

THE DAILY BULLETIN SUPPLEMENT.

HONOLULU, H. I., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1882.

THE NEW YEAR.

Old Father Time has turned a leaf,
A leaf in the book of ages,
Which, by the way, the sages say,
Is a book of many pages.
Thus shall the wheel of time revolve,
Thus shall the pages be turned o'er,
Until the sum of years to come
Outnumber those now gone before.
—Kaluha.

SHE WOULD BE A MASON.

The funniest thing I ever heard,
The funniest thing that ever occurred,
Is the story of Mrs. Mehitable Byrde,
Who wanted to be a Mason.

Her husband, Tom Byrde, a Mason true—
As good a Mason as any of you;
He is tiler of Lodge Cerulean Blue,
And tyles and delivers the summons due,
And she wanted to be a Mason, too,
This ridiculous Mrs. Byrde.

She followed round, this inquisitive
wife,
And nagged him and teased him half
out of his life;
So to terminate this unhallowed strife,
He consented at last to admit her.

And first, to disguise her from bonnet
and shoon,
This ridiculous lady agreed to put on
His breech—ah! forgive me—I meant
pantaloons;
And miraculously did they fit her.

The lodge was at work on the Master's
degree,
The light was ablaze on the letter C;
High soared the pillars J and B.
The officers sat like Solomon, wise;
The brimstone burned amid horrible
cries;
The goat roamed wildly through the
room;
The candidate begged them to let him
home;
And the devil himself stood up at the
east,
As broad as an alderman at a feast,
When in came Mrs. Byrde.

Oh, horrible sounds! oh, horrible sight!
Can it be that Masons take delight
In spending thus the hours of night?
Ah! could their wives and daughters
know
The unutterable things they say and do,
Their feminine hearts would burst with
woe!
But this is not all my story.

Those Masons joined in a hideous ring
The candidates howling like everything,
And thus in tones of death they sing
(The candidate's name was Morey):
"Blood to drink and bones to crack,
Skulls to smash and lives to take,
Hearts to crush and souls to burn,
Give old Morey another turn,
And make him grim and gory."

Trembling with horror stood Mrs. Byrde,
Unable to speak a single word.
She staggered and fell in the nearest
chair.

On the left of the junior warden there,
And scarcely noticed, so loud the groans,
That the chair was made of human
bones.

Of human bones! On grinning skulls
That ghastly throne of horror rolls.
Those skulls, the skulls that Morgan
bore;

Those bones, the bones that Morgan
wore.
His scalp across the top was flung,
His teeth around the arms were strung.
Never in all romance was known
Such uses made of human bone.

There came a pause—a pair of paws
Reached through the floor, up sliding
doors,
And grabbed the unhappy candidate!
How can I, without tears, relate
The lost and ruined Morey's fate?

She saw him sink in fiery hole,
She heard him scream, "My soul! My
soul!"

While roars of fiendish laughter roll,
And down the yells for mercy,
'Blood to drink,' etc., etc.

The ridiculous woman could stand no
more,
She fainted and fell on the checkered
floor,
'Midst all the diabolical roar.
What then, you ask me, did befall
Mehitable Byrde? Why, nothing at all—
She dreamed she had been in a Mason's
hall.

LEGEND OF KELEA.

[ADAPTED FROM FOR NAXDER'S "POLY-
NESIAN RACE" BY K. U. K.]

Many generations ago there dwelt
on the island of Oahu at Lihue, in
the district of Ewa, a young chief
named Lolale. He was portly, hand-
some and proud. Many were the
daughters of various chiefs on Oahu
who would have been only too happy
to become the wife of the attractive
youth, but the loveliest maidens of
the island made no impression upon
his heart; for, although he secretly
longed for some one to love, he
would not consent to mate with one
whom he could not consider his
equal in beauty and rank.

Months and years flew by, and yet
Lolale remained unmarried. He was
urged by his friends to seek among
the other islands of the group for a
wife, and at their request engaged a
trustworthy friend at Waialua to embark
in his canoe with a few companions
and repair to the windward islands in
quest of a suitable young chiefess.
They visited the islands of Lanai,

Molokai and Maui, and were about
to proceed to Hawaii, when, at Ha-
makuapoko, on the last named island,
they chanced to see a number of
people bathing in the surf and tarried
to observe them. One young woman
swam out to the canoe, but not
recognizing its occupants, turned
back, when Lolale's messenger, struck
by her beauty of face and figure and
her graceful swimming, invited her
to get into the canoe and ride to the
shore with them through the surf.
She consented, and much enjoyed

the canoe sped from the shore out be-
yond the breakers.
While apparently waiting for a large
roller, a strong breeze sprang up
from the land, and the swift canoe
skipped away over the waters
toward Oahu with the beautiful Ke-
lea a captive. When the wind died
away, Maui was far behind, the
summit of Haleakala only being
visible to the weeping princess. The
canoe continued on its way and
reached Waialua in safety. Kelea was
conveyed to Lihue and presented

Kelea lived long with Lolale, life in
the interior district of Lihue at
length grew monotonous to her,
and desiring to dwell by the sea
which she loved so dearly, she told
her husband of her determination
to leave him. Being a chiefess of high
rank he could offer no objection and
gave a reluctant consent to the
separation, although his grief was
great at being deprived of his loved
Kelea. She left him sad and heavy-
hearted in his lonely home at Lihue,
and traveling along the foot of the

On learning the cause of the demon-
stration he knew that there could be
only one such surf-rider and that the
stranger must be the famed Kelea;
and advancing to her side he envel-
oped her in his *tapa*. She accom-
panied him to his home at Halawa,
became his wife, and lived happily
with him until her death. She bore
him one daughter, the beautiful La-
ielohelohe, among whose descendants
are the present royal family of Hawaii
and other chiefs.

CHRISTMAS ON THE FRONTIER.

A MEMORY.

A heavy snow fell about the first
of December, but the driving north-
west wind which followed, left it in
piles and drifts. So a little addition
to the first supply, which fell two
days before Christmas, was welcomed
by all. On the following morning
the sun rose clear, but, the air was
biting. After an early breakfast
every man who owned a gun was out
hunting wild turkeys, and every boy
who could lay claim to a dog was in
pursuit of rabbits. There being no
scarcity of either kind of game, both
men and boys were generally more
or less successful. But school-time
saved many a rabbit, and sent many
a boy to his tasks with mutterings
of what he would do "tomorrow."

On Christmas we the children, as
is usual with children, were anxious
to know what "Old Kris" would
bring them, but they had been wise
enough to examine as carefully as
they could without showing too much
interest, all parcels which their fathers
had brought from town within the
last week. And childish curiosity
had in many cases circumvented the
cunning of mature years. But sleep
comes sooner to young eyes than to
old, and it stays more stubbornly
with them. The stockings having
been hung, the light,—candle-light—
of Christmas morning revealed all
mysteries and solved all doubts
about the annual return of the bene-
volent visitor.

The first excitement of the
morning over, the meeting in the
country church began to occupy
attention. The boys gave up their
rabbit hunts or cut them short—not
so much for the sake of the sermon
as for fear of missing what came
after. At ten o'clock a team of farm
horses, whose spirits had been roused
by a few weeks of rest and cold
weather, were driven around to the
front gate drawing an old-fashioned
long sled, the box of which was half
full of prairie hay. Soon all were in,
seated on the hay, covered with
shawls, buffalo robes, and blankets,
and otherwise protected from the
cold, which none feared. Up hill
and down, the horses kept their
speed. Coming to the church, all
hurried in, for the flying snow had
prepared them to enjoy gathering
around the red-hot stoves. One of
these stood on each side of the room
—that on the left being particularly
adapted to the use of the male
portion of the congregation. The
people did not come all at once,
but in half an hour so many were
present that the minister went into
the pulpit. After the singing of a
hymn, without trained leader or
instrument, he read of the shepherds
who abode in the field, and kept
watch over their flock by night on
the plains of Bethlehem; kneeling he
fervently prayed for himself and all
of his congregation, for well he knew
each one. Then he proclaimed the
Glad Tidings and repeated the old,
old story of a saviour sent from
Heaven to fallen man. When the
parting benediction, had been invoked
upon the congregation, they did not
disperse so quickly as is thought
proper among more assuming people.
They lingered that they might
exchange cheerful words with many
friends. And when they went, it
was to gather in groups of two or
three families each, in various farm-
houses of the neighborhood.

In many places Christmas has
been the occasion of the renewal of
old family ties. Not so on the fron-
tier. Those who lived there were
but the scattered fragments of fami-
lies farther east. But community of
joys, hopes, cares, fears, and sorrows
established a kinship of its own. Here,
then, they meet—often families from
different states, sometimes from
different continents. The Christmas
turkey was not wanting, but many of
the luxuries of olden countries were
enjoyed in memory only. The dinner
over, it was not thought improper for
all the women to go to the kitchen
and help put things to rights. And
the men—or big boys, when there
were such—fed and cared for their

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the exciting sport. She went out
with them again in the canoe and
shot through the surf a second time.
Lolale's party in the canoe learn-
ing, in the mean time, that their new
acquaintance was none other than
Kelea, sister of the Moi of Maui, and
the most beautiful and accomplished
lady as well as the most expert surf
rider in the islands, they again in-
vited her to accompany them out for
another surf ride. All fear of danger
having been dispelled by their friend-
liness, she once more consented and

to Lolale by whom she was
received in a manner becoming a
chiefess of her station. Being
enamored of the handsome Lolale
at their first meeting she became his
not unwilling wife, and so well
satisfied was she with her new
surroundings that she made such
representations to her brother, Moi
of Maui, as induced him to suspend
preparations for hostilities which he
was about to commence in conse-
quence of her abduction.
Although the beautiful and gay

mountains descended to the sea shore
in Ewa, near the mouth of Pearl
river. Here she saw a number of
people surf bathing, and memories
of old days in Maui, when this was
her favorite sport, returning to her,
she procured a surf-board and swam
far out from the shore; watching a
favorable opportunity she mounted
and rode in with a huge breaker,
excelling in daring and skill all other
bathers. The acclamations which
greeted her return to shore attracted
the attention of the chief Kalamakua.