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TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER IX.

CONTINUED.

Had I wished, I could have donned a uniform, and become an officer, but with peace at hand I did not care for empty military honor. Moreover, I wanted all my time to be free, that I might be untrammeled in my now seemingly hopeless investigation into the mysteries of my beautiful sister's disappearance. It was understood, however, that if at any time my services were needed, or the army was to be increased, a commission should be mine.

I took very little interest in anything save the one great object of my existence—to find my sister Winnie. Yet mingling daily, as I did, with men whose minds were full of the revolution, I could not be blind to the needs of the hour. When Gordon's duties took him away from Honolulu I accompanied him, if I was not working on a clue that might lead to the discovery of Winnie.

At the town of Hilo, on the island of Hawaii, Gordon had a fortress built which commanded the situation in the harbor—the only good one at that island. And at Lahaina, a small settlement on the island of Maui, another fortress was built. There seemed to me no need for this, but Gordon pointed out the excellence of the place as a strategic point in case of invasion.

Hilo was not far from the great volcano of Mauna Loa, and it seemed probable that if the old mountain kept on vomiting lava many years longer as fiercely as it had in times past, the town would be destroyed. As it was located in a beautiful spot, particularly healthful, it was deemed a foolish carelessness to allow the destruction, if it could be avoided. Gordon made a note of his observations, and proposed, when we returned to Honolulu, to suggest to the government that something be done to protect the town from the molten flow, if it ever reached that far.

We also visited the island of Molokai, and went to the leper colony.

The horrors of this disease had never before been known to me. I knew it was terrible. I knew that words could hardly express its terrors. But when I saw it in all its putrefying, death-dealing reality, I shuddered and turned sick.

The poor creatures who were far on their lingering road to death looked at us piteously. A wail, a prayer, a plea for some kind of help seemed to be in every glance and every gesture. Yet there was no help to give. All they could do was to wait there, growing more hideous in their infirmity, day by day, until death came to release them from their awful sufferings.

I thought of Doctor Warren and his noble efforts in behalf of these poor accursed wretches. But in vain would he work while he lived. There was no help, no cure. Yet Warren hoped and worked and prayed. This was the curse, and, now that the rule of evil was over, the only blot on the beauty of Hawaii.

Gordon and I visited Kauai, another of the larger islands, and instituted a most careful search and inquiry among the people. Now and then our hopes being aroused by what we would think was a clue, only to have them dashed to pieces in the deepening darkness of the mystery. Then we returned to Honolulu.

All this, of course, took some time. Thus had gone well in Oahu during our absence, and every industry of the island seemed developing and improving. From time to time friendly messages had been received from the United States, and the future seemed secure and bright.

Then the news came of a change of administration.

The Republicans, we knew, had been defeated in the election in November, and, of course, we understood that on March 4th the Democratic President would be inaugurated. But we did not look upon this as inimical to our interests. To us in Honolulu the word American meant everything. Party names meant nothing. A Republican was an American, so was a Democrat. Therefore, the policy of America in Honolulu having been indorsed by one party of Americans at home would naturally find favor with another party of the same sort.

What was our chagrin and fear when we learned that President Cleveland had declared against us.

Captain Wiltse, of the Boston, died. Commissioner Blount with letters of power from Cleveland and Secretary Gresham arrived on the Rush, and Admiral Skerrit assumed command of the American forces in Hawaiian waters.

Minister Stevens was recalled and censured by Cleveland's administration for "unwarrantable interference" and "an abuse of power as the representative of the United States."

Commissioner Blount at once assumed a hostile attitude toward Dole's government, and began collecting evidence in favor of the queen. Certain men, who had been powerful under the ex-queen's rule, and who had hoped to gain by her ascendancy, poured their poisoned words into Blount's ear until their opinions assumed, in the mind of the commissioner, the dimensions of the will of the majority. So between Blount and his advisers, President Cleveland was fully further misled, and Hawaiian stock went up.

Then Blount went home, Minister Willis came, and Admiral Irwin assumed command of the American forces. Disorder came with them.

I was sitting on the porch one day smoking and talking to Uncle Tom, having just returned from a fruitless search after a slight clew of Winnie's whereabouts, when Gordon dashed up. Leaving his horse in the care of an attendant, he joined us.

"There's the devil to pay!" he said.

"What's up now?" I asked.

"Why, Willis is running things to suit himself. Blount, it appears, in his report, made Liliuokalani the embodiment of all the graces, who had been shamefully abused and put down by a horde of riotous ruffians who had no interest in order. Think of it! When the American Legate owns more than three-fifths of the entire island. I had a conference with Dole to-day. He is terribly worked up. Blount came simply to collect evidence to destroy Dole's government, and yet he came in a friendly manner."

"What has actually been done?" I asked.

"Willis sent a communication demanding the restoration of the queen. He demands that the provisional government step down and out and Liliuokalani resume control. More than that, he has had an interview with the queen and offered to restore her to the throne and to use the United States forces to do it."

"Incredible! Would they dare?"

"He says they will do it. Dole will not submit. He says he will die first. We have at least 3000 able-bodied men who will take up arms. But I hope it will not come to that. But if it does, you will have a chance to wear a uniform."

"I do not aspire to military honors, but if it stands between tyranny and insult and misrule on the one hand and war on the other, I am in the way. I would be no worse if we were both."

"No. Nothing could be worse than to be under the queen, with her new constitution, or, rather, no constitution."

"It does not seem possible," said my uncle, "that the United States Government could stoop to such unmitigated meanness. If Willis's proposition to carry it out, as Dole said, attempted to tell him yesterday, it will mean death and ruin to many. I have said little to you about it, my fellow, the situation is very serious. But the position is very serious. The queen has declared that if she regains her power she will cut the leaders of Liliuokalani to pieces and confiscate their property. They, of course, means Dole, Wilcox, Smith, Soper and myself, not to speak of the many others. And my dear Gordon would go first of all, on account of his action when the queen expected the army to stand by her."

Gordon patted his sword.

"Some of the queen's gang of ruffians had better take care, or they will go before I do."

"It remains to be seen," continued my uncle, "whether Willis is simply barking or if he is really going to bite. He may be blustering to excess. But we shall not be forced out of our position. Dole is firm on that point. So am I. If they crowd us to the wall we must fight."

Uncle Tom set his teeth hard and turned away. I asked Gordon, and asked him every time I saw him, if he had news of Winnie.

"No," he said, sadly, yet savagely, "not a word. But it cannot go on like this forever. Surely there is news to be had, if we can only strike the right trail. Sharp, the lieutenant in charge at Maui, reports that he thought he had a clue, but it came to nothing. In Hawaii they are overhauling every town and village. If we could only get some of those dethroned natives to help us we would learn something, for they are with the queen, mostly, and if they know anything, keep their mouths well shut."

It was thus always. I was growing ill under the awful suspense. Yet I could not give up hope.

CHAPTER X.

The direct result of the advent of Willis and the declaration of his purpose was the utter demoralization of those lawless elements that had been before been kept in check by the power of the government and a few English ishment. But now we were confronted by a strange and disturbing condition of affairs.

We, the Liberals, holding the reins of government, were at war, figuratively, with the Royalists on one hand, and the United States—the very power so depended upon to befriend us—on the other. The Royalists, seeing their advantage in the presence of a friendly force, became menacing and bold. Buildings were burned, fired by miscreants at night, and placards left proclaiming the supremacy of royalty. Whether these outrages were committed by persons of good standing in the Royalist ranks, or by lawless people glad of a chance upon any pretext to give free rein to their depredatory propensities, I do not know. But it is certain that as for the impetus given to lawlessness by the strange attitude assumed by the United States minister, Honolulu was kept in a horrible condition of unrest. We of the American League did not know what moment the arms of the United States might be turned against us.

Every day Cleveland had insisted that queen Liliuokalani grant general amnesty when she became restored to her throne. This she refused to do, and stubbornly insisted that Dole and all other members of the government should be beheaded. Willis stood appalled before this demand, and moved neither backward nor forward.

And thus we remained.

A soldier was struck down by a stone, thrown by an adherent of the queen. Gordon soon brought the culprit to justice.

The ladies of American families were force-stricken and remained secluded, as they were continually insulted if they ventured out.

The tenor of affairs was so different in the hands of the Royalists, that the more timorous among them thought they would leave the protection of the United States in any act directed against the provisional government.

Captain Dolden had uttered in military words and had been dismissed from the service. He hung around Honolulu for a few days and then disappeared.

Some person set fire to the Nuuanu Hotel, and it was burned to the ground before the largest fire department got to work. I never saw a more exasperated man than Seaverns. I saw him a day or two after the fire, at the head of a lot of workmen, tearing away the charred ruins of his once famous inn.

"What are you up to?" I asked, seeing he rebuild the Nuuanu?"

"No, sir!" he almost roared. "I am not going to rebuild the Nuuanu. The Nuuanu is gone forever. No more shall a bowl of mine bear that heathen name. But I am going to build a hotel, and I am going to call it The American. Yes, sir. The American. We'll see how the islands like that. And if they burn it down, I'll build another. Let the cowards see! Beat the dickens! Let the cowards come! He's muzzled just now, but he'll scream again. Don't you worry about that."

Seaverns's patriotism was earnest and true, but somewhat inflammatory in its nature.

A few days later I met Gordon in town.

"I was going to send you up," he said. There was a look of excitement on his face.

"Have you heard anything?" I asked, eagerly.

"Not exactly. I received word from a scout, just a few minutes ago, that a band of natives were encamped at the extreme end of the valley, and were performing some of their old time diabolical rites—idols, sacrifices and all that. There is going to be a great dance to-night, and a sacrifice offered to the goddess Pele, or some other heathen deity, to obtain help to recover the queen. We will take a dozen soldiers and witness that affair, and you will be one of them."

The dance of a Portuguese sailor is mistaken for a Polynesian girl who was a servant in in the family of Mr. Seldon. The couple are here one of these days or Winnie. Whether it is, we will have her."

With about twenty soldiers we started out up the Nuuanu Valley. We traveled as rapidly as our horses could carry us. The soldiers were mounted on horses from a livery stable, the popular idea among those who saw us start out being that we were a scouting party looking for hidden enemies.

At the end, or rather the beginning of the Nuuanu Valley, it opens out into a wide plain bordered by forests. It was moonlit when we reached the place. Not a living thing, human or beast, could be seen.

"We will leave our horses here in charge of four men, and go through the woods to Lake Maltwat," said Gordon.

Cautiously we made our way through the trees. We wanted to surprise the savages.

"There they are," whispered a soldier, pointing to an opening in the thick growth of bushes and trees around us. Through it we could see a campfire on the border of the lake.

Stealthily we took our positions to watch.

We looked upon a strange, fascinating, horrible scene.

A group of natives, probably two hundred in all, sat or squatted upon their haunches, in a large semicircle, in the center of which burned a fire. On the other side of the fire was a hideous idol or heathen god. These gods, while still holding a mysterious power in the minds of the older natives, had of late been seldom seen. There may have been, perhaps, fifty or a hundred of them in Honolulu, but they were closely guarded by their possessors. These horrible extravagances in wood and lava-stone were supposed to be antipotent.

Under the unusual excitement that had existed so long in Hawaii, all the old superstitions were revived, and the natives descended to their former level of idolaters and stone-worshippers.

"Keep quiet," said Gordon to the soldiers. "Let us watch them."

There were men, women and a few children. But little clothing was worn. The fanaticism under which they were working had discarded clothes.

The entire crowd were putting their selves through various methodical contortions, all in unison, and they chanted a weird, solemn dirge that had not been heard in Oahu for many years before.

(To be continued.)

London has a special society for the suppression of advertising in public places where it disfigures scenery. A bill for the suppression of this nuisance has been before Parliament for some time.

THE CONSCIENCE FUND

HAS MANY INTERESTING TRADITIONS BUT NO DISTINCT HISTORY.

To Get at the Total Amount of It Requires a Tiresome Research — Earliest Contribution in 1811 — Named by Treasurer Spinner.

The so-called "conscience fund" of the United States Treasury has many interesting traditions, but no distinct history. Even to get at the total amount of it requires a tiresome research, so this is rarely attempted. No separate account of it being kept, each item has to be separately dug out from the pages of "miscellaneous receipts." The earliest contribution to it is believed to have been received in 1811. When the Register of the Treasury recorded an item of income as "money received from a person unknown, stated to be on account of imposts and tonnage." It remained for Treasurer Spinner, more than half a century later, to give a name to this indefinite resource of the Government. As the story goes, a draft for $1500 came in the mail one day from a person who said that he had been a quartermaster in the army, and had misappropriated a large sum. The clerks into whose hands the draft passed were in some perplexity about disposing of it, and appealed to Spinner. "Let us call it a contribution to the conscience fund," he suggested, "and publish it in the newspapers, and perhaps we shall get some more." His judgment proved correct. The era had been one of pickings and stealings, and the public mind had its influence, apparently, in stimulating the public conscience. For a number of persons who had been guilty of frauds upon the Government, some deliberate, some impulsive, and some which might almost be described as accidental, began to make restitution when they found that the Government was ready to say "Thank you," and ask no questions.

In 1878 the largest aggregate amount of money flowed in from this source. Congress having voted to increase its own salaries, and many members considering the increase a violation of the spirit if not of the letter of the Constitution. As the appropriation had been made under all the forms of law, nothing remained to the unwilling or morally quickened members but to turn back the excess and let it be credited to the conscience fund. There was another large contribution, if the word of the alleged contributor is to be believed, which had it been so in fact, instead of pretended, would have swelled one year's income perhaps beyond that of the "salary grab" year. In this case a person mailed anonymously $1500 to the Secretary of the Treasury, $600 to the Treasurer of the United States, and $100 to the Assistant Treasurer at New York, assuming that the composite $2200 was the last of a series of payments which he had restored in dribbles the sum of $20,000, of which he felt he had defrauded the Government. There is a tradition, also, coming down through a good many years, that a package of 7-30 notes, to the aggregate value of $13,000, came in one day with the serial numbers carefully cut out of their faces, as if with a view of obliterating any possible trace to the source of the contribution. The publication of this news is said to have brought down upon the Treasury a deluge of correspondence from individuals who resorted to various stratagems in the hope of getting the money on again. One went so far as to claim that the notes had been sent by his father, who was of unsound mind, and whose continued robbery was an illusion, while his family had been plunged into great distress by the loss of so much money. A large and well authenticated contribution occurred as lately as 1898, when an English clergyman, in behalf of a repenting convert, forwarded from London £2200, or, in round numbers $11,000. No explanation accompanied the surrender.

The letters enclosing contributions to vertiots in style. One written in a distinctly feminine hand, puts the case in a nutshell. Thus:

3 pair gloves, at 2 frs. 35 centimes, equal .....11 frs. 75
fo 14.75.

$2.35

yet declared and not taxed, though visible. 50 per cent., equal $1.26, only noticed.

Another, written on a piece of letter paper, reads:

This is Uncle Sam's. Put it to his credit, $200, deposit on account "conscience."

A third, from Canada, and enclosing $2.50, says:

Since the emancipation of negroes I have taken two pair of shoes off a ship that the gunboats captured. I took the shoes while she lay at Key West.

A fourth, evidently from the hand of a person of refined antecedents, runs:

A lady who recently swore to a statement which she now finds to be wrong, sends to you $27.

A scrap of paper, enveloping $6, contains the words:

The enclosed closes the account of an ex-rebel soldier.

A contributor from the West explains his refreshed scruples in this wise:

All of us become honest as we near the Great Hereafter.

By the same mails, though less conscious, is this, enclosing $30:

From the awakened conscience of an old veteran, who has been laying aside a little at a time for some time, and who has not been able to figure just what it is, but who hopes to light on the data yet and restore it before he is called to meet his God.

This long note finds a contrasting counterpart in a contribution of $17 by some one who addressed his envelope in the style of a man of the world and a scholar, and had it the money in a sheet of the most exquisite stationery, paper entirely blank but for a monogram executed in miniature in the upper left hand corner.

Usually every precaution is taken by the senders of conscience money to escape identification, but there are a while they provide the facilities. Once for instance, a letter came addressed to Secretary Gresham, who, from a good many years of experience in dealing with the public, knew that it was not to be opened by him, but by the person to whom it was addressed. Mr. Gresham, however, was not to be balked by a mere technicality, so he opened the letter in an envelope from which he had previously extracted a note addressed "If not delivered in ten days return to Box 125," etc. One woman who had done some pretty smuggling sent a $10 note, saying that she had for years been much shaken by the Government, but having the data and the value of the goods so that she could definitely computed and compensate, she felt that the amount rendered were not right and should be "returned, and a specific bill drawn." The duty was assessed and at $7.50, and the balance $2.50 returned to her.

Many of the writers of letters containing remittances are different persons, and their methods with the word "conscience" have evolved such phrases as "transgressions," "conscience," "conclusion," "conclusions," "cross points" and "conclusions." Uncle Sam never quarrels with the phraseology, however, if the writer's heart is in it, thinks in the main proper.—Francis E. Leupp, in Harper's Weekly.

A Fleeting Chance.

When the Society for Mutual Improvement in Science, Art and Literature, in which Cyrus Field Nott, for it was in its Nottarian period, was a member, was in its infancy, it was the custom for the members to meet at the houses of the members in turn. At one of these meetings, held at the Brooklyn residence of Mr. Nott, the question was discussed whether it was better for a man to be married or single. The question was decided in the negative, and the meeting was adjourned to the house of a member who was a married man, that the members might see for themselves the effect of married life upon a man. When the time came for the meeting to be held at the house of the married man, he had a long talk with his wife, who was a very charming woman, and she agreed to do her part in the entertainment of the guests. The evening came, and the members came in a body, and were shown into the parlor, where they found the table set for a supper, and the host and hostess ready to receive them. The host was in his best clothes, and his wife was dressed in a very pretty dress, and looked very pretty herself. The host was very cordial, and the guests were very polite, and the evening was spent very pleasantly. At the end of the evening, when the guests were about to depart, the host said: "Now, we have set the table, and we want you to take a little supper with us." The guests had not thought of such a thing, and were taken by surprise, but they had no excuse to offer, and they had to stay. The supper was very good, and the guests were very hungry, and they did ample justice to it. When they had finished, the host said: "Now, we have set the table, and we want you to take a little breakfast with us." The guests had not thought of such a thing, and were taken by surprise, but they had no excuse to offer, and they had to stay. The breakfast was very good, and the guests were very hungry, and they did ample justice to it. When they had finished, the host said: "Now, we have set the table, and we want you to take a little dinner with us." The guests had not thought of such a thing, and were taken by surprise, but they had no excuse to offer, and they had to stay. The dinner was very good, and the guests were very hungry, and they did ample justice to it. When they had finished