

TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII. By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

With this I went back to my dungeon, laid the weapon away in the darkest corner and then stealthily resumed my place among the priests.

There seemed to be no method in the worship of these people. They kept up a form in which Pele played the prominent part, but what it was that Pele demanded of them besides sacrifices, it was hard to learn.

Kamui went out, and I sought my dungeon. A moment later I saw the flickering light of a candle coming toward me, and heard the shuffling footsteps of a priest.

"Here, successor of Lowai," he said. "I have brought you a candle and a bed."

He threw down a mat for me to sleep on, and, leaving the candle, lighted another by it and departed. I spread the mat out, throwing myself upon it, was soon sound asleep.

I slept until one o'clock. When I woke and looked at my watch I could scarcely believe that so much time had elapsed. I rose from my hard bed, rested, it is true, but sore at the joints from the very hardness of it.

I struck it with vigor. Lava stone, while hard to the touch, is not a difficult stone to cut. I found I made progress.

The noise I made was considerable, but I was not without regard to the countless echoes that thundered about me.

Piece after piece of the lava wall crumbled and broke under my repeated assaults and fell at my feet. I worked a place a foot in diameter. If Winnie was found to be on the other side of the wall, I could enlarge the aperture enough to enable me to get to her.

Hour after hour I worked, until the muscles of my arms seemed ready to refuse to move. Perspiration poured from me at every pore. The hollowing of the sound when I struck the wall increased. And as it increased my energy increased, for hope came with it. Hope of what, I knew not, but I thought if I could but get to Winnie we might do more toward regaining our liberty than by remaining separated.

At last, oh joy, the point of the steel went through the wall, making a little opening, perhaps half an inch wide.

I put my eye to this hole, and, lo! it was Winnie's prison, sure enough. It was a small room, not large and not comfortable like mine, but comfortably furnished with a chair, a couch and other comforts indispensable to health.

She stood with clasped hands, staring with frightened eyes at the little hole through which I was looking at her.

"Winnie!" I called, to reassure her. "Tom!" she cried, springing toward the place she heard my voice come from. "Is it you, dear Tom?"

"It is. I have worked nearly all night to make a hole in this wall to get to you."

"And I have sat here nearly frightened to death, listening to you. If I have heard not heard you, it is fortunate."

"Suppose they have?" "They will kill you, Tom."

"And how is dear old Uncle Tom?" "Uncle Tom is not well at all. He is mourning for you."

"Old Lowai! The servant of Uncle Tom?" "Yes. The same."

"He brought me here?" "The scoundrel! I am sorry he is dead. I would like the privilege of killing him. Before he died he told me where you were, and made me a priest so that I could come here and rescue you."

"His sin was more than he could atone for."

"Apparently, but his work is only half done. I got here all right, but how are we to get away? That must be our study now. We must look out for those high priests! They are insidious, every one of them. The others I don't count. They are weak-minded fools who think they are worshiping somebody by going through their feasting. And Kamui—I don't understand her. She is too beautiful and noble-looking to believe the trash they deal in here, yet she appears to be a devout priestess."

"She is, indeed. Pele is her only god."

"Then there is little hope from that quarter. We must save it off a narrow margin—the sacrifice I mean—until they find us. On the same day that Lowai told this story Gordon learned something. I do not know what it was. He went for me to meet him. I tried to do so, but he had disappeared as mysteriously as you did. Dote will, of course, hunt for him with the entire army. And eventually, I hope, they will learn of this plan."

"We must be careful," said Winnie, trembling. "It seems so good, Tom, to have hold of your hand again. I thought I would never see you again alive. Have I really been missed very much? It was the same as if I had died."

"What a question! Don't you know how foolish it is to ask that when I tell you that Gordon and I have never rested since you were stolen away? Gordon is wild about it."

"A slight tinge of redness covered my sister's pale cheeks."

"I would like to see Uncle Tom and Captain Gordon again," she said. "Of course you would, and so would I. And I intend that we both shall, if God is good and gives me power to evade these heathens. Tell me how you live."

"I live here always, except while I am in the temple. I have plenty to eat. Fresh water for bathing is brought every day by Kamui herself. But I know nothing of the place—not even where it is, for I was blindfolded when they brought me here."

"We are in the crater of Kiyatoli, a volcano that has not been in action these many years," I said. "I did not tell her that there were signs of an approaching eruption. It would do a lot of good, and the additional worry would be harmful."

Suddenly we were startled by a loud shouting somewhere outside. The sound of shuffling feet came to us through the hole in the wall that I had made.

Then the door of Winnie's prison was flung open, and Kamui, most beautiful of her sex, with flashing eyes and heaving bosom, stood before us.

"You are discovered!" she said, in a manner that betokened some emotion other than rage. "The noise you are cutting the rocks was heard by the high priests, and they have been watching you. They will slay you without mercy. Come with me! There is no time to be lost!"

Snatching Winnie, who was nearly fainting, to my breast, I showered kisses upon her, and then, putting on my mask and holding my robes about me, I followed Kamui, who swiftly and stealthily led me, for some reason best known to herself, out of the cavern.

Noisily my beautiful and mysterious guide swiftly guided in among the pillars of the vault and led me into the darkness of the caverns outside the temple and beyond the prison where Winnie was confined.

I followed her breathlessly. I feared this strange priestess, yet there was a charm, a fascination about her that compelled me to obey. And in the rush of thoughts through my head upon the discovery of my work of the high priests there was one saving idea prominent. I knew that if those unreasoning fanatics seized me they would make short work of me. They would, at least, imprison me, and, before they allowed me to go free, would doubtless compel me to pay the price of my acquaintance with Pele, which would, of course, result in fatal failure. With Kamui I had one chance, at least.

I heard the rush of feet as the exasperated priests sought me in Winnie's room. Would they harm her? I wondered. This sudden fear made me pause, hesitating between the impulse to return and that for her and the love to follow Kamui.

When I stopped, the priestess turned. "Come," she whispered. "My sister! They will harm her!" I whispered in reply.

"Not my eye is safe in their hands for the present," she said. "Stick close to yourself!"

(To be continued.)



The Vast Army in France Devoted to the Cause of Fashion.

It is a matter of great interest to the visitor in Paris to observe the extent to which the whole city is given over to the service of fashion. Costumers and the assistants abound on every street. It is estimated that some fifty thousand of these, including women and young girls, are at work in the city.

The main of the Rue de la Paix, where the most fashionable shops are situated, has come to stand for the entire dismounting quarter, although many equally attractive establishments are to be found on the Avenue de l'Opera, the Rue Royale and Boulevard Haussmann. A glance at the books of some of these houses proves that Paris is all that she claims to be as capital of the world of dress.

To adapt themselves to this foreign patronage the manufacturers and models who stand to buy and show off the latest fashions are chosen to represent the average styles and build of women of different nationalities, German, Russian, American or Spanish. Their daily receipts run from \$50 to \$100.

Many persons who cannot personally visit Paris continue to trade there by means of samples sent through the mails. It is to this extent, as the story goes, that the introduction of the well known mirror velvet is due. A sample of ordinary velvet sent by mail was crushed in the stamping in such a way as to assume an unusual brilliancy. The dealer receiving it, wanted to gain the same effect in a new velvet, and produced the mirror variety, which proved an immediate success.

It Paris is the centre of fashion, nearly all industrial France assists in the production of articles of dress. Whole towns depend for their prosperity on the making of the materials used by Parisian costumers, such as Lyons, Amiens, Roubaix and others.

Long, wrinkled gloves are good with shoes which reach a little below the elbow, and women who have been wearing the long sleeves and long sleeves are delighted at the change.

A pink dress with a white collar and cuffs is a favorite color for the day. The pink is in the bodice and sleeves, and the white is in the collar and cuffs.

A little girl's frock of this pink material which falls from a cream lace trim, edged with a frill of the lace, is a favorite color for the day.

Some of the smartest women are wearing princess gowns, though they are not frequently seen. On the right woman, properly made, they are charming.

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Restrictions of French Girl Life.

The programme of what a French girl may or may not do is drawn up very possibly by the Revue des Deux Mondes. The programme is as follows: "Unless she is poor and has to earn her own living she never goes out alone. The company of a friend of her own age would not be sufficient to chaperon her. It is an established rule that never-ending is a rare exception. She is entirely subject to her parents' will in the matter of reading. And if she seeks to see anything at the theatre except a classical masterpiece, or an opera, they will tell her that such a thing is not considered proper. Feeling sure of her silent aim, she is generally allowed to be in the drawing room on her mother's reception days, but must keep to the modest and secondary place assigned to her; pouring the tea and presenting it, courtesying to her father, answering when spoken to in short, understating her attentiveness. She has but few jewels, and under no pretext any diamonds. Custom does not permit her to wear costly things nor does it give her the right, in general, to have a money allowance worth speaking of for personal use. She receives a trifling sum for charity, her books and gloves. A young girl never takes the lead in conversation, but always at least the invited lady the precedence, and she holds it quite natural to occupy the background."

Mr. G. O. Shields, president of the League of American Sportsmen, thinks that women are endowed with lots of good sense. In a lecture before a prominent women's club in the West, he said:

There is abundant reason to congratulate the women of this country on their good sense. When their attention was called to the needless and needless destruction of bird life, which was being perpetrated in order to supply their love of beautiful plumage, hundreds of them stopped wearing birds on their heads. It is safe to say that two per cent of the twenty thousand women who belong to the Audubon societies today were formerly patrons of the bird-baiting traffic. They had not long ago stopped to think of the waste that was being done in the destruction of their own birds, but their attention was called to it when they were so ready to discard the similar ornaments as they always are to join in any good movement."

The Baby Princess of Italy.

It is said that the baby princess of Italy, Lollanda Margherita, is a remarkably healthy child, with black eyes, neither thick nor thin, a good appetite and a strong pair of limbs. She is the only child born in the House of Savoy since the birth of her grandmother, Queen Margherita, fifty years ago, and no other baby has ever had the honor of coming into the world in the old capital of Italy, as this was, until 1870, the home of the Popes. Mrs. Biffoni, the Russian woman chosen as her attendant, has the direction of almost every detail in the care of the royal baby, except her clothing. This consists of long linen bands, in the traditional fashion of Italy, which confine the legs to a certain extent, but leave the arms free.



Fancy jewelry of frills and flowers is the fashion of the hour. The floral brooches matching the gown in color. The baby girl is in an old-fashioned petted design being employed again for trimming hats, jackets and waives.

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A new way of making heavy electric cables in England, which are fifty per cent stronger than the old way, is to heat a bar of steel in a furnace to heat her feet long and run it into rolls that cut it into connected links.

It is said that there were at least 200,000 manure scattered over the plains of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas ten years ago, and that now nearly all of them are gone. A few were caught and kept by the Indians in the reservations, but the rest have in its natural state is practically extinct.

Asbestos cloth, produced by the burning of asbestos, is now manufactured on a commercial scale in Germany. The new cloth is said to be superior to the ordinary kind, being much finer in texture. It is said to come extensively into use for painting, printing, etc.

Manufacturers are making mullin by the same process by which mullin is made, but only in a few weeks instead of a few thousand years. They use a rather soft line and chemically permeate it with various coloring matters, which run into the same, and are not a mere surface coloring as is usually. The completed material takes a fine polish, and many of the specimens are of beautiful color and marking.

While a couple of workmen in the West recently endeavoring to burn in the combination lock of a safe, the lock was broken and the safe was open. The lock was broken and the safe was open. The lock was broken and the safe was open. The lock was broken and the safe was open.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Dublin Society, Professor July said that a new form of electric furnace had been invented for the production of the various kinds of which a platinum wire, wound in the form of a spiral, is imbedded, and through which a current is passed. Very high temperatures, up to the softening of the clay, are obtainable. A pattern in which the charged crucible is placed within an outer shell, which is heated by means of a gas burner, is being made. Here the crucible may be of platinum or any refractory material. A reflector surrounds the middle. A model was also shown in operation designed to give an intense local temperature in certain experiments on the elasticity of silicates. These furnaces are sufficiently durable to be of value in many experiments where a prolonged high temperature is required, controllable with considerable accuracy and free from flame contamination.

The Indian and the Buffalo.

The buffalo and his habits present the key to the life and customs of the West. What the buffalo is to the Indian is what the sheep is to the English. The Indian and the buffalo are inseparable. The Indian and the buffalo are inseparable. The Indian and the buffalo are inseparable.

Vegetarians have been attending the annual congress of their Federal Union at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon street, London, and having recently for the regulation of the carnivorous millions outside. In accordance with the custom at these annual gatherings, there was an exhibition of preparations from which every vestige of the hateful meat was rigorously excluded.

POVERTY OF ENGLISH CLERGYMEN

Many of the Benefices Sold to the Worth Less Than \$750 a Year. The lot of the clergy in the Church of England today is said to be as wretched as ever. Many have given up the career which for so many years was looked upon as their chief resource. It may easily be understood that this calling has ceased to appeal to them when the fact is known that out of about 15,000 benefices in the church more than 7,000 are worth less than \$750 a year, and that nearly all of them are decreasing in value.

A year 1,500 benefices are worth only \$500 a year and less than \$250 annually is the return from 200 livings which have been recently described as "nearly starvings" to the unfortunate who are assigned to them. In the diocese of Peterborough there are 2,500 livings that are worth no more than \$225 a year and this is not 3/4 of the worst as there are in Newcastle benefices that are valued at only \$125 a year.

The wives of the clergymen in these parishes are, of course, unable to employ servants, and all the drudgery of housework falls on their shoulders. The luxury of meat is denied to them even on alternate days, and their children of whom the number is always in inverse ratio to the amount of the living, are prepared by education in the elementary schools, or by the maintenance of their parents, to give them at odd times for their desert an inferior schoolship. These clergymen as a rule come from good country families. Their wives are from the same class and are in few cases fitted by their training for a life of poverty and hard work.

The actual return from these livings is frequently much less than the figures quoted here since their value is dependent on the price of corn and this has declined until in many cases what used to be a living worth \$500 is now in reality not worth more than 150 shillings of that sum.

Various conditions make life hard for the clergy who are trying to struggle along on the meagre incomes mentioned here. If his predecessor happened to be a man of private means and chose to enlarge the rectory by the addition of wings or drawing rooms, the poor incumbent must keep all this up until the Bishop's chapter, who receive fees from the rector and not from the Bishop for their work, are careful to see that the church and the rectory are kept in condition. There is thought to be no hope of improvement in the lot of the priest so long as the representation of this body is so small in the synods of the church in which some of the delegates are by right men of few talents. It is to this injustice that most of the present evil is attributed, and the remedy is expected to come from the lack of candidates for high orders. They are decreasing so rapidly in number that it will soon be a problem to find enough to fill the vacancies made by death. No greater evidence of the present miseries could be found than the fact that the over-supply of clergy of a few years ago threatens to become a liability and be followed by an absolute scarcity.—New York Sun.

A Baby Carver's Music Lesson.

In the account of a pair of canaries and their offspring, which is published in the Ladies' Home Journal, Florence May Kingsley tells how the oldest baby bird, as soon as he learned to utter from one perch to another and to perch on a wire and crack it, was put into a cage by himself and hung out on the veranda near the father bird, who was named Wee Willie Winkie, and was a superb singer. Then the baby bird's education began. First, he learned to jump fearlessly into his own perch and flutter his wings and get himself gloriously wet, just as far as that. Next, he imitated himself into a delightfully comfortable blue perch on his perch and listened attentively while Wee Willie Winkie sang his wonderful song. The second week we heard a funny, sweet little chirping and gurgling. It was the young canary, he had begun to study his profession in earnest. Hour after hour the little fellow practiced, happily and patiently. One day he trilled a little trill, and the next day he learned to sing now and then, and the gurgles together and added a longer trill on a higher key. In three weeks' time we were asking, "is it Wee Willie Winkie who is singing or the baby?"

Not Sannago.

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