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MIDWAY ISLAND ROMANCE
 Iroquois' Finding of the Wandering Minstrel's Anchor Recalls The Tragedy.

The United States steam tug Iroquois, which recently returned to Honolulu from Midway Island, brought with her the anchor of the bark Wandering Minstrel of Hongkong, which vessel was wrecked off Midway Island on February 3, 1888, over twelve years previously.

Connected with the loss of the Wandering Minstrel is a story of the sea which if told in all its details would furnish material for a novel that would be worthy of the efforts of a Stevenson or a Defoe. Additional local interest would be added to the narrative by the fact that five of the principal characters in the story are residing today in Honolulu. They are Captain and Mrs. F. D. Walker and their three sons, Frederick, Harry and Charles.

The Wandering Minstrel, a 500-ton bark, left Hongkong on September 3, 1887, on a shark-fishing expedition. It was Captain Walker's intention to be gone for a year and a half.

The first port touched at was Honolulu, where the captain put in with a mutinous crew. The crew, which was composed mainly of Malays, deserted right and left and when the bark again headed seawards many of the crew were in irons and Charles Walker steered the vessel out of the harbor.

French Frigate Shoals was the next stopping place, and here the business of the party, shark fishing, was pursued for a while with remunerative results. Midway Island was the next land sighted, and when in Wells Harbor a terrible gale came on which drove the Wandering Minstrel from her anchorage and onto a reef. The crew and all on board took to the boats and pulled to the nearest land, which turned out to be Sand Island, and which was reached in safety by the entire party.

The island on which the castaways found themselves was approximately one and a half miles long and one and a quarter miles wide. It was singularly barren and covered with coral dust. There were no trees on it; nothing but a kind of scrub which grew in bushes rarely exceeding a foot in height.

It was on this desolate spot that the Walker party existed for fourteen months. The wrecked vessel speedily went to pieces on the reef and there were left twenty-nine souls to subsist as best they could on the island until rescue in some form or other should come.

Nothing was saved from the wreck but a few articles which were from time to time washed ashore, and the boats the party reached land in. Among the most valuable of the articles thus saved were a hatchet, a saw and a portion of the cabin piano.

On the island was found a wooden shack built by some former unfortunate, which was speedily fixed up for the accommodation of the party. The cracks in the house had to be caulked to prevent the entrance of the coral dust, which penetrated and spoiled everything.

During their enforced sojourn on this forsaken place the Walkers existed entirely on birds' eggs, fish and a shark and a turtle which they were fortunate enough to capture. For months at a time their bill of fare consisted solely of sea birds' eggs which were, to say the least, unpalatable. Sometimes the party were a week without food save of the scantiest description. The birds found on the island were principally the gannet or sooty albatross, the flesh of which resembles nothing so much as shoe leather boiled in oil. Fish hooks were constructed from the wires in the piano which came ashore and nets were made from cotton threads packed from the sail canvas which was saved. The solitary shark killed was preserved quickly, an abundant supply of fresh, sweet water was discovered after much digging.

On the island was found a man named Jorgensen, a Dane, who was one of the crew of a ship named the General Seagel, which had been wrecked on the island some time before. Jorgensen had murdered the captain and a man of the General Seagel, and after the killing the crew had deserted him, having previously destroyed another boat and gone in the remaining boat to the Marshall Islands six months before the Wandering Minstrel went to pieces on the reef. The Morning Star eventually picked up the crew of the General Seagel and brought them to Honolulu, where, however, no report of Jorgensen's solitary existence was made. The Walkers say that the man showed every indication of being crazy, more especially at the full of the moon, at which season he would walk incessantly up and down the beach, raving wildly. Jorgensen is now supposed to be living in Guatemala.

One day Jorgensen, the mate and a Chinese boy stole the best boat and a silver compass which Captain Walker had given them permission to use for exploring purposes, and made for the Marshall Islands, which they eventually reached safely. Arrived there they did not report the little band on Midway Island, but said that they were the sole survivors of the Wandering Minstrel's crew.

After ten months had been passed on the island, one night a steamer's light was sighted. At first it appeared to be red and then it changed to green. The hopes of the party ran high at the prospect of rescue, but the light steadily grew dimmer and finally disappeared. It is thought that the light belonged to the steamship China, as Captain Seabury has since told Fred. Walker that on one occasion he came close to the island, but was afraid of the results if he came nearer.

The castaways were at last rescued by the schooner Norma, from Yokohama, engaged in shark fishing. The captain of the Norma had been told by friends of the Walkers in Yokohama to keep a sharp lookout for them, and he called at Midway Island in pursuance of what he admitted to be a forlorn hope.

Of the twenty-nine souls wrecked, six were drowned by the upsetting of a boat, one was murdered, three succumbed to the ravages of beri-beri, two died of starvation, one died on the way home and was buried at sea, and only sixteen of the original complement came back alive to Honolulu. Of that number only nine or ten are living today, and among that number are the five members of the Walker family, whose survival is all the more wonderful on account of their being

the least fitted to stand the hardships endured. Such, briefly, is the story of a shipwreck and its aftermath on a lonely island as thrilling as is to be found in the annals of the sea.

Captain Walker once related the story to Mr. Strong, a son-in-law of Robert Louis Stevenson, and it is shrewdly suspected in certain quarters that the diverting tale of "The Wreckers" is based on none other than the experiences of the survivors of the Wandering Minstrel.

At the Walker homestead in Honolulu are innumerable relics of the adventures on Midway Island. One of them is a cannon which was on board and which went to the bottom with the ill-fated vessel.

This cannon has a remarkable history. It was originally captured by a British man-of-war from a Danish vessel. Then it was transferred to an English merchantman bound for China, and in turn fell into the hands of Chinese pirates. Later on it was recaptured by an English gunboat, and left with a dock company in Hongkong. It was next brought into commission on board the Wandering Minstrel and shared the melancholy fate of that ill-starred ship. Five years ago one of the Walker family happened again to be at the scene of the wreck, with a surveying expedition and brought up the old cannon and took it back to his home. The number of the anchor picked up by the Iroquois is 2699 and it was cast overboard at 10 a. m. on February 3, 1888.

REASONS FOR CANNIBALISM.
 Set Forth by Prof. Starr of the University of Chicago.

"Cannibalism Explained and Defended by an Expert," was the theme of Prof. Frederick E. Starr's discourse to the anthropology class at the University of Chicago.

The professor came to the big institution of learning on the Midway with a toothpick in his teeth and a napkin in his pocket. At the breakfast table he had read of the fate of German traders in New Britain. Though he did not say that he preferred any particular kind of fish of his own table, he confessed he could not blame the natives for eating a white trader whenever opportunity offered, and said in this case the Germans got just what they deserved.

When the professor had concluded the students discovered that it was time for luncheon, but none admitted he was hungry.

In part this is what Prof. Starr said: "There are some things I do not pretend to know about cannibalism, but I do know why the natives prefer human flesh, and I know the characteristics of the various brands of cannibals."

"First—Their religion demands that they kill, cook and eat human beings. "Second—They eat human flesh for the same reason we eat a porterhouse steak—because they like it and because they can get it. "Third—Their traditions command them to devour the hearts and livers of the first foes slain in battle. They believe in this because they think they can assimilate all the courage of the late lamented enemy. "Fourth—They kill and eat out of revenge."

"There, now you have it in a nutshell. These German traders were slain and broiled, I doubt not, because they came under the fourth class. They had been cruel to the natives, perhaps, because they could not make as much money as they wanted. It was another case of 'out of the frying pan into the fire,' with realistic embellishments."

"It is notorious that men belonging to the most enlightened white races are often more savage, cruel and beastly when they are far from home among native savages than the savages themselves. I have visited tribes where the women and girls are terrorized when they hear of the arrival of foreign traders and soldiers. They actually flee to the mountains and remain until the visitors have departed. There is no doubt in my own mind that the traders provoked the attack of the cannibals and that they deserved to be killed."

"I do not believe that the spread of Christianity and civilization has been the chief cause of the decrease of cannibalism. Undoubtedly Christianity and religion have had some effect on the cannibalism, but there were a great many tribes which practised cannibalism and abolished it before civilized men reached them."

Dr. Starr said that some races practice cannibalism for a time and then leave off for years only to take it up again when provoked to take vengeance in war. He feels that the New Britain cannibals looked upon the traders as being at war with them and that it was right for them to eat them. According to the professor the New Britain cannibals are not known, until this time, to have eaten foreigners for a number of years.—Chicago Record.

CAME BACK THOUGH MOURNED AS DEAD.

Shenandoah, Pa., July 17.—During the Spanish-American War Richard Stack, aged 28, son of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Stack, of Girardville, was reported drowned from a transport off Havana harbor. The report was never contradicted, and the grief-stricken parents had no reason to doubt the accuracy of the news they had received.

Last evening an apparent stranger, but in fact the long lost son, entered the Stack home unannounced. His face was so changed and bronzed by exposure to a tropical sun that the parents did not recognize him. He stood before them several minutes awaiting a welcome, but, seeing that they did not appear to know him, he exclaimed: "Father and mother, you surely remember me." The sound of his voice was enough. In a second he was in the arms of his parents, who shed tears of joy and thanked God for their son's safe return.

In explaining how the report of his death was circulated, Richard says that while on the transport Missouri clothing and valuables were stolen from him by one of the crew. He could not discover who the thief was and never regained possession of the stolen property. Some time afterward the thief fell overboard and was drowned. When the body was recovered the face was unrecognizable, but as the body bore some of his valuables it was concluded that he was the man who was drowned.—Phil. Record.

THE JAPANESE RULER'S HUMBLE FRIEND.

TOKIO, June 26.—Ten years ago, when the Crown Prince was in his thirteenth year, his Highness spent a summer at Futamigaura, Ise. While out gambling in the water one day the Prince noticed a fisherman's boy of about the same age as himself, whose consummate skill in swimming drew forth his admiration. The lovely youth, whose name was Yei, had the honor of being presented to the Prince, and there sprang up a boyish friendship between the two. A decade had elapsed since then, and his Highness was once more back at Ise, the other day, on his wedding tour. The memories of the past came back and the Prince thought of Yei. He wanted to see his old friend, and, after a good deal of trouble, the order was conveyed to Yei, now grown a sturdy young man, but still poor and lowly. Yei approached the imperial presence. In high delight

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THE KNIGHTS ARE HUSTLERS

J. B. Brown has come to town. Brown is not a man, she's a ship and as fine a ship as ever knew her own way across the island-studded Pacific. She arrived yesterday, fifty-five days from Newcastle where the coal grows and she has her capacious inside just full of the black diamonds. But it's not the ship that's most interesting although she's a big'n and a beauty and a speedy craft too withal and can carry 2,160 tons of coal, the amount of mineral fuel she now has aboard. It's the captain that counts in this story and this particular captain is very, very interesting. "He's only a blooming kid," said an old waterfrowner yesterday who knows the "kid's" father as well as his own brother. "He's only a blooming kid as I said once before, but 's'help gracious if he ain't about the quickest young one as ever gave Sunday school lessons to his hands before the mast twice a week. He's only twenty-four and has been master of a great big wind-jammer for two years. Rocked in the cradle of the deep? Well I guess yes—Says! that fellow can get more speed out of a coal barge than most fellows could get out of one of these here gasoline launches; he's a sailor that's what, a downright, upright, allright, salt sea sailor, and he's a gentleman too, sir, just as polite as a young miss at her first Church social."

Molliswood last night. There was a very happy family reunion as may well be imagined. Young Captain Knight and his wife went aboard and the good things were spread out upon the cabin table and feasting and merry-making lasted until a late hour. The Holliswood is famous for her pies and of course pie figured largely in the bill of fare. Captain Sanders will never forget the Holliswood on that account. He piloted her in on the 4th instant when she arrived and stayed to lunch and was treated to some of the finest pie he ever tasted in his life. Mrs. Knight is said to have made it, but the cook of the Holliswood is very, very mad indeed that he should not have been given the credit. He claims to have made it himself. Captain Macaulay, on the same day, piloted in a big coal-laden "lime-juicer" and also stayed to lunch. He got "salt-horse" and lime-juice and Captain Sanders has been crowing to him about the Holliswood pies ever since.

The Knights are Yankees to the backbone, witness the go-aheadiveness of young Knight of the J. B. Brown, a captain and a married man at twenty-four. Their home is on Long Island. Hollis is the name of the home of the Knights, hence the name of the bark Holliswood. When the soldiers were going to Cuba during the Spanish war, many of them passed by Hollis and were called in and feasted on plenty of pie. The Knights are all delightful people; those of them who have come to Honolulu at different times have a multitude of friends in this city. The Holliswood expects to get away for San Francisco in a couple of weeks in ballast and as she has most excellent and commodious passenger accommodations she will naturally leave here with all berths taken. Captain Knight of the Holliswood was master of a vessel at nineteen years of age. Many's the yarn he can spin of the sea, absorbingly interesting, and all true.

THE JAPANESE RULER'S HUMBLE FRIEND.

There were great times aboard the Prince talked freely of the past and then allowed Yei to take leave of him loaded with various presents—Chicago Record.

THE JAPANESE RULER'S HUMBLE FRIEND.

Cahill—"O! had two brothers that niver voted the Dimmycratic ticket in their lives." Costigan—"They must hav bin blame queer." Cahill—"They was! Wan av thim died coming over and the other wan niver lift Oireland."—Judge.

Clergyman (examining a Sunday-school class)—"Now, can any of you tell me what are sins of omission?" Small scholar—"Please, sir, they're sins you ought to have committed, and haven't."—Tit-Bits.

Hodge—"I've got a suit of clothes for every day in the week." Fodge (suspiciously)—"I never see you wear any but the one you have on now." Hodge (cheerfully)—"That's the suit."—Town Topics.



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