

AN ISLAND NATION.

A STUDY OF HAWAII AND HER PEOPLE.

The Simplicity and Barbarous Innocence of the Natives—A Beautiful Land—The Scourge of Leprosy—Value of Our Hawaiian Imports.

Bigger than Wisconsin.

Hawaii, land of smiling sunshine and rushing rain, place of paradise and abode of torment! Ten little islands sleeping in the sea, where indolence and industry meet and mingle; where commerce thrives incredibly, and idleness exists in its laziest perfection! At once a health resort and a breeding-place of humanity's most frightful scourge! Where Nature's most refulgent luxuriance creeps to the very edge of pits where Nature's most malignant anger ever boils and bubbles, and sometimes reaches out a sinuous arm of molten lava to engulf a town and murder thousands! Hawaii is truly a strange little nation—a strange little nation in strange little lands with a strange little people. But with all the strangeness of them all they are marvelously rich now and richer yet in future possibilities.

Ever since this group of oases on Pacific's watery desert was discovered by Captain Cook and claimed by Vancouver, the Sandwich Islands have been indefinitely regarded as the home of cannibals. As a matter of fact, no instance of cannibalism has ever been proven against them. The natives doubtless gained their reputation for ferocity through the killing of Captain Cook. But Captain Cook appeared among them claiming and believed to be a god. For weeks he and his sailors basked in the credulity of the natives, who voluntarily despoiled themselves of whatever they valued most—from quaint, carved trinkets to their wives—to make their peace with the white-skinned emissaries



HAWAIIANS EATING.

from heaven. At last they found that they had been deceived—that Cook and his English sailors were not gods, but grasping, lying men, not half so near divinity as they themselves. Then Cook was murdered. And if, full of the knowledge of the first wrong that had ever entered into their childish lives, they helped his death along with fitting torture, is it to be wondered at? Now, at Kawaloa, in the blue shadows of one of Hawaii's loveliest mountains, within the sound of the gentle murmur of the world's bluest sea, and surrounded by magnificent palms, a marble monument, at which all Hawaii does homage, stands above the moldering bones of the murdered man.

A Gentle People.

If the natives were malicious and man-eating, then they have changed marvelously since, for nowadays it seems impossible for them to believe a man is bad. With them you are their friend until you have twice proved yourself their enemy, and even then you need but ask forgiveness to receive their love again. And to be a Hawaiian's friend is to be little less than his master. His deeds of kindness stop only with his ability.

The islands are as beautiful as the people are good-natured. Never ceasing verdure, which invades every nook affording fingerhold for a clinging tendril, until it is hard sometimes to guess which is habitation and which is thicket; towering mountains, often capped by inextinguishable volcanic fires instead of snow; winding valleys, through whose bosky depths crystal streams glitter in the summer and change to raging torrents in the rainy season—all these are there with other wonders—all beautiful. By the wayside grass cottages for the natives and pretty wooden structures for the foreigners offer open-hearted hospitality to the tourist. Breezes always blow. They blow health to the foreign invalid; but, alas! they sometimes blow horror and death to the native.

Leprosy is decreasing in Hawaii, it is said; but still the famous leper colony on Molokai, one of the most beautiful islands of the group, does not lack tenants. Harrowing farewell scenes are not unusual at the isolated Honolulu wharf from which the leper boat sails. "Aloha!" murmurs the departing one, which means farewell. "Aloha aloha!" cry the dear ones left behind, and they read the air and fill their mouths with ashes in the extremity of their grief, for it is "aloha" forever! The human freight on the little steamer is carried on its



A VOLCANO GUIDE.

plunging, wave-rocked way to a doom more terrible than death—a living, breathing, conscious decay. In that leper settlement all that is not human thrives and blossoms and is fruitful. All that is human gathers some new loathsomeness, some novelty of horror with each succeeding day. This blight and helplessness of the Hawaiians, whom they believe death is hovering near, have much to do with

the steady decrease in their numbers, which in twenty-one years has amounted to 44 per cent. But there are other reasons for this decline. The delicate, Nature-loving Hawaiians seem not to thrive under civilization. Foreign diseases of however simple a sort are al-



HAWAIIAN HOTEL, HONOLULU.

most always fatal with them, and their women have become strangely sterile. At the present rate the lapse of not many years will bring a time when few full-blooded natives are alive.

How the Queen Laid Idolatry Low.

Yet while they live they are a brave and muscular race. There are few weak-minded ones among them, although intermarriage of families was until recently common. In everything except facing unseen death they are courageous. The queen, who was recently deposed, once gave as magnificent an exhibition of will power and heroism as any woman ever did. Her subjects had been forbidden to worship Pele, the god of the volcanoes, many years ago, and had almost forgotten him when an eruption occurred which threatened to overcome Hilo, on the east coast of the Island of Hawaii. Hilo is smaller than Honolulu, the capital, but much more beautiful. Its trade is trifling, but as a health and pleasure resort it is popular with both natives and foreigners. It is the Paris of the Sandwich Islands. Honolulu is their Chicago. The great river of lava was slowly but surely descending on the city. The then reigning Princess, thinking that Pele was powerful after all and was sending the lava in anger, prayed to him three days and nights. Then, at the very back door of the city, the lava stopped and now forms a glittering gray wall behind the town. This revived the faith of the islanders in Pele. When Liliuokalani came into power she decided to unseat it and announced the fact throughout her kingdom. The queen went to the volcano of Kilauao, in whose molten crater Pele was believed to abide. It had been considered sinful and provocative of certain death to eat oheho berries without first offering some to Pele, but as the queen went she picked and ate oheho berries, meanwhile singing a song of defiance to Pele. It was dramatic, and may seem silly here, but it was the only way in which she could, as she did, remove the last vestige of idolatry from the Hawaiian Islands. She ventured into the very heart of the crater, stopping only when the lava on which she walked burned her shoes. But Pele harmed her not and she decided him. Since then all Hawaii has laughed in his face, and eaten oheho berries when and where it pleased.

The native Hawaiians, with their rich brown skins, their big liquid eyes, and their supple, energetic limbs, are far from being an unhandsome race.



SCENE ON HAWAIIAN RAILROAD.

The men are of good height and muscular; the women charming in their youth, beautiful in their early prime, and no worse than other tropical women in their maturity.

From a Materialistic Point of View.

Such are the Hawaiian people and the Sandwich Islands. Surely they form a fascinating study for the romancer. In the commerce of the Hawaiian group the materialist finds a no less absorbing subject for research and speculation. The islands lie between the 19th and 20th degrees, north latitude, and longitude 154-165 west. Twenty-one hundred miles of uninterrupted ocean roll between them and San Francisco. The largest of the islands is Hawaii, with Maui, Oahu, Kauai, Molokai, Lanai, Niihau, Kahoolawe, Lehua and Molokini, ranging in size in the order named. The total area of the islands is 61,000 miles. Thus the new State—if the islands be admitted—will be 2,000 square miles larger than Idaho, 2,500 square miles bigger than Michigan, 5,000 square miles larger than Wisconsin, and only 8,000 square miles smaller than Missouri or Washington. Nor does the only richness of Hawaii lie in size. Her population of 89,940 is larger than that of Washington and almost as large as that of South Dakota, which has 15,000 square miles greater area.

Hawaii has been referred to as a land of languor-loving, lazy bodies. But these lazy bodies have built up a trade that is not to be despised. In 1890 Hawaii's total business dealings with this country alone amounted to more than \$17,000,000, the balance of which was largely in Hawaiian favor, for while these brown-skinned islanders were buying \$4,711,417 of American goods, America was buying \$12,313,588 of Hawaiian products. Trade between the United States and Hawaii has reached proportions that few people realize. We bought three-fourths as much in 1890 from that little group of islands in the South Pacific as we did from the whole Chinese Empire, notwithstanding fireworks and tea. Multiply our imports from Hawaii by three and you will have a total almost as great as our imports from Canada in the same

year. Among the commodities which helped to make up these surprising totals were sugar, coffee, pulu (a silky vegetable fiber) and hides. It will be observed that this little water-locked nation is not to be lightly sneezed at as a commercial entity.

Wholly American in Sympathy.

When Queen Liliuokalani was deposed, it was not surprising that her subjects should apply for a bit of the protecting warmth found under the wings of the American eagle. For many years the islands have been entirely American in sympathies. The whole population, except the 5,000 or 6,000 Englishmen, Germans and Frenchmen, is more American in spirit than it is Hawaiian. For years it has been not unusual for residents, whether they had ever visited this land of the free or not, to refer to it as "home," and should one contemplate coming to see us, he would very likely speak of the projected voyage as "going home."

The agricultural products of the islands are, besides sugar, to which more than seventy large estates are devoted, rice, of which 2,455 tons were exported in 1883; some coffee, pineapples, oranges, mangoes, custard, apples, guavas, maize, and wheat. Besides these, great quantities of kalo are raised, and to the fact that it needs practically no cultivation, and that a patch forty feet square will produce enough food to support a native for a year, is chiefly attributed the indolence of the islanders. Sheep and cattle are raised to some extent. There are only a few sheep owners in the islands, but their flocks are large. In 1878, the latest figures obtainable, 523,000 pounds of wool were exported. The commerce between the islands and the United States practically began in 1876, when a trade treaty was signed.

A Telling Plea.

"I think nature treated me almighty shabby in giving me such a small body," said D. A. McFall, as he limped to a seat in the Southern rotunda and laid his crutch down beside him. "I am a lawyer, and I find my smallness of stature a tremendous handicap. A little man cannot impress a jury worth shucks. Everything he says is discounted 25 per cent. before he says it. A jury don't expect much from a little man, and is determined not to be disappointed. I remember the first case in which I was employed. I had the law and the evidence on my side, but the opposition had a lawyer that stood 6 feet and wore a No. 72 corset. I made a powerful plea and set the facts before the jury in such a manner that an intellectual infant could not mistake 'em. Then I sat down, believing that I had the verdict grabbed. But I hadn't. That Goliath of gab got up with all the pompous dignity of the King of the Jabber-walks ordering the execution of a captive sovereign. He turned his subcellular voice loose, and I felt that my goose was cooked. He said: 'Citizens of the jury: My young friend 'ere has made er right peart talk. He has er—um fairly—er dazzled us—um with his book larnin', but he has made er plain—um—er, gentlemen of the jury, that er 'e don't know er much about law. He has er said um—oh phaw! and with a lofty wave of his hand he sank back into his seat with a look of profound triumph. The jury returned a verdict adverse to my client without leaving their seats. Same way in addressing a political meeting. The little man with the corn-stock fiddle voice ain't in it, I don't care if he's a second Solomon, when pitted against a big fellow who makes the platform creak like a new saddle every time he changed his position, and whose voice sounds like underbrush thunder. Same in courtship. Whenever I'm courting a girl and one of these big animals takes a fancy to her, I don't wait to get run over by the freight train—I get clear off the right 'o' way.'"—Globe-Democrat.

took a Drink of Turpentine.

"It is remarkable what little incidents will change the course of a man's life," said the veteran lawyer, Joseph A. Bonham, the other day, while in a reminiscent mood to a Philadelphia Call reporter. "Now, if it had not been for a little mistake I should probably have been a country storekeeper instead of a lawyer."

How was that?" inquired the listener.

"Well, when I was a young fellow," said the lawyer, "my father placed me with Andrew Provost, an old French merchant, at Frenchtown, N. J., to learn the business. Provost kept a little of everything in the store, which was in charge of John Jones, who now keeps a store of his own somewhere in Jersey. I hadn't been there long when one day an old farmer came in with a half-gallon jug after him. Jones set me down the cellar with the old farmer to draw it. As I was not familiar with the numerous barrels in the cellar and didn't know much about gin, I concluded to let the farmer try a drink from the different barrels until he struck the right one. This pleased him. He took the tumbler and turned the spigot of the first barrel. 'Struck it first time,' said he, as he straightened up and drank. Then he threw himself down on the cellar floor and yelled like a bend. He had struck the turpentine barrel. They took him over to the doctor's to have him pumped out, while I, thinking the farmer was a dead man sure, ran up to the Provost mansion and hid in my room. I lay low all night till 4 o'clock in the morning, when I skipped out and drove to the turnpike, where I knew the stage was coming along at that early hour. I got to Philadelphia by easy stages and soon afterward found out that the farmer who drank the turpentine was still alive. I entered Theodore Cuyler's office and studied law. If it had not been for that turpentine I might have been a Jerseyman yet."

An Advantage.

"Oh, for the age of chivalry!" sighed Chappie. "Why so?" queried Hickley. "The knights used to wear tin trousers and they never bagged at the knee."—Browning, King & Co's Monthly.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

What Children Have Done, What They Do Are Doing, and What They Should Do to Pass Their Childhood Days.

Words for Young Spellers.

Stand up, scholars, now, and spell. Spell planktoscopes and knell. Or take some simple words as chilly. Or gauger, or the garden lily. To spell such words as sylligism And lachrymose and synchronism. And Pentateuch and saccharine, Apocrypha and celandine, Lactiferous and cecily. Jejune and homeopathy. Paralysis and chloroform. Rhinoceros and pachyderm. Metempsychosis, gherkins, basque, Is certainly no easy task. Kaleidoscope and Tennessee, Kamtschatka and dispensary. Dipthong and erysipelas. And Kappahannock and Shenandoah. And Schuykill, and a thousand more. Are words that some good spellers miss In dictionary land like this. Nor need one think himself a scolyo If some of these his efforts foil.—Exchange.

A Young Man's Chances.

A mother who now sends out a son into the business world launches him at a time when the chances are all in favor of a young man, writes Edward W. Bok, in the Ladies' Home Journal. Business men were never more willing to place larger trusts upon the shoulders of young men than they are to-day. "Young blood," as it is called, is the life of the modern business world, and is everywhere sought. In New York the demand for the right kind of young men in all capacities is far greater than the supply, and what is true of New York is true of all the large cities. Bear in mind, however, I say the right kind of young men, and by that classification I mean young men who are willing to work, and work hard. The day of the young man who works by the clock, eagerly watching for the hour when the office shall close, has gone by, even if it ever existed. Hundreds of young men are energetic in a new position until its novelty wears off and then become mere machines whose places can be filled at a day's notice. No mother need have undue anxiety for the success of a son who steps out into the business world, so long as he bears in mind a few essential points. He must be honest above all things, and allow nothing to convince him that there is a compromise between honesty and dishonesty. He must be an out and out believer in the homely but forcible saying that a man cannot drink whisky and be in business. He must, too, decide between being a society man or a business man; he cannot be both. He must make his life outside the office the same as in it, and not be possessed with the prevalent idea that his employer has no business to question his movements outside of office hours. An employer has every right to expect his employes to be respectable at all times, in the office or out of it.

Had Philosophy on Her Side.

"Spell toes," said the mother, who was teaching her little daughter, 7 years old, to spell. "T-o-z-e," answered the child. "No, dear, that's not right. T-o-e-s spells toes." "But it sounds like t-o-z-e." "I know it, but you cannot go by the sound." Then, in order to enforce this proposition, the mother called on her daughter to spell froze. "F-r-o-e-s," said the child. "No, you're wrong again. This time we do use the z and spell the word f-r-o-z-e." "Huh!" grunted the child. "Now, spell rose," said the mother. The child hesitated. Finally she said: "I don't know whether to say r-o-z-e or r-o-e-s, and really I don't know that either would be right." "Spell it r-o-s-e," said the mother, "though there is another word pronounced just like it that's spelled r-o-e-s. That word is the name of the spawn of fishes."

The poor little child looked very miserable. "Just one more word," said the mother. "Tell me how you spell blows." "Well," said the child, who had had quite enough nonsense, as she viewed it, from her mother, and had suddenly made up her mind to pay back in kind, "I spell it three ways. I spell it b-l-o-s-e for breakfast, b-l-o-e-s for dinner, and b-l-o-z-e for supper."

"I spell it b-l-o-w-s all the time," said the mother. The child said nothing for a minute or two. Then, looking up, she solemnly remarked: "I think, mamma, that the English language was made for persons very, very well educated."—New York Times.

A Story About the Pansy.

A pretty fable about the pansy is current among the French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of gay petals have a sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals. The fable is that the pansy represents a family, consisting of husband, wife, and four daughters, two of the latter being stepchildren of the wife. The plain petals are the stepchildren, with only one chair; the two small gay petals are the daughters with a chair

each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs. To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bathtub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French call the pansy the step-mother.—Ex.

For Inky Fingers.

A little girl I know has made a wonderful discovery, which she thinks all other little school boys and girls should know, too.

"It's so useful, mamma," she says. "Every boy and girl gets ink on their fingers, you know."

"Surely they do, and on their clothes as well," said the mother.

"I can't get the spots out of my clothes, but I'm sorry when they get there," responded the little girl. "I try very hard not to. But I can get the ink off my fingers. See?" She dipped her fingers into water, and while they were wet she took a match out of the match safe and rubbed the sulphur end well over every ink spot. One after another she rubbed, and one after another the spots disappeared, leaving a row of white fingers where had been a row of inky ones.

"There!" said the little girl, after she had finished. "Isn't that good? I read that in a housekeeping paper, and I never knew they were any good before. I clean my fingers that way every morning now. It's just splendid."

So some other school girls and boys might try Alice's cure for inky fingers.—Harper's Young People.

A Boy to the Rescue.

In one of the great Pennsylvania manufacturing there was recently an apparent discrepancy in the accounts involving a matter of 3,000 pounds of scrap iron. The clerks spent two whole days over the figures and finally gave up the task of trying to make the accounts balance. Several days later the office boy took a notion to amuse himself by adding a column of figures on a sheet of paper which happened to be on the desk before him, but somehow he could not make the footings agree with the amount set down. His curiosity was quickened and, not being pressed with work, he examined each figure minutely and discovered a fly speck at the side of the figure one, in the thousand column, which made it look precisely like a four. Each of the clerks had called it a four, and but for the sharp eyes of the boy, the mystery would have probably remained unexplained.

Punishment for a King.

Harper's Young People mentioned not long ago that the King of Spain is a more or less haughty boy, and that he does not always treat his subjects with that gracious courtesy which is expected from monarchs in these times. The other day, when he was driving with his nurse, the boy king is said to have put out his tongue at the world in general, and the residents of Madrid in particular. The editor of a republican newspaper thereupon proceeded to make political capital out of the event, and drew a moral that kings are not needed in this age. When the news of the king's behavior reached Queen Christina through the newspapers, it is said that she first lectured her son on his duties and responsibilities, and then, laying him across her royal knee, administered a vigorous spanking. "This may not be the touch that makes the whole world kin, but a great many little American democrats will know hereafter how to sympathize with this son of royalty."

Johnny at School.

Little Johnny Fizzletop had spent his first day at school. "What did you learn?" asked his mother. "Didn't learn anything." "Well, what did you do?" "Didn't do anything. There was a woman wanted to know how to spell cat and I told her."—Texas Siftings.

Trees and Lightning Stroke.

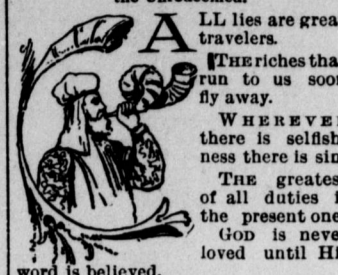
The statistics lately compiled by D. Jonesco concerning the conditions under which trees are most likely to be struck by lightning are of great interest. It was for a long time supposed that certain kinds of trees were particularly subject to destruction by lightning, while others were quite free from danger. Among the first was the oak, and among the latter was the laurel. Mr. Jonesco now finds that at very high potential electrical discharges all kinds of trees are subject to destruction by lightning. Trees containing oils are least subject to be struck, those containing very much oil being protected the most. Lightning appears to prefer those trees which contain starch, also those which contain oil to a slight degree only, in summer. The quantity of water contained in the tree has no effect on its liability to be struck. Dead limbs of trees containing oil, are particularly likely to be struck. Cambium, bark and leaves do not alter the conductivity of trees. The nature of the soil has no connection with the frequency of destruction of trees by lightning.

An Progressive Austrian.

Austria announces an electric locomotive which is to travel 125 miles an hour. The Independence Belge follows with the statement that the North Belgian Company and the North France Company are constructing a line for locomotives, operated by electricity, on which the journey from Brussels to Paris, about 192 miles, will be accomplished in eighty minutes, a speed of nearly 150 miles an hour. It is further stated that the trains will be running in about two months.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Sam's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



WHEREVER there is selfishness there is sin.

The greatest of all duties is the present one. God is never loved until His word is believed.

The man who hates his enemies does not love God.

A bad man hates the things that can do him good.

CHRIST was God's idea of what a man should be.

When we try to please everybody we shall please nobody.

No wound can hurt so badly as the one inflicted by a friend.

The world demands of a Christian all that the Bible requires.

A lie turns pale whenever it finds out that truth is on its track.

Beware of the man whose wife is always saying he has no faults.

It is no harder for God to make a mountain than a grain of sand.

When you get a giant down, stick to him till you cut his head off.

It is easier to backslide at camp meeting than it is in a shipwreck.

The real meaning of reform is trying to make a tiger behave itself.

Clipping a tiger's claws never makes him lose his taste for blood.

The devil loves to hang around people who do not give half enough.

The higher men rise outside of Christ, the farther they have to fall.

It is when we are willing to go down ourselves that Christ is lifted up.

We do not have to travel far to find out that all hogs do not wear britches.

There are too many people who are only pious when things go right.

God can say things to the poor that he cannot even hint at to the rich.

The world is full of heroes whose names will never be known in this life.

Some people will sell their souls very cheaply for the promise of spot cash.

We lose our own possessions the moment we begin to covet those of another.

There is nothing against which the Bible warns us that is not a way of death.

SALVATION is conditioned upon our being willing to receive it through Christ.

WHAT the devil did in the Garden of Eden every sinner would try to do in Heaven.

NO MAN has ever yet been able to climb into Heaven on a ladder of his own make.

When God calls for volunteers, it is not always giants who are the first to step out.

When a man measures himself he always does it with a badly shrunken yardstick.

The kind of religion that warms and cheers is the kind that is full of sunshine.

It is only in man and through man that the love of God can be seen and understood.

We will not break any of the other commandments so long as we keep the first one.

There is nothing some people are so slow to learn as that they have been humbugged.

The less a man amounts to the prouder he is that some of his ancestors were big people.

GRANTING a license to any kind of a sin is the same as being willing that the devil shall live.

Jedge Waxem's Proverbs.

When a man's patriotism gets to be over a yard wide and all wool that's an offis somers in site.

Some farmers hadn't got no better sense than to think they kin improve their crops by top dressin' with politticks.

It is a good deal harder for a onest statesman to stay pore than to git rich.

The Amerikin eagle lays eggs all over the world.

Politticks and law is purty much the same in all langwidges.

The old sojer is gittin' too many trends that wants to help him.

Puipits can't purify elections.

Mighty few Congressmen has got any backbone to spare.

Government offises is a pore investment.

Hen politticks is mostly fuss and fethers.

Politticks is the same all the year round.

Santy Claus ain't seekin' offis.

When a man gets a government job he thinks it is Crismus.

It's easier for a polittishan to make promises in the old year than to carry them out in the new.

Congress resumes every year jist the same and don't git no better.

A statesman hadn't no more right to git drunk Crismus than he has any other time.

Santy Claus ain't in polittics, mebbe, but he's mighty nice to people that's got money.

The wimmen suffragists want it changed to "Peese on earth, good will to wimmen."

The Goddess of Liberty don't hang up her stockin'.

Every star in the Amerikin flag is a new star uv Bethlehem.—Free Press.

English Shipbuilding.

During 1892 711 vessels, aggregating 1,261,107 tons, were launched in the United Kingdom. Of this number thirty were war ships, aggregating 151,157 tons displacement. The output of 1892 falls about 21,000 tons below that of 1891.