## THE BLOSSOMS ON THE TREES.

- Blossoms crimson, white or blue, Purple, pink, and every hue,
- From sunny skies, to tintings drowned In dusky drops of dew,
- I praise you all, wherever found, And love you through and through : But Blossoms On The Trees,
- With your breath upon the breeze, There's nothing all the world around As half as sweet as you!
- Could the rhymer only wring All the sweetness to the lees
- Of all the kisses clustering In juicy Used-to-Bes.
- To dip his rhymes therein and sing
- The blossoms on the trees,-"O Blossoms on the Trees,"
- He would twitter, trill and coo.
- "However sweet, such songs as these Are not as sweet as you :-
- For you are blooming melodies The eyes may listen to!"

## -James Whitcomb Riley. COURT-MARTIAL EXTRAORDI-

"Aussi, madame, they is queer t'ings happen up to the Fort. My fazzer, he use, tell us when I's little that we mustn' nev go there. He use' say, 'Angelique, where mens kills each ozzer, you sees they's—''
She stopped, gazing at me with eyes dark
in childish awe. I saw her brown fingers twitch instinctively into "the horns" for her soul's protection.

"But, child, there's been no fighting here in Mackinac for the last century. The most strenuous ghost would have given himself up by this time."

Angelique looked away across the goldgreen slope of the Fort hill. "I don' nev' like to call they's name, 'fear they answer,' she said, under her breath. 'But Colonel Courtenay, he tole me, ev' year, New Year's night, if you creep up to the big dinin'-room, ver' soft, you hears music, an' you see''—her voice dropped to a whisper—"all the Heeltaps march roun' an' roun' in a circle. an' roun' in a circle. An' when it strike one,—s-s-sh! they all slide under the table. An' they don' come out till nex' New

"What are Heeltaps like, Angelique?" "He didn't tole me that. An', madame, you know you mustn' ask 'bout such tings,

less you ain't 'fraid to fin' out.' "Didn't you work up at the Fort awhile, when the garrison was there, before Col-

onel Courtenay left the army? Did anything strange ever happen to you then?"
Angelique's cheeks flamed with a swift pomegranate bloom. For truth, she was a winsome bit, from the black coronet of her Algonquin braids to the arch of her Gascon "No, madame," she answered so-"nossing, 'cept 'long of the cote-

The court-martial! Why, did you ever see one? What was it like?' 'I didn' jus' see it, madam," she confessed; "I tell you all about it, some time.

Don' you want to hear 'bout the Loup-Garon ?" 'Not till I know about the court-mar-

When did they hold it?" "Madame, did I ev' tell you bout the White Trapper, what my fazzer saw, up Great Bear, what witched him so's he

I controlled a frenzied impulse to throw my crutch. "Angelique, haven't I said that I wanted to hear about the court-martial, instantly?"

looked up at me with a quavering chin. "I nev' tole anybody 'bout it, 'cause I nev' can tell jus' what it all she murmured. "One day I say to myself, 'Angelique, you so wicked you ought to be send to the stone house,' the nex' day I t'ink, 'all this ain' nossing but some dreffle big joke,' an' still I don't

I held forth on the advantages of open confession for some time. Finally Au-gelique breathed a little sigh of exhausted surrender, fitted her hands around her knees in the true raconteur attitude, and

'Well, you mus' know, madame, at Lil' Bear, where my people live, they's ev' so many of us. Me an' my sisters-that's four; an' my brothers—ah, they six of those. An' my fazzer, he fish, an' farm, an' work, so hard, but he nev' can get nough for so many. So when I's sixteen, two years now, my mozzer she put me to work for Mere Leroi, t'ree miles up the mainland. Mere Leroi, she live on a big farm, an' she give me all the sewin' an' the i'onin' to do.

"One day I i'onin', an' in come Mere Leroi, ver' smilin', an' she say, 'Angelique, that peddleman Charpentier, what was roun' the Island las' fall, he came back. He Fazzer Antoine's nephew, you know. He wants stay tel the ice breaks, an' he ask, jus' as soon as he come in, "Where's Angelique?" Here's you' chance, An-

gelique.'
"Me, I jus' 'spize those peddlemans. These Charpentier, he come to Lil' Bear that summer before, an' he stay an' he stay, an' he try sell us tings we can't nev' buy, an' he talk silly to us till my fazzer he jus' chase him off. I jus' hate him, me. Au' when Mere Leroi say that, I look back at her offle cross, an' I say, 'I don' want no chance on no peddleman.'

"Mere Leroi, she laugh some more, an' she call somebody, an' in come thath ped-dleman. Madame, you t'ink all day an' you dream all night, an' yet you nev' can see anysing so horreeble. Oh, yes, I know he mus' be good, for he relate' to Fazzer Antoine; but he can't nev' be good to see.

Antoine; but he can't nev' be good to see.

"He come sit down by my i'onin' board,
an' look at me, so!" Angelique stretched
her face into an appalling grin. "An, he
say, 'Well, lil' birdie! Have Mere Leroi
tole you?"

"Tole me what?' I say.

"Ain' she speak to you 'bout me? Me what adorre you? How I go to mass an' what adorre you? How I go to mass an look an' look at you, an' you nev' know? How I come over here, jus' on purpose to see you? I t'ink I keep still an' not say general. 'One on you men go find a flation.' nossing for a long time, tel I know if you like me, but I can't wait, so I say it now.' like me, but I can't wait, so I say it now.'

An' what you think he do, madame? He bring in an i'on and the board. They put grab my han' an' kiss it wis his great big

"What did you do then, Angelique?" "I, I mos' afraid to tell you. I-I pick up my i'on, an' I give him one slap, so he tumble clear down. An' then I run like I nev' run before.

"I t'ink I run home 'cross the ice to my own fazzer, an' then if I keel that peddleman, they can't do nossing to me. But when I get 'most to the lake, somebody holler, an' I look 'round, but it's just Pierre. Pierre, he Mere Leroi's son, an' we's very good friend. 'Where you goin', Angelique?' he say,

all gasp. 'You run like you t'ink Windigo "I bleeve I mos' scared to death, ma-

dame, 'cause when he say that, I cry like I nev' shall stop. An' Pierre, he say, 'Don' you mind, Angelique; on'y yesterday I have a letter from Colonel Courtenay, an' he want one of my sisters come over to the Island an' help at the Fort; they goin' have a big party there, all nex' week. Charpentier, he ain' keel, but he offle mad;

an' you better go right 'long.'
"So Pierre, he go bring my skates, an'
my clothes all roll' up, an' we slip off, ver'
quiet, over to the Island. Pierre, he kiss me good-by twice, an' he say, 'That ole fool Charpentier, he let you alone now or he drink sorrow. He kiss you' han' some more, he get his head broke clean open this time.

"Well, I go up to M'sieu le Commandant's house, an' they show me what I mus' do. Madame, you open you' eyes wide if you see that place. Madame le Commandant has five young ladies to visit, an' then there come a whole sledge full of generals, greater, oh! so much greater than M'sieu le Commandant, to stay at the Fort. There isn't nossing but parties all the time, an' the house full of roses, like it was summer, an' so much to do! I nev' was so tired before.

"I work there 'bout t'ree days, an' some body call into the kitchen, 'Angelique Sar-cey, somebody want to see you in the laundry.' So I run into the laundry, jus' like I was, an' what you t'ink? It was that peddleman!

"His eye all black where I bump 'im wis the i'on, an' he grin at me like he take a bite, an' he say, ver' soft, 'So, Angelique, my beauty, you t'ink you settle Charpen-tier? Well, he ain't settle yet. He come to talk it over.'

"Nossir!' I say. 'You go away or I tell madame. M'sieu le Commandant, he don' like peddlemans.' "Not till I say somesing. You runned

off here over the ice wis Pierre Leroi, hein? I go back and tell you' fazzer, he be so dreffle mad he mos' keel you. Pierre Leroi, he big as a tree, an' he nev' have earned a centime. You better take me. I take good care of you, an' then there won' nev' be any fuss.'

"I say nossing. I jus' look. An' he say, 'Why for you hate me?' an' he eyes begin roll that horreeble way again. Then I see Madame le Commandant come 'cross the yard, an' I know how angry he was if she see me talking wis him.

"You run in here quick, before madame see you,' I say, an' I shove him in a lil' tiny room next the laundry, and run in after him.

"I go in so quick I knock against him, and he grab a rope hanging there to steady heself, an' the nex' thing, Madame, we's gone! Room an' peddleman an' all, down. lown in the dark, like we nev' shall stop!

"Me, I don' do nossing but scream an' scream like somesing keel me, an' that Charpentier, he keep howl. 'Oh, Angelique, why you takin' me to hael wis you? Me what nev' done anysing? Oh, Angelique, why you takin' me to hael?'
"All at once we stop, thump! all in the

dark, so hard it make our teefs rattle. "Now you done it!" he say. "We clear down to hael, and the old Nick and all the

little devils a running for us !' an' he begin howl louder than ever.

"I don't say nossing, I so frightened.
And pretty soon that room begin br—br—

br-and first thing we know, we goin' up. "Madame, I don't have time to think before-z-zip! we's clear up in the laundry again. And there stand M'sieu le Commandant and madame, and all the generals and ladies looking at us. They all begin ask what's the matter, and tha Charpentier, he don' do nossing but screech. Oh, I going pay you back for thees scare! Here's thees girl, M'sieu le Commandant, look at her! She try keel me once, and then she try take me to hael wis her.'

"M'sieu le Commandant, he help me out, and he say : 'Didn' you two imbeciles know this lift won't stand such a weight ? And what you makin' thees fracas for, Charpentier? Don' you know I don't al-

low no peddlemans here?'
"I don' make no fracas,' says Charpentier. 'It's all that Angelique. Last week she split my head wis a flati'on, and toshe split my head wis a nation, and to-day she try take me to hael wis her.'

'I didn' mean to go along wis you,' I say, and everybody laugh like they nev' shall stop. The the biggest general, he look at me ver' solemn, and he say:

"So she want to keel thees man! Cour-

tenay, we better try the affair. I think I hold a cote-martial.

"Some of them say, 'Oh, don't !' and some call 'Shame!' but most of the people don't do nossing but laugh some The biggest general, he make us walk front of him to the grand salon in m'sieu's house. Then he sit down in a great hig chair and

call me to him. "What your name?' he say. "Angelique Sarcey,' I tole him.
"Tresbien. Be sworn, Angelique.'
"I didn' know what he want, but, one of the young generals take my hand,

and hold it up, very high. "That is sufficient. Much obliged, Stewart. Now, Angelique, take your hand down, and tell me the truth. Where did you first know thees Charpentier?"

"He come to my fazzer's house to sell things,' I say.
"Did you ever encourage him as suitor?"

"I nev' did anysing but hit him wis my flati'on,' I tole him. "So you admit that you struck him. Now tell thees court all you know about Charpentier.'

"He's offle ole, an' ugly, and cross. say. 'He come to our farm up Lil' Bear and try sell me a necklace, and when I tell him I ain' nev' got no money, he say I can have it for t'ree kisses. My fazzer, he drive him off, but he come back and say he goin' to work. But he don' do no work, 'cept when he eat, so he get chest'. cept when he eat, so he get chase' again. Then last week he come to Mere Leroi's and scare me so bad that Pierre

bring me over here.' "You mean that you skated all that distance to get away from him?' ask' madame. And when I tole her yes, one of the generals look at Charpentier, and he say, 'One ou you, ole man.'
"I can't judge on thees case, 'less I see

the board 'cross two chairs, and m

say:
"Now, Augelique, you show us how "ius' you hit 'im. Charpentier, you stan' jus' like you was, and look like you was that time, and mos' likely we make our deci-

sion for you. "Madame, all my hairs begin pull, I so frightened. But that Charpentier, he sit down in one of those chair, an' he feel so smart over what m'sieu say, he grin up at me, an' he say, 'Come 'long, Angelique.'

"Time !' the younges' general shout, so lime: the younges' general shout, so loud I jump an' drop my i'on. It fall thump! on the floor, right by my foot, but that ole Charpentier think he hit, an' he yell an' hop up so quick he upset he chair, and knock down the i'onin' board. It hit strength and is in the best of spirits.

against the younges' general, and he tumble clear up against the wall, an' take a whole tableful of lil' dishes wis him.

"Verdict for defendant!" he say, soon's he pick heself up an' the ladies stop screechin' at him. 'If that girl don' fetch one thing, she'll fetch anozzer.' "The bigges' general, he look ver' cross, and he call out, 'Order in thees court!"

And he ask me : "Did you, then, want to keel Charpen-

tier?" "I nev' mean to keel anybody,' I tole had.

"Did you ever like him when he come to see you?'
"Me like that peddleman!' I say. 'Jus'

look at him !' "Then everybody scream and shout, and that general, he poun' on the table wis a book, till they get quiet. And Charpen-tier, he keep roll he eyes at me till I so scared I make the horns wis my fingers, so's he can't witch me. Then he began to talk.

"I want to marry her,' he say, so loud 'And she runned off wis Pierre Leroi, and won't have nossing to do wis me, and when I try talk to her she take me down to

"Let up, you fool,' the younges' bigges' general say. 'Didn' you ev' see a levelator before?

"The prisoner is release,' the bigges general call out. And he run his hand in ie pocket, and bring out a dollar. Trot off and buy you a new ribbon, he tell me. 'And you, Charpentier, you

leave, and you keep away from thees fort, 'less you' lookin' for trouble.' "Oh, I was so glad they le' me go! But the younges' general, he call out:
"No! No? Don' let her go yet! She not

paid her fine.' "What fine?" say Madame le Comman

"She mus' kiss us all 'roun', to pay costs,' he answer; and all the ladies look ver' solemn, and the generals say, that jus' the thing! You has great head Stewart!' Me, I worse scared than ever,

but It'ink, 'You got to do somesing quick, Angelique,' so I hold out my dollar.

"Won't thees do?' I say. 'For Pierre, he be so very angry, he jus' terreeble, if he know I kiss anybody but him.'

"Then all the generals.

"Then all the generals, they shout so I's most deef, and madame come over and put her arm around me, and she say they ought to be shame' to treat me that way. And the other generals, they give me some more money, and they all so good to me! I have to cry, it make me feel so ver' queer. And that peddleman—I nev' know where he slip off. Anyway, he don' bother me through politics and finally into the field

"But what has become of Pierre?" Angelique shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, he roun' the Island somewhere,' she answered serenely. "You want to look at the sunset? It's 'mos' clear now." She went to the window, and began to arrange my chair, watching the clouds break away from the sunset as she did so. The color began to deepen in the delicate cheek towards me; she leaned close to the window, as though she would not miss an instant of the mystic changes without.

"How that untutored child does appreciate those trailing clouds of glory! thought, as I hobbled to the window be-

I followed her gaze down the steep Fort ly forward. As he caught sight of Anill-suited to his sparkling face. Angelique watched him as he drove past.

I do not think she breathed till he was out

of sight. "Ah-h!" she sighed then, clasping both hands to her little throat. Presently she laid her left hand on the window-seat, and looked at it with solemn admiration. I looked, too, and wondered that I had never noticed the little ring, with its setting of lake amethysts.

Angelique felt my eyes upon her. She turned a shy, adorable glance to me, then laid the ringed hand against her lips. "It is Pierre ?" I said.

"C'est Pierre," she whispered back.

By Katharine H. Brown, in Everybody's

## China Takes Burden.

Willing to Pay \$11,000,000 a Year on Indemnityan Answer to the Allies.

A Pekin dispatch to the New York Herald says:
The Chinese plenipotentiaries sent to the

ministers Monday their answer to the demand for 450,000,000 taels indemnity (about \$337,000,000), which was made May 8th. The reply is long and on first reading proves more satisfactory to the majority of the ministers than they had expected. The first paragraph states that China has not the slightest intention of trying to escape

the slightest intention of trying to escape the payment of just obligations, that she is pledged to pay all the legitimate ex-penses of the allies and all damages actual-ly incurred by foreigners during the re-cent troubles. The third paragraph sets forth that the resources of China are diminishing, the government in recent years being able to raise only 88,000,000 taels about \$59,000,000 a year, of which 24,000, 000 goes to pay the war loan and \$16,000,-000 more to pay other foreign obligations.
After dwelling at length upon the dimin-

ers in monthly installments until the amount agreed upon is made up.

Neither the demand nor the reply, it will be seen, mentions interest. Those best acquainted with the Chinese treasury conditions are impressed with the fact that the country can do no more.

Li Hung Chang is desirous of having the bills of the powers examined before the Hague tribunal, but has been given to understand that should he make this request the foreign occupation will be continued at the cost of several million taels a day until the examination is concluded.

One of His Lungs Cut Out. California Man Submits to a Rare Operation to Check Consumption and Recovers.

Perry Taylor of Santa Ana, Cal., is one of the few human beings from whom doctors have successfully removed an entire lung. The patient, who is 26 years of age, was stricken about four years ago with what he believed was galloping consumption and was treated accordingly by the physicians consulted. Fully 240 cysts were removed in one operation, and then it was removed in one operation, and then it was decided that the whole lung would have to

Efficient, Though Blind.

Five Residents of Chicago Who Are Most Useful Citizens

Technicalities of music, the intricacies of the law and a study of the ways and means for the elevation of the blind have all come within the scope of Edward J. Nolan, blind since he was two years old. He was born in Chicago in 1864.

When he reached school age his parents sent him to the Illinois School for the Blind in Jacksonville, where he remained until 'But I wouldn' feel so ver' sorry if I his eighteenth year. He acquired an excellent education and a thorough knowledge of the different systems of writing for the blind. After his return to Chicago he began to study music. He began a syste-matic study of law at the Chicago College of Law in 1892, and was graduated in 1894. He received the degree of LL. B. from Lake Forest university, and was considered one of the brightest members of his graduating class. Mr. Nolan has succeeded in building up an enviable reputation as an attorney.

p an enviable reputation and Chicago, is Dr. Robert H. Babcock, of Chicago, is one of the leading authorities of the West on tuberculosis and kindred pulmonary troubles. Yet since he was thirteen years old he has not seen a beam of sunlight. An accident led to blindness, and for thirty-six years he has acquired knowledge in darkness with almost as much readiness as would the ordinary man who sees. Dr. Babcock was born in Watertown, N. Y., forty nine years ago. He obtained the degree of M. D. at the Chicago Medical college in 1878, following it with another de-gree of M. D. from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, in 1879. He was one of the ten honor men among 120 students in his class of '79. In 1880 he went to Germany and continued his medical studies for three years. After his return to Chicago he took up the practice of medicine and has won for himself a high reputation. Most of his present practice is

in consultation with other physicians. Miss Belle Hyman, as a musician, as a society woman, and as one of the most enthusiastic and sympathetic workers for the blind in Chicago, is of more than local fame. She was born in that city, and at the age of four lost her eyesight because of sickness. Miss Hyman studied at the State School for the Blind in Jacksonville, Ill., with many interruptions from ill health from 1876 to 1884. After her return she studied singing under the best teachers in Chicago, and she spent several years in Europe in voice culture and at the piano.

Another of the ardent workers for the Illinois Industrial Home for the Blind was James O'Connor, blind since 1874, but who now. When he see me on the street, he go on the ozzer side."

through pointes and many into the new of music. As a state legislator in 1886, and again in 1892, he had much to do with forcing the building of that state institution for the blind. He was born in Lake county, Ill., in 1848. In 1869 he went to Louisiana. In 1873 Gov. Kellogg made him a justice of the peace for the Parish of St. Bernard. It was in 1874 that an accident with a gun destroyed Mr. O'Connor's eyesight. In the following year he came to Chicago and took up the study of music, for which he had always had a great love. He first studied the violin, then the piano, and harmony under Fael. After years he became so proficient that he was I able to play in concerts and to instruct pupils. He has also composed a number of eces for the piano and violin.

John B. Curtis, supervisor of the classes road. A long, yellow omnibus was toiling for the blind in the city schools of Chicago up the hill. On the box sat a wide-shouldered, bronzed young giant, leaning eager- his sight at three years old, and yet he is one of the most enthusiastic and helpful gelique at the window, he snatched off his workers in the public school system of the cap, and bowed with a reverential dignity city. Mr. Curtis was born in Chicago thirty He became a pupil of the State School for the Blind at Jacksonville, and was graduated from that institution. He then took a post-graduate course at the University of Chicago. He has acquired a thorough education, his specialties being mathematics and civics.

The teaching of the blind in three of the Chicago public schools is apparently so successful that the experiment is to be extended to other schools. The system which was begun last fall and which Chicago was the first large city to adopt, enables blind pupils to take the regular public school course, but under special teachers. There are five blind pupils in the Hardigan school, ten at the Clarke, and six at the Arnold school. Miss Edua Bevans is assistant supervisor, and the Misses Levy, George and Sexton are the special teachers. Prof. Curtis is an enthusiast, and under his direction manual training is to be added to the course at these three schools.

## Beauty Elopes.

Miss Marie Clement, of Philadelphia Disappoints Her Fiance, C. C. Gelder, and Weds a Rival.

Invitations to the wedding of Miss Marie Clement and Charles C. Gelder on June 4th, which had been engraved and were to have been sent out on Tuesday have been destroyed. Friends of the young woman will receive to-day cards announcing her marriage on May 11th, to W. McLean Freeman, a member of the Philadelphia tock Exchange.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman will sail from New York for Europe on the Majestic and will remain abroad until September when they will be at home at No. 1514 North Broad street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Freeman is a daughter of Dr. J. M. Clement, of No. 1732 Girard avenue. For five years she has been one of the belles of the northwestern part of the city.
When her engagement to Charles C. Gelder,
the superintendent of a large Chestnut street department store, was announced a few months ago, the couple received many

congratulations. All arrangements for their wedding on June 4th had been completed and hand-some quarters for the bride and bridegroom had been engaged and furnished at a fashionable apartment house at Sixteenth and Spruce streets.

Miss Clement went to Atlantic City last Friday, intending to meet Mr. Gelder there the following day. In Atlantic City she met Mr. Freeman, who had known and admired her for ten years, though his attentions had never received the approval

of Miss Clement's parents.

Miss Clement and Mr. Freeman went to Doylestown, Pa., where Mr. Freeman's family have a handsome country place. They were married there. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman returned to Philadelphia yester-day and went to the home of the bridegroom's father Henry G. Freeman, jr., at No. 1514 North Broad street.

Mrs. Freeman sent a note to her parents, who were under the impression that she was still with friends at Atlantic City, informing them of her marriage to Mr. Freeman. She gave no explanation of the sudden transfer of her affections from Mr. Gelder to Mr. Freeman.

Members of the Clement family expressed regret at the action of their daughter and deep sympathy for Mr. Gelder. Mr. Freeman's father is a member of the bar and a large real estate owner.

Mid-way Scenes at the Pan-American. BUFFALO, N. Y., May 20, 1901. - Few of

the many million visitors the Pan-American Exhibition will bring to Buffalo this year are aware of the grand lessons that will be spread before them, of an ethnic

and anthropological value.

In two assemblies of an exhibitory nature provided by Col. E. W. McConnell, Americans will have an opportunity of studying some of the latest acquisitions by way of conquest, that our country, already polyglot in nature, has acquired new races of the Polynesians, the Ha

waiians and Filipinos.

From the eight islands which constitute the Hawaiian group, have been brought some hundreds of this delightful aud picturesque race, whose friendship for us has made it possible for them to receive the benign protection of our great republic without the carnage and decimation of a bloody conquest.

Interesting to a high degree, because of solemn rites and uncanny religious beliefs, their study in propera persona gives un-bounded delight.

Representing as they do, a relic of cannibalism, the transforming power of Christianity has not totally obliterated from the islanders all of their weird rites and none of their picturesque costumes which are so delightful to the eye. Comment upon their condition is needless until the emissaries of our own Christian States can be restrained from viciousness. Never was race more innocently and joyous happy, more delightfully pleasing, more dainty in tasts, than these guileless Kanakas. As a race, physically, they tower head and front over all the rest of the people that inhabit the limitless Pacific.

from the half civilized cities and towns, but has had his trusty helpers invade even the half populated wilder islands, visiting tribes, many of whom have no knowledge of the sovereignty of the United States, in order to procure those models who would add to his exhibitions the novelty of true barbaric splendor and sport, and further, a study of anthropological research.

The village will convey, consequently, an adequate idea of the barbarian's nature, his sports, pastimes, methods of warfare and his really beautiful music; also the way they build their houses, examples of their weaving of fabrics, personal adornment and conduct of household.

The theatre will show the Islanders in native dramas, musical plays and the national Hulu Hula dances (the dances which require only a sight of their beautiful motion pictures to arouse absolute enthusiasm) The native orchestra will provide music that has been universally conceded to have

a rhythm and harmony of superior quality, so much so, that two of their airs are now on a wave of popularity, thinly disguised as the work of American composers. The planning of the Hawaiian Village shows consummate skill on the part of its builders. The streets run irregular, with many quaint angles and nooks, and are an-imated and full of dash and vivacity of

movement; unlike the stolid oriental, all is life; Gay, and very gay.

One minute you are before a bazar, adened with the bright-colored, elaborately figured fabrics of Polynesia. You turn, and the household of the famous Man Fish, "Kapua," is laid bare to your in-

This famous swimmer is known to every skipper who plows the Pacific. Even in these, his land, where swimming is a second nature, he is looked upon as a marvel. wn as the most adventurous of the surf-swimmers, and an effort will have to be made to keep him from going over the Falls of Niagara. As it is, he will

'Kaiei' and family, whose inhabitation has been constructed of skulls—human skulls! Kaiei and his family are the only Hawaiian cannibals ever brought to the United States, and while it brings up bor-rible thoughts, and the sight of a building California. built of human remains is a grewsome one -still this exhibition is instructive and part of Col. McConnell's great object les-

Again, you turn from the dark page to another none the less weird, for next to the cannibals' home, is the medicine hut of the Kahanas, the native priests of the Sandwich Islands, where you are intro-duced to the deeply mystic rites of Pele, whose incantations resemble the fetish work of Vonodo priesthood.

Passing the miniature lake, where the Villagers indulge their second nature in feats of swimming and diving that are marvelous; Diving like ducks and swimming ike fish, they seem born to the water. You look again, and the flower girls, beautiful beyond compare, with their flashing and graceful physiques; they captivate you. Beautiful strains of almost heavenly music lure you to the quaint theatre, where you sit, entranced by the lovely cadence of the subtile music, sung through lips that seem to voice the charms of the

Oriental Paradise. Whirling and moving in passionate pulsation, you follow, with dreamy eyes, the dance of the Hula Hula; the witchery of which is the very poetry of motion. Audalusian senorita can give that passionate swirl; no Nautch odalesque, the artful abandon with which the Hula Hula dancer invests this graceful dance. The writer has been fortunate enough to see the great premier asolutas, of La Scala, San Carlo, Wien, and Paris Grand Operas, the Egg Dance of Hindoostan, India, and has looked upon the vulgar danse de venta of the upper Nile, but never expects to feel the sama thrill of eestacy aroused by the Hula Hula dancers, unless Terpsichore invades the earth with her ballet of nymphs, even then, she must be accompanied by Hula Hula coryphees.

In singularly appropriate proximity you find the imposing portal to the Great Burning Volcano of Kilauez, and enter. Before the awful majesty of "The House of Everlasting Burning" you stand entranced. Here the Goddess Pele holds sway, and Mother Earth gives way to trembling before the augry spasms of the Goddess of Fire. Pele's face is one awful

frown, gashed with fiery cuts, livid with the curse of angry passion.

Unearthly, Weird! Ruggedly Horrible!

How Sublime! How Awful! Pliny should have lived to have seen Pele's face, and then would have lived a pen-picture worthy the great Roman historian, whilst Gustay Dore, midst Kilauea's sulphurous mists, could have conjured up inspirations that would have made his illustrations of the divine Dante's "Inferno" more consummately hellish.

Oh, the awful sublimity of its cavernous depths of carmine fires, it livid streaks of liquid fiery hell's broth! No picture of Hades could convey more anguish to soul, more fraternal torture to mind than a glimpse into this counterfeit presentment of the "Fiery Lake of Hell —mau-mau."

an excellent doctor could had help, but a few months' use of this wonderful medicine made me as well as ever and I gained much in weight." Infallible for Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung trouble. Trial bottles free. Guaranteed bottles 50c. and \$1.00 at Green's.

In Buffalo, at its Pan-American Exposition, the whole world can see the Almighty's greatest companion pictures, done by His hands and illustrative of two of the earth's great forces, Fire and Water—the Volcano of Kilauea, illustrative of Fire, and Niagara, representing God's grandeur in Water -JAMES S. HUTTON.

Stanley Clears Reputation of Father Phillips.

The Police Now Believe the Hazleton Priest Died Natural Death. Mystery is Being Solved.

NEW YORK, May 18.—As the searching police investigation of the death of Father Phillips, "the miners' priest" of Hazleton, Pa., progresses opinion is strengthened that the popular churchman died from natural causes, despite the suspicious circumstances which make "Dr." Kirke Stanley a pris-

oner in the Tombs. Sobered by two days of comparative abstinence from alcohol and morphia "Dr." Stanley, through his attorneys, repudiated his allegation that the priest had visited his rooms and remained there in the company of disreputable women. Levy & Unger, his lawyers, said they felt impelled by a sense of public duty to clear the dead priest's reputation, and issued the follow-

ing statement Friday:

"After a thorough and conscientious examination into the facts of this case we state unequivocally that there was no immorality, actively or suggestively, in the conduct of the unfortunate priest. The temporary immoderate use of stimulants on his part is the sum total of any weakness with which he can be charged. His life was morally pure and we deplore any limitless Pacific.

Col. McConnell, in order to make his Hawaiian Village of ethnic value, has not confined himself to recruiting its denizens suggestions to the countrary in an irresponsible moment by a rum-crazed unfortunate. If any women were in that flat they were there before the arrival of Father Phillips, and had departed long before he arrived,

nor did he see any women while there." From a source which is believed to be reliable and which is as thoroughly familiar with Stanley's movements as it is possible to be at present it is possible to present what purports to be, and what the po-lice begin to believe is, the true version of Stanley's meeting with Father Phillips and the subsequent death of the priest in

ley's flat According to this authority Stanley met Father Phillips in a saloon at Ninth avenue and Fiftieth street on May 8th. The two men fell into conversation and had several drinks together. Early in the evening Stanley suggested that his apartments were nearby and invited the priest to accept his

hospitality.

The two somewhat unsteadily left the saloon and went to Stanley's rooms at 720 Ninth avenue. They continued their drinking until the priest sank in a heavy sleep on a couch. Stanley, who was a habitually heavy drinker, went out to appease his appetite and continued his debauch until the early hours of Thursday, May 9. Now thoroughly intoxicated he found his way back home and found Father Philips dead. Then the embarrassment of his compromis-

ing position dawned no his brain. STANLEY LOST HIS SENSES. Acting upon the impulse of the moment he seized the body and dragged it into the unused store room. Stanley then went out and continued his debauch and it is believed he suffered from loss of memory of what transpired afterward by indulging in strong stimulants and narcotic drugs. Those who accepted this as the real explanation of the mystery are compelled to believe that from May 9 until Stanley's arrest Thursday night he had indulged in so violent and continuous debauchery as to lose

tragic course of events in his rooms on the night of May 8 and the early morning of May 9. swim the Rapids during his sojourn with the Village.

Inough the police have well light doned the theory that murder was done the Village. power to locate the auburn haired woman who posed as Mrs. Stanley, while the real Mrs. Stanley, from whom the Doctor has been divorced is living with her child in

actically all his mental bearings as to the

Mrs. M'Kinley's Condition. She was Able to Sit Up a Short Time on Sunday Evening.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 19.-Mrs. McKinley's condition was so far improved Sunday evening that she was able to sit up a short time. The welcome news was given out shortly after 5 o'clock.

. General Shafter called on President Mc-Kinley and, while they were talking, word came down stairs that Mrs. McKinley was sitting up. The President at once asked to be excused and hurried to the sick room. The anxiety caused by Sunday night's bulletin, stating that Mrs. McKinley's temperature was higher, was dispelled at 10 o'clock Sunday morning, when Secretary Cortelyon announced that she had passed a comfortable night and that the slight fever noticed last night had subsid-ed. The President did not attend church, but remained at home nearly all day, go-

ing out for a short walk just before noon.

There were many callers at the Scott residence to-day. There was a general feeling that the crisis had been passed and that Mrs. Kinley would continue to gain strength. No definite data has yet been strength. No definite date has yet been decided upon when the President will start for the national capital, but it is hoped that Mrs. McKinley will be able to travel within a few days.
Secretary Long left Monday morning for
Colorado Springs to visit his daughter, who

Kansas Will Need 20,000 Men. Big Demand for Field Laborers to Get in the Wheat

Kansas will need at least 20,000 men from outside the State to cut, stack and thresh this season's crop of wheat. Last year about 15,000 men were imported. A delegation from the wheat belt is in consultation with railroad officials to ask

the companies to give a special rate for the

purpose of encouraging men to come into the State to help harvest the grain. -"I'll have to leave your service, sir" said the coachman to the trust magnate.
"I'm sory to hear that, John. Why?"
"Every time I drive you out, sir, I hear people say: 'There goes the scoundrel,' and I don't know which of us they mean.''

FOUGHT FOR HIS LIFE. - "My father and sister both died of Consumption," writes J. T. Weatherwax, of Wyandotte, Mich., "and I was saved from the same frightful fate only by Dr. King's New Discovery. An attack of pneumonia left an obstinate cough and very severe lung trouble, which an excellent doctor could not help, but a