TIDES, SUN AND MOON.

The Tides For 1895 are From U. S. Coast Survey Tables.

Day.		High Water. Morning.	High Water. Afternoon.	Low Water. Morning.	Low Water. Afternoon.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Moon rises and sets.
		h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.			hrs.
Mon	3	1 50	2 8	7 1	7 17	5.17	6 9	2-19
Tues	4	2 11	2 51	8 18	8 1	5.17	6.39	2.58
Wed	5	2 52	1 43	9 10	9 18	5.17	6.40	3-41
Thur	6	3 35	3.36	9 11	12	5.17	6.40	4.20
								Pleiades
Fri	7	4.15	5 7	9.51 a m.	5.17	6.41	7 20	
Sat	8	4.5	4.49	9 0	0-2	5.17	6 41	8-21
Sun	9	5 2	4.31	9 39	0-48	5 17	6.41	9 10

Full moon on the 7th at 2m a. m.

Time whistle blows at 12, 2m., 8m. p.m. of Honolulu time, which is the same as 12h. 0m. 0s. of Greenwich time.

For every ten feet of distance of the observer from the Station House) allow one second for transmission of sound, or 5 seconds for difference of elevation.

METEOROLOGICAL RECORD.

By the Government Survey. Published Every Monday.

Day.	May-June	Barom. 9 A.M.	Barom. 3 P.M.	Therm. Max	Therm. Min	Humidity 9 A.M. Bulb. Wet.	Humidity 9 A.M. Bulb. Dry.	Clouds	Winds	Force
Sun	26	30.17	30.12	87	61	0.04	67	3	NE	4
Mon	27	30.12	30.10	87	62	0.09	61	3	NE	4
Tues	28	30.14	30.11	87	63	0.00	63	4	NE	3
Wed	29	30.11	30.09	86	63	0.05	63	3.9	NE	4
Thur	30	30.10	30.07	84	64	0.01	67	8.3	NE	4
Fri	31	30.14	30.10	84	65	0.03	63	4	NE	4
Sat	1	30.14	30.09	84	64	0.01	65	3	NE	3

Barometer corrected for temperature and gravities but not for latitude.

FOREIGN MAIL SERVICE,

Steamships will leave for and arrive from San Francisco on the following dates, till the close of 1895:

ARRIVE AT HONOLULU FROM SAN FRANCISCO OR VANCOUVER. 1895. On or About		LEAVE HONOLULU FOR SAN FRANCISCO OR VANCOUVER. 1895. On or About	
Peking	June 1	Arawa	May 30
Mariposa	June 5	Warrimoo	June 1
Australia	June 21	Australia	June 3
Warrimoo	June 24	Coptic	June 17
Arawa	July 10	Alameda	June 27
Coptic	July 19	Australia	June 24
Australia	July 15	Mariposa	July 2
Mariposa	July 19	Peking	July 17
Mariposa	Aug 1	Australia	July 20
Australia	Aug 9	Mariposa	July 29
Peking	Aug 12	Warrimoo	Aug 1
Warrimoo	Aug 24	Belgic	Aug 9
Mariposa	Aug 29	Australia	Aug 14
Australia	Sept 5	Arawa	Aug 22
Coptic	Sept 19	Mariposa	Aug 31
Mariposa	Sept 26	Australia	Sept 6
Arawa	Sept 30	Chin	Sept 9
Australia	Oct 21	Australia	Sept 7
Alameda	Oct 24	Rio de Janeiro	Sept 16
Mariposa	Oct 24	Alameda	Sept 19
China	Oct 2	Arawa	Sept 28
Australia	Nov 19	Australia	Sept 30
Mariposa	Nov 21	Australia	Oct 21
Mariposa	Nov 21	Alameda	Oct 21
Coptic	Nov 16	Mariposa	Oct 24
Arawa	Dec 19	Peking	Oct 17
Warrimoo	Dec 21	Mariposa	Nov 1
Peking	Dec 28	Coptic	Nov 6
		Arawa	Nov 14
		Australia	Nov 20
		Warrimoo	Dec 2
		Peking	Dec 6
		Alameda	Dec 12
		Mariposa	Jan 1, 1896

OAHU RAILWAY & LAND CO.'S

TIME TABLE

From and After June 1st, 1893 TRAINS

TO EWA MILL.

	B. A.M.	B. P.M.	A. P.M.	D. P.M.
Leave Honolulu	8:45	1:45	4:35	5:10
Leave Pearl City	9:00	2:00	5:10	5:56
Arrive Ewa Mill	9:37	2:37	5:36	6:22

TO HONOLULU.

	C. A.M.	B. A.M.	B. P.M.	A. P.M.
Leave Ewa Mill	6:21	10:43	3:43	5:42
Leave Pearl City	6:59	11:15	4:15	6:16
Arrive Honolulu	7:39	11:55	4:55	6:45

A—Saturday's only. C—Sunday's excepted. B—Daily. D—Saturday's excepted

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Once Aboard the Lugger.

By "Q."

[Copyright, 1895, by the Author.]

Concluded.

With this she resumed her old attitude by the tiller. Her eyes were fixed ahead, her gaze passing just over the minister's hat. When he glanced up, he saw the rime twinkling on her shoul-

"There's nobody ill at all."

ders and the starshine in her dark eyes. Around them the firmament blazed with constellations up to its coping. Never had the minister seen them so multitudinous or so resplendent. Never before had heaven seemed so alive to him. He could almost hear it breathe. And beneath it the little boat raced eastward, with the red points pattering on its tan sails.

Neither spoke. For the most part the minister avoided the girl's eyes and sat nursing his wrath. The whole affair was ludicrous, but it meant the sudden ruin of his good name at the very start of his career. This was the word he kept grinding between his teeth: "Ruin! Ruin!" Whenever it pleased this mad woman to set him ashore, he must write to Deacon Snowden for his boxes and resign all connection with Troy. But would he ever get rid of the scandal? Could he ever be sure that, to whatever distance he might flee, it would not follow him? Had he not better abandon his calling once and for all? It was hard!

A star shot down from the Milky Way and disappeared in darkness behind the girl's shoulder. His eyes, following it, encountered hers. She left the tiller and came slowly forward.

"In three minutes we'll open Plymouth sound," she said quietly, and then, with a sharp gesture, flung both arms out toward him. "Oh, lad, think better o't an turn back wi' me. Say you'll marry me, for I'm perishin o' love."

The moonshine fell on her throat and extended arms. Her lips were parted, her head was thrown back a little, and for the first time the young minister saw that she was a beautiful woman.

"Aye, look, look at me!" she pleaded. "That's what I've wanted 'ee to do all along. Take my hands. They'm shapely to look at and strong to work for 'ee."

Hardly knowing what he did, the young man took them. Then in a moment he let them go, but too late. They were about his neck.

With that he sealed his fate for good or ill. He bent forward a little, and their lips met.

So steady was the wind that the boat still held on her course, but no sooner had the girl received the kiss that she knew to be a binding promise than she dropped her arms, walked off and shifted the helm.

"Unfasten the sheet here," she commanded, "and duck your head clear o' the boom."

As soon as their faces were set for home the minister walked back to the cuddy roof and sat down to reflect. Not a word was spoken till they reached the harbor's mouth again, and then he pulled out his watch. It was half past 4 in the morning.

Outside the battery point the girl hauled down the sails and got out the sweeps, and together they pulled up under the still sleeping town to the minister's quay door. He was clumsy at this work, but she instructed him in whispers, and they managed to reach the ladder as the clocks were striking. The tide was far down by this time, and she held the boat close to the ladder while he prepared to climb. With his foot on the first round he turned. She was white as a ghost and trembling from top to toe.

"Nance—did you say your name was Nance?"

She nodded.

"What's the matter?"

"I'll—I'll let you off if you want to be let off."

"I'm not sure that I do," he said, and stealing softly up the ladder stood at the top and watched her boat as she steered it back to Ruan.

Three months after they were married, to the indignant amazement of the minister's congregation. It almost cost him his pulpit, but he held on and triumphed. There is no reason to believe that he ever repented of his choice, or rather of Nance's. To be sure, she had kidnaped him by a lie, but perhaps she had wiped it out by 50 years of honest affection. On that point, however, I, who tell the tale, will not dogmatize.

THE END.

PHOTOGRAPHED A SPIRIT.

The Unseen World Furnishes a Vision For an Amateur's Camera.

The appearance of the astral or spirit in casement of a man who had been dead more than a year in a photograph made with a kodak was the cause for the almost total suspension of animation on the part of Mr. A. Allan Wheat of this city. He had made a lot of photographs of people and things about the home of his wife, near Danville, Va., and had sent them to the kodak factory to be developed, and received them back a few weeks ago.

Among the lot was a group composed of his wife, his father-in-law, Captain Haase, Miss Maud Halcolm and his brother-in-law, Master Charles Haase. The picture was taken at the home of Captain Haase, about 10 miles from Danville, and was made by the usual pressure of the button about a month ago. When it was taken, the party were ranged about the veranda of Captain Haase's residence, the sun shining brightly, and Mr. Wheat, who operated the camera, was stationed about 40 feet away. Miss Halcolm, who lives near Captain Haase's residence and who is a friend of Mrs. Wheat, called on the day in question, and as it was the first time she and Mrs. Wheat had met since the death of Miss Halcolm's brother Charles they naturally talked about him considerably. After dinner the party repaired to the veranda to make the picture. Nothing unusual was noticed by any one, and no further thought of the picture was given by Mr. Wheat till he opened the package from the kodak factory, when, to his amazement, he found a perfect likeness of Charles Halcolm standing immediately back of his sister on the veranda.

The figure of Mr. Halcolm and his head are four times as large as those of the other persons in the picture although he is farther away from the camera, being in the extreme background. He wears the clothing which he wore in life—a soft hat, tilted back to show his forehead, as was his custom; a turn over collar, with a small black bow; black coat and white shirt. He appears to be coming out of the double doors at the back of the veranda, although the picture shows the doors to be closed. He is smiling, and appears to be in the best of humor.

Mr. Halcolm died of typhoid fever a little more than a year ago. He was not a spiritualistic believer, nor was he interested in such things. His family were not spiritualistic people, nor is Mr. Wheat or others who were present at the time the picture was taken. Mr. Halcolm was well known in Wheeling, and nearly all his acquaintances have seen his picture and all recognized it. Hundreds of others have seen the wonderful picture, and several photographers who have been called in are unable to give any explanation of the phenomenon.

Mr. Wheat, who made the picture, is the head of the firm of Wheat & Hancher, jewelers of the city, and a man of stability and merit. He is not a photographer, and merely took the camera along on his recent visit to get some views of his wife's homestead. The negative plate is in his possession, having been sent back by the people who developed the pictures. It shows the same figures as the photograph.—Wheeling Letter in Richmond Dispatch.

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GEMS IN VERSE.

"Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggar Man, Thief"

Our dear little Ann got ready for school
In her just finished gown so nice,
It had puffed up sleeves and a ruffled skirt,
And its colors were white and blue.

With a happy look on her fair young face,
And humming the chickadee song,
She threw back kisses for mother to catch
And went skipping, hopping along.

With sorrowful face and eyes full of tears,
At luncheon time homeward she ran
And sobbed out, "Oh, mamma, please take off this gown
As quick as you possibly can!"

"Why, what is the matter, dear child?" she asked.
"Has it come already to grief?"
"The buttons! the buttons! the schoolgirls say,
They count up I'll marry a thief!

'It is rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,'
You didn't put on but just four,
I want to be rich, but I can't unless
You'll put on one button more.

'Then it's 'rich man' again, don't you see, mamma!
And when it all happens for true
I'll buy the loveliest things in the stores
And have them sent home here to you."

How foolish it seemed, and yet dear mamma
Sat down with her needle and thread
And put one more button onto the gown
Just because of what those girls said.

—Susan Teall Perry.

Me.

Of all who walk upon the earth
Or sail upon the sea
There's none I mark with such concern
As me.

Because there are many men
Of parts—in their degree—
When closely scanned, they are not quite
Like me.

The even's star, the dying day,
Winds wandering minstrelsy—
By whom are these so easily marked
As me?

Most courteous wights there are, no doubt
Of charming gallantry,
But still to please the nicest tastes
Takes me.

To careless ears these words perchance
Will smack of vanity,
But bear in mind I'm speaking now
Of me.

Some men have reason, huge and strong,
They name philosophy,
But still to settle things just right
Takes me.

And hence of all who walk the earth
Or sail upon the sea
There's none I mark with such concern
As me.

—Puck.

Sowing.

Sow with a generous hand,
Pause not for toil or pain,
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain,
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed and fear not.
A table will be spread,
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard earned bread?
Sow while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it
They will stir in their quiet sleep,
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall today,
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving cornfields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears,
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown today in tears.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

A Possible Misnomer.

Come, name the child, my dear. "What's in a name?"
Yet we are molding now the speech of men,
For, oh, how many, many thousand times
This name will be pronounced in days to come!
With tender iterations of the home,
With every fond addition and sweet change
That love delights in—crooned in cradle song,
Then shouted on the green by boys at play,
Then murmured softly under moon and stars,
By lips that make it music—then, ah, me!
Banished along the rude ways of the town,
In praise and blame, from kindliness to scorn,
And blown perhaps worldwide for ill or good;
Spoken at last one day with awed, hushed breath,
Then treasured in a few fond, faithful hearts;
Read a few years upon a low, white stone,
And then forever, evermore forgot!
So name the child, my dear. "What's in a name?"

—Wendell P. Stafford.

Ghosts.

When the brilliant hues of the sunset fade
Into amber and pale gold;
When the wren and the robin sleep in the glade
And the shepherd shuts his fold;
When the lamps are lit in the deep blue skies
And the toil of the day is done
Pale, haunting ghosts of the past arise
From the shadows one by one.

The ghost of the words we did not say
In the days forever fled
Comes out of the shadows dim and gray,
And the ghost of the words we said,
Of the cruel word, of the bitter word,
Of the word of blame or scorn
That was keen as the point of a warrior's sword
On a fateful battle morn.

The ghosts of the woes of age and youth
That we passed unheeding by,
Of the griefs we did not ask to soothe,
Of the tears we did not dry,
Of the ills of which we took no heed,
Of the grievous wrongs unfought,
Come with that of many a churlish deed,
Or of good deed left unwrought.

They cluster round us, these phantom shades,
These ghosts of the days of old,
As the cheerful glow of the daylight fades
In the twilight dim and cold,
And in vain we moan, and in vain we weep,
And we may not from them hide;
Closer and closer these shadows creep
In the twilights to our side.

The Old Creek and the New.

They have straightened it and spoiled it.
Left it stripped of every charm.
It is but a common ditch now,
Not the glory of the farm.
Just like everything that's modern,
It is always "on the go."
This is not the lazy, purling,
Wandering creek I used to know.

Once its banks were soft and grassy,
Now they're clayey, steep and bare.
There are now no cresses in it,
Though they once were everywhere.
And the pools where, 'mong the lilies,
Minnows darted to and fro—
This is not the rippling, babbling
Flowery creek I used to know.

There are now no pebbly shallows;
There is now no waterfall;
There's a bridge where once a tree served
Lying where it chanced to sprawl.
And the cattle do not seek it
When the summer sun's aglow—
This is not the winding, springy,
Cooling creek I used to know.

Old Dobbin.

I see old Dobbin through the fence. How weak he looks, and old!
His hair is falling off in spots; he feels the damp and cold;
He hangs his head; his step is slow; 'tis plain enough to see
His thirty years are more to him than fifty are to me.

He shall not work another jot—not that he would complain;
But from this hour he ne'er shall know the touch of whip or rein.
Of all the horses on the farm he's been the very best.
I should have thought of it before, but now he shall have rest.

I call to my mind the colt he was, and how I broke him in.
Whew! how he kicked and pranced and plunged; 'twas doubtful which would win.
But I was young as well as he and would not be denied,
And since he's been as safe a nag as man would wish to ride.

Then in my happy courting days he knew the very slight
That I would swing the stable door and greet him with delight.
He knew the girl I loved was waiting far away and fair.
He seemed to say, "I'will not be long before I take you there!"

Then on my wedding day he stood with others at the church.
No doubt he thought for just that once I left him in the lurch.
One face, one form, that day of days, was all that I could see.
I did not think of Dobbin then, whate'er he thought of me.

And when the years had brought their grief, and I learned joy's reverse,
He drew the little ones and me behind the gloomy hearse.
I cannot say that he divined how lonely was my lot,
But since he has not been the same; I know that I have not!

And so through gladness and through grief old Dobbin has been near.
No wonder that he looks so old when I have grown so sere.
I know full well that fifty years is youth to many men.
'Tis not the years, but that my heart has reached threescore and ten!

So while I live his failing life shall naught but comfort know.
Old Dobbin, as I said at first, shall ne'er feel rein or blow.
The best of oats, the sweetest hay, the field to wander free,
Shall all be his—a poor return for all he's been to me!

TALES OF THE SEA.

WEIRD YARNS OF THE SUPERNATURAL SPUN BY THE CAPTAIN.

The Skull In the Chain Locker—The Unlucky Bark In the Demerara Trade That Was Said to Be Haunted—The Story of an Exile From Salvador.

We were eating dinner one night on the old cargo ship and talking of the happenings at sea and on shore that are called supernatural when the captain said:

"One sees some things at sea not supernatural which are fit to make a nervous man see ghosts. There was that case in one of Green's liners to the colonies, where a man was sent down to clean out the chain locker. The locker had seemed foul all the passage home, and so they hoisted out the chain and sent this fellow down with his brush and soap and bucket, with a lamp, to clean it out. I'll wager he saw ghosts for a year after that, for when he'd got down on his knees to begin scrubbing he found himself bending over the skull of a dead man.

"It was most likely a man that had stowed away out in the colony and had been caught under the cable when they were running it down quickly, and so had the life crushed out of him.

"However, I did know of a case that seemed supernatural right enough. It was in the Demerara trade, and I was acquainted with the first officer of the bark where it all happened.

"In the first place, while she was out there loaded and ready to sail, the captain had trouble with one of the seamen, who drew out his knife and stabbed him to death then and there. The mate afterward took her home, but on the way a passenger took to ailing in some mysterious fashion and up and died very suddenly.

"Of course she was a haunted ship when she arrived home, and so the owners had her name changed, and she was refitted and painted up entirely different from what she had been. Then she sailed away with a new captain, but on the way out he took to drink, and by the time she reached Demerara he was off his head and killed himself with a revolver.

"Now she was haunted, sure enough, if you could believe the mate. Mind you, after she was refitted the mate said never a word to the new captain about what had happened in her before, and even when a new captain came out from home to take charge of her, believing that the last captain was naturally a drunkard, instead of one who had taken to it after coming on this ship, this first officer never said a word, because he did not believe in ghosts or even in a future state.

"However, the first night the new captain was on board the trouble began. The captain at about 9 o'clock went to his room and retired. An hour later he was balling the mate and telling that he had gone to sleep and then had been awakened by a light in the room. On opening his eyes he saw a short, thick-set man, with side whiskers, in the armchair at the desk, leaning over, with his elbows on the desk, holding his head between his hands and saying: 'Oh, my poor head! Oh, my poor head!'

"That was enough for the mate. He left the vessel that night with all hands. This new captain knew nothing of the style or manner of the one who had killed himself, and yet the picture—ghost or what you may call it—in the chair was the image in appearance and dress of the suicide and had complained in precisely the words and voice of the dead man."

This brought out the story of an exile from Salvador whom the narrator met in Guatemala. Having got into trouble with the authorities, Senor Don Sebastian Mojarieta saved his life by fleeing to Amapala, Honduras, as many another exile has done, and there taking a steamer north to San Jose, Guatemala.

A friend of his who was involved in like manner was to have reached Amapala by a different route in time for the same steamer, and to prevent any possible delays Mojarieta engaged staterooms and secured passes from the Amapala authorities for his friend and himself as soon as he arrived. But the steamer day came without his friend, and Mojarieta was obliged to sail alone.

"At the usual hour, on the first night out," the story teller went on, "Mojarieta retired and went to sleep, but had no sooner dozed off than he awoke, hearing his friend's voice, as he says, in the next stateroom, which he had supposed to be empty. Leaving his berth, he went out into the passageway and opened the door to the adjoining room, and there, he says, he saw lying in the berth the body of his friend fully dressed, but with three bullet holes in the breast of his coat and one in the right cheek.

"At that Mojarieta fainted and was found on the deck by the steward and put to bed again. Thereafter it was a most miserable passage, for the vessel touched at both of the Salvador ports and was about a week reaching San Jose. Mojarieta was sure his friend had been shot and expected a force to come off from each of the Salvador ports to demand him. Moreover, he was haunted continually by that picture of his dead friend.

"Once in Guatemala he obtained employment quickly and then began to recover something of his former spirits. He ascribed his vision to his overwrought imagination and was beginning to hope that his friend would yet appear when a letter was received from a relative in Salvador. It not only told that the friend had been shot by the government soldiers, but described the wounds of the body after it was dead. Mojarieta declares that the description accurately portrayed the vision he had of his friend, and he believes that his friend's spirit, being unable to rest or wholly throw off its desire to take passage on the steamer, had come on board and was occupying that berth."

The Grand Old Man.

A lady who has recently come from abroad is responsible for this true but somewhat irreverent anecdote, which shows the estimation in which Mr. Gladstone is held by his family. She was calling on Mrs. Gladstone, and the "Grand Old Man" had not made an appearance. The conversation drifted around to English politics, repeal, and the general opinion seemed to be that things were going pretty badly.

"We should be thankful, however," said the visitor, "that there is One above who will watch over us," meaning a benign Providence.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Gladstone, whose thoughts were evidently on her celebrated husband, "he has just gone upstairs to change his collars and cuffs!"—Kansas City Times.

Catholic Order of Foresters.

The institution of the Catholic Order of Foresters can well be compared as a triumphant achievement with the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. It came into existence on the 23d of May, 1883, in the Sodality hall of the Holy Family church in the city of Chicago, by a few gentlemen meeting together and drawing up a constitution.

Artless Childhood.

One of the artless and attractive characteristics of children is their easy intimacy with heaven and the deity. When a little mite at Sunday school, or out of it indeed, is asked a question whose answer is beyond him, he is very apt to fall back upon the maker of heaven and earth, often with most amusing incongruity. A little girl who wanted to go out and play one Sunday recently was told she might sit on the stoop, but could not go to the street. She trundled her little chair out accordingly, but at the end of a few minutes trundled it back again. "There is nobody out there but Dod," she announced, "and I tan't see him, so I tummed in."

Another little girl, a 6-year-old, who couldn't play a note, seated herself at the piano to entertain a caller waiting for her mother. "Shall I play for you?" she inquired, with much affectation of manner. "Would you like to hear a waltz?"

"Yes," replied the visitor, "very much. What one can you play?"

"Well," was the answer, with a complacent toss of the head, "I can play two or three, but my favorite waltz is the kingdom of heaven."—New York Times.

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