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-BY-

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Reports to the Marine Hospital Service from many parts of the world show a continuous spread of the bubonic plague in various sections. Since its outbreak in the Bombay presidency, over three years ago, it has been extremely virulent in India, subsiding somewhat at times, then reasserting itself with fresh destructiveness.

The hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which President McKinley murmured in his dying hour, was written by Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, who was born in 1805. It was a record of her own religious experience, and was written as a memorial of answered prayer, probably without any expectation that it would be of public service. It was furnished, with thirteen other hymns, to Charles Fox's "Collection of Hymns and Anthems," published in London in 1841.

United States Consul Haynes, of Rouen, says that the metric system is to-day compulsory in twenty countries, representing more than 300,000,000 inhabitants—Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Spain, France, Greece, Italy, Netherlands, Portugal, Roumania, Serbia, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Argentine Republic, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, Peru and Venezuela—and advises American exporters in dealing with any of these countries to adopt the system.

Hope springs eternal in the breasts of many visionaries, who imagine that they may get possession some day of enormous estates in England. The latest delusion of that sort is inspired by a ridiculous fable to the effect that in the British Court of Chancery property amounting in value to more than \$200,000,000 is awaiting proofs of descent to be submitted by American heirs, who base their claims on a lineage going back to an English ancestor dead some two hundred years. How wild and fantastic are the dreams of such Americans!

There is in successful operation in Lynn, Mass., a "Friendly Inn," the object of which is to provide a clean, respectable place where the poor may obtain their meals and lodging at the lowest possible cost compatible with decent service. The record, just made public, for the past twelve months shows that within that period Lynn's "Friendly Inn" has served meals to 60,812 persons, an average of 194 a day, at an average cost of 01.1 cents a meal, and has provided beds, with accompanying toilet facilities, for more than 5000 lodgers, at an average cost of a trifle less than fourteen cents a night.

An English critic, writing on the novel of the future, suggests that its most salient characteristic may be "the relegation of the element of sex love to a secondary place." Accurate persons will suggest at once that the result would be, not a novel, but a romance. For the conventional love story leading up to the wedding march, the wedding breakfast and the bridal tour, even if these things are cut out at the last moment, is as essentially a part of our novels as it is of our plays. An American or English novel is expected to end with wedding bells, just as a French one begins with them. No matter what digressions may be introduced, the history of the love affair of the heroine and hero is the string upon which the whole narrative is strung. Even in the historical novels, princes, principalities and powers, great statesmen and great soldiers, circulate around the two modest figures whose happiness is at stake. Hence the custom, common with many feminine readers, of turning to the last pages, after reading the first chapter, to satisfy their very characteristic curiosity as to whether or not the tale has a happy ending, remarks the New York Evening Sun.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER XVI.

CONTINUED.

"Oh, Pele, thou great and good goddess, omnipotent, wise and kind, I am from this day thy faithful follower and worshiper, and do take upon me the vows of the Kammilonkanilimawai. I will place my life at the bidding of your priestesses, and will obey you in all things. By the light of the sun and the glory of thy crown, Pele, I swear these things!"

"You are now one of us," said Lowai, when I had finished.

"What am I to do with the ring?" I asked.

"Keep your business a secret from everybody. Even your uncle must not know it."

"I promise again," I said, impatiently.

"You must take that pack and go with the ring I have given you to the fisherman, Patua, in Kannakakai, on the coast of Molokai, and present yourself to him. He will offer you his hand in salutation. Upon the middle finger of his hand is a ring similar to yours. When you clasp his hand the rings must touch each other. You will feel a peculiar sensation, and will know by that token that Pele lives and that you are her follower, and Patua will recognize you, and will take you by night to the island of Lanai. You will land on the east coast of Lanai, and will proceed at once inland. You will find a rough path leading along the bottom of a deep gulf. In rainy seasons there is water there, but now it is dry. Follow that path until you come to a large, white stone—a huge stone—of glistening whiteness. If there is no one there you must wait. Nimolau will come. You will know Nimolau because he has a ring like this. And he will offer you his hand in the same manner as Patua, and you must take it. Nimolau is the guide to the priestess Kaumai. Tell him you are the successor to poor old Lowai, and you wish to be led into the presence of Kaumai. He will know, when you have obeyed his orders, whether you have told the truth. Then he will conduct you to the temple of Kaumai, and you must bow before her. Nimolau will tell you what to do. You must obey every word he says, or you are lost.

Toward the last, the words of old Lowai came painfully and slowly.

"What more?" I asked, as he paused.

"Nothing."

"Nothing! You have not told me a word of my sister. Where is she? Why do you not tell me that?"

"She is there. I have told you she is held by Kaumai to be sacrificed to Pele when the volcano spits up its fire."

"But how can I see her, and how can I get her away from there?"

The old man looked at me vacantly a moment.

"I do not know," he replied, feebly. "I have made you a priest of the Kammilonkanilimawai and have told you how to reach the presence of Kaumai, the priestess of Pele in Lanai. Your sister is there. I can tell you no more. I know of no way you can get a victim away from Pele when once she has been chosen. You must take the course you think best."

"It is horrible! Who stole Winnie?"

"The goddess Pele does not tell to mortals whom she sends to seize her victims. Nor does the priestess Kaumai. They would curse me if they knew I told you this. But you have been very kind to old Lowai, and Lowai does not forget."

Saying this, the old chief lay back upon his pillow, exhausted.

I was so unnerved by what I had heard and so torn with my belief and unbelief, that I sat like a man of stone. The horrible possibilities conjured up in my brain by Lowai's story chilled and frightened me. My first impulse was to rush to the authorities and make them acquainted with facts as I had learned them, and have a force attack the priestess Kaumai and release my sister. But if Lowai's story was true, no doubt his advice was good. If Winnie was on the island of Lanai, she must be rescued by strategy alone.

So I resolved, controlled, seemingly, by an impulse emanating from the shrunken figure on the bed, to abide by Lowai's advice and visit Kaumai. Malliauki came in with Doctor Tilling.

The doctor bent over old Lowai.

"He is dead," he said. "Literally died of age."

I waited until the doctor had gone, and then told Lowai's daughter that he had given me the leather pack.

"I know," she said, and bent

weeping, over the corpse of her aged father.

A servant came from the house and let me as I was returning from Lowai's cottage. He handed me a letter.

"A messenger has just come with this. He says it is important. Your uncle had me bring it to you at once."

I eagerly opened the letter, recognizing Gordon's handwriting. The note was short, and evidently written in a hurry.

"DEAR TOM," it ran, "meet me without fail at the American to-night. I have learned something about Winnie, and we must act at once. Do not breathe a word of this to a living soul. Even now, I fear trouble. Be cautious, and act as if nothing has happened. Above all, trust nobody."

"Yours, ARTHUR."

I impatiently waited for night to come. Before dark I was at Seacamp's hotel.

"Did Gordon say he would be here to-night?" I asked Seacamp.

"No, I have not seen Gordon in days."

I waited for hours but Gordon did not appear.

I grew anxious and apprehensive of danger. I resolved to hunt him up. I rode to President Dole's house.

"Have you seen Gordon?" I asked him. "I was to meet him to-night but he failed to keep the appointment."

"No," replied Dole; "I thought he was with you at The Corals. I had arranged a meeting between him and the Secretary of the Interior to-day at five o'clock, but he did not come. What can have happened him?"

Yes, what? What might not have happened to Gordon, with the mysteries thickening around us? I bade Dole good night, and hurried home with an aching head or heart. I fully expected my turn would come next. I would be prepared for it when it came.

CHAPTER XVII.

That night I passed sleeplessly, pondering over the strange events of the day. It was clearly my duty to place in the possession of President Dole such facts as I knew that would assist him in his search for Gordon.

Gordon's disappearance would make a great disturbance. He had become a marked factor in Hawaiian affairs. The commander of an army cannot be spirited away without making a stir.

But while I proposed to make Dole acquainted with the object of the meeting which was to have taken place between Gordon and me at the American Hotel, and even to give him Gordon's letter to me, I was equally firm in my resolve to say nothing about the strange tale of the old chief, Lowai.

In fact, had it not been for the new mystery, the disappearance of Gordon, just when he had discovered some clue to the whereabouts of my sister Winnie, I should have doubted the wild story of the priestess Kaumai, in every detail. But it was evident that we were surrounded by a mysterious power that had spies in our very households, watching for every act of suspicion or any move that might lead to their discovery.

The more I reasoned the more manifest it became to me that I must seek Winnie alone and on the plan partly laid down by Lowai. If I attempted to tell any one else of the mysterious Kammilonkanilimawai, I would either be laughed at or would create so profound a sensation and make so much of a stir that I would be snatched away bodily myself. Indeed, as I stated in the foregoing chapter, I actually feared and half expected that at any moment I might be seized by some uncanny though powerful hand and spirited away through space.

Having reached a conclusion on these lines, I made haste to put my plans into operation. Early the next morning I was at Dole's house.

The president was at breakfast, but, being well in his favor, no ceremony ever obstructed my visits. I was conducted into his presence.

"President Dole, you will, I presume, institute a search for Gordon?" I said.

"Why, certainly so, if he does not appear. But I cannot understand why he should be in hiding. He is a most trustworthy young man."

"True. Your confidence in him reflects credit upon yourself. He is not rotundly in hiding. You recollect that last night I told you that Gordon and I were to have a meeting at the American."

"I remember your saying that," replied the president, looking at me sharply.

"Here is a note I received from Gordon yesterday," I handed Gordon's letter to him. He read it over carefully.

"There is some devilment back of all this. We are not yet free from the superstitious practices or the vindictive hate of some of the natives. This demands our immediate attention.

What are you going to do to-day?"

"I am going to prepare for a trip to Molokai."

"Molokai! What takes you there just now?"

"I am anxious to begin the monument to Warren, and must choose the site. The ship sails to-morrow, and I shall go in her."

President Dole studied me carefully a moment. His shrewd eyes seemed to pierce the armor of assumed ease I had put on.

But all he said was:

"Very well."

I knew that Dole did not believe me. Yet, my resolve to pursue my search alone, with Lowai's secret untold, was strong, and I risked Dole's displeasure rather than failure. For I knew that even had Dole given credence to the story of the priestess, and sent a force to intercept her, Winnie would be killed in revenge before we could rescue her. My part with Dole was done and, leaving him with Gordon's letter in his hand, I returned to The Corals.

I had not as yet examined the leather pack bequeathed to me by Lowai, nor had I more than casually noted the ring.

Upon examining this ornament, I found it to be a peculiar combination of metals worn together. Zinc and copper seemed to be prominent in its make-up. I had seen similar rings worn by people in the islands, but as they were given to all sorts of odd jewelry and ornaments, the peculiar rings had never aroused any curiosity or excited my attention. It was plain that, if Lowai's story was true, and the Kammilonkanilimawai really existed, it had many priests in Oahu, some of them of considerable political importance.

In the privacy of my own room I examined the pack.

The contents of it certainly gave a coloring of reality to what Lowai had claimed to be the truth.

I found a long robe, which completely enveloped me.

This robe was ornamented with various stones found in abundance in the mountains; some of them, if properly cut and finished, perhaps valuable. And there were hideous heads and figures, idols no doubt, cut from the lava-stone, the workmanship somewhat clumsy, but the character of the figures showing fully the idea.

There was a girdle of leather about three inches wide, studded with silver nail-heads, which fastened about my waist with a huge silver buckle. There was also a mask, which concealed my features.

Arrayed in these garments, I stood before the glass, wondering if the mysteries of which I had heard and of which I was now a part could really exist in a land that had made such vast strides in the direction of public enlightenment and liberal Government.

But I had no time to waste in speculation.

The ship left Honolulu for Molokai on the following morning, and I had not yet informed Uncle Tom that I was going.

I had feared that the task of getting away from him would be a severe one. But the excuse I had given Dole struck me as being the best I could use. Everybody knew of my projected monument to Warren, and it must be plain that I would need to visit the spot before having any of the work begun.

It happened to be at the time of year when there was little to do, comparatively, and I could more easily be spared.

When I told Uncle Tom of my intention to visit Molokai, much to my agreeable surprise, he offered no objection.

"Go on, my boy," he said. "I can attend to things while you are away. I know how you feel about Warren, and you are no more in earnest than I am. Hurry the thing along, and see that the tribute is worthy of the grandest man alive."

So I hurried to put in my gripsack such few things as were indispensable to me, as well as the contents of the leather pack.

The rest of the day I spent on the porch with Uncle Tom, except, of course, the time devoted to our meals, and an hour toward evening when we drove up the valley a few miles and back, a custom of Uncle Tom's, which he had followed for years.

And the next day Uncle Tom drove me to the wharf, and saw me embark for Molokai.

It did not take long to get to Kannakakai. It is a small town on the south coast of Molokai, and of no importance as a port. Still, it was the best harbor on that island, and plans had been arranged by the government to improve the anchorage and landing facilities.

The place is inhabited almost entirely by natives, who gain their living by fishing and raising taro. Everything at Kannakakai was poor and primitive. Until recently, the people had lived in grass huts, and with no furniture save a few mats to sleep on, and a huge pot for the preparation of poi. In each hut was a fire-place—rude, clumsy, but serviceable in a climate where a fire is used only for cooking.

The first person I saw in the town was a small individual, who sat in the shade of a palm-tree, resting himself,

not that he was weary from labor. But it is part of the character of the native of Hawaii to be always resting.

"Do you know Patua, the fisherman?" I asked him, in the native tongue in which I had become proficient.

"Oh, yes, I know Patua, the fisherman," he said.

"Do you know where he lives?"

"Oh, yes, I know where Patua, the fisherman, lives."

"Well, where?"

"How much?"

I had forgotten something. The true Kanaka, as the natives are improperly called, never give up any desired information for nothing. I threw him a coin.

"Patua lives in the big house over on the point," he said, stretching his arm and pointing toward a strip of land covered with trees, reaching out into the water.

Big houses are comparative. While Patua's might be a big house to my informant, I did not expect to find it very great in size. I started on toward the place indicated.

I have said that the natives were improperly called Kanakas. The word actually means in their language, "a man," not necessarily a man of their breed but any man. But the term has been indiscriminately employed to designate this peculiar race; and as they are fast dying out, it is not worth the trouble to invent a new name.

I found Patua.

(To be continued.)

Web to the length of two and a quarter miles has been drawn from the body of a single spider.

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In place of wedding cake in Holland wedding sweets are given—"bruidzuikers," they are called. They handed round by children, and served in flower-trimmed baskets.