RESCUE OF YALLER GAL

(From Wednesday's daily.)

"I wan' dat lady—you heah me!" was a demand made in a loud voice by a coffee-colored coon on Fort and Merchant streets yesterday afternoon. "Take me to dat lady, I say. None of yo' whisper talk now! Take—me—to—dat—lady!"

The man who was so eager to get a glimpse of feminine charms was just off the City of Peking and was followed by a crowd of plantation darkies, fresh, like himself, from "Ole Tennessee." The other man who was supposed to know something of the whereabouts of "the lady" was slight of build, in color a light cocoa and milk, and in manner very nervous. He turned out to be the preacher. The lady-hunter and his dark following had surrounded him on the Waterhouse corner.

"Sh! sh!" whispered the hunted theologian. "It's all right. Don' make no fuss. I'll fix it in a little while. Shoo, now, dere's too many around!"

"I don' care ef dere's a million folkses around," was the determined answer. "Youse know where dat lady is an' you got to perdoose her. Where—am—dat—lady, I say?"

The darkies then started along Merchant street and halted a moment on the Bishop bank corner, talking loudly, and the lady-hunter showing indications of a razor. By this time twenty or thirty white men and natives had collected and the minstrel refrain, "I wan 'mah baby," arose from the melodious lips of Col. Will Fisher. Hearing this, the darkies caromed across the street and paused on Magoon's steps, where the spectators were increased by loiterers from in front of the postoffice.

"I tell you, preachah," shouted the knight-errant of ladyhood, "dere'll be trouble ef you don' get me to dat lady quick. I saw you tak' her away an' I wan' to know what she am now. You tell me! Shut up here!"—turning to a young negro who had laid a hand on his arm—"I know you. Youse his brudder an' can't ride in his cart."

By this time the cocoa-tinted preacher was so rattled that he could not tell whether he was on foot or in the cavalry. He struck across the street to the Schaefer corner, where the row was resumed. Officer McCready then loomed on the near horizon, and the cloudy group straggled towards the police station, not knowing the place till they got there and then by beating a quick flank retreat by way of Nuuanu street to King. "Dat lady's hawt; yaas, sir," was one of the remarks heard as the mob moved along. There was not much pause, and the darkies kept going, talking loudly all the way, and keeping a wary eye on the policemen until the corner of Merchant and Fort was reached again, when the preacher's brother whispered something in the ear of the violent coffee-colored person. Upon this the knight-errant dropped the preacher and started for Alakea street, where the lady in the case had been concealed. He found her and received black looks. But she came along and is now breaking hearts on Maui, or will, as soon as she gets over her seasickness.

How did the trouble begin? Well, when the steamer Santa Ana was ready to sail yesterday afternoon for Spreckelsville and the plantation agents went aboard the City of Peking, lying at the Railway wharf, for the purpose of rounding up the fifty-eight negroes, some trouble was found to exist. There were grumblings and murmurings among the dusky people, and it was not known at first whether they were on strike, or whether they did not want to leave the steamship where they had been treated so well for the past week.

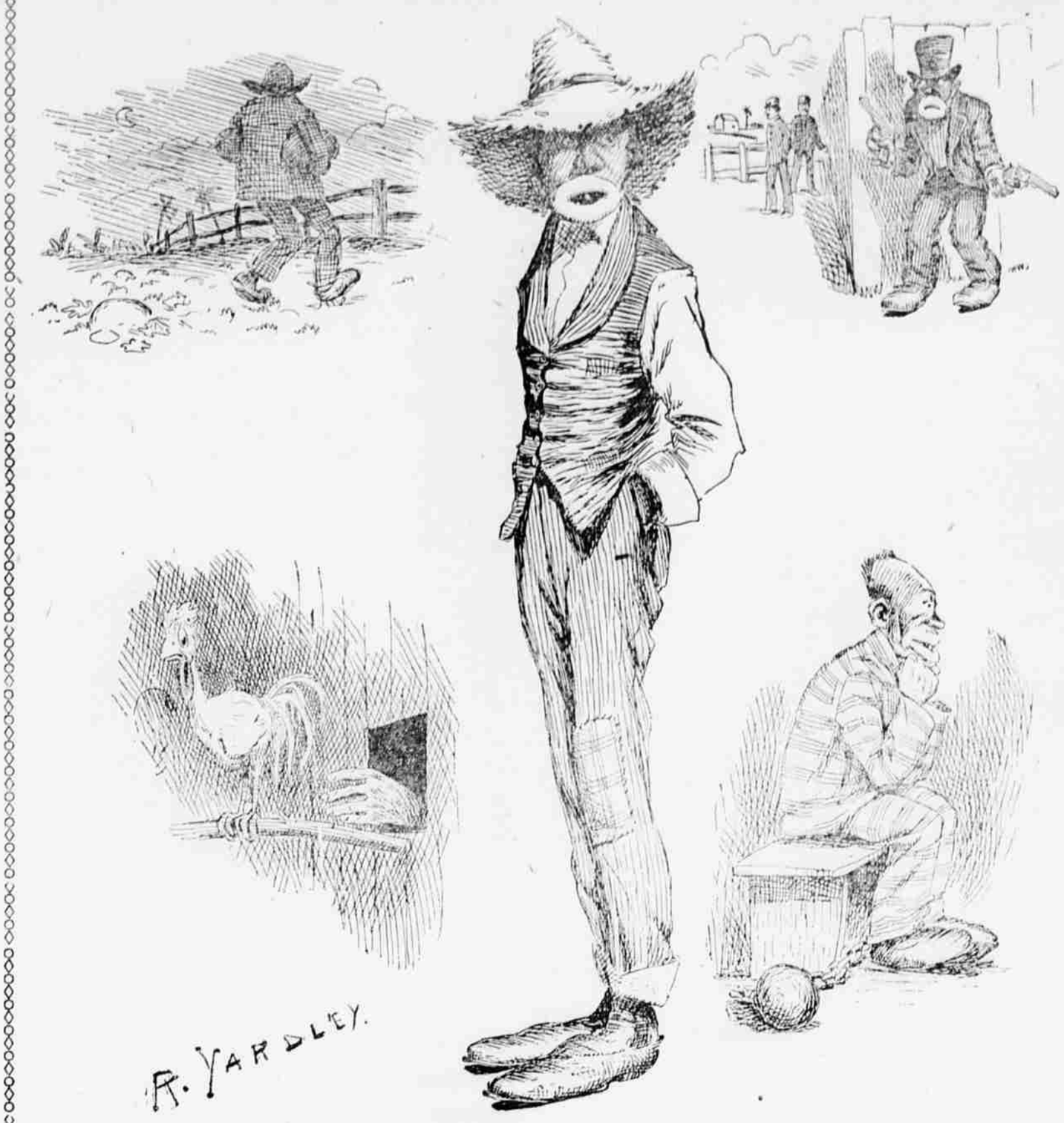
All of the kinky-haired ladies and gentlemen were highly excited, all of them except the loving couple who were united in the bonds of matrimony by the captain of the Peking the day before the vessel's arrival here. These were off in a corner by themselves, making banjo eyes and telling each other that they were sweeter than all the sugar cane in the Hawaiian Islands. Finally it was learned from one of the negroes that a preacher had "done runned away wif' a mighty purty li'le yaller gal, what was de mascot of de gang."

It was shortly after this that the majority of the immigrants came ashore and started on a hunt for the missing "yaller gal." The coffee-colored negro had his razor all ready. He searched the town and finally located the lady as is said above, in a house on Alakea street, where she had been hidden by the reverend brother who had spirited her away. "You jes' wait till I ketch dat nigger," the coffee-colored man had said. "If I don' cyarve him to de heart, I'm a gone coon, heah me a-talkin', niggers!"

It seems that the Reverend McKinney, who came down with the immigrants with the intention of reporting on the conditions here, had become infatuated with the "gal," and had persuaded her to come ashore with him and desert the rest of the party. She had listened to his honeyed words and had decided to follow the reverend gentleman to the ends of the "yearth." But the plot failed; the lady was recaptured, and the gang marched through the streets with a wondering and curious crowd at their heels, while plantation agents, steamship officers, and policemen and others followed in the wake. The crowd of negroes was put aboard the Santa Ana and that vessel, a little later in the afternoon, got away for Spreckelsville.

When the Reverend McKinney was seen by a reporter he explained that the young lady whom he had taken from the objectionable society of the plantation hands, was a superior young person, and altogether too good to go her dusky lords on a plantation. He had taken compassion on her and advised her not to go to Spreckelsville but to remain in Honolulu and secure a position as a waitress or nurse. He had told her she was too under contract to go to work on a sugar plantation, and that she was a free woman. She had decided to follow his advice, and he had married her that morning. He had not thought of any trouble from the fact that she was a mascot of the gang. She was a good girl, he said, and he was sorry that he had caused so much trouble. He had married her because he had fallen in love with her and had decided that he could not live without her. He had not thought of her color when he married her, his mind being so much upset by the trouble he had caused. He had married her because he had fallen in love with her and had decided that he could not live without her. He had not thought of her color when he married her, his mind being so much upset by the trouble he had caused.

OBJECT LESSONS IN NEGRO LABOR



MEMBER OF THE FIRST TENNESSEE CONSIGNMENT—Yaas, dis am de mos' owdashus country for de 'spectable cullud man I'se seen since I lef' ole Knoxville.

her kinky hair, as black as the smokestack of the Peking, done up in an attempted combination of a pompadour and a waterfall, and surmounted by an old Gainsborough hat in which several bright-hued imitation flowers appeared.

She wore her skirts a la mode de bicycle, and a pair of handsome number nines were thereby revealed to the gaze of the multitude. She was a bewitching little thing, and seemed to have all of the heart-strings of the male members attached to her finger tips, for each time she jerked her thumbs over her shoulders or mixed a few demonstrative gestures with her speech, the "culled" gallants couldn't move quick enough to listen to and fulfil her least desire.

As she walked through the streets, being led to the steamer which was to take her to Maui, she realized that she was the center of attraction, and acted up to the part after the manner of a prize cake walker on a vaudeville stage. When she blew a dainty kiss to a burly policeman who suggested that the crowd break up, the hearts of her dusky admirers were in their throats, and their right hands itched to reach for their razors.

INTER ISLAND TELEGRAPH SUED

Sorenson & Lyle have filed suit in the Circuit Court against the Inter-Island Telegraph Company for $1,052.89 for labor performed and goods and merchandise furnished and delivered to and for the defendants at defendant's request and upon its promise to pay plaintiffs for same. The plaintiffs allege that though often requested to make payment of the amount, the defendants neglect and refuse to do so. They ask that the defendant company be cited to appear at the May term of court.

The bill of particulars attached is for 105 days' labor, superintending, supplying five spars, timber, metal parts, and almost everything in connection with the masts and ordinary appurtenances for transmitting the messages, outside of the expert mechanism supplied by Marconi.

A TESTIMONIAL FROM OLD ENGLAND.

"I consider Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the best in the world for bronchitis," says Mr. William Savory, of Warrington, England. "It saved my wife's life, she having been a martyr to bronchitis for over six years, being cured of the first attack by the first bottle of this medicine. Her health is now quite well." It is a great pleasure to the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to receive such letters as the above, but they are not more pleasant than the letters from those who have used the remedy themselves and know from experience that it does what we claim for it. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents. Regular size, 25 cents. Large size, 50 cents.

HUMPHREYS FOR MAYOR

The Home Rulers Settle on Their Municipal Raiding Program.

"I toast the next Mayor of Honolulu, Abram S. Humphreys," said a Home Rule leader in a political conference on the evening of Bob Wilcox's arrival. Bob was present; so was Russel; and with them were a majority of Home Rule legislators.

The conference took place at Humphreys' house on Nuuanu street. A reporter of the Advertiser saw the legislators there, though he was not present at the meeting, and the toast to Humphreys floated out on the night air as far as the sidewalk.

"Yes," said a Home Rule statesman yesterday; "we will rush through the municipal bill and make Humphreys Mayor. He has resigned from the bench and is waiting to hear from Washington. What are you going to do about it?"

The report also comes from the inside that Humphreys thinks, by tearing everything up by the roots in Honolulu, he can get enough fame as a reformer to make himself a strong candidate for Governor in 1905; and in the meantime create enough public printing to keep his moribund paper alive.

GIGANTIC VENTURE.

Coming Attempt to Tow a Log Raft Across the Pacific.

Portland, Ore., March 25.—The Evening Telegram says: The Robertson Raft Company in the near future will build a mammoth raft containing almost 10,000,000 feet of logs, which will be towed across the Pacific ocean to Oriental points. For several years the Robertson Raft Company has been engaged in constructing and towing large rafts to San Francisco. The success of the past few years has inspired the raft company with confidence and it has decided that if a raft can be successfully towed to San Francisco, one can also be towed across the ocean. The present scene of operations of the Robertson Raft Company is Westport, on the Columbia river, about sixty miles below Portland. The raft which the company expects to tow to China will be lashed together with more than 1,000 logs of clear of the best quality.

Romance of the Hancock.

CONSTABLE, March 25—Miss Eunice, a lieutenant in the Indian army, and Miss Jessie H. Wright, daughter of Colonel Wright, of the Indian Medical Service, were married at Calcutta on the 14th inst. The marriage was celebrated at the residence of the bride's father, Colonel Wright, in the presence of a large number of friends. The bridegroom is a nephew of Lieutenant-Colonel Eunice, of the Indian Medical Service, and is a member of the Indian Civil Service. The bride is a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments. The wedding was a very pretty one, and the bridal couple received many presents. The bridegroom's uncle, Colonel Eunice, gave the bride a handsome diamond necklace. The bridegroom's mother, who is a widow, gave her son a check for a large amount. The bridegroom's father, Colonel Eunice, gave his