

TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XIX.

So back to the temple I was led. Kamaui was resting on her throne, and she moved easily to note what the tumult might be that was coming toward her. I thought again that she was the most superbly beautiful creature I had ever seen. Every line of her form, showing through the thin white robes she wore, was a line of beauty. Every motion was a poem; every breath she drew made her bosom rise and fall with a majestic rhythm.

When the high priests, leading me in their midst, came before Kamaui's throne, they knelt upon their knees and bowed low before her. I did the same. There was a great contrast between this bow and the one I had given in the Temple of the Glistening Look at Nimitz's bidding. That seemed farcical. I laughed at it. But there was no mirth left in me now. The dangers and horrors of the situation stood out before me in awful distinctness.

"Why do you thus disturb me?" asked the priestess severely, rising to her feet and standing impassively before me.

"We have come, oh, priestess, to lay before you the question of this priest's fate."

"Have I not already said that he should be put in the dungeon, and there await the judgment?" she asked.

"True, oh, priestess, wise and good Kamaui, said the leader of the high priests, and we hastened to do your bidding. We carried him to the dungeon. While on our way we thought to please you, oh, priestess, and to please the goddess Pele by making this erring priest assist in the sacrifice of the sacred one, when Pele demands it."

"Well?" she asked, as the high priest paused.

"He agreed," continued the high priest, "and as we were about to leave him he offered a strange suppositio to us. He said there might have been two new priests received to-day instead of one. That both might have desecrated the temple by laying hands on the sacred one, and both might be condemned to the dungeon. Then, oh, priestess, he said that we might have made the proposition to assist in the sacrifice to both of them, and he would agree, and the other priest would refuse. Then, oh, priestess, the other priest would be sent to the dungeon to await his doom, and what would be done with this priest?"

"But the dungeon is empty."

Kamaui said this with a peculiar inflection. She was looking at me intently. My mask was gone and she was studying my features. And under the glance of those ravishing eyes my pulse beat more quickly and my heart throbbled strangely. What foreboding might not lay in the magnanimity of this great love!

"True, the dungeon is empty, oh, priestess," said the leader, "but we will let the successor of Lowai speak for himself."

"Speak!" said Kamaui, softly.

"Oh, priestess, you who are so beautiful," I began, "must be also noble. I came here as a priest, having heard made the successor of old Lowai is Oahu. I saw at your feet, awaiting sacrifice, one whom I loved. I forgot my orders. I forgot reason. You know what I did. You do not forgive. These high priests suggested to me that I assist at the sacrifice of this being whom I loved, and then, as a reward, become one of themselves. I accepted. Now, O Priestess, in the case that has been placed before you, if the other priest had refused, he would go to the dungeon. I, having accepted, do not deserve to harsh a treatment."

A gleam came into the eyes of Kamaui, but it was there one instant only.

"What the priest says is true," she said. "What, then, is your desire?"

"To be allowed my freedom until the time for the sacrifice has come."

"Let the successor of Lowai be allowed the freedom of the temple. Let him sleep, however, in the dungeon, without bolting the door. Let him eat with the common priests in their hall. But let him not escape," said Kamaui.

"Thank you, O Priestess!" I said. "I shall be ever ready to do your bidding."

With a low bow, the high priests turned away, leaving me free to walk where I would, but with a certainty that I would be watched.

Kamaui swept past me, and there was something strangely fascinating in the glance she gave me. There was a suggestion of exaltation in her slight smile. Her brilliant eyes beamed upon me. Her half-parted lips showed a row of exquisite ivory teeth.

Her look, when she alighted and full-rouched as that of Venus, was slightly bent as she passed me. The odor of incense came from her robes. Her very presence was intoxicating.

"You have chosen well," she whispered, and the low, trembling voice seemed to my ears long after she had left the temple.

more and unturned save for the throne of Kamaui and the chair at the altar where Winnie had sat when she made the reckless break that seemed likely to be a fatal error. The floor of the temple was worn smooth by many years of the restless tread of worshippers. The huge groto was overflowing with inverted cones like stalactites, which were of the same lava-stone as the entire mountain seemed composed of. There were great recesses reaching away into the mountain-side, from which came loud echoes of footsteps or the talking of people in the temple.

Finding myself free and alone, I wandered about the gloomy place, making peculiar noises to hear the uncanny echoes that seemed to come from every side.

I carefully and with caution examined the walls of the place where it was light enough for me to see, hoping to find some door through which I might reach Winnie or find where she was being kept. But the gruesome place was lighted only from a square aperture in the roof, high above me, and the light so fell as to be centered around the throne, leaving the cavernous recesses at the sides in total darkness.

I remembered that when Winnie was led away she was taken behind the throne, and I looked there for another dungeon; but I found none. If there were any doors in the parts of the wall that I could examine, they were so carefully and skillfully made as to defy detection by one not in the secret of their construction.

I felt at first, when the high priests departed, a sense of exhilaration at having gained my purpose in so far as to be left free, instead of confined to a dungeon, and Kamaui's glance and smile had stimulated me with a peculiar thrill. But after I had been in the temple a few hours I began to feel the overwhelming solitude of the place. I began to feel the danger, to realize the horrors of my situation. I knew there was nothing to expect from the high priests but the worst. They were merciless in their fanaticism, and their delusions brooked no opposition. The other priests I did not fear so much, yet they were no doubt completely under the control of the high priest.

But about Kamaui—my heart beat more rapidly when I thought of her. So lovely! So magnificent in her transcendent beauty! Could she be so cruel as to consign my sister to a horrible death, and compel me to assist in the soul-sickening ceremony? The more I thought of this, the worse I felt. The main door of the temple stood open. I knew where it led. I had noticed when I came in the barren ledge of rock and the sluggish lake of moldered lava below it. Having spent so much time in a futile endeavor to find a hidden door, I finally resolved to go out into the air and see how the strange priests lived and acted when they were not engaged in their horrible worship of Pele.

I had reached the ledge of rock, and stood looking across the great crater, overgrown with a new sense of loneliness and my insignificance. Not another person could be seen. There were evidently other grotoes than the one used as a temple.

While I stood thus a priest appeared from some aperture in the rock and came toward me.

"Successor of Lowai, the priests of Pele are not to sit before the daily feast. You will follow me."

He returned to the spot from which he came into sight.

Half hidden by bulging rock, a small opening led into a groto much like the temple, save that it was better lighted. A long table was spread in the center, and around it sat about a hundred priests. These were the ordinary or common priests, and had thrown aside their masks and outlandish costumes, the better to enjoy the meal.

Among these I was welcome, for I was one of their order.

They cared nothing—or knew nothing—of the greater or less sin against Pele, as judged by the high priests. They had seen me snatch Winnie to my breast and kiss her, but they had seen me taken away to be punished. As they were probably punished for misdemeanors more or less great, they felt rather with me than against me on account of my crime. While I dined this in a few minutes' talk, I also made certain that when it came to a question of taking sides against the authority of the high priests, they could not be relied upon at all. Every man seemed to be crazy in his infatuated worship of Pele.

There was a place for me at one side of the rude table, and at the sign from my guide I took it.

"You are welcome here, successor of Lowai," said an aged fool who sat at the head of the table. "Pele has not many worshippers of your color. You will be a great priest."

"I am glad you think so," I replied in the native tongue. "I shall endeavor to please Pele. But why am I always called the successor of Lowai? Do I have no name?"

"Not for a year," replied he who seemed to be the chief among these lower priests. "For one year you are on trial. During that time you are known to us only as the successor of Lowai, who was a good and true priest, although he spent but little time here. After the year, if you

have proven faithful, Lowai and the high priests accept you, you will receive a name. You may keep the one you had in Honolulu or may take a new one."

"Great is Pele!" said one of the "brethren." "Will you have some 'poi'?"

There were no spoons nor forks among the priests, so I dipped into the great dish of taro-root with my hands and gulped down the stuff the best I could. It was nauseating, eating in this way; but it was that or starve, and a man will do a great many unpleasant things rather than die. Then we had cocoa in rude wooden mugs, without milk, but with plenty of sugar. And the center of the table was piled high with bananas.

"Where do you obtain supplies?" I asked, drinking from my wooden bowl.

"We have many ways," replied a priest near me. "One of us may at any time be sent to Kanaakakai to buy food. Then we have priests who, like Lowai, do not live here, but come at regular times to worship Pele and bring offerings from the people."

"Have we any followers of Pele who are not priests?" I asked.

The brother who sat next to me opened his eyes wide in surprise at my gross ignorance.

"The worshippers of Pele are many, and reach around the world," he said.

"True, Lowai told me that," I said, adding a little untruth to what the old villain had really told me; "but he did not say how many. How many people in the world worship Pele?"

"A hundred million," solemnly replied my neighbor at the feast.

I nearly smiled at the figure. Had I done so, the act might have been fatal. By plunging my nose into my black cocoa cup and swallowing the black mixture, I concealed the look of incredulity that came into my face in spite of me.

"How do you get to Kanaakakai when you are sent after food?" I asked.

"We wait for Patna, the fisherman, to come for us in his boat."

"Is Patna a priest?"

"He is a member of Kamihou-anillimawai."

"So, then, he is one of us?"

"Did you not know it?" asked the chief among them fiercely. "Else how did you come among us?"

I was on dangerous ground and hastened to right myself.

"True, Patna is a true follower, for his ring met mine, and the spirit of Pele was felt in me."

Thus confidence was restored, and we finished the "feast."

Before we left the table the assembled priests went through a form of praise to Pele, consisting of much bowing and groaning, and we were free for the time to go where we would. I was stiff from sitting on the rough wooden benches that served for chairs, and when I got into the air again I walked rapidly up and down the ledge to get the kinks out of my joints.

Seeing a fellow-priest standing alone, gazing into the lake, I spoke to him.

"When is the great sacrifice to be?" I asked.

He looked at me sharply and, with a low, said:

"Do you not know that we must not talk of these things except before Kamaui?" Then he turned and strode majestically away.

Here was discipline with a purpose. It was no wonder we never could say anything about Winnie. If the priests of Pele, in the very center of his hideous worship, could not speak of the victims of their fanaticism, then how doubly certain it was that they would not speak of them to others when inquiries were being carried on.

Musing upon the strange beings who controlled this band of maniacs, I went again into the temple. Here, I thought, I would be more likely to learn something. If anything of importance—that had any bearing on the fate of Winnie or myself—should transpire, it would most likely be in the temple. So I wandered about the gloomy groto, listening to the echoes of my own footsteps.

It was drawing toward the evening, a time at which I might expect to be jealous of Pele to show themselves as the temple in a still more ridiculous performance. I had recovered my mask and put it on, with some ill-defined idea that it was better on than off.

I had not been in the temple long, before one of the high priests came in with some candles. He set two of these near Kamaui's throne, and scattered the others nearby. Then with a taper he went from one to the other chanting a weird song to Pele, and lighting the temple for evening worship. Shortly afterward the nine other high priests came in and formed a semi-circle before the throne, standing in an expectant attitude.

Then Kamaui came.

Why was it that I seemed to grow warm and the blood flowed so quickly through my veins when that strange, wild sorceress came before me. She stood in matchless poise, peering into the gloom of the darkness beyond the candles, and seemed to be looking for some one. Having taken her place on the throne, one of the high priests uttered a loud cry and was the trumping of feet, as the hundred common priests came. They arranged themselves behind the high priests, and knelt upon the stone floor of the temple.

(To be continued.)

NORTH CAROLINA CROPS

Even Temperature and Abundant Moisture.

The past week was characterized by very heavy rain from Monday to Wednesday inclusive, which were followed by fair, warm and very favorable weather. The rainfall averaged nearly 3.00 above the normal, but was very beneficial in nearly all the counties of the eastern district, along the northern border of the State, and in the extreme west, where the drought was generally broken, and crops materially improved; in the southern portion, however, the heavy rains washed cotton and corn lands badly in some localities, and resulted in heavy freshets with overflow of low lands and some damage to stacked hay and other crops. The floods in the larger rivers culminated on the 9th. The temperature averaged about 1 degree above the normal for the week. On the whole the reports of correspondents were generally favorable, and indicate improved prospects, as far as may be possible after a season so uniformly bad as the present one.

Cotton improved generally during the week; late cotton was revived, is vigorous and will reach sufficient size to give a good yield with a late autumn; old cotton seems to be holding its fruit well, as very few reports of shedding have been received, but the bolls are still scattering on the plants. It may be said that in some sections where the crop was well worked cotton will be good, in most others fair to very poor. Corn has come out better than expected; a great deal of corn was planted very late, and it now looks very well, except on bottom lands where crops are practically non-existent; fodder is ripening. Some improvement in the growth of late tobacco occurred; cutting and curing continued during the week. Field peas and sweet potato vines are fine. Peanuts promise a full crop and will be ready for digging soon. Turning land for wheat is progressing slowly; turkeys are being sown and the seeds are sprouting nicely. Special reports in the apple crop indicate a poor yield almost everywhere; apples are knotty and not well formed, are rotting or falling before maturity, and the need of spraying was manifest this season. The early hay crop was saved in good condition, but rains and freshets injured some of the late crop; a large amount of pea-vine hay will be made later in the season.

Man and Boy Drowned.

Hickory, Special.—While attempting to save the boy, Mr. John Garrison, of Pineville, and his 14-year-old nephew, Daleo Wagoner, were drowned in the pond at the E. L. Shuford Cotton Mill, a few miles from here, about 6 o'clock Monday evening. Mr. Garrison, accompanied by his wife, had been here on a visit of a few days to the dead boy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Wagoner. Arthur Russell, an eye-witness to the drowning, says Mr. Garrison and young Wagoner came out to the bend of the river, at the favorite bathing place, and all three went in where the water is 12 to 15 feet deep. The boy was unable to swim and in attempting to save him Mr. Garrison lost his life, while Russell barely escaped, being almost unconscious when he reached the bank. Mr. Garrison's body was recovered, but at this hour there is no trace of young Wagoner's remains. Mr. Garrison is a well-known Mecklenburg farmer, having many relatives and friends in the Pineville section and also in Charlotte. He was about 40 years of age.

Terrific Told.

The London Times announces the marriage of Arthur Wellesley Anstruther, son of the late Sir Robert Anstruther of Balcaskie, to Miss Rose Trapman, granddaughter of the late Arthur Gordon Rose, of Charleston, U. S. A.

The harbor boat *Petra*, of the Standard Oil Company, was damaged by fire at her moorings at Norfolk, Monday. Fire trucks saved her from complete destruction.

The North Carolina Agricultural Department has been advised that there is an epidemic of blind staggers among the horses and mules in the Fairfield section of Hyde county and that 60 to 75 deaths have so far occurred. The Department wired Veterinarian Petty, of Winston, who is in Greene county, to hasten to Fairfield. State Veterinarian Felt Butler is greatly needed. He will not be able to leave Kansas until this week.

At Memphis, Chancellor Heiskell decided that the publication of libelous matter cannot be restrained by the press injunction. The decision was based on two grounds, first the freedom of the press is impaired; second, the right of trial by jury is invaded.

Didn't Try It.

Niagra Falls, Special.—Though thousands gathered to see Captain Johnson swim the whirl pool rapids Monday with his hands and feet tied, the swimmer abandoned the trip before he reached the swift current and was towed ashore. He gave sickness as an excuse.

On a Big Hunt.

Glenwood Springs, Col., Special.—Miss Anna Morgan, daughter of J. P. Morgan, is one of a party that started out from this town for a week's hunting in northwestern Colorado. Prof. Henry W. Osborn, of Columbia University, is in charge of the party. The deer season will not open until August 15, but there is no law against shooting bear, mountain lion, lynx and coyote.

CRIMINAL ASSAULT

Committed On White Lady Near Matthews, Mecklenburg County.

ASSAILANT CONFESSES THE CRIME

Captured and Lodged in the Charlotte Jail—Swift Punishment Will Likely Follow.

A Charlotte Special gives an account of one of the most revolting crimes ever committed in Mecklenburg county. Mrs. Lemuel Martin, who lives in Providence township, within one mile of Matthews, was the victim of a most brutal assault by William Monroe, a negro from near Pineville, who has been living near Matthews for some time.

After breakfast Tuesday morning Mr. Lemuel Martin, a farmer, left his home and went to Indian Trail, Union county, leaving his wife alone at home. About 9:30 o'clock, while Mrs. Martin was sitting in a front room of her house, sewing, Monroe came up to the window and asked where her husband had gone. Mrs. Martin, who knew Monroe, was frightened by something in his manner, and told him that her husband had gone to the watermelon patch, which was close by.

"Why did he take his horse if he was just going to the watermelon patch?" asked Monroe. Mrs. Martin saw that evasion was useless and did not reply. The negro made a pretence of leaving the premises, but walked to the rear of the house and entered through the kitchen. He slipped up behind Mrs. Martin, and catching her throat from behind, commenced to choke her. She broke loose and furiously defended herself. Monroe knocked her down with a chair. Her clothes were torn from her body and she was lacerated frightfully.

In her desperate plight Mrs. Martin continued to scream, and her cries were heard at the residence of Mr. J. T. Hargett, the nearest house, which is 200 yards away. Newton Hargett, a cousin of Mr. J. T. Hargett, at once started for Mrs. Martin's house and on his way there was joined by Mr. Ben Ivey, who had also heard the screams.

It is presumed that Monroe saw the two men coming, for when they were within a short distance of the house he jumped from a rear window and ran. At the same moment Mrs. Martin, almost crazed, ran out of the front door. She was taken to Mr. Hargett's house and spent the day and night there. The unfortunate woman was Miss Susie Philmon, of Union county, and is only about 17 years old. Her condition intensified the horror of the assault.

News of the crime spread rapidly and in a short time a number of men, walking and on horseback, were in search of the negro. About noon they thought they had him located in a small piece of woods, but he managed to break through and escape. At an early hour last night it was stated that he had been traced to within two miles of Charlotte and that it appeared certain that he had come to this city. A telegram was sent to Fort Mill, S. C., for bloodhounds belonging to Mr. B. D. Springs, of this city. The dogs arrived but were not released, as the police felt confident that Monroe could be found in one of three places in Charlotte. The entire force were immediately interested in the case and all available men were detailed as searching parties.

Mr. Lemuel Martin and several of his relatives reached town by 10 o'clock Tuesday night. Mr. Martin did not hear of the assault until late in the afternoon, when he was returning from Indian Trail. He went at once to his wife, and after seeing her for a few minutes left in search of her assailant.

The Capture.

At 2:30 a. m. Monroe was caught shortly after 1 o'clock Wednesday morning at the house of his grandfather, a negro cabin on Mr. Bob McDonald's place. Police officers who made the arrest were Sergeant Jetton and Policemen Black, McCall, Squires and Garrison. In the party also were Mr. Taylor Black and Mr. J. T. Hargett, who at once identified the negro as Monroe.

At 3 o'clock, while surrounded by the police officers and the sheriff, Monroe admitted his guilt. He is about 20 years old, very black, with a repulsive countenance and mean, narrow, furtive eyes.

Confesses the Crime.

The scene was grim. The negro, with the manacles on, stood in the centre of the group and at first told a story that he had imperfectly prepared. He said that he and another negro named Walter Peoples had deliberately gone to the house, and that Peoples and not himself was the assailant. When he had finished Sergeant Jetton said shortly:

"You lie. Tell the truth."

The negro looked around the group and feared that he need not have feared. His upper lip and mouth were scratched; there was blood on his shirt and other clothes; and no man could see the sight quietly or without the want to kill.

Monroe crouched up against the wall and in his second story told that he and Peoples had gone to the house and that he and not Peoples was the guilty party.

"You lie," said Sergeant Jetton. "Tell the truth. We know that Peoples was not with you."

Then it was that the negro admitted his crime, saying that he alone had gone to the house and that he had accomplished his purpose. He went to the stable and saw that Mr. Martin's horse was gone. He went from there to the house and tip-toed from the kitchen to the room where Mrs. Martin sat. He told her that he would blow her brains out. She cried and then he choked her

JUSTICE, SWIFT AND SURE.

Tried, Convicted and Sentenced to Be Hanged September 15th.

Mecklenburg court was in session at the time of the capture and an immediate trial was ordered. Mrs. Martin positively identified Monroe, and he was put upon immediate trial. The jury deliberated only three minutes, when it returned a verdict of guilty, and the judge sentenced him to hang on September 15th.

Brooklyn Car Runs Into an Engine.

New York, Special.—A trolley car on the Fifteenth street line of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company collided with a Long Island Railroad locomotive at Kensington crossing. In the lower part of Brooklyn, Saturday. The motorman, named Leo, was killed outright, and from 20 to 25 passengers, who were on their way to Coney Island, were injured. Three of these, it is said, will die. It is said that a misunderstanding by the motorman of the signals caused the accident.

Savannah Street Car Trouble.

Savannah, Ga., Special.—Striking motormen and conductors of the Savannah, Thunderbolt and Isle of Hope Railway, the consolidated system of street lines in Savannah, have made no riotous demonstrations since their strike was inaugurated last Saturday. There is talk of violence, but it has not materialized. The police seem to have the situation well in hand. The company claims that it is in no way inconvenienced by the strike.

Relics of a Sultan.

Some of the costly things in the sultan's treasure house at Constantinople are children's cradles of pure gold inlaid with precious stones, divans covered with cloth of gold embroidered with pearls, suits of mail thickly encrusted with big emeralds and diamonds, and other relics of former Ottoman splendor.

VESTIBULE LIMITED TRAINS

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IN EFFECT MAY 20th, 1901.

SOUTHWARD	
Daily	Daily
No. 31	No. 27
Lv. New York, P. R.R.	12:05 pm
Lv. Philadelphia,	3:29 pm
Lv. Baltimore,	5:45 pm
Lv. Washington,	6:55 pm
Lv. Richmond, S. A. L.	10:40 pm
Lv. Petersburg,	11:30 pm
Lv. Norfolk,	2:14 am
Lv. Henderson,	2:45 am
Lv. Raleigh,	4:07 am
Lv. Southern Pines,	4:10 am
Lv. Hamlet,	7:50 am
Lv. Columbia, F.	9:40 am
Lv. Savannah,	1:47 pm
Lv. Jacksonville,	6:10 pm
At Tampa,	6:15 am

NORTHWARD	
Daily	Daily
No. 34	No. 28
Lv. Memphis, N.C. & S.L.	12:45 noon
Lv. Nashville,	9:50 pm
Lv. New Orleans, L. & N.	8:00 pm
Lv. Mobile, L. & N.	12:20 am
Lv. Montgomery, A. & W. P.	1:30 pm
Lv. Macon, G. O. Ga.,	8:00 am
Lv. Augusta, G. & W. C.	9:40 am
Lv. Atlanta, F.	12:00 noon
Lv. Athens,	2:45 pm
Lv. Greenwood,	5:01 pm
Lv. Chester,	7:09 pm
Lv. Charlotte,	7:25 pm
Lv. Wilmington,	8:55 pm
Lv. Hamlet,	10:35 pm
Lv. Southern Pines,	11:25 pm
Lv. Raleigh,	1:29 am
Lv. Henderson,	2:50 am
Lv. Norfolk,	3:24 am
Lv. Petersburg,	4:40 am
Lv. Portsmouth,	7:00 am
Lv. Wash'ton, N. & W. D.	8:55 am
Lv. Baltimore, B. & O.	10:45 am
Lv. New York, O. D. & C.	11:55 pm
Lv. Philadelphia, N. Y. & P.	5:45 pm
Lv. New York,	8:49 pm

No. 34 No. 28
Lv. Tampa, S. A. L. Ry. 8:00 pm 9:00 am
Lv. Jacksonville, " 10:10 pm 7:45 pm
Lv. Savannah, " 2:10 pm 11:45 pm
Lv. Columbia, F. " 7:12 pm 4:40 am
Lv. Hamlet, " 10:35 pm 8:00 am
Lv. Southern Pines, " 11:25 pm 8:45 am
Lv. Raleigh, " 1:29 am 10:42 pm
Lv. Henderson, " 2:50 am 11:28 pm
Lv. Norfolk, " 3:24 am 11:48 pm
Lv. Petersburg, " 4:40 am 2:47 pm
Lv. Richmond, " 6:22 am 3:31 pm
Lv. Washington, F. R. R. 10:10 am 7:06 pm
Lv. Baltimore, " 11:25 am 11:25 pm
Lv. Philadelphia, " 1:25 pm 2:56 pm
Lv. New York, " 8:49 pm 8:50 am

Note.—Daily, except Sunday.
† Central Time. § Eastern Time. [S. P.]

JAR. B. BARR, let Vice-Prest. & Gen'l Mgr. Portsmouth, Va.
R. E. L. BUNCH, General Passenger Agent, Portsmouth, Va.

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A well-known society woman London has an album containing photographs of all her costumes for the past ten years.

A beach tree twelve feet in height is growing on the tower of the church at Fishkill, Lincolnshire, England.