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CHAPTER VIII.

Vinton's flotilla came steaming into Honolulu harbor just as the smoke of the Doric was fading away on the western horizon.

Cheers and acclamations, a banquet tendered to the entire force in the beautiful grounds about the palace and a welcome such as even San Francisco had not given awaited them. Three days were spent in cooling for the long voyage to Manila, and during that time officers and men were enabled to spend hours in sunbathing and sight-seeing.

Vinton, eager to push ahead, fumed with impatience over the slow and primitive methods by which his ships were cooled, but the junior officers found many a cause for rejoicing over their enforced detention. Dinners, dances, and merry rides were the order of every evening. Riding parties to the Park and parties at Pearl Harbor and the plantations along the railway filled up every hour of the long, soft, sensuous days.

The soldiers explored every nook and corner of the town and, for a wonder, got back to ship without serious diminution in their number, and with a high opinion of the police, who seemed bent on protecting the blue-coats from the states and making the best of their exuberance of spirits.

Only one row of any consequence occurred within the forty-eight hours of their arrival. Three of the Colorado volunteers playing billiards in a prominent resort were deliberately annoyed and insulted by some merchant sailors who had been drinking heavily at the expense of a short, thick-set fellow in a loud check suit and flaming necktie, a stranger to the police, who knew of him only that he had landed from the Doric and was waiting the coming of the Mowers from Vancouver for Australia, and she was due on the morrow.

He had taken quarters at a second-rate sailors' lodging house and at first kept much to himself, but, once starting to drink with his mark-time neighbors, he became noisy and truculent, and, selling forth with four of his new-found friends, all half drunk and wholly bent on mischief.

The sight of three quiet-mannered young fellows playing pool in the saloon was just the thing to excite in their half-soldier skins, and from sneering remarks they had rapidly passed to a physical assault.

In less than a minute thereafter the young volunteers, flushed and peevish, were surveying the police and bystanders engaged in dragging out from under the tables and propping up some wrecks of humanity, while the head devil of the whole business, the burly civilian in the loud check suit, pitched headlong out of a rear window, was smothering the blood from his broken nose at the hydrant of a neighboring stable.

The volunteers were escorted to the landing with all honors, and their antagonists, bearing the ring-leader to the police station. The affair was over so quickly that few had seen anything of it, and only one man had pitched in to the support of the soldiers—a civilian who came over on the Vanguard by the authority of Gen. Vinton, the ex-brakeman of the Southern Pacific. While the Colorado men had little to say beyond the statement that they had been wantonly insulted if not actually assaulted by a gang of strangers, the railway man was ablaze with excitement and wrath over the escape of the leader of the vanquished party.

"I've seen that our dog face of his somewhere before," said he, "and the quicker you find and nab him the better. That man's wanted in more than one place or I'm a duffer."

As the police spent hours that night in search of the stranger, but to no purpose, he kept in hiding somewhere, and his efforts were vain. Search of his luggage at the lodging house revealed the fact that he had a lot of new shirts, underwear, etc., but not a paper or card that revealed his identity. The proprietor said the man had given the name of Spence, but he heard two of the sailors call him Sackett.

The following evening the general and his staff dined at the beautiful home of one of the old and wealthy residents, and towards nine o'clock Mr. Stuyvesant asked his general's permission to withdraw, as he had two calls to make before returning aboard ship. They were to sail at dawn.

Shining good night and good-by to his charming hostess and declining the hospitable offer of a post-prandial "peg" from her genial lord, the young officer stepped blithely away down the moonlit avenue.

It was a beautiful summer night. The skies were cloudless, the air soft and still. Somewhere, either at the park or in the grounds of the Royal Hawaiian, the famous band of Honolulu was giving a concert, and strains of glorious music, rich and full, came floating on the gentle breeze. Here and there the electric lights were flashing in the dense tropical foliage and sounds of merry chat and musical laughter fell softly on the ear.

The broad thoroughfare of Bereftina street was well-nigh deserted, though once in a while the lights of a cab on noiseless wheels flashed by, and at rare intervals Stuyvesant met or overtook some blissful pair whistling in the deep shadows of the overhanging trees.

It was quite a walk to the consul general's, his first objective point, but he enjoyed it and the brief visit that followed. Naturally the affairs of the previous evening came up for discussion, and there was some conjecture and speculation as to the identity of the leader of the attack on the Denver boys. Stuyvesant reported what his friend the brakeman said, that somewhere he had seen the fellow's face before, but he had only a second's glimpse of it, for the moment he launched in to the aid of the volunteers the man in the check suit caught sight of him—and a simultaneous crack on the nose that sent him reeling towards the open window, through which he darted the instant he could recover balance, leaving the field evenly divided, four to four in point of numbers, but otherwise with overwhelming advantage on the side of the clear heads and trained muscles of the soldiers.

A groansome sight those sailors had presented when called up for sentence in the morning, and a remorseful quartette they proved. Moreover, to the consul general, who had been called in in the interest of fair play for Jack, they declared that they were innocent of all evil intent. They only went in for a little fun with the soldiers. It was that San Francisco fellow who called himself Spence when he was sober and Sackett when he got drunk who brought on the row and who abandoned them to their fate. He had owned that he "had it in" for soldiers in general, hated the whole gang of them and wanted to see them well licked. He had plenty of money and would pay their fines if the police "ran them in," and now had left them in the lurch.

They had no money and were confronted with the probability of a month's labor with the "chain gang" on the public roads if the consul general couldn't get them off. So that amiable official had gone out to the Botilla and had a talk with the Colorado officers and the three brazen heroes of the billiard room battle, with the result that everybody agreed to heap all the blame on the vanished culprit in the check suit, and the sailors got off with a nominal fine and went home to nurse their bruises and their wrath against Spence, alias Sackett. That fellow shouldn't get away on the Mowers if they could help it.

All this Stuyvesant was picking over as he, after stopping to leave his P. O. at the Pacific club, he strolled down First street on his way to the boat landing. The big whistle of an incoming steamer had attracted his attention as he left the consul general's to make one more call on the club he heard some one say the Mowers had reached her dock and would sail for Australia in the morning.

The sky, that had been so cloudless early in the evening, became somewhat overcast by 11, and the moonlight was dim and vague as he reached the landing.

In his several trips to and from the transport it happened that he had found frequently into the hands of a bright Kanaka boatboy whose admirable rowing and handling of the boat had pleased and interested him. He was ready to take me out about 12:30," he had told him, and now where was he?

Several officers and soldiers were there bargaining with the boatmen, and three or four of these sophisticated Hawaiians precipitated themselves on Stuyvesant with appeals for a job, but he asked for Joe.

"Jim gone," was the answer of an eager rival. "Him other job," but even as they would have persuaded Stuyvesant that Joe was not to be had and his selection must be one of their number, Joe himself came running from the direction of a warehouse a short pistol shot away.

"What kept you, Joe?" asked Stuyvesant, as the light boat danced away on the tide.

"Feller want me take him outside home of one of the old and wealthy residents, and towards nine o'clock Mr. Stuyvesant asked his general's permission to withdraw, as he had two calls to make before returning aboard ship. They were to sail at dawn.

"Then here," said Stuyvesant, leaning moonward and noting without satisfaction that the luminary was behind a thick bank of clouds. "Turn back and row to the warehouse steps I want to look at that fellow." So saying, he quickly threw off his uniform coat with its gleaming shoulder straps and collar device, stowed his frowny cap under the seat and sat bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves.

Obedient to Joe's powerful strokes the little boat was speedily gliding in among the shadows of the sailing ships moored along the quay, and presently her stern was swung round to a flight of stone steps, and Stuyvesant bounded ashore. Over at the boat landing the electric lights were gleaming and the sound of many voices chattering over boat fares was heard. Here among the sheds and warehouses all was silence and dark-

Southeast Missouri News.

The Bloomfield Courier has enlarged to a six column quarto, all-home print.

There were 160 orders of publication in the supplement of the Poplar Bluff Republican last week.

While engaged in logging in Nigger Wool swamp near the Himmelberger farm, John Lamb was killed by a tree falling on him.

Rev. Hill, of De Soto, is organizing an Anti-Saloon league to enforce the law in many of our southeast towns.

The editor of the Benton Record offers to light that town with electric lights if the citizens will buy fifty lights.

Rev. N. B. Henry will not run for congress in the thirteenth district, but he tells a friend that he will be in the race for state superintendent of public schools.

Jodie Allen, of the Lutesville Banner, will charge \$1 a year for subscription after October 1. It never should have been less.

Now, Bro. Hill, put the Press to proper figures and let the Times do likewise and all will get partly paid for their work.

Mrs. M. E. Smith, of Dexter, has filed suit against Newton Riddle, Cummings & Grant, and A. J. McCollum & Co., wherein she asks for damages in the sum of \$2,500, or \$7,500 in the aggregate. The petition alleges that these gentlemen have sold intoxicating liquors to her husband, Jeff Smith, whom she states is an habitual drunkard, after she had given them written orders not to do so.

Last Saturday morning Alonzo Jacobs and Elijah Reynolds, two neighbor boys living near the hickory mill four miles east of Zeta, went out squirrel hunting and meeting with fair success they returned early in the afternoon to the mill, where there was some misunderstanding about the squirrels and young Jacobs shot and killed Reynolds with a .32-calibre winchester rifle. Jacobs claims that the shooting was an accident and that he had no intention of doing Reynolds any harm, while others who were eye witnesses to the shooting seem to be of the opinion that the shot was fired purposely with intent to kill.—Bloomfield Courier.

The Elective System at Missouri State University. The university of Missouri has come to be a place where every power of the students is conserved. All things possible are done to make the opportunities equal to all. Few universities are more progressive as is shown by the recent movements giving free tuition, one academic degree (A. B.), and the universal elective system in academic department. Under this elective system any student entering the academic department is allowed to take anything he wishes with a few restrictions. This system is in vogue in no other western state university. It has made pleasant work during the past year. The elections made by all classes show that they are able to make them intelligently. The elections of the Freshman class were made in the following order: 1. English, 2. History, 3. Mathematics, 4. Latin, 5. German, 6. Romance Languages, 7. Elocution, 8. Greek, 9. Chemistry, 10. Zoology, etc.

The courses in law, medicine, and engineering owing to their technicality, have to be prescribed.

The man who is short of feed should look over his corn fields. It is amazing at the amount of feed in the corn fields usually permitted to stand and bleach after the corn has been husked. If a machine cannot be had to cut up the corn, procure an old fashioned corn knife and go at it. It will pay to cut up corn this year where there is plenty of stock to feed.—Live Stock Indicator.

Soap may be served on the table, or brought to the table in soup-plates. The hostess usually serves the soup.—August Ladies' Home Journal.

Foley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

THE FARMINGTON DISTRICT CAMP MEETING.

The Farmington district of the Methodist Episcopal church, and the Ministerial association, will hold a camp meeting at Lutesville August 23 to September 2. The program follows: August 23, 3:30 p. m.—Welcome, greeting, assignment of tents, etc. 7:30 p. m.—Praise service, Rev. W. R. McCormack. 8:00 p. m.—Annual sermon, Rev. J. J. Martin, D. D. August 24, 7:00 a. m.—Morning prayer, Rev. L. P. Baptist. 8:30 a. m.—Organization. 9:00 a. m.—Short report from each pastor. 9:45 a. m.—Observations on our benevolences, past, present and future, Rev. A. D. Hall, B. L. 10:15 a. m.—Shall we second the motion for a division of the St. Louis conference? Rev. D. W. Crow, D. D. 11:00 a. m.—Sermon, Rev. John Ashley. 2:00 p. m.—Making the most of our Sunday school, Rev. J. L. Medsker; Epworth league, Rev. A. T. Maxwell; Class meeting, Rev. T. G. Peterson; prayer meeting, Rev. G. A. Pease; preacher, T. J. Langston Esq., and W. J. Smith, D. O. 3:15 p. m.—The need of an educated ministry, Rev. J. J. Martin, D. D. 4:15 p. m.—The pentecostal revival, Rev. H. White. 7:30 p. m.—Praise service. 8:00 p. m.—Sermon, Miss Bertie Crow. Order of exercises for the following ten days: 7:00 a. m.—Morning prayer, conducted by the following preachers in the order named: Revs. W. D. Wright, M. J. Galley, D. P. Cole, J. T. Maynard, J. O. Peterson, A. J. May, E. M. Buck, R. H. Shute. 9:00 a. m.—Bible school. Books of the Bible will be analyzed and reviewed as here indicated: Written by whom? to whom? for what purpose? contents—what message for us? Matthew, G. B. Thomas; Mark, D. E. Barrett; Luke, W. H. McCormack; John, A. D. Burress; Acts, J. W. Osment; Romans, Edwin Ward; Corinthians, A. J. Bruner; Galatians, R. S. Rutledge; Ephesians, J. L. Nations. 10:00—Sermon. 2:30 p. m.—Bible reading and special instruction on the higher life, followed by consecration and personal testimony. 7:15 p. m.—Praise service. 8:00 p. m.—Sermon and revival. Miss Bertie Crow will be the evangelist this year. A large attendance is expected, preachers will be banded free and may place out in preachers' tent; others can do their own cooking or board at tent for 50 cents per day or single meal 20 cents.

A Year Without Summer. In contrast with the present hot spell the year 1821 will furnish a good comparison. That year was called "eighteen hundred and starve to death." The record in New England showed that January was so mild that fire was not needed; February, generally warm; March was normal; April ended with snow and ice, corn destroyed; August, ice much thicker than in July, and vegetation all frozen. This was known as the year without a summer.—Ex.

P. T. Thomas, Sumterville, La., "I was suffering from dyspepsia when I commenced taking Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It took several bottles and can digest anything." Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the only preparation containing all the natural digestive fluids. It gives weak stomachs entire rest, restoring their natural condition. All dealers.

THE HERALD carries a full line of fine calendars for 1902. Come and see our stock before placing your orders.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER. The man who is short of feed should look over his corn fields. It is amazing at the amount of feed in the corn fields usually permitted to stand and bleach after the corn has been husked. If a machine cannot be had to cut up the corn, procure an old fashioned corn knife and go at it. It will pay to cut up corn this year where there is plenty of stock to feed.—Live Stock Indicator.

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One Man's Ideal. Said the man who has traveled much, thought a good deal and says little: "My ideal woman is one who is stylish, but not extravagant; good-looking, but not beautiful; well-informed, but not strong-minded; amiable, but not indifferent; domestic, but with a soul above buttons; who loves home and country, flowers and God."

The domestic woman, "with a soul above buttons," is a charming body. Haven't you found her so? It must be woefully tiresome to be associated always with a woman who is so wholly and solely devoted to the affairs of her kitchen and pantry, with no other topic of conversation at the breakfast, dinner or supper table than the everlasting one of servants, cooking and scrubbing. One may be a good housekeeper and still "have a soul above buttons." Indeed, the busy housekeeper would find it a great saving to her nerves to have other interests besides those just locked up within the four walls of her home, though she may not go far away to find them. She may have one of a dozen little hobbies, and a hobby is always good, provided it is not carried to an extreme.

It goes without saying that the woman who loves home and country, flowers and God, is a woman of strong character, and one that is dear to all who meet her. The woman who loves home is always gentle, and there is just a little vein of the heroic in the woman who loves her country to call forth one's admiration. This woman is the sort that would bravely dry her eyes and smile as she bade the sons she loves ride out to battle, if there were need for them to do so. And under the gentleness of many a woman there lurks a drop of Spartan blood.

The woman who loves flowers and God is the woman to whom any one, high or low, rich or poor, stranger or kin, would voluntarily turn for comfort and consolation when the rougher side of the world, with its countless little and big pinpricks, has been met and contended with.

Somehow, a man always wants the women of his family to be religious. He may deny that he believes, orthodox way, but he does not care to hear the women folk he cares for declare that they have any doubts. There is something shocking in the thought that a woman is without a firm and undoubting belief.

In fact, in summing up the attributes of the thinking man's ideal woman, I find her the woman, the very woman the most of us love and admire, and by no means an impossible sort of a woman.—Margaret Hannis, in Sunday's Republic.

Special Excursions to Colorado and Utah. The Cotton Belt route offers exceptional inducements to its friends and patrons for a summer's outing among the historic scenes of the Rocky mountains in Colorado and Utah during the coming summer months, as follows: From June 18 to 30 inclusive and July 10 to August 31 inclusive, tickets will be on sale at Delta, Mo., to Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Denver and Glenwood Springs, Colorado, and Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah, at the rate of one fare plus two dollars, for the round trip; and from July 1 to 9 inclusive and September 1 to 10 inclusive the rate to Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver, Colorado will be \$25 for the round trip, to Glenwood Springs, Colorado, \$35 for the round trip, and to Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah, \$40 for the round trip. Tickets limited for return until October 31, 1901.

For further information call upon or address, W. E. Gipson, Derry, Mo., or E. W. LA BAUME, G. B. & T. A. St. Louis, Mo.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures colds, prevents pneumonia.

THE VOLKSFREUND says that it is economy for the county court to publish bridge notices in its columns. Then it should have the county printing. We have no objection to the Volksfreund publishing whatever the court directs, but when by a special order a certain paper is let the contract to do its work, it should not spend the people's money to pay another paper to do the same work. Now, as the Volksfreund says, by reason of a kick made by the road and bridge commissioner about two years ago the road and bridge notices were published in the Volksfreund, and for the space of time that the HERALD had the contract and since that time the Volksfreund has been publishing the notices, which the court let to the HERALD under contract, thus incurring an additional expense of \$30 to \$40 a year to the county. Is this economy? The old county court made this arrangement with the Volksfreund, and the present court we presume has taken it up by custom, for we see that the last court allowed \$4.51 to the Volksfreund for publishing bridge notices. We don't believe our county court wants to misapply the people's money, and we believe when they look at this matter right they will see that it is a needless expense.

The law provides that the official ballot be published in two county papers. By reference to the financial statement, page 16, you will see that our county court paid three papers for publishing the ballot, the Cash Book, Cape Democrat and the Volksfreund. We suppose this is more of Bro. Kies' economy. Of course this may be right, but we can't quite see how two papers can be read three.

A Rare Chance to Buy Valuable Lands at a Bargain. The entire landed property belonging to the estate of the late T. J. Bast, situated in Stoddard county, Mo., will be sold at Bloomfield, Mo., Thursday, September 12, 1901, to the highest bidder. Purchaser can pay 25 per cent cash, or all, at his election. This land is situated near Swinton, and within a "stone's throw" of the railroad. One half interest in the Cannon farm—320 acres; one of the best farms in Stoddard county. Owner of other half will sell to purchaser at same price. 550 acres in one body—125 acres in cultivation; 300 acres, or thereabouts, of virgin timber. Said to be very fine. Go look at this land before sale. For information address G. W. BAST, Burfordville, Mo., or W. H. MILLER, Jackson, Mo.

Eruptions, cuts, burns, scalds and sores of all kinds quickly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Certain cure for piles. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure you get the original—DeWitt's. All dealers.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

BUY THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE. Do not be deceived by those who advertise a \$60.00 Sewing Machine for \$20.00. This kind of a machine can be bought from us or any of our dealers from \$15.00 to \$18.00. WE MAKE A VARIETY. THE NEW HOME IS THE BEST. The Feed determines the strength or weakness of Sewing Machines. The Portable Feed combined with other strong points makes the New Home the best Sewing Machine to buy. Write for CIRCULARS showing the different styles of Sewing Machines we manufacture and prices before purchasing. THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. CHICAGO, ILL. ST. LOUIS, MO. DALLAS, TEX. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. FOR SALE BY Hinkle-Williams Merc. Co.

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