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 Ads in this column will be inserted at—
 Per line, one insertion...15c
 Per line, two insertions...25c
 Per line, one week...40c
 Per line, one month...80c
 This is the cheapest advertising ever offered the people of Honolulu.

EVERYDAY WANTS AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

HAWAII'S GREATEST OPPORTUNITY FOR LARGE RETURNS ON SMALL INVESTMENTS

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING?
 If so, consult these columns. If you want employes or if you want employment. If you want lodging or boarding or have them to let. If you want to rent rooms advertise in the Bulletin Want Columns. Advertise any want you have and advertise your business.

WANTS

See Page 8, NEW TO-DAY, for New Ads.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

SITUATION WANTED—By man: American; temperate, industrious and reliable; references given. C. C. Caruth, Alakea House. 2548-1w

SPECIAL NOTICES.

IT IS a pleasure to use Pacheco's Dandruff Killer; it may be used freely every day because it is an ideal tonic for the hair. At Union Barber Shop.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Fine corner lot in Makiki. Curbing, water, fruit and ornamental trees and all improvements. Two minutes' walk from cars and Punahou College. Address R. F., this office. 2516-1f

FRESH comb honey for sale at 10 cents per pound or three pounds for 25 cents, at 741 Kinohau St., near Alapala. T. Newcastles. 2531-1f

FOR SALE—Elegant French walnut bed and dresser. Smith premier typewriter. "W." Bulletin office. 2548-1w

FOR SALE—Waikiki Inn; all in good running condition. Inquire of L. H. Dee, P. O. Box 632. 2535-1f

TO LET.

FOR RENT—House of 10 rooms, modern improvements in first-class condition, with servants' room and stable; corner Punchbowl and Ber. Sts. J. G. Silva, with Ehlers & Co.

TO LET—6-room cottage on River street, above Vineyard; rent cheap. J. W. Podmore, Bethel and King Sts. 2527-1f

NICELY furnished cottage; Punahou; \$30. Enquire Golden West Cigar Store, Merchant St. 2559-1w

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—A Young man as solicitor and bill clerk; one with experience in the grocery business preferred. Address A. B. C., Bulletin. 2548-1w

YOUNG man between 15 and 18 years old wanted to assist in office. Address M. F. G., this office. 3548-1f

TO LET.

TO LET—Modern cottage, 6 rooms, porcelain bath and washstand, electric lights, 5 minutes' walk from town, electric cars pass the door, 1494 Emma st. 2531-1m

FOR RENT: Furnished Rooms—Nice, cool, mosquito proof rooms. Alakea House, Alakea St. bet. Hotel and King. 2265-1f

FOR RENT—Large dwelling on Pili-ko near Luualilo Sts.; \$30 per mo. Honolulu Investment Co., Judd Bldg.

TO LET—Furnishing housekeeping rooms; hot and cold baths. Los Angeles, 1343 Fort St. 237-1f

TO LET—Storage room in the center of Honolulu. Inquire of A. V. Gear.

LOST.

LOST—Many thousands of dollars through neglecting to have stock sufficiently insured. Honolulu Investment Co. represent four of the strongest fire insurance companies.

LOST—A pair of cuff buttons set with diamond in center, somewhere between Fort St. and Kapalama station. A reward is offered for return of same to W. C. Acht. 2559-1f

LOST—A young English pointer dog, about 6 months old; color white and brown. Reward if returned to Schumann Carriage Co., Young Building. 2536-1f

ABNER DANIEL

By... **WILL N. HARBEN**
 Author of "Westerfeld"

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Chapter I.—The story opens with Alfred Bishop, a Georgia planter, closing a trade of \$5,000 in mill stock for 5,000 acres of mountain land. Mrs. Bishop and their son Alan object to the trade. Mrs. Bishop's brother, Abner Daniel, tells a story. II.—The sale over. Bishop boasts that his land is on a prospective railroad. Tompkins, the former owner, has just unloaded a tract of 2,000 acres adjoining Bishop's. III.—Bishop goes to Atlanta to see Lawyer Perkins, who told him about the railroad. He has been deceived. The old man is so cast down that he returns home without seeing his brother William or his daughter Adele, who is at her uncle's in Atlanta. IV.—Bishop has bought 20,000 acres of mountain land in all and mortgaged his plantation. Abner tells Alan to consult Rayburn Miller, a land speculator. V.—Miller tells Alan about a dance at Darley. Alan's sweetheart, Dolly Barclay, will be there. Frank Hillhouse is attentive to Dolly. Craig, the banker. VI.—Dolly tells Alan that her father objects to his love quest. Barclay has also been caught on mountain land. VII and VIII.—Miller gives Alan cynical advice on love. Dolly's mother talks to her of her own love experiences. Dolly unhappy. IX.—Abner and Rev. Mr. Dole discuss religion. Pole Baker, the ex-moonshiner, whom Alan has reformed. X.—Abner goes to Barclay's, and Dolly tells to him of Alan. He tells Alan of his own sweetheart who died and he still loves her. Alan will hope and wait. XI and XII.—Alan goes to Miller with a project for a railroad to the land. He redeems Pole Baker from the prison gang. XIII.—Miller sends news by Dolly to Alan about his railroad project. She disputes Miller's cynical views of love. XIV.—Miller interests Fillman Wilson, president of the Southern Land and Timber company, in the mountain road. Loan of \$25,000 arranged on Bishop's tract. XV and XVI.—The deal finished with a verbal option for the company to take the land at \$100,000. XVII and XVIII.—Miller meets Alan's sister Adele in Atlanta and is smitten. Craig's bank fails. Bishop loses his money. Dolly sends word to Alan that she loves him more than ever.

CHAPTER XX.

As Abner Daniel leaned over the rail fence in front of Pole Baker's log cabin one balmy day two weeks later he saw evidences of the ex-moonshiner's thriftlessness combined with an inordinate love for his children. A little express wagon, painted red, such as city children receive from their well-to-do parents on Christmas, was going to ruin under a cherry tree which had been bent to the ground by a rope swing fastened to one of its flexible branches. The body of a mechanical speaking doll lay near by and the remains of a toy air rifle. After a protracted spree Pole usually came home laden down with such peace offerings to his family and conscience. His wife might go without a needed gown and he a coat, but his children never without toys. Seeing Abner at the fence, Mrs. Baker came to the low door and stood bending her head to look out.

"I heard at home," said Abner, "that Pole was over near axin' fer me. I've been away to my peach orchard on the hill."

"Yes; he's been over there twice," said the woman. "He's back of the house some's settin' a trap fer the children to catch some birds in. I'll blow the horn. When I blow twice, he knows he's wanted right off."

She took down a cow's horn from a nail on the wall, and going to the door on the opposite side of the house, she gave two long, ringing blasts, which gave half a dozen dogs near by and some far off to barking mellowly. In a few minutes Pole appeared around the corner of the cabin.

"Hello, Uncle Ab," he said. "Won't you come in?"

"No; hain't time," smiled the old man. "I jest come over to see how much money you wanted to borrow."

"I don't want any o' yo'n," said Abner, leaning over the fence, his unbuttoned shirt sleeves allowing his brawny bare arms to rest on the top rail. "I wanted to talk to you about Alan an' that bank bust up."

"You've been to town, I hear," said Abner, deeply interested.

"Yes, an' I've been with Alan an' Miller fer the last week tryin' to do some'n, but we couldn't. They've been sendin' telegrams by the basketful, an' Jeff Dukes has trotted his legs off back an' forth, but nothin' hain't been done."

"You say the hain't?" Abner's voice quivered and fell.

"No. They both kept up the spirits purty well fer about ten days becuse that dang Atlanta chief of police kept writin' he was on a scent o' Winship, but day before yesterday they give in. We was a-settin' in Miller's office when he last message come from Atlanta. They said they'd been after the wrong man an' that they'd give up. You ort a' seed Alan's face. Miller tried to cheer 'im up, but it wasn't no go. Then who do you think come? Alan's sweetheart. She axed to see 'im, an' they talked awhile in the front room. Then Miller come back an' said she'd axed to be introduced to... at think of it! I went in an' seed she'd been a-cryin'." She got up, by jinks, an' ketched my hand an' said she wanted to thank me becuse I'd been such a friend to Alan! Uncle Ab, I felt as mean as an egg-suckin' dog, becuse that was an' flat o' his back, as the feller said, an' I hain't turned ahand to he'p 'im. An' that she was, the gal he loves an' wants, an' 'is poverty standin' betwixt 'em, I couldn't say nothin', an' I reckon I looked more kinds of a durn fool than she ever seed on two legs."

"Well, what did you do?" asked Abner, too much moved by Pole's graphic picture to speak with his usual lightness.

"What did I do? I made my bow an' said, I made a beeline fer Murray's bar an' put two down as fast as they could shove 'em out. Then I tuck another, an' quit countin'. I begun to think I owned the shebang an' broke several billiard cues an' throwed the chalk around. Then Dukes come an' said he'd give me a chance to escape trial fer misconduct o' I'd straddle my boss an' make fer home. I agreed, but that was one thing I had to do first. I had promised Alan not to drink any more, an' so I didn't want to sneak away to hide it. I went to Miller's house, whar he's stayin', an' called 'im out. I told 'im I'd jest come fer no other reason an' to let 'im see me at my worst. I felt like it was the only manly way, after I'd broke faith with a friend as true as he is."

"Too bad!" sighed Abner. "I'll bet it hurt Alan to see you in that fix."

"Well, he didn't complain," said Pole. "But he put his arm around me an' come as nigh cryin' as I ever seed a strong man. 'It's my fault, Pole,' ses he. 'I can see that.' Then him an' Miller both tried to git me to go upstairs in that fine house an' go to bed an' sleep it off, but I wouldn't. I come on home an' got mad at Sally fer talkin' to me an' come nigh as peas hittin' 'er in the jaw. But that's over, Uncle Ab. What I'm in fer now is work. I ain't no fool. I'm on a still hunt, an' I jest want yore private opinion. I don't want you to commit yoreself unless you want to, but I'd go more on yore judgment than any man's in this country. I want to know if you think old Craig is a honest man at heart. Now don't say you don't know an' keep yore mouth shut, fer what I want to know, an' all I want to know, is how you feel about that one thing."

Abner hung his head down. His long thumb trembled as its nail went under a splinter on the rail and pried it off.

"I see what you are a-drivin' at," he said. "You jest want to feel shore o' yore ground." Abner began to chew the splinter and spit out the broken bits. He was silent, under Pole's anxious gaze, for a minute, and then he laughed dryly. "I reckon me 'n' you has about the same suspicions," he said. "That p'int's been worryin' me fer several days, an' I didn't let it end fer that nuther."

"Ah, you didn't?" exclaimed Baker. "You say you didn't, Uncle Ab?"

"No; I got so I couldn't lie down at night without the idea poppin' into my head that maybe Craig had made a fool of Winship fer some minor crime an' had hustled 'im out o' the country so he could gobble up what was in the bank an' pose as an injured man in the community."

"Same heer, pine blank!" said Pole eagerly. "What did you do, Uncle Ab?"

"Jest satisfied myself that Alan's money—or some of it—wasn't out o' creation, that's all."

"I have my reason fer believin' like you do," said Pole.

Pole glanced furtively over his shoulder at his cabin to see that no one was within hearing, then said:

"You know Winship is old Fred Parson's nephew. Well, old Fred's always been a staunch friend to me. We moonshined it together two yers, though he never knowed my chief hidin' place. In fact, nobody knows about that spot. Uncle Ab, even now. Well, I had a talk with 'im an' axed his opinion about his nephew. He talks as straight as a shingle, an' he ain't no idiot. He says it's all bosh about Winship takin' away all that bootie."

"He does, does he?" Abner nodded, as if to himself.

"Yes, an' he don't claim Winship ain't guilty, nuther. He jest holds that he was too small a dabbler in 'devilmint. He thinks, as I do, that Craig run 'im off with threats of arrest an' picked that chance to bust. He thinks Winship's in a safe place an' never will be fetched back."

Abner drew himself up straight.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

BALLASTING.
HAWAIIAN - JAPANESE BALLASTING CO.—Best black sand from \$2 to \$3 a load according to distance hauled. Coral rocks for stable, roads and sidewalks. Third door below King, Maunakea St.; P. O. box 820. Telephone Main 396.

BROKERS.
E. J. WALKER—Coffee Broker; room 4, Spreckels bldg.

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T. MASUDA—Clothes cleaned, dyed and repaired. 1416 Fort St. near Vineyard.

T. HAYASHI—Clothes cleaned and repaired. 637 Beretania cor. Punchbowl.

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DR. M. J. J. MARLIER DE ROUTON—Rooms 27 and 28 Young Bldg., between Hotel and King Sts.

DRS. A. B. CLARK and P. F. FREAR—McIntyre Bldg, King and Fort Sts.

DR. DERBY—Dentist; Fort and Hotel Sts.; Hours 9 to 4.

MUSIC.
JAMES SHERIDAN—Piano tuning and repairing. A piano for rent or sale. White 1371. 343 King St. Leave orders Hawa. News Co., Young Bldg.

ANNIS MONTAGUE TURNER—Vocal Instructor; "Mignon," 1024 Beretania St.

ERNEST KAAI—Music Teacher; Studio, Room 69 Young Bldg.

MESSENGERS.
TERRITORIAL MESSENGER SERVICE—Union St. near Hotel; Tel. 361 Main.

MASSAGE.
S. OCHIAI—Expert massage treatment for sick people. 69 Kukui St.

PHYSICIAN.
DR. GEO. W. BURGESS—1387 Fort St. cor. Vineyard; 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. and 7 p. m. Telephone Main 128. 2443-6m

STRAW HATS.
E. MORIKUCHI—14 Hotel St., nr. Nuuanu. Felt, straw, Panama hats.

PERSIAN LAWN AND LACE



One of the newest designs in ab'it waists, of the dainty Persian lawn squared with lace insertions, and applications of square and round medallions of lace. Tucked sleeves and cuffs edged with lace, stock to match.

"Have you talked to Alan an' Miller on that line?"

"Tried to," granted Pole in high disgust, "but Miller says it's no good to think of accusin' Craig. He says we can't prove a thing on 'im unless we ketch Winship. He says that sort of a steal is the easiest thing on earth an' that it's done every day. But that's becuse he was fetched up in the law."

"The slanting rays of the setting sun struck the old man in the face. There was a tinkle of cow bells in the pasture below the cabin. The outlaw in Pole Baker was a thing Abner Daniel deplored, and yet today it was a straw bobbing about on the troubled waters of the old man's soul toward which, if he did not extend his hand, he looked interestedly. A grim expression stole into his face, drawing the merry lines down toward his chin.

"I wouldn't do nothin' foolhardy, Pole," Abner looked into the fellow's face, drew a long, trembling breath and finished, "I wouldn't, but I'll be durned if I know what I'd do!"

(To be Continued.)



"I wouldn't do nothin' foolhardy," he said.

Pole finished. "We uns out heer in the mountains kin fish up other ways o' fetchin' a scamp to time without

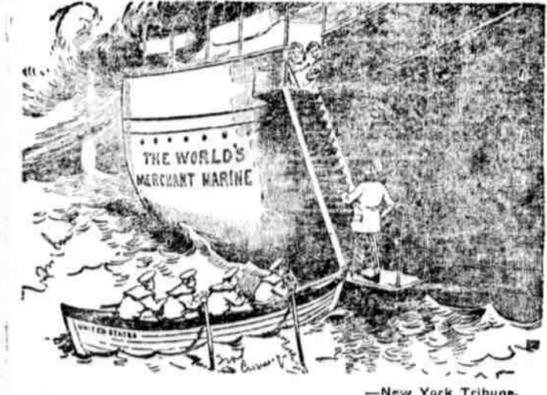
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"The Best" Milwaukee Beer

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 Because they employ the most capable and skilled masters in the art of brewing.
 Because their plant is fitted out with all the latest improvements and machinery known to the brewing world.
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Fifty years of experience.
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THE NEW PILOT COMES ABOARD.



PASSENGERS ARRIVED.
 From the Orient, per S. S. Hongkong Maru, Sept. 3.—For Honolulu: S. Ashi, K. Hiyama, Mrs. K. Hiyama and child, G. Kirimura, I. Tara. Lay over: E. Rosenberg. Through passengers: Geo. W. Armstrong, W. H. Avery, Mrs. W. H. Avery, Rev. Henry Bedinger, Mrs. Henry Bedinger, Miss Bedinger, Miss Margery Bedinger, Lt. J. D. Beuret, U. S. N.; Mrs. J. D. Beuret, W. S. Conroy, F. M. Dancy, Mrs. F. M. Dancy, J. H. Davis, Henry Gannett, Mrs. Henry Gannett, Miss M. T. Gleason, Mrs. K. Hiyama and child, P. S. Jacott, Miss Adelaide Lewis, T. D. McKay, C. F. McWilliams, Miss Leslie McWilliams, J. H. Moore and servant, Mrs. J. H. Moore, A. L. Munger, Mrs. A. L. Munger, T. Kurakami, V. W. Olmsted, Prof. Orris and valet, Capt. T. I. Owen, A. H. Preble, Harry Schullin, T. Shirdon, C. Stewart, E. A. Switzer, E. C. Travis, M. Wake, H. E. Wolf, W. M. Wood, Carl Zecheilus.

From Kaula ports, per stmr. Iwalani, Sept. 4.—Miss Hans Sheldon, Abraham Lots, Miss Hattie Sheldon, Miss Daisy Sheldon, Rachel Cummings, Helen Cummings, Lily Kai, Victoria Milliko and 37 deck.