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Recollections and Reflections

... OF ... Thomas Fitch (Copyright 1903 by Thomas Fitch.) SOME OLD FRIENDS

In Virginia City, Nevada, in 1862, a few congenial spirits erected their Lares and Penates under one roof. One of its members was a journalist, who gave piquancy and poetry to the literature of the Comstock, under the nom de plume of Dan de Quille. Another was Rollin M. Daggett, subsequently Congressman from Nevada and afterwards Minister to the Court of King Kalakaua. A third was Samuel L. Clemens, known to the world as Mark Twain, and the writer and his family completed the club.

Mark Twain was as humorous in his private correspondence and private speech as in his published writings. He gave a friend a strong endorsement as an eloquent lecturer and accompanied it with a note saying, "Now try and not put the audience to sleep, and don't be the heedless cause of my first lie."

A letter from his mother contained a pathetic appeal: "Samuel," said she, "why do you always begin your letters to me by asking conundrums? I am an old woman and have no taste for them."

He had such a dislike for pharisaical pretension that he was ever making mocking jests upon his own truthfulness, integrity, and habits. As a matter of fact he was free from the vices of a frontier community and an honorable and upright man in his dealings—except in one particular. He was the most accomplished midnight mince pie thief that ever upset the calculations of our caterer. He had, besides, a habit when things went wrong, of crashing together the crockery in his room, not so as to actually break it, but so as to make every one nervous with apprehension.

One Christmas eve all of us, except Mark, were seated in the smoking room awaiting the announcement of "dinner," when there arrived a lad with a package for Mr. Clemens, which he was directed to take to the smoking room. After his departure we examined the bundle, for we were communists in spirit, and found that it contained a pretty knitted woolen scarf and a card bearing the inscription, "Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, from his friend Etta."

"I can improve upon that message," suggested Daggett, who was the wag and philosophical disputant, and cribbage player of the club, and obtaining a sheet of note paper, he wrote in a fine female hand the following note: "Mr. Clemens: The accompanying scarf having been prepared as a Christmas gift for you, it has been determined not to divert it from its original destination, although a knowledge of your late conduct having come to the ears of the writer, your own conscience will tell you that this must close all communication between us, in which decision my father and mother concur. "Your former friend, Etta."

The scarf was rewrapped and with this note tied to it was placed in Sam's room. Shortly afterward he made his appearance and proceeded to his room to prepare for dinner. "What is the matter, Sam?" said Daggett. Thereupon entered Mark Twain, with coat and collar off, and throwing the package upon the table, he burst forth, "Read that," said he, flourishing the note from Etta. "Read that. That's just my infernal luck. You hounds can run the town night after night, and nobody ever says a word, but I am found out at once."

Mark came over to our house at Washoe City, and for a week was our guest. He insisted upon having a Maltese cat, "Jim," for a bed fellow and Jim, not being accustomed to tobacco smoke, emerged every morning looking like the remains of an ill-spent life. It was here that Mark first delivered, in Nevada, his lecture on the Sandwich Islands. He was exceedingly nervous about it, and though it was received by the audience with laughter and applause, he was not quite satisfied with the result. "Now, talk me honestly," said he, "for I want criticism and not praise, what do you think of it?" "Sam," said I, "was a humorous writer you have no equal, and you will speedily take rank, both here and in the Atlantic States, as the first in the land."

of marrying an Indian squaw, eating roasted dog, or being tortured to death. He chose dog eating, and was compelled to consume the ears of a Spaniel and the drum sticks of a bull-dog before being permitted to depart.

Mrs. Fitch presented the third chapter, describing the home life, education, culture and thought of a beautiful Vermont girl, who was compelled by her father's loss of fortune and death to come to the Pacific coast and seek employment as a teacher.

Mark Twain was to write the fourth chapter, but the day before it was to appear, the "Occidental" suspended and his part of the book was forever lost to the world. When questioned with regard to it, he answered, "I should have kept the compact, but I intended to place that Vermont girl in a situation that she would have found difficult to explain to the satisfaction of her friends. I had her dealing Monte in Dandy Pete's saloon in Virginia City. I'm sorry the literary paper stopped before my turn came, but you couldn't expect that kind of a paper to be permanent here, could you? Can a lark sing in a cellar, can summer abide on Mount Blanc, will flowers blossom in hell?"

"What," said I to Mark on one occasion, "has been the most profitable of your books?" "My patent scrap book," said he, "has brought me larger revenue than all my published books." If Mark Twain had turned his attention to serious rather than to humorous literature, he would in my opinion, have achieved as great a success. His book, "The Prince and the Pauper," is as accurate and as interesting an historical novel as any written by Sir Walter Scott. Mark must have made a close and careful study of the laws, customs and life of England during the reign of Henry the Eighth, and the idea of a ruler, who went to school to his own laws is as original as it is alluringly presented.

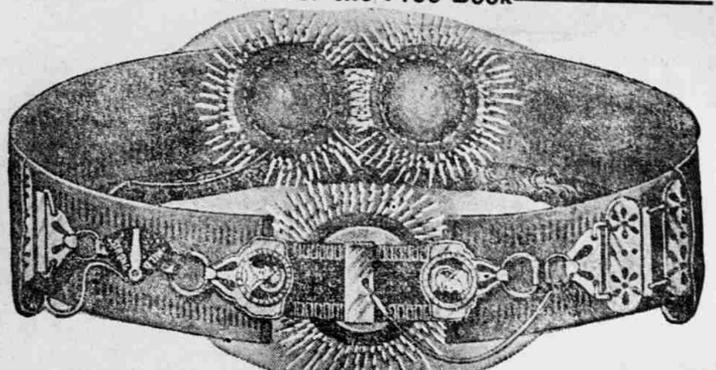
Judge Will Campbell was everybody's friend and everybody's favorite. He was a good fellow, but he was not thrifty and he would buy anything that was offered him—on credit. If he happened to have the money, he would pay, but he generally did not happen to have it. He had purchased a meerschaum pipe for seven dollars, from a tobacconist named Packer, who kept the cigar stand at the International Hotel in Virginia City. Often was Packer's found, bill in hand, among the throng of creditors, who darkened the halls and passages leading to Will Campbell's office on Mondays, and just as often did he receive the usual request, "Call again." Growing weary of this constant procession of duns, and being unable to pay, Will Campbell, one Monday morning, arrayed himself behind a long table covered with documents and on the next visit of Packer, that gentleman was politely invited to take a seat. "I have made arrangements," said Will with great courtesy, "to settle all my indebtedness." "Well, well," interrupted Packer, "I am very glad to hear it, but I always knew that you would pay, Shudge Campbell, just as soon as you could." "You have a small unliquidated demand against me," said Will, "your name I believe is Packer?" "Yes, yes," said the pleased Hebrew, "Packer it is, sure enough. The bill is seven dollars, Shudge Campbell, it is for a meerschaum pipe, you know." "I remember it well," replied Will. "I am settling my bills alphabetically. You are among the P's. At present I am among the A's. When I get to the P's I will send for you. In the meantime, suppose you kindly withdraw, and remember that I have adopted a rule never to pay at all, any gentleman who attempts to collect out of his turn alphabetically. Good morning. Mr. Packer—John, please step around to Mr. Abacco's office and ask him to bring his bill."

Nevada has been the subject of many jibes as a rotten borough State, but there has seldom been a time since her admission to the Union, when at least one of her Senators did not compare favorably in intellectual culture, with those of any other State. Senator James W. Nye was a natural orator. He was not a student, he was indolent, and he was facile. But he never addressed the Senate without attracting the attention of his associates, and he never spoke to a public audience, without arousing enthusiasm. He was at his best at a dinner table, where he was the prince of raconteurs. Scriptural quotations were interlarded with stories that could not be told when ladies were present.—Poetry, and philosophy, and profanity poured from his lips by the hour. A critic once said of him, "He is a rare combination of John Wesley and Pick Handle Joe."

Nye's wit was keen and original. When he followed the free soil wing of democracy into the republican organization, John Van Buren, known as "Prince John," said of him in a public speech, "There is Jim Nye. He used to be my bottle holder. Now he is bottle holder for Bill Stewart." "I am growing old," replied Nye, "and I wanted an easier job; where I would not be compelled to hold the bottle quite so often." It is related that while Nye, who was then a practicing lawyer in New York City, was eating raw oysters at the counter of a celebrated restaurant, he was approached by an enraged man whom he had badly worsted in Court, who said to him, "Nye is there any cause so low and dirty, and any client so mean and contemptible that you would not take his case for a fee?" "I do not know," replied Nye, looking

Lost Manhood

Varicocele, Impotency and Waste of Manly Power Are Quickly and Forever Cured by the Grand Product of Nature, Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt. Send for the Free Book.



Free Electric Suspensory for Weak Men

This Electric Suspensory carries the current direct to the weak parts and cures all weakness of men, varicocele, etc. It is free. It develops and expands all weak organs and checks unnatural drains. No case of Failing Vigor, Varicocele or Debility can resist the powerful Electric Suspensory. It never fails to cure. It is free with Belts for Weak Men.

No man should be weak; no man should suffer the loss of that vital element which renders life worth living. No man should allow himself to become less a man than nature intended him; no man should suffer for the sins of his youth, when there is here at hand a certain cure for his weakness, a check to his waste of power.

Most of the pains, most of the weakness of stomach, heart, brain and nerves, from which men suffer, are due to an early loss of nature's reserve power through mistakes of youth. You need not suffer for this. You can be restored. The very element which you have lost you can get back, and you may be as happy as any man that lives.

My electric Belt, with Special Electrical Suspensory (free), will restore your power. It will check all unnatural drains and give back the old vigor of youth.

W. S. McCulsten, Los Angeles, Cal., writes: "I am more than pleased to be able to tell you that after wearing your belt but one month I was completely cured. There is not the least trace of my old trouble remaining, and it is my opinion that your treatment is the greatest remedy extant. I assure you that it will be a great pleasure for me to recommend the belt whenever I can, for it has saved my health."

This drain upon your power causes Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism and Stomach Ailments. You know it's a loss of vital power and affects every organ of the body. Most of the ailments from which men suffer can be traced to it. I have cured thousands of men who have squandered the savings of years in useless doctoring.

My Belt is easy to use; put it on when you go to bed; you feel the growing heat from it (no stinging or burn, as in old-style belts), and you feel the nerves tingle with the new life flowing into them. You get up in the morning feeling like a two-year-old.

G. T. King, Fresno, Cal., writes: "I used your belt for ten weeks and am glad to tell you that it has cured me of lame back, kidney and bladder trouble. I am now sound and well, in perfect health and weigh more than I ever did. My appetite is better than it has been for years. Your belt is all and more than you claim it to be."

An old man of 70 says he feels as strong and young as he did at 35. That shows how it renews the vigor of youth.

It cures Rheumatism, Sciatic Pains, Lumbago, Kidney Trouble. It banishes pain in a night, never to return.

E. B. Miller, Crompton avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., writes: "I have used your high grade belt for two months for lame back, rheumatism and weakened nerves, and am now a well man. I have gained over six pounds in weight, and feel as strong and hearty as I ever did. All my friends acknowledge that I have had a miraculous cure, as I was almost a wreck when I began to use the belt."

What ails you? Write and tell me, and no matter where you are I think I can give you the address of some one in your town that I have cured. I've cured thousands, and every man of them is a walking advertisement for my Belt.

Every man who ever used it recommends it, because it is honest. It does great work, and those whom I have cured are the more grateful because the cure cost so little.

Every man who uses my Belt gets the advice and counsel of a physician free. I give you all that any medical man can give you and a lot that he can't.

Try my Belt. Write me today for my beautifully illustrated book, with cuts showing how my Belt is applied and lots of good reading for men who want to be "The Noblest Work of God"—A MAN. Inclose this ad. and I will send this book, sealed, free.

CAUTION.—Beware of medical concerns offering "Electric Belts Free," and the Professor with his cheap Belt. This offer is only a trick to foist a package of medicines upon you. C. O. D. Write to me for an explanation of the trick.

DR. M. G. McLAUGHLIN, 906 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Office hours—8 a. m. to 8:30 p. m. Sundays, 10 to 1. NEVER SOLD BY DRUG STORES OR AGENTS.

his opponent in the eye. "What have you been doing?"

When the Indian Chief, Winnemucca, visited Carson to confer with Governor Nye, an enraged lady, whose husband had been killed in the Indian war, loaded a revolver and avowed her intention of putting an end to the aborigine. In order to avoid such a catastrophe, Winnemucca, instead of being accorded quarters at the hotel, was located at a house on the outskirts of the town, and thither Nye repaired for an interview. But the old Indian stood upon his dignity and refused to talk with the Governor. "Go away," said he, "and send me chief, Winnemucca make talk only with chief." "But," said Nye, "I am Governor of Nevada, I am chief of the whites, Winnemucca, as you are chief of the red men." "Go away," grunted the Indian, "go away—no chief of one woman."

While a member of the 41st Congress I received a note from the First Assistant Postmaster General, requesting me to call at his office and confer with him concerning the removal of the Postmaster at Dayton, Nevada, and the appointment of his successor. Dayton was a little town, of about 150 population, and the Post Office was worth to its incumbent possibly \$1000 per annum—not much during flush times in the Sage brush State. The Postmaster kept a stationery store, which was helped out by the Post Office being kept in his place of business. He was a reputable citizen and I could conjecture no cause for his removal. I went to the P. O. department and the First Assistant Postmaster General informed me that the Auditor of the Treasury had requested and recommended the removal of the Dayton, Nevada Postmaster, on the ground that he was unfit for the position. I requested a specification by item, of the causes of complaint, and the Auditor was sent for. He came with his portfolio under his arm. He was a dapper little fellow with pink side whiskers and a head as destitute of hair as a much used hearth rug. He was requested to state what were the charges against the Dayton Postmaster. "This," said he, pompously producing from his portfolio a letter, which he handed to the First Assistant. "That gentlemen read it, and with the corners of his mouth twitching, handed it to me. Its contents were as follows:

"Dayton, Nevada, —, 1870. "To the Auditor of the Treasury for the Post Office Department.

"Sir: I am in receipt of your valued communication directing me to change my method of returning account of box rents. Are you running this Post Office, or am I? I have been Postmaster here for six years, I always kept box accounts the same way, and until you got into office I never had any trouble about it. This is the third time that you have written me ordering me to change my method of keeping box accounts. Where did you get the power to give me orders, anyhow? I will remark in closing, that before I will make the change you direct, I will see you and the entire Post Office department in hell beating tan bark.

"Yours, "Postmaster of Dayton, Nevada."

NOTICE

Popular Prices will be charged from TODAY, Saturday, September 5, 1903, at the Royal Annex Saloon. The very best liquors only will be served, as heretofore. W. C. Peacock & Co. Ltd.

Fred Philp & Bro. Australian and English Saddles, Pelham Bits, Harness Makers. P. O. Box 155. Main 90, Waverly Bldg., Bethel St.

WING WO CHAN & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS in Carved Ivory, Sandal Wood, Ebony and Teak. Silks, Linens, Embroideries, Rattan Goods, Chinaware, Etc., Etc. NUUANU STREET, BELOW KING STREET.

I requested time, which was readily granted, to name a new man for the place, and until I saw name a person the occupant was to remain in office. Somehow I never could find time or inclination to make a recommendation, and so far as I know the irreverent ribald may be Postmaster there until this day.

Mr. Ashford's Position. Clarence W. Ashford stated yesterday that he would not be a candidate for County Attorney. There was not enough in it to compensate him for the sacrifice of private practice. Besides, he was not inclined to make it a three-cornered contest. Mr. Ashford stated further that he might consider a candidacy for Supervisor if the way were opened.

"Lakeside has two single daughters and an unmarried one." "Why the distinction?" "The married one is divorced."—August Smart Set.

DEMOCRATS ATTENTION!

The Democratic Central Committee hereby calls a mass meeting of all Democrats of OAHU COUNTY to act on a recommendation of the Committee to nominate a Democratic ticket for Supervisors in the coming County Election. The meeting will be held in Waverly Hall, Hotel and Bethel streets, MONDAY EVENING, September 21, 1903, at 7:30 o'clock. FRED TURRILL, Vice-Chairman. E. H. HART, Secretary.

NOTICE TO THE LADIES!

Hawley's Millinery Parlors Ladies are invited to attend the Fall Opening of French Pattern Hats and Bonnets at her millinery parlors, Boston Building, Fort street.