

One Southern Class "A" College for Women. The latest report of the U. S. Commission of Education drops from "Division A" one of the fourteen colleges for women heretofore so ranked.

Notes and News. In a certain Michael Murphy, a former alderman of Richmond, Va., that city believes it has probably the greatest checker player in the world.

King Gardoni Byron and his wife, Queen Natalie, of the Syzyr tribe camping near Morristown, New Jersey, were devoted recently according to the rites of the tribe.

Muggins—Haulum, the drayman, seems a very humane man. Muggins—Humane! Why, since his horses have been taken to wearing bonnets he has actually fitted up all their stalls with bookshelves.

Best for the Bowels. No matter what ail you, headache to a fever, you will find relief in the bowels.

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TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XX. The leader of the high-priests began a monotonous chant, bending his body to and fro, and writhing in rhythmic contortions in accompaniment to his chant.

"Where is the successor of Lowai?" asked a high-priest, in a shrill tone. The priest on his knees had as much effect on Lowai as it had on me.

"I have already proven my devotion by the promise I have made," I would abide by it. All I can say is that Lowai is that she is here before you, Pele herself.

"What, you have seen Pele?" shouted the high priest, gasping, in astonishment. "Yes, I was with Pele in Haleakala for more than a year."

"This seemed to stagger them. I thought I noticed a slight look of pleasure on Lowai's face. "That is enough," she said. "If the successor of Lowai has been with Pele a year, he needs no further tests from me."

"But how comes he as a new priest, the successor of Lowai, who has just died, if he was with Pele in Haleakala?" asked another high-priest. "Answer that, successor of Lowai," said the priestess.

"I was not with Pele as a priest, but in my travels I discovered her temple, and she bade me enter and be welcome." A murmur of surprise went round at this. It was plain that, as the former priest of Pele, I was a greater man than they had before supposed.

"Return to your place, successor of Lowai and friend of Pele," said the high-priest. "Let the sacred one be brought before Kaunani." Again, from some inner room, they brought Winnie and seated her before Kaunani.

It was evident that animal passions did not enter into the forms of worship of these fanatics. They treated Winnie with great reverence, because she was going to be sacrificed. I withdrew and covered my face with my mask, fearing that if my sister recognized me she would make another scene, and I would be prevented from successfully carrying out my plan. I might have for her rescue.

The poor girl's eyes were red and swollen, and she sat in the chair before Kaunani, listless and disheveled. The high-priest swung a small urn of incense over her head, and they began a chant as they "warched" in and her. I did not fear that she would do her bodily harm. She was held for one great thing, and a time for that was sacrificed, and I noticed, when they brought her in, that she lay on the direction in which where they went. I wanted to see where they kept her, and while they were in the progress I crept away from the common priests, who were still kneeling, and lost myself in the dark. As I worked my way round to my door, I saw the ceremony was ended. I heard the bringing of Winnie, and I hid myself where I could see without being seen.

One high-priest carried a candle in his hand, the light of which enabled me to follow their movements. Winnie was led to a door in the rock not far from mine and was put into a room that I judged to be next to my dungeon. If it was so, then only a wall separated us; but whether this wall was thick or only a thin partition, I had no means of telling.

With my senses doubly acute from association with danger, I began to think of a way to get through that wall. I recollected having seen on the floor of the dining-temple, or groto, a large piece of steel that had evidently once been a great cutting instrument. I hurried, or, at least, tried to hurry in the darkness, around, back of the worshippers and out of the door. It took but a moment to rush to the groto where we had dined, and after feeling about a few minutes I found the piece of steel I was in search of. It was quite heavy. From its formation it might have been a rude imitation of the adz used by our carpenters.

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. After some more chants and marches, in the last of which the common priests, including myself, joined, they marched forth and so doubt, went to their sleeping places, unless they took another meal before separating for the night.

As for me, I needed no supper. I was weary from loss of sleep the night before, and anxious to begin work on the wall. Kaunani went out, and I sought my danger. 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 and, throwing myself upon it, was soon sound asleep.

CHAPTER XXI. 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 lost no time in getting to work. Seizing the steel instrument, I began pounding on the wall to see where the thinnest place seemed to be.

In one spot the delamination seemed hollow, as if there the wall might not be more than two or three inches thick. I attacked 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, lacking away 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 were 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 know not, but I thought if I could but get to Winnie, I might do more toward regaining our liberty than by remaining separate.

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 peered through it. It was Winnie's prison, sure enough. It was a small room, not bare and uncomfortable like mine, but comfortably furnished with a chair, a couch and other comforts in respect to her health. On the side of the room opposite me stood Winnie.

She was alone. 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 they have not heard you, it is fortunate." "Suppose they have?" "They will kill you, Tom." "That's so. But don't let us worry about that now, while everything is going well. Wait till I break through."

I vigorously attacked the wall again, and soon had a hole broken into it, sure enough for me to squeeze through. I clasped Winnie, hugged her and kissed her, and she wept a little. I suppose with renewed hope and joy. "Have they hurt you?" I asked. "No. I am not to be sacrificed to any deity called Pele. They keep shouting that at me. Those horrid priests."

"And Kaunani?" "That beautiful terror! She is like a goddess; she is grand. But she must be cruel and heartless, for she will not save me. I have wept and prayed and implored her to help me, but she always says it is the same thing: The commands of Pele must be obeyed. Who is Pele?" "A myth. There are few who believe she is a goddess, living in Haleakala, the extinct volcano of Maui. Kaunani is her priestess here. And we cranks and fanatics around her are Pele's high-priests."

THE SCHLEY CASE. Agreement Concerning the Status of Honiwa.

HIS COMPETENCY LEFT TO COURT. Reply of the Department to Schley's Letter, Including a Clipping From a Newspaper.

Washington, D. C., Special.—The Navy Department gave out the correspondence with Admiral Schley relative to opinions said to have been expressed by Admiral Howison, a member of the court of inquiry. The closing letter of the Acting Secretary of the Navy states that it will be irregular for the Navy Department to hear and determine questions affecting the competency of members of the court, and advises Admiral Schley that the question of Admiral Howison's competency will be left to the court of inquiry in itself. The correspondence follows:

Washington, D. C., Aug. 19, 1901. To the Secretary of the Navy: Sir.—I have the honor to enclose herewith a newspaper clipping in which Rear Admiral Henry L. Howison, (who has been selected to fill the vacancy caused by the relief of Rear Admiral A. L. Kimberly, from the court of inquiry), is represented to have expressed certain opinions. If his statement, taken from the Boston Record, be true, it would, in the judgment of my command, disqualify him for serving in this inquiry. I respectfully request that a copy of this letter, with this enclosure be submitted to Rear Admiral Howison for his consideration, and I would further request that I may be favored with a copy of his answer. I have entertained high personal regard for Rear Admiral Howison, throughout a long professional service, so that I feel sure that if the statements expressed in the enclosed clipping are true, Rear Admiral Howison would not be willing to serve as a judge under such circumstances. I have the honor to be, Sir, Very respectfully, W. S. SCHLEY, Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

(The newspaper clipping referred to is enclosed in Admiral Schley's letter.) Navy Department, Washington, D. C., Aug. 20, 1901. Rear Admiral W. S. Schley, U. S. N. Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 19th inst., enclosing newspaper clipping in regard to alleged statements of Rear Admiral Henry L. Howison, was received by mail this morning. Soon after I receipt Capt. James Parker, one of your counsel, called at the Department and stated that he intended to go to Boston on Saturday to make a further investigation in the premises, and wished that no step be taken by the Department until the result of his visit could be communicated to the Department. The Department would be pleased to learn immediately if it be your desire that action be withheld for the present.

Respectfully, F. W. HACKETT, Acting Secretary. The Arlington, Washington, D. C., Aug. 20, 1901. Sir:—In reply to the Department's letter of this date referring to clipping containing alleged statement of Rear Admiral Henry L. Howison, I would say that I believe that the action requested should not be withheld, as the court after its session had begun. I beg, therefore, that the request of my letter of yesterday may be communicated to Admiral Howison.

Very respectfully, W. S. SCHLEY, Rear Admiral, U. S. N. To the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C. Sir:—In reply to your letter of 19th inst., enclosed a newspaper clipping and requesting the Department to send it to Rear Admiral Howison, together with a copy of your letter, you are informed that the appointment of Rear Admiral Howison as a member of the court of inquiry was accomplished only after taking great pains to insure absolute impartiality on the officer appointed. To a question unofficially put as to his availability to case the Department should require his service, Rear Admiral Howison replied: "I know of no reason why I should not be available for such duty should the Department so decide. I have made no public utterance relating to the subject, and I have seen none of the official reports and papers bearing upon the questions to be decided by the court."

Your counsel, Capt. Parker, before the appointment had been announced, mentioned to the Acting Secretary the names of certain rear admirals, any one of whom, he said, would be perfectly satisfactory to Rear Admiral Schley. One of the names mentioned was that of Rear Admiral Howison. It may be added that four officers consulted by the Department, the names of three were upon the list thus mentioned by your counsel. This much has been detailed in order to remind you of the fact that a fair-minded officer of excellent reputation and of unblemished character had been found in the person of Rear Admiral Howison who, at the date of his appointment, appears to have enjoyed the confidence of both the Department and yourself. Your request is based upon a newspaper clipping that purports to contain statements in regard to the truthfulness which you do not yourself express an opinion on.

You ask the Department to lay before Rear Admiral Howison a statement, wholly unsubstantiated, that appears to have been made by some person unknown at a time and place likewise unknown. The Department is unable to view your request in any other light than that of a preliminary challenge of the fitness of Rear Admiral Howison to serve as a member of the court of inquiry. The established practice in the military as well as in the naval service has been the methods in which the right of challenge before court-martial and courts of inquiry shall be exercised. The Department, having constituted the proceedings undertake to have determined questions that may arise respecting the competency of its members. Such a proceeding would be irregular, all questions of this nature being left to the determination of the court itself. This correspondence will be taken to the president of the court for information.

Respectfully, F. W. HACKETT, Acting Secretary. To Rear Admiral Schley, U. S. N.

Dead in a Bath Tub. New York, Special.—James W. Lyall, 62 years of age, a wealthy manufacturer of cotton goods, was found dead in a bath tub at his home in this city, with the gas turned on. The theory of the family is that Mr. Lyall had been overcome by faintness and fell, striking the gas bracket in falling and so turned on the gas. They say that he had no reason to commit suicide so far as they know.

Deserter Captured. Manila, By Cable.—Fitch's first dispatch from Mindoro tells how Lieutenant Hazard, of the Third Cavalry, commanding a troop of Macabebes scouts captured the American deserter Howard, who, as a leader of the Filipinos, had been annoying the Americans for many months. A report and the camp of the colonial commanding 240 Filipinos and 200 Bolomen at night, located Howard, bound and gagged him and led him away without disturbing the camp.

For those high priests! They are insane, every one of them. The others don't count. They are weak-minded fools who think they are worshipping somebody by going through their footery. And Kaunani—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 thought.

"Then there is little hope for this quarter. We must start it off somehow—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 sent for me to meet him. I tried to do so, but he had disappeared as mysteriously as you did. Dole will, of course, hunt for him with the entire army. And eventually, I hope, they will learn of this place."

"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—'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 hearts here. Tell me how you live."

"I have here always, except while I am in the temple. I have plenty to eat. I fresh water for bathing is brought every day by Kaunani 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 Kapaolu, a volcano that has not been in action these many years," I said. I did not tell her that there were signs of a coming eruption. It would do not a bit 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 Kaunani, more beautiful than ever, 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 made setting 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 folding my robes about me, I followed Kaunani, who swiftly and stealthily led me, for some reason best known to herself, out of the cavern.

Noisily my beautiful and mysterious guide swiftly glided 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 magnetism 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, were they allowed to go free, would no doubt conspire to prove the truth of my acquaintance with Pele, which would, of course, result in fatal failure. With Kaunani I had one chance, and took it.

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 fight for her and the desire to follow Kaunani. When I stopped, the priestess turned. "Come," she whispered. "My sister! They will harm her!" "F-wishper!" I replied. "Not low! She is safe in their hands, the priestess," she said. "Seek safety yourself!" (To be continued.)

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