

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

COLLECTIONS

J. J. Byrne, for eight years employed by the Metropolitan Meat Company, Limited, as its collector, has established a collection agency at Room 11 Campbell block, Merchant street, Honolulu. Reference: G. J. Waller. 4292-1m

OSTEOPATHY.

Dr. Schurmann. Hours 8-9 a. m.; 3-6 p. m. 224 Emma Square.

REPAIRING.

Woven Wire Mattresses repaired at the Factory Honolulu Wire Bed Co., 1250 Alapai St. Telephone 535. 2946-1f

PLUMBING.

Yee Sing Kee—Plumber and Tinmith, Smith St., bet. Hotel and Pauahi.

Bulletin Business Office Phone 256. Bulletin Editorial Room Phone 185.

Oahu Railway Time Table.

OUTWARD.

For Waianae, Waiolua, Kahuku and Way Stations—9:15 a. m., 9:30 p. m.
For Pearl City, Ewa Mill and Way Stations—7:30 a. m., 9:15 a. m., 11:05 a. m., 2:15 p. m., 3:20 p. m., 5:15 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m.
For Wahiawa—9:15 a. m. and 5:15 p. m.

INWARD.

Arrive Honolulu from Kahuku, Waiolua and Waianae—8:30 a. m., 5:31 p. m.
Arrive in Honolulu from Ewa Mill and Pearl City—7:40 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 10:35 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:31 p. m., 5:31 p. m., 7:30 p. m.
Arrive Honolulu from Wahiawa—8:30 a. m. and 5:31 p. m.

* Daily.
† Ex. Sunday.
‡ Sunday Only.

The Haleiwa Limited, a two-hour train (only first-class tickets honored), leaves Honolulu every Sunday at 8:22 a. m.; returning, arrives in Honolulu at 10:19 p. m. The Limited stops only at Pearl City and Waiolua. G. P. DENISON. F. C. SMITH.

KANEHOE BEEF

Always on Hand. Young Pigs, Poultry, Eggs, Fresh Butter and Cheese.

Sam Wo Meat Co.,
King Street Market. Tel. 285
YOUNG TIM, Manager.

The Encore Saloon

Try a drink at the new place and have MIKE PATTON serve you.
COR. HOTEL and NUUANU.

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manufactured from pure distilled water. Delivered to any part of city by courteous drivers.

OAHU ICE AND ELECTRIC CO.,
Kewalo. Telephone 528.

Ice
Delivered to residences and offices at 25c per hundred in 10-lb. lots or more.
W. O. BARNHART,
133 Merchant St.
Tel. 146.

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BUILDING MATERIAL

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DEALERS IN LUMBER.

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Queen Street :: :: Honolulu.

M. Phillips & Co.
Wholesale Importers and Jobbers
EUROPEAN AND
AMERICAN DRY GOODS
FORT and QUEEN STS.

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Bamboo Furniture Made to Order.
Picture Framing a Specialty.

563 S. BERETANIA ST.
TELEPHONE 497.

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Improved and Modern SUGAR MACHINERY of every capacity and description made to order. Boiler work and RIVETED PIPES for irrigation purposes a specialty. Particular attention paid to JOB WORK, and repairs executed at shortest notice.

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AND OTHER PIANOS.
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Com'r. of Deeds for California and New York; NOTARY PUBLIC; Grant Marriage Licenses; Draws Mortgages, Deeds, Bills of Sale, Leases, Wills, Etc. Attorney for the District Courts, 79 MERCHANT ST. HONOLULU; PHONE 310.

185 editorial rooms—256 business office. These are the telephone numbers of the Bulletin office.



(Continued)

"You're not going to look for that 'new country' any more," Gale replied. "Today," said the other quietly, "this afternoon, the blood in me is calling for travel, John. I'm living here on this place five years, and I'm not long for this life. I'm hungry for hear de ax in de woods an' de moose blow at sundown. I want for see the campfire t'rough de brush w'en I come from trap de fox an' dem little wild fellers. I want to smell smoke in de dusk. My work she's finish here, so I'm piddle away today, an' I'll find dat place dis time, for sure. She's over dere." He raised his long arm and pointed to the dim mountains that hid the valley of the Koyukuk, the valley that called good men and strong year after year and took them to it.

"Have you heard the news from the creek? Your claims are blanks. Your men have quit." The Frenchman shook his head sadly, then smiled a wistful little smile. "Waal, it's better I lose dan you or Nedra. I ain't de lucky kin, dat's all, an' after all, w'at good to me is riche go' mine? I ain't got no use for money any more."

They stood in the doorway together, two rugged, stalwart figures, different in blood and birth and every other thing, yet brothers withal whom the ebb and flow of the far places had thrown together and now drew apart again. And they were sad, these two, for their love was deeper than comes to other people, and they knew this was farewell, so they remained thus side by side, two dumb, sorrowful men, until they were addressed by a person who hurried from the town.

He came as an apparition bearing the voice of "No Creek" Lee, the mining king, but in no other way showing sign or symbol of their old friend. Its style of face and curious outfit were utterly foreign to the miner, for he had been bearded with the robust, unkempt growth of many years, tanned to a leathery hue and garbed personally in the habit of a scarecrow.

While this creature was shaved and clipped and curried, and the clothes it stood up in were of many startling hues, its face was scraped so clean of whiskers as to be a pallid white, but lack of adornment ended at this point, and the rest was overlaid wondrously, while from the center of the half brown, half white face the long, red nose of Lee ran out. Beside it rolled his lonesome eye, alive with excitement.

He came up with a strat, illuminating the landscape, and inquired: "Well, how do I look?"

"I'm darned if I know," said Gale. "But it's plumb unusual."

"These here shoes leak," said the spectacle, pulling up his baggy trousers to display his tan footgear, "because they were made for dry gold." That's why they left the tops off, but they've got a nice, healthy color, ain't they? As a whole, it seems to me I'm sort of nifty. But I'm a plain man without conceit. Now let's proceed with the obsequies."

It was a very simple, unpretentious ceremony that took place inside the long, low house of logs, and yet it was

"What's the matter with you tikes, anyhow?" inquired the Lieutenant. He had always filled them with a speechless awe. He was a nice man, they had both agreed long ago, and very splendid to the eye, but he was nothing like Poleon, who was one of them, only somewhat bigger.

"Come, now! Tell me all about it," the soldier insisted. "Has something happened to the three-legged puppy?" Molly denied the occurrence of any such catastrophe.

"Then you've lost the little shiny rifle that shoots with air?" But Johnny dispelled this horrible suspicion by drawing the formidable weapon out of the grass behind him.

"Well, there isn't anything else bad enough to cause all this outlay of anguish. Can't I help you out?" "Poleon's gone away!" said Johnny.

"Now, that's too bad, of course," the young man assented. "But think what nice things he'll bring you when he comes back."

"He ain't comin' back!" wailed the little girl and, being a woman, yielded again to her weakness, unashamed.

Burrell tried to extract a more detailed explanation, but this was as far as their knowledge ran. He sought out the Canadian and found him with Gale in the store, a scanty pile of food and ammunition on the counter between them.

"Poleon," said he, "you're not going away?" "Yes," said Doret. "I'm takin' H't trip."

"Oh, but you can't," cried Burrell. "I—I—" He paused awkwardly, while down the breeze came the lament of the two little Gales. "Well, I feel just as they do." He motioned in the direction of the sound. "I wanted you for a friend, Doret. I hate to lose you."

The first word of the wedding was borne by Father Barnum, who went alone to the cabin where the girl's father lay, entering with trepidation. He was there a long time alone with

him, and when he returned to Gale's house he would answer no questions. "He is a strange man, a wonderfully strange man—unrepentant and wicked. But I can't tell you what he said. Have a little patience and you will soon know."

The mail boat, which had arrived an hour after the mission boat, was ready to continue its run when just as it blew a warning blast down the street of the camp came a procession so strange for this land that men stopped, eyed it curiously and whispered among themselves. It was a blanketed man upon a stretcher, carried by a doctor and a priest. The face was muffled so that the leaders could not make it out, and when they inquired they received no answer from the carriers, who pursued their course impassively down the runway to the water's edge and up the gangplank to the deck. When the boat had gone and the last faint cough of its towering stacks had died away Father Barnum turned to his friends.

"He has gone away, not for a day, but for all time. He is a strange man, and some things he said I could not understand. At first I feared greatly, for when I told him what had occurred—of Nedra's return and of her marriage—he became so enraged I thought he would burst open his wounds and die from his very fury. But I talked a long, long time with him, and gradually I came to know somewhat of his queer, disordered soul. He could not bring himself to face defeat in the eyes of men or to see the knowledge of it in their bearing. Therefore he fled. He told me that he would be a hunted animal all his life, that the news of his whipping would travel ahead of him and that his enemies would search him out to take advantage of him. He said the only decent thing he could or would do was to leave the daughter he had never known to that happiness he had never experienced and wished me to tell her that she was very much like her mother, who was the best woman in the world."

CHAPTER XIX.
THE CALL OF THE OREDS.
THERE were mingled rejoicing and lamentation in the household of John Gale this afternoon. Molly and Johnny were in the throes of an overwhelming sorrow the noise of which might be heard from the barracks to the Indian village. They were weeping of tears, as a rule, but when they did give way to weep they published it abroad, yelling with utter abandon, their black eyes puckered up, their mouths distended into squares, from which came such a measure of sound as to rack the ears and burden the air heavily with sadness. Poleon was going away—their own particular Poleon! They had found the French Canadian at the river with their father loading his canoe, and they had asked him whether he feared. When the meaning of his words struck home they looked at each other in dismay; then, bred as they were to mask emotion, they joined hands and trudged silently back up the bank with filling eyes and chins a-quiver until they gained the rear of the house. Here they sat down all forlorn and began to weep bitterly and in an ascending crescendo.

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(To Be Continued)

AMUSEMENTS

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THE POPULAR FAVORITES

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"THE AMERICAN GIRL."
Children under ten, 10 cents;
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Evening prices, 25c., 50c., 75c.
Seats now on sale for all performances.

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On May 13, at 8 P. M.

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Miss Wertheimüller—Pianist,
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