

Foreign Mail Service.

Steamships will leave for and arrive from San Francisco, on the following dates, till the close of 1893.

LEAVE	HONOLULU	DATE	AT	HONOLULU
FOR SAN FRANCISCO, F.M. SAN FRANCISCO				
Arava for Van-Monowai	Nov. 23	Nov. 23	Nov. 23	Nov. 23
Oceanic	Dec. 2	Dec. 2	Dec. 2	Dec. 2
Australia	Dec. 4	Dec. 4	Dec. 4	Dec. 4
Mariposa	Dec. 9	Dec. 9	Dec. 9	Dec. 9
Warrimoo	Dec. 14	Dec. 14	Dec. 14	Dec. 14
Arava for Van-Alameda	Dec. 22	Dec. 22	Dec. 22	Dec. 22
City Peking	Jan. 1	Jan. 1	Jan. 1	Jan. 1
Australia	Jan. 2	Jan. 2	Jan. 2	Jan. 2
Oceanic	Jan. 6	Jan. 6	Jan. 6	Jan. 6
Australia	Dec. 30	Dec. 30	Dec. 30	Dec. 30
Warrimoo, from Vancouver	Jan. 23	Jan. 23	Jan. 23	Jan. 23

From the Water-Front.

Arrivals.

Star Jas. Makee, Haglund, from Kauai.

Vessels in Port.

H B M's Champion, Rooke.
U S S Adams, Nelson.
U S S Philadelphia, Parker.
H I J M's Naniwa, Togo, Japan.
Ger Bk J. C. Pfuger.
Br sch Norma, Yokohama.
C A S S Miowera, repairing.
Br bk Duke of Argyle, Golightly, N Castle.
Am bkne Wrestler, Bergmann, N Castle.
Am bk S C Allen, Thompson, S F.
Am bk Amelia, Ward, the Sound.
Am bk Irmgard, Schmidt, S F.
Am bk Alden Besse, Fris, S F.
Haw bk Mauna Ala, Smith, S F.

Foreign Vessels Expected.

[This List does not include Steamers] vessels. where from. dne.

Am bk Martha Davis... Boston... Dec 20
Ger bk Nautilus... Liverpool... Dec 30
Br sch Villata... Liverpool... Jan 10
H Hackfeld (old Sept 25) L'pool... Dec 25-31
Am bk C D Bryant... S F... Nov 27
Ger bk Galveston... Hongkong... Nov 7-12
Am bk Planter... S F... Nov 15
Am bk Discovery... S F... Nov 28
Am sch Alice Cooke... Pt Blakely... Dec 25
Haw sh John Eua... N S W... Nov 15-22
Haw sh Hawaiian Isles... N S W... Nov 19-26
Ger sh Terpsichore... N S W... Nov 20-30
Am bk S G Wilder... S F... Dec 8
Am bk Ceylon... S F... Dec 15
Am bk S N Castle... S F... Dec 12
Haw bk Helen Brewer (old Nov) N Y Mar 1-5

LOCAL NEWS.

The P. G. band at Thomas Square this evening.

Be careful what you say to any one connected with the Star.

The police force is now composed of former P. G. spies and night hawks.

The boats from the Champion had an interesting boat drill this forenoon.

More royalist (?) yarns in this morning's Tiser. Nobody believes them, "imbecile."

Good behavior from society ladies is expected at all times even at the Opera House. Private boxes not excepted.

It is said that the Corwin will not take any newspaper correspondence from here. Should not think so. Especially such correspondence as is forwarded by the Associated Press Correspondent.

Last evening's Star says, "the American League was in session all day yesterday, (Monday)." Probably smoking those cigars and cigarettes and watching those rifles which are stored there.

"An American" in this morning's Tiser wants to know "who are to protect the lives and property of the patriotic Americans of these islands in the event of war?" We are of the opinion that all law-abiding and bona-fide American citizens will be protected by their Representative.

A fine (?) looking set of "toughs" are now wearing policeman's badges and batons.

Where would the Tiser "imbecile" and his clique have been, were it not for the Hawaiian monarchy.

The repairs on the steamer Miowera are about finished. She will be taken out for a trial trip in a day or so.

It is quite probable, that the Alameda will not arrive before Friday. She is liable to be detained in leaving San Francisco waiting for the mails.

Since the announcement of the "verandah railing" accident in an issue of last week, it is learned that the matter was to have been kept private. If such an intention had been known at that time, no notice would have been made of it.

We are pleased to notice that Major Wolters has taken charge of the Pacific Saloon. His well known popularity will raise the business of that establishment away beyond the ordinary run. Mr. Billy Downer is the assistant there, and will accommodate the customers in a first class style. Come and see Billy!!

The P. C. A. says this morning: "Everything was unusually quiet around town last evening. The excitement of the day seemed to have worn everyone out, and to have subdued all feeling." There is no occasion for anything else but quietness to exist. Anything to the contrary can only emanate from the P. G. socialists.

The following passengers left on the local steamers yesterday evening: For Maui—G F Ford, S P Woods, F Alexander, C Farden, and V V Ashford. Kauai—G H Fairchild, S N Hundley, Miss Cummins, Miss Hundley, Mrs McQuinn, Miss Bompke, J B Alexander, Miss Christian, J H Cummings and wife, J E Miller and wife, A Cockburn, A Lindsay, Mrs W E H Deverill, Christian Conradt, and E W Holdsworth.

Last Monday cigars and cigarettes for the American League braves stationed at Robinson Hall, were ordered from a chinaman doing business on King street. He was told to take the bill to the Station House, which he did. There, he was told to wait until the next day for his money, he declined, saying, "No pay, no goods." The bill was accordingly paid. What right has the Marshal to pay for cigars and igarèttes for such characters to smoke, or in fact for any one?

Cleaning Out the Treasury.

May we ask our smiling friend the Minister of Finance, what money—perhaps \$40,000 were removed this morning from the Treasury to the private bank of His smiling and rascal-firing Excellency? As the money with which to pay interest on the English loan, has already been transferred the latest removal of hard cash looks very much like attempt to pay off Hackfeld & Co. as far as John Hackfeld's share in the notorious \$95,000 is concerned. Pity, the Holomua hasn't got a "spy" around the Finance Office now. Ta—ta, Sammy!

Statement of George J. Cavanaugh.

Relating to His Arrest by Hitchcock's Spies on Friday the 15th Inst.

At 11:30 p.m. last Friday night I left the Commercial Hotel, where I attend bar in the hack of Nick Peterson, intending to go to the residence of Attorney-General Peterson on Pensacola Street. When we passed Kinau Street, I noticed outside the residence of Minister Colburn two hacks and a buggy. I told the driver to turn into Kinau Street for the purpose of ascertaining what the carriages were doing there at that time. I made a note that the hacks were No. 75 and No. 180, and I learned from enquiries that the buggy belonged to Captain of police L. Andrews, and that the hacks had been engaged to bring a number of police officers to Mr. Colburn's house which was being raided for fire arms. There were no drays though to bring away the arms which the police expected to find. We drove down Victoria street, and at the corner of Beretania street we were stopped by a young police officer who informed us that he had orders to arrest Nick Peterson and make his report at the police station. At this time Captain Klemme passed by and in response to a question of Nick he answered that "everything was all right." We then drove to the station where we were told that we were not wanted. We went to Nick's hackstand and tried to telephone to Attorney General Peterson, but failed. We proceeded again on our way to Mr. Peterson's house. Outside the Central Union Church, we were hailed by Captain Klemme, and George Wilson who asked who was in the hack, and when they saw me told me that I was wanted by the police as I was suspected of packing guns around. I did not think that he was serious, and we drove off without being molested, and went to Mr. Peterson's house. I found Mr. Peterson asleep, and woke him up, and told him about the raid on Colburn and that the police claimed that three rifles and a 1000 rounds of ammunition had been found, and that the police expected to find more at daylight. Mr. Peterson seemed to take the matter as a laughing matter and paid little attention to it. I staid for about an hour speaking about some business of my own. On leaving the premises and turning into the street a policeman on horse-back known to me as Mary-Ann—stopped us and asked Nick if he had any guns in the carriage. On receiving a negative answer he insisted on searching the carriage which he was permitted to do, and he and another officer (on foot) looked around and got it where the chicken got the axe? The officer then made a proposition to search me which I refused to let him do and he insisted I told him that I would kick the head off any man who laid his hand on me without a legal warrant. I was then told that I must go to the Station to which I agreed. A policeman

jumped into the hack and two others on horseback escorted us. About ten officers were around the premises coming seemingly from holes and corners. When we were arrived at the station I was invited to enter and I accepted the invitation. I was conducted to the deputy Marshal's office where I found T. B. Murray and Capt. Klemme. The first named politician expressed his grief in seeing me at the station, and I suppose it was genuine—as I had just heard him sing out to some body not to waste time, but to bring me "down"—presumably to a cell. They told me that there were 60 guns found at Colburn's house, and that they would put their hands on 30 more in the morning. They also told me that there were two spies concealed under Mr. Peterson's house who had heard my conversation with that gentleman. My answer to this was simply "Rats." Senior Captain Lorrin Andrews came into the office now and desired to know why I had gone to Mr. Peterson, what I took there, what there was in the box, what we did, what arms we carried, and several other similar questions. I answered him that I went to Mr. Peterson on my own private business which was none of the Senior Captain's. That I "took" there a horse and a carriage, and a driver named Nick besides myself. That I hadn't seen any box in our carriage and that if his spy reported so, he should have stopped while the box was there and not after. (In this the Senior Captain concurred describing the spy as a d—d fool.) That I spoke with Peterson and also tasted his whiskey, and that the only arms I carried was a bottle of whiskey, which might be called a deadly weapon. I was told to remain in the Marshal's office until the captain should return, and I was left in charge of Mr. Murray of League fame and Klemme, or they in my charge, I don't know which. We had now been about 40 minutes in the Station house, and I had not been searched yet. I was then called into another office, where the captain again plied me with questions. I told him that it was getting rather monotonous to be run in without any charge being brought against me, or without any search being made of my person, and detained for so long a time. He answered that he did not wish me to be searched, but he would have liked the Marshal to speak with me, but as that official was asleep and very tired he did not feel like waking him up, but I could go home and he would ask me to call on Mr. Hitchcock the following morning at 8:30. I then left after having been detained for about an hour like a criminal and held up on a public road after the fashion of regular highway men.

GEO. J. Cavanaugh.

No Deception.

"Didn't you promise to love, honor and obey me?"
"Yes, but the minister has known me all my life, and he knew I didn't mean it."

Wanted.

A gentle BUGGY HORSE for Family use, report to TRACY'S Store on King street, next door from Holomua office, on Thursdays and Fridays. de 14 5w

The Manly Girl.

The manly girl is one of the types of modern maids who help to bring discredit on the girls of to-day, and lead Mrs. Lynn Linton and other facile writers to dip their pens in gall when setting forth their attributes. She is, says the Princess, an exaggeration of our nineteenth century damsels, and as such is hopelessly unpleasing; the athletic maiden, fond of every sport, is as lovable as she is vigorous, but let her beware lest she overdoes her part, and stamps herself as disagreeably masculine, in which case she may count sorely on losing the respect, the reverence, and the chivalrous treatment which every right-minded man gives to a true woman. When she makes her debut in society, the childish roughness, instead of disappearing, develops into an uglier form. The slangy talk and pert replies to which she has treated her brothers are fairly piquant to her partners, and as they smile and jest in return, she becomes more and more manly, with the mistaken idea that she is conveying a good impression. She begins to speak of men as her "chums," and votes them as "good fellows." A cigarette, first indulged in purely out of bravado, is followed by a second and third, till nausea being overcome she commences to indulge fairly regularly in the "weed," so the innocent, refined bloom of maidenhood is roughly brushed and the manly girl finds herself addressed more cavalierly and treated with greater indifference than the girl who has been true to her sex. The pity of it is, that the manly girl, in her short-sightedness, thinks she is attracting where, in truth, she is repelling. Let no girl believe it that a man likes a woman who seeks to be his counterpart, who copies him with a stiff shirt, a tie, a jacket, and a waistcoat, retaining only the skirt as a means of identification, who crops her hair close, perches a sailor hat at an angle on it, screws up her eye, and inserts a single glass (not without a contortion of the rest of her face), and, with a stick under her arm, swaggers (it is the only word possible here) down the road. The caricature may amuse, but the laugh in truth is against the girl, not with her. In each bright young girl, full of life, vivacity, and freshness, a thinking man looks for the qualities that will make a true wife, a thoughtful mother, and a beloved companion; in the horsey young lady, with her cigarette and her slang, her loud voice and strident laugh, and her general unwomanliness, he sees none of the attributes with which his ideal woman is clothed, and he turns away from her to seek the one whose "price is far above rubies," for "she will do him good, not evil, all the days of her life."—Auckland Weekly News.

L. H. DEE,

—JOBBER OF—

Wines, Spirits, and Beers.

HOTEL ST., between Fort and Bethel streets.