



# The Premium

## For Patchwork.

By Martha McCulloch Williams.

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"ALLAN! I say, Allan! Here's a row you have just got to settle—a woman's row at that," the chief marshal said, plucking at the sleeve of Allan McNeal, president of the Clay County Fair association. The president scowled and tried to shoulder him away. Nan Ware was waiting for him out in the amphitheater. Naturally he was in a fever to get done with the absolutely necessary routine affairs.

"Come on! You must!" the marshal repeated. Allan made a feint of clinching his fists. "Go away, you nuisance!" he said. "Taylor, you are a nuisance, the very worst sort!" "I appeal to the president. It is my right. Under the constitution and by-laws—a woman's voice said outside the door. Taylor grinned. "I knew it was coming. Don't say I didn't tell you," he said in a stage aside as two stout and very angry dames burst simultaneously through the door. The president's room was a mere caddy, ravaged from the end of Horticultural hall. One rickety chair, a goods box and an apologetic desk made up its furnishings. Even then there was scant room for the pair who had planted themselves at Allan's elbows and glared at each other across him.

"Taylor, you scoundrel, why didn't you tell me I was wanted?" Allan said mendaciously; then to his visitors: "Mrs. Pease, Mrs. Sawyer, what can I do for you? You know you have only to name it."

"I want justice," Mrs. Sawyer began, "and I'm a-goin' to have it!" Mrs. Pease broke in: "It's a perfect shame, Allan—yes, I will call you Allan; I used to know your mother so well—the way things are run at this fair. Everything is in a ring, and you never get the least bit of justice unless you are in a ring yourself!"

"You ought to know about that. Everybody has said for the longest time you were the head ringer," Mrs. Sawyer interrupted pointedly. Mrs. Pease gave her a withering glance, but went on as though she had not heard. "I do hope the gentlemen are honest in their part. But here in this hall—Well, I don't want to name names, but truly I don't see how some people ever have the conscience to go to preachin' after the way they act!"

"Oh, you know, what's that will be made," Allan said sulkily. "I'm sure, though, if they are made, they are honest ones. People see things so differently, you know."

"Yes, and always their own way or their friends'," Mrs. Pease said acridly. "That's the sole and only reason you see me here. The association did me the honor to appoint me a judge of patchwork!"

"And no?" Mrs. Sawyer added. Mrs. Pease went on. "I ought to know something about it. I have got just 40 patch quilts, five of 'em silk, that I've made myself. I've made every pattern I ever saw, in fact, so it stands to reason when I say the star and feather is more trouble than the basket of tulips nobody ought to dispute it."

"I don't dispute it. All I say is that the tulip basket's the prettiest and the newest and the nicest made," Mrs. Sawyer interrupted. "If quiltmaking counts, I do reckon I could have as many as anybody, only I lack the face to beg the whole country for pieces."

"I could buy my pieces, too, if my husband's store sold whisky," Mrs. Pease began, her face an apologetic scarlet. Allan interposed. "If you two can't decide, we all know nobody can," he said diplomatically. "The thing to do is to give two premiums instead of one."

"No, no," both women cried in the same breath. "You must come out and judge yourself. That's partly what a president is for."

"Correct, ladies!" Taylor, the marshal, said, his eyes twinkling. "The by-laws is explicit on just that very point. Make Allan go and pick the winner. Put too much his friend to see him ruin himself right out."

"Oh, let me tell you something, Mr. McNeal," Mrs. Pease said. Then in a ravens whisper, "My choice, the star and feather, belongs to Miss Elvy Ware, and she told me yesterday she had willed it to Nan because the child she thinks it was so pretty."

"Oh, say, I wish you'd settle it with our me. Double the premiums!" Allan said, beads of sweat twinkling out on his face. Taylor chuckled at sight of them. Mrs. Sawyer pursed her mouth and said loftily: "I might try to influence you, Allan, only I have some principle about me. The tulip basket was made by Mrs. John Groome. She's Nan Ware's aunt, too, and has no daughter of her own."

"And neither would have a premium unless she got it over 'otter," Taylor said, rubbing his hands and chuckling again. "That's what I meant, Allan. I can't see you set all Miss Nan's family against you. You're bound to make one-half of it. But do four duty like a white man, and maybe the good Lord'll have mercy on your courtin'."

you don't!" Allan said, holding the door wide. "Now, ladies, come and make up my mind for me. And please be quick about it. I have a hundred other things to do."

Man disposes, but woman proposes. Most commonly it is to have her own way. Allan McNeal had a will and a mind of his own, but found himself helpless in the face of the patchwork feud. It was nothing less. It had begun, in fact, in that same Horticultural hall ten years back. Miss Elvy Ware and Mrs. John Groome were not merely Nan Ware's aunts, sisters respectively to her father and mother, but bitter rivals in notable housewifery. At the very first Clay county fair they swept all before them in their own particular lines, but Mrs. Groome got a blue ribbon the more. It was for cut flowers, and Miss Elvy's roses did not win even the red. Naturally the fact rankled. It rankled so deeply, indeed, she was not pacified by the offer of a special rose premium next year. She won it, of course, but the winning was robbed of savor. Mrs. Groome did not make a separate-rose display.

So it had gone at every fair. Now one was ahead in the matter of premiums, now the other. At this particular fair both had outdone themselves, with the result of winning a dozen blue ribbons each. There would have been more, but that old Sister Dempsey, the committee on jelly and crystallized fruits, plucked up the Groome and Ware entries, saying she "did believe in givin' somebody else the least little smidge of a chance." So that \$5 had gone to an entirely new person, a slim, dark-eyed girl, shy and strange, who came about with only a lad for company. Her people had bought less than a year back a somewhat ramshackle farm lying a mile away. Nobody knew much about them, except that they minded their own affairs, paid cash for the little they bought and from the looks of things about the place were not in the least afraid of work.

Sister Dempsey had felt fully repaid for her threatened indignation by sight of the girl's eyes when she got the blue ribbon. They had brightened and softened until they were like misty stars. Then she had said something to the boy at her elbow that made him stand on tiptoe and stick his hands deep in his pockets, as though he had had hard work to keep from turning hand-springs and shouting aloud.

"It was Lee's idea, you know, our bringing the things. I should never have had the courage—or the hope," she had explained, with a blush, to Sister Dempsey. Lee, standing very straight and looking as though he owned at least half the fair grounds, had added: "Why, Ellie, I knew we'd get premiums if this old show played fair! Didn't you make all your things the way Black Mammy taught you? You know she cooked for granddaddy 50 years."

Mrs. Pease and Mrs. Sawyer had heard nothing of all this. They had

quitting indeed rose to the rank of high art, and, though one might question the harmony of orange feathers surrounding a red star upon a ground of ultramarine, they were quite offset by crimson and purple tints, with finger-wide stems, falling over a blue and yellow basket to trail or a startling white background.

Even Sister Dempsey admitted that her own rising sun was quite put out of court by them. As for the large chaise, monuments, even the extravagant silk-crazy quilts, everybody understood that they were exhibited solely through public spirit, to make a good showing, with no hope whatever of a premium. Allan glanced despairingly over them. To his confusion he spied Nan just entering the hall, laughing and talking at a great rate, with his pet aversion, Tim Bayliss. Tim was rich and not ill looking, but, as everybody agreed, "hadn't sense enough to lead a goose to water." Everybody said further it was a shame the way Nan Ware kept him dangling after her when she had been as good as engaged to Allan McNeal ever since she was out of short frocks.

"Here, pin the blue on the star and feather! Quick! Before Nan comes!" Mrs. Pease commanded, thrusting a length of ribbon into Allan's hand. Mrs. Sawyer snatched it away. "Oh, but don't those tulips hang down graceful!" she said coaxingly. "I do hate a stiff thing. That's why I like Nan so. She couldn't be stiff. No, not if she tried."

Insidiously she slid another ribbon—a full yard of fluttering azure—be-

neath Allan's fingers. "You have got to decide it somehow," she said very low. "I know Nan thinks a heap the most of her Aunt Groome!"

"Excuse me, I—I must get out of this," Allan said desperately. As he rushed toward the door his eyes fell full on Lee. Lee's coat was clean and whole, but while through the most exquisite patching and darning. Any other lad roundabout would have refused to be seen in it. Lee wore it as though proud of it. Allan made three steps to the boy's side, caught him by the arm and drew him forward without a word. Lee's sister followed, amazement and concern struggling in her face. "I—we—what has my little brother done?" she asked unsteadily. Allan gave her a comforting look, took Lee by the shoulders and set him where all could see, saying clearly: "As it is my prerogative to award the disputed premium for patchwork, I give it to this coat, the most excellent and the most eloquent specimen it has ever been my luck to see. These others," with a sweep of the arm toward the line, "may be more ornamental, but they are not so useful. The declared purpose of this fair association is to 'encourage thrift, industry and the useful arts.' Mr. Marshal, see that this premium is paid at once, and," this under his breath, "be sure it is doubled."

"Oh, you mean thing!" Nan cried, flitting past him. "I believe I shall never speak to you again!"

Allan did not answer. He was busy pinning the long blue ribbon on Lee's left shoulder. Even if he heard it did not break his heart. He married Ellie Floyd, Lee's pretty, dark-eyed sister, long before the next fair came round.

With the exception of the writer and her mother all the people in the house were French. One day the manager asked his guests if they would mind having the middle day table d'hote a little earlier, as a dejeuner for a number of English excursionists had been ordered for 12:30 o'clock. While the company were still seated the "excursionists" arrived. Some 50 men and women came clattering and chattering into the room. Many of the men kept their hats on and continued to smoke their pipes. Some of them even sat down at the table at which the hotel guests were lunching and called out loudly to their friends who were still in the hall to hurry up. The French people shrugged their shoulders and murmured, "Les Anglais," and the English lady and her mother for the first time in their lives felt ashamed of their nationality. The English excursionists brought no harm. In their boisterous John Bullism they took upon themselves as masters of every place in which they are going to spend money. They do not know that foreigners are punctilious in the matter of etiquette, and they sit in their sheer ignorance.

# SHIPPING NEWS.

The S. G. Wilder and Martha Davis are racing from Honolulu to San Francisco.

The Island fleet all weathered the recent Kona, there being no loss except damage to cargoes.

According to Saturday's Advertiser, there are now 66 vessels expected, of which 53 are from Newcastle.

Repairs have been completed on the Claudine, and on Tuesday she resumed her regular weekly runs to Maui.

Two vessels were sighted of Nahuiku on Thursday, bound for the Falkland Islands for repairs, July 27, is expected to arrive at Kahului any day now.

The San Francisco papers are doubtless suppressing plague reports, and a quarantine against that city is liable to be declared. This would prove a serious inconvenience to shippers.

Our marine reporter at Kahului notes that a Japanese fishing smack blew over from Lahaina to Kahului during the kona. He does not know whether it blew directly over the mountain or through Paololo Channel, probably the latter.

The Sierra, which left Philadelphia October 11, had to put in to Coronel, Chili, on account of stress of weather in the Straits of Magellan, and will not reach Honolulu in time to sail for Australia Nov. 21, as advertised, and her date of sailing has been postponed to December 12.

The ill-fated Cleveland, Captain Klittgard, has at last received her quietus, 30 miles off Cape Nome, where she had gone with 1200 tons of coal. When all but 400 tons were unloaded, a storm came on, and the Cleveland put out to sea and ran for Sledge Island. 30 miles north of Cape Nome, she struck a rock, on October 24, and went to pieces. The crew and passengers were rescued by the U. S. cutter, McCulloch.

## Vessels in Port—Kahului

Am Sch Otilie Fjord, Bosh, from Eureka, Lumber.  
Am Sch S. T. Alexander, Ipsen, from San Francisco, gen. cargo.  
Am Sch Columbia, Mattson from Tacoma, coal.  
Is. Sch. Golden Gate, from Honolulu; Lumber.

## Arrived.

Nov. 21.—Claudine, from Honolulu.  
Nov. 22.—Lehua, Bennett, from Kaunakakai.  
Nov. 24.—Claudine, from Hana.

## Departures.

Nov. 22.—Lehua, for Honolulu.  
Nov. 23.—Enterpe, Saxe, (from Kaunakakai) for S. F. 26000 bags sugar.  
Nov. 24.—Claudine, for Honolulu.

## Expected.

Am Sch Mary Dodge, from Tacoma.  
Am brig Lurline, from S. F.  
Am bk A J Fuller, from Tacoma.  
Am Sp Henry Failing, from New York. 211 days out, Corrugated Iron & railroad ties.

## Honolulu Postoffice Time Table.

DATE	NAME	FROM
Nov. 2	City of Peking	S. F.
" 8	China	Yokohama
" 6	Sierra	San Francisco
" 9	Mariposa	Colonies
" 10	Gaelle	San Francisco
" 13	Doric	Yokohama
" 17	Australia	San Francisco
" 20	Hongkong	Maru S. F.
" 20	Nippon	Maru Yokohama
" 21	Warrimoo	Colonies
" 24	Aorangi	Victoria, B. C.
" 27	China	San Francisco
" 27	Sonoma	San Francisco
" 30	Rio de Janeiro	Yokohama

## Noted Lawyers in His Will.

George F. Bloss, for 13 years butler in the family of James A. Scrymgeour, in this city, died on April 12 last, leaving about \$3,000 in personalty and a curious will drawn by himself. This document, which is filed in the surrogate's office, says in part: "This will is expected to be understood by people of ordinary intelligence and not by lawyers, idiots, imbeciles and others who may perhaps become insane in their desire to make money out of it by robbing my wife of what will through my wishes rightfully belong to her."—New York Herald.

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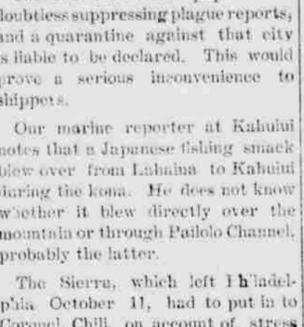
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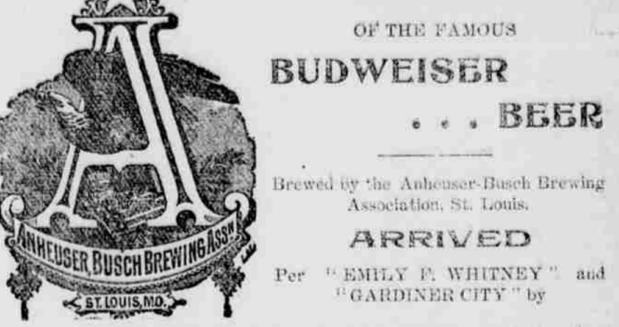
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