

ALYONOLULU PRESS.

VOLUME I.

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1885.

NO. 18

AT BAR HARBOR.

"What do you do?"
"I don't even know my own home, I hope. Never mind me. Tell me more about the other girl."
"I don't remember much more except that she had a row in her hair, and I wished afterwards that she had dropped it and I had picked it up. Somehow it was so young. Well, I must say good night," he continued, after a pause, which Hilary had not tried to fill, "and go back to the crabs. I will tell them that you are tired, and that Mr. Martin and you decided not to go over."
"Oh, but then they will think that I—that we—"
"Of course they will. Looking in the morning, paddling in the evening, etc. I don't see but that you will be obliged to get in to that drive in the morning to undeceive them."
"You might come and talk it over with Miss Martin, at any rate."
"Then she held out her hand. 'Good night,' she said. 'Good night,' replied Hilary, and they rang clear for service a Sunday, and merrily for a wedding on a week day."
But before he slept or dreamed, he heard Taylor close the gate, and a faint, sweet light shone into the night air floated up toward his window. It might be for him after all. So he sent a messenger to find a few bars of 'The Beggar Student' to remind her of the morning. The morning! What was the morning to Hilary as she stood in the moonlight and smiled and remembered!

There is no such specific cure for a love-sick swain as wounded vanity. Albert pondered on Dorothy Drake's sweet, never-changing smile before he went to sleep, and after he had dreamed of the church bells ringing for a bride, fell asleep again and dreamed that the bride was Dorothy Drake, and that her father gave away with her hand titles to castles and lands.

Two weeks had gone by. Hilary and Albert were the best of friends. There was a great puncture in Hilary's heart, a great deal of suave courtesy on Hilary's part, Albert took charge of the girl's maps or fan as became an attentive host. He got up parties for her delight, but there was no more roasting or paddling or sailing, and Dorothy Drake, in consequence, who had been prepared to dislike Hilary, was her ardent slave.

By this time Hilary was an old Bar Harbor inhabitant. She had been everywhere; seen everything; out on Tom Tappan's yacht, when they went to the island; then up Frenchman's bay to Sullivan, where they dined at the hotel and danced in the parlor; and on the great man's larger vessel had sailed up Somme's sound, coasted as far as Castine, and came back weary hungry, Gliman, in his hurry to get to the island, put a fresh supply of provisions on board of course. Mr. Taylor's village cart had been in constant use, going to Otter cliff, to the Bear's Head, to Anemone cave, and the Downs. She had been to the island, and by the new railroad which makes one's head dizzy as he looks over a glorious combination of sea and land. As for buckboard drives, they were innumerable; always pleasant with two or three, but with three or four, the familiar adage that three spoils company. What a jolly time they had when they supped at the little tavern at Somerville, and came back in the moonlight, singing the liveliest songs, and one keeping another from falling out of the wagon! She had even taken the twenty mile drive, supped at the Malvern and at Spraul's, and spent Sunday with the nicest people in the world at Northeast Harbor. She had worn all her clothes once, and as she began again, she felt as much at home as the village parson does when he first turns the barrel of sermons. Her parish suited her, her sheep adorned her, and she was dignified shepherdess.

By this time, or before this, Hilary knew the shades and gradations of people, some she was to know for the summer's out and some for good and all. They could divide them thus quickly. Here goes Boston, then Philadelphia, now St. Louis and Chicago, here New York, and here come to who are in, but not of it. She had learned that highest in the scale of local distinction were those who owned their cottages—some of them palaces, in fact—and gave dinners; next came those who hired and occupied cottages; then the men who lived in cottages and ate at the hotels; and finally the various grades of boarders whom the hotels sheltered and fed, too, in their peculiar fashion, which was not learned at Delmonico's or the Brunswick.

"Yes, Hilary was drinking in the spirit of the place, sea breeze, mountain tops, rippling stream, smooth lawns, merry hearts, sharp tongues—a strange potion with royal parts and artificial spices. A very mixed American drink was the result, a genuine cocktail, but Hilary sipped it and liked it, and called it nectar, for youth is Hebe and holds the cup of the gods.

One evening, or one twilight, they sat on Boat's Head, whether they had driven to take tea. One by one, the guests came to the Spouting horn. There had been a storm, and the waves were dashing up through the cleft and breaking in spray a hundred feet above the sea below. In reality, they were engaged in the manual occupation of preparing to toast. Molly was 'toasting up a salad,' Tom Tappan was stealing fish, Dorothy and Aunt Lou and Grosvenor Dudley were sea workers, Albert encouraging them, while Hilary and Wilco sat a few feet away, with Wilco's beautiful red net, Barnaby, between them. Hilary played with one of the silky, tawny ears, while Wilco puffed his cigarette.

"You have never said anything more about that other girl, my prototype," said Hilary; "are you waiting for her now? You've a very far-away expression."
"Have I. I beg your pardon."
"Indeed, you need not. I am not jealous of sweet 16."
"And yet I wish I were half as sure of your absolute honesty as I am of hers."
"Yes, so do I; but absolute honesty grows slowly and dies young in the feminine mind. Why do you think I am not honest?"
"You implied it."
"I think you try to deceive me in every way; that you take an absolute pleasure in convincing me one day that you are not what you proved yourself the day before."
"I wish to dazzle you with my many-sidedness. No one can for a moment fancy that a woman's truthfulness equals her vanity," replied Hilary.

"There, that isn't true. That isn't you. There is nothing really satirical in you, and that sort of talk isn't you."
"No, but it is a part of the disease called living."

"Great heavens; and you call living a disease! I thought you loved life!"
"So I do. It's a better disease than dying!" Tom Tappan interrupted them; "Tea is served." So they went to the picnic and talked gossip and discussed their friends. Molly wished there might be some tremendous affair. "No one ever seems to get engaged here, after all, and just at present there's nothing more exciting than poor Jim Jones' affairs. The widow's laid up with gout, and she's renewing his flirtation with Kathleen Turner."

Albert wished there might be an engagement too, with a long glance at Dorothy, and Hilary thought engagements were stupid and that one of the best things about Mr. Desert was the spirit of freedom it brought. Wilco had nothing to say on the subject, but looked scornful, Hilary fancied, so she grew a little wild in her talk, and gradually announced that she believed in marriage de convenience, and in a last dozen years of bitter existence first, and as Wilco grew more silent she went on to explain the days of sentiment were passed, that idealism implied weakness, etc., etc. As they drove home, Dorothy Taylor talked incessantly to Aunt Lou, but at the door of the cottage he said: "Will you go to the music with me to-morrow morning?"
"I never know you. You can join us."
"And you will disintegrate with me as the mass separates!"
"I never know what I shall do. My name is in music. I may have a headache, and not go after all."
Hilary was conscience-stricken later, but Wilco was unusually merry that evening.

The next morning a gay company set out for Mrs. Renshaw's music. Molly and Hilary, with Aunt Lou and Mrs. Guardian, looked like the nucleus of a comet. They were surrounded by a crowd of men and girls, more girls than men, which was not in the least the fact of the two attractive young creatures, but to be entirely to the door of American civilization, which appoints that most men—who do not go to Newport—shall work, while women weep or laugh as best pleases them all chattering—gossip of course. Mrs. Guardian's eyes and mouth were wide open as she saw.

Hilary beat on the ground with her umbrella very slightly, but Wilco saw it and caught her eye. "Shall we lead on to music and glory?" he asked. Hilary rewarded him with a grateful smile.
"Don't tell the story if you get there first," called Dorothy Drake.
"No, we will take the music; the glory shall be yours," said Hilary, hastily, as they walked away.

"It is a great protection to society," replied Wilco. "By the way, what is your will? Am I to go to the music or the rock?"
"I don't mind where we go," Hilary seemed to reply, but she turned her steps toward the hill back from the water, toward Mrs. Renshaw's pretty cottage.

The music was exhilarating. Hilary's cheeks were red as she sat next, and she whispered to Wilco, "Get by a window; it's going to be warm."
So they seated themselves not only by, but in the window, a big, comfortable board window, with soft cushions, and Dorothy looked behind them and like a half-drawn veil, a bunch of roses stood on a heavily draped table, a half-open book—"Madama Bovary"—lay beside them, pillow and cushions, and a luxurious couch invited them. She sat down here. As their friends passed the window a moment later they looked up and Molly glanced at Dorothy, "Do you see those roses my dear?" she queried.
"Very gay by the boat from Boston! Do you suggest that the Herr Renshaw who sends them? Herr Renshaw, indeed!"
"I am really tired of Mt. Desert," cried Hilary. "I wish we had all been born dumb."
"I will try to profit by that suggestion," replied Wilco.

"It is what we should all be," replied Hilary. "When we come to hear music."
"If only the performers could be struck in the same way!" groaned Wilco as a dashing girl set out boldly a half-note of the key.
The song continued. Molly and Dorothy exchanged confidences under cover of it, and criticized the singer: "Mrs. Renshaw must be in love herself this time. She was never careless before about her music, and positively this creature is atrocious!"
"Yes, but she is a semi-social creature, a cousin of the Draytons—is on the Tappan yacht a great deal. They do say that Tom Tappan is only restrained from marrying her because she is a nobody and has no money; but as she is the wife of Mrs. Renshaw's while to be civil to her. Pretty, isn't she?" Mrs. Renshaw, I mean. But her blonde hair always looks suspicious to me."

Mrs. Renshaw sang herself, and then Ray was played. No talk for a time then, but a perfect hurly-burly and tempest of music, and then a hurly-burly and tempest of applause. Such delicious stir of sound was never heard before, surely. Its effect was more stimulating than crabs or champagne. Tom Tappan's "did that playing!" sounded above the clapping, and "did that playing!" perhaps sums it up—that turbulence of sound and sense.

"I believe I am a puritan!" said Hilary, in a low voice. "Music like that rouses a positive moral protest."
"You are good," said Wilco, decidedly, and she looked down at her. She blushed, but it was the blush of goodness, the blush that a puritan maiden meliorated by contact with the world might give. "And true!" added the man, interrogatively.
"Some one else rose to sing a man this time, the man whom Molly had noticed with Mrs. Renshaw a fortnight before, a musical fellow, as Albert had surmised, a friend of Wilco Taylor's, as well he had told her. He had a good baritone voice. The words of his song were very distinct. They were these:
"A girl with a rose in her hand,
A white dove flying by,
Should she wave that flower-wand
On wings my heart would fly—
On the strong white wings of love
Would I fly to her side."
"Will she wave her flower-wand?
Will you bid me come, my sweet?"
Rather forlorn words, truly, but set to music, and sung out with nice strong intensity. As Hilary listened she grew first pale, then rosy. Wilco leaned forward and took a rose from the bunch before them and handed it to her. She accepted it mechanically.

"Was it Wilco at her side with his will and love constraining her? Was it the confusion of fragrance and music, the soft, golden clouded light that moved her? Or was it love, and none other, that put coquetry and shyness aside and gently put Hilary's hand with the rose in it into the man's waiting clasp! Ah! it was love, Hilary knew, and Wilco knew.

"It is not 'go' this time, is it?" asked Wilco.
"I replied Hilary.
"So there they sat like two children hand in hand under cover of the friendly table. A sea-breeze blew up the hill through the window, the man's voice sang out in a new song, the gossips were busy with fancies and nothing, while back of them all real love-making was going on and Fate was settling matters most satisfactorily. Even Mrs. Guardian did not guess it.

After the music they went down to the water. Molly thought they had gone roasting, but there were none of the usual symptoms. Hilary did not hold Wilco's stick; he did not play with her tassels; there were no little half-signs or hummings or yawnings. They just sat there, two lovers hand in hand, too happy for coquetry, too deeply moved for light words, in that sweet silence of love that is golden, and when they spoke it was in words old enough and commonplace enough to be sure, but sacred after all. For true love's first rapture is always more or less solemn, and too serious to be chatted about as they are the old chronicler of Bar Harbor days.

As they rose to go back, Wilco laughed. "None of the usual accompaniments, my dear, an engagement at high noon in the presence of two hundred people. What a waste of necessary! These rocks, the sea, the moon, and no attention paid to them."
"Ah! people count for more even at Mt. Desert than nature does," replied the girl.

The Car Inspector.
(Indianapolis News.)
Numerically considered, the importance of the car inspector asserts itself. There are over one hundred inspectors in this city, and every station where change of cars is made or where shops are located has an army of them. There are day and night inspectors for freight and passenger cars. No through passenger train touches this city day or night that does not undergo inspection, and the tink of the inspector's hammer, and the flare of their lanterns, and the hiss of the air or steam as they try the brake, have been observed a thousand times by every traveler. To the thinking passenger the noise and the light are not nuisance, but the evidence of careful management and security. Every day these gentlemen find something wrong with a car—some defect that means danger. Recently every train which passed over a certain section of an Indianapolis line received one or more broken wheels. The inspectors discovered the breaks, finding them repeated and always on the same side of the track, concluded that a rail or frog somewhere was defective. After a protracted search, a frog half out of position, and calculated to do infinite mischief, was discovered. The front cars, generally the postal or baggage-car, are most frequently disabled. This is because they are lighter built, and the first after the engine to encounter and perhaps remove obstructions on the track.

"Our lot is not particularly happy," said a chief of a gang of inspectors who had patiently waited four hours for a 'mayday' express, and is just as necessary that that train be overhauled. The reason is as that she have a conductor or engineer; and as our duties are indispensable, we feel about as important as the brass-buttoned brakeman or the diamond-studded chair-car conductor."

The Boy and the Bees.
(Detroit Free Press.)
A Boy who had a great curiosity to know how a Bee-Hive was constructed entered an Apiary and proceeded to upset a Hive, but while feeling in his Hand Pocket for a Two-Foot Rule the Honey Bees, slightly annoyed, and ran the thermometer up to such a Notch that he cried out in a voice which could be heard a mile away. When the Bee had got in a Work and there was nothing but boot-hole left to Bite at, an old Swooper with a Yellow Back and a Squint-eye flew up on the Gate-Post to Pick the bones out of his teeth and say:
"Moral:—'Better wait until the Mule is Dead before picking up a Hind Foot to see how it is glued on.' We are curious to interfere with the Housework next door it is time to throw Flat-iron."

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Why do ladies object to having their faces tanned? The deep, rich crimson color is certainly very becoming and preferable to the pale, sickly look so common. The reason is not difficult to find. A tanned face is thought to belong to persons low in the social scale; in other words, to the vulgar. So women forgo the good they might receive from sunshine, and acquire the complexion of a sickly pallor caused by organic decay, and call it beautiful.

Gregarious.
(The Household.)
There can be no doubt that women are, as a rule, inclined to hospitality. Say, if you will, that they are gregarious—always happily with some one else. The reason is, some one with whom to exchange news, even gossip; that they love to exhibit their acquaintances their taste in furnishing a room, or in table arrangements, or to show off their skill in cooking; the fact remains the same, that women love to 'have company.'

The Post-Boy Hats.
(American Quat.)
The post-boy hat is quite a favorite with young ladies. It has rather a high crown, a brim at the front, none at the back, and is generally trimmed with a band of velvet and a bunch of feathers at the front, rather high, or a rossete of lace and, or a bouquet of flowers.

Good Language.
(Good Cheer.)
You have nearly to use the language which you read, instead of the slang which you hear, to form a taste. In agreement with the best speakers and poets in the country.

Better than Roughness.
(P. Hoop.)
Love thy wife and cherish her as long as thou livest. Flattery is better than roughness and will make her contented and diligent.

Cure for Sore Throat.
A hornet's nest, which has been deserted by the hornets, bound on the throat with a piece of flannel will cure the most malignant sore throat.

For Heartburn.
Half a teaspoonful of common table salt, dissolved in a little cold water and drank, will instantly relieve heartburn.

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