

Alaska street is being graded from King street down. It needed it bad enough.

On the last day of the year, Queen Kapio-lani will receive the ladies and children at the Palace from 11 o'clock a.m. to 2 p.m.

The barometer has resumed its usual healthy level (30.08), the sky is clear of storm clouds again; the proposed *bona* was a failure.

Through the politeness of Mr. C. J. Lyons we are informed that the lowest point reached by the barometer was 29.70 at 12 noon, on Tuesday last.

The Captain of the *Pele* could not find the spar buoy Tuesday when they returned from towing out the *Consuelo*. It probably broke adrift during the storm.

It has been deemed necessary to shut off the water from the drinking trough for horses on King street, to prevent the danger of the animals catching the glanders by using the same trough with others.

About twenty of the Democrats of Honolulu met at the Armory last Wednesday, but as the meeting had not been called by the committee appointed to carry out its proposed objects, the gentlemen present voted to adjourn, subject to the call of the Chairman of said committee.

Says "the Exposition Bulletin":—"The public mind inside of New Orleans is gradually becoming reassured upon two of the most important points connected with the Exposition. First, the buildings will be ready in time. Second, the outside world will not be plundered by the natives during their visit.

Now is the best possible time of the year to get rid of old rags. In the first place, everybody is buying new clothes, and clearing up for the winter. In the next place, they are wanted very badly at the Branch Hospital; and lastly, they will be called for if left at the office of this paper. Make up your bundles and send them in.

One effect of the strong southerly wind we are having is to snap off thousands of small branches from the trees. The prevailing "trades" cause the foliage to be more inclined to grow on the west and south, or "lee" sides of the trees, and when the wind attacks them on that side they break very readily.

A correspondent is informed that the Chinese date from the accession of the present Emperor, Kong Shee, to the imperial throne, this being the 10th year of his reign. But their chronological records go back to twenty-five hundred years before Christ, which makes the present year the 4384th of the Empire.

Tuesday morning last Mr. Jack Purvis, an iron-founder, employed in the Honolulu Iron Works, while leaving the "Old Corner," after finishing his breakfast, fell in an apoplectic fit, and was, at first, thought to be dead. He was taken to the Hospital, where, after some little time, consciousness was restored, and he is now pronounced to be out of danger.

Late reports from the Leper Settlement show that, as far as the death-rate is concerned, the mortality amongst those there is not so great as it is elsewhere in these islands, the average being about 1 to the 1000. In short, it may added, Dr. Arning, the specialist in the microscopic investigation of the germs of this disease, finds it difficult, in view of this fact, to procure "subjects."

The skating rink is open, and if it is possible to keep out hoodlums with their attendant rowdism it will be well patronized by a respectable class of patrons. All last week there were quite a large number of spectators there, and they seemed to enjoy the sport very much. There was one brutal attempt made to spoil one skater's sport by tripping him up; but it is to be hoped that the vigorous action of the police in the future will prevent any repetition of such wanton and dangerous mischief.

Messrs. J. A. Cruzan and E. C. Oggel have issued their prospectus of *The Friend* for the coming year. There is but little doubt but that these two worthy pastors will make *The Friend* as valuable in the future as it has been in the past. The volumes that have already been issued by Mr. Damon will ever remain as the most valuable ones for reference, in regard to the past events on these islands, to be obtained. The future issues will, probably, contain some new features, and as a distinctively family religious newspaper be welcome in every home.

A fine specimen of the "frigate bird," *Antagor aquila*, was blown on to the reef yesterday and captured by a native boy, and brought to the ADVERTISER office. This bird is wholly black, excepting a patch under the throat, which is naked, and capable of being puffed out. The wings measure, when extended, six feet from tip to tip, and the long, powerful bill, with the tip abruptly hooked, is capable of inflicting a powerful bite. The tail is deeply forked, the longest feathers measuring over a foot in length. The feet are semi-webbed, and the toes are tipped with strong, sharp claws. When angered, the short feathers on the head are raised, and the round, bright, black eyes glitter fiercely.

The supply of fish at the market is good and abundant this year, and carp are being added to the list.

The work on the Honolulu Almanac and Directory for 1885 has progressed so far that the publisher announces that the list of those who wish advertising space will close to-day. Mr. Mellis will commence next week filling up his list of subscribers.

There has just been handed in a notice that the Deed of Firdalialadsth Amaethy-dol Dloegr a Chymru for 1883, is now ready for subscribers. Apply to J. Walter Jones Zsu, Baryfoethiwer o Gylchdaith Dehendir Cymru.

The auction sale at Lyons & Levey's last Thursday night was well attended, and toys went off at astonishingly low prices. At the rate at which they were sold it may be conjectured that the young folks will have the material for amusement to last them throughout the year.

The Y. M. C. A. held a meeting last Thursday night, which was quite well attended. Routine business was transacted, and the committee appointed for that purpose some time ago, were empowered to secure the service of a secretary vice C. S. Mason, resigned.

A sugar plantation has been started in the "Northern Territory" of Australia called the Delissaville Sugar Company. It has a capital of £20,000, which has been spent in erecting a mill and planting and taking off the crop from 200 acres of land. The total yield was twelve tons of sugar. The company think of trying another locality there.

George Augustus Sala, whose "Echoes of the Week" published in *London Illustrated News*, are so extensively read, will, in due course of time, visit these islands en route for Australia. He will sail from Liverpool for New York the day after Christmas, and lecture in all the principal cities from New York to San Francisco, on "Life as I have seen it."

It is rumored that the Government of British Guiana, South America, have requested H. E. Inouye, Minister for Foreign Affairs, to allow 2,000 Japanese to be engaged for service in that country. Hitherto Chinese have been employed, but the Government appear desirous of getting rid of the Celestials and substituting the more hardy sons of Japan.

Many thanks for the suggestion, neighbor, the matter shall have our thoughtful consideration. No more shall you see "Merchant street at times filled with scraps of paper from our office." Meanwhile permit the remark that the reason we gave for horses being frightened loses none of its force from the fact that some of our waste paper flies about. It might have originated in the *Bulletin* office, and still have been called sensible.

One gentleman, who has his own ideas of comfort, bought two of those 4x6 rugs at the sale night before last, and, as an example of how quickly good work, both as regards size and quality, can be turned out here by our local workmen, it may be mentioned that he was wearing a new pair of slippers last night made from those rugs, the pattern—a bouquet of gorgeous flowers being finely displayed in its entirety. "And do you know," he exultingly said, "there's enough left of the material to make a good-sized pen-wiper!"

From the captain of the schooner *Kawailani*, that arrived here from Hanalei on Friday morning, the report is received that last Tuesday morning, about 7 o'clock, the schooner *Kekauluohi* was dragged from her anchors (she had two down at the time) while at her anchorage at Hanalei, and went ashore on the rocks, becoming a total loss. At the time, the *Kekauluohi* had about 100 bags of sugar on board. The *Kawailani* was only saved by being towed out of the harbor by the Bishop. The wrecked vessel was owned by Messrs. Allen & Robertson, and was partly insured.

The bark *W. H. Bessie*, Captain Gibbs which has been expected here from Portland en route for Hongkong, was spoken by Captain Crane of the *Haleakala*, off Molokai, on the 12th inst. From the fact that the Captain requested to be reported, and the vessel has not arrived, Messrs. R. W. Laine & Co., the agents, have no doubt but that she has gone on. This will be a disappointment to the Chinese, as Mr. Laine reports that about 100 had intended taking passage in her. Preparations had also been made to supply the *Bessie* with water, but the presumption is that Captain Gibbs concluded that the detention here would not pay.

Rev. W. A. Swan, B. A., who has severed his connection with Iolani College as its head master in anticipation of his near departure for the Colonies, was made the recipient last Friday of a handsome silver watch and a memorial ring, inscribed "Aloha." The gifts were accompanied by the following letter from his late pupils:

Rev. W. A. SWAN—Dear Sir: Before you leave us we should like to tell you how very sorry we all are that you are going away, and to thank you for all you have done for us. We hope you will be happy in the mission you are leaving us for, and that you will accept this small gift as a token of the Aloha your former scholars bear you.

The *Bulletin* commenting upon the ADVERTISER's statement that "one reason why so many horses run away, is that they are frightened by bits of paper flying about the streets," advises that we set the example ourselves, and instead of sweeping proofs and copy into the streets, have it kept in a proper box.

One reason why so many horses run away is that they are frightened by bits of paper flying about the streets. When it is remembered that the prospect of having to "meet a piece of paper" will often scare an intelligent man, it is not to be wondered at that horses start when the paper litter from an office is swept by brooms and wind into their faces.

AT THE NEW HEBRIDES.

A DAY IN THE FOREST.

Mindful of the engagement to visit the forest, I am ashore at an early hour the next morning and find Jim waiting for me.

The path winds over the broad plain that has at one time been planted with cotton. The old furrows still remain, and Jim and I soon strike into what was once a fine straight avenue bordered with orange trees. The trees are now dead, or dying; the avenue is almost washed out of existence by many seasons' rain; the house near the beach from whence it leads is in ruins, and the once highly cultivated fields around us are now covered with rank, coarse grass, or ranker, closer, heavier clumps of reeds. These clumps gradually grow more frequent and finally cover the whole flat lands. The path leads directly through this jungle for many rods, and we walk in a tunnel, as it were, lined with reeds about the thickness of a lead pencil, and long enough to meet over our heads in a dense mass. It is very close and hot in here, and we are rejoiced to get through and enter the forest.

At once, upon doing so, our senses are enlivened by what we see and hear about us. The narrow track winds about as only a forest path can, and with every turn something new presents itself.

Giant trees with smooth, grey, broadly buttressed trunks rise on each side, holding orchids and ferns in the hollows of every out-stretched limb. Noble specimens of the kauri pine are met with now and again, their rough, dark red bark exuding a clear aromatic gum, in which are entangled hundreds of insects. Superb "crotons" in great variety of leaf and color attract the eye continually, and massive poincianas flaunt their bunches of gorgeous blossoms high in the air. Parasite plants twist and twine round all the tree trunks, and delicate vines clothe each bush and brake. The variety in form and color is charming. There are clumps of slender bamboos with polished, yellow shafts piercing the foliage overhead; the smooth, dark green trunks of crotons, whose branches bear bunches of lanceolate or ribbon-like leaves tinted in shades of red and brown, olive-green and crimson, alternate stripes of gold and emerald, or flecked with yellow. Jim breaks off a bunch with leaves of brightest yellow, each leaf curiously crimped and loaded with a musky odor. This he sticks upright into the back of his waist-belt, so that, what with a crest of cock's feathers on his woolly head, bands of bright beads worked in a fanciful pattern on each upper arm, a pair of gleaming boar's tusks around his wrists, a turkey red waist-cloth, a scarlet hibiscus blossom stuck through each ear, and his long-handled tomahawk swung over his shoulder, he looked his *soubriquet* of "Jimmy the Devil" to the life.

This amiable looking New Hebridean took charge of me, and evidently determined to show me everything that he could, and, as after events proved, exhibit me to all his countrymen on the way.

Though the path through the woods was open, yet there was so much to examine by the way that our onward progress was slow, and the halts quite frequent. From one great vine that fairly smothered a large tree in its embrace, were hanging pods a yard long, filled with round, flat seeds with a tough, glossy brown shell. These, I afterwards found, worked into neat match boxes and other trifles. The tree over which this vine clambered was in itself a study. It was a superb specimen of the wild fig (*Ficus religiosa*) and was conspicuous from its size and its wonderful aerial roots, each one a tree trunk in itself.

The body of the tree—one of which at least is sure to be found in every village in the group—is made up of a number of trunks compacted together so as to form a massive fluted Doric pillar twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, and forty or fifty feet high. At this elevation there springs out great branches that spread broadly on all sides, and from them drop aerial roots that soon reach the ground and form new points of support. Again and again do the great branches let down their supplementary trunks, through which they draw new life and vigor, until the far-reaching limbs, supported on these stately columns, and clothed with a dense foliage of polished dark green leaves shade whole villages and nourish a growth of parasitic plants—orchids and ferns—whose variety and profusion would afford a long day's study to the botanist or artist.

Presently we came to a "yam patch." Here quite a large area of land has been cleared, the larger trees having been destroyed by fire. While they are slowly consuming the plot intended to be planted is enclosed by stakes set in a double row, close to each other, and the space between filled up by sticks horizontally until the fence is thoroughly "pig-proof." The stakes used are cut from a soft, pithy wood that takes root very readily, so that the fence, in a short time, is a dense, thickly-leaved hedge calculated to last forever. The ground is thoroughly cleared of all weeds and grasses, and by the time this is done the loose, friable, black soil is ready for planting. Small yams are selected for seed and planted whole in hills about six feet apart each way. Bundles of long slender reeds are then cut and kept ready until the tender shoot of the plant shows itself, when a light frame-work, raised about two feet above the ground, is arranged so that the delicate vine that soon springs from the buried tubers can run on it. Great care is taken of the young vines as, should they be broken off near the ground, no new ones will shoot up, and hence the crop will be lost.

Advantage is taken of this peculiarity by those who wish to injure a neighbor or rival, or by inhabitants of districts hostile to each other, one person being able to destroy the year's supply of food of a family in a few minutes.

A "year's supply" is spoken of, as the yam takes that length of time to mature; hence a twelve months is called a "yam," and as the natives save out of their stores barely enough "seed" to plant once they generally have to go without this, to them, most important staple of food if the one crop fails.

While passing by one of the yam patches I paused to pick and eat some small round tomatoes which I found growing wild. Jim watches me curiously. "That fellah-boy thing good!" he enquires.

"Good, yes, don't you eat them?" "Pose woman cook um, me eat em; no cook um he all same bullimacow." (Bullimacow is raw beef.) "What's name that fellah-thing?" "Tomatoe."

"To-mah-to; bloody fine name." The path leads now along a beautiful stream running rapidly in a broad channel worn in the soft soil, the banks fringed with ferns and aquatic plants. Near us on the right is a deep shady gorge from which the deliciously cold waters issue, and with a little trouble we climb into it and seated on a huge fragment fallen from the cliff above, rest for a while.

Opposite us the noisy stream has worn away the steep bank until it threatens to drop into the hurrying waters. The margin of this bank is fringed with streaming tresses of a delicate bunch grass, and gracefully drooping ferns. Standing in quiet pools just out of the eddy current, are clumps of superb *achrosticum*s growing some ten feet high, each cluster of fronds terminating in a group of fruitful pinnae, clothed on one side with a golden yellow velvety coating of seed vessels.

This carpeting the higher bank an abundant growth of long, coarse grass hides the dank soil, while every projecting rock is overlaid with mosses and lichens. Clinging to the slender shrubs that spring from the numerous fissures in the ledge of rocks above are thread-like vines that bear on the end of each delicate down-drooping filament a pendant of green seed-vessels that swing to and fro in the faintest breeze.

Standing upon the flat top of the ledge of rock are many noble trees, whose crooked roots clasp the cliff or cling to each other; here undulating over the massive rocks and thrusting themselves into each crevice, there stretching far down straightway to the water, and their throwing out a hundred filaments that the current draws down stream, or tosses in tangled heaps upon the beach. Over-shadowing all is the thick foliage of larger forest trees growing on the summit of the ridge, their canopy of leaves mingling with those clothing the branches of others on our side of the stream.

Besides the infinite variety of gnarled trunks, grey, crooked branches and many fantastic forms of exogenous growth, there are palms with smooth, white shafts, tree-ferns with slender trunks deeply carved in a pattern as ancient as the carboniferous age; *papaia*s, whose fallen leaves have left the trunks from which they have dropped, curiously marked with diamond-shaped scars; the broad and banner-like leaves of bananas dipping and waving in the breeze that stirs them, and the variegated *crotons*, glittering bamboo streamers, fluttering tufts of mimosa leaves, and swaying groups of heavier foliage into ever-shifting combinations of form and color, light and shade.

Jim points to some butterfly's flitting about. "You like him fellah-boy?" and upon my saying I would, he breaks off a leafy branch, and dashes after the pretty insects. His quickness of eye and hand is very great, and how he manages to dodge in and out of the undergrowth without having his fluttering waist-cloth or tossing cocks-plume torn off is a wonder. But he does, and comes back now and then, bringing between finger and thumb some new specimen of *Lepidoptera*. One has large, blue-black velvet wings, with a spot of royal purple on each one. Another's wings are white, edged and veined delicately with blue; while a third, quite small variety, is all blue on the upper side, and silvery grey upon the lower. Jim captures them by beating them down with his bunch of leaves, and very soon I shout to him to stop, as his rough hunting ruins the insects as specimens, and their life is too full of grace and innocence to be wantonly cut short.

Jim—a true savage—doesn't care. They are "no good," as he says; that is, they cannot be eaten, and their painted wings are too frail to make him ornaments. He would drop his tomahawk head upon the pretty creature, opening and shutting its wings in the spot of sunlight brightening the end of the mossy log on which it has nestled, without a thought.

Crossing the stream—which is done on Jim's broad back—and climbing the bank we come at once, and altogether unexpectedly, upon another yam patch, where are working a dozen or more natives. About the same number of dogs start, yelling and baying, at us. The men each seize a musket or rifle that they have ready at hand, while the women and children huddle behind tree trunks and brush heaps. For a moment things look squally, but Jim roars out some kind of a greeting that seems to reassure everybody, and the next minute we are surrounded by the whole party—dogs and all—and shake hands with two or three wild looking customers, who broadly hint that a little "baka" would be acceptable. No sooner have they secured a bit broken off a plug than at least one hand of each of the rest of the crowd is thrust forward in supplication, and it is only by adopting the ingenious *ruse* of flinging a handful into the midst of them that we manage to effect an escape. Jim laughs boisterously at the sight of the struggling, fighting crowd, and remarks pleasantly, as we move off, "Bymby fellah-mahn club all fellah-wohman—boy—take all he baka."

"The men wont kill the women, will they?" I ask.

"No bloody feah!" he answers, "got plenty work fo' him" (that is, the women) "pose him yahm all plant—I don' know—maybe he chop em women, 'pose he too sassie." from which infer I that the women would not be cut down with tomahawks, even for the sake of the tobacco they may have secured, because the yam patch was not yet planted.

[To be continued.]