

AT AUCTION BY WILL E. FISHER AUCTIONEER

Telephone Main 424.

Send in Your Goods For Wednesday's Sale.

WILL E. FISHER, AUCTIONEER.

Wednesday

AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

At my salesroom, corner Queen and Fort streets, I will sell a fine lot of

KOA FURNITURE

Comprising— Tables, Chairs, Rockers, Etc., Etc. ALSO 1 pr. Game Fowl and many others. ALSO Fruit Trees, Etc., Etc.

WILL E. FISHER, AUCTIONEER.

At Auction

MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1906.

AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

I will sell at my salesroom, corner Fort and Queen streets.

150 Shirt Waist

Patterns IN VARIOUS COLORS

Silk Shawls LARGE AND SMALL

Silk Kimonos, Turkish Tapastry IN ELEGANT DESIGN

All can be seen at salesroom Monday a. m.

WILL E. FISHER, AUCTIONEER.

The Gas Range

Is always in season with its comfort, convenience and economy.

Sold by dealers and by

Honolulu Gas Company, Limited.



H. HACKFELD & CO., DISTRIBUTORS.



AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

BOARDER—"I see you have a European cook now." LANDLADY (proudly)—"Yes. How did you guess?" BOARDER—"I noticed that there was a good deal of foreign substance in the food lately."

LOVE LETTERS OF THE GREAT

NAPOLEON TO HIS FIRST LOVE.

Napoleon Bonaparte, in a passionate letter to Josephine, said:

I have received your letter, my adorable friend. It has filled my heart with joy. I hope that you are better. I earnestly desire that you should ride on horseback, as it cannot fail to benefit you.

Since I left you I have been constantly depressed. My happiness is to be near you. Incessantly I live over in my memory your caresses, your tears, your affectionate solicitude. The charms of the incomparable Josephine kindle continually a burning and a glowing flame in my heart. When free from all solitude, all harassing care, shall I be able to pass all my time with you, having only to love you and to think only of the happiness of so saying and of proving it to you? I will send you your horse, but I hope you will soon join me.

I thought I loved you months ago, but since my separation from you I feel that I love you a thousandfold more. Each day since I knew you I have adored you yet more and more. Ah! I entreat you to let me see some of your faults; be less beautiful, less gracious, less affectionate, less good, especially be not overanxious, and never weep. Your tears rob me of reason and inflame my blood.

Believe me that it is not in my power to have a single thought that is not of you, or a wish that I cannot reveal to you. Quickly reestablish your health and join me, that at last before death we may be able to say, "We were many days happy." A thousand kisses and one even to Fortuna, notwithstanding his spitefulness. BONAPARTE.

THE FRESHNESS OF WASHINGTON'S AFFECTION.

The following letter from George Washington to his wife is a beautiful example of love that was as fresh after twenty years as at the first, and illustrates perfectly the sane balance of his great mind:

My Dearest Life and Love: You have hurt me. I know not how much, by the insinuation in your last that my letters to you have been less frequent because I have felt less concern for you. The suspicion is most unkind. Have we lived almost a score of years in the closest and dearest conjugal intimacy to so little purpose that on the appearance only of inattention to you, and which you might have accounted for in a thousand ways

more natural and more probable, you should pitch upon that single motive which alone is injurious to me?

I have not, I own, wrote so often to you as I wished and as I ought, but think of my situation and then ask your heart if I be without excuse. We are not, my dearest, in circumstances most favorable to our happiness; but let us not, I beseech you, idly make them worse by indulging in suspicions and apprehensions which minds in distress are but too apt to give way to. Your most faithful and tender husband, G. W.

BRIEF BUT SINCERE "OLD NOLL."

Oliver Cromwell seemed to have similar difficulties when he wrote: My Dearest: I have not leisure to write much; but I could chide thee that, in many of thy letters, thou writest to me that I should not be unkindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature, let that suffice. I rest thine, OLIVER CROMWELL.

POE'S HEART IN A TIME OF TRIAL.

In the midst of his trials, Edgar Allan Poe wrote to his wife: My Dearest Heart, My Dear Virginia: Our mother will explain to you why I stayed away from you this night. Of my last great disappointment I should have lost my courage but for you, my little darling wife. I shall be with you to-morrow, and be assured until I see you I will keep in loving remembrance your last words and your fervent prayer. May God grant you a peaceful summer with your devoted, EDGAR.

THE LOVE OF BISMARCK.

Bismarck, the man of iron, to the last day of his life was tenderly devoted to his wife, using the most endearing terms in writing to her. While he was in Paris, during the early days of their married life, he wrote to her: They say that here one may see the most beautiful women in the world; women whose charms are a scepter more powerful than a king's. I have seen them all, my little heart, and now I know why you hold me in such unbreakable chains; for there is none of all these fair ones so richly dowered as my darling with all that gives a woman empire over the hearts of men.

THE RIPENESS OF A TRUE DEVOTION.

Garibaldi always found time in the stress of his campaigns to send messages of love to his wife. At one time he wrote: Your face, my little one, is with me every hour, encouraging and solacing me when my heart sinks low with fears of what may be. I thought I had tasted all the sweetness of love's cup when I first embraced my Anita, the mother of my children, in a silence that was an ecstasy; but now I know that there are peaks higher than the Alps, and that there is a heaven higher and purer and sweeter than any I first explored in the ardor of youth. God keep you, my darling, and restore me to your arms.

BEST BATHING AT WAIKIKI.

The Hawaiian Annex now offers the best of everything in the way of bathing and surfing to its patrons. One hundred and thirty-five rooms, thoroughly renovated and modernized. Seven showers situated in convenient locations. New suits, new towels, new everything. Take a run out there on Sunday and see the improvements that have been started on the main building.

A CORRECT COPY OF A REMARKABLE POEM.

MEDITATIONS OF A HINDU, PRINCE AND SKEPTIC.

All the world over, I wonder, in lands that I never had trod, Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and steps of a God? Westward across the ocean, and northward ayont the snow, Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and what do the wisest know?

Here, in this mystical India, the deities hover and swarm Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops, or the gusts of a gathering storm;

In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are seen, Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and what may the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open, and ever the censers swing, As they to a mystic symbol, or the figures of ancient kings; And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless cry Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards, loth to die.

For the Destiny drives us together, like deer in a pass of the hills. Above is the sky, and around us, the sound and the shot that kills; Pushed by a Power we see not, and struck by a hand unknown, We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips to a stone.

The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the rock frowns hollow and grim, And the form and the nod of the demon are caught in the twilight dim; And we look to the sunlight falling afar on the mountain crest, Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge there and a rest?

The path, ah! who has shown it, and which is the faithful guide? The haven, ah! who has known it? for steep is the mountain side, For ever the shot strikes surely and ever the wasted breath Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer is only death.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the first of an ancient name, Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and women who died in flame; They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they are spirits who guard our race— Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a marble face.

And the myriad idols around me, and the legion of muttering priests, The revels and rites unholy, the dark unspeakable feasts! What have they wrung from the silence? hath even a whisper come Of the secret—Whence and Whither? Alas! for the gods are dumb.

Shall I list to the word of the English, who come from the uttermost sea? "The secret hath been told to you and what is your message to me?" It is nought but the wide-world story how the earth and the heavens began, How the gods are glad and angry, and a Delty once was man.

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities where the rulers of India dwell, Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth with a spell, They have fathomed the depths we float on, or measured the unknown main—"

Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that the quest is vain. Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall the dreamer awake? Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the mirror break?

Shall it pass, as a camp that is struck, as a tent that is gathered and gone? From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at morning are level and lone? Is there nought in the heavens above, whence the hail and the levin are hurled, But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the rolling world? The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me to silence and sleep, With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting, and voices of women who weep.

A. C. LYALL.

ANDERSON FOR BENEDICK STAKES

The engagement is announced of Mr. John C. Anderson to Miss Mary Brash.

Anderson, who is one of Honolulu's best "socket" players, left recently for Kohala, Hawaii, to take a position with Theo. H. Davies & Co. Miss Brash is one of Honolulu's best known and most charming young ladies.

WE ARE ON THE GROUND IN MANHATTAN AND GOLDFIELD.

Pioneers in the greatest gold-producing section of the United States. Our business has been the promotion of mining companies of merit. In this we have been eminently successful. We have made fortunes for a large clientele of patrons scattered through many states and territories. In our long list of mining ventures we have not recorded a single failure. Stocks in companies we have promoted have doubled, tripled and quadrupled in value. Last week

CHAS. M. SCHWAB PURCHASED THE BULLFROG AMETHYST.

We sold this stock to the public at 15 cents a share less than four months ago. It is now selling at \$1.25 per share.

This is but one of many companies promoted by us that have made phenomenal records on the stock boards and rewarded the first purchasers with handsome returns.

THE SECRET OF OUR SUCCESS

has from the day we made the first offering of treasury stock to the public to the present time, been an intimate acquaintance with the mines of the district, and care and conservatism exercised in the selection of properties. Mr. L. L. Patrick was one of the first locators in Goldfield and promoted the great Combination mine, which is paying \$400,000 annually in dividends. Sol Camp, consulting engineer for Great January mine and other leading companies, is at the head of our corps of engineers.

If you want to make money in Nevada mining stocks or want to know about mines of the world's newest El Dorado, write for

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A complete weekly resume of operations at all the leading Tonopah, Goldfield, Bullfrog and Manhattan properties. This letter will be furnished you free on application.

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A Full Line of Clothing for Men, Youths' and Boys!

Coats and Pants, all sizes, firstclass cut and style, all wool. \$ 6 50 Full suits.....\$8.50 to 20 00 Youths' suits.....\$5.50 to 12 00 Boys' suits.....\$2.75 to 6 50

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Men's hats.....40c., 50c., 75c. and \$ 1 00 Boys' hats.....30c., 40c., 50c. and 75 A full line of Panama hats worth \$15.00 now..... 7 50

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A NEW LINE OF FINE DRESS GOODS, ALL AT REDUCED PRICES.

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There is an ancient conundrum in which the question is propounded: Why are hot cakes like a caterpillar? The answer is: It's the grub that makes the butterfly.

CRYSTAL SPRINGS BUTTER is so good that anything that it is eaten with makes it disappear rapidly. Its flavor is indescribably delicate, and its quality never varies. One pound is just as good as another.

TWO POUNDS 75 CENTS.

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