

HAWAIIAN COFFEE IS ALL RIGHT.

So Says Sim Mack of American Trading Company.

MAKES TRIP THROUGH OLAHA.

Surprised at Showing Made all Along Volcano Road—Much Must Be Learned by Careful Experiment—Conditions of Soil and Atmosphere Peculiar to Hawaii—Small Planters.

Another gentleman who knows the coffee business from A to Z has returned from the Oloha district with the legend pasted in his hat: "I went, I saw, and was convinced." This man is none other than Sim Mack, the genial representative of the American Trading Company. Mr. Mack is now on his way to the Orient to complete arrangements for the construction of a line of railroad for which the Chinese Government contracted with the American Trading Company some time ago. Li Hung Chang has since been on his sight seeing tour, and naturally enough he ought to want more railroads. Mr. Mack takes this for granted, of course, and before he returns will endeavor to argue good progressive ideas into the head of the Chinese Viceroy.

Having heard something of Hawaiian coffee, Mr. Mack stopped over one steamer to take a look at the situation in the coffee districts. It may be well to add here that he had been in the coffee business since a boy, and up to last year had conducted a coffee brokerage business since 1887. While he has not had extensive experience in planting coffee, his business has taken him through all the coffee countries of Central and South America, so that he not only knows a good coffee bean when he sees it, but also has a good eye for coffee trees.

Mr. Mack tells of his impressions in a style that is decidedly flattering to the planters, and there is no evidence of false enthusiasm. In the first place he was "thunderstruck" at the healthy and progressive appearance of the plantations, large and small, all along the volcano road.

"I had heard of Hawaiian coffee," remarked Mr. Mack, "but I had no idea, and I don't believe people generally in the States know how the industry is building up here. Of course, I didn't have much time to inspect the plantations very closely and compare the different localities, but I have seen enough in my short trip to lead me to seriously consider getting into the coffee business myself, and I am quite positive that my company will make a good bid for handling Hawaiian coffee as soon as you have any to put on the market."

"There is one thing about Hawaii—there is no place in the world that I have seen in which the conditions are similar to what you have here. Possibly there may be some similarity with the Nicaragua coffee districts, except that planters there have a heavy rainy season to contend with. I am going through the coffee regions of the East Indies before I return, and possibly I may strike something there that will be like Hawaii, but I doubt it. Your planters here must for the most part work out their own salvation, so to speak. Of course there are certain general rules that may apply to all countries, but the Hawaiian coffee planter will have to study soil, local climatic conditions, and experiment constantly to obtain the best results."

"About the relative value of the different districts, of course I would not care to express a positive opinion, but I will say that I don't believe the planter has anything to fear in any district I have been in. It is only a question of degree of profit. In my whole trip up the Oloha road good healthy looking trees were the rule, and when the tree grows well the planters haven't very much to worry about."

"In some districts it may be found advisable to change the variety of the tree, possibly select a lower grade that will give a larger yield. Such points must be decided by experiments, and they can only be decided in that way. Now there is a great diversity of opinion as to the altitude at which coffee does the best. Well, every man has a right to his own opinion, I suppose, but I am sure I found the trees at 3,000 feet looking as well as those at 1,500 feet and vice versa. But mind you, altitude isn't the only thing to take into consideration. Haven't you seen two farms side by side, one prosperous and the other going to the dogs?"

"Coffee'll grow anywhere in that district, and the man who makes the closest study and uses the best judgment will be the most successful. It is the same thing in every industry."

"There's one thing I don't believe you people half appreciate, and that is the value of the coffee industry to your country. Coffee is a better crop than sugar ever thought of being. It takes time to get the plantation started, but when once bearing it is a gold mine. There is always a good market for coffee, and there is no danger of over production. San Francisco uses two million dollars' worth of coffee in a year, and China and Japan are today buying Central American coffees. Is there any reason why you shouldn't have a slice out of these two markets?"

"There is no cause for the Hawaiian coffee planter to look blue. In fact the outlook is most excellent, if I am any judge. It takes time and money to develop the trees, but look at the time and money it takes to get a fruit orchard going, and when once bearing there isn't half the money in it that there is in coffee. I suppose some of the small holders will have to go under on account of short pocket books. Such things are bound to happen in every new venture, but the man who

can pick up the half developed plantation will make good money out of it. Another thing, the small planters don't want to buy too much expensive machinery. Let them club together when it comes to cleaning and marketing their product.

"No, I didn't see anything of the Puna and Kona districts, but if they are as good as Oloha they are all right. During this trip I shall visit Batavia and then keep on around, going home by way of London and New York, but if nothing happens to me, the Hawaiian coffee planters will hear from me or the company I represent before long. Hawaiian coffee is all right."

BRYAN.

He secured the nomination
At the silver convocation
By the fervid agitation
Of his chin.

He has traveled through the nation
And disturbed the population
By the loud vociferation
Of his lungs.

Since Vermont's late demonstration
He is making his migration
To his Western reservation
On his ear.

With the whole conglomeration,
Popocratic aggregation,
Howling dervish collocation,
Blowhard-crank amalgamation,
He will view the situation
At the campaign's termination.
On his back.
—Chicago Tribune.

Millions of dollars of European gold were landed at New York and San Francisco on Friday last. Uncle Sam has golden gates now at both ends of his lot, and they are kept swinging as they never swung in the McKinley days.—Philadelphia Record.

STRONG ENGLISH WORDS.

When a person says "I suffered excruciating pain," he expresses a fact in the strongest words afforded by the English language. The word "excruciating" comes from *crux*, a cross, and signifies an intensity of agony comparable only to that endured by one who undergoes the barbarous punishment of crucifixion. There are some diseases which, for a time, cause pain of this acute and formidable nature. To find relief for it, when possible, is at once the impulse of humanity and the studious desire of science. Two brief examples may indicate what success is attending the effort to both comfort and cure cases of this kind.

"Nearly all my life," writes an intelligent woman, "I have borne the burden of what appeared an incurable illness. I always felt heavy, weary and tired. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had a *crucial pain* at my chest and between the shoulders. Frequently the pain was so intense that I was impelled to loose my clothing and walk about the room. My nerves were disordered and irritable, and I was, consequently, easily disquieted and upset. My sleep was habitually bad, and I seemed none the better for spending a night in bed. Eating but little, my strength waned of necessity, and I came to be very weak. For a long time I got about feebly and with difficulty."

"In August, 1887, I had an attack of rheumatic gout, which gave me the most harrowing experience of my life. The complaint took its usual course and refused to yield to the ordinary treatment. Through the partial failure of the liver and kidneys, dropsy set in and my legs and feet became puffed and swollen. I suffered *excruciating pain* and was confined to my bed for *three weeks*. Remedies of every description were tried, but to little purpose."

"My brother, visiting me one day, said he had been cured of an attack of dropsy by a medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr. Hewett, the chemist, in Seven Sisters Road, and after taking it felt a trifle easier. I continued taking it, and soon the pain and swelling abated. I could eat without pain or inconvenience, and by a few weeks' further use of the Syrup I was not only free from any local ailment, but felt better than I ever did in my life before. Since then I have enjoyed continuous good health, taking a dose of Mother Seigel's Syrup occasionally for some transient indisposition. You are at liberty to publish my letter. (Signed) (Mrs.) Elizabeth Rogers, 42 Plevna Road, South Tottenham, London, September 13th, 1895."

"In January, 1892," writes another, "I had an attack of influenza, and was confined to my bed for *eighteen weeks* thereafter. Subsequently I was very weak and could get up no strength. What little food I forced down (having no appetite) gave me *excruciating pain*, so that I was afraid to eat. I came to be exceedingly weak and had frequent attacks of dizziness. I was worn almost to a skeleton, and none thought I would recover."

"In June, 1892, Mr. Smith, a friend of ours, recommended me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, which I at once procured of Mr. George Coombs, the chemist in Hucknall. After taking it for only one week I felt greatly benefited. I could eat better, and food agreed with me. Continuing with the Syrup I grew stronger and stronger, and soon felt even better than before I was attacked by the influenza. You are free to print this statement if you wish to do so. (Signed) (Mrs.) Ruth Halliday, 44, High Street, Hucknall Torkard, Nottingham, March 19th, 1895."

Intense pain may or may not indicate urgent danger to life, but it is hard to bear, and very exhausting just the same. In cases of rheumatic gout (Mrs. Rogers) the pain is caused by a poisonous acid in the tissues, originally produced by the decomposition of food in the stomach—indigestion of dyspepsia. The same poison acting on the liver and kidneys creates the other symptoms mentioned. In the case of Mrs. Halliday the ailment was dyspepsia, which in the first place *incited* influenza, and then remained to torment her.

It is best and easiest to prevent pain by using Mother Seigel's Syrup immediately when the slightest illness appears.

POLITICAL POT BUBBLES.

A SIXTEEN TO ONE FINANCIER.

Silas Simpkins was a financier, although he wasn't rich—
Silas was a sorter silverite an' green-backer an' sich—
An' he never cut his whiskers, an' he didn't wear no socks,
An' all day long he'd argify upon a dry goods box.

An' he'd whittle, an' he'd whittle, an' he'd shoredly demonstrate
How his plan 'ud save the country from a mighty sorry fate.

Why, we use' to gether round him, an' we didn't care a cuss
Fer the ploughin' an' the hayin' long es Si 'ud talk to us.

Nope, I can't quite recollect' now jest how Si would fix it out,
But I shore hev seen 'im out 'er, an' I know 'twas all about

A 'per capiter,' an' 'ratio,' an' I recollect' thet he
Use' to orate mos' convincin' on the 'crime of empty-three.'

An' he 'lowed 'twas then our slav'ry to the 'plutycrat' begun,
An' I think Si said the chances was about sixteen to one

In favor of the plutycrat—an' then he'd fairly boll
When he'd tell us how they'd 'squeezed' the sweat from out the brow of toil."

Well, I guess Si must 'a' talked too much—it sorter wore 'im out—
Fer at last he got right porely an' eud scacely get about;

But he'd still come down town daily when 'th' weather 'ud permit,
An' he'd set out in the sunshine, an' he'd whittle an' he'd spit.

An' he'd keep right on a-talkin', es he set there in the sun,
On the plutycrats an' ratios an' about sixteen to one;

An' he'd argied an' contended an' he financial until
He died one day, an' we buried him, an' 'th' county paid the bill.

—Albert Bigelow Paine, in Harper's Weekly.

THE MAN'S FRIENDS.

The nation knows something of Tammany Hall. It has been a menace to free institutions, a stench in the nostrils, a disgrace to the country. Its shameless partnership with depravity and crime made that organization so infamous and so detested that even the greatest Democratic cities buried Tammany under a plurality of nearly 50,000 for a Republican Mayor. But this most infamous of all political organizations is that which gives Mr. Bryan the most vociferous welcome he has anywhere received. What wonder that the slums of New York go wild over a man who denounces the President of the United States, and says the "railroad wreckers and stock jobbers and money grabbers" have inspired his policy, and "slobbered over him with praise"? That is the stuff to delight Tammany Hall.—N. Y. Tribune.

INTRINSIC VALUE.

If you lay a gold dollar on the anvil and hammer it out of shape, it is still worth \$1.

If you do a silver dollar the same way, you hammer 66 cents out of it, and it is worth its bullion value only, or 54 cents.

Gold loses coin shape, yet loses no value. But silver loses coin shape and loses nearly half its value. It is wise to drive from the United States this gold of fixed value by introducing the free coinage of inferior silver and make yourself the prey of brokers.—Ex.

A RESENTED OVERSIGHT.

"You're discharged!" roared the free silver man.

"What's the matter?" asked the bandmaster.

"You were engaged as an unpartisan person. And the first tune you played as we marched up the street was 'Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back.'"—Washington Star.

The return of Bryan to this city and its neighborhood, and the speeches he had been making in New York, Brooklyn and New Jersey and Connecticut towns, have simply served to consolidate and intensify the opposition of in-

telligent and patriotic people to him and his incendiary doctrines. Bryan must be beaten, and beaten overwhelmingly. His utter defeat is required for the preservation of the principles, political and social, upon which the security of the Republic rests. Bryan is trying to stir up a social war as the last desperate means of supporting his disorganized canvass. Vote for McKinley and Hobart, and take no chances.—N. Y. Sun.

THE ONLY CHANCE.

There are some patriots, ill behaved—
It is a gloomy thing to scan 'em—
Who vow the country can't be saved
Unless they're paid so much per annum.
—Washington Star.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 26.—General Cassius M. Clay has deserted the Republican party, of which he was one of the founders, and has declared that he will vote for Palmer and Buckner. General Clay was a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor in 1887, when General Buckner was nominated by the Democrats. In an interview today he said: "I have always been a free trader, and for that reason am opposed to McKinley. The election of Bryan and the passage of a free coinage act would be the height of folly, and if consummated will end in nothing short of revolution."

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—Recently the bankers and brokers in the Equitable and Boreel buildings on Broadway, who are staunch supporters of McKinley and Hobart, put their heads together and their hands in their pockets, and as a result the largest American flag ever made was today stretched across Broadway. The gigantic campaign banner is 71 feet long by 46 feet wide. The field is 27 feet long and each of the stars measures 32 inches from point to point. It took 500 yards of bunting to make the big flag, which weighs 150 pounds.

A Georgia man is going to run for any office he can get on the following platform: "I never was in the war; never hollered at the surrender and never killed anybody that let me alone, and the only thing I know about the financial question is this: I need money."

The Opera House.

The fitting of the Opera House is gradually drawing to an end; the painters are putting on the finishing touches and the carpenters are placing the seats in position in the family circle. Green baize doors for the entrance have arrived and will be hung before the opening. The electric light switch board, made of marble, was placed in position on Monday and the 700 lights can be easily operated with it.

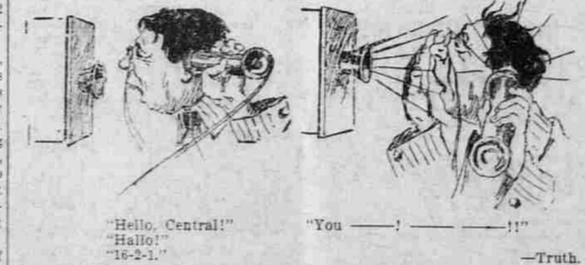
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