## THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1893-SIXTEEN PAGES.

## THE PLAIN AND PRETTY WOMAN.

## PART IL

What Felice had told me of herself had made clear to me many things in her character that had puzzled and troubled me. She was only a passionate. undisciplined child, yet wonderfully kind and considerate of others, and generous to a fault. Among her pupils were some dull, Ill-favored girls for whom nobody seemed to care, and these Felice singled out for special attention. She had not a particle of the Parislenne's taste in dress, and bought the cheapest and flim-jest things for herself, but spent her money freely upon any one who seemed in need of It. She had no skill with needle or seissors, yet I have often found her pleased as a child over some queer-shaped but comfortable gar-

ment she had made with much pains for some poor black child on the place. Poor Felice! What she had betrayed in her excitement as she spoke of Fleming troubled me a good deal, and every day gave me new cause for fear.

We had organized a liter-ary club for the study of the French classics under Mile, Felice's liters supervision. She herself read with a purity of accent and power of expression which made our efforts mere travesties. of course, and she possessed one of those beautiful, low-pitched voices which one never tires of listening to. But we were all amazed when one evening she threw aside the volume of Racine from which we had been reading, and rising, began reciting, in the most wonderful, impassioned manuer, some passage from "Adri-enne Lecouvreur." I cannot recall the words, but it was where Adrienne is first made to believe in her lover's treachery We were spellbound. Fleming, who was half reclining on a low seat in one of his Hamlet attitudes, looked first amused and then bewildered, and fixed his eloquent eyes upon Felice to the very last word.

'I would not have believed ---- " he began, as if to himself, and then added warmly, "Ma'amselle, that was superbl'

Felice fixed upon him one of her intense side glances-a bitter smile came to her face.

'You would have said you did not be lieve it was in me," she said in her quaint, rapid way. "You are right, Mr. Fleming. There is nothing in me. That was mere imitation. I have heard Rachel and other great artists many

Fleming colored slightly but made no attempt to apologize for his rudeness. I saw, however, that he followed Felice with his oyes for the rest of that evening, and always with that look of wonder, or bewilderment.

After this, under one pretext or another, he began to seek her society. He sang very well, and suddenly discovered that he sang better with Felice's accompaniment. Then he wished to converse in French-always some selfish motive, you perceive; but Felice never seemed to notice that. She seemed incapable of resisting his influence in anything, or of refusing any request he might make, except that, after that one evening, no one, not even Fleming, could persuade her to recite for us again.

A wonderful change began to come over Felice. As she came to me sometimes atter a walk or a ride with Fleming, and pressed her cool, soft check against mine, I wondered if this smiling girl, with the pink flush on her face, the light in her strange, pathetic eyes, could be the plain, impassive-looking, elderly young woman we had called Mile Felice. Her very step, and voice, and carriage had altered.

Matters continued so for some weeks. One evening Felice came to my room, and threw herself down at my side, burying her glowing face in my lap. I was sure from her manner that something more than usual had happened. "Helen!" she said at last, raising her face and flinging her arms about me. "Helen, I am so happy! If happiness could kill, I should die! Ah, ma cherie, you will not believe it! You cannot! I can scarcely believe it myself, but it is true! My God, it is true! He loves

amination, Felice passed by us, her head held very high, her long black dress trailing, her hands elenched against her side. The whiteness of her face struck me.

'Ma'amselle Felice is looking badly, I said to Fleming. "She misses her ac-customed rides and walks." Fleming languidly regarded a rose in his button-

"Why does she not ride, or walk, nen;" he inquired in the most indifferthen? ent of voices

"She is perhaps waiting for the company of her fiance," I answered, betray-ing, I do not doubt, a good deal of heat. leming raised his eyes from the rose. and looked at me with an affectation of mild surprise.

"Ah, indeed!" he said, "I was not aware that Ma'amselle was engaged. Who, I beg, may the fortunate man be? 'You are even more evuel and base than I thought!" I said, turning away indignantly, Fleming laughed softly, "Why do young women become hys terical on the slightest provocation?" I

eard him remark. I found Felice standing at Dr. Bellamy's door, which was opposite my own. engaged in carnest conversation with that gentleman, both evidently in great excitement, although he was smiling his most glitteeing and unpleasant smile.

"No!" Felice was saying rapidly, with many gestures. "No! Say what you will, I will not give her one more

"But your reason, Ma'amselle?" I heard Dr. Bellamy say as I closed my door, "If Miss Triplett has been impertinent-'Impertiment!" cried Felice, "No.

she would not dare. But I give her no more lessons, tout le meme. Impertinent! Mon Dieu, her very existence an impertinence to me-to me?" And she swept away contemptuously.

Felice had her way here, and Miss Triplett was excused from her music assons for the remainder of the term. This occasioned some gossip among the girls, who spoke unreservedly before me. Perhaps, because I was myself young, and they felt safe with me. There was some girlish chaffing of Miss Triplett, in which Fleming's name was men tioned. She made no retort, but a faint pink crept over her creamy skin, and she kept her long, soft eyes downcast, slowly turning a ring on one of her fine, limpled fingers. She smiled faintly, too.

She had a smile that would have won St. Anthony from his cell. All through the following days of toil worry and excitement Felice avoided me. Often I stole to her door

when the house was quiet for the night, and tapped softly, calling her name, but she did not, or would not, hear me One warm night along in June, finding it impossible to sleep, I rose and sat by the window. All at once I heard my name whispered softly through the key hole. It was Felice's voice. I rose and let her in. She wore a long white wrapper, and her hair was all about her

and

shoulders. "Felice," I said, "you look as if you might be the ghost that haunts the verandas.

"Ghost!" she repeated. "What do you "Oh," I laughed, "the servants

swear that a ghost haunts the verandas and not one of them will budge from the door after night fall." Felice stood still a moment as if in

thought. "That interests me, that ghost," she said presently, with a shrug of her shoulders; "I would like to meet it. Do you know when I am dead I will be a ghost, too. It must be a great consola-tion, that." She laughed bitterly under her breath and began walking about the room. She went to my table and bent

over the flowers upon it. "Oh, too sweet," she said. "It is not good for you, my dear; there is poison in

started at sight of Miss Triplett, and stopping before her looked at her with a strange, uncanny smile. Small, hag-gard, badly dressed, she was a sorry conrast to that tall and lovely daughter of south, in her exquisite flower the wreathed attire. I saw a kind of shiver pass through her as she looked, and uddenly she put one of her hands on the

prond beauty's spotless arm. "Bon jour, Ma'amselle Triplett!" she said, speaking readily in French. "I hope you have slept well! No bad dreams, no phantoms, eh?" She had begun speaking in her sunvest tones before

but before she finished her voice had a harsh, almost fierce, sound. The girl withdrew her arm haughtily. and answered coldly in the same lan-"Merci. Ma'amselle, I have slept well, and I never dream."

Felice gave a short laugh and passed on. A moment afterwards the stirring notes of the "Wedding March" pealed from the organ, and the exercises began. Three days of incessant excite-ment and absorbing work followed,

and on the third and last even+ ing the house and grounds were thrown open to visitors. When the crowd was greatest, I succeeded in stealing away, with the intention of en-joying the luxury of an hour's rest. then in one of the corridors I met Dr.

Beilany. "I am looking for Ma'amselle Felice. he said with evident impatience. "There are strangers who wish to hear her.

'Have you been to her room?" I asked. "Certainly, She is not there. Periaps," he added, "she is on the lawn with-with Fleming." I said I would look for her. It was a

elief to find myself in the open air, and walked about the grounds for some time, meeting many youthful couplesfor on this occasion discipline was relaxed and the young ladies could indulge for once in the privilege of flirtation-but I nowhere saw Felice. In a remote part of the lawn I came upon Fleming and Miss Triplett. I went directly up to him, and said:

"I am looking for Ma'amselle Felice. Have you, perhaps, seen her?" "I have not, indeed," he answered

I returned to the house and went to Felice's room. She was there, now. She had thrown herself upon her bed. A sorrowful, pitcous figure she made in her solled evening dress of blue silk, wreathed with torn and rumpled artificial roses. The long trail was wet and soiled from contact with the grass of the lawn, her white shoes soaked through and through

"Felice," I said, "Dr. Bellamy is looking for you." She made no answer. Her face was buried upon her arms.

"Come," I said, trying to raise her, "You must not give way to this Where is your pride, Felice? Will you let that man see your misery? He is unworthy of your love-wholly unworthy.'

Still no answer. Dr. Bellamy came to the door, but I sent him away. Then I removed Felice's tawdry evening dress, and prepared her for retiring. She gave herself into my hands without resistance or appeal, like a tired child. Poor Felice-how wasted were her slender limbs, how cold and trembling her small, child-like hands. I went to my like hands. I went to my room for my dressing-gown, and came back to her, for I dared not leave her alone. I turned the gas very low and lay down by her side, and there we lay. while the laughter and music came up to us from below. Felice lay as if asleep, or dead, except once when Fleming's voice, singing "O ma charmante," came floating up alone, so sweet, so tender, so impassioned. Then a long,

shuddering breath escaped her and her cold fingers closed tightly upon my hand. At last we heard the guests depart-

her room. I found her in charge of two sent word that he was there as a repre strong black women, and two or three physicians were present. Felice sat upon the side of her bed, her hands bound together, her slender fingers twining and untwining themselves with a terrible restlessness. Her face was utterly coloriess, and rigid, and blanka death mask. I spoke to her, but she would not notice me. She continued to

mutter to herself in her own tongue. I caught some words I had heard her repeat so often-

Quandion a tout perdu. Quand on n'a plus d'espoir." Tout perdu-plus d'espoir."

Felice was hopelessly mad. There was silence in my room. Blanche's face was hidden in my lap, and I think she was sobbing a little Rachel sat gazing at the fire, her heavy brows drawn together, her mouth sternly set and looking altogether like a girlish Nemesis with the little dagger gleaming amid the folds of her dark dress. Fanny, however, sat calmly stroking her bronze brown hair, whose splendid length she had drawn forward over her arm, and was holding out to catch the firelight. "Well?" she said at last.

"Well!" I repeated. "Aren't you going to tell us the rest?"

"Isn't that enough?" "Enough!" said Fanny with indigna-"We want to know what became tion.

of that horrid girl. "And Fleming!" said Rachel, in a

fieree undertons. "And Felice," added Blanche in a smothered voice.

"The horoid girl' was only slightly wounded. She went home with her mother the same day. But why do you call her horrid? She could not help being beautiful and faseinating, you know "I hate her all the same," said Fanny.

"Go on, there's a dear." "Fleming followed her soon, and they were married in a short time. He be came professor in a southern college, and later was an officer in the confederate army, and was, I believe, killed in battle, Felice never recovered. I went to see her years afterwards at the asylum to which she was carried. She was sitting upon the edge of her bed, weav-ing her fingers in and out and muttering to herself incessantly. Her hair was quite white, and her face had the same dead, blank look. She showed no sign of recognition, and I had to leave her as I found her.'

Again there was silence in the room. All at once the clock began striking the midnight hour. The old year was dead. One by one the girls rose and bade me "Good night and a Happy New Year," and I was left alone by my dying fire.

THE EAGLE REPLACED.

An International Incident in Honolulu in 1864.

In April, 1863, says the New York Sun, Dr. James McBride of Lafayette, Ore., was appointed as United States minister to the Hawailan islands by President Lincoln, Soon after going there he had the American coat of arms placed over the entrance to the Ameri can legation.

In 1864 an English man-of-war stopped at Honolulu, having on board two cadets in the English navy, both sons of peers One of them, Lord Charles Beresford, is now high in the service. This was during the war of the rebellion, when England was rather unfriendly to the United States, and many Englishmen were in clined to think that the Unsted States government was of no special consequence and was practically destroyed. One night Lord Charles Beresford and his friend, in order to show their contempt for the United States government, went to the American legation, tore down Dr. McBride's coat of arms, and hired a native to row them with it into

sentative of his government and intended to stay until he did see him. The king then appeared, but in a very nervous and excited state; but no reference was made to any differences, and the in-terview passed off pleasantly, and their relations continued thereafter agreeable

Dr. James McBride, this firm and patriotic minister, was a physician who went to Oregon from Missouri in 1846, and in the early history of Oregon took. a prominent part, politically and other wise. He died in 1876,

## INDIA'S INFINITE VARIETY.

Her Society and Her Scenery Complex and Varied to a Degree,

The grand difficulty of talking to an Englishman about India is that he al ways forms a picture of the place in his mind, says the London Spectator. I may be accurate or inaccurate, but it 1 always a pleture. He thinks of it eithe as a green delta, or a series of sunbaked plains, or a wild region with jungle and and river and farms all intermixed, or a vast park stretched out by nature sportsmen, and sloping somehow at the edges toward highly caltivated plains. It never occurs to him that as regards external aspect there is no India: that the peninsular, so called, is as large as Europe west of the Vistula, and represents as many variations of scenery East Anglia is not so different from Italy as the Northwest provinces from Bengal, nor are the Landes so unlike Normandy as the Punjab is unlike the hunting districts of Madras. There is every scene in India, from the eternal snow of the Himalayas, as much above Mount Blane as Mount Blane is above Geneva, to the rice swamps of Bengal. all buried in fruit trees: from the wonderful valleys of the Vindhya, where beauty and fertility seem to struggle consciously for the favor of man, to the God-forgotten salt marshes by the Runn of Cutch. It is the same with indigenous Indian

society. The Englishman thinks of it as an innumerable crowd of timid peasants, easily taxed and governed by a ew officials, or as a population full of luxurious princes, with difficulty re-strained by scientific force and careful division from eating up each other. In reality, Indian society'is more complex and varied than that of Europe, comprising, it is true, a huge mass of peasant proprietors, but yet full of princes, who are potentates and princes who are survivals of landlords, who are in all respects great nobles and landlords who are only squireens, of great ecclesiastics and hungry curates, of merchants like the Barings and merchants who keet shops, of professors and professionals, of adventurers and criminals, of cities full of artificers and of savages far below the dark citizens of Hawaii.



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A sharp pang went through me at her words.

"I suppose you mean Caryl Fleming," I said, with an unresponsiveness she had not expected. She looked at me an instant, then laughed a laugh thrilled through and through with eestacy. "Certainly I mean Caryl Fleming,"

she said. 'Did he tell you so?" I persisted. Felice rose to her feet, and looked at me

with a puzzled, pitying smile, "Did he tell me so?" she repeated, softly, "In words? No. I believe not. But in a thousand other ways, yes-and tonight, tonight, Helen, he took me in his arms and kissed me again and again!"

For an American or English girl such frankness would be impossible. In Felice it seemed only natural and fitting. The fervor and naivete of her manner robbed her speech of all unwomanliness or strangeness, but in my heart of hearts I trembled for Felice.

However, for a time Fleming's devotion seemed absolute. Outside of their recitation rooms they were always together, riding, walking or singing.

The brief southern winter, during which nature merely turns a cold shoulder upon us for a time, was over. and again she was smiling with all the glow and tenderness of spring. I kept up my solitary walks and rides, sometimes coming upon Folice and her lover, she looking absorbed and radiant, he languid, and, I fancied at last, more than a triffe bored. Apparently his latest experiment was losing its piquancy. I was not surprised, therefore, when Felice began at last dropping into my room evenings in the old way.

One evening she had been lying for a long time upon the lounge, her eyes fixed upon the ceiling, where the lamp threw a huge shadow like a dark, hovering wing, when I broke the silence myself.

'You do not play for Mr. Fleming this

evening?" "No." she answered. "Mr. Fleming has a cold and headache - and letters to write." She spoke these words slowly, with long pauses, as if answering some doubt or questioning within herself, rather than my own. I asked no further questions. I would force no confidence.

Fleming withdrew himself more and more. He had no time for music. He was writing for northern magazines now -he was a clever fellow, with a happy turn for writing-and, like the rest of the teachers, the approaching close of the school year gave him much extra work. Indeed, we were all absorbed in additional duties, both teachers and pupils-the former forced to superhuman exertions by Dr. Bellamy's CBnine watchfulness and persistence, the latter nervous and apprehensive, or sulky and impertinent, as the case might

In a word, we were all wrought up to the artificial and unwholesome state common to such crises, and I am afraid that under the stress brought to bear upon me I was even unmindful for a time of the change that was again com-ing over Felice or that she had ceased almost entirely to come to my room. even avoiding me, as I at last perceived.

ing. too much sweetness." I noticed that her hand wandered

among my papers for a moment, and then went quickly to her bosom. Aterwards I remembered this. She came to the window and looked out into the warm, fragrant, starlit

darkness. "It is near the hour for ghosts to walk," she said, after a moment or two; "what if we might see one."

The ignorant gossip of the black ser-vants seemed to have impressed her curiously; she lingered a short time, and then went away. I watched her little figure trailing down the corridor with feelings of pain and uneasiness, and though I went again to bed I could not sleep. I rose and put the flowers out on the window ledge, and as I did so I fancied I saw a white figure slip into the darkness of the long veranda that ran along the back building. I dismissed the thought as a nervous fancy, but I simply could not lie down. I opened my door noiselessly—long practice had rendered us all adepts at this—and looked and listened intently. It seemed to me that ] net know what. could hear a faint sound of opening and closing doors or windows below, and to my wrought up senses the dark passages seemed full of flitting shapes and airy

whispers. I crept along to Felice's door. It was open and the room was empty. But as I stood there wondering she came swiftly through the corridor and into her room. She did not start at seeing me, but seized my wrist in her cold fin gers, and began laughing softly and hysterically. I touched her dress. It was wet with dew, as was her loose dark hair. "Where have you been?" I asked

hastily.

"I have been ghost-hunting," she said.

"It is great fun, ma chere." "Then it was you I saw on the veranda," I impulsively said. Felice started.

"On the veranda? No, I was not on the verauda. What have you seen?" "It was nothing, I suppose. I merely

fancied I saw something." "Very good," said Felice. "It is like a play, this night. It is the third act. The denouement will be very fine, that is certain.

She began laughing again. I did not like her voice or her manner, but I left her, after inducing her to go to bed.

The next day was the first of the pub lic exercises which were to close the school year. The little town was overflowing with guests, and every spare room at the hall was filled with parents or relatives of the graduating class. had feared that Felice would be unable to fulfil her arduous duties; but she appeared at breakfast looking no paler

than usual, and was if anything rather more voluble and witty. A few moments before 9 o'clock I stood on the veranda surrounded by the girls of my class in their white gala dresses, waiting for the sound of the organ which was to be the signal for our en-trance. Fleming and Dr. Bellamy were already upon the platform, and the seats assigned to the spectators were more than filled. Near me stood Miss Sriplett, calm and unconcerned amid her agitated, expectant schoolmates. The was dressed in the finest white mull. and her throat and bare arms were wreathed in the feathery foliage and yellow blossoms of the jessamine, which also shone starlike in her soft, dark hair. She held in her hand a huge bouquet of yellow roses. She was the dullest girl in the class, and the least popular, but no one

But as I was one day standing in the hall with Fleming, discussing some point concerning the arrange-ments for the approaching ex-could have denied that she was one of the mest beautiful creatures under the sun. All at once Felice came along the veranda on her way to the organ. She could have denied that she was one of

Carriage after carriage rolled The inmates of the hall disaway. persed to their rooms with much talk and laughter. Doors and windows were closed and silence fell. After an interval, Dr. Bellamy's slippered tread was heard, and then followed perfect silence.

Worn out physically and mentally, 1 fell into a deep sleep from which I started all at once with a sudden sharp sense of fear. I turned to Felice. She was not beside me, nor in the room. 1 rose and went out into the hall, and listened intently. I was sure at last that heard a slight rasping sound from below. I groped my way through the hall to the stairs and down them into the abysmal darkness of the lower passages. At the foot of the stairs I listened again, and this time I heard a faint sound from the direction of one of the recitation rooms. This room was for Fleming's exclu-sive use. It was situated directly opposite his apartments, and gave also upon the veranda. Toward this room I made my way, with no other object than to find Felice and save her from evil-I did

I reached the door, and pushed it gently. It opened without noise. At the same instant there came the sound of a match struck against the wall, and in the brief illumination which followed I distinctly saw three figures-that of Fleming, holding in his arms a tall, girlish figure in a white dress, and that of Felice, wrapped in a long black cloak, advancing swiftly toward them. Then came utter darkness again; a swift rush, a succession of piercing screams, a struggle, a wild laugh, a fall, and Fleming's voice calling for help. I must have answered him for the next

ioment he said: "Is that you, Miss Charles? For God's sake bring a light-something terrible has happened!"

But there was no need. Already steps and voices were in the hall, and Dr. Bellamy appeared upon the threshold with a candle in his hand.

"What in heaven's name-"hebegun, but stopped suddenly, stricken with amazement, horror and anger. Miss Triplett lay in his nephew's arms in-sensible, with blood flowing over her white gown. Fleming was bending over her uttering wild words of Felice, gesticulating and muttering incoherently

"What does this mean, Caryl?" cried his uncle, but Fleming paid no atten-tion. He carried the insensible girl across into his own room, and laid her upon a couch. 'Let some one go for a doctor, quick!'

he said to the group of teachers, pupils, and guests which had gathered about the door. The girl's mother had alroady appeared, and was meaning and wringing her hands helplessly, while Fleming had turned back the loose sleeve and bound his handkerchief over the wounded arm.

I alone went to Felice, still cowering and muttering in the corner, and I saw that her fingers still clasped a small dagger which I recognized as mine. She made no resistance as I attempted to raise her, but as I led her into the hall, and Fleming, bending over the still motionless form of Miss Triplett, became visible, she uttered a cry more dreadful than any sound I ever heard, and fell to the floor as if dead.

What followed I recall only as something I have dreamed or read of. I remember seeing Felice carried up to her room, and that some one brought me to my own, and laid me upon my bed. The next day I was required to tell what I had witnessed. I was not allowed to see Felice at first, but as I begged so ur-

the bay where their ship was anchored On learning next morning that the coat of arms was missing, the American minister instituted a search, and soon found the native who had taken it to the ship. A search warrant was pro-cured and the coat of arms brought back by an officer. The commandant of the man-of-war and the English minister at Honolulu immediately called on the American minister and offered an apology in the name of their government for the insult which had been offered. After having made their apology, they stated that they supposed this was satisfactory, and that they had atoned for the offense. The American minister informed them that this was not satisfactory, that these two lords, who were officers of the British government, had not only committed a theft, but had by their act insulted the government represented by him. He further said that, having taken down the coat of arms with their own hands, he would not be satisfied until they them selves put it back where they got it. At this the English minister and commandant vehemently protested, saying that such a demand was humiliating and disgraceful and could not be complied with. The American minister, however, in

sisted on a compliance with his demand. saying that the disgrace consisted in the act of stealing the coat of arms, and that nothing short of this would be considered repar ation for their offense. After considerable diplomatic correspondence and some delay the English minister agreed to comply with the demand of Dr. Me-Bride, and the latter mentioned the next noon as the time when the coat of arms should be replaced.

It was soon noised about Honolulu that the two young men were to replace the coat of arms the next day at 12 o'clock. When the time came thousands of people from the city and surrounding country were there to witness the ceremony. A sketch was made of the two young men while in the act of nailing the coat of arms to the archway over the entrance to the American legation. On the left hand side of the picture, as the reader views it, are stand-ing from right to left the English minister facing the gate, and the American minister, with a silk hat on, facing from the gate and talking to the commandant tenderness. In a dark corner crouched | of the English man-of-war beside him. After the coat of arms had been replaced the two young men came to the American minister and apologized for their conduct, saying that they did not

stop to think what an insult they were offering to the American government. This ended the matter in the islands. The American minister then reported

all the facts to Secretary Seward. The latter demanded an apology from the English government, which was made. The two young men were called home and were dismissed from the English navy for five years. Lord Charles Beresford has since won distinction in the English navy. He commanded the landing force at Alexandria in 1882.

Another incident relating to this affair may be worth montioning: The king of the Sandwich islands at the time was Kamehameha V. He was very favorable to English influences in the islands and let it be known that he was personally displeased because the American minister compelled the Englishmen to

restore his coat of arms. few weeks after this, when A the American minister went to the palace to make his usual official visit, the king, evidently with the design of insulting him, sent word that he was engaged. The American minister returned word that he was there in official capacity and desired an interview. The king sent Felice at first, but as I begged so ur-gentiy Dr. Bellamy took me himself to could not see him. The minister again