## กในกในกในกในกในกในก็ได้ เกิด เกิดการกในก็ในก็ในก็ในก็ได้ THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER OF THE REGIMENT. How Hubert Joined the Army, and How He Justified the Enlistment By P. Y. BLACK.

regimental band," it really, you know, is too absurd, John. It is quite against the regulations. The boy is far too young." maked cheerfully of the boy who wished to

"Thirt-" Hubert began.

"No, no," said John, "not quite 30, I guess. the fat old bandsman was a most privileged

The contract surgeon smiled, and the smile | two. broadened as John and Hubert smiled too, for it was 13, and not 30, the boy had meant

Twenty-one, eh?" the doctor mused, "and what might be his weight?"

"Get on the weighing stand, Bert," said the cook. "Strip, sonny, strip first. Look at that figure, doctor. There's a chest; see them muscles; see the make of the lad; well pourished, too; I take care of that."

regulations are regulations, and they rebert certainly did not come up to the re- and held him gravely before him.

"One hundred, is it?" said the cook, with ately careful. "One hundred and-" his big

tall for your age, too, I should think?"

"Very good, Mr. Adjutant," said the colotract doctor, as he looked dublously upon the nel, "will you make out the papers for this ponderous form of the veteran cook of the new recruit, who, I can assure you, is of good moral character and don't drink. John, by the by, how are you going to draw clothes for him? The government does not "How old was you now, Bert?" the cook issue clothes for infants, only infantry "Now, he's duly enrolled, sir," said John gravely, "he can afford a tailor out of his

The veteran and the boy went back to the Twenty-one, now, maybe, if we were to band quarters, together, the quarters which stretch a point, just a point, doctor," and had been Hubert's home for years. A little he winked deliberately at the ductor, for group of musicians were lying around on the bunks, or cleaning great brass instruments, and they all jumped to receive the

> "Is it all right, Hubert? Is it all right, old John?"

"All right," said John, "Here he is, a big a soldier and as good a musician as any draw his pay from good old Uncle Sam." At once the boy was caught up, laughing, and sent flying from the arms of one to the arms of another, in boisterous congratulation, until old John grabbed him The contractor doctor laughed. Hubert and carried him off to the solemn sanctitude was certainly well built for his age, but of the kitchen, where the old cook's bunk Pegulations are regulations, and they re-reposed in one corner, and Hubert's in quired at least 125 pounds for a youth. Hu-another. John took the lad by both hands

"See, sonny," said the gray-haired man. "You've took the oath, and you'll draw the his nose and eyes close to the weight, elabor- pay, but that ain't all. Let's talk a bit. Your dad, the band leader, he did well by foot slid onto the stand cautiously behind the regiment, an he did well by you, even the boy's heels—"ten, fifteen"—the foot if he spent all his pay sooner than it came his pony and reconnoitered over its pressed down more heavily-"twenty, thirty! to him, for he taught you enough music to One hundred and thirty pounds and a half- let you earn good pay for all your life. no, a quarter, doctor. We'll give the gov- Don't forget your poor old dad did his best.

ernment the benefit of the doubt, sir!"

It was just because the colonel liked your It was just because the colonel liked your Hubert looked anxiously at the doctor, and | dad as he likes you that he allowed me to the doctor laughed, assuringly patting his act that way up at the doctor's. But it ain't no joke, Bert. You've took a solemn oath to Uncle Sam; now make a promise to old John. The regiment is father to you, "Five foot eight, sir," the cook responded. and mother, an 'twill do well by you. But



MIN JERKY, BREATHLESS, PANTING NOTES CAME THE AIR OF THE SONG. COMRADES! COMRADES!"

"I measured him myself. Good infantry "H'm." said the doctor. "Show me your

teeth. Hubert. No need to risk eternity. John, in their case. Wish I had as good. Hearing? "Holy Moses, doctor!" John answered repreachfully. "Could a dull hearing man

play the fiddle and the cornet alto, and the small drum and the big drum, and most any other instrument in the band like he does! Anyhow, he can hear mess call five miles away; also he can run like a antelope. He knows all the drills, he can shoot a bit, too, and if you doubt his eyesight, doctor, just look at them 'ere shining orbs!" He's a pair of eyes That can't tell lies; They'd be stars, only stars ain't brown!

a pity your tongue is not equally veracious." He sat down at a table to fill out a big blank official declaration, but he sighed again dubiously before his pen touched "But the regulations, John?" he mur-

mured, being young in the service, and therefore scrupulously particular. "Doctor," said the privileged veteran

solemnly, "if they was never to be broken,

what would be the use of making And he left triumphantly, with Hubert in tow, to see the colonel and the adjutant.

"Well," said the old colonel, with twinkling eyes. "What did the doctor say about the physical condition of this-a-man With the colonel old John was less free,



"SOME DAY WE'LL BE PROUD OF

as he handed over the official medical

"I think, sir," he said, respectfully, "it's all right. The old officer turned to the boy, a little

"Well, Bert," said he, "I think it is all right, for if the regiment is not your home I don't know where that is, and it would be hard to turn you out, and just as hard the band, so the government's not defrauded. You want it this way, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, please." school and be a good boy?"

"Yes, sir." adjutant, or John."

"No need to trouble you, sir," said the to join the battalion, because there was no

you're its son. Will you promise to do well

by it, never to do anything to make it

ashamed of you, to try and make it proud "Honest, I will John?" said the small boy, drawing himself up straight and with Ride!" a tear in his eye. "An' you'll do it," said John earnestly,

"When I'm dead an' gone, it may be, but some day we'll be as proud of you, Bert, as we're fond of you now."

"Came in to say goodby, Hube, son! "Just so, John," said the doctor. "It's How are you, anyhow? The post command's got orders to move tomorrow. We'll leave the post pretty empty."

"Already!" cried the young bandsman. 'O. I say, I ain't well yet." The soldier, who stood at the boy's side in the hospital ward, laughed.

"We can't wait for you, Hube. Never mind, you'll be well by the time we get "I'm well now-nearly well!" Tears of

dismay jumped to the lad's eyes. "I'll ask the adjutant and the colonel. I must go with the band." "It's the doctor's got the say. Don't fret;

the campaign may last all summer, and you can join us, with the other sick, before it's all over." "It won't last all summer! We can beat

them in a week. I've got to go! "Say, son, make the best of it," said the soldier, southingly. "Now, goodby. Is there anything you want before we go?"

"I want to go," said Hube. But he couldn't go-the doctor would not allow it. As a matter of fact, little Hubert was not very sick. He had sprained a foobadly a week before, and that served as an excuse for the doctor and the adjutant and old John, foo, to keep him at home, while the soldiers marched away on the campaign. None of his new fathers were very anxious that he should see, so young, the hardships of the march, of the camp, of the probable fighting. He was now two years in the service, barely 15, and no soldier was more zealous than he. Still the doctor said "no," and all the others laid the re-

sponsibility on the surgeon. The morning sun shone out cheerily, the bugles blew, the guidons fluttered in the wind, the band at last struck up a march, and off went the troops. Once around the parade they came, and saluted the flag, then out of the post by the road that wound on to the plain beneath the hospital hill. At the window of the ward Hubert watched them with yearning eyes bedimmed. He felt a shame that he was not able to march in his place with the band, making part of that valiant music. When the last wagon of the following train passed behind the hill he threw himself on his cot in grief

and refused all consolation. As the days passed he heard, from th soldier nurses and the gossip of the patients, all about the expedition. The Apaches (whom some have described as more artful than Spaniards and twice as daring, while about equally cruel) were up, and the battalion of infantry to which for you to stay on charity. Anyhow, you're Hubert belonged had been sent to camp at the equal in music of almost any man in the foot of a mountain pass, through which cavalry were to drive the Indians. In a week the command should be on the spot, if not intercepted and detained by Indian "And you'll promise to attend the night skirmishers. Hubert heard it all eagerly, and fretted until he was thin. Every day he asked the doctor if he could leave the "And if any of the men, not the old men, hospital, and every day the folly doctor said: for you know them, but the recruits, try "Walt awhile till you're stronger." Then to get you in trouble, come to me, or the one day he was allowed out, only to learn that there was no chance of his being sent

HAWAHAN'S GREAT FEASTS

Hubert felt that in all kindliness he had been deceived. He did not think of the kindliness, only of the lost opportunity, because he had never forgotten his promise to old John, and the good fat cook's words: We will be proud of you some day, as we are fond of you now." "How," the boy cried bitterly to the distant mountains, where his comrades were perhaps at that moment fighting, "how can you ever be proud of me if you keep me at the post like an old woman!"

He mourned one day in solitude, and the next the doctor indignantly learned that "little Hubert of the band" had borrowed a poney and a revolver from the colonel's son of his own age, and had ridden off at night with his beloved cornet and some hardtack and corned beef.

"The little rascal," said the good doctor, 'Now I begin to wish I had let him go with

the rest." Then they sent messengers to bring him back, but the wily Hube, riding hard by night and laying low by day, escaped them, so that the messengers came back themselves downcast, to be much abused by the worried doctor and all the women of the

He rode more swiftly than the column day, after resting his horse through the heat of noontide, he loped easily, close on sunset, over the grassy bluffs and hollows, the great waves of the foothills. To his of you, and for five years, anyway, he'll ears came the soud of distant firing ahead, clearly because of the great silence of the plains, yet turned to low sullenness by the distance. Hubert put spur to the plucky pony and his eyes shone with excitement, for at once it came to his mind that these were his comrades. For five minutes he galloped ahead excitedly, seeing nothing and straining his eyes from the top of each bluff into the dusky dimness of the swift-falling twilight. At last he reached the ridge of a bluff higher than the rest, and, as he did so, he heard a sound more alarming than that of rifle firing-the long, loud yell of Indians. In utter dismay at that horrible shoulders. The slope stretched smoothly downward for half a mile to the right and there was light enough yet for the boy to see what was happening. At the mouth of a creek which flowed from the mountains into a broader stream one army wagon rested and beneath it, protected by the two streams in their rear, a small party of soldiers had dug a rifle pit and were firing from it at a band of swiftly circling Indians, who, from their ponies, fired in turn on the besieged. Well indeed did Hube know the blue body of the wagon, the occasional glimpse of a blue coat in the rifle pit. and his active mind, well stored with legends of Indian fighting, arrived at the truth at once. That wagon had come from his own camp, probably to fetch something from the post, lightly guarded because the officers must have supposed the road between to be clear of Apaches, who fight in the passes of the hills. The little escort, beyond reach of help, had been darted upon by Indians and now?-now they were making an almost hopeless stand for their lives.

There was no possible way for the boy to signal the soldiers; if the Indians fell back they would certainly see him and get his scalp. There was but one thing to do, and that was to gallop for camp and send help. Luckily he knew the country. In a peaceful practice march he had been over the ground and judged the battalion to be twenty miles away.

He mounted, clapped spurs once more Indians, was nerved by fear to renewed speed and dashed away. They rode to westward, where the sun had just sunk and the sky was yet clear of shades of night, and, before Hubert was ahead of the Indians a clear half-mile, he had to mount a steep back, saw one or two Apaches detach themselves from the band and give chase. What had happened flashed upon the boy's mind. For a moment his figure had stood out against the sky line, clean cut and plainly Indian looked. Yet close upon the savage cry, almost mingling with it, came a tremendous encouraging Yankee shout, in a voice Hube knew well-the voice of old John. Faintly he heard the words: "Ride! Ride! sonny! For your life and ours!

Ride! He was off like an antelope, stooping low on his horse's neck like a cowboy, whispering encouragement to it, stroking its neck. Ride! He was away like a startled jack rabbit, up bluff, down hollow, across sandy stretches, scattering water of streams high overhead. Ride! Behind him he heard the crack of the well armed savage's rifle. the triumphant vell of the redskin as his fresher pony gained on the quarry. Ride! That yell, two yells in different voices sounded more closely, and crack!-again the rifle was fired.

In moments of deadliest peril some people's nerves fail them altogether; those of others become steadier than usual. Of the latter class were young Hubert's, luckily for him. Five, ten, fifteen miles the chase had continued, and in the night which had now descended, he knew that, if his face could have been seen, it would have been white as death. Yet his head was steady as he draw his revolver and fired, not widely, but desperately, to the rear, fired once, twice, thrice. The third cartridge was lucky. A scream of agony tore through the silent night, and Hube's keen ear thereafter detected the galloping of but one horse But that came nearer and nearer, and the have played, but in jerky, breathless, panting notes came the air of the song:

Comrades! Comrades when we At the first note the savage behind gave and the cries of friends, and in another minute Hubert was in the arms of his fellow soldiers, fainting, but able to tell them what was happening down the trail.

from the besieged rifle pit and openly blub-"- -I told you, Bert, in my son we-we-

we'd be proud of you," he said.

Soldier Shoots His Assailant. TAMPA, Fla., Aug. 17 .- An attempt has been made to assassinate Robert Bagman, Company C. Second Georgia volunteers. In defending himself, Bagman shot and mortally wounded his negro assailant. James Jeckson. Bagman recently received an anonymous letter informing him that he would be killed if he did not cease his attentions to a young woman of this city.

On leaving the young woman's home, Bag-man was attacked by the negro, who narrowly escaped stabbing him in the neck, As it is, the soldier's clothes were slashed and the skin scraped in two places. son is under surveillance, but Bagman has not been arrested. The officers of the regiment think that Jackson was hired to kill Bagman.

IMPERIAL

Surprises in Store for the Epicure in the Pearl of the Pacific.

FASCINATION OF THE WONDERFUL POI

Dusky Beauties Who Devour Raw Fish, Live Shrimps and Other Delicacies-The Semi-Monthly Feed.

Harmon E. Buckley, a former agent of a sugar cane company at Honolulu, now a resident of Pomona, Cal., told a correspondent of the New York Sun some instructive facts about the appetites and storage capacity of the latest Americans, residents of Hawaii, as well as the various delicacies they thrive on. "The diet of the natives," he said, "is one of the interesting things about them. What one eats indicates one's social standing in Hawaii. The aristocrats of Hawaii are the children of the missionaries who sailed from New England had marched. So it came that on the fourth around the Horn in the 30's and 40's, and took the gospel to the Kanakas. The natives were easily converted to Christianity and the Yankee missionaries and their young wives became so happy in the beautiful, fertile islands out in the Pacific that very few of them ever left the tropical paradise. Their children intermarried with the finest Kanaka children, and with the Yankee spirit of industry and invention they developed the sugar-cane industry of the island. A score of the sons of missionaries from Massachusetts and Connecticut are millionaires in Hawaii. Several are multimillionaires. The Bishop estate is reckoned at \$18,000,000. It was all made from cane sugar in thirty years.

"This part of the population dines on the best. Cases of oysters packed in ice come by every boat to the rich Americans in Honolulu from the Chesapeake. Hundreds of heads of celery are taken from Michigan to Hawaii every winter. Tons of California vegetables are consumed by Americans in the islands. The English residents have their roast beef, and they sometimes have to import it in cold storage from San Francisco. The thousands of Portuguese in Hawaii have dishes reeking in garlic and chilis, while the 5,000 Chinese regale themselves on rice and dried sharks' fins. The Japanese dine on poultry and a native vegetable like ancient squash. Every steamer from Hong Kong and Yokohama brings tons of products for the Orient. tables in the islands. For the Kanaka there is abundant poi-an edible that might pass for bill posters' paste five days old-dried and smoked squid, cooked seaweed, raw mullet, dog roasted in ti leaves and a combustible drink made from the fermentation of a root. From all this provender, native and foreign, the kitchens of Honolulu are able to make a discriminating choice which gives the bills of fare at some entertain-

ments a peculiar piquancy.

Great Eaters. "The natives of the Hawaiian islands are famous eaters. They have a feast-or more properly speaking a feed-on every possible ccasion. And it is truly marvellous what quantities of food they can stuff into themselves without physical injury. A custom from time immemorial among the Kanakas s to have a lunu-an enormous feast-about once every fortnight. King Kalakana used the pony, who now, at smell and sound of to have the most gorgeous luaus in the memory of the oldest natives in Honolulu. The average native would go without his grass but and clothes rather than forego a friends two or three times a month. The hardest work I have ever seen a Kanaka do how astonished he looked in spite of his incline. Suddenly he heard behind him a has been in preparing for a luau, and some efforts to appear unmoved when a very yell of surpise and anger, and, glancing hard work must always be done in getting handsome, jolly young woman opposite him ready for a luau that is a luau.

"These feasts are usually served in the open air. At the royal palace they took place in a great banquet hall. The gorging is almost always accompanied by music on visible, and in that moment a keen-eyed guitars and a peculiar native stringed instrument, like a crude 'cello. The meal is served on the grass. Ti leaves, a variety of huge lilies, are used as tablecloths. The food is heaped on the ti leaves before the feasters come, and there is no passing of food to the guests. Each person at the luau sits cross-legged. Turkish fashion, on elegantly woven grass mats about the edge of the area of ti leaves and food. The meal is in one course, and the feaster eats as he likes. There are no knives or forks. One's fingers are good enough for dining purposes at a luau. The feast usually continues several hours. The fattest Kanakas can sit with their legs doubled up beneath them all day and night and never have a suggestion of an ache, but it is positive torture to an American or European who is eating his first luau, when the feast has progressed about an hour. I have seen many a portly American who wished to be polite perspire with pain while he forced smiles and tried to be agreeable during his Kanaka host's elaborate luau. Robert Louis Stevenson took as naturally to the customs of the lunu as any paleface I have ever known. The people of the South Pacific had a wonderful fascination for him, and he loved to see them at their feasts. He used to say that the Kanaka was seen and studied best at a luau, and I believe Stevenson was right. I have known several Americans to be as thoroughly lamed by sitting at a luau as if they had been horseback riding for the first time.

Ment a Rarity. "Meat is seldom eaten by the Kanakas foolish moon arose, so that Hubert, urging and is seldom served at a luau, unless the as I learned to my cost on tasting it raw, from your finger. Your mind is all alert his loud-sobbing pony on, knew that he was Americans predominate. Fish is served in bites the throat like horseradish. The low- and you are very watchful of your every a better mark for his foe. Slung behind abundance. The waters of the blue ocean land taro is the chief vegetable in the sensation. You wender how any one could him by a cord hung the boy's loved cornet. all about the Hawaiian islands teem with a island, and in early days constituted the hanker for such vile, clammy, cold, stale There had been a favorite popular air he score of varieties of muliet and mackerel, natives' principal crop. When cooked it as- stuff. But the stuff has gone down, and often played on it for the soldiers in bar- and the Kanakas have an inordinate liking sumes a mottled gray and white apeparance. you have eaten your first poi. It leaves racks. He did not know how far he was for fish. A peculiar thing about the Kanakas very like the lava rock that abounds on the behind a taste of stale yeast. It can be yet from camp, but some instinct told him is their fondness for raw and half-baked islands. The process of manufacturing poi traced by a track of warmness the full to cry for aid. He swung the cornet round fish. I have seen the late King Kalakaua is quite long, and has been in vogue hun- length of the oesophagus and a peculiar and put it to his lips. Not as he might munch the flesh of a mullet that had been dreds of years in the islands. A glow about your stomach. swimming three minutes before. The largest fish in Hawaiian waters is a species of shark. It holds the place of honor at a big luau, just as a turkey does at an American a howl of alarmed surprise and fired twice. Thanksgiving dinner. It is cooked about ten Hubert felt a sharp sting in his side and minutes only. Then the tough skin is peeled dropped from his saddle. He expected the off, and the steaming, odoriferous flesh is knife of the Apache, but it never came, for cut up and put on il leaves for the feasters. the frightened Indian at that unexpected Small raw fishes of the mullet family are sound gave up the chase. From a ravine a delicacy at a Kanaka luau. It has often away to the left, however, came amazed and tried the nerves of an American guest at one cheering shouts, then the galloping of horses of these feasts to see a gorgeously decked young Kanaka woman reach into one of the wooden bowls of water arranged at intervals about the ti leaves, and snatching therefrom a writhing mullet about twice the size of a Next day came old John of the band safe sardine, bite off its head and munch the fish old-fashioned, crude pot-making ways are Thousands of good Americans have trodden down. Often a half dozen live mullets from passing away. The poor backwoods natives the same downward path to heathenish diet an aquarium are eaten by each individual still make their own poi. When the mass before you. If you go about Honolulu you at a luau. Some of the more dainty Kan- is thoroughly beaten and smoothed, it is will see your acquaintances in the restauaka women who have observed the expresnow, and will content themselves by rolling or three days until it begins to ferment, again. You think about it by day and night it under their tongues.

estate where squids were grown for the process until all have disappeared. money there was in the sale of them and for

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

1310 Harney St.

FIRE SALE OF

CLOTHING

The greatest sale on record—the entire stock of the National Clothing Co., that was damaged slightly by smoke and water, will be sold for the small amount of 25c on the dollar. Everything must go regardless of value. The only place where they sell everything as advertised.

NOW ON SALE.

## Men's Suits.

\$18	men's	suits,	sizes	34	to	44\$	6.75	
\$16	men's	suits.	sizes	34	to	44	6.00	
\$15	men's	suits,	sizes	34	to	44	5.00	
\$12	men's	suits.	sizes	34	to	44	4.50	
\$10	men's	suits,	sizes	34	to	44	3.25	
				_				

## Men's Pants.

\$1.75 men's	pants,	all sizes	90c
\$2.50 men's	pants.	all sizes	\$ 1.15
\$3.00 men's	pants,	all sizes	 1.35
\$4.00 men's	pants,	all sizes	1.65
\$5.50 men's	pants,	all sizes,	2.25

### Summer Coats and Vests.

50c men's summer coatssizes 34	10c
\$1 men's luster coats	35c
	1.35
\$4 men's luster coats and vests "	1.50
\$6 men's luster coats and vests "	2.00

### Man'a Hata

men's Hats.	
5c men's hats, all sizes	25c
1 men's hats, all sizes	
1.50 men's hats, all sizes	
2.00 men's hats, all sizes	
3 men's hats, all sizes	

# Now on Sale at 1310 Harney Street

Next Door to Trocadero.

lips of every one who looks upon the fish. | more than the hart panteth after any water leaves by strings attached to small weights.

Dainties for Dusky Belles.

"Raw shrimps are a luxury also in the Kanaka diet. They are never prepared there by boiling. It takes some nerve to see a bewitching native girl in gay-colored muslin, with a wreath of flowers about her shoulders and prodigious hirsute decorations, put her swart hand into a wooden bowl of shrimps and bring forth a handful of tiny, wriggling creatures and stuff them in her by the Princess Liliuokalani (later queen) when Robert Louis Stevenson had his first grabbed a mass of live shrimps and stuffed a handful into her mouth with unmistakable evidence of relish. Dried seaweed, chopped with a savory sauce of peppers and served as a salad, is another entree. Then there are dozens of fruits served in many ways on the ti leaves. Gin and a mixture of

milk, water and gin are the drinks. "But then there is the poi. That deserves that can be compared to poi. It is unknown outside of the Hawaiian islands, and nothing what poi is. Long before the steamer from San Francisco reaches Honolulu harbor the initiated begin to say: "'Well, the day after tomorrow at this

time you will be eating poi." "You hear it on every side, until at last

you begin to look forward with eagerness with a twirl only acquired by long practice to your introduction to pol. Not that you withdraws them loaded with a huge 'gob' know what poi is. No one ever tells you of the compound, which is at once transthat. It is deemed sufficient for you to ferred to his mouth and swallowed, his counknow that pol is, and you are forced to tenance assuming, meantime, an expression content yourself with rosy dreams of the of bentitude. You do not know what exgustatory delights awaiting you.

the Hawaiian islands, and there it may be

found in the water at the edge of ponds. It has a big green leaf like a lily. The name of the man who invented pol from tively you dip a foreinger into the pearly taro is lost in the murk of years. May be gray mass and gather on the finger end a rest in sweet sleep wherever he lies, for wad of poi as one would thin paste. A he has brought joy to the hearts and sour, dank smell greets your nostrils as the stomachs of thousands of his fellow men stuff nears your mouth. You are in for a and women. There is an upland taro trial of the pol, however, and so you close cultivated in the mountains by the natives your eyes and by a supreme effort open which has a more decided taste and which, your mouth and quickly suck the substance great hole is dug in the ground, and into "If you are very stout hearted you may this the taro roots are placed around piles eat a few more dabs of pot from the Its weight is generally about thirty pounds. of hot stones. The earth is then heaped calabash, but not one in ten does that over the place and the taro left to steam. You feel sorry that you have disappointed When the taro is thoroughly cooked, which the jovial Kanaka who has stood by so often takes several hours, the roots are dug expectantly waiting for you to express your out again, peeled and put into a huge stone praises of the wonderful poi. receptacle, in which they are pounded into a pulp. This work is performed by the your thoughts from the expression on your men. It is an arduous task, and on a hot face, 'you no like poi now. You like him day (and nearly all days are hot in the all same tomorrow or next day. I know, I islands), the pounding of poi is a scene over | know,' which it is advisable to draw a veil. Yankee Skill On Pot.

mixed with water to the proper consistency- rants and hotels dip into their calabashes sions of amazement on the faces of the about like good thick paste-strained and hear them expatiating on the delights sions of amazement on the inces of the about through a coarse cloth and set away for two of poi, and you begin to aspire to faste when it is ready to be eaten. It then tastes and at last you venture. Before you are "Live squid is partaken of at a luau as a a little like buttermilk, and is very nutriti- aware of it you are calling for the Kanaka sort of entree. The fish is not easily caught, ous and wholesome. The natives eat it by poi at every meal, and you wonder how and is, therefore, a delicacy. There are the gallon. Give the average native a big many millions of dollars could be made by squid epicures among the Kanakas, just as pot of pol, half a dozen raw fish and a bottle the man who should successfully introduce there are terrapin epicures in New York of gin and you may have the kingdom and poi into the United States. It is extraorand Baltimore. On the island of Kauai there the rest of the earth as well. He will squat dinary how one finds so many excuses for are dozens of great ponds of sait water upon the ground, break the head off one of poi. You take poi for an appetizer, you where squids—a small species of the cutile- the fish, take a bite from its raw side, pack use it as a top dressing after dessert, you fish-are cultivated. Ex-Queen Liliuokalani it in a mouthful of poi and wash the whole ballast with it before eating, you use it had a pond some two acres in area on her down with a swallow of gin, and repeat the for broken storage to make other viands

"Every Kanaka in Hawaii eats poi, from you eat a little poi to tone up your palate. her own native feasts. The squid that the the ex-queen to the poorest peasant. There If you are out of sorts or under the weather natives like is a dank, slimy, squirming are dozens of ways of serving pol. One of the you take a little pol for your stomach's thing, with a strong fishy smell and a great most satisfactory is the poi cocktail. An sake. It is useful as an eye opener in the staring eye. Hold a live squid up before an army of tourists who have been in Hono- morning, it serves admirably as a nightcap assemblage of Kanakas and the effect is lulu have returned to their native heaths on retiring, it takes the place of afternoon DRY. magical. You will see a movement of the with souls panting after pol cocktails, even tea, and tiffin is incomplete without pol. the world for bowel complaints.

At a luau the squids are held upon the ti brook. For cocktail is a marvellous decoction, manufactured in this way: The artist A feaster will reach over now and then and takes a tall glass, and a tiny bunch of break off a tentacle from a squid, and while | bruised pepermint goes in also; a teaspoonthe poor creature doubles and expands in ful of sugar follows; then come two heaping pain at its dismemberment, the Kanaka will tablespoonfuls of poi, along with a dash of chew the meat down with a grin of pleasure. absinthe. The big glass is next filled with seltzer water, and the artist behind the bar may gaze with admiration on the work of man. King Kalakana used to insist upon the addition of a preserved cherry or strawberry to his poi cocktail, and Robert Louis Stevenson used to have a little vermouth in his. But such artistic effects take time and the average man cannot well stand and watch the careful labors of the mixing artist long enough. Indeed, you will see the mouth. I remember being at a luau given bar even while the artist is putting on the final touches. Poi from tare is not intoxicatluan with his big family or a company of introduction to the love of raw fish by the How it comes by its rehabilitating and twice Kanakas. I smile still at the memory of blessed power to stimulate downtrodden man no one can tell. Nevertheless, it is there, There are one or two places in San Francisco where pot cocktails may be obtained, and men who have been to the islands and feel its need call for it, but to the mass of people on the Pacific coast its beneficent qualities are little known. It is one of the many

cases wherein travel is an education. "When one has been in Honolulu several days and has heard the virtues of pol talked on every hand, his curiosity is roused. Then you will wander into one of the many little whole chapter to itself. In all the range restaurants in the city, and artfully ask of foods of the human race there is nothing for pol as if you were a veteran at that article of diet. Then there is brought to you a wooden bowl, known among the can ever be devised that will fill the place Kanakas as a calabash, containing a queer of poi in the diet of the Kanakas. Every looking, grayish, sticky compound. You are one who has ever been in Honolulu knows sure to regard it askance and ask for a spoon, but are told it is to be eaten with the fingers.

"Why, no one could take that stuff up in their fingers! you gasp.

"'Oh, yes; just see,' and into a companion dish your instructor dips two fingers, and pression may have taken its abode upon "Pol is made from taro, and taro is a your visage, but you know your principal tuber, like our potatoes. It grows only in sensation is one of Simon Pure horror,

"Then comes your turn to try poi. Tenta-

" 'Oh, never mind,' he says, as he reads

"Of course you know better than that, You've had your fill for a lifetime. If, however, you give in to the quasi hankering for "Yankee invention has taught the Kanakas another trial of pol a few days inter how to make poi wholesale, so that the are a poi epicure from that time forth. ride easy. If your food doesn't taste good,

50c men's summer coats	to 44	10c
\$1 men's luster coats	13	35c
\$2.75 men's luster coats \$\times_{Ests}^{ND}\$	4.4	\$ 1.35
\$4 men's luster coats and vests	4.6	1,50
\$6 men's luster coats and vests	4.4	2.00

men's nats.	
e men's hats, all sizes	25c
men's hats. all sizes	40c
.50 men's hats, all sizes	
.00 men's hats, all sizes	75c
men's hats, all sizes\$	

FIRE! FIRE!

1310

## GOOK REMEDY CO. POISON

Cured in 15 to 35 Days.

IF YOU HAVE

## **BLOOD POISON**

We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This discuss has always baffed the skill of the most eminent physicians. on epilention. 100 page Book sent from Address COOK REMEDY CO., 1491 Masonio Temple, Chicago, Ill.

COOK REMEDY CO

Guarantee to cure speedily and radi-cally all NERVOUS, CHRONIC AND

CONSULTATION FREE. Stricture and Gleet at Home new method without pain or cutting.
If on or address with stamp. Treatment mail. DRS, SEARLES & SEARLES, SMILLS, NEWS

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY ALL DRUCCISTS.

In a word, you have contracted the pol Then becomes the expert period of your levelopment as a pot eater. You begin to snow that there is pot and pot. You talk learnedly on pol as one of the great intitutions of the world and wonder how the world at large has done so long without it. You become particular as to the shape and appearance of your restaurant calabash and finally purchase one after your own taste. You regard with disfavor the blunders of inexpert pol eaters. It is not considered elegant to use more than two fingers in enting it or to put any of it on the edges of the calabash or drop any of t in transit. You acquire a scientific twiri of the fingers in gathering up your mouth-

ful and an airy grace in conveying it to your mouth."

It is not always best to wait until it is ceded before buying a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Quite frequently the remedy is required in the very busiest season or in the night and much inconvenience and suffering must be borne before it can be obtained. It costs but a triffe as compared with its real worth and every family can well afford to keep it in their home. It is everywhere acknowl-edged to be the most successful medicine in