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HAWAII

Five Short Stories

Hawaii

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- **Title Page**
- **From the Publisher**
- 1 A Plot for a Crown**
- 2 The Breath of Pélé**
- 3 The Man from Maui**
- 4 Prince Kailulino**
- 5 Old Manson's Sin**
- **Credits**

Hawaii

Five Short Stories

by Joseph A. Altsheler



From the Publisher

This is a collection of five short stories.

They each involve Hawaii. One was written in 1899, and the remaining four were written in 1903.

They are bound together in this book for the convenience of the reader.



A Plot for a Crown

I met them one evening in the billiard room of the hotel. I had become acquainted earlier in the day with a sugar planter from Kauai, down for a short fling in Honolulu. We sat on the Veranda talking south sea talk and slapping at mosquitoes until we became very thirsty. Then we went down to the bar in the basement, and when we had smoothed our throats with a milk punch apiece we strolled into the billiard room. There we saw the three—Conway, the Englishman; Mortimer, the American, and Hughes, the Canadian. Conway and Mortimer were playing billiards, and Hughes was playing critic, declaring with frequent and unnecessary emphasis that if poorer men with a cue lived he had never seen them.

I had heard of them before. The China boy who took care of my room and examined all my property in minutest detail, but never took anything, had given me some hint of them,

declaring with much display of the whites of his eyes that “they heap big devils in their own countree.” I had listened also to some hints from more authentic sources, and hence I viewed the three with interest

As I have said, Conway was English, excessively English, I may add, with an air that would have become the younger son of a nobleman; Mortimer talked much and loudly, and Hughes, as became his Canadian birthright, tried to look like an Englishman and failed.

My friend from Kauai had heard nothing about these men, and they failed to interest him. He leaned back in his high chair and, the milk punch acting as a becoming nightcap, fell fast asleep. I sat beside him and kept my eye on the billiard players and their friend. Mortimer, true to his nationality, was doing the most talking and in nowise was loath to tell about himself. He was the son of a rich merchant in St. Louis, who, fearing that he was falling; into dissipated ways, had sent him down to Honolulu, where he would be out of the way of temptation.

“Out of the way of temptation!” said Hughes.

“Good Lord!”

Then all three laughed, each in his own fashion, and I, who knew Honolulu so well, laughed also, though, silently. The big planter from Kauai snored, and his sleeping face crinkled into a smile as if he were dreaming that the price of raw sugar had gone up a cent a pound in the San Francisco market.

I could not help hearing what the three men said. Nor was there any reason why I should feel like an eavesdropper, for they talked to the universe of which I was a humble part.

“Yes, it’s a failure,” said Mortimer, poising his cue across his hand. “It’s been tried in the United States, and it doesn’t work. It’s too cheap and nasty. People want titles and decorations and things of that sort, handles to their names, something they can see and have other people to see. That’s what a man needs to rule with—hunks of meat that he can throw to the animals you know and keep ’em quiet.”

“You’re right,” said Conway. “England knows all about it. We tried democracy there once—

Cromwell's time, you know. One man said he was good as another, but wasn't. Cromwell made himself dictator. Cromwell died. People must have kings and princes back. Couldn't get along without 'em. Masses must have something to bow to. Couldn't bow to each other. Same thing in France when Bonaparte was master. Same thing will be everywhere."

"Only think," said Hughes, "how much is awaiting those in republican countries who have the keenness to foresee the result and the boldness and the diligence to prepare for it!"

"You mean that to the victor belong the spoils—eh, Hughes, my boy?" said Mortimer. "I guess you've hit it, and a man who thinks much of himself ought to prepare for victory."

The assertions of the American interested me. It was commonplace for an Englishman or a Canadian to attack democracy, though both live under it, and praise the divine right of kings, but never before had I heard an American do so.

But at this point the three ceased to address the universe and talked only to each other. That being

the case, I felt that I no longer had a right to listen. I waked up the planter from Kauai, and we went off to bed just as the three ordered cocktails —“and be sure there is plenty of whisky in ’em, barkeeper.”

The next morning my China boy showed me a silver dollar Mortimer, the American, had given him as a tip. “He velly good man,” he said, ringing the coin to show that it was real. “He rich as mandarin.” When I went out on the piazza, the three were there, all attired in white duck and bearing themselves with the dignity of the royal born. I also sat on the piazza, which was not forbidden to plebeians, and presently Hughes, who was the least haughty of the three and content at times to shine in the reflected light of Conway, spoke to me.

“Fine view,” he said, pointing to the sea.

It was not especially fine, merely an expanse of salt water that makes one seasick, but I admitted that it was fine, and, being coparceners in the lie, the way to conversation was opened. I was introduced to the others, and they graciously admitted me to their circle.



Fine view of the sea

“Business or pleasure?” asked Conway briefly.

“A little of both,” I replied.

“Humph! I don’t know about business,” said Conway. “Never befuddled my mind with it, at least not the sort you mean.

But this ought to be a good place for business of a more important kind—affairs, I should call them.”

He stopped and looked significantly at the palace, gleaming white amid the green foliage. Then he whistled a note or two. Mortimer and Hughes also whistled a note or two and looked at each other with much meaning. I was puzzled.

“I don’t understand your allusions, gentlemen,” I said.

“Didn’t intend you should understand them.

Beg pardon. No offense meant,” said Conway. “Merely a little secret of ours. We are here for pleasure, nothing but pleasure. Are we not, boys?”

“Why, of course,” said Mortimer.

“We want to loaf and rest, rest and loaf, and look at the tropical scenery and the brown Hawaiian girls in their white holohus. Honolulu is a great place for tourists to come and idle away their time.”

“But if ripened fruit falls into the hands of an idler there is no reason why he should cast it away,” said Conway.

I assented very heartily to the proposition and hoped that Conway would tell more, but Mortimer skillfully conducted the conversation away to the possibilities of Hawaii as a coffee growing country, a subject that we debated with logic and force increased by the fact that none of us knew anything about it.

Two or three days later I saw them going out in very gorgeous evening dress, and as I chanced to stay up very late that night I was at the hotel

when they returned. They were smoking cigarettes and were in a state of jubilation. Mortimer rattled some silver into the palm of the cab driver, and when all three, arm in arm, came up the steps of the piazza they saw me.

“Hello, old boy!” exclaimed Mortimer jovially. “Come down to the bar and have a milk punch with us. No reason why we shouldn’t be jolly, is there, fellows?”

“No reason at all,” said Hughes, “especially when things are going so well with us. What will they say of this in America and England—eh, lads?”

“Say,” echoed Conway, “they can’t say anything except that we are true bloods and worthy to wear what we may win. But now for the milk punches, fellows, and after them something a little stronger.”

We drank the milk punches and after them “something stronger,” which was a curious foamy drink infused with the strong gin that the Kanakas love. It set the little wheels that lie in the top of the head close to the skull buzzing with great zeal

and enthusiasm, and our affection for each other increased at once. Mortimer made the barkeeper fill up the glasses again. Then he lifted his own glass to the level of his eyes and watched the white foam on the surface.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “let us drink to the success of a great enterprise that shall be nameless for the moment. Gentlemen, only those who do and dare deserve to win, and to such we will drink.”

The machinery in my head buzzed furiously and occasionally creaked, but I did not mean to be less enterprising than they, and I drank to the success of the great and nameless enterprise. The warmth I showed seemed to increase their confidence in me. We took another drink and became brothers.

“You’re a gentleman and a good fellow,” said Conway, putting his hand upon my shoulder. “Haven’t seen a finer since I came to the islands.”

“So he is,” said Mortimer, “and he ought to be one of us. We need good men in our business, don’t we—eh, Hughes?”

He slapped Hughes vigorously on the back, and the Canadian, returning the blow, smiled most meaningly.

I thanked them and asked to be initiated.

“You can keep a secret?” asked Mortimer

I assured him that I could. This seemed to satisfy them, and Mortimer asked me to come to their apartments. They had three connecting rooms in the hotel, and they bowed me into the first, following and locking the door.

“Don’t be surprised at our furniture,” said Mortimer, turning on the electric lights, which always seemed to me to be out of place in tropical islands.

I found myself surrounded by kings and queens and princes and princesses. They stared at me from all the walls—John, Edward, James, Charles, Catherine, Mary, Elizabeth—through the numbers from one up, like the houses in a street.

“Merely a little fad of ours,” said Conway, pointing at the pictures. “Royal folks they, but most of ’em dead and gone. Want to get used to their company. Nothing like habit to put one at

ease in loftiest station.”

Hughes mixed another vigorous drink for us and soon afterward I noticed that the royal pictures had doubled in number, but I would not allow the circumstances to divert my attention just then from the matter in hand. They produced cigars, and we began to smoke. The others looked toward Mortimer as if he were to be spokesman, and the American took his time. He blew up rings of smoke and watched them until they dissipated themselves against the ceiling. Presently he asked me if I would give my sacred word of honor as a gentleman to keep secret all that he might say to me. I assured him I would. He began to blow up the rings of smoke again, and I would have grown impatient, but I was convinced that Charles I of England and Catherine the Great of Russia were trying to flirt with each other from wall to wall, and my eyes would rest upon them.

“Would you like to be a king?” Mortimer suddenly asked me.

“I—I don’t know,” I replied, surprised at his question. “Give me time to think about it.”

I was looking just then at Charles I and remembered his fate. I felt of my head doubtfully.

“It doesn’t matter,” said Mortimer briefly, “for we don’t mean for you to have a throne. Conway already has a double mortgage on that place. But if you stood by us like a hero we might make you a prince.”

“Or a duke at any rate,” said Hughes. “You know I’m to be a prince.”

I thought Hughes was becoming a little jealous of me, and I determined to give him more cause.

“If I can’t be a prince,” I said, “I won’t be anything. If I’m to join your party, I won’t be the lowest in rank.”

“Don’t quarrel over questions of precedence,” said Conway. “It’s bad form. Both of you shall be princes as sure as I’m to sit on a throne.”

He spoke with great emphasis, and Charles I seemed to wink at me from the wall. I asked again to be initiated, for as yet I had merely the vaguest sort of notion of their plans.

“It’s short and sweet,” said Conway. “I mean to be king of Hawaii, Mortimer’s to be prime

minister, and Hughes is to be commander in chief of the army. All arranged. We're tired of being commoners and propose to cut the old life double quick."

"And a pretty little kingdom it will be, and not so very little either," said Mortimer—"as big as Massachusetts or Wales and nearly as big as Holland or Belgium, quite enough for a small crowd of good fellows. Is there any particular place that you want?"

I had several things in mind, but I thought it best not to be too hasty, as Charles I, with the prodigious ruffles around his throat, continually bobbed up before me.

"I can wait a bit on that," I said. "But you seem to dispose of the whole thing in easy fashion. How are you to become king, Mr. Conway?"

"By the easiest and most gentlemanly of all devices—by marriage," said Mortimer, speaking for Conway. "Conway is a handsome fellow, with dignity and grace. Don't blush, Conway. It's true, and I merely mention it in order to explain myself. Though a commoner in England, he has

the royal blood of the Normans in his veins, and no one is more fit to be a king. The queen of Hawaii has no children. The heir to the throne is a very young girl going to school in Germany. Conway will go over there, marry her and become king, and we will be the chief props of his throne. It will all be peaceful. There will be no revolution. Could there be a finer plot for a crown?"

"The plot's all right," I said, "but I'm not so sure of the execution."

"We haven't a doubt," replied Mortimer. "It's by great deeds that men become great. We've arranged all, and it can't possibly go wrong, can it, boys?"

Both Conway and Hughes replied with great emphasis that it couldn't. They seemed to be in a state of perfect satisfaction. They leaned their heads back and calmly blew the smoke of their cigars upward, which, I take it, is always evidence of a contented mind.

"As you say, Mortimer," remarked Conway presently, "it's a pretty kingdom as it stands—

large enough; not too large; ideal climate; tractable population; no concert of the powers; no eastern question to look after; nothing to do but have a good time; most desirable throne I know of; Mortimer prime minister; no neighboring countries to quarrel with; nothing for prime minister to do but have good time; Hughes commander in chief of army; nobody to fight; nothing for commander in chief to do but have good time. Great plot, by Jove!”

“But what will you do with the whites?” I asked. “There is a large white population here, you know.”

“Oh, missionaries and traders and their sons and grandsons!” said Conway. “We won’t hurt them. I’ll extend my protecting arm over them, and they can go on with their missions and their trading. My kingdom must have revenues.”

I heard a very gentle footfall in the hall outside and raised my hand as a hint for silence. The others listened, and we heard the footfall again.

“Gentlemen,” said Mortimer, “we are watched, suspected. We must be cautious, or we will lose

our
heads.
There are
spies,



We must be cautious

eavesdroppers, in the hall. We will see, and if trouble should come we must take care of ourselves.”

All three took revolvers, from a bureau drawer, and Mortimer cautiously opened the door. The hall was empty. It was dimly lighted by a single electric light. We searched the hall and the cross halls, but found nothing.

“Perhaps it was merely one of the China boys carrying a pitcher of ice water for somebody,” I said.

“No; it was no China boy, no pitcher of ice water,” said Hughes gloomily. “It was a spy upon us, seeking to penetrate our designs.”

We returned to the rooms, and Mortimer locked the door very carefully.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “in this emergency, threatened by an unseen danger, I do not know of anything else to do but to take another drink,” which we all did and in consequence felt equal to the emergency.

“Gentlemen,” said Mortimer, “this hotel is too straitened and dangerous a place in which to carry on a plot for a crown. Our conference must end for the night, and we must meet elsewhere tomorrow night.”

Nobody disputed his wisdom, but there was some disagreement about the meeting place on the next night. At last Hughes suggested a grove of cocoanut trees on the Waikiki road. The trees grew so close together that it was dark in the grove in the daytime, and it would be black as a bat at night. It was just the place, and we selected the northeast corner of the grove as the particular

spot. Each man on entering it was to utter a peculiar whistle, and if any one had arrived before him he was to respond similarly.

“I suggest,” said Conway, “that we drive to the rendezvous in evening dress. Do not remember to have read of any conspirators in evening dress. Will divert suspicion. Spies will think we’re going out in the country to dinner or other entertainment.”

What he said looked reasonable. So we decided to wear evening dress and dismiss our cabmen at a certain corner, to which they were to return for us at 3 o’clock in the morning. The hour of meeting was midnight, which seemed to us the most fitting time for a plot such as ours.

My room was in one of the cottages in the hotel yard, and when I left their rooms I felt as if a dozen men were watching me. I found myself trying to deaden the noise of my footsteps in the hall, and whenever I came to a corner I shrank back afraid that unknown men were waiting there to seize me for high treason. But I passed all the corners safely and stepped into the yard, where the cool air felt very good upon my face. A light

night breeze sighed through the palms. Two or three electric lights up the street twinkled faintly. A native policeman, his club under his arm, slept placidly, leaning against a fence. I could see no spies nor any trace of them, but I felt sure they were about.

I reflected a little before attempting the passage across the yard to the cottage. It would be best for me to be bold and careless, to affect innocence. I walked across the yard, whistling, safely and stepped lightly up the steps of the cottage. Before entering I took one last look, but I could not see that I was followed, though there was nothing to prove that the spies were not hid somewhere in the shrubbery.

When I was in my room, I locked the door and put my trunk before it. Then I turned out the electric light and sprang into bed. I could not go to sleep. I lay there and, knowing nothing else to do, listened and listened. For a long time I heard nothing, but at last a sound came to my ear like that made by many feet marching in unison. I thought at first that I deceived myself, but I continued to hear it, and then I heard, too, a

steady thump, thump, like the regular beating of a drum. A file of soldiers coming to arrest us! But why should they beat a drum to announce their coming? Perhaps they felt so sure of their quarry that caution was not necessary. I grew cold all over. I might leap from my bed, throw on my clothes and escape into the mountains somewhere. But Oahu was a small island, and they would be sure to find me at last if I did not starve to death first. No! It would be best for me to stay where I was and swear I was innocent. When I had come to this determination, I noticed that the sound of marching feet and the beating of the drum had ceased. Listening intently, I could not hear either again, and after awhile I went to sleep.

I awoke very late the next day. My head felt very heavy, and there was a bad taste in my mouth. While I dressed and shaved I composed my mind and concluded I had suffered some needless alarms the night before. It was not high treason to undertake to marry a princess, and if anybody wanted to hang me I would have the United States send a fleet of ironclads to my

rescue. Before I was ready for breakfast the China boy came to straighten up the room.

“You sleep very late,” he said. “You drink heap big glass last night.”

His remark was impertinent, but it was true, and I did not rebuke or answer him. It was so late that the luncheon hour had arrived. I went into the dining room and sat down at a table in the corner. Across the room I saw the three at another table. I guessed that they, too, had just risen from their beds, but they looked fresher than I felt. Conway waved his hand to me and made some gestures with his fingers like the deaf talking to the deaf. I did not know what it meant, but supposed it was a sign of our secret understanding. I also twiddled my fingers, and the three smiled meaningly. Then we addressed ourselves to our roast bananas.

The three left the dining room before me, and I did not see them again until the afternoon, when I passed them on Queen street. They were arm in arm and walking very slowly. As they passed me Mortimer said in a low and solemn voice:

“Do not forget. The hour is midnight.”

“The hour is midnight, and I will not forget,” I repeated.

They strolled gravely on, and I turned into a Chinaman’s shop to try on a pair of new shoes he was making for me.

I ate supper late, but my appetite was not good. I was thinking too much of the midnight hour to be hungry. I drank two cups of hot coffee, which I thought would steady my nerves and brace me up. Then I went to my room and arrayed myself very carefully in evening dress, the uniform of the conspirators. For further adornment I placed a rose in my buttonhole and went forth.

I found a cabman, a native who appeared to have no curiosity. He smiled amiably at my evening dress, but asked no questions. I dismissed him at the designated corner and took my way to the cocoanut grove. I met no one and arrived in safety at the trees. It looked so very black in the grove that I hesitated about entering. Had there been any wild animals in Hawaii I would not have gone in at all, but I knew there

could be no danger except from men, and I stepped softly into the shadow, which swallowed me up at once. I uttered the signal whistle, and to my infinite gladness the ready response came. I stepped forward, feeling my way cautiously, and a big bulb of light struck me between the eyes. I uttered a little exclamation and believed I was betrayed, but the familiar voice of Mortimer announced that it was all right.

“It’s merely a little lantern that I brought along for convenience,” said he. “This place is so confoundedly dark. All the others are here, and we may as well begin our plans at once.”

We found a fallen cocoanut palm, and all sat down upon it. Mortimer put out the lantern, and we sat for nearly a minute in silence.

“We ought to begin our plans,” said Mortimer presently. “If a man undertakes a plot, he ought to carry it out.”

So I thought also; but, being an amateur at the business, I did not like to say anything.

“I think we ought to arrange for a division of the kingdom,” said Hughes.

“I don’t see that there’s to be any division, Hughes,” said Conway, rather sharply. “I’m to be king, and that’s the end of it.”

“Oh, I don’t mean that,” said Hughes hastily. “Don’t think I’m trying to get up a revolution against you, Conway. I meant the distribution of authority under you. Of course you will live at the palace here, but I should think you would want lieutenants or deputies on the other islands. It would be best for the people to be confronted always by some personal representative of the royal authority.”

“That’s very sensible of you, Hughes,” said Conway. “How would you like to go down to Hawaii as governor?”

He asked the latter question of me, but I did not see the proposition favorably. It is a very rough voyage from Honolulu to Hawaii, and I am subject to seasickness. I said I would prefer to remain in the capital and hold some high office there.

“Oh, well, it doesn’t matter,” said Conway, good naturedly. “Perhaps I’d best keep you with

me, and it might be the wisest thing to make a Kanaka, some chief of the old Kamehameha family, governor of Hawaii. It would please the people and attach them to my dynasty.”

“The idea is good,” said Mortimer, “and we ought to have native governors for Maui and Kauai too. We must identify ourselves thoroughly with the island. We must not be foreign in any particular. All people like to think their rulers are the same as themselves, only a little better, and they are quick to resent importations.”

“Then I’m glad they don’t stick to the old native dress,” said Hughes. “I don’t think I’d look well as commander in chief of the army with a feather headdress and a warclub.”

“You shall have the most magnificent uniform that I can buy you in Europe, Hughes,” said Conway. “By the way, I think I shall change the present uniform of the army. It isn’t bright enough. Mortimer, can’t you light that lantern of yours and give us just a ray or two? It’s so deucedly dark in here it gives my flesh the creeps.”

Mortimer obeyed and threw the light in a complete circle around us, but disclosed nothing save the stems of the palms. Their spreading tops formed a perfect canopy. A sea breeze had begun to blow, and the leaves rustled sadly. We heard a whistle on the Waikiki road. Quick as a flash Mortimer turned out the light, and we sat on the log, our pulses thumping. We heard another whistle farther up the Waikiki road, and Mortimer ejaculated:

“The spies again! We have been watched and followed!”

A third time we heard the whistle, but farther up than ever.

“The grove is surrounded!” said Hughes. “Our enemies are numerous!”

I heard somebody’s teeth chattering. I did not feel at all comfortable.

“Do you think that we’re really followed?” asked Conway as we heard the whistle again.

“I’ve no doubt of it,” said Mortimer.

“Then,” said Conway, “if it comes to the worst, you must die like men and I like a king.”

“In the old times,” I said, “when a Roman found life no longer worth living he fell upon his sword and died.”

“We have no swords,” said Hughes. “I’ve a revolver at the hotel, but there was no pocket for it in this confounded evening dress.”

“At least we ought to make some effort,” said Mortimer. “Let’s creep to the edge of the grove and play the spy ourselves. Perhaps we can escape even yet. We’d better hold to each other’s hands, so we won’t lose anybody in the darkness.”

There was comfort in the suggestion, and we adopted it. We thought it better to bear away from the Waikiki road, where the spies seemed to be, or at least the majority of them. We bent our course toward the sea, stepping very slowly. Suddenly I heard the swish of something like a whip lash, and Conway uttered a cry. I thought we were lost, but Conway said between British oaths:

“It was the bough of a bush that slapped me in the face. I’m sure it left a prodigious welt, which

won't help my dignity when people see me tomorrow."

"Never mind about that now," said Mortimer.

"But a king must preserve his dignity," said Conway.

There was no disputing his assertion, and we resumed our slow advance. We stopped presently to see if we could hear the whistling again, but the night was silent.

"Perhaps they've entered the wood to take us," whispered Hughes.

"If so, they won't dare to show a light for fear of a shot from us," said Mortimer, "and doubtless we'll be able to give 'em the slip yet. Come on, boys, and be very careful."

We advanced without trouble for about a minute more. Then Conway fell into a little gully, pulling the remainder of us after him. We made a great noise as we fell, and two or three of us could not help swearing. But the tumult did not bring the spies upon us, though I expected momentarily to feel heavy hands upon my shoulders.

“We must be more cautious, gentlemen,” said Mortimer, “if we would save our necks. I have no mind to swing under a gibbet or even to stand up before a file of soldiers while a sergeant counts ‘one-two-three-fire!’”

We were approaching the edge of the grove, for we could see some gleams of light between the long, slender stems of the cocoanut palms. It behooved us now to be exceedingly cautious. There was a clear moon, and away from the shelter of the trees a human figure would be visible some distance. We came near to the edge of the wood and stooped.

“Look! Look! The spies!” said Conway, pointing an agitated finger.

About 20 yards from the edge of the grove I saw two or three dark figures. They seemed to be moving slightly, like men who are watching and who sway back and forth to ease their position. Without waiting for a word of caution all of us shrank farther back into the grove, and again I heard somebody’s teeth rattle. Here was a quandary. Our escape in that direction was cut off. How I blessed the thick blackness of the

cocoanut grove which sheltered us for the moment! We held a little conference, talking in very low whispers.

“We must stick together, at least while we’re in the grove,” said Mortimer. No one of us had any desire to leave the others.

It was apparent that we must get out of the grove before daylight came. We decided to attempt escape on the side farthest from town. Again we began our slow and painful advance in the darkness. It was a good half hour before we came to the light. Then we saw nothing in the open, and up went our spirits at what we considered the certain prospect of escape. But when we were within three feet of the line that marked where the shadow of the grove and the moonlight in the open met we heard again that fatal whistle. It proceeded from a spot a hundred yards away, but it sounded very loud in the quiet night.

We tumbled back among the palms and did not stop retreating until we were near the center of the grove. I confess that my spirits sank very low. Certainly it seemed as if the net had been well

spread for us, and its meshes were too fine to permit our escape.

“The grove has four sides. There is another left. We must try that,” said Mortimer after we had waited 15 minutes.

Forward we went. I felt like an animal shut up in an iron cage and vainly trying to break out. If this side of the grove also should be closed against us, no hope of escape would be left. We came near the edge, and all four of us groaned at the same time. There was a stone fence about a hundred feet from the grove, and we could see three or four figures leaning easily against it. More spies! Certainly they were abundant around the grove.

“We are doomed indeed,” said Conway. “Our enemies recognize our value and have neglected no precaution.”

There was nothing to do but to retreat again into the heart of the grove, where we remained for quite half an hour, stupefied and unable to talk.

When my voice came back to me, I asked

Mortimer what time he thought it was.

“Daybreak will come in two hours,” he said.

“Then we must get out of here, and that very soon. We must make one more attempt,” I said. I felt desperate.

“What would you propose?” asked Mortimer.

“I propose,” I replied, “that we go out on the side of the Waikiki road and make a break for it. If these fellows shoot at us, their aim is likely to be bad in the night light. There are banana and rice fields on the other side of the road, and I think we can dodge our pursuers among them. After that we’ll have to take care of ourselves as best we can.”

We had a short council of war. We recognized the fact that we were reduced to extremities, and my plan was the only one that seemed to yield us the shadow of a chance. Necessity was behind us with a sharp stick, forcing us up to the issue. Our resolve taken, we wasted no time, but slipped back toward the Waikiki road. We did not stop at the edge to see if the spies were about.

“Now,” said Mortimer, “run for it, boys!”



Flight

We
dashed into
the road
and in a
moment
were
across it
into a
banana
field. I
expected to
hear shots
and to feel
the twinge
of a bullet,
but neither

gun nor pistol was fired. Instead I heard the thump of footsteps. They wanted to take us alive and hang us! Heavens, how the thought made me run! I dashed down by a row of banana bushes and ran lightly for 50 yards. Then I slipped and fell into one of the drains between the rows. But I was out again in a moment, wiping the muddy water from my lips, and ran on. I looked around for my companions, but saw nothing of them, nor

did I hear any footsteps except my own. I hoped their fortune had been as good as mine and that they, too, had escaped. Beyond the banana fields was a thicket of algaroba bushes, where I lay for a long time, resting. The thicket was so dense that I lay like a wild beast in his lair and felt safe from observation and pursuit. I neither heard nor saw anything, and I felt sure that I had evaded pursuit. I crept out of the bushes and looked at myself. I was plastered with mud, and one of the tails of my dress coat was gone.

What was I to do? I did not think about it long. I took the boldest course, for I had gone through so much in one night that I was not willing to go through any more. It was not yet day. I would go back to the hotel, slip into the cottage unobserved and go to sleep. Then things could take care of themselves. I had not done anything that was a hanging matter.

I started back to Honolulu and trudged along unmolested, though I am willing to confess that I was badly scared several times. Twice, at first glance, I took bushes by the wayside, waving slightly in the sea breeze, to be men. Once a

native on a pony passed me, whistling. But I reached the cottage unspoken by a soul and with deep thankfulness entered my bedroom and again locked the door behind me. I buried my tattered and discolored evening dress in the bottom of my trunk. Then I crept into bed and soon forgot all alarms in a sound slumber.

I awoke late in the day, dressed myself with great care in a suit of white duck and went out on the street. I saw that I must affect a bold and careless air.

But I was struck with surprise and alarm at what I saw. Many people were about, and their manner and the mysterious whispers in which they talked to each other indicated that something of great importance had occurred. I dared not ask. My fears at once told me what it was. My friends had been taken, and the whole plot was discovered. Should I confess my guilt and suffer with them, or should I take advantage of the present opportunities and escape?

I sauntered down toward the palace. Nobody seemed to pay any heed to me, and I grew bolder. At the main gate to the palace yard I saw armed

guards. Then I was right. The explosion had come. I felt very sorry for Mortimer and Conway and Hughes. There was a great crowd before the gate, kept back a little by the rifles and bayonets of the guards.

I pressed into the crowd and, looking over the heads of some people shorter than I, saw three men, in torn and muddy evening dress, leaning disconsolately against the iron fence. They were Mortimer, Conway and Hughes, and they looked as if they had just escaped from the bush and the mire.

They were not prisoners. The crowd seemed to care nothing for them. I pushed my way through and tapped Conway on the shoulder.

“What is this? What does It mean?” I asked.

He raised his crushed silk hat from his eyes and looked gloomily at me.

“Why, haven’t you heard?” he said. “The missionaries have dethroned the queen and established the republic! Long live the republic!”



The Breath of Pélé

I do not know why I allowed myself to be drawn into the quarrel of Lukahilo and Upolapu. It was none of my business, though that is a poor reason, as everybody knows, but Lukahilo was such a polished, agreeable and sincere sort of fellow that I was bound to give him my sympathy. There were so many things that both of us liked. He had gone through Yale with honor, and had taken three years in Europe, at Paris, London and Vienna. He knew a lot about art and politics, and I heard on every side that if Hawaii became a State in the Union, as they said it certainly would some day, Lukahilo was sure to be a Senator, or at the very worst, a Congressman.

It all came up over a church squabble. The converted races set great store by these matters, and they take a religious defeat much to heart. Lukahilo, though he had lived, as I have said, in

Paris, London and Vienna, was like all the rest. He and Upolapu belonged to the same church; each wanted the same position—deacon—and there was a great fight between them to get it.

Lukahilo was the younger and more brilliant of the two, but Upolapu had a stronger and more extensive family connection. Lukahilo talked much to me about the matter, and I began to take a keen interest in the rivalry, hoping that my friend would triumph. I had met Upolapu once or twice, but I had no great liking for him. He was a heavy, silent man, rather darker than the average Hawaiian. He had a good house in Honolulu and a large plantation down on Hawaii, to which he made frequent trips.

The whole thing was to be settled at the church one Sunday, and I intended to be present, but two lieutenants, an ensign and myself were skylarking the night before, and I had the bad luck to sprain my ankle. There was nothing to do but to stay in my room until the ankle got well, and swear at the gay blades who paid me visits of condolence and told me of the great times they were having. I shall never forget how I threw my inlaid bootjack

at the assistant surgeon of the Pittsburgh and he took it away with him, saying a man with a sprained ankle had no use for a bootjack.

I was anxious to hear about Lukahilo, and sometime after the noon hour he came into my room. I knew at once from his expression how the thing had turned out. His face was perhaps a little brown to have a cloud on it, but there was a real flash of anger in his eye. I thought it best, under the circumstances, not to ask him anything, but to let him begin of his own accord. as I knew he would, for most Hawaiians, like other people, love to lighten their grief with talk.

He dropped into an arm-chair and sat there in a lump as if all his bones had suddenly turned soft. He looked as if he were posing for a statue of despair. He sat silent so long that I coughed, uttered an ahem or two, and then aloud:

“Well!”

He raised his head a trifle, looked at me disconsolately, and said:

“It’s all over.”

His tone was so utterly forlorn that I laughed

until I was compelled to stop by his look of reproach or a twinge in my bent ankle, I am not certain which.

“I think it’s very cruel to laugh,” he said.

“Of course,” I replied, “I’m a terror and I rejoice in the unparalleled misfortune of my fellows. Tell me how it happened, Lukahilo.”

“There is very little to tell,” he replied, in tones of deep depression. “He had more influence than I, and they chose him instead of me.”

He took the thing so hard that I began to rally him.

“See here, Lukahilo,” I said. “It’s no use raising such a row about it. Why, the thing’s a trifle, the merest trifle. I’d be ashamed to make such a fuss over so small a matter.”

He responded somewhat to my raillery and brightened up a bit. By and by my friend, the assistant surgeon, came in, though he didn’t bring back my bootjack—he has it yet, plague take him—and between the two of us, we got Lukahilo into a fairly good humor again. We started him on some of his best Yale stories, and when he left us,

at the edge of a tropical night, we thought we had driven his megrims away for good. Right there we made our mistake.

I heard a day or two later that Lukahilo was disposed to make it an affair of state. and that Upolapu was not at all loath. Their relatives took it up, and the spots on the Hawaiian moon grew. I thought it all very childish, but as in my own glorious State of Kentucky I had known a bloody feud costing eight or ten fathers of families their lives, to grow out of a quarrel over the right and title to one gray goose, I couldn't say much.

I could see that Lukahilo's defeat rankled; he wasn't quite what he used to be; sometimes his stories lacked point, and at other times he was abstracted, which I will always hold no gentleman has a right to be in the presence of others, unless it's his known fad to be eccentric. Dr. Pevenney—that was the assistant surgeon—who was as intimate as I with Lukahilo. became really concerned about him.

“If he keeps on in the way he's going,” he said, “I think I'll have to give him some blue pills or treat him for the yellow jaundice, though I'm not

sure a brown man could have the yellow jaundice.”

But Ensign Whatcomb said Lukahilo had enough ills to bear without flying to those Dr. Pevenney might make, and in the row that followed, I escaped from the room, for my ankle was well then.



A trip to the mountains

A week or so later Dr. Pevenney urged me to join him on a trip to the volcano.

“I’ve got a good, long leave of absence from the ship,” he said. Lukahilo is going, and besides. the volcano is worth seeing, they say.”

I had not yet seen Kilauea, and there was no reason why I should not go, though I dreaded the nasty little sea voyage down to Hilo. But I closed at once with Pevenney’s invitation, and the next afternoon saw me on the deck of the Waimea, one of the little inter-island steamers which seem to

be built for the especial purpose of rocking a man into the extremest stages of seasickness.

Pevenney was there, looking as chipper and cheerful as a hardened sailor who fears not the future has a right to look, and so was Lukahilo, who was brighter than I had seen him since his defeat in the matter of the deaconship. We were beginning to have hopes of Lukahilo, when his eyes suddenly flashed, and I heard his teeth gritting upon each other.

There, coming up the narrow little companionway, was Upolapu, large, rotund and content. His eyes met Lukahilo's, and he smiled a complacent little smile. I was afraid that Lukahilo would break his teeth, he gritted them so hard. We learned a little later that Upolapu was going to his plantation down near Hilo. Pevenney and I were sorry that he had come, for we knew he would spoil sport for Lukahilo. But we did not see any more of him just then, as he went down to his stateroom, and did not reappear while we lay in the harbor.

Pevenney, Lukahilo and I placed our three chairs in a row on the deck and made ourselves as

comfortable as we could, though there was not room to stretch our legs. All three of us were decorated with leis, which we took off our necks and threw into the sea toward our friends on shore, when the steamer departed, according to the custom. As we passed out of the harbor. Pevenney said we had a fine sea, and pointed to what he called “sprightly little white caps” chasing each other over the surface of the water. Shortly afterward, I retired to my berth, followed by Pevenney’s gibes and jeers, and the world and the flesh interested me no more until we reached Hilo.

For what happened on the remainder of the voyage, I have to depend on Pevenney’s account, which I think is in the main a pretty straight tale, less some exaggerations—Pevenney is in the navy, you know.

“After you left, like the lubberly landsman that you are,” said Pevenney, “Lukahilo and I sat on the deck talking. He’s a good sailor, that fellow, and he didn’t mind the white caps any more than if they were bubbles on a mill-pond. Still the Waimea was rolling a good bit, I’ll allow, just

enough to soothe a man and set him to dreaming of a girl in port. Lukahilo was looking cheerful again, when who should come on deck but that fat Upolapu? The ship rolled over on her side just then, and Upolapu tumbled right into Lukahilo's lap. They were both up in a flash, and I thought they'd have a fight there and then, but luckily, the ship happened to take another roll over the other way, and they flew apart like two rubber balls hurled in different directions. It's pretty difficult for two fellows to wrangle on the narrow deck of a little steamer that's turning a double somersault from the top of one wave to the top of another every three minutes. So the intervention of the sea ended that round. They gathered themselves up, rubbed their bruises, and glared at each other. Then Lukahilo resumed his chair and Upolapu went back to his stateroom.

“But both of them are good sailors, and they appeared on time for dinner. The steward had given them seats just opposite each other at the table, and whenever one lifted his eyes from his plate, he was bound to look right into the face of the other. This was an uncomfortable situation,

when you consider the feeling they had toward each other, but they got along pretty well at first, and paid strict attention to the dinner. By and by coffee was brought, and Upolapu raised his cup to his lips. The sea was still rough, and at that moment the ship tilted over our way. Most of the coffee in Upolapu's cup was dashed upon the table, and some of it all the way across into Lukahilo's lap and upon his hand. He looked as fierce as a bear with its leg in a trap, and rising, demanded an explanation in a voice that could be heard above the smashing of the crockery. There was all the material for a lovely row, but Upolapu is no good—I think he must be at heart a coward. He was smooth and smiling, and explained in suave, fat tones that it was an accident, and he was really very sorry if the gentleman's clothes were damaged, etc. Of course, Lukahilo, like the gentleman he is, had to accept the apology, though he didn't do it with much grace, and there the matter stands at this telling."

Arrived at Hilo, I hoped that we had shaken off Upolapu. As a matter of fact, we did not see any more of him for several days. Meantime, we

climbed the slopes of Manna Loa and reached the rim of Kilauea. Absorbed in its tremendous sights, Pevenney and I forgot all about the quarrel. Lukahilo had been to the volcano several times, and he constituted himself a guide for us two. He was really quite American, and we were proud of him when he boasted that we had nothing in our country that could match Kilauea.

On one of our excursions to Hale-mau-mau, we were accompanied by a little shriveled old man, who trotted along by the side of Lukahilo. He looked to me to be about a hundred years old, and was a queer sight with his half-naked brown skin and a great bunch of white hair like a snowball crowning his head. Old age did not seem to interfere with his activity, for in his bare feet he skipped over the pahoehoe as if it were soft carpet to his touch.

I asked Lukahilo who the old fellow was, and he replied somewhat vaguely that he lived thereabouts and had once been a volcano guide. This satisfied Pevenney and me, and we paid no further attention to him save to admire his agility now and then as he trotted over the lava, even the

a-a not proving too sharp or too hot for his feet. Pevenney insisted that they must be inlaid with steel.

After one of these excursions we went back to the Crater House, very tired and ready for a large supper. It does not take a man long to become accustomed to anything, and by this time I thought little of the fact that only a few feet of warm crust divided us from miles of fire, or as Pevenney put it: "Break through the sheet and Hades is your bed." Nor did we feel alarmed because we saw occasional cracks in the crust through which smoke and steam and the strong smell of sulphur from the Hades below were coming. "A fellow can't stay scared forever," said Pevenney. "I think Old Nick himself would improve on acquaintance."

The little grass and bamboo hut standing on the edge of eternal fire looked very cheerful to us three who were cherishing sore knee joints and two-edged appetites, and we expected an evening of rest and reminiscence. But it was not our luck. There, sitting on a bench in front of the Crater House, as fat and placid as usual, was our evil

genius, Upolapu. Lukahilo at once became moody and sullen, and that cast a damper over Pevenney and me. But Upolapu was polite. He said he came up about once a year from his plantation to see the volcano, and it was a great pleasure, a really great pleasure, though an unexpected one, to find us yet there. I did the courtesies of the evening in my best manner, for I hoped to stop the petty little quarrel between Lukahilo and Upolapu. Lukahilo went into the house and remained there, silent in a corner. Pevenney assisted me for a while, and then strolled around to the kitchen to see them cook taro at a fire spurting from a seam in the earth, humming as he went: "Oh, my love's a maid of Waikiki."

If ever I want to live without care for the future, I think I'll join the navy, where all things are mapped out for you, from cadetship at Annapolis to retirement on pay, a half century later. Pevenney left me alone with Upolapu, but we did not disagree. He talked very sensibly about current topics, but never once alluded to Lukahilo. He went away in the morning, and they

told at the Crater House that he had returned to his plantation. Nevertheless, his visit had a most depressing effect on Lukahilo, who recovered with less rapidity than usual, and was moody and silent for several days. He slipped away from us two or three times, and Pevenney and I wondered what he was about. But we did not like to spy upon him.

Pevenney and I slept on cots in the front room of the Crater House. Lukahilo also slept on a cot in a small room adjoining, but the door between us was never closed. When Lukahilo returned after one of his disappearances, we had gone to bed, but we were not asleep. We heard him fumbling about in the room, and could see his figure though indistinctly. He lay down presently, but did not remain on the cot long. In ten minutes he arose and walked over to the far door, which opened into the air. He stood there for a minute or two. He had all his clothes on, and it seemed likely that he was going out again.

“There’s something wrong with Lukahilo,” whispered Pevenney from his cot. “I think we ought to follow him.”

I assented. As I said before, I do not like to spy upon any one, but Lukahilo really looked as if he needed watching, and we were his best friends. We jumped up, dressed quickly, and when Lukahilo stepped out into the air, we were not more than a minute behind him. It was well that we were so quick, or otherwise we should have lost him, for he was walking swiftly and with decision. To our surprise, he advanced directly toward the crater.

It was a bright night. The pungent odor of sulphur, the eternal distillation of Kilauea, tickled our nostrils. Over towards the crater, there was a bloody redness in the heavens, and coils of sullen vapor, shot with lighter streaks of flame, rose lazily from the lava pit. A low, steady rumbling, to which our ears were used already, marked the internal turmoil of Kilauea, the great blowhole of the world.

“He seems to be going to the pit,” said Pevenney. “Well, I don’t mind doing it myself. I haven’t been there by night yet, and maybe we’ll see Pélé presiding over her own.”

He spoke jesting words, but there was no jest

in his tone. It is one thing to go into the pit of a live volcano by day, and another thing to go there by night. We did not doubt that we were bound that way, for Lukahilo walked straight on. He seemed to have no idea that he was followed, as he never looked back. I stumbled once on the pahoehoe, and made some noise, as I threshed about among the ohias, but it did not attract his attention. Above us loomed the huge white shoulder of Mauna Loa, and before us was the angry gash in her side called Kilauea.

We were not strangers to the way, and our knowledge helped us. We quickly passed the ohias and the ohelos, and the other daring plants that aspire to a living almost up to the edge of Hale-mau-mau itself, and came out upon the tumbled masses of broken lava. All the time Lukahilo was walking steadily on and never looking back, like a man who knew his business.

“What the devil can he be up to?” exclaimed Pevenney, who is an impatient sort of fellow. “Is he going to throw himself into the pit?”

I was too busy picking my way over the lava to answer. We had left the last struggling ohia and

were in the region of burnt desolation. The lava billowed before us, black or gray, hot on its under side and hot in its breath. It was a place where a man who did not wish to go to Hades before his time had need to be cautious. The recent cracks, filled with opaque rolls of raw lava, grew larger. The vapors thickened and were heavy with sulphur.

We crossed a steep depression, struggling most painfully, and then ascended a ridge of lava, still warm, and spit recently from the mouth of Kilauea. I had seen the ridge by day, but by night, with the pale glimmer of the moon and the bloody redness of Hale-mau-mau upon it, it was another thing. It had been carved into all sorts of fantastic shapes, perhaps by a demon of the pit, perhaps by Pélé herself. There were long ropes of black and gray lava looking like gigantic serpents, coiled and uncoiled in the moonlight, fresh-crawled from the pit. Heads like those of Mexican War gods grinned at us, and a mermaid sported in flames. I knew that part of it was the effect of the night, but the knowledge did not keep me from seeing strange things.

“It’s a pity that Italian poet who wrote about hell hadn’t been here,” said Pevenney.

Lukahilo never once looked back. The increasing heat of the lava which lay porous and glistening under our feet did not deter him. Presently he turned, and for a moment was out of sight. We followed, turned at the same place, and stood upon the brink of the bottomless pit of fire.

There was trouble in Hale-mau-mau, the red mouth of Kilauea, which groaned and quaked and spat bloody, red drops far up into the air. Huge waves of fire, like those of the ocean, broke upon the black lava sides of the pit. Blowing cones appeared and disappeared. Jets of steamy hot vapor spurted up and fell back into the cauldron. Sometimes over a part of the lake, a thin, fine crust that glistened like silver, with red streaks of fire shining through it, would form, but in a few seconds it was gone. The earth throbbed as the steam and gases, sucked up from its center, tried to escape through Hale-mau-mau. What awed me most was the bloody gleam over everything, not the mere flash of fire, but a deep, gory tint that might shine from the smouldering coals of all the

world.

“Pélé is angry tonight,” whispered Pevenney.

Even that garrulous and light-hearted little doctor was subdued.

“Is she ever otherwise,” I asked. “Watch that crust roll up and break!”

An immense sheet of crust wrinkled, rolled up like a blanket, and then cracked to pieces; huge fragments were sucked down into the fire and cast up again. Fiery cones were pursuing each other over the surface of the lake; once all ran together in the center, fused for a moment into a red mass, and then fell apart. Some stalactites of fire dropped with a dull splash from an overhanging lava cliff, and red spray was cast up when they fell.

“Come away,” said Pevenney, plucking at my coat sleeve. “We came here to follow Lukahilo, and not to look into the pit.”

It was time we set about our business, for Lukahilo’s form was just disappearing again around a lava hill. We followed with caution, glad that his new road was taking him a little

further from the pit. When we reached the hill, we stopped, for we heard talking on the other side. Lukahilo had come to see some one. I will admit that curiosity now mingled largely with our solicitude on our friend's account. The hill was made of new lava, and moving around its curve a little, we could see that it was scooped out on the other side into a kind of cavern. We found a fairly comfortable footing, and by great good luck a hole in the lava wall through which we could see directly into the cavern.

The man whom Lukahilo had met there was the weazened old fellow who had been tramping about with us and saying nothing. He was still bare of feet and very scanty as to clothes, but there was a new expression on his face. Both Pevenney and I saw at a glance that he commanded and Luka hilo obeyed.

“Is the hour favorable, Opu?” asked Lukahilo.

The old man nodded and produced two figures from under his scanty gray tunic. They were gray and about a foot high. One I recognized as the image of the goddess, Pélé. The other seemed to have no special characteristic.

Just beyond the edge of the cavern was a wide crack from which a pungent, smoky gas arose. Opu placed the two images on the edge of the crack, facing each other and very near together. Then he and Lukahilo fell upon their knees,



On their knees

and the old man began to chant something. What it was, Pevenney and I never knew, for the chant was in the Hawaiian tongue. It went on for a long time, Opu and Lukahilo gently rocking their bodies back and forth.

“I think we’ve struck something queer,” said Pevenney.

I jabbed him in the side as a hint to keep silent.

By and by the two got up on their feet again, and Opu produced from under his tunic, which seemed to be as capacious as the sleeves of a Hindoo fakir, a small brass pot or skillet. He took

it to the fissure and heated it until it was almost red hot, Lukahilo all the time watching him intently. Then he brought it back, holding the hot handle with a corner of his tunic, and placed it upon the floor of the cavern.

The hand went under the tunic again, and when it came out, we saw that it was filled with a fine, dry, brown stuff that looked like a powder. This he began to drop, bit by bit, into the glistening hot skillet. A sharp, penetrating odor, accompanied by a thin blue smoke, arose and filled the cavern. It was wafted through the crevice and went up our noses. It did not make us cough or sneeze, but it had a curious effect upon us, especially upon the sight. Everything was magnified and colors grew more vivid. I looked at Pevenney's face and it was a lurid red. I had no doubt that mine looked the same to him. My head, too, felt as if it were swelling.

Lukahilo was sitting on a block of lava, watching Opu. He had not spoken a word since the chant, but he followed every movement of the old man with the excited, eager eyes of anticipation. Presently he picked up some strands

of Pél e’s hair and broke them nervously between his fingers. The odor grew stronger. Pevenney gasped a little.

“Shall we go away ?” I asked.

“Not for worlds,” he replied, glueing his chin to the crevice.

The earth began to throb heavily. At least it appeared so to me, with my swollen head, for I tell what I seemed to see. There were hideous quakings in Hale-mau-mau. The blowing cones rose to an enormous height. The blood red drops spurted far up and fell again in showers of red rain.

Opu began to chant once more, but in a much louder tone than before, his voice rising, clear and penetrating, above the throbbings of Hale-mau-mau and the crackle of the molten lava. He whirled about like a dancing dervish, his shock of white hair standing upon his head like a cone. His face was rapt, and it was easy to see that the man was in an ecstasy. His agility was incredible. He seemed to me to whirl as fast as a boy’s well-spun top, and his chant rose and fell with a

certain sort of rhythm. Lukahilo sprang up suddenly and began to whirl also. Round and round he went almost as fast as Opu, joining in his chant. The sweat appeared upon both their faces. Lukahilo threw aside his civilized coat and waistcoat, and his eyes had the glassy look of a man who sees things that nobody else sees.

“Listen to the old scamp!” suddenly exclaimed Pevenney, putting his hand upon my arm.

Opu had changed to the English tongue, and he was praying for some thing. We could hear distinctly the words of his prayer.

“Burn him with thy breath, O Pélé! O great goddess!” he chanted. “Grant this prayer, O goddess of fire, to thy faithful priest and servant!”

Over and over again he prayed this prayer, and round and round he and Lukahilo spun, their eyes glazed and the sweat dripping from their faces.

“Look! Look!” cried Pevenney, putting his hand again upon my arm. I could feel his fingers trembling through the cloth.

He pointed to the two idols, and as sure as I

stand here, and Pevenney will swear to it, too, flames gushed out of the mouth of Pélé's image and set the other on fire.

“Burn him with thy breath, O Pélé,” chanted the priest of the goddess, and Lukahilo joined him in the strain. The flames gushed again from Pélé's mouth, and the other idol was all in a blaze. The two never relaxed their chant, and they seemed to us to have a swing and rhythm in unison with the quakings and groanings of Hale-mau-mau.

Presently the little idol burned down to a cinder, and what was left of it toppled over and fell into the smoking seam. But the image of Pélé sat on the verge, triumphant.

Opu and Lukahilo sank down upon rolls of lava, exhausted.

“Let's go,” whispered Pevenney. “I've seen enough of this devilish incantation.”

So had I. We slipped away from the cavern, and by the light of Hale-mau-mau, which was now one huge mass of gory red, climbed out of the crater.

I slept very late the next day, and awoke with a headache. Pevenney was up before me. When I went out on the veranda he was sitting there, and he looked at me rather curiously.

“Have you heard the latest?” he asked.

“No,” I said, “what is it?”

“The news came an hour ago that Upolapu died last night of a sudden fever.”



The Man from Maui

I stood for a moment, undecided, at the entrance to the grounds of the Hawaiian Hotel. My emotions that morning, as on the day before, when I landed, were those of disappointment. It was my first visit to the tropics, and I had expected to find the islands blazing with color, red, green, blue, yellow, and new tints that the languid temperate zone cannot furnish. My first view of Oahu was of cliffs, bare and dull red, against which the lonesome sea forever pounded. It was twilight when we drove through the streets of Honolulu to our hotel, and, in the obscurity, the city seemed to be veiled in sober brown. But tomorrow, I thought, when I am fresh and rested, and the film of travel is off my eyes, I will see all the glorious suffusion of color of which I have read so often.

The dawn and restored strength did not bring any change. The clipped cone of the Punchbowl

was dead green here and pale red there, with patches of gray lava between. The tufts of the cocoanut trees drooped. A weakly sea—breeze moaned and moaned through the leaves of the umbrella palms. I had expected to see huge bushes covered with brilliant roses and trees a-bloom. There was none. The water palms thrust up gray-green blades. a pallid substitute. The wreaths of flowers that the Hawaiian natives carried around their necks for sale were dusty and drooping. Nothing glowed; there was no luster. All the colors were lifeless. Though so unlike it reminded me somehow of the dead world of the Nevada desert.

“Carriage, sir! All the sights of the city! Take you to Diamond Head, Waikiki, up the Nuuanu Valley, or anywhere else you want to go on the island!”

He stood almost at my elbow when he



All the sights

made his bid for my patronage, and I looked rather curiously at him, because he was a white man. White men were plentiful in Honolulu, I knew, but it seemed to me to accord with the fitness of things that I should go riding in a carriage driven by a native, not by a white man. Certainly if ever I wrote a book of my travels it would be much more picturesque to say that I had a Hawaiian driver. So, it was my first intention to turn him away and hire one of the brown men who were plentiful about, but I concluded, on reflection, that I needed a guide and companion as well as a driver, and perhaps they could not speak English. I did not know Honolulu as well then as I knew it later.

“You know all the places of interest?” I asked.

“I guess I do,” he said. “The island ain’t so very big; you could walk across it in a day, and I’ve lived here a long time. I could take you any where on Oahu, blindfolded.”

He laughed in a dry, hoarse way. He was a thin, little man, much humped about the shoulders, and his face was turned the leathery, yellowish-brown which seems to be the characteristic of old people

in the Hawaiian Islands. I put him well beyond sixty.

“Do you know things? Can you talk?” I asked, having in mind his usefulness as a guide and sort of comrade, for twenty-one hundred miles of blue water and thirty-five hundred miles of dry land between one and one’s home brings the lonesome feeling.

He laughed his dry, hoarse little laugh again. “Can I talk?” he said. “You make me laugh. I come from a talkin’ country.”

I had been sure already that this man was an American, and his assertion decided me in his favor. It is pleasant to meet a countryman in a foreign land, unless he wants to borrow money from you, and my cabman did not appear to harbor any treacherous designs.

He took me about the city, and I found him to be all that I had hoped. He showed me the Kamehameha schools, the old palace, the Iolani palace, and the late king’s bungalow, and he spun me tales of the doings at the early coronations that matched the exploits of Haroun Al Raschid

of glorious memory in his most gallant moments. When he finished his last story he shook his head and sighed.

“Why do you mourn?” I asked.

“The good old days are gone,” he replied. “The missionaries broke up the happy old customs. Confound ‘em for meddlers.”

“That’s why all the travelers who write books about the Hawaiian Islands are so hard on the missionaries, isn’t it?” I asked.

“I guess it is,” he replied, his hard, wrinkled countenance breaking into a faint grin, like a timid sun peeping through heavy clouds. We drove over a good road to Waikiki, passing yellow Chinamen toiling in the banana fields, and cocoanut groves so dense that it was twilight beneath the crests of the trees, though a bright sun shone above. But here, too, the vegetation was without luster and the mountain steeps were crinkled and gray, as if they had just cooled from God’s furnace.

“I expected to find the earth in the tropics glowing with life, color and motion,” I said to my

cabman. “All the books, all the travelers, say so. Something is a fraud—the travelers are, or this is not the tropics. I have not seen anything that will compare in beauty and intensity of color with a peach tree in bloom in Kentucky.”

“Are you from Kentucky?” he asked.

“I was born and grew to manhood there,” I replied, “though I don’t live there now.”

“It’s a fine country,” he said.

“Are you a Kentuckian, too?” I asked, a brotherly feeling in me warming toward him.

“No,” he replied, “I came from farther West, but I’ve got a friend that comes from there. He talks to me about it often, and from what he says I guess it’s God’s country, sure enough. How Jim does go on about it, though I ain’t seen him for some time now.”

“What’s his other name?” I asked. “Harkins, Jim Harkins,” he replied. “He’s down on Maui, helpin’ to oversee on a sugar plantation, I guess. He don’t come up to Honolulu often, and it’s been over a year since I passed the time o’ day with him. Did you ever know any of the

Harkinses in Kentucky?”

“No-o,” I answered, reflectively. “I knew plenty of Hawkinses and Hankinses, but I don’t remember any Harkinses just now. Maybe there are some there, but I’ve forgot ’em.”

“I guess so,” he replied, “for my friend Jim says there’s lots of people by that name where he come from. But it’s been a long time since Jim came away, and maybe they’re all dead now or gone to Texas.”

“But Jim hasn’t forgot his native State, has he?” I asked.

“Not he,” he replied. “It’s a treat, sometimes, to see Jim’s face light up and hear him talk about Kentucky, and the good times he had when he was a boy there, huntin’ ’coons and pawpaws, and ridin’ twenty miles to meetin’ on Sundays and thinkin’ nothin’ of it. But, my friend, Jim’s gettin’ old now, most nigh as old as I am, and I guess he’ll never go back to Kentucky again, for it’s a long way offi mister; it’s a long way off.”

I admitted that it was a long way off, but not such a long way as it used to be, since railroads

and steamboats had become plentiful.

“Maybe so,” said my cabman, “but I don’t think Jim will ever go, though he’d like it mighty well. Many’s the time I’ve heard him tell how bright the sun shines there, how green the grass grows, and how fine lookin’ the gals are, not brown and fat like these Kanakas, but straight and slim, like young saplin’s, with faces all white and red roses.”

“Yes,” I said, “there are many very handsome girls in Kentucky. But you can find handsome girls in other States, too.”

“So I reckon,” he said, “but Jim never talks about any ’xcept those in Kentucky, and he’s bragged so much about ’em that I’d like to sit up on that rock there and see one of ’em pass, so I would.”

“If Jim’s that much smitten,” I said, “he ought to go back and marry one of them.”

My cabman laughed his dryest and wheeziest laugh. “Good Lord!” he said; “Jim get married! Why, he’s past sixty, if he’s anythin’, as old as I am, Mister, and I ain’t any spring chicken, as you

can see. No, Jim's stuck down there on the island of Maui, and he'll never get back to his old home. He may never get off of Maui. Poor Jim! I feel sorry for him."

"How long has Jim been down in these islands?" I asked, beginning to take some interest in the lonely exile.

"Nigh onto thirty years," said the cabman, "and that's a right smart spell, too, I can tell you—more years than you are old. Things was different when Jim came here to live. There wasn't so many white people, and the brown people didn't wear so many clothes as they do now. The whalin' ships used to sail into port by the dozen, and when the sailors came ashore they kept things as hot as a house a-fire, and Jim was right in it, too, for he was young then, and full of blood."

"Your friend Jim doesn't seem to have had such a bad time, after all," I said.

"Not always, leastways not then, before he got old," said the cabman; "but sometimes he'd have the lonesomest feelin's, so I've heard him say.

See Diamond Head up there?”

I looked up at the somber mass of Diamond Head, keeping its age-long watch upon the sea.

“The lookout station is up there,” resumed the cabman. “From the top of Diamond Head you catch the first sight of the ships comin’ from America and the last sight of ’em goin’ out. Jim’s told me that he’s climbed up there often, skinnin’ his ankles and cuttin’ his knees on the sharp lava, just to get the longest and last sight of the ship that was goin’ back home.”

“If he became so homesick,” I said. “why didn’t he go back? You say he’s not married. It would have been easy enough for him to go.”

He looked doubtful, and flecked a little dust with the tip of his whip lash from the back of his horse, while he considered.

“I p’intedly can’t tell nohow,” he said, presently, “but it’s a long jump to Kentucky, and Jim’s a curious kind of fellow, mighty secret about himself sometimes, and I never rightly knowed why he stayed on.”

Our road led through the palms now, and

between their straight stems the sea showed in strips of blue-gray. The waves were rolling in on the beach of white sand at Waikiki, and some sleek brown natives were riding in catamarans on the highest crests. But barring the natives and the savage mass of Diamond Head, Waikiki was as trim and civilized as New England. For the hand of the New England missionary had been laid upon it, and the neat little houses snuggling among the palms shed the odor of respectability, though here as at the bungalow in the palace yard, there were strange tales of the old kings and the old days.

But the sea showing through the trees was lonesome. The catamarans were dots upon its edge; all else was bare water down to the horizon's rim. and for many days' sailing beyond. I could understand the desolation of the man from Maui, when he looked upon it, in the days when no steamers came that way, and Hawaii was a spot on the moon.

“But your friend Jim was not lonely all the time?” I said, wishing to be more cheerful myself. “You say there used to be high old times

here.”

“Yes,” said the old man, again meditatively flecking the dust from his horse’s back, “but that was before the missionaries got so strong. They’ve sp’iled the sport of the South Seas. There was no God here before they came, and fun was always b’ilin’. But they’ve stopped the hula-hula and broke up all the native customs that the sailors and travelers liked so well. No wonder they’re so unpop’lar. I never went in for them things myself, bein’ kinder set against foreign ways and doin’s, but I’ve heard my friend, Jim, talk about ’em often, and old as he is, he braces up now and gets gay at the recollection.”

Here we met a seventy-year—old Englishman, a fellow-voyager on the ship, who had amused us all by his great desire to be wicked. I have long since learned that no Englishman is good a hundred miles from home. He greeted me with great warmth and talked impressively about dusky Hawaiian beauties who had been making eyes at him. He had a native driver who knew my white driver, and so we proceeded together, the old gentleman rambling amiably on about his

conquests.

In the presence of others my cabman seemed to forget for a while the woes of his friend Jim, and talked with a considerable degree of cheerfulness about the islands, telling us varied and fine tales, none the less fine because they may not have been true. We had a pleasant morning together, and when John Bull of the white hair and I returned to the hotel, my cabman said to me: "If you want to take another drive tomorrow, don't forget me, sir. Just ask for Tom Owens. Everybody knows him."

I promised to do so. Then I went into the hotel to dinner and forgot him.

My dinner was another disappointment. I had expected to find the tables covered with bread fruit, and mangoes, and guava, and other products of the tropics which had made such a splendid exhibit on the pages of my early geography. Instead they had roast beef and chicken and canned meats and vegetables, brought from San Francisco, and when I asked for bread fruit, fresh from the tree, the waiter, who was two parts Hawaiian, one part American and one part

Japanese, did not attempt to conceal his smile. “We don’t eat those things here,” he said. Then he brought me a slice of roast beef. which was very good and much more comforting than the bread fruit would have been.

In the evening old John Bull came to me in a tremor. There was going to be a hula-hula dance, with elaborate trimmings, that night, and he wanted me to go to it with him. But I decided that I had seen worse things in the name of art on the New York stage, and stayed at the hotel, where I heard a native band play sweet music and sing under the night of the tropics in a manner that made us all think of home over on another slope of the world.

In the morning I remembered my friend Tom Owens, the cabman, and found him waiting for me. He seemed glad to see me. His chum, my fellow Kentuckian, the man from Maui, formed a sort of bond between us.

He took me this time up the Nuuanu Valley and to the Pali, the great precipice of Oahu. The grandeur of the place was sufficient to inspire a less skillful guide than mine with volubility, but

for some reason he said little. I rallied him upon his silence, and asked him if he were ill.

“No; I’m as well as ever,” he said, “but I’ve had a letter from Jim, down on Maui, and it’s troublin’ me.”

“What’s the matter with Jim?” I asked. “Has he tumbled over a precipice or has a coolie slugged him?”

“Neither,” he said. “Jim’s all right in body; it’s his mind. Jim’s awful homesick; I never knowed him to be so homesick before. He wants to get back to Kentucky before he dies. It ’pears kinder foolish of Jim, like a weak gal, but so it is, and he can’t help it, I guess. His letter is just full of it, and I’m awful sorry for him; I am, I tell you.”

“If Jim is in such a state as you describe,” I said, “he ought to scrape together a little money somehow and go back. He could work his way up to San Francisco, and maybe get an excursion ticket across the plains.”

Owens was standing beside his horse, adjusting the gear. He fastened a buckle, then brushed the dust off his horse, which I think he

must have done not less than a hundred times a day. It was evident, from the man's manner, that he was hesitating about something, and I waited to see which way his hesitation would take him.

"I ain't told you the whole trouble about Jim," he said, at length. There is something I've held back, and may be I ought to keep on holdin' it back. But Jim needs advice powerful bad. I'd give it to him myself, for I think a heap of Jim, but I ain't a—fittin' sort of man to be givin' advice to anybody. You're from the State that Jim is, and he says all Kentuckians has got to be brothers, 'specially in foreign lands. Maybe you'd give him good advice."

"If there's anything I can do for Jim," I said, "I'd be glad to do it, on your account."

"It's powerful kind of you," he said. "and you've never seen Jim, either: but this trouble of Jim's that I've been keepin' back is somethin' that you must never tell, because it might do Jim harm, awful harm. You don't know how much harm it could do Jim, for it's the reason he don't go back to Kentucky. You'd never tell on an other Kentuckian that never done nothin' to you, would

you?”

“I see no reason why I should injure your friend,” I said. “Whatever he may have done, it is nothing to me.”

I was becoming really much interested. Here was a common cabman in Honolulu, carrying the kernel of a fine mystery around in his pocket. I was about to become a trusted custodian of that mystery.

“Jim can’t go back to Kentucky.” said the cabman, “because he killed a man there.”

“What, a murderer!” I exclaimed, not anticipating anything quite so bad.

“I wouldn’t use such a hard word about him,” said Owens, apologetically, “’cause he’s suffered a terrible lot over it, and for years and years, too. I think he’s suffered most nigh enough to wipe it out.”

“But a murder is a murder, and you can’t make it anything else,” I said.

“I know that,” he replied, the apology in his voice, shading into an appeal, “but maybe there are excuses for Jim. Jim ain’t so terrible bad.

You'd say so, too, if you only knowed him."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"It was a long, long time ago," he replied, growing warm and zealous in defense of his friend, "and the times were mighty unsettled then. Jim had just come out of the war, and the other fellow had been a soldier, too, on the other side. They had a dispute, and one of 'em—it wasn't Jim—got killed. The other fellow tried to shoot first. Jim always said so, an' you can't blame a man for defendin' his own life, can you?"

"Whereabouts did all this happen? Did Jim ever tell you?" I asked.

"I've heard him go over it so many times that I remember every name," he said. "It was in Metcalfe County, on the Glasgow road, not three miles from Eddyville—no, Edmonton—which last was the county seat, Jim said."

I began to have a dim recollection. I had heard of this tragedy, of the atrocious circumstances connected with it, and the disappearance of the murderer. I shook my head.

“I think your friend Jim would better stay away,” I said. “Murder is perhaps not the worst of crimes in Kentucky. but if what I’ve heard is true, this was a very bad one.

His face fell, but in a minute he seemed to take renewed courage.

“But it was so long ago,” he repeated, going over his old phrase. “Why, I think they must have forgot all about it by this time in Kentucky. And Jim is an old man, and so anxious to go back there once more. He lived on the Glasgow road close to the place where he killed the man. You cross a little stream. I’ve heard Jim say, and then you come to a hillside. and on top of that hill Jim used to live. Lord love you, sir, but I’ve heard Jim talk by the hour about that place—how rich the soil was, what a pretty spring of water runs out of the hillside, nothin’ like it, nothin’ within a mile of it, down here in these islands, Jim says.”

I knew the place well, a sterile hill, from which all the soil had been washed, long ago, by summer rains; a thicket of red sassafras bushes, a decaying log cabin, a prospect wholly bleak and cheerless. But when I saw how the man from

Maui had invested it with charm, some of my repugnance toward him passed away.

“I can’t hold out much encouragement to your friend,” I said. “The Governor of Kentucky might pardon him, considering his long exile, but he’d be taking a big risk if he went back there without having the way prepared for him beforehand. I’d like to see your friend. Can’t you bring him down here where I can talk it over with him?”

He thought for a long time. He flicked the dust off his horse, and then dropped pieces of the soft Hawaiian stone over the cliff, watching it crush to fragments like clods of earth when it struck.

“I don’t think you’d tell on Jim,” he said, after a while, “but Jim is mighty skeery about comin’ down to Honolulu. You see, it ain’t like it was in the old days; this place is comin’ into the world, and who knows but what Jim might meet somebody right down there in the streets of the town what knowed him more’n thirty years ago?”

“It’s not possible,” I said. “His own brother, if he had one, wouldn’t know him after thirty years.”

“You think so?” he said, brightening up. “I don’t know but what you’re right. I’ll write Jim by the next steamer for Maui to come down here right away an’ see you. He’ll do it, sure. if I tell him to, for Jim an’ me have been pardners a long time.”

He seemed to be much relieved by this decision, which he had arrived at so slowly, and talked with great cheerfulness as he pointed out the historical and interesting spots around the Pali.

“It’s twelve hundred foot sheer down the cliff here,” he said, “an’ this is where the great fight took place. That was before the curvin’ road was cut down the mountain side into the valley over yonder, an’ there was nothin’ but a jump off. The Kanakas are as peaceful as lambs now, but they were devils in them days before the missionaries come. Old Kamehameha, first of the name, undertook to run all the islands, and he done it, too. The last fight took place here. Old Kamehameha was the strongest, but the other side wouldn’t give up, an’ they was all pushed over the cliff right here. Years ago Jim and me

used to go down to the foot of the cliff an' pick up the skulls an' bones of the warriors."

"It's a terrible fall down there," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "it smashed up a whole army once."

We drove back slowly down the narrow Nuuanu Valley, between half mile high mountains rising up so straight and so narrow that they looked like gigantic sword blades set on edge. Little rills tumbled down the steep sides, and the grass at the base of the ridges had touches of pink and yellow and blue, as the refracted sunlight fell upon it. Far down at the end of the valley lay Honolulu. half hidden in the palms, and beyond was the blue Pacific, which sometimes so ill deserves its name.

"Fine, ain't it?" said Owens; "but a man can get mighty tired of it after a while. A world that's only ten miles across is pretty narrow, I say, 'specially when its twenty-one hundred miles to San Francisco. your next door neighbor on one side, an' the same to Samoa, your next neighbor on the other side."

I awaited with interest the result of the letter to the man in Maui. Owens took a party on a carriage trip around Oahu, and I did not see him again for several days. When he returned he came to me and said that the steamer from Maui was due late that afternoon. He asked me to meet him and Jim at 10 o'clock the next morning at a spot he named in the Portuguese settlement on the slope of the Punchbowl.

“If a Portugee sees us,” he said, “he won't pay any attention; they're simple kind of creatures.”

I agreed readily, for I was anxious to see the man from Maui. His crime was atrocious; nothing could change that, but one must remember also that thirty years of exile is a punishment not to be laughed at.

I was up early the next morning to take a walk in the fresh, revivifying air. I strolled past the Iolani palace, and on my way I was subjected to that Hawaiian phenomenon, a shower of rain out of a perfectly clear sky; but the sun dried it up in five minutes, and I climbed the slope of the Punchbowl to keep my appointment. I was first at the spot, and sat down on a heap of lava to wait

for Owens and Jim.

Some thin, weazened little Portuguese from the east coast of Africa, the negro blood showing strongly in them, passed me, but paid no attention to me. In all the troubles of the islands, these alone of Hawaii's many races took no part, but attended strictly to the business of acquiring dollars, careless who ruled them.

In the harbor, a Japanese iron-clad lay lazily in the water. But I could see the Japanese manikins on her deck, polishing the guns and the brass work. as proud of their warship as a boy of his first toy gun and as anxious to use it. A British and two American war ships were anchored near her. but nothing was conspicuous on their decks save the week's washing, which hung in gallant profusion from many ropes. A tumbling line of white and a transfixed Australian liner showed where the reefs lay. The background was the Pacific, the father of oceans. It was a sight to set one dreaming, but I did not dream long, for the footsteps of Owens brought me back to reality.

The man was alone and shamefaced.

“Where is your friend, Jim?” I asked. “What has become of the man from Maui?”

“I’m awful sorry, sir,” he said, in a very humble tone. “I didn’t mean to fool you this way, and put you to so much trouble, but the truth is, Jim’s courage petered out when it came to the pinch. He was just naturally afraid that if he came up here to Honolulu he’d meet somebody that knowed him back in Kentucky. He sent me a letter, pitiful like, sayin’ he didn’t dare do it. He’s afraid he might be took back home and hanged, an’ him livin’ a respectable life, too, for thirty years. Now, don’t you be too hard on Jim. Just think if you was in his place!”

I was annoyed at the trouble, to which I had been put, but here was such a Damon-and-Pythias sort of an affair that I had no heart then to scold the old man, especially as he was not to blame.

“It doesn’t matter,” I said. “I’ve had a very pleasant morning climb, anyway; but you mustn’t expect me to attempt anything more for your friend Jim.”

“I won’t,” he said. “But Jim’s mighty thankful

for what you've done, anyhow. He told me in his letter to tell you so. You won't say anything to anybody about Jim, will you?"

I assured him that I would not, and returned to the hotel for luncheon, with an appetite very much sharpened by my climb up the slope of the Punchbowl. Despite myself, I felt a little ruffled over the somewhat ignominious end of my adventure, and thought it rather dastardly of this man, Jim, to fail me at the critical juncture because of a lingering fear for his neck. I showed some coolness toward his friend, Owens, who had failed to bring him up from Maui, and the cabman was more sensitive about it than I had expected. He tried to regain favor with me in various ways, until I began to feel as if I were a personage. I rode in his cab sometimes, but we did not talk as much as before, and he never mentioned the name of his friend Jim.

A fresh lot of tourists landed, and all were to go up the Nuuanu Valley and see the Pali. Old John Bull was again in a great state of mind, and said we must go along, too. "There are two of the prettiest girls in the party that you ever saw," he

said, winking his ancient eye, “and they ain’t bashful a bit.”

We were numerous enough to make a procession of a half-dozen carriages. I did not ride with Owens this time, but he was just ahead of me with the two girls the Englishman spoke of in his carriage. When we stopped to rest at the steepest slope, he flicked the dust off his horse with a gentle whip lash, and looked back at me, a bit of reproach in his eye, as if to say I ought not to upbraid his friend Jim for failing to come from Maui.

We were a lively party. The two pretty girls were from California, and they talked with an energy and freedom that was highly delightful to the old Englishman. From the Pali the view was unusually fine. The skies were blue and gold, and the valley between the cliff and the sea was bathed in light. Everybody admired it; some with prodigious exclamations and others in silence. While the visitors were engrossed in the scene, Owens left his horse for a moment and came to me.

“I hope you ain’t so terrible hard-set against

Jim,” he said, “because he’d hate for a man from his own state, away off in these islands, to be down on him.”

“Oh, no,” I said, wishing to put the subject out of mind. “When you write to Jim again, tell him I have no hard feelings against him. I have no cause for any; it was but a trifle.”

“Jim will be mighty glad to hear it,” he said, as he went back to his horse.

One grows tired, in time, of the most splendid scenery, and we turned away from the Pali presently, most of the party thinking of dinner.

Just before the road from Honolulu reaches the crest of the Pali, it curves around a rock fifteen or twenty feet high. When you turn this curve, the wind from the other side of the mountain strikes you with tremendous force, though you may not feel a breath of air before. Everybody who has been to the Pali will remember it. and many there are who mourn the loss of new hats swept off their heads here and sent to the bottom of the cliff.

Owen’s carriage took the lead on the return

journey. The girls were chattering about the splendors of the Pali and the prospects for dinner, and forgot the curve around the rock. The sharp wind lifted the hats from their heads. One, with a black feather in it, sailed gracefully over the cliff. The other, caught by a counter current, was blown with its mass of feathers and ribbons directly into the horse's eyes. He, blinded and frightened, reared, and dashed the carriage against the low stone wall which a provident Hawaiian king built at the edge of the cliff. The light wall gave way under the force of the impact, and the stones rolled over the edge, crashing among the bushes and tearing their way to the base. One of the hind wheels of the carriage slid over also, and we thought that carriage, horse, occupants and all would go the next instant.

Most of us cried aloud at the sudden tragedy. A few were dumb. Owens, from his position on the front seat, sprang lightly into the road, and seized the bridle bit with both hands. But the frightened horse reared and plunged, and continued to back the carriage over. Terror seemed to have deprived the two girls of the power of motion. Owens



At the edge

shouted to them repeatedly to jump out while it was yet time. The plunging horse suddenly struck him in the chest with both feet, and I saw the blood appear on his lips, but he held to the maddened

animal's head and continued to shout to the occupants to jump.

Some of us ran forward and dragged the girls out of the carriage and into safety. Owens released his hold and fell in a limp lump on the ground. Then horse and carriage went over the cliff, the horse uttering a cry like that of a human being.

We put Owens on a bed of horse blankets in one of the carriages, and he revived a little, but it was evident to us all that the blow in the chest was mortal.

He did not live to return to the city. Just before he died he beckoned to me, and when I bent over

him he said: “I want to thank you for what you tried to do for my friend Jim; but I ain’t told you all about Jim. He’s started home. an’ he’ll get there—before you will.”



Prince Kailulino



Prince Kailulino

When I went down to breakfast there was a twinkle in the eye of Himotu, who waited on me at the table, and who always looked very sheepish when he took a tip, contrary to the custom of waiters the rest of the world over.

Himotu was a natural gossip of the amiable kind, and I knew something interesting had happened. But I waited until he brought me my roast banana. I like roast banana for breakfast, though I am willing to admit that it is rather cloying, and leaves no appetite for other things. Himotu was dying to tell, but I did not say anything until I had eaten half the banana. Then,

as he prepared me a fresh cup of coffee, I said:

“What is it, Himotu?”

His brown, Japano-Hawaiian face curved into a smile.

“Prince Kailulino has come to town.”

“When?” I asked.

“Last night,” he replied. “He come up on the Kinau from Hilo.”

I wished to see the prince. I had considerable curiosity about him. I am willing to confess that, for the desire to see one of whom you have heard much is natural. Still, I had all my democratic pride, and I wasn't willing to run after anybody.

“He is here at the hotel,” added Himotu, “with his wife and daughters. The table in the corner by the window is prepared for them.”

He pointed to a large table which bore a fine display of silver and china. Fresh lace curtains were drawn back from the window, and beyond was a good view of the lawn, with the strip of city in front of it, and back of all the Pacific, curving up to the horizon. Evidently Prince

Kailulino was a favored guest, which meant that he had a long and open pocket.

“I should think the Prince would prefer the private dining-room,” I said to Himotu.

“Oh, no,” he replied. “Prince Kailulino not what you call stuck up when we have the monarchy, and he not changed, now that we have the republic.”

It was not necessary to ask any more questions just then, for the head waiter hastened forward to assist at the entry of Prince Kailulino, the princess, his wife, and the princesses, their daughters. Luckily, my chair faced the door, and I could see very well.

Some of my friends who lived on Hawaii had spoken in praise of Prince Kailulino, and my first impressions told me that they were right. I have seldom seen a man of finer or more dignified presence. He was sixty or more, but very tall, very straight, and very robust. His hair was closely cut and white, and his face brown, but unmistakably that of a Caucasian, either American or European. He was one of the few

princes who looked it, and I felt that here was a man to whom I could take off my hat, if I wore one, without doing any violence to my democratic principles. The princess, his wife, was seal brown, amiable and fat, like all women of the native Hawaiian blood who have passed their first youth. The princesses, their daughters, were splendid looking girls, though to my taste a trifle dark, which may be due to the prejudice of one born in a Southern State.

I prolonged my breakfast in order to observe more fully the prince and his family. Their manners were of the most approved kind. The prince broke his egg into his egg-cup with a grace and skill that I can never hope to imitate. The princess and the girls showed themselves familiar with all the appliances of a modern breakfast table. Friends or acquaintances came from other parts of the dining room to speak to them and to wish them the health of the morning. The prince received all with a fine dignity. He was easily the best-mannered man in the room. I tried to guess his nationality, but his characteristics were merely those of a cosmopolitan gentleman.

Mimoto's confidential remarks did not help me much.

"He come to Honolulu forty, fifty years ago, in the time of the old kings, they say," said my Japano-Hawaiian, "and go down on Hawaii, where he marry princess of the real Kamehameha line, and come into great estates, kingdom almost. Some say he American, some Englishman, some Frenchman. I don't know."

Himoto, I found afterward, had spoken very truthfully, in so far as he knew. The prince had secured his vast property by marrying the princess. In fact, that was the way in which he had become a prince. But he handled the estates like an able man of business, and he owned sugar plantations and cattle ranches and banana fields in such numbers that the very mention of them made avarice turn green.

I saw the prince and his family frequently from a distance. I passed them in the corridors of the hotel. Sometimes we sat upon the lanai at the same time, and when I strolled out late in the afternoon to hear the band play, and all Honolulu did likewise, according to the custom, the prince

and the princess would drive up in their carriage, and the young princesses would come on horseback, in neat dark-blue suits, and riding astride, according to the Hawaiian custom. which shocks at first but looks natural later. There was usually a group around the prince's carriage, and he seemed to be very popular alike with Caucasian and Hawaiian. I had wondered at first about his political position, for politics was a very delicate matter just then with the people of Hawaii. But I learned soon that the prince, who had stood well with the old monarchy, was acceptable likewise to the new republic. Either because he recognized the futility of rebellion, or liked the change, he quickly gave his adherence to the republic. and it was said that the leaders would have brought him into their cabinet, but he pleaded the pressure of private affairs and a distaste for public life, which, I think, was a great misfortune, for I am sure Prince Kailulino would have made an admirable Minister of Foreign Affairs or Secretary of the Treasury.

Some evenings later, and to my very great pleasure, I made the acquaintance of the family.

The American admiral then on that station gave a big ball at the hotel. I was a favorite with the admiral, not through any particular merit of my own, but he was a veteran of the civil war, and I had called his attention to a very complimentary mention of his name in one of the histories in connection with the passage of the Vicksburg batteries by the fleet; he had never seen it before, and with praiseworthy vanity, made no attempt to conceal his pleasure. So, he invited me to his ball, and in his own most courtly manner, presented me to Prince Kailulino, the princess, his wife, and the young princesses, their daughters. Then the good old admiral turned me over to the eldest daughter.

“Aloha!” I said to the young lady. meaning to be polite or humorous, and to show her that I understood at least one word of her native tongue.

“Comment vous portez-vous?” she replied, and then she proceeded to talk to me in the purest and most elegant Parisian French. My French is limited, and I had to beg her to stop and speak English. I soon learned that she had been

educated at Wellesley, and “finished off” in London and Paris. She brought the conversation around to literary topics, and discussed Ibsen and Tolstoi, neither of whom I had ever read, with a fluency and acumen that quite dazed me. When I asked her for the honor of a waltz and the honor was accorded to me, I was really proud and inflated. She was a magnificent girl, almost as tall as myself—and I am of no mean height, I can tell you—with a figure that would have put to shame any of your Greek Aphrodites or Roman Venuses.

I have not forgotten that girl. If it had not been for that bit of the dusk in her complexion—the people in the States are so blessed particular about these things—and then, I was born in the South.

She carried me through the waltz. I was never a graceful dancer, but she made no complaint. When I was compelled to yield my place with her to a smudge of an ensign, I felt aggrieved, but when I heard her a little later give him such a sharp thrust in return for some impertinent remark of his that he behaved like one abashed for the remainder of the evening, I rejoiced that I

had not been her target.

I strolled off into a corner of the ball-room with my friend Bolt, the purser of the British gunboat that lay in the harbor, a round, fat, bald—headed little man, who could be very fine company.

“What do you think of him?” asked Bolt, nodding towards Prince Kailulino, who was one of a group, the others of which were the admiral, the captain of the British gunboat, and the president of the new republic.

“Distinguished man,” I said. “Seems to have a great head. Worthy to be a prince.”

“They say that he was of royal stock in the beginning,” said Bolt, who had all an Englishman’s inborn love of blue blood. “I’ve heard that he’s a Frenchman of the house of Bourbon, a long distance from the throne, it’s true, but still of the blood royal. Fled from France in the troubles of ’48, and has established a house of his own down here.”

This interested me greatly. I had known one prince of the house of Bourbon, who had become

the head of a monastery of Trappist brothers in Kentucky, and had lived and died there in obscurity and silence. This prince seemed to me to have chosen the pleasanter, and perhaps the wiser, course.

“He has the manners and presence of a prince born to the place,” I said. “The noble blood in him shows,” said Bolt, whose humility in these matters sometimes deserved contempt, and marred his excellent qualities.

The next morning, when I was standing on the steps of the hotel, Prince Kailulino came down. He was drawing on his gloves, and his carriage was waiting at the gate. He spoke to me most pleasantly, and asked me if I would not take a drive with him. I accepted with great promptness, for it was a splendid morning, the mountains seeming very near in the tremulous sunlight, and I had no doubt the prince would prove most excellent company.

The prince dismissed his driver and took the lines himself. “I like to drive,” he said. The physical exertion stirs me. It’s a tonic to my blood.”

As for myself, I detest holding the lines, and I was quite content for him to do it all. We took the road around the island, and his fine bay trotters sped along at a gait which must have been high up in the 2.40 class, or thereabouts.

“I imported these horses from California,” said the prince. “The horse degenerates in the Hawaiian Islands. By the time he has passed through two or three generations here, he becomes a pony with a shaggy coat. I do not know why, but I am making some experiments on the uplands of Hawaii, to see if I cannot improve the breed.”

“Do you go to the States often?” I asked.

“To California frequently, but seldom farther east,” he replied. “I go to San Francisco to buy things which I cannot obtain in Hawaii; particularly wines, which I like in moderation, and for the sake of my daughters, who are fond of the gaieties of the city.” From the road we had a very fine view of the sea and the mountains, and the prince began to talk about the islands and their future.

“These islands have been called the Key to the Pacific,” he said, “and it is true, for they are the one important stopping-place between America and Asia. I think that great things are in store for Hawaii.”

Then he gave me descriptions of the group, exhibiting a remarkable perspicacity and amount of knowledge. I listened to him with much interest, but we were interrupted presently by the sight of a crowd on the beach and a dark mass that looked like the remains of a small schooner beating to pieces on the reefs.

“It seems to be a wreck,” said the prince. “Probably the schooner lost its course last night, and was driven on the rocks. There was a very sharp wind that lasted from midnight until morning. But we can soon see.”

We drove up to the crowd, and calling a Kanaka boy to hold the horses, the prince and I jumped out. We saw at once that his guess was correct. The schooner, a very small vessel from Puget Sound, had been partially wrecked by the storm in the night, and her crew, unable to control her, she had driven on the rocks in the morning.

Some of the crew had been saved by the splendid Hawaiian swimmers, and they lay on the sands, surrounded by the Hawaiians, the weakest and the most sympathetic of human beings. There was one, a boy of about seventeen, who had received a gash on the head. He was conscious, and was sitting up, but was pale and weak. Prince Kailulino showed the deepest sympathy for this lad. He gave instructions and money for the care of the others. but he took charge of the boy himself. He put him on the back seat in the carriage, and asked him many questions about himself. He showed so much feeling and solicitude that my opinion of him, already good, rose much higher.

“I think we would better take him to Queen’s Hospital,” he said to me. “A week or two there will cure that gash in his head and make him all right.”

We drove between the long rows of palms that lead to the hospital, and the prince helped the lad out of the carriage with his own hands. He promised to visit him, and I saw him slip some money into the hands of an attendant for extra

attention.

“The forlorn condition of that lad touched me,” said Prince Kailulino, as we resumed our drive. “It is hard, very hard, for one so young.”

I told of the incident afterward to some of my friends in Honolulu, and described the prince’s show of feeling, with a few extra touches, perhaps.

“*Noblesse oblige,*” said that fat little Bolt. “It was his princely blood. I don’t like the French, but a nobleman is a nobleman.”

Then Bolt and I quarreled, and did not speak to each other for six hours. But both of us were invited to Prince Kailulino’s dinner three evenings later. It was to be a quiet little affair. and the guests were the American admiral, the American, Japanese, and British consuls, the captain of the British gunboat, a Hawaiian gentleman from Maui, a cabinet minister, Bolt, and my humble self.

The prince, of course, presided, with the admiral opposite him.

The dinner was very much like one you would

get in a first-class American city, if you were willing to pay the price, plus a greater amount of sea food, and like all people with good digestion, we foregathered in contentment, and talked much about many things. When we reached the cigars, the Hawaiian gentleman from Maui—Okaimotu was his name—told us a very remarkable story. Bolt had been speaking of the swimming powers of the natives. Everybody who comes into the harbor sees the brown boys diving for nickels, tossed from the ship's side, and catching them before they touch the bottom of the sea. This led to Okaimotu's story.

A Kanaka man and his wife had gone fishing from Maui. They were eight miles out at sea, and their boat was overturned by a sudden gust of wind, and sank. They undertook to swim to land. The man was the woman's physical inferior, and became exhausted when they had gone less than half the way. The woman then took her husband upon her back and swam with him to land. But when she laid him down on the beach, she found that he was dead of exhaustion. She was ill for a few days, as much from the shock of her

husband's death as from her exertions. But she was now as well as ever.

“It looks incredible,” said the admiral, “and if I did not know you so well, Okaimotu, I would say it is not true.”

Okaimotu smiled amiably. “It is true, and no sea yarn,” he replied, “and the woman is down in Maui now. I have seen her myself.”

“It's impossible,” said Bolt, who had drunk a good deal and was a trifle belligerent. “The woman stretched one mile into eight miles. The thing is beyond human endurance.”

“The woman was never known to tell a lie,” said Okaimotu.

“But you must admit that the performance was most extraordinary,” said the Japanese consul, a very grave man, “and it may well shake one's credulity.”

But I believe it is true; in fact, I have no doubt of it,” said Prince Kailulino.

“Why?” asked the admiral.

“Because the endurance of man is sometimes

surprising,” replied the prince, “just as his lack of it is also surprising, sometimes. A little blow will kill him or he may endure a hundred very hard ones. Now, I have a case in mind, which, though totally different in character, shows a tenacity of life comparable to that of the Hawaiian woman’s.”

“A story! A story! Let us have it, prince; I know it’s a good one!” cried Captain Annesley, of the British gunboat.

“It is a story, and I have no objection to telling it,” said Prince Kailulino. “The shipwrecked boy that we saw the other day put me in mind of it. I had not thought of the incident before in a long time.”

We lighted fresh cigarettes and waited for him to begin.

The story is about the endurance of a lank boy whom I saw in Honolulu once,” said the prince, making himself easy in his chair, “and, coming under my own notice as it did, it particularly impressed itself upon me. I had the tale from his own lips. This boy was from one of the States

west of the Mississippi River—Indiana, I think it was—I pronounce the name correctly, do I not?”

This question was addressed to me, and I answered in the affirmative, though he made the “a’s” a little broader than I was in the habit of hearing them called.

“The boy had come out to California,” continued the prince, “to find his fortune in the mines, and failing to do so, had decided to take ship for Hawaii, where, he had heard in San Francisco, that fortunes grew on trees, just as he had heard in Indiana that they grew on trees in California. You must pardon his weakness, gentlemen, for much older men have been as credulous. He was only eighteen or thereabouts, and he shipped before the mast on a little schooner, nothing but a rotten tub, which should have been condemned before undertaking the voyage. Pardon me, Okaimotu, but will you not pass the cigarettes to the admiral? He needs a fresh one.”

The admiral lighted a fresh cigarette, and several others did likewise. A cloud of smoke hovered over our heads.

“The lad had a hard time,” said the prince. “The captain was brutal, as many merchant captains were in those days, and he received blows which he could not return. The ship lagged along. She was becalmed more than once, and when a month had passed, Honolulu was still far away. Then the ship was struck by a tidal wave. The admiral there knows what a tidal wave in the Pacific is.”

“I should think I did,” said the admiral, speaking from the center of a pillar of smoke. “I was in the old Delaware when she was struck by one a hundred miles north of the Marquesas Islands, and only the good Lord saved us from going to the bottom of the sea.”

“This was but a baby wave,” said the prince, “or the schooner would have been smashed into driftwood. As it was, she was so badly stove that her people had to abandon her and take to the boats. The boy was in the captain’s boat. There were three others in it, and their supply of provisions was very short. The quick sinking of the ship had not allowed them time to take more. Even in the boat, the captain’s brutality toward

the boy continued. He thought they could reach Molokai, the nearest Hawaiian land, and they rigged some kind of a sail, but they helped with the oars. The boy was forced to do the hardest work.

“In the night they were separated from the other boats, and in the morning their boat was a lonely dot on the ocean.

“The boy was compelled to toil at an oar all day, like a galley slave. The sun beat upon his head. His whole body ached. Blood-red specks danced before his eyes. He received less food and water than the others. In the afternoon he complained a little and asked to be relieved for awhile. For reply, the captain knocked him down with the blade of an oar. The three sailors laughed. He bound up his head as best he could with an old handkerchief, and took his place again at the oar.”

“Poor lad!” said Bolt. That was hard, beastly hard.”

“It was,” said the prince, “very hard for a raw boy of eighteen, one who knew not the sea and its

ways. I think I will take a fresh cigarette myself, if you will kindly pass them.”

The cloud of smoke broadened and deepened, and enveloped us. Bolt’s pudgy, red face showed through it like a fire ball.

“Night came on,” continued the prince, “and it brought unknown terrors to the boy. He feared the darkness and the sea, for, as I have said, he was a mere landsman. He slept awhile, and when he awoke the moon was shining. The captain and one of the sailors were talking and looking at him. His blood chilled. He had heard stories of men cast away at sea. Perhaps they intended to throw him overboard, and then there would be one less for the food and water. He resolved to sleep no more, so long as he was in that boat, if he could help it.

“There was some wind the next day, and the captain hoped they would sight Molokai by nightfall. He had no way to make a reckoning, but he guessed. The land was not seen, and the captain became very morose and fierce. The boy remained awake all night. He was in the end of the boat, and he determined not to stir from his

position. Nor did he allow his hand to leave his oar. In the morning, the last of the food and water was divided among the captain and the three sailors, but the boy got none, though the inside of his throat already felt as if it were scaling off."

"What a beastly shame!" exclaimed Bolt. "Those men must have been brutes!"

"So they were," said the prince. "At least, I presume the boy thought so. But I will hurry along with his story. After the water and food were gone, he felt a little easier in his mind, for they could not save anything now by throwing him overboard. But when Molokai still remained out of sight, the men began to threaten. A new and more terrible alarm took possession of the boy. He knew that sailors, driven to extremities, had often become cannibals, and he doubted not that he would be chosen as the first victim. There was double need now for vigilance.

"The boat drifted on—how long, he knew not. They paid little attention now to oar or sail. The boy never stirred from his position in the end of the boat, and his bent legs felt as if they were paralyzed under him. He saw things through a

mist, and he could not remember which was day and which was night. The sailors and the captain seemed to sleep by turns, but the boy never closed his eyes. At last the sailors and the captain were awake, all at the same time, and talked with each other. Then one of the sailors drew a knife and crept toward his end of the boat. The boy was terribly frightened—”

“And well he had a right to be!” said the admiral.

“He was terribly frightened,” resumed the prince, “and he was burnt with thirst and relaxed with hunger, but he retained some strength and more presence of mind. He lifted his oar and struck the man over the head. The fellow fell in the bottom of the boat, and his knife splashed into the sea. He rose bleeding, and the others looked at him in a way the boy did not understand.”

“The madness of blood and thirst,” murmured Okaimotu.

“The sailor himself seemed to understand,” said the prince, “for he threw up his hands and exclaimed, ‘Not me, O God, not me, boys!’ They

advanced upon him, and he sprang into the sea. Whether he ever came up again, the boy did not know, for the boat was moving fast before the wind. That day the boy saw visions. He saw ships on the sea, which would never come nearer, and islands with green hillsides, down which brooks of beautiful cool water were running. Once he saw the house in which he was born, away back in Indiana, as clearly and distinctly as if it had really been there.”

The prince paused for a moment. I sat only one seat from him. His brown eyes were gleaming through the smoke—fog, and his jaw twitched in a strange, nervous manner.

“Some time after the death of the first sailor, a month at least, it seemed to the boy,” resumed the prince, “the other two sailors fell to quarreling and drew knives. They hacked until they were covered with blood. Then they flung themselves upon each other like two wild beasts. The boat was narrow, too narrow for a struggle between two crazed men, and, locked in each other’s arms, they rolled over board into the sea. That was the last of them this side of the next world.”

“The horrors certainly crowded upon the boy,” said Captain Annesley.

“That is not the end of them,” said the prince. The smoke-fog cleared away a little, and I noticed that his face was flushed, a very unusual thing for such a self-contained man.

“Then the boy,” said the prince, “was left in the boat with a madman. Whether or not he was mad himself he never knew. But the captain was raving, overwhelmed with the madness of the sea. He shouted and cursed and sang and prayed. Then he tried to dance in the boat, but was too weak. He imagined that he was eating the finest meats and drinking the mellowest wines. He was more terrible to the boy than the sailors had been. Sometimes the boy thought he was dead, and this was an evil spirit dancing about him.”

“Give me a fresh cigarette!” exclaimed Bolt. “I want to drive the devils away.”

“After one of these paroxysms,” continued the prince, “the captain fell down in a soft lump in the boat and cried like a baby. Though the man had been a brute to him, the boy felt sorry for

him. But what could he do? I ask you, gentlemen, what could he do for him? After awhile, the captain revived again, and then he was wilder than ever. He went through paroxysms with variations. The boy remained in the end of the boat where he had sat so long that he felt as if he had grown to be a part of the wood. He watched the captain, and when his paroxysms grew most violent, tried to keep the boat from being overturned.”

“Good blood in that boy,” said Bolt. “Blood always tells.”

Now, as I have said, I despised this characteristic in Bolt. He was always prating about blood. Barring one or two things, he was a first-class fellow himself, and he had no blood to speak of, for in the beginning he was nothing but a London cockney. But he never seemed to remember it.

“If by good blood you mean blue blood,” said the prince, “you are very much mistaken. That boy was the son of a farmer who never had a hundred dollars in his life. He would have been called a peasant in your country. He was born in a

log cabin that you could build for fifty dollars.”

I rejoiced at this proof of Bolt’s dunderheadedness, and rattled an empty glass on the table.

“What was his name?” asked the admiral.

“Hodge, Jabez Hodge. There isn’t anything Norman, or classic, or blue-blooded about that, is there?” replied the prince, smiling through the smoke-fog. “But perhaps you want to hear the end of the story. The captain, after one of his paroxysms, as usual, sank down on the bottom of the boat. He lay there motionless so long that the boy thought he was dead. He was thinking of approaching him to see, when the captain sprang to his feet with a scream. He gibbered for a few moments, like the idiot he was, and then threw himself headforemost into the sea. The boy was alone in the boat. He had been without food or drink much longer than the others, but they were gone and he was left. The boat floated on, and he sank into a stupor. He was aroused from it once by a sharp pain in his wrist. His arm had been hanging over the side of the boat, and when he drew it up, the hand was covered with blood.

Something—he never knew what it was; a shark, perhaps—had bitten him across the wrist, and made a deep gash. He retained consciousness long enough to see that he was still alone, with the cruel sea beneath him and the cruel sun above. His throat felt as if it were baked to a coal, and he wondered how the breath came through. He seemed to be rimmed around with fire.

“The boy sank into a stupor again, and when he awoke from it, some brown-faced men were lifting him from the boat and carrying him to the land. They were very kind to him, so kind that he will never forget it. He was ill a long time, but he recovered all his strength, mental and physical, and has never suffered from his hardships, except in recollection.”

“It’s impossible, clearly impossible!” exclaimed Bolt, as belligerent as a bulldog. “The thing’s out of the question; for a raw boy, a landsman at that, to pass through so much and to outlive seasoned sailors! The boy simply spun a sea yarn! He was lying!”

“Oh, no, he was not,” said the prince, placidly lighting another cigarette. Everything that he said

was true.”

“How could he prove it?” asked Bolt, all bristles.



The proof

The prince placed the cigarette between his teeth, lowered his hand, and pulled up the cuff, disclosing a dull red line, like a scar, across the wrist.



Old Manson's Sin

They were giving a grand ball in the Carton house at Waikiki, just at the end of the town, where the smooth sandy beach ceases and the cliffs begin to heave up again—it is pleasant to stand there on the piazza of this splendid island home, and look down at the sea, breaking in foam on the rocks twenty feet below.

The Carton family were great people in Hawaii. Old Tom Carton came out to Honolulu in '21, and was such a discreet and energetic man that he amassed a great fortune, and was able at the same time to retain the friendship of all his neighbors, both white and Hawaiian, a characteristic which he transmitted to his descendants, with such good results that both the Carton fortune and the Carton popularity have increased even to the present day.

Everybody in Honolulu with social claims was present, and this included several Hawaiians of

the native stock, with clear brown faces, two Japanese gentlemen with their wives, a Chinese ditto with his, and American naval officers with their wives, sisters and sweethearts in profusion. The band from the American warship was playing in the alcove, just off the great drawing-room, and the Admiral, his thin face colored the tint of a ripe cocoanut shell, by many winds of many seas was talking with Henry Carton, the present head of the family, a man of sixty years and of gigantic stature.

It was a strange gathering, one that could not fail to arouse the keenest interest in any student of his race. Honolulu, of which Waikiki is the suburb and watering-place, enjoys the unique advantage of being just on the line where the civilized world of America meets the wild, uncivilized world of the South Seas with its strange, mysterious and often uncanny charm. What you see depends upon which way you look.

Most of the men present had seen life in various phases, and knew society alike in the evening dress of America or the fig leaf of the further islands. Many were of remarkable

appearance, with keen Greek faces that bore the stamp of many trials, and perhaps the one who attracted the most attention was William Manson, a man of forty almost as large as his host, his deeply lined face, surrounded by a circle of magnificent gray hair.

Carton and the Admiral were talking of Manson, when they left the drawing-room and passed through the open window into the narrow piazza which looks down on the rocks and the sea.

It was the perfection of a tropic night, and there is none more glorious. The flame of the moon came softly through a faint silver mist. The wind sighed gently among the palm trees, like the last note of a dying song, and the heave of the ocean was but a murmur.

“We were speaking of Manson,” said the Admiral, in his short, choppy manner; “a man of most marked appearance; sure to be gazed at anywhere; must be a story about him; looks as if he had lived one; I see it on his face.”

“No, no story at all,” replied Carton, “unless

it's a continued one, continued through all the forty years that Manson has lived. He was born in California, of good Virginia stock, and was left an orphan at sixteen, with an infant brother only three years old. Well, he has taken care of the baby and himself, too. Became a trader among the islands, and led a rough-and-tumble life. He has been in the wild places of the earth, and he has lived. Cannibals in the Solomon Islands had him tied to the stake once, and were just getting ready to roast him for dinner when he was rescued by a boat's crew from an English man-of-war. Wrecked another time off the coast of Tutuila, and blown on the shore, apparently dead, but the natives revived him. Such a touch-and-go life as that puts the lines in a man's face and bleaches his hair."

"Yes, I know," said the Admiral, "I've seen 'em before."

"But Manson's been a success, a big success. He's rich now, has his own trading company, copra, pearls, fruit and such things, with a head office in San Francisco and a sub-office here. There's the baby brother, too. The tall young man

dancing with the beautiful girl with the blonde hair. See how dangerously near to his shoulder she leans her head!”

The Admiral laughed. “They don’t lean their heads so close to our shoulders, Carton, but we both wish we were back where they would. You know it, you dog.”

Carton laughed, too, and replied:

“We won’t discuss it, Admiral, but she has a right to lean her head that way, because she’s to be married to young Manson next week, and he’s a splendid young fellow. We call ’em Young Manson and Old Manson to tell ’em apart.”

“A fine pair,” said the Admiral, looking at them critically. “Ah, Carton, the poet man was true when he said that love’s young dream beat anything else.”

“Yes,” replied Carton, “and this happiness seems such a repayment. There’s a story to this engagement, Admiral.”

“Oh, I see!” said the Admiral, “I can guess it all at once. Old Manson loves her too, was engaged to her, then she saw Young Manson,

similarity of age and tastes, gradually loved Young Manson, Old Manson saw it, sacrificed himself for little brother whom he had reared, makes 'em think he doesn't care."

Carton laughed with hearty enjoyment.

"You're a bad guesser, to-night, Admiral," he said, "you're not anywhere near the real story. Old Manson's not in love with Mary Warren—that's the girl's name—or any other woman, nor will he ever be. He's cut out for a bachelor, and he'll pass all his life roaming about the South Seas. But he's tickled to death with this coming marriage of Mary Warren and his brother. Thinks she's just the woman for Young Manson, and she is. Why he takes as much delight in it as a mother does in the happy marriage of her oldest daughter."

The soft measure of an Austrian waltz came through the window to them, and the swell of the sea and the sigh of the wind seemed to melt and flow into it. The heavenly intoxication of the night crept even into the bones of the old Admiral.

“The story part of it,” resumed Carton, sinking his voice a little, “is about Mary Warren’s husband. Yes, she’s a widow, young as she looks—she’s only twenty-two—and has been for two years. She was married in Los Angeles, when she was only a slip of a girl of sixteen, to Tom Warren; she was an orphan, and her relatives made her do it. But the Lord never let a more thorough scoundrel than Tom Warren live on this earth. A woman is always in the power of her husband, and the life that he led her had as much of Hades crowded into it as four years can hold. He brought her down here at last, and he was soon mixed up in all sorts of scrapes. San Quentin was waiting for him, and he was just about to slip out for the further islands, but he was drowned in crossing from Maui.”

“What an escape,” said the Admiral.

The two dancers passed the window just then, and the pure face of the woman looked up into the strong face of him she loved. The Admiral thought of his own young daughter in San Francisco, married to a good man.

Carton followed his look and he understood.

“That is one of the reasons why the match appeals so strongly to Old Manson,” he continued. “He thinks as you and I do that God is making reparation to Mary Warren. You see Old Manson enjoyed the honor of Tom Warren’s acquaintance, and he knows what a complete scoundrel he was. He’ll watch over Young Manson and his wife as if they were two children of his, and so they are.”

“I hope you’ll introduce me to her later,” said the Admiral. “Come, let’s go back, I don’t want to monopolize our host.”

They returned to the drawing-room, and presently Old Manson and the Admiral, seated on a sofa in a corner, were comparing notes of their roughest experiences at sea. While they talked Old Manson glanced occasionally at his brother and Mary Warren, and the Admiral noticed how strong and protecting his look was.

“It’s a rough school, this of the sea, among the wild islands,” said the Admiral.

“So it is,” replied Old Manson, “and it breeds a stern code like that of all border life.”

They parted presently, and Old Manson walked alone upon the piazza, looking out upon the sea with eyes that saw not. On the contrary, he was thinking, and his thoughts were full of content. He stood well in the world now, and he had plenty of its goods. His dearly-loved brother was about to be married to the very woman whom he would have chosen for him. In his old age he would sit by their fireside and spoil their children.

He opened his watch, and then closed it with a sigh of regret. That appointment with the Samoan trader in the little hotel down at the other end of Waikiki must be kept. The man had to sail in the morning, and a promise was a promise. But he did not want to go. He was enjoying himself. Such evenings as this did not come often into his life. He liked to see the young people with their music and dancing. Every corner in his rugged nature was touched.

He looked down at the sea, and then bethought himself of the boat-landing there. A straight cut across the bay would save time. He threw a light overcoat over his evening dress, slipped from the

house unnoticed, and went to the landing.

A boat, rowed by a single man, was lingering there, drawn by the lights, the music and the chance of passengers. He engaged it, and shot out into the bay. Looking back he could see distinctly the house, its lights and the faces of the dancers as they passed the open windows. Twice he recognized Mary and Young Manson dancing together again, and the sight pleased him.

“The children shall be happy,” he said to himself. “They deserve it.”

He lighted a cigar and smoked with deep content. Neither he nor the rower spoke, but in a quarter of an hour he was landed on the other side of the little bay. “Wait here for me,” he said to the rower, “I’ll be back in a half hour.”

The Samoan trader was an easy man with whom to do business, and Old Manson returned in less than the appointed time.

“Now take me back to Mr. Carton’s as quick as you can,” he said to the rower, “and there’s an extra half in it for you.”

The rower again said nothing, but bowed and

pulled out into the bay. There he let his speed diminish.

Old Manson was a stern man, used to command and the rough ways of the wild islands.

“Say, you!” he exclaimed, “what’s the matter with you? Why, we are hardly moving!”

The man did not answer, but let the oars rest on the thwarts. The boat swung idly in the swell of the sea.

Old Manson uttered an angry exclamation.



In the boat

The silent oarsman raised his dark face. “Don’t you know me, Will Manson?” he said.

It was an evil face, scarred by deep passions and bad living. There were hideous purple blotches on it, too, but Old Manson knew it.

For a while he did not say a word, but looked

in agony at that house across the bay. At last he exclaimed: "You were dead! Why didn't you stay dead?"

The man laughed in a smooth, cruel way. "That's what he will say and she will say when they hear," he replied. "Oh, I know it all! I've seen them billing and cooing, and I'm only a humble boatman so scarred and sun blackened that you are the first to recognize me!"

Old Manson tossed his lighted cigar into the water. A rising breeze swept in from the outer sea and felt cool on his hot face. Then he gazed at the evil thing before him and shuddered.

The man laughed again. Clearly this was a moment of happiness to him.

"What are you going to do?" asked Old Manson, at last.

But the man did not answer at once. Instead he picked up his oars and rowed toward the Carton house, until they could distinctly hear the music again, and see once more the dancing forms as they passed the open windows. Then he replied:

"I don't know. I haven't made up my mind yet.

But be sure I'm planning a proper revenge. You see that wife of mine is too happy. She doesn't mourn enough over the loss of her accomplished and brilliant husband, which is me. Now, haven't I a right to feel harsh toward her, and come back as a sort of Nemesis?"

Old Manson did not reply. The mellow notes of the music floated over the bay. The heads of the cocoanut palms bent lower to the rising breeze. This, he thought was fortune's most cruel stroke. He saw the happiness of Mary and his brother ruined, and this villain gloating in his wretched triumph.

"Sometimes," continued the man, "I've thought it would be a fine revenge for me to let 'em get married, and have a honeymoon of a week or so. Then I'd bob up serenely like the fellow in the comic opera."

"You unutterable scoundrel!" said Old Manson.

The man grinned. "Oh, I don't mind names," he said. "They don't amount to anything. It's acts that count, and I've got the whip hand here, Bill

Manson. You know that as well as I do. How that sweet and lovely wife of mine will be surprised when she beholds my smiling face again! Oh, I saw her there in the ball-room to-night with her head on his shoulder, when it should have been on the shoulder of her true and lawful husband, the gentleman who sits here before you in the boat.”

Old Manson scarcely heard him now. He was thinking of the lost happiness, of the reparation that was not to be made to Mary Warren. The wind whistled in from the sea, and the surf began to boom on the shore. The boat drifted toward the landing. They heard the music more clearly than ever. They recognized the faces as they passed the open windows, and once more Old Manson saw Young Manson and Mary still dancing together, the same look of happiness on her pure face as she gazed up at the face above her.

“Now wouldn’t that stir you?” said the man with a wicked grin. ”Here am I, just risen from the dead, pining to return to the arms of my true and loving wife, and I see her looking at another man like that!”

“Why on earth did you come back?” exclaimed Old Manson aimlessly.

“What a question to ask a man? Did you stay dead when you were swept up on the Tutuila beach? Not a bit of it, and you needn’t expect me to do so either until I’m really dead. Time enough then. I want to see my beautiful wife again. By Jove she is beautiful! I looked at her through the window there, and I don’t blame that little brother of yours for loving her. Only she’s not for him; she’s for me.”

The man raised himself in the boat with a gesture of triumph, and all his evil face now came into the light. Old Manson had seen the tattooed faces of savages, but none was more hideous than this with its scars and its blotches and its malice. He still took no notice of the wind which was rising higher and higher, nor of the heavy boom of the surf. The boat rocked in the swell, but drifted on toward the landing-place.

“Yes, I’ve come back! I’ve come back!” repeated the man in triumph.

A high wave swept in from the outer sea,

caught the boat on its crest and tossed it over. Old Manson went far under the water, but he came up again and swam with strong arms toward the rock which projects above the water near the landing-place. He reached up, grasped it with his right hand, and knew that he was safe. Just as he did so he felt something cold and wet lay hold of his other hand, and he saw the face of the man wild with terror, and more hideous than ever rise above the waves.

“Oh save me, Bill Manson!” he cried.

Then Old Manson saw that the wretch was exhausted. Only his hand, the hand of Old Manson to which Tom Warren clung, stood between him and death.

The waves rolled in again, and the wind moaned among the cocoanut palms. But in the house above they took no notice. The music, the soft flow of a waltz came to Old Manson’s ears, and the lights that shone so brightly through the open windows fell in streaks of alternate silver and gold across the troubled sea.

“Save me! Save me! Bill Manson!” repeated

the man in abject terror.

Old Manson prepared to draw him to the rock, but at that moment he looked up. Two faces passed the lighted window. They were Young Manson and Mary still dancing together, and, as before, her eyes looked up and into his with supreme content.

Another wave rolled in the next moment, and when it rolled back only Old Manson was left on the rock.

God will judge.



● Credits

"A Plot for a Crown"

Marlborough Express newspaper, July 27, 1901, Blenheim, New Zealand. The newspaper displayed an 1899 copyright notice by J. A. Altsheler.

"The Breath of Pélé"

The Olympian magazine, April, 1903 by the "Olympian Publishing Company," Nashville, Tennessee.

"The Man from Maui"

The Olympian magazine, August, 1903 by the "Olympian Publishing Company," Nashville, Tennessee.

"Prince Kailulino"

The Olympian magazine, August, 1903 by the "Olympian Publishing Company," Nashville, Tennessee.

"Old Manson's Sin"

The Olympian magazine, November, 1903 by the "Olympian Publishing Company,"

Nashville, Tennessee.

