

THE LATEST NOVELS.

WORKS OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AUTHORS OF THE DAY.

A Lesson In Intrinsic Value—Two Paper Packages Worth \$15,000—Mark Twain and Robert Louis Stevenson—The Brilliant English Novelists and Their Work.

[Special Correspondence.] NEW YORK, Oct. 9. A few days ago there was delivered from one of the ocean steamships which landed in New York a couple of very small parcels upon which the hands of the custom house officer were not laid, although probably no other parcel so small, excepting one containing jewels, was worth so much of all the great cargo on that steamship. They were bundles which were small enough to be carried in an overcoat pocket, and yet they represented together a value not far from \$15,000, although their intrinsic worth was scarcely more than that of the paper with which they were wrapped.

These parcels contained the latest work of two of the most successful of the authors of this generation, both of them writers of fiction and one perhaps the most successful humorist since the days of Artemus Ward. This writer—Mark Twain—brought his precious parcel with him. It was the manuscript of a story which he has written within the past year and which is shortly to be published by one of the magazines. If the opinion of Mark Twain himself is of any value, the story ought to prove as popular as anything which he has done.

Not long after he landed he strolled with that indescribable loquacious gait, which of itself suggests humorous considerations, into the office of the magazine which is to publish his story, and before he had departed the arrangements were completed.

Mr. Stevenson's New Novel. The other parcel contained the typewritten manuscript of the latest story of Robert Louis Stevenson, and not long after he was taken from the ship and landed at the tender and considerable lands, as though it were almost as precious as a bit of exquisite lace. The editors of the magazine to which this story was consigned saw that the manuscript had been thimble marked, was dingy with much use and frequent reading and betrayed evidences of the extraordinary care which Mr. Stevenson requires of those who have his literary work in charge.

This story was written in the San Juan Islands last winter and suggests in its style and its romantic interest those brilliant stories of Stevenson's, "Kidnapped" and "Robert Balfour." After it was written Mr. Stevenson had a copy made which he preserved, and the original manuscript was sent to his solicitors in Edinburgh. When in their hands, negotiations were made with publishers, the price demanded was agreed upon, other copies were made, which were revised and scrutinized with patient fidelity, so that even to the slightest marks of punctuation it should agree with the manuscript sent from those far-off South Sea islands.

This story has less than 50,000 words, but Mr. Stevenson will receive for it nearly \$7,000. Parts of the manuscript were revised by Mr. Stevenson more than a score of times. Many sentences were rewritten over and over again, and in this patient dredging there is furnished vivid suggestion of the way in which Mr. Stevenson secured that mastery of English style which the best critics declare is without parallel among living writers of fiction.

That habit, too, characterizes Mark Twain, who is more greatly controlled by his emotions, moods and fancies than Mr. Stevenson. In Europe Mark Twain has not had those conveniences of library and association by which he was able to master his moods and overcome his wayward literary disposition, as was the case in his house at Hartford. There he had a room fitted up, to which he retired almost every day, and in which moments of despair and intellectual sweats, so to speak, possessed him many days before he was able to commit to paper those stories which he had in mind to write.

Mark Twain's Struggle. His two latest novels have been written in Europe, where he is temporarily living for the purpose of enabling his daughters, one of whom inherits his literary talents, to obtain certain advantages, especially in the learning of languages, which cannot be secured in this country, and those who know Mark Twain and his peculiar habits when he is, as he would say, delivering himself of a novel, can easily understand with what impatience and vexation he has been compelled to put up while struggling over his manuscript in a continental hotel or apartment house.

Mark Twain's novel, the name of which is being kept secret, and Mr. Stevenson's romance, which is called "The Elb Tide," will be the literary events of the early winter, at least so far as fiction is concerned. No other conspicuously successful writer, except perhaps Grant Allen, who is becoming famous, is engaged upon or has just completed a work of fiction. Edward Eggleston has just completed what may be his last novel, and there is great regret expressed in literary circles that he should have decided to lay aside the pen of a romancer, although he does it so that he may take up that of a historian.

Some short stories are promised from the west. Mr. Hamlin Garland, Mr. Cy Warren and Miss Murfree being, it is reported, engaged upon works of that kind. The race of great novelists in the east seems to have passed away, and publishers are waiting for a new generation, believing that a great public is willing to accept a master who can appeal to it.

In England, so reports which are received here assert, Thomas Hardy has for a time abandoned novel writing. J. M. Barrie is busy with the drama, and only Dr. Conan Doyle and Grant Allen of all that brilliant company of our English novelists are engaged upon a new romance.

E. J. EDWARDS.

At Last. "John," exclaimed the nervous woman, "there's a burglar in the house, I'm sure of it."

John rubbed his eyes and protested mildly that it was impossible for a man down stairs. "No it isn't," I heard a man down stairs. So John took a box of matches and went down. To his surprise, his wife's suspicions were correct. Seeing that he was unarmed, the burglar covered him with a revolver and became quite sociable.

"Isn't it rather late to be out of bed?" he remarked.

"A—er—a—little bit," replied John.

"You're too late anyhow, because I've dropped everything out of the window, and my pals have carried it off."

"Oh, that's all right. I'd like to ask one favor of you, though."

"What is it?"

"Stay here until my wife can come down and see you. She has been looking for you every night for the last 12 years, and I don't want her to be disappointed any longer."—Washington Star.

JUMPING FROM A TRAIN.

A Locomotive Engineer Relates Some Exciting Experiences.

"Did you ever jump from your cab while the train was going at full speed?" asked a Detroit Free Press reporter of a locomotive engineer the other day.

"Yes, three or four times," he answered. "What's the sensation?" "That's according to how you land. One night three years ago the train dispatcher got two of us headed for each other on a single track at a gait of 40 miles an hour. The first thing I saw was a headlight of the other locomotive rounding a curve 30 rods away. I shut 'er off, threw over the lever and set the airbrakes and then made a jump. I'd no time to pick for a spot, and as I jumped I realized that I'd have a bad time of it, as I knew every foot of the ground. It was on a level covered with a thistle patch.

"There was a strip of them 40 rods long growing up like cornstalks. I expect they broke my fall somewhat, but I don't know that I ever hit the ground until I fetched up for good. It seemed to me that I just swept through that patch about knee high from the ground, and when there were no more thistles to knock down I landed 'keering'—I broke a leg and an arm, but that wasn't the worst of it. The doctor estimated the number of thistle points sticking into my body at 1,000,000,000. My wife and I have been picking 'em out ever since they got me home, and we've only finished one side of me."

"Landing in a mud puddle would be a soft thing," I suggested.

"I've been there," he replied, with a fleeting smile. "While I was running freight they built a side track to a gravel pit at a certain point. In excavating at the main line they dug a hole about 50 feet long by 10 wide and 4 deep. As a rule, this hole was always full of water, and as it was on my side of the engine and always came under my eye I got to thinking what a snap I'd have if I had to make a jump right there."

"But you never had to?"

"Didn't I? There was a little station, just a mile above this hole, and it was a sharp up grade. One day, while we were bumping along to make the station, a dozen cars broke loose from a freight side tracking at that station, and down they came like so many roaring lions after their prey. By the time I had whistled for brakes and reversed my engine, it was time to jump and, bless my soul, if I wasn't just where I wanted to be—right at the pond. I waited to pass the mile post, and then shut my eyes and took a header, feeling sorry at the same instant for my fireman, who'd got to jump among the stumps. Well, I struck."

"In the water?" I asked as he paused and worked a finger in his ear.

"Oh, no! There had been a long spell of hot, dry weather, and every pint of water had evaporated out of that pond. The mud was left behind though. There was three feet of it waiting to catch some sucker, and it caught me. I went head first to the bottom. Then I rolled over and floundered around for five minutes, and could never haul myself out unaided. I didn't break any bones, but—ugh!"

"What?"

"Mud! I took 27 baths before I got down so I could see my hide, and it was hours before mud quit washing out of my ears, eyes, nose and mouth. I tasted mud. I felt mud crawling up and down my back. I snuffed mud. I found mud in my pockets and combed it out of my hair until I got tired and let the balance go. I'm running on the road yet, but I'm not spitting off any mud holes to land in. On the contrary, if things turn out as I have figured, my next jump will be into a patch of blackberry bushes, with an old dog tree in the center, and I confidently expect to mow down everything in my path."

NOT A MAN OF THE WORLD.

But He Knew Enough to Come In When It Rained.

On the train coming out of Chicago I was addressed by an old chap of 60, who said he lived in western Michigan and owned and ran a farm. Naturally enough, I supposed he had been to the fair and inquired how he liked it.

"I'm a grand darned swindler!" he indignantly replied.

"How do you make that out?"

"Waal, when I got in I felt powerful thirsty and looked around for something to drink. Purty soon I found a soapy water place and said I'd take a sassa-parilla in mine. Sassa-parilla don't bring up the wind like some others, but it's a great thing to settle the stomach. When I'd got it down, I handed over my nickel, but the feller says the price is a dime."

"That's robbery!" says I.

"Regular charge," says he.

"I never paid but 5, and I've bin in Detroit and all over."

"It's 10 cents here."

"It was over half froth, and I'm no hayseed. A feller picked my pocket of \$50 in Detroit, but they didn't try to rob me on soapy water."

"If ye don't pay, I'll raise a row!" says he, trying to look awful savage.

"Riz and be banged!" says I and started off, but a policeman grabbed me and run me in, and after being locked up all night I was fined \$4 the next mornin'. That was this mornin', and I'm now on my way hom."

"But you are going away without seeing any of the fair?"

"Exactly. Don't want to see a blamed thing of it, and I'll lick my son Ebenezer fur coaxin' me to cum."

"After going to so much trouble and expense I should think you would have wanted to run around for a day or two anyhow," I persisted.

"No, sir! When I go anywhere and bump agin a feller who wants 10 cents a glass for soapy water, that settles me. I know just what the rest of the show is, and I can't get my mind any more on my sassa-parilla and start for hom and go to brinin' corn. I'm a leetle old, and I ain't traveled around the world, but I know 'nuff to come in when it rains."—Detroit Free Press.

A Fallen Sister. In an Episcopal boarding school a few years ago the scholars and teachers were assembled for the morning prayer. The reading and singing were over, and all were resuming their seats when one of the young ladies, of a very short and thick stature, mistaking her chair, seated herself with a thud on the floor. Nobody smiled. All were too decorous for that. The fallen one, embarrassed into the momentary loss of common sense, retained her lowly seat, opened her prayer book and appeared to be earnestly engaged in examining its contents.

This was almost too much for her companions, and a smile began to struggle on many a fair countenance when the rector arose and began reading the first morning lesson. He read from the fifth chapter of Amos as follows: "The virgin of Israel has fallen. She shall no more rise. She is forsaken upon her land. There is none to raise her up." This was too much. The voice of the rector trembled as he looked up and saw the fallen virgin. The scholars turned red in their faces, and the exercises were brought to a hasty close.—Sunday School Visitor.

She Was Deaf. In one of the front pews of a fashionable church last Sunday sat a richly attired woman holding close to her ear what looked to be a black silk and lace bag. Those unacquainted with the woman thought she was merely shielding herself from the draft which came from an open window near by.

But the regular members of the church knew the woman was very deaf, and what she held up to her ear was a silver ear trumpet neatly incased in this dainty bag of satin and lace.—New York Herald.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Germany produces more zinc than any other country and exports between 50,000 and 60,000 tons annually.

It is stated that a pail of water containing a handful of hay, if placed in a room where there has been smoking, will absorb all the odor of the tobacco.

In the 10 years ending 1890 the inhabitants of London died at an average annual rate of 24 for every thousand living. In the 10 years ending 1880 that rate was only 20.

A wire fence 63 miles long, 9 feet high and composed of 14 parallel strands of wire has been placed around the private park of Dr. Seward Webb of New York, in the Adirondacks.

The grand lodge of Masons was founded in Providence in 1791, and two years later the Providence Royal Arch chapter, No. 1, was instituted by a few Masons of that degree, who obtained a charter from Washington chapter.

Any kind of a ring is lawful in the English marriage service, and instances have occurred where a certain ring or key of the church door has been used. On one occasion a ring was put on the finger of the bride's glove and made to answer the purpose.

The area of British India, including the dependent states, amounts to 1,500,000 square miles. There are 2,000 towns with a population of 1,000 or upwards, and nearly 116,000 villages, comprising 33,000,000 dwelling places for man. The population amounts to 287,000,000.

One sees Arabs coming into Constantinople with a donkey load of wood, which they sell for 3 francs. They have come 25 miles with it, sell it and next day ride the donkey back. A load costs them but 2 cents, the wood nothing, and the donkey does all the work.

A Turin jeweler has made a tiny boat formed of a single pearl. Its sail is to be beaten gold studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light at its prow is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as a rudder, and its stand is a sapphire ivory. It weighs less than half an ounce. Its price is \$24,000.

A spoonful of chloride of lime in a quart of water will probably remove milkweed from your table linen. Strain the solution after it has stood long enough to thoroughly dissolve and dip the cloth into it. Repeat if a first application is not sufficient, but wash the mixture well out of the goods.

Much of the costly red, white and pink coral used for ornamental purposes is obtained from the coast of Italy. Men go out in boats and drag the rocky bottom of streams with wooden frames or nets, in which the coral becomes entangled, but the delicate branches are crushed in the net.

A former Delawarean, now living in Chicago, wears a necktie made of rattlesnake's skin. He slew the reptile in Florida, just as it was about to spring from its coil and strike him. A taxidermist cured the skin in such a fashion that it should serve for a tie and made up part of the rattles into a scarpin.

Russian Explorations. A vast but fascinating problem confronts Russia on her Chinese frontier—a problem which cannot be disposed of in one or even two generations. No power, however, knows better how to wait than Russia.

Time is on her side, and as the necessary preliminary to all wise action is knowledge the Russian general staff has been making the fullest use of the opportunities which treaties afforded to gain accurate information concerning the Chinese territories and everything appertaining thereto.

Not a corner of the whole empire, save what comes within the "sphere of influence" of the French, but has been intersected by Russian government explorers and armed expeditions during the last 20 years. These explorers include botanists and geologists, of course, but the military expert and the skilled topographer are the animating soul and the true raison d'etre of these expeditions.

Occasional glimpses into their proceedings are allowed to the world, but every fact of military or political significance is carefully conserved in the archives of the Russian intelligence department. The minute information concerning all the northern and western territories of China which is now in the possession of the Russian staff is not only such as no other power possesses, but is incomparably superior to anything in the hands of the Chinese government itself.

Hence it is that whenever a question of boundaries arises Russia is prepared with elaborated maps of the regions to which Black Sea is not only nothing to oppose, but which she is not even able to criticize.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Costly Pieces of Altar Furniture. The priests of St. Patrick's cathedral are about to add to the art treasures of the church a remarkable ostensorium, a piece of altar furniture used in expositions of the eucharist. Its form is that of the sun, supported by a base and column. In the center of the sun is a crystal case, in which on public occasions the eucharist is placed for public veneration.

The material of this ostensorium is solid silver, plated with gold. It stands 3 feet high and is made in the best style of ecclesiastical art. For two years it has been making in the ateliers of Lyons and has cost about \$10,000, not including the jewels used in its ornamentation. Both money and jewels were contributed by wealthy devotees. Through their generosity the cathedral will have the finest bit of goldsmith work in the country.—New York Times.

A Dog's Fast Run. Albert Gleason of Woburn owns a little fox terrier of which he has always thought a good deal, but which he now values still more highly because of an exhibition of his faithfulness and pluck which the little animal recently gave.

Mr. Gleason is the station agent at Woburn Highlands, and the other day he boarded the train there to go to Boston. He entered the last car, and when the train arrived at Cross street he was surprised, on looking back, to see that the dog was following it and was only a short distance behind. As the train moved on the dog continued to follow at a most astonishing speed, and at Winchester he was only about 200 feet behind it. The distance between the two towns is 1 1/2 miles, and the little dog had covered it in less than four minutes.—Boston Transcript.

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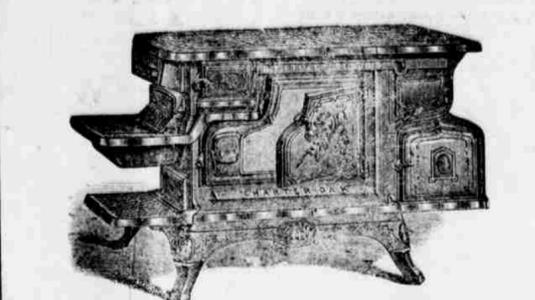
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