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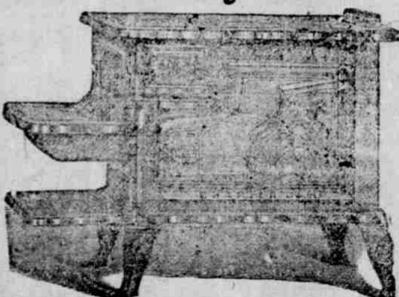
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WHEN THE LINERS SAIL

Scenes on the Great New York Docks.

A SIGHT WORTH SEEING

Incidents Droll and Pathetic Make Interest For Those Who Stay Behind.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, June 9.—Notwithstanding the reports which returned travelers bring that the Paris Exposition is a "frost" and that it is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the incomparable World's Fair at Chicago in '93, every liner that pulls out of her slip hereabouts is packed to the gun's these days. Even the freight steamships and the "tramp" vessels bound for English or French ports are giving passage across the Atlantic to merry parties who only made up their minds to take in the French fair when it was too late for them to secure passage on the greyhounds. A jolly stag party of club men from Philadelphia even took passage the other day on one of the cattle steamers bound for Glasgow. The cattle steamer's deck works were overhauled for them, a chef as is a chef was shipped for the voyage, divers and sundry dozens of boxes of damp, cheering goods were deposited in the hold and away went the cattle steamer with several thousands of much-perturbed steers boating at each other down in the hold and some sixty of the jouncing force of the Quaker town sky-larking on the main deck.

A magnificent English full-rigged ship in the China trade dropped in here in ballast about two weeks ago to overhaul before taking up her cruise for Hull, England, and a party of nearly a hundred New Yorkers, composed largely of yachtsmen from up around Larchmont way, are going to Hull in her, en route to Paris, when she gets under way next week. A couple of weeks ago one of the big, slow liners—a pretty comfortable old craft, even if she is classed as a "ten-day boat"—took away from here a party of nearly 800 farmers and their families from Minnesota, Wisconsin and the two Dakotas, all bound for Paris—which, by the way, seems to spell agricultural prosperity with a capital P, does it not?

A Great Oversight.

Through some dismal oversight, a misapprehension, or something, the New York green goods men and bunco artists and gold brick purveyors and confidence virtuosi did not hear that the Northwestern farmers were in this neighborhood until the tillers of the soil were all safely embarked on the steamer, and the lamentations of the cheerful workers over this golden opportunity lost have been sorrowful to listen unto ever since. The scenes and incidents on the pier when one of the great liners is about to depart are so diverting that a lot of persons who have little or no hope of ever raising the price of a ride to the other side themselves commonly go down to the docks to partake of the general air of excitement and to study, more or less enviously, the voyagers about to embark. For several hours before the departure of one of the big liners the piers are full of life, movement, fun; comedy enough, and pathos, too. The general types of ocean voyagers do not vary from year to year.

The Experienced Traveler.

The finished, blasé voyager, who strolls down to the pier in a morning suit, swinging a walking stick, gets lot of attention from the dock spectators. He appears to think no more of a trip across the big water than the ordinary, workaday citizen does of a ride on a ferry-boat. He is in no hurry. He has had his luggage installed on board the boat in good season, and he doesn't step over the gangplank until all he is classed as passengers have been ordered ashore. He spends his time walking around and chatting with the folks he knows on the pier who are down to see friends off. A few minutes before the lines are to be cast off he yawns behind his hand, shakes hands all around in a weary sort of way, and slowly climbs the gangplank. It is all an old, old story to him, and his whole manner is that of a man who would prefer to be sitting in some cozy club corner, away from all the bustle and excitement that mark the departure of an ocean liner.

There are imitation blasé men a-plenty, but the chap who is able to exhibit genuine yawns twenty minutes before embarking on a boat that is to take him over seas is the bona fide article, and one cannot help but wonder, in watching him, if he really gets enough fun out of life to make it all worth while.

A Serious Matter.

In singular contrast to this type is the fussy husband and father, who darts around the pier in a perspiration of fear lest his family's baggage hasn't been properly bestowed, runs back and forth from the ship to the dock twenty times in the course of half an hour, questions all of the vessel's officers on the dock as to the exact instant of sailing, shakes hands with everybody he knows on the pier half a dozen times over, mops his forehead, gazes apprehensively at the skies for signs of bad weather, tells everybody he knows that he knows he's going to be sick for three days—he always is, you know—and makes a general figure of fun of himself. If his wife is as fussy as himself, the wretchedness of the pair are able to cause in the bosoms of all the ship's officers, not to speak of all the line's employes on the dock, is not to be depicted in words.

A Hilarious Farewell.

The rich young collegian, who is setting out to do his grand tour upon graduation, is nearly always on hand at this season. He is generally accompanied to the pier by a score or so of his classmates, who have been doing him unremotely for a week or more, and the noise they make in "seeing him off right" is a caution. They surround him on the pier every three or four minutes and cast up to him little incidents connected with his university career, and then they dance ring-around-rosy, and give him three and a tiger under the directorship of the master of ceremonies whenever they are consumed by an imperative longing to yell—which is often enough to keep the pier rafters ringing. Then

they rush him almost into the water and rescue him from the danger with victorious shouts. Then they all solemnly warn him of the dangers and pitfalls of the Moulin Rouge and cheer him some more. Then they all clamber up the gangplank with him in order to watch his face when he goes to his cabin and finds that it has been ornately decorated with carrots and turnips and spinach and cabbages in place of the flowers affected upon such occasions by persons less light of spirit. When the vessel pulls out of the pier they are all aligned on the very edge of the dock, and the roar they set up when their departing classmate appears on the steamer's rail and makes faces at them drowns all other sounds. Not infrequently they throw their hats and their canes into the water in the wake of the slowly moving steamer, which renders it necessary for such enthusiasts to go across the street when it is all over and purchase atrocious headpieces of the "long-shoremen" or so, and wear the same until they reach their rooms or a district where civilized hats are sold.

Silk Hats and Diamonds.

The Tammany man about to embark gets a swell if not a noisy send-off. The silk-hatted braves, looking heavy around the eyes and considerably in arrears in the matter of sleep, are on hand by the score with their diamonds and their gold-handled walking sticks. The best is none too good for them, and every ten minutes or so they walk aboard the vessel with their man who is going back to see the old folks in Ireland, and order a basketful of wine. Then they return to the pier to continue the levee.

They don't do any cheering to speak of, but they gag the man who is revisiting the Ould Sod about the difference in his looks the last time he took a ride on an ocean steamer (viz, the time he arrived in New York for the first time) and they tell humorous stories among themselves of the consternation they themselves threw into their native Irish villages when they returned thereto for visits after prosperous years of Tammany connection.

Popular Favorites.

The party of actresses or chorus girls about to embark, and their inevitable train, add life to the scene. They are usually about equally divided between the weepful ones and the jolly ones. They all look more or less fine drawn from much late-sailing celebrating, and the train of men and women who assemble to give them the right kind of a send-off look, as a rule, to be little better than wrecks. The ingenious youths who are madly in love with departing "ensemble ladies" (that's the way you've got to speak of a chorus girl when in her presence, you know) stand over in corners with their sobbing inamoratas, and this end of it is all very touching and tender-to-see.

The gray-haired old codgers on the dock smile sardonically when they witness these parting scenes, however, and appear to be mentally harking back to the days when they, too, were idiots.

Too Tired to Laugh.

The comedian who almost always makes one of the gang assembled to give the theatrical crowd bon voyage endeavors to be as excruciatingly funny as possible, with much mock play, with a handkerchief that he has previously soaked in water, but most of the party appear to be too tired to fall into the spirit of his fun.

The departing actresses are barely able to squeeze into their cabins, and the comedians that have been stacked up therein, and these floral emblems of the appreciation in which they are held move them to tears, and their noses become quite red and their eyes puffy, and they look very different indeed without their make-up on, anyway. The whole bunch kiss each other good-bye impartially, and it is all, oh, so very sad!

They Are Very Obliging.

A lovely, svelte creature, who figures pretty largely in a Broadway burlesque house during the theatrical season, had a big send-off the other morning. When the vessel was moving out she appeared on the rail nearest the dock waving her handkerchief. Then she leaned over, made a funnel of her hands and shouted this afterthought to her friends on the dock:

"Say, if any of you people happen to meet up with my husband I wish you'd tell him I've taken this steamer. Will you?"

They all promised in chorus. Stage folk are so obliging in these matters.

The Exodus of Jockeys.

Every departing steamer nowadays takes to England some midget of an American jockey, who, tempted by the success with which Sloan, the Reiff lads, Rigby and Martin, not to speak of a number of jockeys who were third-rate on this side, have met on the English race course, is going across to try for success in the saddle, too. The entourage of these dare-devil midgets are always very funny. They are made up of men who own and train horses, touts, stable lads and the miscellaneous riff-raff of the paddocks. The midget, dressed to the nines and generally pulling away at a six-inch black cigar, a la Tod Sloan, makes a queer, eerie picture of precocity, and his entourage all but fall down and worship him. When the stable-miry, envious-eyed lads of the paddock, get too close to him, however, he grandiloquently waves them away with his bedlamoned little hands, and then talks out of one corner of his weak little mouth to some grinning giant of a horse owner about how "he's going to make dem English jocks look like a plate o' biscuit on a cow ranch," and "run over dem" and "show 'em up," and in general drive them out of business.

They've Studied Up.

The inevitable party of school mistresses, most of them enabled to make the voyage by right of a majority of votes in "most popular school teacher" contests, are always and forever alike on the pier. They're all in sailor hats and shirtwaists, of course, and they're always in little groups, themselves, eagerly scanning their Bardekers' even before their ship has got out of her slip. They have got everything down pat. They know how many revolutions per minute the propellers of the ship are going to make; they know to a dot what their cab fares are going to cost them when they get to Liverpool or Southampton, and, in general, they've got the whole thing charted out pretty accurately. They never leave each other for an instant, being evident believers in the theory that there is strength in union, and they regard the horrid, vulgar actresses who are surrounded by the gilded youths and flashy men with tip-tilted noses.

Grand Opera Singers.

When many of the principals and most of the chorus—nearly 200 in number—of the grand opera company departed on one of the French steamers a while back the scene on the dock was full of fun. The absolute and final fashion with which the principals, men and women, ignored the presence of the poor, shabby, underdressed members of the motley chorus was a queer thing to see. Many of the chattering chorus women had two or three children along with them, and their shrieks of dismay and their rattaplan of fiery Italian and French and polyglot speech when the youngsters ventur-

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ed too near the edges of the docks were really not musical at all. Husbands and wives would become separated on the pier, and they would rush about madly in search of each other. When they found each other they would rush into each other's arms with wild cries of affection and delight, and caress and pet each other, and jabber their mutual fears that they had thought they were lost to each other forever, my Giuseppe! or my Giulialla and so on. The dock hands watched these scenes with sheepish grins on their faces, and muttered things about "Dagos dat's always up in de air," and "Ginneys dat's always catin' each other up."

Detectives and Prisoners.

It is not often that one of the big liners pulls out without carrying some respaling-looking chap who is brought to the ship before the arrival of the big crowd, in charge of a detective or two. An English absconder, who is collared in this country by an English detective and escorted across the sea by the Scotland Yard man, doesn't fare so well by a long sight as the fugitive who is taken back to the scene of his crime by an American detective. A young Englishman, who was captured in San Francisco a while back by a Scotland Yard man, went out on an English liner the other day. The detective who had him in charge—a beefy, pompous, thick-headed-looking fellow he was—didn't have the good feeling to put his man aboard the ship in advance of the arrival of the big crowd of departing voyagers and pier spectators, but he took the flushing young embezzler—who looked like a thoroughbred, even if he were a thief—on to the pier when the crowd was at its greatest, with one of the captive's wrists gyved to his own. There was no occasion for this thing at all, for the Scotland Yard man had his captive in New York two days before the vessel sailed, and the embezzler could easily have been taken aboard without any publicity whatever. Publicity, however, was just what the pompous English detective wanted, but before he had got his man over the steamer's gangplank he achieved the sort that he did not want. He was openly sneered at by about three-fourths of the people on the pier, voyagers and spectators alike. An American detective, who makes a sea trip with a prisoner, never does anything of this sort. Many embezzlers have been collared in the United States and brought to the United States by American English detectives without the other passengers becoming aware, until this side was reached, that there was either a detective or a prisoner on board.

The Last Man Aboard.

Few steamships pull out without just barely picking up the man who is always late. He comes down to the pier in a carriage, the horses drawing which have been lashed to a foam, and he makes a sprint for the gangplank that he could never repeat in a contest for stakes. He inevitably gets the laugh from all hands on the boat and the pier. Sometimes the man who is always late is just a little too late, and he stands on the pier and begs the grinning officers to let him aboard. If he is sufficiently persuasive he is sometimes permitted to jump into a tug and move alongside the craft for which he has a ticket, but as often as not he has to stand on the dock and grind his teeth and mumble dark things about the evil of procrastination.

REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE.

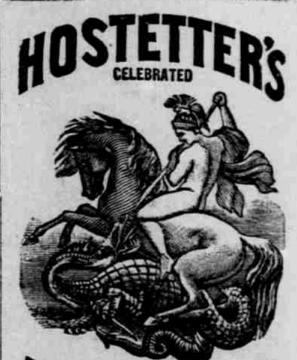
Fourth and Fifth Districts To Meet Next Tuesday Night.

The Republican Central Committee for the fourth district met last night in the Chamber of Commerce to talk over the matter of primaries. The fact that a special election for the legislature may be called any day moved the committee to get together early. Those present were A. V. Gear, G. W. Smith, J. H. Boyd, Edward Towse, Clarence Crabbe and J. A. Kennedy. The committee after a half hour's chat adjourned to the call of the chair. The fourth and fifth districts committees will meet next Tuesday night to take definite action on the primary question.

Buchanan Discharged.

Chas. B. Buchanan, ex-mounted patrolman, recently arrested and charged with selling liquor without a license, was tried in the Police Court yesterday afternoon. Although a great many witnesses had been secured there was no evidence to substantiate the allegation and Buchanan was discharged.

New bill at the Orpheum tonight.



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