

# HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS SO TIRED

Yet you toss about all night, unable to sleep. It's your nerves that are unstrung. Weak nerves are starved nerves and you therefore need something to nourish and put vim and vitality into them. For this particular duty Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is highly endorsed by physicians. It is also invaluable in cases of POOR APPETITE, INSOMNIA, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, WEAK KIDNEYS, BILIOUSNESS AND MALARIA, FEVER AND AGUE. We hope you'll try it at once.

## HOSTETTER'S STOMACH - BITTERS

### Quality Guaranteed

"Splendid fruit," remarked a man to his wife at the lunch table. "I wish you would always get this brand."

He referred to the "Palace" brand.

Housewives will find a great difference in the different brands of canned goods.

For instance: "Palace" or "Epicurean" fruits or vegetables are always uniform in quality and size and that quality the best.

"Palace" or Epicurean goods can be bought at almost any grocery and if they do not prove the best you ever had the grocer will return your money and charge the goods to me.

**E. J. WALKER,**  
Wholesale Agent

**THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY.  
THERAPION.** This successful and popular remedy, used in the Continental Hospitals by Riordan, Keenan, Jobert, Valpeau, and others, combined all the desiderata to be sought in a medicine of the kind, and surpassed everything hitherto employed. THERAPION No. 1 maintains the world-renowned and well-merited reputation for damage to the kidneys, pains in the back, and bladder ailments, affording prompt relief where other well-tried remedies have been powerless. THERAPION No. 2 for impurity of the blood, uric acid, rheumatism, gout, blotches, pains and swelling of joints, neuralgia, and all diseases for which it has been too much a fashion to employ mercury. THERAPION No. 3 for exhaustion, sleeplessness, and all distressing consequences of overwork, worry, overwork, &c. It possesses surprising power in restoring strength and vigor to those suffering from the enervating influences of long residence in hot, unhealthy climates. THERAPION No. 4 for all ailments of the blood, and is sold by the principal chemists and druggists throughout the world. Price in England, 2s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. In ordering state which of the three numbers is required, and observe that the word "THERAPION" appears on the British Government Stamp (the white letters on a red ground) affixed to every medicine package by order of His Majesty's Home Secretaries, and without which it is a forgery.

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Sold Agents for Hawaiian Islands.

## ACT OF BRAVERY REWARDED BY A GRATEFUL CITIZEN

### Handsome Gold Medal Presented to Chief Clerk Mossman of Deputy Sheriff's Office for Preventing a Double Murder.

The gift of a handsome gold medal yesterday to Harry Mossman, chief clerk in the office of Deputy Sheriff Chillingworth, from Lee Chu, one of the wealthy members of the Chinese colony, is the reward for an act of bravery by young Mossman on the night of June 22, 1904, when he wrested a revolver from the hand of a Chinese murderer and placed him under arrest, preventing him from killing the donor of the medal.

The medal is in the form of a shield and bears the following inscription: "Presented to H. C. Mossman by Lee Chu as a token of appreciation and esteem. Honolulu, June 22, 1904." The following letter accompanied the gift: Honolulu, September 12, 1904. H. C. Mossman, Esq., Honolulu, Oahu. My Dear Sir: I take the liberty of presenting you herewith a token of my appreciation of your services to me on the night of June 22, 1904.

On that occasion you bravely, unarmed and alone, grappled with and secured a desperate man, armed with a revolver, who had just committed a foul murder, and was on his way to make a second victim of me, and by your con-

duct you rescued me, as I believe, from a horrible death. It may be that your action in the matter was actuated by a sense of public duty, but I believe that under the circumstances many men would have shrunk from the performance of such a duty, involving as it did, great danger to your own life, and I therefore feel that an expression of my esteem for your brave conduct is fitting and proper.

Please accept the little token sent herewith, and believe me always to be, Yours gratefully,

LEE CHU.

On the night of June 22, 1904, Liu Lock, a Chinaman who wanted money and had threatened bodily harm to Lam Tschung Chin, entered his home and fired a shot into him which ended in his death. Flourishing his revolver, the murderer escaped into the yard and scared off a crowd of people attracted by the noise and outcries. The murderer was on his way to Lee Chu's to kill him when Mossman came upon the scene. Without hesitation he advanced toward the Chinaman, grappled with him, secured the revolver, retained his hold on the murderer and sent him later to the Police Station. The murderer died in Oahu Prison while awaiting trial.

## RECRUITED UNDER PROTEST

(Continued from Page 5.)

started to drag the teamster toward the Presidio gate.

Jack the teamster made it the business of dragging that any of the members of that provost guard had ever been called upon to do. He fixed up six of them for the hospital long before they got him anywhere near the Presidio gate. Reinforcements were summoned, and it took about a battalion of artillerymen to land Jack the truckman in the Presidio clinic.

Jack was an inmate of the Presidio mill for more than a fortnight before his case was straightened out. It took about half of the big Presidio guard, with fixed bayonets, to keep Jack from razing the guardhouse to the ground with his naked hands.

The whole Presidio command failed to get any work out of him. At fatigue call, every morning for a week or so, the guard attempted to prod the teamster out of his cell to the front of the guardhouse, to step in line with the other military prisoners bound for garrison work under the eyes of sentries. But that scheme had to be abandoned. The sick list became too heavy for the surgeon's toleration.

The teamster would tackle the whole guard, every morning they tried to start him to work, with chairs, benches, stanchions pulled from beneath the guardhouse veranda, the guardhouse stove used as a battering ram, doors wrenched easily from their hinges, anything that first came to the huge paws of the unjustly confined truck driver.

At length the man's pals let up on him and sent word to the Presidio's commanding officer, Colonel William Montrose Graham, of the job they had put up on their friend. When he received this word Colonel Graham strolled down to the guardhouse to take a look at the man who had put about one-half the members of every day's guard for a week in the surgeon's hands.

"Look here, my man," said Colonel Graham to the teamster, after telling him that he was at liberty to go back to his truck. "I'd like to have you in my command. You'd better take on with us. It beats teaming. Get a uniform on you and I'll see to it that you get a square deal."

"Well, you've got a fine way of making recruits—that's all I've got to say," replied Jack Barnes, but he accepted the Colonel's invitation to join his command, all the same, and slept that night in barracks. There are still in the American army any number of oldtimers with cauliflower ears and bent noses who remember Jack Barnes and the queer way he entered the service of Uncle Sam.

The queer case of the Murphy twins kept an American man-o-war in an acute state of bother during the early part of a China station cruise owing to a desertion mix.

One of the Murphy twins, who had been in the navy eight years, reaching the rating of boy's sun's mate, first class—for a swell sailorman was this same Murphy—jumped his ship at Mare Island, owing to a grouch which he had conceived against the service because his shore liberty had been restricted, and hid himself away in Vallejo, over the way from the Mare Island Navy Yard, until the ship should proceed on her cruise in far Eastern waters.

The cruiser dropped down from Mare Island and anchored in front of San Francisco to take on some additional stores before steaming out of the Gate Chinaward. A group of shore visiting officers from the ship came upon the twin of the deserting Murphy on Kearney street, this civilian Murphy twin being a decent and prosperous milk dealer in San Francisco.

The officers summoned a policeman, and the milk dealing Murphy twin was swooped upon from the rear. He had to be conveyed down to the Clay street wharf in a hurry wagon, and he gave the four policemen attached to that vehicle all that they could attend to before they landed him there.

The Jimmy Legs from the cruiser was

signaled for, and he came off with a couple of assistants in the steam cutter, and the blasphemous Murphy twin was carried on board the ship of war.

They landed him in the brig in double irons for resisting the master-at-arms. Murphy the innocent needed some surgical attention when they got him into the brig, and the surgeon was sent for. To the surgeon Murphy the milkman protested that he wasn't Dan, but Mike. The surgeon ridiculed that story and told Mike that he ought to be ashamed of himself for rigging up such a yarn, after his eight years' decent service.

Mike continuing to protest that he was the victim of a monumental mistake, the Legs was sent for by the surgeon. Then the Legs, with the satiric scepticism of all master-at-arms, looked Mike over and told him to pipe down for a soured sea lawyer or he'd get a broken head.

Mike, irons, bruises and all made for the master-at-arms, at that, and three marines on guard had to be hurriedly called in to disentangle the innocent twin from the Jimmy Legs' frame.

The executive officer of the ship, who had sailed with the Murphy twin who had deserted at Mare Island, entered the brig to take a look at the man who protested that he was the victim of a twin mistake.

"Look here, you ship-jumping scoundrel," said the First Luff, heatedly, to the equally heated Mike the milkman, "how do you dare to look me in the eye and claim that I don't know you after I put in three years with you on the Mediterranean station, and a year and a half in these waters? Pull up your sleeve, you brazen reprobate, and show me that tattooed dagger on your right forearm!"

At these words the master-at-arms darted forward and pulled up the right sleeve of the innocent's shirt. There was the dagger, tattooed in two colors on the milkman's right forearm.

The executive officer had no means of knowing that Mike, in a drunken hour of envy of his sailor brother's tattooing, had had that dagger pricked on his arm by a Jap tattoo artist of San Francisco only a few months before. But it settled Mike's hash.

To China he was carried on board the man-o-war. As there was no charge of desertion against him on account of his twin brother's ship jumping, the ship jumper not having been absent the required 10 days, Mike was merely brought before a summary Court-martial for leaving his ship without permission, and a bunch of extra duty was piled on him.

They might just as well have sentenced Mike to act as Secretary of the Navy. He didn't know a capstan bar from a top's yard, and when they put him to deck, prepared to duty—or, rather, chucked into duty in his absent brother's place—his situation would have been laughable even to Mike had it not embraced so many elements of tragedy—his worried wife and young ones back in San Francisco, for one thing.

When Mike, on deck, declared that he couldn't undertake any work that he didn't know anything about, the First Luff became sore for fair. The executive officer was convinced that Mike was playing a deep scheme to get out of the navy on the ground of insanity. The whole ship's company, equally honest in their belief that Mike was Dan, roared at Mike's idiotic attempts to sail on.

Mike hadn't been on deck for 10 minutes before he was slammed into the brig again, this time on the charge of willfully neglecting duty and attempting to deceive his superior officers; and before the ship made Yokohama Mike was scheduled for a general Court-martial on all sorts of charges.

The persistence with which he stuck to his story that he was Mike and not Dan Murphy might have caused his shipmates to falter in their belief that he was lying had it not been for that dagger on his right forearm. That made it seem absolutely certain to them that Mike was a brazen schemer.

The situation was cleared and ended at Yokohama. Dan the deserter turned up there.

He had heard far back in Vallejo

of the plight of his twin brother, Mike. So he shipped as a coal heaver on a steamer bound from San Francisco for Yokohama, and gave himself up on board the ship from which he had deserted on the very day that his twin brother Mike was booked to undergo his general Court-martial on the flagship.

Mike, on being liberated, punched Dan in a most wholesome manner before the Jimmy Legs could pry the twins apart, and a few days later took steamer back from Yokohama to San Francisco and his milk business. Dan, for the decent spirit which prompted him to make the long jump from San Francisco to Japan for the purpose of squaring things up for his twin brother, was restored to duty without punishment.—New York Sun.

### Engagement Announced.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 1.—The San Francisco Evening Post announces the engagement of Miss Bessie Bradley to Lieutenant Slattery, and of Miss Louise Bradley to Attorney E. M. Watson, both of Honolulu. It says that the engagement of Miss Bessie Bradley and Lieutenant Slattery has been whispered for some time. But the announcement of the engagement of Miss Louise to Mr. Watson comes as a surprise.

The young ladies are the daughters of Judge Bradley, one of the leading lawyers of Visalia. One or both of them were school friends of the Princess Kawanakoa at Santa Clara and were her guests in Honolulu for several weeks last winter and spring.

Johnny—Say, papa, passing counterfeit money is unlawful, isn't it?

Papa—Yes.

Johnny—Well, papa, if a man was walking along the street and saw a \$10 counterfeit bill upon the sidewalk and did not pick it up, wouldn't he be guilty of passing counterfeit money and couldn't he be arrested and put in jail?

Papa—More likely the lunatic asylum. Now you can go to bed, my son.—Cincinnati Commercial.

COULD SCARCELY WALK.—Mr. G. S. Purton, a resident of Kyneton, Victoria, Australia, says: "Some time ago I was attacked with severe pains and stiffness in my legs, which affected me so that I could scarcely walk, when I was recommended to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm by our local chemist, Mr. Stredwick. I have used it once a day since, and have experienced wonderful relief. I am indeed grateful for the good it has done me and shall be happy to recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm to anyone suffering from a similar complaint." For sale by all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaii.

A parrot in a country district escaped from its cage and settled on the roof of a laborer's cottage. The laborer had never seen such a thing before and climbed up with a view of securing it. When his head reached the level of the top of the roof, the parrot flapped a wing at him and said: "What d'ye want?"

Very much taken back, the laborer politely raised his cap and replied: "I beg your pardon, sir; I thought you were a bird!"—N. Y. Tribune.

## MEN, WAKE UP!



IS YOUR BACK WEAK?  
HAVE YOU DRAGGING PAINS?  
ARE YOU EASILY TIRED?  
HAVE YOU VARICOCELE?

Have you lost the fire and strength of youth? Have you "come and go" pains in your back and shoulders? Are you growing old too soon? If you have these symptoms or any other sign of breaking down of your nerves and vitality, you will find new life in Electricity as applied while you sleep.

### Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

It is made for you. It is the best way to use Electricity. It pours a gentle stream of life into the weak parts continually for hours every night. It refreshes the nerves, expands the vital powers, enriches the circulation and makes you feel bright, active and vigorous in one night's use. You get stronger each day, and in a few weeks you are a new man, stronger and younger than the fire of youth. It is grand, this method of mine, and every man who has ever used it is praising it.

WORTH TEN TIMES WHAT HE PAID FOR IT.

Marshall, Cal., Dec. 26, 1903.  
DR. McLAUGHLIN—Dear Sir: I have used your Belt for about two months, and must say that it has cured me entirely. I feel like a new man now and can do a hard day's work easily. There are no more pains in my back and arms, and that tired feeling has gone. I am sure that the Belt has been worth ten times more to me than I paid for it, and if you wish you may use my name, for I will be glad to recommend the Belt. Gratefully yours, ARNOLD F. BERRI.

Don't delay trying it. Your future happiness depends on your checking this drain upon your vitality, so stop it now and you can be sure of a long and vigorous life, full of the joys of a healthy vigor.

Don't drug. Drugs can't cure you, as you know, if you have tried them. My Belt cures because it increases your nerve power and vitality. Electricity renews the youthful strength; that cures. Send for my beautiful illustrated book, telling about my method. I send it, sealed, free. I have 50,000 cures. Write today. Send this ad.

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

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