

Circuit Court Calendar

The following is the Circuit Court calendar, with the disposition of cases so far as disposed of:

Republic of Hawaii vs Alapa & Kaloni. Nolle Pros.

Republic of Hawaii vs Philip Kalani & Kalua Kalani. Larceny; Acquitted.

Republic of Hawaii vs Kaifi. Malicious burning. Guilty 5 years.

Republic of Hawaii vs Kekapa. Assault & Battery. Nolle Pros.

Republic of Hawaii vs Lone-epio. Rape. Guilty 4 years & \$50.00.

Republic of Hawaii vs Ah Lin. Maintaining Lottery. Dismissed.

Republic of Hawaii vs Ah Tai. Opium in possession. Defendant failing to appear, appeal dismissed and bail in the sum of \$100.00 forfeited.

Republic of Hawaii vs Ah Fat et al. Gambling. To be tried.

Republic of Hawaii vs Yamamoto. Assault & Battery. Guilty 1 year.

Republic of Hawaii vs Vao Chan. Assault with dangerous weapon. Plead Guilty. Hard labor 2 years.

Republic of Hawaii vs Lee Ahlohu et al. Criminal. Nolle Pros.

Blanche Lewis vs Ioula K. Kahua. Ejectment. Continued.

T. R. Mossman vs Samuel Parker. Quietng Title. Stricken out.

In re Estate of Kamakala. Deceit of Heirs. On trial.

D. K. Hae et al vs Enoch Makoe. Ejectment. To be heard.

J. K. Kahoakua, Trustee vs Paulina et al. Ejectment. To be tried.

Mary A. Atcheley et al vs Kapulani Estate. Ejectment. Continued.

Walluku Sugar Co. vs Solomon Hale. Ejectment. Continued.

W. R. Kaleokui vs Walluku Sugar Co. Ejectment. Stricken out.

O. Nawakine vs Olowah Sugar Co. Ejectment. Discontinued.

Mrs. H. Kahahawai vs L. Kahoakua. Quietng Title. Continued.

F. Strach vs Kamaka Leimalama et al. Quietng Title. To be tried.

A. Farjado vs P. N. Kahoakua. Damages. To be tried.

T. R. Mossman vs H. R. McFarlane et al. Quietng Title. Stricken out.

Same vs Kipahulu Sugar Co. Quietng Title. Stricken out.

Same vs Same. Same vs Kipahulu Sugar Co. Quietng Title. Stricken out.

Same vs Same. Same vs Pioneer Mill Co. Quietng Title. Stricken out.

Apa Sing vs J. T. Davidson. Ejectment. To be tried.

George N. Shaw, Guardian vs Pioneer Mill Co. Ejectment. To be tried.

Kihoi Plantation vs Kawalpinaka. Ejectment. To be tried.

H. C. & S. Co. vs Kaalua. Ejectment. Continued.

Keave Kapala vs Pioneer Mill Co. Ejectment. Stricken out.

Lucy K. Peabody vs S. W. Wilcox et al. Quietng title. Stricken out.

Lucy K. Peabody vs Kipahulu Sugar Co. Quietng title. Stricken out.

Lucy K. Peabody vs Walluku Sugar Co. Quietng title. Stricken out.

Lucy K. Peabody vs Pioneer Mill Co. Quietng title. Stricken out.

H. R. Macfarlane vs John H. Ejectment. Stricken out.

Fanny Strauch vs A. Hoeking. Ejectment. Discontinued.

C. Ani vs Liwai Kaifi. Ejectment. To be tried.

Wong Kau vs John Ferrira. Damages. Appeal withdrawn.

Pioneer Mill Co. vs Lahuina Coffee & Fruit Co. Ejectment. Stricken out.

Low Bong vs Tom Bong. Assumpsit. Continued.

Manuel N. Calacca vs M. Rodrigues Mendes. Ejectment. To be tried.

C. K. C. Rooke vs Queen's Hospital. Ejectment. To be tried.

J. O. Carter et al vs Queen's Hospital. Ejectment. Discontinued.

Manuel N. Calacca vs A. M. Caldeira. Ejectment. To be tried.

HIGH LIGHTS.

Some Bits of Wisdom Compressed Into Flashes of Wit.
Man is known by the company he keeps out.
Only inferior people make the mistake of assuming superior airs.
When two women are said to resemble each other, both are secretly vexed.
Even when man makes his own opportunities they are not made to suit him.
We never hear the same story twice alike, even when we tell it ourselves.
Grandparents back up a self-willed grandchild because they feel partly to blame.
One of the valuable privileges we often overlook is the privilege of not saying anything.
After a woman has lived to be 70 she still believes that she never has had her own way.
Work is our only safeguard against people who would like to have us do something for them.
One of the queer things in life is that the frocks in old photographs were once considered pretty.
A man forgives his sweetheart for tramping his ace, but he always reminds her of it after they are married.
When a man brings his wife an unexpected present, it makes her fear he has bought himself something extravagant.—Chicago Record.



The Probable Reason.
"I wonder why a marriage engagement is called a match?"
"Because it's often a light headed affair, I suppose."—Judy.

They Needed Him.
"So you want a job?" Inquired the manager of the great mercantile establishment. "Ever had any experience in this business?"
"Well, no, not exactly," the young man replied. "You see, I have just got through college."
"Oh! Did you play football?"
"Yes; I was center rush in our varsity team last year."
"Good! And did you take any other part in athletics?"
"I hold a medal as a shot putter."
"I suppose you were in all the canoe races and hat smashings too?"
"Yes, sir. I was the best hat smasher in my class."
"All right, John, give this young man work out in the warehouse. He'll be good at handling heavy boxes and barrels and such things—a college graduate, you know."—Chicago Times Herald.

His Repertory:
"What have you been playing during your present tour?"
"We played 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear' on the stage," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes.
"Were there no comedies in your repertory?"
"Only one. When we came to count up the box office receipts, it was usually 'Much Ado About Nothing.'"—Washington Star.

SPELLING REFORM.

A fisherman sat on the quay,
Partaking of afternoon tea,
When a lady came by
Who wished with one y
And whispered, "No sugar for me."
A man was committed to goal,
For stealing a tempting meal,
The judge was severe
And gave him one year,
Without any option of bail.
A grand old bootmaker of Haverden
Used to spend the whole day in his garden.
When his friends ask him why,
He looks up at the sky,
But only replied, "Beg your pardon."
It is said that Nathaniel Phoenix
Lived wholly on bread and broad biscuits.
When invited to eat
But a morsel of meat,
He answered, "Just think what it minniest!"
A thoughtful young butcher named Mowll
Had a tender and sensitive soul,
When he slaughtered a sheep,
He always would weep
And pay for a funeral toll.
A sailor who sported a queue
Was civil to all that he knew.
If he came under fire,
He used to retire
And say, with a bow, "After yeosa."
The dowager Duke of Buccleugh
Was famous for Irish stough,
When asked, "Do you use
Any onion in stau?"
He cautiously answered, "A feugh."
A groom of the royal demense
Was the finest old man ever seen,
But he kept out of sight
In a ditch day and night
For fear of annoying the queue.
The amiable Commodore Haigh
Set sail down the channel one digh.
When asked, "Do you know
Which direction to go?"
He answered, "I'm feeling my waigh."
One autumn the Marquis of Stuyves
Shot a partridge with infinite peynes.
Then he cried: "I'm afraid
Of the havoc I've maid!
See—only one feather remains!"
—Westminster Gazette.



Pointed.
He—A awful lot of snobs up the river this season; much better set last year, I'm told.
She—Yes, You weren't up last year, were you?—Fun.

The Sentiment of the Song.
"These songs of the sea are very impressive," she exclaimed when the full chested baritone had ceased warbling.
"Yes," answered the young man who lacks poetry, "but they're misleading. You get an idea that after a man has been in the navy awhile he goes around singing about his home on the rolling deep when everybody knows that if he is lucky his home will be right here in Washington."—Washington Star.

Feminine Strategy.
She—Tell me, Frank, would you rather pay the butcher's bill or pay for my new hat?
He—The butcher's bill.
She—Well, here it is.
He—What! Forty marks? Let me have the items.
She—For meat 2 marks, for my new hat the 38 marks that the butcher lent me, making just 40 marks.—Pilegoude Blatter.

Said.
Mrs. Youngwife—I want to get some said.
Dealer—Yes, ma'am. How many hens?
Mrs. Youngwife—Oh, goodness! I thought you took the hens at 2. I just want plain chicken said.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Help Up on the Train.
Passenger—Give me three of those bananas. How much?
Train Boy—Fifteen cents.
Passenger (handing over the money)—You are not as spectacular as the James boys used to be, young fellow, but you do it more thoroughly.—Chicago Tribune.

WHAT TROUBLED HIM.

The Bridegroom Was Indignant and Thought He Had Good Cause.
The editor of the Bloomville Eagle picked up his shears and called:
"Come in!"
"Are you Colonel Rocksley?" asked the tall, robust looking young man who had accepted the invitation.
"I am," the editor replied. "What can I do for you?"
"I have come here to demand satisfaction," said the caller, producing a crumpled copy of the Bloomville Eagle and pointing at an article on the first page. "My name is Sowders—Ed Sowders. I was married last night to the daughter of Major Pindexter."
"Yes," said the editor; "I believe we printed something about the wedding."
"You did," Mr. Sowders assented. "That's why I am here now. Just read that paragraph, please, and read it out loud."
Colonel Rocksley took the paper, looked at the paragraph to which his attention had been called and read:
"The wedding took place at the home of the bride, where the happy couple will reside until the groom can find a job."
"Well," the editor explained, "I'm sorry that got into the paper. Of course I wouldn't have permitted it to go if I had seen it, but unfortunately I haven't time to read everything we print before it is put in type. I can appreciate your feelings, Mr. Sowders, and I assure you that it will give us pleasure to correct the matter. I will publish an item saying that you are not going to live with the bride's parents. Will that be satisfactory?"
"No, sir; it won't," the bridegroom declared with considerable emphasis. "You evidently don't understand the situation. It ain't what you say about our living at the home of the bride's parents that makes me mad. It's the insinuation that I want to find a job that I object to."
The matter was compromised by the publication of the subjoined verses in the next number of The Eagle:
THE JOY THAT WE CANNOT BEGET.
There are wrongs that can never be righted;
There are wrongs that e'en time cannot heal.
We speak, and some fair hope is blighted;
Words oft are more deadly than steel.
There are bruises that linger forever;
We say but a word, and, ah, stark!
Though we long to recall it, we never
Can give the old happiness back!
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Lost Privilege.
Mean Man—I'll never lend him money again.
Other Man—Why not? Haven't he paid you?
Mean Man—Paid me! Why, he paid me two days after he borrowed the money; didn't even give me a chance to say to my friends that I'd be lucky if I ever got it back.—Syracuse Herald.

How He Should Look at It.
"Well," said the English yachtman, "you have beaten us."
"You shouldn't put it in that way," was the reply. "We did no more than the instincts of self preservation demanded. We were obliged to come in first in order to prevent you from beating us."—Washington Star.

High Rollers.
Mrs. Stubb—John, here is an account of some writer going out too far in the surf. For an incredible length of time he battled with the wild breakers.
Mr. Stubb—I'm! I guess he must have been one of those struggling authors we hear so much about.—Chicago News.

Following Directions.
"Mrs. Stratton was told by that eminent actress who reduced her weight 25 pounds by dieting to strictly avoid all starchy preparations."
"Yes."
"So now she has but thin done up hair!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Matter of Necessity.
Chicago Man—What's the fare to St. Louis?
Ticket Broker—Do you want to go there today?
Chicago Man—No, of course I don't want to, but I am compelled to.—Chicago News.

A Side Light on History.
Teacher—For what else was Julius Caesar noted?
Tommy Tucker (who had studied the lesson)—What, his strength? His great strength, ma'am. He threw a bridge across the Rhine.—Chicago Tribune.

What Pardon It?
"Don't change your time talking about your neighbors," said Uncle Eben. "Your neighbors is probably talking about you, an you kin look around for yourself an see how much good it's doin' em."—Washington Star.

What Spelled It.
"What a doleful expression your photograph has on!"
"Yes; I was feeling all right until the photographer told me to look pleasant."—Detroit Free Press.

The Portsmouth Yacht Race.
The Captain of the Possum—Gentlemen, I reckon we might jes' as well gib up de race. All in favor ob quittin say "aye."
First Mate—Hurry up dat vote, cap'n, or you won't be able to git a quorum.—New York World.

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