

Hawaiian Gazette.

SEMI-WEEKLY.

ISSUED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS

W. R. FARRINGTON, EDITOR.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Per month \$.50
 Per month, Foreign75
 Per year 5.00
 Per year, Foreign 6.00

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MABEL LOOMIS TODD AND AINUS OF JAPAN.

Visiting Among People Almost of Stone Age.

SEARCHING FOR OLD RELICS.

An Odd Race That Has Not Kept Pace With Japan's Progress—Primitive Tools Used in Farming—Difficulty in Securing Specimens. Women Formerly Tattooed Their Faces.

YACHT CORONET, YOKOHAMA HARBOR, Aug. 31.

The little town of Esashi, in northern Hokkaido, temporarily raised into prominence by the total eclipse track having seen fit to traverse its domain, has now returned to its normal quiet, echoes of the great world growing fainter in the distance as the various scientific expeditions retreat further from the Sea of Okhotsk toward more frequented regions. Our own expedition and that from the Paris Observatory under Prof. Deslandres as well as Prof. Terao's party from the Imperial (Tokyo) University, used about a week after the eclipse in taking down instruments, packing apparatus and dismantling the stations generally. We had the sad satisfaction (I use the expression advisedly, for if the circumstances had been different I should have had to say "the happy exasperation") of hearing from the Astronomer Royal of England in Akkeshi that at his station the sky was heavily clouded and nothing was done. Even yet we have not heard how the European parties fared; but that this corona was one of unusual brilliancy was evident from its brightness through the thinly drifting clouds which obscured its detail.

The Ainu, however, were obscured by no clouds of any sort during the sojourn in their vicinity, and very fine opportunities for studying this interesting race were afforded. There are no roads in Northern Yezo, no jirrikishas, no kagos, no carriages, but plenty of horses and no side saddles. So the country had to be explored in a rather primitive but perfectly effectual manner, on horseback through the narrow and often bewildering footpaths through the thickly growing scrub bamboo or along the hard sand beaches at low tide. In these rides I was fortunate in having the company of a Japanese gentleman, formerly Governor of one of the Hokkaido provinces, who knows the Ainu thoroughly, and their language as well, and who, still better, is well known to them for many miles in all directions. In a way they are a shy race, almost hermit-like so far as foreigners are concerned, and any casual traveler visiting the villages alone, or with a Japanese guide who is strange to them, sees but little of their life or customs, and can rarely purchase any of their implements or articles of dress. The fact that foreigners were in the region had interested them greatly, and that for the first time a foreign lady was near by had aroused much curiosity, and at all the villages they seemed as glad to see me as I was to see them. So, mutually in exceedingly good humor, and able to communicate easily by my helpful acquaintance, our study of each other progressed finely.

The elder women have elaborate ornamentation around the mouth in tattooing of a blue-black color, which gives them a peculiarly barbarous appearance; but the young girls are attractive and often pretty, for the tattooing was forbidden by the Japanese Government several years ago, and while not entirely suppressed, is far less frequent than formerly. These young girls have generally a clear brown skin, showing a warm russet red in the cheeks, with beautiful brown eyes shaded by long and thick eyelashes. In the younger generation, too, the luxuriant black hair is often simply coiled at the back of the head, instead of being cut in the strangely awkward native way, to stand out thickly on each side of the head, like an overgrown heath brush, and perfectly short at the back of the head, nearly half way to the top. Their teeth are even and white, and altogether they look little like the cruel heathen race they were formerly supposed to be. But the Ainu have no literature, no written language even, and their arts are of the rudest. Contact with the cultivated Japanese for a thousand years has apparently taught them little or nothing, and even now they would be scarcely beyond the stone age except for the easily obtained implements of Japanese make.

The native Ainu utensils are primitive and very interesting. The bows with their poisoned arrows, the knife handles, the tobacco pouches, the apparatus for weaving elm fibre into cloth—all of wood, often very well carved—have sometimes been handed down from parent to child through several generations. Frequently a family has but one of each article, and that one highly prized, which accounts largely for their dislike of selling their possessions. My Japanese friend, however, prevailed upon some of the Ainu to sell their dearly loved heirlooms, by the promise of unlimited sake as well as the purchase money. I was fortunate enough to find a garment of salmon skin, quite elaborately decorated, made in the same shape as the more ordinary elm fibre kimono, and the only one of its kind encountered during the summer. Some of the beads and ornaments used for the great bear festivals are brought

from Saghalien, and are quite odd enough to have originated in a region so remote.

In one of the horseback rides within a few miles of Esashi I visited an Ainu house where a very old man lived, with many children and grandchildren. The roof was thatched thickly with scrub bamboo, and the general plan within was much like the usual type of Japanese house—one end having a floor of earth trodden hard, and the remainder raised a foot or more above, covered with the straw mats. A square hole was filled with burning fagots, the smoke from which was supposed to find its own way out of a small hole in the roof, but seemed to prefer loitering about the room. The rafters hung several inches deep with, and even the fish drying above was similarly ornamented. Lying on the floor with one arm thrown over his eyes was an Ainu man sound asleep, his bushy hair and beard standing out weirdly about his face. Two or three shy children were eating rice near the fire, over which an iron pot full of an indescribable stew was suspended, bubbling vigorously. A pretty young girl sat sewing dark blue Japanese cotton upon an elm fibre apron in fanciful figures, and an older woman, curled into a tiny heap, looked up at us from under her arm, with bright and rather alarmed eyes. Round the room were piled the family treasures in a rather chaotic mass; but conspicuous among them, as always, were two or three large round boxes of Japanese lacquer, in which the choicest things are kept, and which, if dire poverty or misfortune come, are parted with the last. There is a legend to the effect that when Yoshitsune, in disgrace and obliged to flee from the main island during the shogunate of his brother, Yoritomo, many hundred years ago, took refuge in Hokkaido, he escaped from his enemies in one of these boxes, caused miraculously to contain him. He is in a sense the god of Hokkaido, and his memory is devoutly worshiped. Kakimonos representing him are found in many places, always brought out and reverently hung on feast days.

The old man we had come to see stood in the low doorway of the house, and the interior was so dark that his face was hardly seen in detail. He was an impressive figure, with a magnificent bush of white hair and beard. But the soot, the smoke, the close air, the dim light, the huddling family, the mental as well as the physical atmosphere, was oppressive, and a full breath of outer oxygen and sunshine was an intense relief.

The first object I happened to see upon emerging was the fine French cruiser Alger lying off in the harbor outside Esashi, in attendance upon Prof. Deslandres. Such are the sharp contrasts in this world that, coming instantly from an Ainu hut and a near at hand study of one of the most primitive races in the world (rapidly dying out from sheer inability to maintain itself in the face of another nation), into the clear air outside, it should be possible to see in a single glance an epitome of that world's best civilization—one night a dinner party upon a man-of-war representing one of the most cultured of countries, the next morning a call in a house within plain sight, where books were never heard of, where furniture is unknown, where lives, eats, sleeps and weaves upon the floor around a boiling pot of dreadful herbs an entire family, whose one relief from an intolerable monotony is the annual bear killing and feast, and to whom no thought or knowledge ever came of a possible civilization beyond.

In another village an old woman was the most picturesque figure. Wrinkled and brown, she was bent nearly double, as she hobbled along leaning on a stick. Her bushy hair was snow white, her mouth elaborately tattooed. Huge hoops of German silver weighed down her ears, and a brass bracelet was conspicuously worn above a score of bracelets done in wood. Her daughters or granddaughters stood or crouched around her when she rested, with babies strapped upon their backs after the Japanese fashion. She was so interested in her odd caller that she managed to get into the edge of the river near the house, in order to watch my horse step upon the flat-bottomed ferryboat which a shock-headed Ainu boy was pulling across by a rope.

Some of the rivers had no ferry, in which case we forded them, but on one occasion in the deepest place our horse deliberately lay down, to the discomfort, temporarily at least, of his rider.

Could the stay in these curious regions have been prolonged another month, the great interest ethnologically (and geologically and botanically as well) would have been by no means exhausted. But each time on returning from these excursions I found a few more instruments taken down and carefully packed, a few more tents gone, a few more boxes piled in the old school house ready for transportation, and a few more long pieces of silk and satin paper, brought in by our kindly Japanese friends, upon which we were asked to paint poems or pictures for kakimonos.

MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

JUDGE HARTWELL.

Masterpiece in Art by the Talented Painter, Fred Yates.

The portrait of Judge Hartwell, by Fred Yates, on exhibition at the Pacific Hardware art rooms, is unquestionably the most lifelike picture ever seen in Honolulu, and it is a question if it has a superior, from an artistic point of view, anywhere else.

The artist selected for a background the view from the veranda where Judge Hartwell sits after dinner. The expression on the Judge's face is rather thoughtful, but the pose, the coloring and the boldness of handling and the exactness of the likeness marks Mr. Yates a thorough artist.

The portrait was finished by the artist in eight sittings of one hour each.

The waters of the Atlantic and Pacific are only 140 miles apart at the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

HAWAII JUDGESHIP WAS WELL SETTLED.

Sheriff E. G. Hitchcock Gets the Appointment.

SHERIFF ANDREWS TO HAWAII

Selecting a Compromise Candidate—Little Not Long Enough in the Country—Satisfactory Otherwise—Appointment Will be Satisfactory to all Factions—Baldwin Goes to Maui.

As a result of a cabinet meeting held yesterday morning, Edward Griffin Hitchcock was appointed Judge of the Third and Fourth Judicial Circuits, vice Hon.

in suppressing the revolt, and his health failed to such an extent afterward that he tendered his resignation as Marshal and was immediately reappointed Sheriff of Hawaii, which position he has acceptably filled since.

Sheriff Andrews was made senior captain of police in Honolulu in 1890, and became such a terror to opium smokers and lottery gamblers that the old ring was broken. When a vacancy occurred in the shrievalty on Maui, Captain Andrews was given the place, and his services have been such as to entitle him to the promotion that was given him yesterday.

Sheriff Baldwin is a young man, formerly a merchant at Lahaina, and a nephew of H. P. Baldwin. When he gave up mercantile pursuits he was made Deputy Sheriff, and on the retirement of Sheriff Wilcox of Kaula a few weeks ago he was transferred and promoted to the position of Sheriff of Kaula. He has not had time to get settled on Kaula, and the promotion made yesterday is acceptable to him and to the people of Maui.

The Kinau from Maui and Hawaii ports came in alongside her wharf yesterday just as the 12 o'clock whistles were blowing, having made the trip from Lahaina in 5 hours and 45



EDWARD GRIFFIN HITCHCOCK. Appointed Judge of 3rd and 4th Judicial Circuits.

Antone Rosa, resigned. Lorrin Andrews, Sheriff of Maui, was appointed Sheriff of Hawaii, to succeed Sheriff Hitchcock, and L. D. Baldwin, recently made Sheriff of Kaula, returns to Maui as Sheriff of that Island. His place on Kaula has not yet been filled, but it is rumored that Deputy Sheriff Edward Olmstead of Waimea will be recommended for the appointment.

Until within the last few days the fight for the judgeship has practically been between Col. G. F. Little and Gardner Wilder, both of whom are practicing attorneys in Hilo. The main opposition to Col. Little was on the score of his short residence in the Islands. Mr. Wilder was born here, and great many of the young supporters of the Government residing in Honolulu thought he was entitled to the place by virtue of his longer residence. A few days ago the name of D. H. Hitchcock, also a Hilo lawyer, was brought up with strong endorsements from Hilo, and so far as the Cabinet was concerned the appointment was settled, as Mr. Hitchcock was a man upon whom the factions could unite.

With the Kinau on Tuesday came Sheriff Hitchcock and Mr. Wilder, the former with his brother's ultimatum. The matter then rested between Wilder and Little,



LORRIN A. ANDREWS. New Sheriff of Hawaii.

and as there was no harmony in the rank and file of Hilo, the appointment was forced upon Sheriff Hitchcock, and there was no opportunity given him to refuse.

Judge Hitchcock has been so closely identified with the politics of Hawaii for so many years that he could hardly tell when he first began to take notice. His record as Sheriff of the big Island was so satisfactory to the Government that in 1893 he was called to Honolulu and appointed Marshal of the Islands, and this he accepted with reluctance because of ill-health in Honolulu. On Hawaii his duties gave him plenty of exercise in the open air, while as Marshal much of his time would necessarily be spent in the office. In 1896 he was exceedingly active

COLONEL BLAKE WAS AN OPIUM DEALER.

Arrested in Victoria for His Swindling Operations.

LOOKING FOR HIM FOR A YEAR

Raised Money for Bogus Mining Operation—Had Plenty of Funds in Possession When Arrested—Formerly Lived in Fowler's Yard. Was en Route to Honolulu When Caught.

Through the vigilance and clever detective work of ex-Sergeant Haywood of the Vancouver police, an important capture was made Thursday on board the Canadian-Australian liner Warrimoo when she tied up at the outer wharf on her way to Australia. The prisoner is James Talliard, alias J. E. Knight, alias J. W. Blake, alias James, who has been wanted for a long time on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. In March, 1895, Talliard organized in Victoria a company to work the Anderson lake hydraulic claim, that he represented to have located, and obtained over \$8,000 advance in varying sums from men whom he had induced to go in with him in the venture. Among these was Mr. J. A. Coates of this city, who had decided to invest a thousand dollars, but when Talliard wanted the advance, he gave him \$700, keeping back \$300 as a matter of precaution. Mr. Coates said that Talliard represented the hydraulic claim to be rich, and that he had a good title to the claim. When Talliard got the money he suddenly disappeared, and though a warrant was taken out for him, he could not be found. The other victims decided to let the matter go, but Mr. Coates spent a good deal of money in trying to hunt up Talliard, even sending back to Philadelphia, Talliard's native place, and employing Pinkerton detectives to make a search, but without effect. Mr. Coates, some six weeks after Talliard's disappearance, went up to Lillooet to look up the Anderson lake claim, and found that although it had been staked it had never been recorded, the mining recorder did not know anything about it. The claim also turned out to be not at all as represented, though there was a little gold there.

Talliard for quite a number of years had lived in British Columbia, and he claimed to be a mining engineer by profession. Several years back he was engaged in a mining venture near Hope, on the mainland, and had been at Texada Island for a time.

His reputation on the mainland was not very enviable, as he seems to have had a fashion of neglecting to pay his hotel bills at Lillooet, Vancouver and other places.

The day before yesterday he suddenly appeared in Vancouver, coming from the American side, and registered at the Leland Hotel as J. E. Knight.

Ex-Sergeant Haywood, who from his extensive police and detective work, is alive to his business and has a keen memory, spotted Talliard at once, and wired over here to the provincial police and to Mr. Coates. The latter on Wednesday night took the boat for Vancouver, intending to have Talliard arrested there. At 4 o'clock yesterday morning, however, Talliard, under the name of Blake, boarded the Warrimoo for Honolulu, and Mr. Haywood quietly followed suit, after wiring to the provincial police. On the way across Talliard became very uneasy when he saw his fellow passenger, but Mr. Haywood did not give him any hint that he was on the chase. Nearing Victoria, Talliard sought his berth. When the steamer tied up Mr. Haywood quietly arrested his man, who was in a perfect fright and rolled up tight in his blankets, striving to avoid notice. Sergeant Langley of the provincial police force was on the wharf to assist in the capture, and Talliard was locked up promptly in the provincial police station on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses.

When the prisoner was searched \$25 in gold was found in his pockets, and he protested that that was all the money he had. Sergeant Langley, however, discovered tied tightly by a silk handkerchief round his body, some \$1,300 in bills spread over Talliard's back. In all the prisoner had \$1,400.25 on his person, besides a six-shooter in his hip pocket.

Last night Mr. Coates returned from Vancouver on the Charming, and very much pleased he was to find that the man he had sought for so long was at last under arrest. Mr. Coates was high in his praise of Mr. Haywood's clever work, as without him the prisoner would by this time have been safe from pursuit on the Pacific.

Talliard, or Blake, as he was sometimes called, is fairly well known here. When in Honolulu a year ago he was on the list of opium suspects. He had plenty of money and expressed a wish to invest in enterprises here. He was recognized by a former Victorian now in Honolulu, and steered clear of him. When he left Honolulu it was supposed that he went to Victoria for the purpose of bringing down a schooner load of opium, and the authorities have been on the watch for him. From the account published above it is probable that Mr. Talliard-Blake-Knight-James will remain away for some time to come.

No Bugs.

Commissioner Marsden and Prof. Koebele were busy at the Oceanic wharf for a short time yesterday morning, examining the various plants that arrived from the Australia Monday, for bugs or other obnoxious beasts, so many of which have come into the country during recent years. Nothing was found, and the plants were allowed to go on their way to the gardens of town people unmolested by further scientific search.