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From	1887.	1887.	1887.	1887.	To	1887.	1887.	1887.	1887.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

STEAMER "AUSTRALIA," TO HONOLULU.

TIME, SEVEN DAYS.

SAN FRANCISCO.				HONOLULU.			
1887.	1887.	1887.	1887.	1887.	1887.	1887.	1887.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

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Ghosts of Hilo

[illegible] at least and less. At last my head dropped forward towards the table, and by a deft twist of the wrist I turned my eyes in my left hand, and saved my nose from all injury. Isn't it wonderful how small escapes we make in life, and (the arrow escapes we make in future) and the arrow of Morpheus? Well, I thought I would rest my eyes a little in that position and then finish the story. Before I raised my head, however, I heard the door open [illegible] I listened [illegible] by no means [illegible] But I guess if I should have [illegible] my head down so sleepy [illegible] for a foot and apparently [illegible] which followed [illegible] upon the railing of the [illegible] I was the only occupant [illegible] of whom was close so near at hand [illegible] Moreover I [illegible] to the effect or pain of others. So it was with considerable [illegible] that I raised my head and saw a figure standing in the door, and a chill ran over me and my hair seemed to rise on my head, as my eyes met those of the sinister-looking female who confronted me.

As I stood facing her in silence (for I had even lost could not collect my thoughts enough to speak) it did not take long for me to decide that she was no mortal. That wild, terrible look can never be forgotten. Vicariousness, misery, suffering seemed to contend for the mastery in her countenance. Yet it was not the despair which is itself a [illegible] of misery, but that despair which has forgotten hope and better things. As I stood looking at her I began to wonder [illegible] the painful silence (a phrase which I understood and never at until that eventful night), and ask her who she was and what she wanted in my room. But the mere effort to speak sent such a [illegible] over my whole body that my voice never reached my lips. After a considerable time she stepped forward and stood at the corner of the table beside which I was standing. As she stood thus [illegible] and despair seemed [illegible] her countenance. I [illegible] at last to gasp rather than say, "Who are you, and why have you come here?" My voice was husky, for my mouth and throat were dry, yet its sound, as it seemed to ring in that little room, brought back my terror. My watch lay on the table at my side where I had put it for the night, and its ticking grated painfully on my ears.

"Come with me," said she, apparently giving no heed to my question. These were the only words I ever heard her utter, and they were certainly enough. Did you ever hear a [illegible] and with a brief laugh [illegible] in the very source of her madness? Then the voice which on hearing was a [illegible] and [illegible] which now [illegible] in intensity. My [illegible] were [illegible] horror and [illegible] which left [illegible] but [illegible] on the [illegible] slow—the [illegible]

"Where are we going? Where was [illegible] of her conveying [illegible] spot back [illegible] until now. [illegible] remember my over[illegible] on very [illegible] and I [illegible] and I [illegible] it was light that the street which we were just entering run now [illegible] sea. Farther more I was entering [illegible] the end of this street and in doing so was crossing a street which [illegible] at right angles to it. These were [illegible] familiar features of the view which I now looked upon. The street was narrow, and the houses were nearly all two stories high. All [illegible] frame houses of poor quality. Verandas overhung the sidewalks on both sides. I looked back. The grounds through which I had just passed were entirely changed. My guide was moving steadily forward, and I again quicked my steps, lest I should lose sight of her. To the right stood a large frame building [illegible] windows so arranged that I could not tell how many stories high it was. Colored lanterns hung [illegible] the larger open door, and an occasional [illegible] issued from it. My guide led me directly into the door. The Chinaman who stood at the door [illegible] as we entered. He did not seem to attract [illegible] attention at all while we stood [illegible] To the right of the main entrance ran a narrow dark hall, which I think was crooked. At least I could not see far into it. Neither could I see anything which looked like an end. On either side there seemed to be a succession of small rooms. From these rooms issued a succession of sounds, audible in the [illegible] of the dim window, resembling the slow and irregular clicking of castanets. About the whole building [illegible] of anything but quietly. As I looked in to this labyrinth I saw a form stooping low and slowly stepping backwards towards me. He seemed to be dragging something very heavy. When he came out to the light, I saw that he was dragging a [illegible] young Hawaiian. He was thin and feeble in [illegible] and his clothes [illegible] and blood, and his [illegible] I mean, who [illegible] I [illegible] after the [illegible] Chinaman who [illegible] door [illegible] and [illegible] of the door, [illegible] on the ground by the side of the street. I started to go [illegible] Just as I was going out [illegible] native man steps [illegible] me from the street [illegible] gently tapping me [illegible] shoulder walked away. I [illegible] who I obeyed her will [illegible] I followed. As we [illegible] I heard the old man [illegible] upon the [illegible] were the only Hawaiians I saw with left by this ghost.

As we walked down the street and came near to a cross street, another large building attracted my attention. No sooner had it come into [illegible] and look a little from the [illegible] the spirit directed [illegible] the open door. As I stood in the door I saw a large piece of grotesque statuary in front of me and facing the door. In front of the statue a lamp was dimly burning and gleaming in something like a large shallow sink. As I peered into the darkness to right and left I saw on each side a peculiar looking cart [illegible] filled with long bright colored [illegible] An old Chinaman seemed to have sole charge of this big lonely building.

Going down the street to the first corner, we turned to the left. Passing through streets which reminded me of Maunakea street, Honolulu, before the fire, we turned to the right and again to the left. I was looking so intently about me that I did not see far ahead. So it was with some surprise that I found myself just starting across a long bridge. I looked to my left. There were big dark rocks and the still water around them. Farther up a little water fall glittered in the moon light. To the right was an open sea. It astounded me to recognize in this stream Wailuku River. This then was Hilo, and I was on the way to Puueo. But how changed! And all in one night! Was it possible that I had imitated poor Rip Van Winkle and taken an indefinitely long sleep?

But I had not much time to reflect, we were walking rapidly. Soon a confused noise made up largely of human voices attracted my attention. We were going up the hill on the Hilo Palikii side of the river, and the noise came from some point makai of the street. When we came to the next corner we found ourselves almost in actual contact with a riot. It seemed to be a kind of free fight between thirty or forty Japanese and a similar number of men of another race. They were tall, slim men of a complexion similar to that of the Hawaiians. But their lips were thin and their noses sharp and narrow. I tried hard but failed to discern who they were or what language they spoke. I was sure however that they were not Hawaiians; for long as my sleep had been (if, indeed, I had been asleep) I had distinctly heard a recognizable Hawaiian language since I left my room. I observed also that there was not a Chinaman to be seen on that side of the river. All seemed to belong to these two races. It was quite evident that the Japs were getting the worst of the fight, for they kept retreating toward the sea.

I turned and a huge column of smoke and flame rising from Kukuau attracted my attention. As I stood looking at it, my guide started back. I followed. She hastened. So did I. Breathlessly I approached the fire. As we drew near I saw a great mass people of different nationalities and races skulking along the dark sides of the streets carrying various articles of value. They made so little effort at concealment that I was in doubt for a time about their being the set of thieves which I afterwards decided that they were. The fire was spreading. I myself saw men set fire to a number of houses. Other houses were guarded by men who stood around them flourishing long, bright knives which flashed in the light of the burning town. The sight of women and children added horror to this carnival of crime, which was still going on when my guide beckoned to me to move on with her.

I was glad to get away from such a scene, since I could do nothing to interfere with what was going on. It was painful for me to find that I was utterly unable to make myself noticed at all. When I spoke nobody seemed to hear. When I tried to get a man's attention by catching hold of him, he seemed to dodge me without knowing it. I could see others and hear them talk, but they could neither see nor hear me. Was I a ghost or were they all ghosts? The question is not yet answered. But as I was saying, my guide led me away from the fire. I was so confused in thought that I did not notice which way we started. Going through strange scenes for a long while, I did not find out where we were till we were at the door of the house in which I lived. When we reached the head of the stairs she stepped aside to let me go in first. I did so. My lamp was still burning, and my watch still lay on the table. My first thought was to see how long I had been away, for I felt confused with regard to time. Then it occurred to me to see, first, what my visitor would do next. I turned around. Who was that?

Helen and Joan, Athene and the Madonna seemed strangely mingled in that face and form. Such beauty and a bearing so heroic, such majesty and such benignity are not seen in one mortal. I was now past the point of feeling terror at any mere apparition. But I do not believe that such a person as she would have frightened me, even if she had been the first to come to me. I felt no [illegible] to speak to her. Though I felt such strangely [illegible] to [illegible] my [illegible] son, so I asked her, "Are you the—" (I almost said ghost) "person who took me around to see such a strange Hilo tonight?"

"You have not seen me before," said she, "but I have come to show you another strange Hilo. Come with me and you will see something pleasanter than the scene you have just been visiting."

So I started out again without taking time to rest at all. In fact, it never occurred to me that I needed rest. We took the same course at first that I had taken earlier in the night. When we got to the gate I instinctively looked across the corner to see what had become of the unfortunate Hawaiian whom I had seen dragged out of the large building. But I was not surprised to see the whole place changed. In fact, I was past being surprised. Instead of the huge barn-like structure which had occupied the corner, stood a neat stone house, two-stories high, surrounded by a grass plot. The windows of the building were large, and a high, double door fitting into a gothic arch at the top was to be seen in front.

Passing down the street we saw old Haili Church in its former place. True it was greatly changed. The roof had been changed and a new belfry had been built. Perhaps other changes had been made, but still it was the same old house—at least on the principle by which the old hunter proved the age of his gun.

All along the street stood neat little frame houses, surrounded with trees and flower gardens. We turned to the left at the first corner, just as I had done before. Here again embowered cottages and flower gardens lined the street. Soon we came to a park on our right. It was a small affair, but it was nicely fitted up with rustic seats, etc., and showed unmistakable evidence of care. Going through this park on a diagonal path we came to a street which ran in the same direction as the one we left. When we entered it we had large and substantial business houses on each side of us. As we were coming near to the river a rearing sound followed by a sharp whistle attracted my attention. Soon afterwards a train of cars moved across the street ahead of us. When the train had passed I looked across the river to see what Puueo looked like, but I could see no great difference between it and the other parts of Hilo. Business houses lined the streets near the railroad, and handsome little residences were to be seen on all others. We returned from the river and turning to the right left all signs of business behind us as we went up the street. Comfortable little houses and pleasant gardens were to be seen on all hands. All was quiet. I saw no policemen, yet the peace seemed to be kept. On my visit to the other Hilo I saw no officers, but it seemed that they would have been helpless in such a place if they had been there. Here they were unnecessary. When we came to the first cross street we turned to the left. Going along this street a short distance we came to a very prominent building on the right. It was a massive stone structure standing in the middle of a grassy enclosure of about an acre or an acre and a half. A cement walk led up from the street. The building though large was of a neat appearance. Soon I found myself approaching my own room again. I had seen a town asleep. The only man whom I had seen on the streets was a solitary watchman at the railroad crossing.

This time my guide entered the room first. But she stopped by the door and beckoned to me to be seated at the table. I sat down but kept my eyes fixed on my visitor. "Who are you," said I, "and what does all this mean? Two ghosts (I beg your pardon if I am wrong) come to my room in one evening, and show me such sights as no man ever saw before in Hilo. Surely all of this has some meaning."

"You are right," said she, "that we are spirits, and you guess correctly that there is meaning to what you have seen. We are sister spirits (half sisters) of the times. But we do not belong to these times; we are spirits of possible times yet unborn. My sister has shown you the future of which she will be the spirit if she comes to dwell at Hilo, and I have shown you my future times. If the races and peoples coming into this country, unite to form one homogenious, intelligent, happy and virtuous people, then I will come to dwell at Hilo, and the town which I have shown you will be a present reality. But if not, then my sister will come with all that she has shown you. Now, the greatest power in determining which of us is to animate the future times of Hilo is the public school. Let the schools be fostered, let only the best people obtainable be appointed to positions in them—people of character and ability, let all appointments and promotions be made solely in the interests of the schools, and let them be unstintingly supported, and I shall return to dwell at Hilo. But let these conditions be disregarded or reversed, let the schools be neglected or used for other purposes than the education of children, and discords will grow among the people, and my sister will come and take up her abode with you.

Just as she was saying the last word a confused medley of voices broke out behind her discordantly crying "Write, write, write, write, write, write, write," and so they kept on calling the word write faster and faster till the word was no longer recognizable. Then the sounds ceased to be articulate and died away into a wail such as that which had attracted my attention at first. I watched the ghost, meantime, very intently. She was changing in looks as the voices were changing in sound. She was becoming less and less like a human being in form. At last she took the form of a white door swinging open, and the wail became the creaking of rusty hinges. I looked at my watch. It was time to go to bed. I went.

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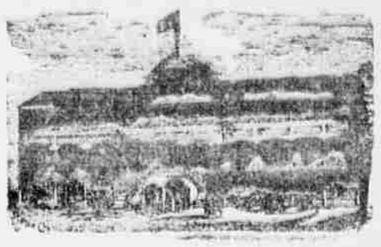

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