

TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XXII. CONTINUED.

To we went on, turning and twisting about dark nooks and corners, I, at least, expecting every moment to be seized by a mania priest.

"In here," said Kaunani.

We stooped and darted through a low archway that led into a large and elegantly furnished chamber.

This large room was hung with tapestries and contained every article of comfort.

There were easy-chairs, similar to those I had seen frequently in Honolulu.

The stone floor was covered with soft rugs.

A mirror hung at one side.

At the end of the chamber, in a small alcove, hidden by curtains, was the bed of the priestesses.

When we entered, she threw herself in a large chair, panting and flushed from her rapid flight.

"You are safe for the time," she said. "No priest, high or common, ever comes here."

I was puzzled how to act. I was in the presence of a strange priestess, who had the lives of Winnie and myself absolutely in her power and the cruelty to crush out those lives at the bidding of her senseless religion.

But I was also in the presence of a beautiful woman, rarely lovely, who had about her, as she sank wearily into her chair, none of the austere priestess. Rather, she was the loveliest, fairest, most fascinating being I had ever seen, and scarcely more than a girl.

"Beautiful Kaunani," I said, kneeling on a rug at her feet. "Explain the mystery of your presence here and the awful religion that calls for the sacrifice of a girl like yourself."

She looked at me dreamily a moment.

"I do not think I am able to explain it," she said. "But do not kneel before me. It is for those others to kneel, not you."

I drew a chair near her and sat down.

"You have really seen Pele," she said. "Tell me about him."

"There is nothing to tell," I replied, resolved to test the belief of the priestess. "There is no Pele."

Kaunani sat erect and gazed at me wondrously.

"You do not speak the truth," she said. "Pele lives, else why am I here?"

"That's what I want to know. Why are you here, and where did you come from? Who taught you this belief in Pele?"

Her gaze wandered from me to distant parts of the room. A vacant, faraway look came into the beautiful eyes.

"I do not know; but never mind me. Tell me about Pele."

"I have told you all there is to tell about her. When you assert the non-existence of a thing there is nothing else left to be told."

"I don't believe you."

"Did you ever hear of God?"

"Pele is a goddess."

"Do you know my nationality?"

"No. I know you are not a native of Hawaii. You must be either English or American. When your sister was brought here, I now recollect, it was said she was an American. So you must be one, too."

"And what are you? You are not a native. You are whiter than I am."

"I am a priestess of Pele. We are immortal."

"Nonsense. You are no more immortal than I am."

"You blaspheme."

"Call it what you will. Let me tell you what you are, and you may punish me if I anger you."

A beautiful smile illuminated her face.

"Proceed," she said. "You may tell me anything without fear of my anger."

"You are the most beautiful woman in the world, and have been taught this nonsense in your early youth, by some one who is either a fanatic, like these priests, or who fosters their crazy order for some purpose of political power or other selfish motive. These cranks you have around you are worthless else. They do harm in living as they do and worshipping the unknown goddess they call Pele. Your imaginary goddess is cruel and blood-thirsty. She would make you cruel and blood-thirsty, whereas, a woman so rarely beautiful as you should be a power for good in the world, and should sit in the charmed home circle of living friends, instead of living amid this solitude and waste, listening to a lot of drizzling idiots who would murder you or me, to excite their so-called religious ardor. There is but one God, Kaunani, a just God, who long, long ago sent His Son to die for us, and in that great sacrifice all other sacrifices were embraced, so that now our God requires no sacrifices such as Pele demands. There is but one supreme being, and that is God. There is but one power over these volcanoes, and that is God's power. Pele does not live. But if she lived, she could not control our lives at this vast mountain. The fire which the volcanoes are not stirred by devils, as you think. The center of the earth is a mass of fire, burning on and

in through the ages. From this great fire masses of molten stuff and hot gases are sent out and must, in some way, make their escape. So they follow the hollow places through the earth and burst through where the outer crust is thinnest."

Kaunani was now bending eagerly forward, her hands clasped over her knees, and her face showing the interest she took in what I said.

"If that is so," she said, "why does this molten mass come from the top of high mountains?"

"Because, Kaunani, long, long ago, when the volcanoes first broke forth, there were no mountains there, but the mass that came from their great cell and hard, and collected year after year, piling up, piling up, until the mountains grew."

It was like talking to a child, yet to a child with keen perceptions beyond the ordinary person of mature age.

"How do you know all this?"

"We read it in books written by great men who spend their lives studying the great truths of nature, and who teach us what they learn."

"Who teaches them?"

"Some men are gifted by the God, of whom I have just told you, with a great mental power. They are able to reach out into the darkness of ignorance, and light it with their discoveries; and light it with their discoveries. To them, the secrets of the earth unfold themselves. And so, one man is great in his own way and small in others. Another man is great in another way, and while all men may be able to teach something, no all men may learn something of others."

"You know everything."

"I know comparatively nothing, Kaunani. I am not a student. I owe my knowledge to the great men, and to the great men, and learn what they have to teach."

"And in your world, out there," she pointed with her finger as if to some distant land—"are there no priests and priestesses? Is there no Kanihokanihina?"

"There are men we call priests and priestesses, Kaunani, who preach the word of the Almighty, and teach people how to be good, and how to live, so that when they die, they may be assured of a welcome in the heavenly land where God and his son Jesus reside, and where we go in the spirit after this form of ours is cold in death."

"How grand!" she murmured, her face beaming with new emotions.

"But our priests and ministers do not go ahead like a lot of fools, as your priests do here. They walk about among men. They meet as in our houses. God does not require that in our worship of Him we must hide ourselves in the mountains. The world—the universe—is His grand temple. Anywhere in it we may worship Him. We build churches, and meet in them to listen to the teachings of God's ministers, but they come before us as men, as friends, not as those maniacs here, who seek only to devour."

"And in that world, are there many like your sister and like me?"

"There are none so beautiful as you, Kaunani, but there are women, good and beautiful, without whom the world could be a desert. In our lives, we are as tenderly loved and cherished, and are as precious to our friends as you are here. But we are not sent out into a wilderness, with a rotten belief thrust into them as you have been. Kaunani, you have been misled. You have been taught untruths, for the selfish interests of a crazy set of fools."

"The Kanihokanihina is so powerful. It has many members in the world."

"The world never heard of it. You have been misled again. Only a few natives of Hawaii are in it. It is not a power anywhere but here."

A look of doubt, of uncertainty came into the lovely face.

"You have been to Haleakala?"

"Yes, I have been through the old crater. There is no Pele there. No temples, no priests, no priestesses. You have been deceived. Government does not know of any such being, and the rule of order, and law, in Hawaii, it is a rule of the people. There is not even a queen. Every person has an equal right to use his judgment in making up what we call the government. There is no person absolute in power."

"If that what you say is true, I would like to live in a world like that."

"Then why may you not, Kaunani? Why may your sister and myself not leave this horrible place and go among your people? You will be welcomed there."

The priestess rose from her chair and walked nervously across the chamber. She peered out into the darkness and listened intently for something. Then she returned and sank wearily into her chair.

"What you suggest is impossible," she said. "First, I cannot accept that you say an absolute truth, and destroy the belief I have held all my life at one blow. It has been taught to that priestesses of Pele are immortal. How would an immortal priestess be received?"

"You are not immortal, Kaunani, save as I have already told you. We are all mortal, Kaunani, as our souls live after us. Our bodies die, our spirits live. That is immortality."

"Ab, you teach beautiful things! I

would like to go with you and teach them. But it is impossible."

"Why is it impossible?"

"Because I cannot leave here. My authority would be gone the moment I gave up the worship of Pele. These people know me only as I know myself, a priestess of Pele. As such they obey me. As Kaunani, the woman, I would be seized and be placed by the side of your sister to await a sacrifice."

"But I can appeal to the government to send aid and destroy these people and save us."

"You could not leave this place alone. Neither could I. If I am to die, as you teach me, then I must die here. So must you. So must your sister."

"But, Kaunani, listen. This is horrible, to remain here, when we could go out into a beautiful world and become part of it. To what purpose do we sit on our lives here?"

"To no purpose, if what you say is true. To the glory of Pele, if what the priests say is true."

"They are a lot of maniacs."

"How can I know that?"

"If there no person save myself, who has ever told you that Pele was a deity?"

"Pele. There is one who worships Pele, but who worships with a snarl on his lips. He is not, I think a true believer."

"Who is that?"

"Nimolan, who brought you here."

"Is there not some way that Nimolan could help us?"

"No. He would be destroyed if he tried it."

"But we must not die here."

"Await me here," she said, rising. "The high-priests will need me now. Your disappearance will cause great commotion. I must not have them discover you here."

She glided swiftly and silently from the place, and I took several turns around the room to quiet my nerves, which were in anything but a steady condition.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Kaunani was gone, perhaps, half an hour.

When she returned she was flushed and anxious.

"They are highly exasperated," she said. "They are searching the caverns for you. It is well that you are here. I did what I could to subdue their rage."

"Who is safe. They will not harm her until they sacrifice her."

"Kaunani, they must not sacrifice her."

"They will. I cannot prevent it. Are you not powerful here?"

"Yes, as a priestess of Pele. But should I thwart them in their forms of worship, my power would be gone."

"Kaunani, can a woman as beautiful as you send another woman to a horrible death?"

"I cannot prevent it. I am powerful only to obey Pele's demands."

"Ah! Have you forgotten so soon what I have told you?"

She placed her hand on mine. Her eyes looked at me sadly.

"No," she said softly. "I have not forgotten. But I am powerless to prevent the sacrifice."

I shuddered and turned sick and faint. An anxious look came into her face.

"Are you ill?"

"Would you not be ill if your sister, whom you loved, was going to be murdered by a horde of demons?"

"I wish that I could help you," she said, and the tears in her eyes seemed sweeter than ever before.

"And you will not try?" I asked eagerly.

"I may try," she replied hesitatingly. "But I cannot help you. I know no way."

A moment of silence passed.

"Kaunani," I said, "tell me all you know of yourself. All that you can remember."

"It is but little," she said, with an evident effort to force recollection.

"I have a dim remembrance of a temple, not a bare rock like the temples here, but a rich temple, in which there were priests of Pele who taught me. Then I was brought here in a boat and given to another priestess, who taught me how to conduct things on this island. That priestess remained for a year and then went away. That is all I know."

"But how came you to learn English? Who taught you that?"

"A man who used to come to the temple to see me. A small, dark man, who said he was a wanderer on the face of the earth, and that for his sins he had devoted his life to the worship of Pele."

"Another crank," I said. "Did he give any name?"

"I do not remember. It was many years ago."

"Not so many," I said. "You are not many years old, Kaunani. Not more than nineteen or twenty. I should judge. Were you a child at that time?"

"Yes."

"Then does that not seem to you to disprove the immortal part of the business? You were a child, as other people were, and you are growing older. You will go, as others do, in death."

The beautiful form shuddered.

"I do not like death, now that you tell me I must die."

"But you would kill your sister?"

"No! I would save your sister if I could. But I have told you I cannot. Kaunani, beautiful Kaunani, will you not try to help me save her? If I once get her away from here, there is nothing that I would not do for you."

A soft, dreamy look came into her eyes.

(To be continued.)

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

The Man to Pattern After—Exasperating Amiability—Inclusive—Reply to a Fool Question—Nothing Lost—A Lock Picking—The Intricacies of It, Etc., Etc.

The man who tries to be a man to please—But wait a moment, wait!—The man who does it the man, my son, for you to emulate.

Exasperating Amiability.

"Amiable people are often so exasperating."

"Yes, I wonder if that is what makes them feel so amiable."—Detroit Free Press.

Inclusive.

She—"No, I can never marry you. All our family is opposed to you."

He—"But if you are not..."

She—"I said all our family."—Philadelphia Press.

Reply to a Fool Question.

"When you books would you take if you had to pass the rest of your life on a desert island?"

"Oh, I wouldn't take books at all. I'd take things to eat."—The Blue.

Nothing Lost.

He—"We may have to wait some time before we can get married, dear."

She—"Perhaps it is just as well. Papa says he expects to do twice as much business next year as this."—Detroit Free Press.

A Lock Picking.

"Crockster never has any trouble when his wife refuses to give him a latchkey."

"He doesn't?"

"Nope—his a reformed burglar."—Ohio State Journal.

The Intricacies of It.

"Why didn't you study the time table and then you would not have missed your train?"

"That was the trouble. While I was trying to translate the time table the train pulled out."—Boston Journal.

Darkness His Life.

Ask—"Why does Wilton, the great author, wear such a look of constant fear?"

"Till—"He wrote the class song when he graduated, and his enemies are constantly threatening to make it public."—Baltimore American.

The Only Kind She Knew.

Mrs. Brown—"Mrs. Wilton is forever talking about the repairs at her house when she and her husband are out."

Mrs. Maltrou—"Yes, I suppose that's some cheap kind. I always use Oolong myself."—Philadelphia Press.

Lost in the Crowd.

"Two quavering dees on the street—'What's the matter?'"

"I can't find just what it is, and I don't think just what it is."

"Yes—'Oh, I know now. It was that little Mr. Snip, who was walking with me.'"

"Yes—'Then it was nothing, after all.'—Philadelphia Press.

Feminine Figure.

"She looks like thirty cents," remarked he, but when I reminded him that the subject of his remarks belonged to the gentle sex, he quickly corrected himself, and I was pleased to note that he seemed not in the least offended.

"I beg your pardon. I should have said that she looks like twenty-nine cents."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Gentle Correction.

"You, sir," said the man with the high brow and lofty air, "are only a literary hack."

"No," answered the patient prober; "don't call me that. You never see me getting four lines as much for a service as it's worth, with a tip thrown in. I am prepared to admit the justice of your remark so far as the intention is concerned. But don't call me a hack."—Washington Star.

A Puzzle Indeed.

The fair young girl who was to become a bride on the morrow, sat in her boudoir, meditating seriously.

"Shall I marry Henry," she mused, "or shall I shoot him? All the girls who shoot their lovers get such lovely write-ups in the papers."

But she decided that her trousseau might be described in a bungling manner by the reporters at the trial, so she concluded to be married.—Boston American.

A Big Difference.

Miss Young—"I don't really see why people should compare marriage with a lottery."

Mr. Old—"No, I don't; they are not a bit alike."

Miss Young (enthusiastically)—"I'm so glad you agree with me."

Mr. Old—"In a history, if you draw a blank you can tear it up, and try again."

Miss Young (somewhat mystified)—"Yes."—The King.

NOVEL TIGER HUNT.

Enticed Within Rifle Shot by a "Sithak With Bells."

For a whole year the monster continued his depredations almost without intermission. Over forty people had been slain, and the village hero, suffering severely. The local forest ranger was in a state of terror, and had written to his superior in terms such as follows, showing the difficult situations in which he compiled his reports: "Feb. 1. Up a tree where I adhere with much pain and discomfort while big tiger roaring in a very awful manner on the fire line."

"This is two times he spoiled my work, cooling and shouting like thunder and putting me up a line, and I am not able to climb with agility, owing to stomach being a little big, owing to hot water of the jungle. Jungle man can fly up trees quickly. Even when I do not use this tiger and he does not make a dreadful noise I see the marks of his hoofs and his nails on the path."

So it came about that when my camp was pitched in the vicinity of the "Yellow Peril," a deputation headed by Koombung, presented itself before my tent, and begged me to rid the neighborhood of a monster concerning whose doings each one had some pitiable tale to tell. It was a long tramp up the valley before daylight next morning, and a stiff climb up the path, which wound its way over the rocks and through the thick bamboo jungle. Now the jungle was so thick and extensive that to beat for the tiger would be a useless task. Nothing could be seen in the dense tangle of the cover where he lurked. What was to be done?

Then I thought of a mode of hunting of which a sportsman of sixty years of age had told me. This was the "sithak with bells." A native, informed only with a coating of wood ashes, with a tiny conical leathery object upon his head, and a chain of bells in his hand, prowled the jungle in search of game on a dark night. Such was the plan now proposed. At a certain hour Koombung, escorted with axes and bearing the lights upon his head and the chains in his hand, proceeded into the forest. It was a wild adventure. Naught could be seen but the dim outline of trees in the shadowy forest. My companion's movements became more purposeful, and as he went, inspired. The lights danced before his eyes and cast a baleful glare for some yards ahead. The tinkle of the bells became more vigorous, and filled the forest with a world noise that excited an indelible spell over the senses. Suddenly the spectral sithak advanced, ceased to advance, but frantically continued its ceaseless antics. I peered into the gloom in front, and saw two luminous eyes shining through the darkness. Slowly they approached. The movements of the dancer became spasmodic as the huge form of the tiger emerged from the shadows and stood erect before us in the dim flickering light, with every hair set, bristling heavily with quivering tongue and heaving sides. As I raised my rifle and fired between the creature's eyes, Koombung sank to the ground, exhausted by his exertions and excitement. The lights were extinguished in the same moment, and all was silent and buried in darkness. For some minutes I dared not move. At length, as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, objects outlined themselves and the great form of the tiger appeared lying on the ground a few yards off. My bullet had pierced his brain.—Indian Sporting Times.

People Who Live in Homes.

It is a well-known fact that in almost any country town there are certain individuals who call regularly day after day at the postoffice and ask for mail. They never receive any, and as far as can be found out have no reason to expect any; but they are animated by a vague hope that something may turn up in the shape of a letter, some communication may be received to their advantage. During the last few days it has been observed that these who most eagerly read the bulletins and notices in front of a suspended bank were people who could not possibly have any real interest in the documents. They came, however, day after day, in kind of contrast to the others, and scanned the bulletins as though they expected to see notices as to where their own checks would be paid. It was apparently the case of choice in a million that they might see something to their advantage—a possible remittance from some unknown relative. At least that was the impression of a reporter who said that they were impelled by something other than mere idle curiosity.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

How Aged Indian Women Die.

The attention of the United States Government has just been called to a barbarous custom that is still being practiced among the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indians, in Oklahoma Territory.

The Indians of these three tribes, while living under the management of a Kiowa agent, are comparatively civilized, and do not go on the war path, but work for their living at farming. But they have no love in their hearts for one of their own people, for that person has passed his or her age of usefulness. An aged man, after he reaches the age of seventy years, is sent into the hills and left there to die, unless some sympathetic white person comes along and takes the aged man to the farm where he is sent into the hills and left there to die. The Government

conveys it to the ranch which may be the destination of some of the aged women at most any time they care to listen.—Buffalo Courier.

A WOMAN WHO KEPT A SECRET.

Now She's Married and Apparently Glad That She Didn't Tell.

Judge John H. Baker, of the United States District Court, Indianapolis, Ind., was in his private office the other day when a well-dressed woman, hardly more than twenty, knocked at his door and, in response to his invitation, walked into the room and approached his desk. As the full light from the window fell upon her it revealed a face of more than ordinary beauty. The business dropped on the cheeks of the visitor as she reached the desk and stood looking at the judge.

"I want to thank you," she said in a low, musical voice, "for having sent me to the reformatory and also for securing my pardon. I am now married and happy and I wish to say for having placed me where I could no longer be under evil influences."

The judge recognized the woman and spoke in words of praise of her conduct in the prison and congratulated her on her better surroundings. Then, as if recollecting something he forgot, "Now that you have been released from the reformatory, are you not ready to tell who gave you the countess money?"

The young woman seemed thoughtful for a moment and then suddenly her head slowly replied:

"I don't remember to-day who it was."

Judge Baker mentioned his visit to a young woman who was brought before him five years ago on a charge of passing counterfeit money. She was then about fifteen, and under the court nor the district attorney was