, for aye.

—Mary Dillingham Frear.

PLACEZ A MON COTE.

This beautiful French hymn was written by the celebrated Ultramontane, Louis Veuillot, and set to music by Charles Gounod (in 1883), recently deceased:

Placez a mon cote ma plume,
Sur mon coeur le Christ mon orgueil;
Sous mes pieds mettez ce volume,
Et clouez en paix le cercueil.

Apres le derniero priere
Sur ma fosse plantez la croix,
Et si on me donne une pierre
Gravez dessus;—J' ai cru! Je vois!

Dites entre vous; Il sommeille,
Son dur labeur est acheve!
Ou plutot dies;—Il s'eveille!
Il voit ce qu' il a tant reve!

J' espere en Jesus sur la terre;
Je n'ai pas rougi de son loi;
Au dernier jour, devant son Pere,
Il ne rougira pas de moi!

—L. Veuillot.

SOME BIG CATCHES OF FISH.

Steamers arriving from Kauai ports yesterday bring news of some great fish catches. During the past week thousands of fish have been caught off Waiwea. At Hanalei Mr. Birkmyre is reported to have captured 4000 mullet in one haul in the Hanalei river.

It is not time to have the basic law of this Territory amended? We put the question to the visiting Senators. Should not the man who is responsible to the President and Congress for the honesty and efficiency of local administration, be empowered to make his own choice of subordinates and to remove them for cause? That is the rule in the best systems of municipal government and it ought to be the rule here where political conditions always threaten the Treasury and obstruct every effort in office for the public good.

The Territorial Agricultural Department for which Wray Taylor is commissioner, is at present engaged in an effort to promote small farming in Hawaii by every possible means. Not only is this work being done in the free distribution of advice but also of seeds and plants required by the farmers. Seed potatoes sufficient to plant hundreds of acres have been sent to Maui and sisal plants enough to start a good sized plantation for Molokai.

The work of the department is done for the most part in the Nuuanu Valley experiment stations. Thousands and thousands of trees and plants are under the care of Foresters Haughs who is in charge there. The illustration above shows the propagating house on the left, where thousands of young trees are given their start in life. When the sprouts have attained a sufficient growth they are distributed free to whoever may make request. Many of the most beautiful forests on the islands are the results of young trees planted by the government.

During the rainy season the propagating house is used by the employes of the forester in making flower pots from ti leaves.

On the right are the servants' quarters, while to the rear the illustration shows the residence occupied by the forester.

Panicum grass which is shown under cultivation in the second picture is being distributed over the Territory to the various ranches. Panicum grass is said to be an ideal food for stock, and the results already obtained from the seeds sent appear to justify the claim.

GREAT INDUCEMENT TO STUDENTS.

The management of the Wilczek concert on Tuesday evening, Oct. 14, have arranged a special rate for all the college students in the city. All information ragarding same will be given by W. D. Adams at the Bergstrom Music Co. Mr. Wilczek has arranged an elaborate program including such numbers as the Prinze Song from the Meistersinger for violin, piano and organ. The Spanish Dance by Sarasate, etc. This will be a great social event as well as a great musical treat, as several social parties have engaged seats at this early date.