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**Zamloch**  
**THE GREAT**

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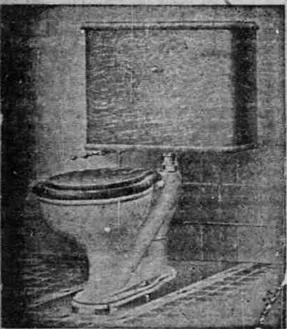
If you wear collars, cuffs, neckwear, shirts, underclothing, hats or anything represented in my large stock, this is your chance.

The selling out will be done quickly and it will be done absolutely. Island orders given prompt attention.

**I. Levingston.**

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BATH, THE PLUMBER.

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**THE Aquarium NOW OPEN!**  
AT Kapiolani Park

THE AQUARIUM WILL BE OPEN on Week days from 10 o'clock a. m. to 5 p. m. and from 7 to 9:30 o'clock p. m. On Sundays it will open at 1 p. m. ADMISSION will be FREE on Thursdays. On other days a charge will be made of 10 cents to adults and 5 cents to children under fourteen years of age.

**They Make Hot Nights Cold!**

Our first shipment of the famous Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses has met with an eager reception. These mattresses are made in such a way that they make beds feel a great deal cooler than other mattresses. In them one gets in many ways better than hair mattresses and the cost is much less. People who are troubled with insomnia find some relief from restlessness in these goods. Sold only by

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Special attention given to all horses left with us; we also take and return them free of charge.

**Club Stables**  
Fort above Hotel. Phone Main 109.

**WOK-WOK A WEIRD DEMON.**

Something Like a Malevolent Gorilla and Filipinos Dread Its Coming--Other Quaint Superstitions.

The wok-wok is a hairy ghost devil. He is a baboon, huge, long limbed, irresistibly strong, who comes out only in the dark to carry one off for murder. He is invulnerable to wounds and immortal. He lives altogether in the southern islands, and principally loves to hide in wait in the darkest corners of the coconut grove at night.

There is only one thing that can really baffle a wok-wok, and that is water. That is one reason why the Moros love to build their houses on tiny piers above the sea. No one cares to have wok-woks prowling about.

Now and then you can see a line of torches, made of bundles of grass tied on a pole, bobbing along through the darkness. The palms cast ghostly shadows, dancing across the trial ahead. A little moon shows the shapes of unnamed horrors against the sky. Of the torches halt and huddle, wavering in a bunch. You know what that means. A belated party of Moros is hurrying homeward, and far off, weird, mysterious in the underbrush some rustling sends shivers of fear through the loneliness. Allah knows it is a wild pig, but how can mortal tell that it is not the warning of a wok-wok, crawling nearer and nearer through the gloom on his prey?

In Siassi they have flags flying to frighten away wok-woks. Siassi is a very wok-woky spot indeed. At most places they only guess that there are wok-woks, but at Siassi they know it. For this is the certain proof: A wise man decided ages ago that if there must be devils it is better to have them good humored than not. So he ordered that each week bowls of food be set out at a point in the forest. A hungry wok-wok is naturally worse tempered than one who has eaten.

Each seventh day over since has the offering been put out. Hence the slaves go tiptoeing forth to bring in the empty bowls they find that all the fish and rice are gone. Never once have the wok-woks failed to devour it overnight.

It is not alone in the matter of wok-woks that our small brown brothers involve Providence in their daily affairs. Among them, as in Eur pe in the Middle Ages, and in our own New England, the judgment of God is invoked in matters of justice. There are certain crimes in which innocence or guilt is determined by throwing a coin in a pot of boiling water, and making the prisoner pick it out with his naked hand. If he is guilty, he is scalded, but if he is innocent he escapes unharmed.

In murder cases where two men are suspected their names are written on two similar pieces of parchment. These pieces are then folded up and placed in water-tight boxes. Two divers of equal skill are selected, and each takes one of the boxes. They dive together at a given signal, remaining under water as long as possible. The box carried by the first man to come to the surface contains the name of the guilty man.

Among the Moros, as among the Indians, certain sicknesses are believed to be evil spirits. In the last cholera epidemic at Siassi a little boy was very ill. His parents and their friends were weeping and sobbing about the house when an old villan of a Hajji hove in sight, and offered to work on the evil one who was tormenting the child. The parents were overjoyed, and after wild movements and whispered incantations the Hajji went into a trance.

He sat motionless for a few minutes. Then he spoke, dreamily, his eyes fixed on far off mysteries. The spirit, he said, was in him. It was a pretty tough old spirit, but he thought that if it were put in a good humor something might be done with it. It wanted chow now. It was no use fooling with a spirit that had not dined for nine months.

So the parents brought eggs and fish and rice and tapioca cakes, and the Hajji kindly ate them for the spirit's sake. Then he went into another trance. The spirit was no longer hungry, but was still cross. It wanted presents, he said. There were several pearls that the father owned that would please it immensely, and a pony and a fine gold handled kris. The spirit said that the Hajji could take those presents and guard them for it.

The father hesitated, but his little son was groaning in agony. He gave up to the spirit his pearls and his pony and his kris. The spirit was pretty cheerful after that. It desired sleep, though. After it woke up it would talk. So it went off with the Hajji and slept under a banana tree until supper time. Then it had another meal. The child was still alive. The Hajji had a personally conducted spasm, and the spirit left him panting on the ground in the twilight.

He said that the spirit was a good deal appeased. He had never seen such a change in a spirit in all his experience. But still it had not made up its mind definitely. It might spare the boy—and it might not. The Hajji could not say certainly. But anyhow, he would advise certain treatment. This he did, and then departed, followed by the prayers and gratitude of the parents and mounted on the spirit's pony.

Get, somehow, as a matter of fact, the boy lived.

Among these people there are many prophets. In Pata Island an old chap, Tungalon by name, had some months back a vast following. He made a number of impressive statements such as that he could turn aside a Krag bullet with his breath and sink American vessels by pointing at them with his barong. A small but select aggregation of unbelievers in khaki and blue flannel descended on Tungalon one day and carried him off from the midst of a band of hundreds of his spearmen and riflemen and holmen without a shot being fired, but with a very superior kind of magic, indeed.

He came away on one of the very ships he might have sunk if it had

only pointed his barong. His people waited on the beach expectant of some dreadfu miracle and inspired by a sort of savage pity for those ignorant Americans. But the boat went cheerfully sailing on until it disappeared behind the sky line.

When Tungalon comes home again he will find his warriors planting rice. His graft will be gone with last year's moonsoon. He will have to give up spirits and take to raising tapioca, and there will be seen on the island of Pata the sorrowful spectacle of a prophet without honor in his own country.

At Balabac there is a famous haunted rock called the Diamond Stone. There is a tradition that long ago the English Government offered Spain £1,000,000 for it. But Spain refused to sell.

It is a curious rock, of a rough round shape, about 10 feet in diameter. It is composed chiefly of quartz, but there are no traces of precious metals or stones about it. There is a hole some three inches deep in one side, where a man once started to drill with the purpose of blasting. The story goes that he was immediately made ill by the spirit that guards the rock, and that he died three days later. No one has dared to follow his example since.

There is, however, in Balabac a vast deal of mineral wealth without the drawbacks of evil spirits. In a brief ramble back into the hills I found some gold bearing quartz, though I saw no traces of gold. There were also rich markings of copper, chiefly in the form of cuprite and of green hydrous copper carbonate. There were, too, traces of a very poor form of brown

coal, but it is reported that back in the forests are Spanish mines which in old times furnished an excellent quality of coal.

But over the copper and coal of Balabac, as over all the forests and wealth of the Philippines, hangs a spirit more deadly to development than all the wok-woks that ever existed, the spirit of the laws of the islands, and the duties the laws entail.—Zamboanga (P. I.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.

**BERREY'S COMMERCIAL REPORT.**

(Continued from Page 5.)

S. Tsuchitani vs. Morihiro, assumption; judgment for plaintiff, \$92.  
C. Schoelkopf vs. C. H. Brown, assumption; judgment for plaintiff, \$160.99.  
John Freitas vs. K. Kekueua, assumption; judgment for plaintiff, \$53.94.  
Jas. L. Holt vs. Loo Chit Sam, assumption; judgment for plaintiff, \$687.10.  
Jas. L. Holt vs. Pawaa Rice Mill, assumption; judgment for plaintiff, \$572.80.  
Jas. L. Holt vs. Wong Shee (W), assumption; judgment for plaintiff, \$271.35.  
Jas. L. Holt vs. Isaac Harbottle, assumption; judgment for plaintiff, \$25.94.  
Jas. L. Holt vs. Chew On Yin Co., assumption; judgment for plaintiff, \$22.98.  
E. G. Ferreira vs. C. H. Brown, defendant, C. M. White, chief clerk Department Public Works, garnishee; assumption; judgment for plaintiff, \$47.00.  
Theo. H. Davies & Co., Ltd., vs. Wing Sing Loy, assumption; judgment for plaintiff, \$27.85.  
Chas. Phillips vs. W. M. Boyd, defendant, J. H. Fisher, garnishee, assumption; judgment for plaintiff, \$174.21.  
Manuel da Silva vs. Lum Hee Chong, assumption; judgment for plaintiff, \$22.40.

Customer—"I'd like to get something in the shape of a Panama hat." Salesman—"Well, Panama hats haven't any shape, you know—but we've got the hats, all right."—Chicago Tribune.

Kate—"She asked that question just out of idle curiosity, don't you think?" Laura—"No, busy curiosity. Her curiosity is never idle."—Somerville Journal.

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FOR SALE AT ALL FIRST-CLASS HOTELS AND RESORTS.

AWARDED HIGHEST PRIZE FOR MERIT AT WORLD'S FAIR, 1900.



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SOLE AGENTS.

**September Clothes Opportunities**

Made-to-order clothes for men at greatly cut prices. Materials on hand and must be sold at once as I leave for fields and pastures new.  
Cash prices only; workmanship guaranteed.  
Sack suits, three pieces, full lined.  
Were always \$30.00..... Now \$25.00.  
Light summer business suits, 2 pieces.  
Were \$22.50..... Now \$19.00.  
Were 18.00..... Now 16.00.  
Tuxedos, silk lined.  
Were \$40.00..... Now \$35.00.  
All other clothes in proportion.

**GEO. A. MARTIN, MERCHANT TAILOR**  
HOTEL STREET.

**MEN, I'LL CURE YOU!**



Let any man who is weak, broken down, old and decrepit in physical weakness, full of pains and aches, gloomy, despondent and cheerless—any man who wants to be stronger and younger than he feels—let him come and tell me how he feels, and if I say that I can cure him I will forfeit \$1,000 if I fail. I don't want money that I don't earn. I don't need it, and am not after it. But I am after the dollars that are now going wrong in the quest of health. Look at all these poor wrecks of humanity that are spending all they earn on drugs—dope that is paralyzing their vital organs—that have spent all they have earned for years without gaining a pound of strength for the hundreds of dollars wasted. That is the money that I am after, because for every dollar I take I can give a thousand per cent interest. I have cured so many cases right here that I can prove my claims to you, but if that proof is not enough I'll give you the names of men right near you—where you are. Is that fair?

Most of the belts that I am selling now are to men who have been sent here by their friends whom I have cured. I think that is the best evidence that my business is a success from the standpoint of cures, as well as on the dollar side.

Just lately I have received letters of praise from these men: James P. Daniels, 709 Devisadero street, San Francisco. He was cured of a back trouble of 12 years' standing. J. M. Gaskill, 220 Chestnut ave., Santa Cruz, Cal., who says I cured him of indigestion, Constipation, Nervousness and Lumbago from which he had suffered 15 years.

Wherever you are, I think I can give you the name of a man in your town that I have cured. Just send me your address and let me try. This is my twenty-fourth year in the business of pumping new vim into wornout humanity and I've got cures in nearly every town on the map.

Write to me. I've got a nice book on men that I'll send sealed, free, if you inclose this ad.

**DR. M. G. McLAUGHLIN, 906 Market St., San Francisco.**

**FRENCH LAUNDRY**

TOURISTS' WORK PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO  
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Harnessmakers and Saddlers. Trunks and Valises neatly and promptly repaired.



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**Honolulu Soap Works Co**  
FRED. L. WALDRON,

Spreckels Block. Sales Agent.

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