

TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER XXIV.
CONTINUED.

My two guards were still with me, and we took our position near Kaiamai. I was almost in a stupor. I hardly knew what I was doing, so intense was the strain I was under. Yet I had a horrible thought that I was ordering them to murder my sister. Whichever horse had been aroused by Kaiamai's words, fled when she appeared and landed the frenzy of the excited priests. Kaiamai, with a high priest on each side of her, stood facing the lava lake, and as here an altar steam-jets would appear, she bowed and exhorted Pele to subdue the rampant and promised that a sacrifice worthy of the goddess would be made.

Nimoula and Patna the fisherman withdrew. While the fervor of the priests was at its highest, Nimoula and Patna re-appeared, carrying between them a burden wrapped in the black sacrificial robe that had been thrown on Winnie by the priest. I sprang forward and seized Kaiamai's arm.

"Woman!" I cried, "What doest thou do? Whomver thou art, will you let them murder my sister in cold blood? Will you still believe this damnable trash that I told you was not true? Speak the word that will save my sister now."

A look of enthrallment, blended with fear, came into her face. A high-priest took me roughly by the arm. "You must not anger Pele," he said. "The devil take Pele," I roared. "And you, too! They are murdering my sister! Is there no God to prevent this? Can it be that we are forsaken by heaven and earth as well?" Kaiamai drew herself up in queenly dignity, and motioned for the priest to take me aside.

Nimoula and Patna advanced with their unconcerned burden to the brink of the lake. They passed the body of my poor sister, and walked. "Pele!" said Kaiamai, with one hand raised. "You need to you choose one to become your servant in Hialehala. This beautiful girl that comes to you today has many friends, who by this act will become followers and worshippers of you. We pray you, Pele, Goddess of Power, of Right, to stay the seas under Kapaohi, and save us from the wrath of the violent volcano."

I shook with horror and fear as these words, so sweetly destroying hope, came from the beautiful woman. "I am alone in my chamber. I can do nothing." "My brain reels. I collapsed at the sight," I gasped. I saw Nimoula and Patna raise their burden and let it pitch into the lake. As it hissed down into the hot lava I uttered a shriek. I made an attempt to reach Kaiamai to kill her.

"Mer!" she cried, "I will kill you now." My hands gave way beneath me. My sight became dim and uncertain. I reeled a mile. I heard loud voices. Instantly I saw Kaiamai rush past me and away. Nimoula followed. I heard a great uproar. I knew I fell upon the lava, and a pain in my head followed. Bright visions swept before me. I thought Winnie and Kaiamai stood over me, hand in hand, one dead, the other living. I thought Gordon came and spoke to me. I saw Uncle Tom and Dole and Warren. I thought I heard the crash of thunder. Then all was still and I knew, heard and say nothing.

CHAPTER XXV.
I think the first glimmer of returning consciousness was the recognition of Gordon's voice. There was an indistinct hum about me, people talking in subdued voices and soft footsteps moving about. I was aware that I lay in a comfortable bed, and that the water, sweet air from an open window wafted gently across my face. I must have given some sign of my return to a conscious state, for some one gently lifted my head and placed a glass or spoon to my lips. A bitter, though stimulating, mouthful was forced into me, and I awoke fully.

Then I opened my eyes, as if awakening from a sound sleep. At first I felt a queer sensation, as if I was half dead. Gordon sat in a chair by my bedside holding my hand. I remember that at first I felt no surprise at seeing him, so feeble was my memory. Doctor Tilling was bending over me.

"Where is Uncle Tom?" I asked. "Why does he not come to see me?" "There, now, please be quiet," he said. "Uncle Tom is sleeping. Do not try and sleep some more. It is what you need." I lay down, but that horrible sight, Gordon, in the doorway? Did any one see him? Who should see him? Did you, or I, or I can't sleep any more."

"I am glad to see your eyes looking at me as if they knew me, Tom, old man," said Gordon, and there was a tremor in his usually even voice. "What was this the matter with me?" I asked. I thought I was going to speak the words feebly and clearly, but my voice was lost in a whisper. "You have been ill, that's all," said Doctor Tilling. "The perfectly quiet, do not attempt to talk. Put down your arm that is General Goro-

mal is too horribly real. I am going to kill her, Gordon."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Gordon now looking worried. "I think he is afraid I was losing my senses again. Now go to sleep and keep quiet till Tilling comes. He will be here soon. It is time for your medicine now. I will give it to you."

"He gave me a spoonful of stuff and fixed the pillow under my head. "But, Gordon, how did you find me?" I asked.

"Never mind. I found you. Now go to sleep," he said. "I am going to leave you alone so you cannot talk." I lay there in solitude, puzzling my weakened brain over the mystery of my reappearance at The Corals. How did I get away from the volcano? How did I leave the island of Lanai? Did the priests escape as well as Kaiamai, the murderess of my sister? Where was Uncle Tom? What did his strange absence from my chamber mean? All these things were hard for me to understand, and I was pondering over them when Doctor Tilling entered.

"Ah, better, eh?" he said cheerily. "Gordon is a good nurse. But he says you insist on talking and falling out of bed and other dangerous things. You must quit it. I am going to send Gordon away now. He is nearly down himself. And I am going to put a nurse in, but that you don't know as I who aren't likely to get into it. There will be nothing left for you but to rest perfectly quiet and get well."

"But there are cases things I am anxious to find out, doctor," I whispered.

"Nonsense. All you want is to get well. "Never mind the buts. You do just what I tell you, and in a few days you will have the talk."

Gordon came in and shook hands with me. "Orders are orders, Tom," he said. "A good soldier never asks questions. Tilling likes me as well as you, and I am going to be a good soldier. It is for your own good and for the good of the hospital. You will be able to handle yourself. Do as he tells you, and get well as fast as you can."

A new nurse was installed. He was a little man, as quiet as a mouse, and not more talkative. But he was a familiar face to the patients, for he had been with me all the time but he pretended to be a new nurse. I thought more and more that I ought to have seen him before.

"The bell seemed to be within easy reach. I lifted myself upon one arm—and the effort was very great—and reached out the other to ring for some one to come. The attempt was so much for me. I reaped the bell and gave it one feeble blow; then I lurched forward and fell from the bed onto the floor, knocking over the table and sending the bell clattering across the room.

Instantly Gordon came rushing in. "My!" he exclaimed. "What did you do?" I looked up at him from the floor, and he bowed to smile.

Gordon looked at me. He was in his stocking feet. He looked thin and worn. It was as if he had spent himself watching over my sickness, and while I was in my sound sleep he had thrown himself down partly dressed to get a little rest.

"He snored down and picked me up in his arms. I had never realized how powerful he was. I was but a babe in his hands. He replaced me on the bed. "There, old fellow," he said, with a half-glad smile on his face. "You just be there and keep still. No more acrobatic feats and bell ringing athletic. You'll be left alone again."

"What's the matter with me, anyhow?" I asked, my voice still little better than a whisper.

"You have had brain-fever," he replied, as he picked up the table and placed it in another position of the room and put the bed also out of my reach.

"Gordon, close here," I said. He came close to me. "Where is she?" I asked.

A white, pained look came into his face. "We have never found her. We do not know where she is, Tom. All we know is what you raved about when you were ill."

"I know—I know," I said feebly. "Winnie is dead. I saw her killed myself. It was the last thing I saw. Tom was what sent me off. But the other, that accused priestess, where is she? Did they kill her? How did I come here? Who found me? And, Gordon, you went away suddenly. Where were you when I looked for you?"

"Here, here," he said, in a miserable attempt to be playful for my benefit. "You are trusting me, and ever remember, Tom, I Tilling writes me saying you made like that he will order me out. Now he said, Tom, old man, and get strong. There we are, talk."

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GOOD ROADS
Machinery Working a Revolution.

THE SEA BOTTOM.
Physical Conditions and Some of Life of the Ocean Depths.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

What the Little Miss Did When She Saw the Snake.

A PHOENIX GIRL.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

THE GUY COFFEE GROWER.

RATHER DIES DECREASING.

THE SEA BOTTOM.
Physical Conditions and Some of Life of the Ocean Depths.

The following facts relating to the deep sea and its forms of life are derived from an address delivered recently by Professor C. S. Nutting, of the Iowa University, who has himself been actively engaged in deep-sea exploration.

Probably the most remarkable of the conditions of deep sea life is the enormous pressure, which varies, of course, with the depth. At the average depth of 2,000 fathoms, the pressure is about two tons to the square inch of surface, and at 4,000 fathoms each square inch of surface is subjected to a pressure of about four tons.

Another remarkable condition of life in the ocean depths is that of perpetual darkness, so far as light or sunlight is concerned. It has been found that phosphorescent bodies are scattered beyond a depth of 125 fathoms of clear water, all of the major part of the sun's light having been dissipated before it has reached that depth.

A very large number of crustaceans are locally numerous. Many of these having large eyes, are of this class, and are particularly adapted to movement in the dark. They feed on minute organisms for the most part, and can hardly be detected, but they are their persistence in the deep-sea waters, and their building their dwellings and residing there.

An Elephant Labyrinth.
A curious labyrinth in which elephants are captured and held is known near Ayuthia, formerly the capital of Siam.

Feeding an Obstinate Ostrich.
The ostrich which the King sent from Windsor to the Zoo some time ago, has shown his displeasure of his change of quarters by going off in a huff.

Howard of Bismarck.
The case under the name of the Howard case is hardly calculated to encourage the proposition of world peace.

English gas engineers, like those in other countries, are being much exercised in regard to the increased need of electricity for light and heat.

The severity of platinum is being found to cause some of them among the electrical manufacturers of the country.

Although the difference is slight, it is not unnoticed in the night, nearly everybody in the world lumps a little, but nearly everybody's left leg is shorter than the right.

It has been noticed in certain parts of America and in India, that during thunderstorms, incandescent lamps that are slight suddenly brighten up very considerably.

These rotund berries are separated and sold as Peppercorn Mocha by some of the dealers in the produce.

It is a matter of great importance to ventilate long tunnels thoroughly for the comfort of passengers and for the safety of the train crews.

Rames has an incorporated Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination.

What the Little Miss Did When She Saw the Snake.

An incident occurred recently near Phoenix, Ariz., in which a fifteen-year-old girl displayed wonderful presence of mind and illustrates the value of moral instruction and self-possession in all ordinary affairs of life.

One afternoon, when the head of the house was away from home, the three women were sitting in a room together when the girl heard a noise of considerable size, uttered in a cat-like, or shrill, voice, some distance above the floor, giving its neck out and waving it to and fro in regular snake-like fashion.

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