

Political Notices

REPRESENTATIVE, FOURTH DISTRICT.

I have been regularly nominated by the Republican County Convention for the office of

REPRESENTATIVE, FOURTH DISTRICT.

and I request the support of the electors of the District.

3493-4 JOHN HUGHES

DEPUTY SHERIFF, DISTRICT OF HONOLULU.

Having been regularly nominated by the Republican County Convention for the office of

DEPUTY SHERIFF, DISTRICT OF HONOLULU.

I hereby solicit the votes of the Electors of the District.

3492-4 HENRY C. VIDA.

COUNTY ATTORNEY, COUNTY OF OAHU.

Having been regularly nominated by the Republican County Convention for the office of

COUNTY ATTORNEY, COUNTY OF OAHU.

I hereby solicit the votes of the Electors of the County.

JOHN W. CATHCART.

REPRESENTATIVE, FOURTH DISTRICT.

I have been regularly nominated by the Republican County Convention for the office of

REPRESENTATIVE, FOURTH DISTRICT.

and I request the support of the electors of the District.

3496-4 W. T. RAWLINS.

REPRESENTATIVE, FOURTH DISTRICT.

I have been regularly nominated by the Republican County Convention for the office of

REPRESENTATIVE, FOURTH DISTRICT.

and in this manner ask for the votes of the Electors of the District.

E. A. LONG.

REPRESENTATIVE, FOURTH DISTRICT.

I have been regularly nominated by the Republican County Convention for the office of

REPRESENTATIVE, FOURTH DISTRICT.

and I request the support of the electors of the District.

3491-4 A. D. CASTRO.

COUNTY AUDITOR, COUNTY OF OAHU.

I have been regularly nominated by the Republican County Convention for the office of

COUNTY AUDITOR, COUNTY OF OAHU.

and I hereby solicit the votes of the Electors of the County.

JAMES BICKNELL.

COUNTY CLERK, COUNTY OF OAHU.

I have been regularly nominated by the Republican County Convention for the office of

COUNTY CLERK, COUNTY OF OAHU.

and hereby solicit the votes of the Electors of the County.

DAVID KALAUOKALANI, JR.

SUPERVISOR, COUNTY OF OAHU.

I have been regularly nominated for the office of

SUPERVISOR, COUNTY OF OAHU.

by the Republican County Convention, and I hereby solicit the votes of the Electors of the County.

CHAS. HUSTACE, JR.

SUPERVISOR, COUNTY OF OAHU.

I have been regularly nominated by the Republican County Convention for the office of

SUPERVISOR, COUNTY OF OAHU.

and solicit the votes of the Electors of the County.

A. V. GEAR.

SENATOR, COUNTY OF OAHU.

I have been regularly nominated by the Republican County Convention for the office of

SENATOR, COUNTY OF OAHU.

and I hereby solicit the votes of the Electors of the County.

C. F. DILLINGWORTH.

SENATOR, COUNTY OF OAHU.

I have been regularly nominated by the Republican County Convention for the office of

SENATOR, COUNTY OF OAHU.

and I hereby solicit the votes of the Electors of the County.

L. L. McCANDLESS.

SHERIFF, COUNTY OF OAHU.

I have been regularly nominated by the Republican County Convention for the office of

SHERIFF, COUNTY OF OAHU.

and I hereby solicit the votes of the Electors of the County.

A. M. BROWN.

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CLOSING OUT

Incubators At Cost

M. W. McCHESNEY & SONS, QUEEN ST.

Short Stories For Evening Hours

THE INEXPERIENCE OF MARY

"Allow me!"

A strong brown hand moved the deck chair out of the sun.

"Thank you!" The girl sat down; she was slight and fair, with a look of extreme youth and freshness.

The movement had been one of involuntary, if absent-minded, courtesy on the second engineer's part, but it happened to glance at the girl as she sat down. He paused, and, leaning over the taffrail, pulled at his moustache.

"Been ill, haven't you?" "Yes, dreadfully," was her answer, with a little shudder born of shivering recollection.

"Enjoying your first trip?" "I'm delighted at him with obvious astonishment.

"How could you know it was my first trip?" He pulled his moustache again to hide a smile.

"You're so interested in everything. Like the babies, you're always taking notice."

"The roses deepened. 'It is all so new and so delightful!' she added.

He acquiesced. 'Yes, it is new and very delightful!' But he meant something else.

"Going to settle out here?" "Yes, I think so," she looked up at him shyly. "What are your duties? Do tell me. I want to know everything."

So he began to explain the duties of a second engineer on a London and Globe liner, and from generalities they quickly drifted towards personalities.

She was delightfully, absurdly young with new and untried ideas on every thing under the sun.

He was an experienced man of the world, steeped in a careless bonhomie and cynicism born of so many trips between Southampton and Table Bay.

She did not feel it strange that he should leave her so abruptly. She was rather glad to be alone for a little while, and she leaned there still, trying to realize this wonderful thing that had come into her life.

The next morning when he came along the deck she was almost too shy to look at him. She felt again the pressure of his lips on hers. It seemed to her that everyone who looked at her must know it, must see on her mouth some tangible sign of it.

He was rather quiet and reserved, but it did not hurt her now. He had said that they were lovers—she was perfectly happy and content; but he was ill at ease and ashamed of himself.

During the few days that remained he made up his mind many times to tell her the truth and put it off to the next hour. He yielded to her innocent charm and the pleasure of the moment, and the good resolutions he had made to efface the impression of that one mad night ebbed away, and he thought, "Only a girl's first fancy; she'll forget it!"

He was not really bad or vicious. He was simply what so many men are, weak and procrastinating; and so things went on till the night before they were to land at Cape Town.

They met as usual on deck after dinner.

"Are you sorry the voyage is over?" he asked.

"Sorry!" There was a world of meaning in the one word as she spoke it. "Aren't you? We shall always look back on it, shall we?"

"I shall," he answered. "You're young; you'll forget."

"Forget! Ah, how can you say that?" How strange to speak of forgetting, the girl wondered. Hollins felt like a man who, skating on thin ice, comes suddenly to the part marked "Danger," and knows there is no turning back, and so he stumbles blindly ahead, feeling vaguely for words that would soften the blow.

"We may not meet again. I should like to think you always remembered our friendship with kindness."

"I am leaving the service soon and settling down with my wife and child at home."

The ice was broken. He paused and there was silence.

He went on lamely, conscious of a sudden rigidity in the figure beside him, but not daring to look at her face.

"Forgive me! I suppose I should have told you all this before, but somehow—I've behaved like a sneak and a coward—I—"

"I still allude."

"I just drifted, not thinking. Try not to think too hard of me—"

"If only she would say something!" "Mary—Miss Emmison!" He moved a step nearer.

Anything to get that look out of her face.

"Are they not wonderful?" she answered. "Look! That large one sends quite a beam of light across the water. It is really a star beam!"

A little pause.

He tried to think of something impersonal to say. Words which he dared not utter were clamoring at his lips for freedom.

"Have I offended you?" she went on timidly.

"Offended me? Good heavens! No. Why do you ask?"

"I don't know; you seemed, somehow, different lately."

Her voice sounded uncertain.

"Did I? I'm sorry. Won't you forgive me?" He cleared his throat nervously and pitched his cigar away.

"Alas for his good intentions!" "Won't you forgive me?" he repeated. "Don't look at the stars; look at me!" She turned to him in surprise; the tone of his voice was new to her.

"That's the only star-gazing I care about," he said.

She laughed happily, tremulously.

"How absurd! You're getting sentimental."

"Why not?" His hand closed over hers on the taffrail. "Isn't the night made for love and lovers?"

"But we are not lovers," she whispered.

"Are we not, Mary?"

He gave a hurried look round. A roar of applause came from the other end. For the moment they were as much alone as on a desert island.

He yielded to the momentary intoxication, and, bending his head, kissed her.

There was light enough for him to see her face, altered and transfigured with emotion, and very beautiful. He kissed her again with a kind of fierce despair, then, with a whispered "Good-night, dear!" hurriedly left her.

She did not feel it strange that he should leave her so abruptly. She was rather glad to be alone for a little while, and she leaned there still, trying to realize this wonderful thing that had come into her life.

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"I still allude."

"I just drifted, not thinking. Try not to think too hard of me—"

"If only she would say something!" "Mary—Miss Emmison!" He moved a step nearer.

The third engineer came along. "The chief is asking for you—wants you at once."

"Excuse me one moment!" It was the rope flung out to the drowning man in the ice, and he seized it gladly. "I'll be back in a few moments—just a few moments."

Mary stood quite still till his steps had ceased; then she turned sharply, and somehow—she never knew how—she found herself in her cabin with the door locked.

She fell on the bunk, and for hours she lay there, moaning a little now and then, but checking herself instantly for fear any one might hear and wonder.

Towards the morning she dropped off into an uneasy doze, and waking with the glorious African sun pouring down on her, sat up and wondered at herself being dressed. Gradually the memory of last night came back to her, and she rose, and, with a calmness that surprised her, looked at herself in the glass.

Staring eyes and white face. This would not do. Her girlhood had gone, and her suddenly awakened womanhood rose to the occasion.

She undressed, and, slipping on her wrapper, went to the bathroom. When she returned she felt better, and began to pack. She refused to let her mind dwell on anything; there was time enough in all the years to come for that. If she were to get through at all without breaking down she must not think.

She gathered some gloves together and laid them in a box, but her actions were quite mechanical and her thoughts strayed.

"Why had he led her to think he loved her? How was it she had grown to care so much in so short a time?"

She checked herself abruptly and went on packing; but her mind swung back to the one idea.

"He had said that they were lovers. What had she said or done that he should dare to think— And all the time he war married—married! Oh, the shame of it!"

Something rolled out of a scarf she was folding. She picked it up from the floor.

It was a little ring her brother had given her—a plain gold ring with a tiny turquoise in it. The setting was quaint and original.

As she lifted it, with the thought of his wife and child in her mind, an idea came to her that took her breath away.

For fully ten minutes she sat there staring at the ring with a fixed expression.

Then quickly, furtively, in an almost guilty fashion, she slipped it on the third finger of her left hand with the stone turned inward.

It looked exactly like a wedding ring. Yes; she would do it. With revived energy she rapidly finished her packing, and went to breakfast, slipping the ring into her purse meanwhile.

On deck all was hurry and bustle, people saying "Good-by" to each other, friends making appointments for future meetings—all the varied life and movement of a mail steamer landing at Cape Town.

Hollins, watching eagerly, saw her coming along the deck with her head held high, erect. Through the long, sleepless night hours he had seen himself as he really was, and he was nervously anxious as to how she would meet him.

With the excitement of acting a part for the first time in her life, her color had come back, her eyes shone.

She greeted him with a sunny smile that had something new in it—a kind of hard brightness; but he was too excited to notice that. He only saw that she looked rosy and smiling, and a great wave of relief flowed over him.

Of course, she had not really cared; he had worried himself needlessly. "Oh! our pleasant trip is over," she said.

"Yes," He could not smile himself; a shadow seemed on him. He began to thank that perhaps he had cared more than the girl.

She gave him her hand frankly. "Well, good-by; you've been so kind! I shall always remember my first trip." He winced. "It has been quite a new experience."

Her hands were gloveless, and she laid one on the wooden rail as she prepared to descend. His eyes followed it and became riveted.

For a few seconds he could not speak; then, with an effort, he pointed to the ring.

"You are married?" he said. His voice was full of blank amazement.

She laughed lightly. "Oh, yes; I am going to join my husband up country."

"Why have you not worn that before? Why did you—"

She broke in. "Oh! I knew an unmarried girl has a much better chance of enjoying herself on a boat than a married one. I have enjoyed this trip."

"I see," he said bitterly, and laughed, too; "I've been easily taken in!"

"We were both rather clever, weren't we?" she said. "Good-by, and good luck and many thanks!"

He bowed with a set smile, bereft of speech.

She went down the steps and over the gangway with steady steps.

On the landing-stage she turned and waved the hand with the ring on, then moved to a cab, and was swallowed up in the crowd.

Hollins went straight to the bar and, ordering a stiff whiskey and soda, drank it at a draught; and in the cab Mary was starting with aching, unseeing eyes at the sheds and dust of the docks, and thanking God for the strength that had carried her through it.

Pure blood makes the skin clear, smooth, healthy.

Impure blood blanches the skin with pimples, sores, boils, eczema, eruptions. Mr. G. W. Lurmer, Keokuk, Iowa, tells of the bad condition he was in, and how he was cured by

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GRAFT IS UNEARTHED

Manila, Sept. 19.—Captain Ira L. Fredendall of the quartermaster's department was charged in the Court of First Instance in this city this afternoon with misappropriation of public funds.

The filing of these charges is the culmination of extensive investigations by the insular authorities into an alleged series of frauds perpetrated by members of the quartermaster's department in the Philippines.

The inquiry resulted in the discovery of padded payrolls in quartermaster's shops and grafting in the lease of fighters. Both officers and civilians are implicated and court-martials will follow the present court proceedings.

Washington, Sept. 19.—Partial reports of the investigation into the operations of the quartermaster's department have reached the War Department from time to time, but the inquiry is not finished. Many officers of the army and some of the employees of the civil government figure in this investigation and all of them have been separately called upon to explain the conditions under which they ordered furniture and other goods from the quartermaster's department.

DRUGGISTS MUST BE CHARY.