

TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

CHAPTER II.

This is just the time to see them. Everybody rides or drives in the afternoon. Now you will see a real celebrity—a real queen.

Your black horses were coming toward us. Uncle Tom veiled in his time, so that we could better observe our future ruler. The queen lay back upon cushions, her dark-skinned face shaded from the sun by a gorgeous umbrella of lace. She was fat and coarse-looking. Away from her royal trappings, I would have concluded she might make a first-class cook for an American family. I mentioned something like that to my uncle. He laughed heartily.

"You must not say such disloyal things, Tom, my boy," he said, "or you will get yourself and me into no end of trouble. The queen deals very severely with her enemies."

"There the sooner we make peace with the fat lady the better," I said. "Still, the royalty business may be a trifle irksome after our republican freedom of speech and action."

"Oh, you will not be trampled in action," replied my uncle. "Guard your speech and you will get along all right."

"We sped along again. 'There is the queen's palace,' said my uncle, and of course Winnie and I were eager to see the home of the dainty queen."

Set in a beautiful park, surrounded by palms, orange trees and beautiful flowers, the white palace shined to marked advantage. It was a large, square building, neatly all white, with a tower at each end of the facade. It had innumerable windows and balconies, and was surrounded by a copula above which was raised the flag of Hawaii—which was little else than a modification of the flag of England.

"And is the queen very wealthy?" asked Winnie. "Her income from the State is large," replied Uncle Tom, "and she has besides a considerable fortune of her own. Yes, she is rich enough."

"This is Heretania street," he said, "and the finest in Honolulu." After reaching the outskirts of the city, we struck into a broad level road, along which the carriage rolled rapidly and smoothly. On either side was verdure, the like of which I had never seen before. Brilliant green was the prevailing color, but the flowers—some of the trees bore beautiful tints that gave a varied color to the entire scene. Palm-trees towered above us. Long grasses waved their heads in the balmy breeze. And far and away stretched fields of rice or of sugar-cane, in which were many men, native, Chinese and Portuguese, finishing their day's work.

"Along this beautiful road we traveled for many miles. On the right, in the far distance, was a low range of mountains seemingly covered with a heavy growth of trees. On the left, several high peaks loftily pointed upward, piercing the sky. 'We are in the Nuuanu Valley,' said Uncle Tom, 'the fairest stretch of country in the world.' 'I can easily believe it,' I replied. 'Nature seems to have left nothing undone that could aid in making it beautiful.' We passed a few plantation houses. Some of them were small and some were of some pretensions in size. Before the largest of them, located most superbly upon a rising ground, surrounded by rising lawns, Uncle Tom turned his horses' heads toward the open gate. When we had passed its portals, he said: 'Now, children, you are home. This is the Corals, a name I have given it because the house is partly built of coral rock. As far as you can see the land is mine. Here you are free in will and body. Do as you please. Go and come as you like. Make the old house ring with your laughter. Every horse, every cow, every dog is at your command. So, to fact, am I. All I ask is love me.' Winnie reached over and put her hand on my shoulder, and she kissed me again and again.

"Why, you dear, funny old uncle, she said, half laughing and half crying, 'we love you to death already. You will just kill me with love.' The old gentleman's eyes were moist as he turned his horses over to his stableman and led us up the broad porch to the hospitable door of his plantation home."

Gordon distinguished himself and fell in with good fortune at once. I say good fortune, not good luck. No one but Gordon could have done it. I had had a small native boy turned over to me by my uncle as an attendant, and also two horses. With Malliaki on one and myself on another, I went into Honolulu to find Gordon the second day after our arrival.

I found him on the porch of the Nuuanu House, a low-roofed, comfortable place that looked like any small American hotel. He greeted me warmly. 'I was beginning to be afraid you had forgotten me,' he said. 'Foolish thought,' I replied. 'My time has been fully taken up. But how are you anyway? What have you done so far?' 'Smoked half a box of Seacamp's cigars and eaten of his best vianda. That's about all.' 'Nothing in a business way?' 'No. I've seen several people, but business is dead. Everything is a muddle. The queen seems to be a pig-headed female, who puts her foot in it every time she tries to legislate. Half the people either hate or fear her, and the other half spend their time wondering what is going to happen next.' 'I heard something of this from my uncle. He despises the queen and speaks bitterly of her extravagant rule. There seems to be trouble brewing. But what's that to us? Let them worry it out. Do you ride?' 'When I get a chance.' 'I have two horses here; one ridden by my Malliaki, an urchin of variable habits, detailed as body guard or something by my uncle. Let him kick up his heels here while we take a ride. I will show you the beauties of the Nuuanu Valley.'

"I wonder if they call the beauties of the Nuuanu Hotel," said Gordon, laughing. "By the way, I had forgotten to ask after mine host, Jolroy Seacamp," I replied. "Has his hostelry fulfilled expectations?" "Indeed it has. Seacamp is a blower of the most pronounced type, but he generally knows whereof he bloweth. I was struck, from his English language on the Monowai, that his place would be simply wrecked. On the contrary, it is very high. He sets a good table, is a jolly and individual, and ready to lend a hand to any American on the islands. 'He is an American, then?' 'I assume it, though he has not told me so. Yet he speaks like a down-south Yankee, and his push and energy bear out the resemblance. To prove to you how ready he is with his friendship, I shall ask him to lend me a pair of riding-boots or leggings.' We found Mr. Seacamp writing in his room. Without formality he grasped my hand. 'Mr. Warrington, of the Corals,' he said in his boisterous way, 'How do you like the islands, sir? First spot on the foot-stool, I say. Perpetual summer. Once here, you never leave. And a grand place you have at the Corals. I know your uncle well. I have had the pleasure of his acquaintance these many years. He always stops here when he comes to town.' 'So he told me,' I replied. 'Did he?' Good enough. That simply proves," he turned toward Gordon as he said this, "that what I claim is true. My house is patronized by the very best of the people. And Tom Warrington is in the top of the top of them all. And here his house bank to a whopper, he's a great in his American. 'You are an American?' I asked. 'Am I an American?' he said, in a manner that indicated a strong desire to shrug. 'Am I, Wall, sir? You young fellows don't know what it means to be an American. Why, look around you! See this wide, level street that the ships at anchor and do dock in that harbor! See the great business houses—see, for an almost unknown island! See the wideness of the push, buoy, brains! That, sir, is simply American all of the American brains have made it what it is! American money has made the earth give up its wealth! American enterprise has raised the rice and sugar that you saw up the valley! Am I an American? Let the water seep! You bet, but an American every inch, every bone and every thought of me! Come, we'll open a bottle and drink toast to the grand old flag over there on the consulate, and to Stevens, the man who upholds it in the face of all parping criticism! It certainly made me feel good to hear this enthusiastic talk. I was hot in my support of American institutions myself, and sympathized with the noble hotel-keeper. We drank his wine and echoed his toast. 'By the way, Mr. Seacamp,' said Gordon, 'Warrington has invited me to a horseback ride. I wanted to ask you if you could lend me a pair of boots or leggings, as I notice that everybody who rides wears one or the other.' 'Certainly, my boy. Keep up your soul. Every American who goes out from his horse must look as well as our English cousins. If I have to stir the place to do it. Leggings where you want, not boots. Boots are all right for the military and the English sportsmen, but give us Americans leggings.' The point did not seem so vital to me, but as Mr. Jolroy Seacamp never asked you to support his opinions, I was not called upon to make any reply. Fortunately for my good standing with Mr. Seacamp, I wore leggings, as being cooler and more pleasurable and comfortable than boots. And to the fact that I did wear them I think his advocacy of leggings could be traced. At any rate, the good-natured fellow brought out a pair, which Gordon put on. 'I will leave my boy, Malliaki, with you, while we visit the Gorals and return,' I said. 'I'll take care of the little brown devil. I know him well. He comes here often with you.' Malliaki's grin was a glorious sight in point of size when I told him he was to remain at the Nuuanu until we returned. It was a sort of picnic for the young imp, and he enjoyed the prospect. Gordon looked famously well on horseback. He sat like a Comanche. He was so tall, so straight and so handsome that strangers turned to look at him as we rode along. I took great pleasure in showing him the valley and in pointing out the residences of persons more or less prominent in Hawaiian affairs, as my uncle had shown them to me. And Gordon was as vigorous in his praise of the fair valley as one could wish. 'Here we are,' I said, as we came before the big stone archway, from which a long, smooth road led to the house we lived in. 'This is the Corals.' 'What a grand place!' said Gordon. 'You are indeed fortunate, Warrington.' 'I appreciate it, and you will find as much at home here as I do. I have already spoken of you to my uncle, and he has his endorsement.' We found Warrington and Uncle Tom on the wide veranda. Winnie was reading and was ended up in a huge basket-chair. Uncle Tom half reclined in a similar one, dozing away, the perfect embodiment of comfort. Upon being introduced he grasped Gordon's hand and shook it heartily. 'I am glad to meet you,' he said. 'I am pleased to have you here as a guest of my dear children.' Mr. Gordon, pray consider yourself one of us at any or all times, the inclination takes you. 'I thank you, sir,' said Gordon. My uncle had in a large degree the ever-ready hospitality that we found everywhere on these islands. I have seen houses literally thrown open to American or English people by residents who had never seen them before, but bound by the ties of nationality to care for the friends from native shores. We had a gay hour on the porch, my uncle telling all about Hawaii, its past, its present and its probable future. We smoked, drank iced punches, and ate lunch. Uncle Tom despatched upon the natural beauties and advantages of Oahu. 'But the country is cursed—bowed down—tortured by two great evils,' he said, in a voice showing deep feeling. 'What are they?' I asked, surprised that there could be anything in the island evil enough to cause him to show emotion. (To be continued.)

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in Chile and the Argentine Republic is not an infrequent thing to see women car conductors.

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DANGEROUS FLOODS.

Thousands Are Driven From Their Homes at Pittsburg, Pa.

GREAT INDUSTRIES ARE SUSPENDED

Pittsburg, Special.—This city is a center of a widespread and disastrous storm. For a radius of 100 miles in western Pennsylvania, eastern Ohio and western Virginia, rain or snow has been falling almost without intermission for three days. Mountain streams have become torrents, creeks are swollen and out of their banks and the big rivers are oceans of turbid water. Flood records. It is expected will be broken before the water subsides. The financial loss cannot be estimated. In addition to the hundreds of thousands and perhaps millions of dollars it will cost to put large manufacturing plants in commission again, tens of thousands of skilled workmen are thrown out of employment and lose their wages just at a time when all the iron and steel mills are rushed with orders.

While few unauthenticated reports of statistics have been made, disease and death will follow in the wake of the flood. Thousands of people are lying in the upper rooms of their water-soaked houses without heat, light or fuel. Where gas fuel is used the pipes are flooded and cut off, and what coal there may be is under five to ten feet of water. At Schoenville, the home of the Presto Street Car company, the life-line is completely surrounded by water. The workers and their families constitute a community of several thousand persons. If the flood does not quickly subside the company stores will be unable to meet the demand for food of a multitude beleaguered by a flood.

When W. Va. fears the most disastrous flood in its history, the weather-wise say the river will make a new high record at that point. The mountain streams are gushing down the hillsides with resistless force. Behind this comes the floodtide of the Ohio, fed by the Monongahela, Allegheny, Beaver and other tributaries. From 45 to 50 feet of water is feared at Wheeling, which means an immense loss of property, followed by destitution and sickness for those least able to bear it.

In many parts of Pennsylvania and Ohio probably the heaviest snowstorm ever known at this season of the year has been raging for two days. At Oil City the oil exchange went out of business temporarily because it was impossible to secure quotations from New York, Pittsburg and other points. Reports from Ohio towns are to the effect that church services may have to be abandoned and in hustling communities where gas is the regular fuel, dealers are making arrangements to deliver coal. On one railroad in Ohio passenger trains are stalled, engines sent to their rescue being buried in the snow, and all must wait with a hope for milder weather. In the meantime the passengers must depend upon nearby farm houses for sufficient food to keep them from starvation.

Business a religion, domestic comfort and health are all at the mercy of the storm. To estimate the financial loss at this time is simply impossible and, what appears a reasonable guess is appalling in its immensity. Steam and steel railroad tracks are buried under thousands of tons of earth, washed down from the hillsides and in some cases the tracks have been moved. White the snow and sleet prevailed, telegraph wires and poles went down under the burden, and costly railroad and other bridges have been washed away and their spurs weakened. The big manufacturing plants in this, the industrial center of the world, have suffered severely. The cost of repairs is a small item in comparison to the delay in filling the orders with which all the plants are crowded. The workers will lose their wages for two days to a week or more, and many of them can ill afford the loss. Many merchants in the submerged districts are losers on stock in cellars and thousands have spent money to pay for help to remove their goods.

Kasson Falls Out. Washington, D. C. Special.—John A. Kasson, of Iowa, who recently declined to receive salary for his services as special reciprocity plenipotentiary, has officially severed his connection with the government; but at the request of the President will hold himself in readiness to again serve, when there is an occasion to open reciprocity negotiations. The President has directed that the reciprocity bureau of the State Department be continued in order that the services of the experts who are employed there.

Railroad Combine. New York, Special.—Although no official announcement of the consummation of the Northern Pacific-Great Northern-Burlington deal was forthcoming there is excellent reason to believe that the details have been decided upon. Wall Street regards the deal as closed and awaits the issue of the \$20,000,000 of new 4 per cent. bonds by the Northern Pacific and Great Northern companies.

NORTH CAROLINA CROPS.

The Week's Temperature Show the Normal-General Review.

Much improvement in crops and considerable progress in farm work occurred during the early portion of the week as a result of the dry, somewhat warmer and more favorable weather conditions which prevailed from the 15th to the 18th. During these few days the sky was generally clear to partly cloudy, the temperature slightly above normal, rising to 74 degrees at Raleigh on the 18th, and the soil dried out nicely at least over the eastern part of the State where the rainfall had not been excessive. But the unnecessary rainfall on Friday and Saturday (19th and 20th) and the subsequent very cold weather has almost obliterated the favorable effect of the preceding few days. Stopped farm work for some time, and prevented much growth of young vegetation. Conditions were better in the eastern half of the State where the cloudy weather on Saturday and Sunday prevented the threatened frost. In the mountain region the rain turned to snow Friday night and on Saturday a fall of from 2 to 6 inches of snow occurred over ten or twelve western counties, with temperatures considerably below freezing. The lowest temperature reported was 26 at Asheville. The heaviest snowfall occurred in Madison county and extended across the Blue Ridge into Stokes county on the north, and Rutherford on the south. Sunday morning peach trees in full bloom in this section were covered with ice, and great damage to the entire fruit crop in the west is anticipated. The week on the whole was about 4 degrees below the daily normal in temperature, and was further rendered unfavorable by the heavy rainfall of the west which has kept water courses full, and placed lowlands in very bad condition.

In the south and east considerable progress was made in planting corn and cotton, and in gardening. Corn is coming up poorly, does not look thrifty and a bad stand is feared. Not more than 10 per cent. of the cotton crop has yet been put in the ground, and the bulk of the crop will be seeded late. Tobacco plants in beds grew fast during the few days of warm weather and appear to be abundant. Gardens are gradually getting into better condition; cabbage and tomatoes have been transplanted, and other vegetables are doing fairly well. Many Irish potatoes are up, mostly, but the Colorado beetle has appeared. The frozen damp, cold weather has caused the rotting of potatoes and many seeds which cannot germinate in the chilled soil, so that considerable replanting will have to be done. Fruit is safe in the eastern and central portions, strawberry shipments began on a small scale Friday, 19th. Wheat, rye and oats are doing well.

Rainfall for the week at selected stations: Goldsboro, 0.39 inch; Greensboro, 1.12; Lumberton, 0.14; Newbern, 0.58; Weldon, 0.35; Raleigh, 0.60; Charlotte, 2.80; Marion, 1.68.

Tar Heel Notes. A Morganon special says: Plans for two railroads that will pass through Morganon are about complete. The right of way for the Trans-Appalachian railroad, which will run from Lincoln to Morganon, within four miles of Blowing Rock, thence to Butler, Tenn., has been secured. Chief Engineer W. E. Walton says that a far better grade through the mountains has been secured than was expected. If the building of the road depends upon this, its completion is a certainty. Also the right of way for a narrow-gauge rail line from Morganton to Lincolnton has been obtained. This road will be built by Pennsylvania people, who have purchased what is known as the Chesner property a tract of land comprising about 30,000 acres. They will put up a lumber plant at Morganton that will employ some two hundred hands.

A little 7-year-old girl was drowned in a creek about ten miles from Albemarle Monday. She and her brother, aged nine years, were going to where their father was at work and when crossing a footlog fell in. The girl was drowned and the boy was rescued after he had sunk the first time. Mr. W. C. Newland has been nominated for mayor of Lenoir.

Thomasville is soon to vote on the question of issuing bonds for establishing a graded school. The following North Carolina postmasters were commissioned last week: Benj. J. Vincent, Jr., Wilkes; George C. Cox, Guilf; Columbus county. The office at Sonaside, Columbus county, has been discontinued.

The Landmark says: Mr. William Fitzgibbon, now of Knoxville, Tenn., was in Statesville this week and perfected arrangements to establish another manufacturing enterprise in Statesville. It is a plan for the manufacture of boat oars. Mr. Fitzgibbon now has a plant of this kind in operation in Knoxville and has decided to move it here. He has secured power from Mr. L. C. Wagner at the latter's place near the depot and has returned to Knoxville to ship his machinery. He will also bring with him a number of skilled workmen and as soon as the machinery arrives and can be set up work will begin. The manufacture of boat oars, it seems, is quite an industry but is something new for this section.

From all parts of the State there comes the news of the heaviest series of fertilizers this season ever known. Says the Wilmington Star: The effect of the continued cool weather is to still further delay the strawberry crop so much so that it is said to be provoking serious comment upon the part of the truckers. Conservative growers say that the season now can't possibly open before the first of May and it is likely that no shipments of consequence can be made even so early as that date.

THE MILL TRUST.

Fall River People Declare It a Fake Story.

THEY ARE GREATLY STIRRED UP.

Reports of Pooling of New England and Southern Interests Said to be Without Foundation in Fact.

Fall River, Mass., Special.—No little stir was made here by published statements that a further attempt to consolidate the print cloth mills of New England and the Southern States was on foot and that J. P. Morgan & Company, of New York, were behind the movement. An inquiry made quite generally among the men who are in control of many of the local mills, or who represent the big manufacturing properties, brought out an almost unanimous statement that the reports have no foundation in fact. The cotton mills here are ready for consolidation, but not more so now than at any time during the past few years, in which time the subject has received much attention. It was directly stated in one publication that an option had been given for the American Printing Company and the Fall River Iron Works Mills, in pursuance of the plan, but representatives of those interests deny any knowledge of such a transaction and ridicule the probability under the present prosperous condition of the cloth market.

Inquiry among the largest stockholders and the prominent bankers who were interested in the previous consolidation movement, shows that no one here having authority to act for the controlling interests, has been interviewed on the matter. The men who were prominent in trying to effect a consolidation two years ago, and those who were trying to prevent it, agreed that the rumor at this time started in the South, because of a plan to bring the mills under a general control. The mills spoken prominently of as being in the combine included the Goddards, of Rhode Island, and M. S. Jordan.

On the Way to Washington. Jacksonville, Fla., Special.—The Cuban assembly commission, en route to Washington to confer with President McKinley on the relations of the United States and Cuba, arrived here at 7 o'clock Monday night, via the Florida East Coast Railway, from Miami. They proceeded to Washington at 10:20 Tuesday in a special car on the Seaboard Air Line's metropolitan limited train, which will arrive in Washington at 8:45 Wednesday morning. In the party were General Domingo Mendez Capote, president of the commission; General Pedro E. De Armas, General Rafael M. Portuondo, General Florentino, and Dr. Pedro McKimley on the relations of the United States and Cuba, arrived here at 7 o'clock Monday night, via the Florida East Coast Railway, from Miami. They proceeded to Washington at 10:20 Tuesday in a special car on the Seaboard Air Line's metropolitan limited train, which will arrive in Washington at 8:45 Wednesday morning. 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