

bows a little, slim individual, clad in a white duck uniform, the while he was tugging at an immense, fierce Emperor William moustache. "That's him." "Ain't he a peach?" "Get onto that moustache, will you?" "I'll bet a dollar he's goin' to soak us," were some of the preliminary expressions which were heard and which were increased and turned into personal abuse to such an extent that if the words could have taken effect they surely must have ripped him up one side and down another.

As it was, I was afraid that he would guess what we had been saying about him and soak it to us, on general principles. At last he was on deck, and, after a short confab with the captain, we were all lined up on deck in two long files, every mother's son of us, passengers and crew, from the captain down, and a good many of the ladies, in fear and trembling, as I will explain later on. Then his nibs started slowly down the long lines, looking at each one, from head to foot, and would say to every third or fourth person in a sharp, quick voice: "Run out your tongue," "roll up your eyes," or "let's feel your pulse." After he had done this, he stood at the head of the two lines and made every one pass by him in single file. I suppose this was to find out if anyone had the blind staggers; at any rate, we all passed muster and were told that we could go ashore. Before the inspection commenced some joker started the story that everybody would have to show their new vaccination mark and as most of the ladies had chosen to be vaccinated on some part of their nether limbs, there was consequently a good deal of consternation in their midst.

Again the piston rods commenced to chug in their cylinders, and the immense propeller to churn the blue water into a white foam and under the guidance of the patriarchal pilot our big transport slowly felt her way through the opening in the coral reef into the small harbor of Honolulu, that beautiful tropical paradise of a city, which was the capital of a dynasty of dusky kings during a century next pre-

ceding the American annexation. How different our feelings from those of half an hour since! How changed to our sight appeared the beauties of nature in this garden of Eden, which a few minutes before had been dwarfed and concealed by the dread anticipation of a possible quarantine. Everything seemed beautiful and joyful and kind and sweet. Everything seemed to beckon us on, bidding us to come and tarry and be welcome to this beautiful tropical gem which has for its setting the blue waters of the big Pacific.

Our vessel carefully pushed her steel nose through the transparent water, searing up hundreds of flying fish, which seemed to say "Aloha," (which is the Hawaiian word for welcome) and down below we could see myriads of gold and red and many colored beauties sporting amongst the coral which appeared to look up and whisper "Aloha"; the big rollers breaking over the reef seemed to roar "Aloha," as they sped on toward the beach, and "Aloha," seemed to murmur the stately cocoanut palms, as they swayed in the tropical breeze and nodded their royal heads.

We had no sooner tied up at the dock than everyone went ashore to stretch his legs and have a look around. I popped on to Wade Thayer in front of the postoffice, and took supper with him that evening at his house which he has together with half a dozen other young fellows who make up a nice congenial crowd of young fellows. You will remember Wade as a Howe grammar school friend of mine. I also saw Dena Loomis, and Guy Gere, taking lunch with them one day. Dena looks just the same and I think is quite contented where she is. We remained in Honolulu two days and I don't remember of ever having passed two days more pleasantly or enjoyably than I did in that most beautiful and enchanting spot, where it is continual summer and where the tropical vegetation and foliage surpass in luxuriance and beauty anything I have ever seen in Mexico, and to describe which is utterly beyond me. The first day spent there was my

birthday and I did my best to celebrate it in accordance with my custom and as the circumstances would permit of. We took the electric road in the morning and went up to Pacific Heights, which rises to a thousand feet directly back of the city, and affords a fine view of same, with the harbor and shore on each side. On the summit of the heights we found a Japanese tea house, where they served exquisite, finely flavored tea at a most ridiculously low price, the only cheap thing that we found in Honolulu. In the afternoon we went to the famous bathing resort known as Waikiki Beach, which is located just three miles from the harbor and which affords finer surf bathing than any to be had any place on the Atlantic coast. The coral reef is about a quarter of a mile out and there is where the big rollers start to come in, curling their foamy crests with a hiss and a roar as if they would swallow everything up, but a duck or dive under, and when you come up your would-be destroyer has wasted his force on the sandy beach. We spent most of our spare time surf bathing, just coming to the ship for our meals, and as there was a full moon the evenings were not lost either.

It was here that, owing to the admirable surf, I was able to taste of and enjoy that king of exhilarating sports, surf riding, which I used to read about in my geography and see illustrated in the shape of a Malay standing upright on a board and coming shoreward on the top of a wave; only I did not do it on a board, but in a canoe about twenty feet long by about eighteen inches in width, with a sturdy Kanaka in each end, while the rest of us were seated in the intervening space, each with a paddle, for in this exciting and rare sport everyone has to paddle like a good fellow or be swamped. We paddle out near the reef where the big rollers commence to come in, and wait for a good one with whiskers on it. The bow of our canoe is pointed shoreward and when the foamy crest of the breaker is within a hundred feet of us everybody bends his back and paddles with all his

might, the object being to gain sufficient momentum so that the roller will carry us with it in place of passing under or over us, the latter of which is very liable to happen. But we have caught it just right, or rather, it has caught us, and tosses us around like a chip and drives us on before it with the speed of the wind. We novices drop our paddles in the canoe and hang on for dear life, for the canoe has taken a dangerous position, with the prow cutting through the water like a knife, and the front man just buried in spray, while the one in the stern is having the same experience with the foamy crest of the breaker which literally hangs over him. Here is where the skill of the canoe men is seen in keeping the canoe headed straight, for ever so slight a swerve to right or left means half an hour in the water struggling with the rollers. Onward we speed, like a streak of lightning, blinded by the spray, and breathless from the speed, until in less time than it takes to tell we have beached our canoe, backed again into the water with the receding wave, turned around and headed again for the reef to repeat the performance. The way the Kanakas handle a canoe in that surf is something marvelous, and the speed at which the canoe goes is almost incredible and you will hardly believe me when I tell you that it took us just twenty seconds to travel the quarter of a mile from reef to shore.

The second trip we were turned over and swamped, just as we were starting, by an unusually large wave and it took half an hour to get ourselves and the canoe to the beach. However, out we went again, and kept it up the whole afternoon, until we were too tired to paddle more. As a boy I have ridden down hill and over icy roads at the top of my pony's speed, expecting every minute to break my neck; I have coasted down hill on a bob-sled, and a toboggan, have raced down a swift river on a log or a cake of ice early in the spring, have shot the chutes and indulged in all the sports and pastimes known to the average

FitzGerald
DRY GOODS CO.

THE PROGRESSIVE STORE

FitzGerald
DRY GOODS CO.

Lincoln's Foremost Dress Goods Department Special Offers

Materials for Walking Skirts, Fine Dresses, Silk and Wool Waists, Etc.

Colored Suitings for Walking Skirts and Dresses

... Fashionable Long Coats ...



- 54 inch all wool Suitings, to be made up without lining, extra heavy, per yard, 75c
- \$2.00 sponged and shrunk Suiting in grays, browns, and greens, per yard, \$1.49
- \$1.75 camel's hair Canvas Cloth, one of the latest weaves, in all the latest colors, 54 inches wide, all wool, very special, per yard, 98c
- 54 inch Cheviots, Clay Worsteds, Venetians, Broadcloths, and fancy weaves, \$1.25 grades, per yard, 95c

Lining Department

- VERY SPECIAL—Fifty Petticoat patterns in mercerized fancy figures and stripes, worth to \$1.75, pattern 98c
- 10c Peraline and Silesia 8c
- 12c Peraline and Silesia 10c
- 15c Peraline and Silesia 12c
- 25c Peraline and Silesia 20c
- 35c Peraline and Silesia 25c

Black Dress Goods Linings Free

150 Skirt Patterns in all the latest black fabrics of the season, in lengths of 3/4 to 4 yards to a pattern, to be sold complete with 6 yards best Kid Cambric and 1/2 yard dress facing. Price of patterns, \$1.50, 1.98, 2.49, 2.98, 3.48, 3.98, 4.48, 4.98

54 inch Tailor's Suitings in black, to be made up with or without linings. Special, at per yard, 75c, 95c, \$1.25, 1.49, 1.75, to 2.49

Priestley's celebrated black Dress Goods cost no more than the inferior makes. A splendid assortment of weaves, per yard, . . . 75c, 95c, \$1.25, 1.35, 1.49, to \$2.49

- Women's Raglans in the loose, half-fitted, and yoke effects, in all the new materials and colors, \$16.50, 18.50, to \$25.00
- Women's Newmarkets, plain, tailor made, swell, very up-to-date, \$20.00 to \$25.00
- 42 inch Jackets for women, extra fine Kersey, special strap trimming, Skinner satin lined, all colors, \$17.50
- Women's Box Coats, in all wool Kersey cloth, in tan and castor color, 50 inches long, extra fine tailoring, Skinner satin lined, \$20.00



Silks for Waists, Dresses, Etc.

- \$1.50 quality "FitzGerald" guaranteed Taffeta Silk, yard, \$1.25
- \$1.15 regular quality guaranteed Black Taffeta, yard, 85c
- 36 in. Black Taffeta, yard, 95c, \$1.25, and \$1.49
- 27 in. Black Taffeta, yard, 59c, 65c, 75c, and 85c
- Black Brussels Net, for evening dresses, 45 inches, yard, 75c, 98c, \$1.25, and \$1.49
- Sappho Silks, the latest silk for evening dresses—the New York rage—exclusive with us in Lincoln; a very swell silk and only, yard, 98c