The Singular Creature Who Prequents lie Wilds of Pike County, Pa. Berks Coun-

"Here I have lived for 40 years, and here hope to die. I want no other company than these woods and mountains give me. All I ask of my fellows is that they will ave the to follow in peace my own desires."

hermit, now far past 80; features sharp, form thin and still erect, eyes keen and glittering and hair and long flowing beard as white as the midwinter snow. It is now as white as the midwinter snow. It is now 54 years since he made his appearance in Pike county and purchased a small farm near Blooming Grove. No one knew where he came from, and as to his past he himself was as silent as the grave. He had no visitors, he lived alone, and his brief visits to Milford were few and far between.

Those who came in contact with him found him a man of education and superior intelligence, but he quietly repelled all attempts to break in upon his solitary life, and at the end of a few years sold his farm and went to live in a cave on the adjacent

and went to live in a cave on the adjacent mountainside. Here upon a time a party of hunters found him one cold winter's day stricken with fever and slowly starying. The good people of Dingman's, whence he was taken, gave him tender care, and when he recovered he went back

to his home on the mountainside.

Here, after the lapse of many years, he was found by relatives from Connecticut, who had long sought for him in vain. They besought him to return to his old eastern home, but without avail, and after provid-ing for his wants they left him to follow ing for his wants they left him to follow his strange and solitary life undisturbed. Before they left they told the inquirers the touching story of Sheldon's life. Married to a beautiful girl whom he tenderly loved, her sudden death a few weeks after their wedding day made him henceforth a changed man. He grew silent and morose, and after a few mouths sold his property in

Connecticut and disappeared.

In the wilds of Pike county he found the solitude and c\_iet he so much desired, and there, with his Bible as his only companion, save for one brief period, he has since re sided. Eight years ago he again fell sick, and, found as before by hunters, was taken to Dingman's. His sister came from Connecticut to nurs; him, and when his health was restored persuaded him to accompany her home. But the longing for his cave and the forest solitude soon proved too strong to be resisted, and a few months' time found him back in his oddly chosen home, which

Pennsylvania had until a few years ago two female hermits. One of these was sallie Ketner, who lived in the montans near Bernville, Berks county. She reached the age of \$1, and for \$2 years lived the life of a hermit, residing all that time in a tumble down hovel, the falling timbers of which finally produced the injuries which caused her death. She had loved and been loved in return, so the story goes, by a handsome young sailor who left her with the promise that in five years he would return and make her his bride.

This promise was never fulfilled, for the sailor lover, impressed.

This promise was never fulfilled, for the sailor lover, impressed into the service of another country, died in a French prison before the time set for return. His sweetheart kept his memory ever green, would never have anything to do with men, and in her bosom when she was dead was found the last letter from her lover, faded with age, written just before he died. She was for months. Her rude life made her healthy

Four or five years ago the people of New York talked for a day about the story of Hermit Coe of the Bowery and then forgot lt. A dozen years before Leonard Coe, that being the name he was known by, had taken up his residence in a Bowery lodging house. He seemed very poor, but paid his rent promptly and spent a few cents each day for food. He was morose and taciturn, could seldom be drawn into conversation and rarely left his room. When he did, he Had I done so, I should have had a mob in always carried with him a brown paper package. Finally he fell sick and was taken

to a hospital.

When told that he could not recover, he sent for John Haller, a former fellow lodger, and informed him that his real name was Baer and that he had relatives living in Lancaster, Pa. He also made a will, naming Haller as his executor, and intrusted to his keeping the brown paper package he had so long guarded with jealous care. The day following his death Haller opened the package and found, to his astonishment, that it contained over \$24,000 in greenbacks.

An examination of the hermit's papers showed that he was a graduate of Yale col-lege and had studied both law and medicine. Later he had engaged in the publish-ing business with his brother, but had in time retired with a competence and had finally drifted to New York. There, for some unknown reason, he had sunk his identity under the name of Coe and adopted the squalid life of a hermit of the slums.— Chicago Inter Ocean.

# Polite to a Fault.

The electoral campaign, fertile as it is in falsehoods and platitudes, recalls to our memory a delicious bit of sarcasm from the pen of Cham, our late lamented caricaturist. Two characters—the husband (a candidate) and his wife. Scene, the open country. On

What! you are taking off your hat?" says the wife.
"Yes, love. The owner of the calf is one of my most influential electors."-Chari-

Something to Look Forward To. Saidso-In the next world the rich man

will still have the advantage.

Herdso-How so? He can't take his money with him. Saidso.—Of course not, and his poor rela-tions will let him alone.—Kate Field's

Washington

and footmen too. Does y'r missus lend ye clever variety artists who have lately been her private right

her pet dog out fer an airin." But where's the dog!" "Under th' seat."-New York Weekly.

# A Bad Habit.

Chol--I hate to say anything ill of a dead man, but the lawyers who have been looking over Tipperton's papers have bwought to light things that showed him to be no

gentleman. Chap—What did they find? Chol-Evwy time he loaned any money to any of the men in the club he made a memowardom of it.—Indianapolis Journal.

A LITTLE GAME OF DRAW.

There was a little game of draw on the other right. Four friends out around the

table. One of them was a movine. He had never played a game of power in his tife, but he was not everse to paying for a little instruction, he said, and besides he had to ty's Female Repuit - Hermit Carvi che have something to do whereby to while away what would otherwise be a very stopid night.

He asked all sorts of foolids questions and throw his chips in so recklessly that his three triends were sorry for him. It did seem to be a shaine for him to lose so much money, but then he wanted to play, and it wasn't their fault if they held the better The man who spoke in this curious way wasn't their fault if they held the better was Austin Sheldon, the famous hermit of his bome, a small and gloomy cave in the densely wooded mountain a dozen miles or so from Dingman's, the sleepy. Then the novice the hald one so looked over the ball one so looked one so looked over the ball one so looked one so l little village so well known to lovers of the stream and chase.

A curious and striking figure is this old straight flush would beat?"

straight flush would beat?

The other players gasped. One of them said that it would beat anything in the pack but a royal flush, and the three promptly threw up their hands. The novice smilled blandly as he raked in the big stack of chips. Then he threw his hand down on the table. It was a simple straight, and that was all.

own on the table. It was a simple straight, and that was all,
"What did you say that was a straight flush for?" asked one of the others, who had had down three sevens and a pair of jacks,
"Well," said the novice, "it is, ain't it? They're all red, and they run along in a se-

Then the three carefully explained that the cards had to be all of one suit to be a flush, and after much questioning the nov-ice seemed to understand.

The game went along for a time. Hands ran low, and not many chips changed own-ers. About 11 o'clock there was another jack pot. The novice raised the opener to the limit again, and the next man, who had fours, came back at him with another big raise. The other players staid, and the novice raised back. This made a pot with considerably over \$100 in it. Everybody staid on the last raise, and the dealer said.
"Cards, gentlemen," in a subdued sort of

"Hold ont" blurted the novice, "I want to ask another question. I'm a little mixed on this straight flush business. If I've got five cards of the same suit and they form a sequence, I've got a straight flush, have I

The other players remembered the former jack pot and winked as each other. They hastened to assure the novice that his sup position was correct, and the man with fours followed the opener's chip bet with a raise to the limit. The bright smile that came over the novice's face when he learned what a straight flush was had not faded. He was netually anxious to get his chips into the center of the table. He raised back

"That's a good bluff," said the man with fours, and he tilted back.

The two others who had been trailing with fairly good hands all the time dropped out, and the novice and the man with fours bet until there was nearly \$500 on the table. Then the man with fours grew compassion-

"I don't doubt that," replied the novice as he cashed in his chips, "They used to tell me the same thing when I was in Lead-ville."—Buffalo Express.

### A Relative of Napoleon.

An old friend of the Princess Murat contributes a reminiscent article regarding the life of the prince and princess in Florida. She mentions the following incident which age, written just before he died. She was age, written just before he died. She was suddenly become ill with symptomy to sembling those of paralysis, a voyage to Europe was prescribed by her physicians. tiety of her cats and dogs, of which she had a goodly number, and often was not seen tives (Louis Napoleon and his family) with an affectionate welcome. She related many the emperor and empress, together with the sacrifices and privations the south was called upon to bear. The princess asked

the emperor, if he felt so much for the south, why he had not helped the Confedhis reply was: "Cousin Kate, you all had my warmest sympathy and hopes for your success, but on account of slavery I did not

Mime, Murat spoke of the empress as a person of lovely character, being constantly employed in deeds of benevolence, even visiting the hospitals. The prince imperial she spoke of with much affection, he being then a most interesting youth.—Century.

He had been worshiping her for months, but had never told her, and she didn't want him to. He had come often and staid late, very late, and she could only sigh and hope. He was going away the next day on his va-cation, and he thought the last night was cation, and be thought the last night was
the time to spring the momentous question. He kept it to himself, however,
until the last thing. It was 11:30 by the
clock, and it wasn't a very rapid clock.
"Miss Mollie," he said tremulously, "I am
going away tomorrow," "Are you?" she
said, with the thoughtlessness of girlhood as the gazzed wistfully at the clock. "Yes," he replied. "Are you sorry?" "Yes, very sorry," she murmared. "I thought you might go away this evening," then she gazed at the clock wistfully, and he told her good night.—Detroit Tribane.

# Two Curious Duels.

In 1887 a carious duel was fought in Paris, when two rivals met at the house of their divinity. After a few high words an immediate encounter was decided upon, and neither swords nor pistols being at hand two ornamental crossbows were taken from the walls of the drawing room. An adjournment into the garden was made, and in a few minutes one of the lovers was pierced in the arm by his opponent's shaft. In 1891 a still more singular duel was fought, the weapons in this case being umbrellas. After a furious struggle one of the combatants feil, run through the eye, and soon afterward died.—London Tit-Bits.

Modern Methods of Entertaining. When people meet for mutual entertain ment and are so unutterably bored that they have to call in some man or woman on a heap o' style drivin in the park with a moneygrammed kerriage, and coachman and footinen too. Does y'r missischem and footinen too. er private rig?
Second Nurse Giri—She sends me to take
"doing their acts" at private entertain ments are very well worth seeing, but why they should be grafted on to the dinner or garden party? Can the exertions of a strong man or a skirt dancer vicariously promote digestion.) Why should a hostess think it worth while to offer her guests a form of entertainment which the proletari at witnesses nightly for 25 cents a head?—

Kate Field's Washington A female codish will lay 45,000,000 eggs during a single season. Piscatorial authorities say that were it not for the work of the natural enemies of fish they would soon fill all the available space in the seas, rivers

### GEMS IN VERSE.

Plain these sense 'Il pull yer through When there's rethin else II do. Yer may still be poor and needs With yer head a vycloped? An bog parts, so they say, Plain hoss sense'll pull yer through When there's nothin che'il do.

There are big men, I expect,
Wallerin in intellect,
Spoutin, swimmin in the sea
Of their own philosophy.
Who might grab the shore an stand
On the dry an solid land—
Piain hose sense might pull 'em through
When philosophy wouldn't do.

With hoss sense yer'll never fall With horsewine per'll never fall
If yer haven't been to Yale.
Don't be soured, but use yer head,
Not some other man's instead.
Dun't lay up there on the shelf.
Walk shout an trust yerself,
Piain hoss sense'll pull yer through
When there's nothin clse'll do.

—8. W. Foss.

### Growing Old.

The fairest illies droop at eventide,
The sweetest roses fall from off the stem,
The rarest things on earth cannot abide,
And we are passing, too, away like them,
We're growing old.

We had our dreams-those rosy dreams o youth— They failed, and 'twas well. This after prime Hath brought us fuller hopes, and yet, for We drop a tear now in this latter time To think we're old.

We smile at those poor fancies of the past—A saddened smile, almost akin to pain—Those high desires, those jumposes so wast.
Ah, our poor hearts, they cannot come again!
We're growing old.

Old? Well, the heavens are old; this earth is, too; Old wine is best, maturest fruit most sweet. Much have we lost, more grined, although 'tis We tread life's way with most uncertain feet

We move along and scatter as we pace Soft graces, tender hopes on every hand.
At last, with gray streaked hair and hollow We step across the boundary of the land
Where none is old.
—Atlanta Constitution.

### Our Books.

The silent voices of succeeding ages Immortal tomes of justice, mercy, truth, Recorded here within their speaking pages. The garnered wisdom both of age and youth

To childhood's dreams they give a matchlesglory,
Unknown to later, more pressic times:
The fascinating page of fairy story,
The precious gift of wondrous nursery

Books are life's early friends, bright, earnest, winning: With added years the interest deeper grows.

And faithful, hopeful, as at life's beginning. They gently cheer its feeble earthly close. Multifold the lessons that they teach us-In business haunts, in earth's remotest nooks. Where kindred sympathy has failed to reach

us, Stanch at our beck are our beloved books. They laugh to cheer hearts growing over-

weary, They smooth the furrows from the brow of

Disperse the gloom from heavens chill and dreary. Inspire the drooping soul to praise and prayer Books hold the past, far as old Time can take us. And toward the future cast prophetic eyes; Our sages are they, and they fain would make

Heroically good, divinely wise. Along life's vale they scattered hope and glad-Nor asked return for all the wealth they

And from their treasures they will cull with A melancholy tribute for our grave.

-Deriyle Browne

Why Is It? Some find work where some find rest, And so the weary world goes on. I sometimes wonder which is best. The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake, And so the dreary night hours go. Some hearts beat where some hearts break.

Some wills faint where some wills fight; Some love the tent, and some the field. I often wonder who are right-The ones who strive or those who yield.

Some hands fold where other hands Are lifted bravely in the strife, And so through ages and through lands Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt where some feet tread, In tireless march, a thorny way; ne struggle on where some have fled; ome seek when others shun the fray. Some swords rust where others clash;

Some fall back where some move on; some flags furl where others flash Until the battle has been won.

Some sleep on while others keep The vigils of the true and brave. They will not rest till roses creep Around their name above a grave. —Father Ryan.

# Anger.

Bridle thy passions! Anger is the sin Ofall the greatest; it leads up to deeds Known only to the darkest hours of night; Rnown only to the darket hours of light;
It tempts the upright man to throw aside
His cloak of reason and go forth to dip
His hands in human blood; it covers up
The path where duty walks with steadfast feet
It will not listen to the soft appeals
Of maiden leveliness, or turn aside From its fierce purpose when the dimpled

Of mercy are held up before its gaze. It will not falter in its stubborn course When old age counsels with great swelling

worus.

It is the curse of youth and middle age,
Of gray haired men and women. It benumbs
The sensibilities of all alike.
This only fit to live where madmen live, Safe stalled behind the strongest prison bars -Herbert E. Day.

Art is the child of Nature—yes, Her darling child, in whom we trace The features of the mother's face, Her aspect and her attitude, All her majestic loveliness Chastened and softened and subdued Into a more attractive grace.

And with a homan sense imbued.

He is the greatest artist, then,

Whether a penell or a pen,

Who follows Nature. Never man, As artist or as artisan. Pursuing his own fantasies, Can touch the human heart, or please Or satisfy our noble needs, As he who sets his willing feet In Nature's footprints, light and fleet, And follows fearless where she leads.

# Conscience.

Conscience is harder than our enemies, Knows more, accuses with more nicety.

Nor needs to question rumor if we fall

Below the perfect model of our thought.

I fear no outward arbiter

—George Eliot.

There is an unknown quantity of silver in the bay of Rio de Janeiro, Brazi!—a silver mine, in fact, of comparativity speaking unlimited dimensions, and every ship that drops anchor there cuts into the

A woman says that a man will write a book on woman's idiotic slavery to fashion, but he will walk through town on a hot summer day with his trousers turned up without feeling himself a fool.

YOU

WANT

THE

"STAR!

COOKE

 $\Xi$ 

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