

My Fellow Laborer.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

But putting aside the mental trouble into which this most melancholy affair plunged me, it gave me much cause for reflection. Making all allowance for the natural disappointment and distress of a woman who was, I suppose, warmly attached to me at the time, I could not help seeing that her conduct threw a new and altogether unsuspected light upon Fanny's character. It showed me that, so far from understanding her completely, as I had vainly supposed to be the case, I really knew little or nothing about her. There were depths in her mind that I had not fathomed, and in all probability never should fathom. I had taken her for an open-hearted woman of great intellectual capacity that removed her far above the everyday level of her sex, and directed her ambitions almost entirely toward the goal of mental triumph. Now I saw that the diagnosis must be modified. In all her outburst there had not been one single word of pity for my heavy misfortunes, or one word of sympathy with the self-sacrifice which she must have known involved a dreadful struggle between my inclinations and my conscience. She had looked at the matter from her own point of view, and the standpoint of her own interest solely. Her emotion had for a few moments drawn the curtain from her inner self, and the new personality that was thus revealed did not altogether edify me. Still, I felt that there was great excuse for her, and so put by the matter.

After this unfortunate occurrence, I made up my mind that Fanny would take some opportunity to throw up her work and go away and leave us; but she did not take this course. Either because she was too fond of my poor boy John, who, as he grew older, became more and more attached to her, or because she saw no better opening—not being possessed of independent means—she evidently made up her mind to stop on in the house and continue to devote herself to the search for the great Secret of Life. I think myself that it was mainly on account of the boy, who loved her with an entirety that at times almost alarmed me, and to whom she was undoubtedly devoted.

But from that time a change came over Fanny's mental attitude towards me, which was as palpable as it was indefinable. Outwardly there was no change, but in reality a veil fell between us, through which I could not see. It fell and covered up her nature; nor could I guess what went on behind it. Only I knew that she developed a strange habit of brooding silently about matters not connected with our work, and that, of all this brooding, nothing ever seemed to come. Now I know that she was building up far-reaching plans for the future, which had for their object her escape from what she had come to consider as a hateful and unprofitable condition of servitude.

Meanwhile our work advanced but slowly. I could take anybody who is curious to the big fire-proof chest in the corner of this very room, and show him two hundred-weight or more paper covered with abortive calculations worked by Fanny, and equally abortive letter-press written by myself during those years of incessant labor. In vain we toiled; Nature would not give up her secret to us! We had indeed found the lock, and fashioned key after key to turn it. But, do what we would, and file as we would, they would none of them fit, or even if they fitted, they would not turn. And then we would begin again; again, after months of labor, to fail miserably.

During these dark years I worked with the energy of despair, and Fanny followed, doggedly, patiently, and uncomplainingly in my steps. Her work was splendid in its enduring hopelessness. To begin with, so far as I was concerned, though my disease made but little visible progress, I feared that my sand was running out, and that none would be able to take up the broken threads. Therefore I worked as those work whose time is short and who have much to do. Then, too, I was haunted by the dread of ultimate failure. Had I, after all, given up my life to a dream?

At last, however, a ray of light came, as it always—yes, always—will to those who are strong and patient, and watch the sky long enough.

I was sitting in my arm-chair, smoking, one night after Fanny had gone to bed, and fell into a sort of doze, to wake up with a start and an inspiration. I saw it all now; we had been working at the wrong end, searching for the roots among the topmost twigs of the great trees! I think that I was really inspired that night; an angel had breathed on me in my sleep. At any rate, I sat here, at this same table at which I am writing now, till the dawn crept in through the shutters, and covered sheet after sheet with the ideas that rose one after another in my brain, in the most perfect order and continuity. When at last my hand refused to hold the pen any longer, I stumbled off to bed, leaving behind me a sketch of the letter-press of all the essential problems finally dealt with in the work known as "The Secret of Life."

Next day we began again upon these new lines, though I did not tell Fanny of the great hopes that rose in my heart. I had assured her that we were on the right track so many times, that I did not like to say anything more about it. But when I explained the course I meant to adopt, she instantly seized upon its salient mathematical points, and showed me what lines she meant to follow in her Sisyphus-like

search after the inscrutable factor, which, when found, would, if properly applied, make clear to us whence we came and whither we go—that "open sesame" before whose magic sound the womb of unfathomed time would give up its secrets, and the mystery of the grave be made clear to the wondering eyes of all mankind.

CHAPTER V.

BETWEEN two or three months after we had started on this new course, I received a letter from a lady, a distant cousin of my own, whom I had known slightly many years before, asking me to do her a service. Notwithstanding what they considered my insane deviation from the beaten paths that lead or may lead to wealth and social success, my relatives still occasionally wrote to me when they thought I could be of any use to them. In this case the lady, whose name was Mrs. Hide-Thompson, had an only son aged twenty-eight, who was already in possession of very large estates and a considerable fortune in personality. His name was, or rather is, Joseph; and as he was an only child, in the event of whose death all the landed property would pass to some distant Thompson without the Hide, his existence was more valuable in the eyes of a discerning world than that of most Josephs.

Joseph, it appeared from his mother's letter, had fallen into a very bad state of health. He had, it seemed, been a "little wild," and she was therefore very anxious about him. The local doctor, for Joseph lived in the provinces when he was not living in town, in the stronger sense of the word, stated that he would do well to put himself under regular medical care for a month or so. Would I take him in? The expense would of course be met. She knew that I kept up a warm interest in my relations, and was so very clever, although unfortunately I had abandoned active practice. Then followed a couple of sides of note-paper full of the symptoms of the young man's disorders, which did not seem to me to be of a grave nature. I threw this letter across the table to Fanny without making any remark, and she read it attentively through.

"Well," she said, "what are you going to do?"

"Do," I answered, peevishly; "see the people further first! I have got other things to attend to."

"I think you are wrong," she answered, in an indifferent voice; "this young man is your relation, and very rich. I know that he has at least eight thousand a year, and one should always do a good turn to people with so much money. Also, what he would pay would be very useful to us. I assure you, that I hardly know how to make both ends meet, and there is twenty-seven pounds to pay the Frenchman who collected those returns for you in the Paris hospitals; he has written twice for the money."

I reflected. What she said about the twenty-seven pounds was quite true—I certainly did not know where to look for it. There was a spare room in the house, and probably the young gentleman was inoffensive. If he was not, he could go.

"Very well," I said, "he can come if he likes; but I warn you, you will have to amuse him! I shall attend to his treatment, and there will be an end of it."

She looked up quickly. "It is not much in my line, unless he cares for mathematics," she answered. "I have seen five men under fifty here, during the last five years—exactly one a year. However, I will try."

A week after this conversation, Mr. Joseph Hide-Thompson arrived, carefully swaddled in costly furs. He was a miserable little specimen of humanity—thin, freckled, weak-eyed, and with straight, sandy hair. But I soon found out that he was sharp—sharp as a ferret. On his arrival, just before dinner, I had some talk with him about his ailments. As I had expected, he had nothing serious the matter with him, and was only suffering from indulgence in a mode of life to which his feeble constitution was not adapted.

"There is no need for you to come to stay here, you know," I said. "All you want is to lead a quiet life, and avoid wine and late hours. If you do that, you will soon get well."

"And if I don't, Godsen, what then?" he answered, in his thin, high-pitched voice. "Hang it all! You talk as though it were nothing; but it is no joke to a fellow to have to give up pleasures at my age."

"If you don't you will die sooner or later—that's all."

His face fell considerably at this statement. "Die!" he said. "Die! How brutally you talk! And yet you just said that there was nothing much the matter with me; though I tell you, I do feel ill, dreadfully ill! Sometimes I am so bad, especially in the mornings, that I could almost cry. What shall I do to cure myself?"

"I will tell you. Get married, drink nothing but claret, and get to bed every night at ten."

"Get married!" he gasped. "Oh! But it's an awful thing to do, it ties a fellow up so! Besides, I don't know who to marry."

At this moment our conversation was broken off by Fanny's entrance. She was dressed in an evening gown, with a red flower in her dark, shining hair, and looked what she was, a most striking and imposing woman. Her beauty is of the imperial order, and lies more in her presence, and if I may use the word about a woman, her atmosphere, than her features, and I saw with a smile that it quite overcame my little

patient, who stammered and stuttered, and held out his wrong hand when I introduced him. It turned out afterward that he had been under the impression that Miss Denely was an elderly housekeeper. At dinner, however, he recovered his equilibrium and began to chatter away about all sorts of things, with a sort of low cleverness which was rather amusing, though I could not keep pace with it. Fanny, however, entered into his talk in a manner which astonished me. I had no idea that her mind was so versatile, or that she knew anything about billiards and horse-racing, or even French novels.

At ten o'clock I told Mr. Joseph he had better begin his cure by going to bed, and this he did reluctantly enough. When he had gone, I asked Fanny what she thought of him!

"Think of him!" she answered, looking up, for she was plunged in one of her reveries. "Oh! I think that he is a mixture between a fox and a fool, and the ugliest little man I ever saw!"

I laughed at this complimentary summary, and we set to work.

After the first evening I neither saw nor heard much of Mr. Joseph, except at meals. Fanny looked after him, and when she was at work he amused himself by sitting in an arm-chair and reading French novels in a translation, for preference. Once he asked permission to come in and see us work, and after about half an hour of it he went, saying it was awfully clever, but "all rot, you know," and that he had much better devote our talents to making books on the Derby.

"Idiot!" remarked Fanny, in a tone of withering contempt, when the door had closed on him; and that was the only opinion I heard her express with reference to him till the catastrophe came.

One morning, when Joseph had been with us about a fortnight, having been at work very late on the previous night, and feeling tired and not too well, I did not come down to breakfast till ten o'clock. Usually, we breakfasted at half-past eight. To my surprise, I found that the tea was not made, and that Fanny had apparently not yet had her breakfast. This was a most unusual occurrence, and while I was still wondering what it could mean, she came into the room with her bonnet and cloak on.

"Why, my dear Fanny," I said, "where on earth have you been?"

"To church," she answered, coolly, with a dark little smile.

"What have you been doing there?" I asked again.

"Getting married," was the reply.

I gasped for breath, and the room seemed to swim round me.

"Surely, you are joking," I said, faintly.

"Oh! not at all. Here is my wedding ring," and she held up her hand; "I am Mrs. Hide-Thompson!"

"What!" I almost shrieked. "Do you mean to tell me that you have married that little wretch? Why, he has only been in the house ten days."

"Sixteen days," she corrected, "and I have been engaged to him for ten, and weary work it has been, I can tell you, Geoffrey!"

"Then I suppose you are going away?" I jerked out. "And how about our work, and—John?"

I saw a spasm of pain pass over her face at the mention of the boy's name; for I believe that she loved the poor cripple child, if she ever did really love anything.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Ladies of Constantinople.
It was amusing to see niggers with the thickest of lips veiled. All the pretty faces were more or less painted and the eyelids and eyebrows penciled. The quality of the paint showed the quality of the lady. Poor women daub themselves with horrid pigments. No Turkish gentleman goes out to walk with his wife; to do so would be counted in the highest degree absurd. At most she is followed by a slave. But wrapped up in the ugly black silk feridje, she can go where she pleases and alone. No man would dream of looking at a veiled lady in a feridje. Were a Glacour to scan her face he would run a risk of being massacred. Shopping is a feminine pastime; another is holding receptions, which, of course, only ladies attend. Munching sweetmeats renders Constantinople belles grossly fat, while still young, and rather spoils their teeth. All over the east teeth are even, white, and of medium size, and mouths well shaped. They are mouths made for laughter, gormandizing and sensual love. Eastern women are far better looking in youth than western. Those of Stamboul are the least graceful. They are seldom neat above the ankles. Their stockings are not well drawn up, their shoes are a world too big and their gait is heavy and shuffling.—London Truth.

Great Mental Feats.
Hortensius, the great Roman lawyer and orator, had a memory of extraordinary scope and tenacity. After composing a speech or oration he could repeat it, word for word, exactly as he had prepared it. On one occasion he went to an auction, where the business was carried on during an entire day, and at evening, for a wager, he wrote down a list of the articles that had been sold and the prices, together with the names of the purchasers, in the order in which the purchases had been made.

Almost a Hint.
Snags—A \$10 bill cannot by any possibility be called a compliment, can it, Spiffins. Spiffins—I don't know that I follow you, Snags. Snags—Well, I heard that you paid Miss Northside a compliment yesterday, and I was in hopes you might regard in the same light the \$10 I lent you three months ago.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SLAUGHTER OF MEN, LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text, Proverbs, Chapter VII, Verse 22: "As an Ox to the Slaughter"—Keep Clear of the Loan Sharks.

THERE is nothing in the voice or manner of the butcher to indicate to the ox that there is death ahead. The ox thinks he is going to a rich pasture field of clover where all day long he will revel in the herbaceous luxuriance; but after awhile the men and the boys close in upon him with sticks and stones and shouting, and drive him through bars and into a doorway, where he is fastened, and with well-aimed stroke the axe falls him; and so the anticipation of the redemptive pasture field is completely disappointed. So many a young man has been driven on by temptation to what he thought would be paradisaical enjoyment; but after awhile influences with darker hue and swarther arm close in upon him and he finds that instead of making an excursion into a garden, he has been driven "as an ox to the slaughter."

We are apt to blame young men for being destroyed when we ought to blame the influences that destroy them. Society slaughters a great many young men by the behest. "You must keep up appearances; whatever be your salary, you must dress as well as others, you must give wine and brandy to as many friends, you must smoke as costly cigars, you must give as expensive entertainments, and you must live in as fashionable a boarding house. If you haven't the money, borrow. If you can't borrow, make a false entry, or subtract here and there a bill from a bundle of bank bills; you will only have to make the deception a little while; in a few months or in a year or two you can make it all right. Nobody will be hurt by it, nobody will be the wiser. You yourself will not be damaged." By that awful process a hundred thousand men have been slaughtered for time and slaughtered for eternity.

Suppose you borrow. There is nothing wrong about borrowing money. There is hardly a man who has not sometimes borrowed money. Vast estates have been built on a borrowed dollar. But there are two kinds of borrowed money: Money borrowed for the purpose of starting or keeping up legitimate enterprise and expense, and money borrowed to get that which you can do without. The first is right, the other is wrong. If you have money enough of your own to buy a coat, however plain, and then you borrow money for a dandy's outfit, you have taken the first revolution of the wheel toward grade. Borrow for the necessities; that may be well. Borrow for the luxuries; that tips your prospects over in the wrong direction.

The Bible distinctly says the borrower is servant of the lender. It is a bad state of things when you have to go down some other street to escape meeting some one whom you owe. If young men knew what is the despotism of being in debt, more of them would keep out of it. What did debt do for Lord Bacon, with a mind towering above the centuries? It induced him to take bribes and convict himself as a criminal before all ages. What did debt do for Walter Scott? Broken-hearted at Abbotsford. Kept him writing until his hand gave out in paralysis to keep the sheriff away from his pictures and statuary. Better for him if he had minded the maxim which he had chiseled over the fireplace at Abbotsford, "Waste not, want not."

The trouble is, my friends, that people do not understand the ethics of going in debt, and that if you purchase goods with no expectation of paying for them, or go into debts which you cannot meet, you steal just so much money. If I go into a grocer's store and I buy sugars and coffees and meats with no capacity to pay for them, and no intention of paying for them, I am more dishonest than if I go into the store, and when the grocer's face is turned the other way I fill my pockets with the articles of merchandise and carry off a ham! In one case I take the merchant's time and I take the time of his messenger to transfer the goods to my house, while in the other case I take none of the time of the merchant, and I wait upon myself, and I transfer the goods without any trouble to him! In other words, a sneak thief is not so bad as a man who contracts debts he never expects to pay.

When a young man wilfully and of choice, having the comforts of life, goes into the contraction of unpayable debts, he knows not into what he goes. The creditors get after the debtor, the pack of hounds in full cry, and alas! for the reindeer. They jingle his doorbell before he gets up in the morning, they jingle his doorbell after he has gone to bed at night. They meet him as he comes off his front steps. They send him a postal card, or a letter, in curtest style, telling him to pay up. They attach his goods. They want cash, or a note at thirty days, or a note on demand. They call him a knave. They say he lies. They want him disciplined in the church. They want him turned out of the bank. They come at him from this side, and from that side, and from before, and from behind, and from above, and from beneath, and he is insulted, and gibbeted, and sued, and dunned, and sworn at, until he gets the nervous dyspepsia, gets neuralgia, gets liver complaint, gets heart disease, gets convulsive disorder, gets consumption. Now he is dead, and you say, "Of course they will let him alone." Oh, no! Now they are watchful to see whether there

are any unnecessary expenses at the obsequies, to see whether there is any useless handle on the casket, to see whether there is any surplus plait on the shroud, to see whether the hearse is costly or cheap, to see whether the flowers sent to the casket have been bought by the family or donated, to see in whose name the deed to the grave is made out. Then they ransack the bereft household, the books, the pictures, the carpets, the chairs, the sofa, the piano, the mattresses, the pillow on which he died. Cursed be debt! For the sake of your own happiness, for the sake of your good morals, for the sake of your immortal soul, for God's sake, young man, as far as possible, keep out of it.

But I think more young men are slaughtered through irreligion. Take away a young man's religion and you make him the prey of evil. We all know that the Bible is the only perfect system of morals. Now, if you want to destroy the young man's morals, take his Bible away. How will you do that? Well, you will caricature his reverence for the Scriptures, you will take all those incidents of the Bible which can be made mirth of—Jonah's whale, Samson's foxes, Adam's rib—then you will caricature eccentric Christians, or inconsistent Christians, then you will pass off as your own all those hackneyed arguments against Christianity which are as old as Tom Paine, as old as Voltaire, as old as sin. Now, you have captured his Bible, and you have taken his strongest fortress; the way is comparatively clear, and all the gates of his soul are set open in invitation to the sins of earth and the sorrows of death, that they may come in and drive the stake for their encampment.

A steamer fifteen hundred miles from shore with broken rudder and lost compass, and hulk leaking fifty gallons the hour, is better off than a young man when you have robbed him of his Bible. Have you ever noticed how despicably mean it is to take away the world's Bible without proposing a substitute? It is meaner than to come to a sick man and steal his medicine, meaner than to come to a cripple and steal his crutch, meaner than to come to a pauper and steal his crust, meaner than to come to a poor man and burn his house down. It is the worst of all larcenies to steal the Bible which has been crutch and medicine and food and eternal home to so many. What a generous and magnanimous business infidelity has gone into! This splitting up of life-boats, and taking away of fire-escapes, and extinguishing of light-houses. I come out and I say to such people, "What are you doing all this for?" "Oh!" they say, "just for fun." It is such fun to see Christians try to hold on to their Bibles! Many of them have lost loved ones, and have been told that there is a resurrection, and it is such fun to tell them there will be no resurrection! Many of them have believed that Christ came to carry the burdens and to heal the wounds of the world, and it is such fun to tell them they will have to be their own saviour! Think of the meanest thing you ever heard of; then go down a thousand feet underneath it, and you will find yourself at the top of a stairs a hundred miles long; go to the bottom of the stairs, and you will find a ladder a thousand miles long; then go to the foot of the ladder and look off a precipice half as far as from here to China, and you will find the headquarters of the meanness that would rob this world of its only comfort in life, its only peace in death, and its only hope for immortality. Slaughter a young man's faith in God, and there is not much more left to slaughter.

Now, what has become of the slaughterer? Well, some of them are in their father's or mother's house, broken down in health, waiting to die; others are in the hospital, others are in the cemetery, or, rather, their bodies are, for their souls have gone on to retribution. Not much prospect for a young man who started life with good health, and good education, and a Christian example set him, and opportunity of usefulness, who gathered all his treasures and put them in one box, and then dropped it into the sea.

Now, how is this wholesale slaughter to be stopped? There is not a person who is not interested in that question. The object of my sermon is to put a weapon in each of your hands for your own defense. Wait not for Young Men's Christian Associations to protect you, or churches to protect you. Appealing to God for help, take care of yourself.

First, have a room somewhere that you can call your own. Whether it be the back parlor of a fashionable boarding house, or a room in the fourth story of a cheap lodging, I care not. Only have that one room your fortress. Let not the dissipater or unclean step over the threshold. If they come up the long flight of stairs and knock at the door, meet them face to face and kindly yet firmly refuse them admittance. Have a few family portraits on the wall, if you brought them with you from your country home. Have a Bible on the stand. If you can afford it and can play on one, have an instrument of music—harp, or flute, or cornet, or melodeon, or violin, or piano. Every morning before you leave that room pray. Every night after you come home in that room pray. Make that room your Gibraltar, your Sebastopol, your Mount Zion. Let no bad book or newspaper come into that room any more than you would allow a cobra to coil on your table.

Take care of yourself. Nobody else will take care of you. Your help will not come up two, or three, or four flights of stairs; your help will come through the roof, down from heaven, from that God who in the six thousand years of the world's history never betrayed a young man who tried to be good and a Christian. Let me say in

regard to your adverse worldly circumstances, in passing that you are on a level now with those who are finally to succeed. Mark my words, young man, and think of it thirty years from now. You will find that those who thirty years from now are the millionaires of this country, who are the orators of the country, who are the strong merchants of the country, who are the great philanthropists of the country—mightiest in church and state—are this morning on a level with you, not an inch above, and you in straightened circumstances now.

Herschel earned his living by playing a violin at parties, and in the interstices of the play he would go out and look up at the midnight heavens, the fields of his immortal conquests. George Stephenson rose from being the foreman in a colliery to be the most renowned of the world's engineers. No outfit, no capital to start with! Young man, go down to the library and get some books and read of what wonderful mechanism God gave you in your hand, in your foot, in your eye, in your ear, and then ask some doctor to take you into the dissecting room and illustrate to you what you have read about, and never again commit the blasphemy of saying you have no capital to start with. Equipped! Why, the poorest young man is equipped as only the God of the whole universe could afford to equip him. Then his body—a very poor affair compared with his wonderful soul—Oh, that is what makes me so solicitous. I am not so much anxious about you, young man, because you have so little to do with, as I am anxious about you because you have so much to risk and lose or gain.

There is no class of persons that so stirs my sympathies as young men in great cities. Not quite enough salary to live on, and all the temptations that come from that deficit. Invited on all hands to drink, and their exhausted nervous system seeming to demand stimulus. Their religion caricatured by the most of the clerks in the store, and most of the operatives in the factory. The rapids of temptation and death rushing against that young man forty miles the hour, and he in a frail boat beaded up stream, with nothing but a broken oar to work with. Unless Almighty God help them they will go under.

The great musician who more than any other artist had made the violin speak and sing and weep and laugh and triumph—for it seemed when he drew the bow across the strings as if all earth and heaven shivered in delighted sympathy—the great musician, in a room looking off upon the sea, and surrounded by his favorite instruments of music, closed his eyes in death. While all the world was mourning at his departure, sixteen crowded steamers fell into line of funeral procession to carry his body to the mainland. There were fifty thousand of his countrymen gathered in an amphitheatre of the hills waiting to hear the eulogium, and it was said when the great orator of the day with stentorian voice began to speak, the fifty thousand people on the hillside burst into tears. O! that was the close of a life that had done so much to make the world happy. But I have to tell you, young man, if you live right and die right, that was a tame scene compared with that which will greet you when from the galleries of heaven the one hundred and forty and four thousand shall accord with Christ in crying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." And the influences that on earth you put in motion will go down from generation to generation, the influences you wound up handed to your children, and their influences wound up and handed to their children, until watch and clock are no more needed to mark the progress, because time itself shall be no longer.

WORLD'S LARGEST FLAG.

The Monster Will Consume 700 Yards of Bunting.

Capt. George C. Beckley of Honolulu, who arrived here recently to take back the new steamer Helena, lately launched here, is having the largest flag made of which shipping men have ever heard. It will be of the extraordinary width of forty feet and will be eighty feet long, consuming in all no less than 700 yards of bunting, says the San Francisco Call. This monster flag is to be raised on the Helena on the maiden trip of that vessel as she leaves here for the Hawaiian Islands. It is a Hawaiian flag, of course, and as such will dwarf every other flag, no matter of what nation, that comes into port. When the Helena gets to Honolulu the flag will be taken down and will finally be put on a gigantic pole, towering in the air from the heights of Punchbowl hill. The pole will be 150 feet long. It is to be made of a monstrous Puget sound fir tree and is now en route to the islands. The way Capt. Beckley happened to get the idea of equipping the world in the way of flags is peculiar. He is a commodore in the Hawaiian navy. On the eve of his departure for this country a dinner was given him by the employees of the company and he received a present of a fat purse. Capt. Beckley said, as it was handed him: "The money will be used in the purchase of the largest Hawaiian flag ever seen in Hawaii. It will be larger than the great flag of the American league and will fly from the foremast of the Helena from San Francisco to Honolulu. Then it will float from a tall pole in my yard on the slope of Punchbowl hill." This is why a heavy manufacturing firm here is now busy with the great flag. "It will be the biggest flag of which I ever heard," said Capt. Beckley yesterday. "There isn't another one like it in the world."