

AN IDYL OF HONOLULU.

A Bold Stroke for a Husband. Written for This Paper.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER V.

THE KANAKA LOVER.

A look of marked aversion mantled the face of Miss Bullet, as the intruder emerged more distinctly from the evening shadows. It was such a look as only a woman can bestow after she is off with an old love and on with a new one.

The new-comer was a Kanaka, as we have said, although only half native. His father had been one of the many runaway sailors domiciled upon the island, but as is often the case with the lower races, the blood of civilization had been assimilated and obliterated by the blood of the savage. Keeri had, in fact, inherited so completely from his mother that it would have been hard to detect any difference of color or form between him and his full-blooded brethren.

He was tall and muscular, with keen, dark eyes, long black hair, a strongly marked nose, a wide mouth and prominent chin, and with a complexion that was brightly tawny, as if his whole person had been subjected to a vigorous polish. Aside from the passions of the moment, which were sufficiently violent, there was nothing rough or repulsive in his aspect, and there was even a certain dash in his bearing, and a rare intelligence in his glances.

"O, it's you, eh?" greeted the old sailor's daughter, in a voice of insolent indifference that annoyed her rejected admirer immensely.

"Yes, it's me," was the rejoinder, as Keeri planted himself squarely before her. "Then why are you here?" "To have a talk with you—so I have already stated."

"I do not want anything to do with you," declared Alma, looking swiftly around to assure herself that Ralph was not within hearing. "You must go away from here immediately. I told you several weeks ago that it was impossible, and always would remain impossible, for me to marry you in your walk of life, and that it would consequently be as much for your peace of mind as for mine that you should return: attentions upon some other woman. Did I not tell you this?"

Keeri nodded grimly. "Well, I said my last say on that occasion," resumed Alma. "My views are just the same as then—and always will be. You must go away immediately."

It was clear that this repeated injunction fell upon unwilling ears. So far from complying with it, Keeri dropped into an easy attitude upon the old sailor's favorite rustic seat under the flowering vine that shaded the doorway of the cottage.

"Well, that's cool," commented Alma, who began reading the earnest flowers to her in his impatience. "What great regard you have for feelings and wishes! It's easy to see what an obliging and gentlemanly companion you would have made if I had been such a fool as to accept your proposal of marriage."

Keeri was not affected at all by this scorn and bitterness, or if so, his countenance only became more adamant.

"I did not, of course, make any allusions to your stove-pipe complexion upon the occasion in question," proceeded Alma, with increased vehemence. "I didn't even hint at the dilapidated state of your treasury. But if you insist on forcing your presence upon me in this way, I shall be compelled to say things to you that will be decidedly unpleasant."

Keeri fumbled in one of his pockets, drew out a pipe and tobacco, and was soon smoking like a furnace.

"Say them," he muttered.

Alma's face reddened instantly. She looked around twice in quick succession, first, to see if her father were visibly, suddenly, to see if Ralph were still invisible.

"This is too much for human endurance," she then proclaimed angrily. "If you do not go away immediately I will call my father."

"You may call him a long time before he will hear you," rejoined Keeri, with a fresh cloud of smoke, as a mocking smile curled his lips. "He is just now busy with Kulu—particularly busy. I overheard him riding his high horse under Kulu's shed as I came along the road."

"Do you mean that he was quarreling with Kulu?" demanded Alma, her anxieties changing their object, or rather widening.

"Yes, they were quarreling."

"You are not the kind of man to come away without learning what they were quarreling about. What is it?"

Keeri took a still more vigorous pull at his pipe, and jerked his head with an air of mystery toward the interior of the cottage.

"They were quarreling about the very fact that you and I are going to quarrel about the matter." They were quarreling about the matter.

The girl started, her looks attesting that she considered the matter serious. She turned and closed the door, and then seated herself upon a rustic bench, opposite that so freely appropriated by her rejected suitor.

"They were talking about Mr. Benning," she asked slowly.

"They were not only talking about him," communicated Keeri, "but quarreling. Mr. Bullet has heard some rumor in town to-day that does not please him—some rumor as to this Mr. Benning, who is, how he came here, what he is staying here for, or who his friends are, or what is the secret of all this mystery in which Mr. Benning seems to be living and moving, and having his being."

Keeri talked so fast, now that his tongue was loosened, that it made Alma breathless to listen.

"And it seems that Mr. Bullet blames Kulu for having kept the secret sufficiently close—whatever the secret may be," said Keeri, continuing to make himself quite at his ease. "And Kulu responded that no word or hint of the real state of affairs had ever passed his lips, from the hour when he first discovered Mr. Benning until now. I must do the dog the justice of saying that he seemed to me to be perfectly sincere and honest in all he was saying. Very naturally I should have been glad to witness the conclusion of the quarrel, but I was in a great hurry to improve your father's absence, and here I am accordingly."

"Well, you can go back as quick as I can, and I will answer it in kind. You say that you

are going to marry this Mr. Benning, but I am resolved that you shall never, never marry him. I'd sooner kill you both, and myself afterward."

"Hush! What does all this mean?" suddenly broke from the old sailor, as he emerged into view around the corner of his dwelling.

The joy of Alma was so great at this timely interruption that she could not immediately find voice to tell what had happened. But when she did find it, she talked so fast that her father was soon in possession of the facts, as seen from the daughter's standpoint.

"And now, hear me, sir," said the Kanaka, with ill-repressed excitement, as soon as he could cast a word into the torrent of explanation and denunciation that flowed from the lips of Alma. "Is it not better that your daughter should marry a man she has always known?"

"Then the proposed talk will be a little one-sided, for I have quite a number of things to say to you, Miss Bullet, and I am here to say them. I won't leave this place until I have unb burdened myself, or until I have made an awful row with your Mr. Benning. My decided impression is that you had better hear me!"

The manner of Keeri, no less than his declarations, impressed Alma strongly. She saw that he was in one of those sulky and ugly moods which can be inspired only by a bitter jealousy. Her decision was promptly taken.

"If you can possibly have anything to say to me, after what I have already said to you," she murmured, in a voice of scorn and with a look of defiance, "why, say it, and quickly."

Keeri took his pipe from his mouth, and his air became the attentive air of business.

"When you sent me adrift the other day," he began, "had you ever seen the 'Morning?"

The girl's features contracted and she blushed to mortify. This questioning was visibly and deeply revolting to her. But she controlled her emotions and answered with an outward show of calmness.

"Since I last had the pleasure of seeing you, Mr. Bullet, a remarkable stroke of good fortune has befallen me. My only aunt has died—"

"Silence! This is horrible!" cried Bullet, recoiling in pretended amazement. "What! you are so lost to all sense of shame, so hard-hearted as to rejoice with these untimely jibes over the scarcely closed grave of your unfortunate relative. Out upon you! Why, sir, if you were the husband of my daughter I should expect, at the very first reverse of fortune, to be carried off to the hospital."

Keeri raised both of his hands in a frank of violation.

"I did not mean that I was glad of my aunt's death," he hurriedly protested. "I merely meant to say that having, in her own good time, reached a happy and peaceful end, she has been so good as to leave me all her wealth and assets, including the well-known Creosha premises, so that I am now the possessor of considerable money—"

"Enough! You shock me!" broke in Bullet again. "Am I indeed such a viper that you should suppose me capable of selling my only daughter for money? What is wealth but 'vanity and vexation of the spirit'? The mayriages I am in favor of are marriages of pure affection, and such, sir, I am proud and happy to say, is the marriage upon which my daughter is about to enter. Not a word! There is not the least use, Mr. Keeri, of pestering us with vain hopes. We shall never, never marry you. And so, hale and farewell!"

He whipped his daughter into the house by a dexterous and significant pressure, and then as dexterously entered himself, closing the door in the very face of the rejected suitor, and as promptly locking it.

"That's an iron well planted," muttered the old harpooner, as he dropped into a chair and clasped his hands gleefully together, "and I only hope it will hold after you are married."

For a minute or two the Kanaka stood motionless at the door, as if at a loss what to do with himself, and then he walked moodily away, soon disappearing in the direction in which he resided.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT LOOKING FOR A LADY.

Not many years ago, before the "boom" struck Southern California, Mr. L——, an old New Yorker, had a large ranch near Los Angeles. He was fond of good company and a good dinner, and frequently attended house parties at the comfortable old-fashioned Mexican haciendas. As to the drawbacks you have heretofore refrained from mentioning, I have not been mindful of them, and have sought and found a remedy for such of them as are important. With this in view, I can now offer you a little fortune bequeathed to me by an aunt. I refer to the Creosha place, which is now mine. As to my complexion, that does not prevent me from having both brains and heart. With my changed circumstances I shall be able to move in the best society of the capital, and in that way I shall require polish and all the marks of a gentleman. So that I shall become, if not so good a husband as you deserve, at the least as good a husband as the island can afford. Let me hope, therefore, in conclusion, that you will change your mind in my favor and marry me."

This was all said so respectfully and so effectively that Alma could not, with entire stoniness of heart, listen to him without a twinge of conscience. "So that I shall become, if not so good a husband as you deserve, at the least as good a husband as the island can afford. Let me hope, therefore, in conclusion, that you will change your mind in my favor and marry me."

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SOUTH CHICAGO AFTER THE RECENT FIRE.

ROUTED THE RIOTERS

CHICAGO POLICEMEN DISPERSE A MOB.

Parade of the Unemployed and Hungry Becomes a Lawless Rabble—Dispersed by Police—Several Officers Badly Injured—Rioters Clubbed and Arrested.

Clash with a Crowd.

Chicago's unemployed, led by shiftless agitators, again brought on the inevitable riot which has lately followed their daily street parades. For a brief time the elements were at work which create destruction, both of life and property, and the results might have been lamentable had not the police been prompt and vigorous in suppressing the outbreak.

As it was, there were bruised heads and lacerated flesh, a bad laymen. It was a very short but bloody battle between the officers and the rioters.

DISCUSSING THE SITUATION and a riotous mob of at least 1,000 men. Five police officers were hurt, but by vigorous use of their clubs they put the rioters to flight.

Fortunately, says a dispatch, the battle was fought in the shadow of the city hall directly in front of police headquarters. Elsewhere it might have been more serious. Instantly there were enough of the officers of the law at hand to suppress and disperse the crowds. But there were exciting movements afterward, for the police from the neighboring precincts had been summoned and they came by dozens in patrol wagons with horses at full gallop. For twenty minutes the re-enforcements poured in from every direction.

For a week unemployed men have been parading the streets in violation of the ordinances and to the obstruction of business traffic. Emboldened by the reluctance of the police to provoke trouble, the men became bolder day by day, until several persons had been assaulted for attempting to pass through the line. Saturday, after listening to several incendiary speeches from loud-mouthed agitators, the crowd started on its daily parade, headed by a band furnished by some one who, it appears, has money to buy bands but cannot buy bread. There were fully 1,000 men in line, and a cabman going north on Clark street attempted to drive through the line.

As fast as the injured could be taken from the wreck they were carried to the relief train and cared for. The doctors on board worked swiftly and well, while the other medical men were out in the wreck applying restoratives and making hurried dressings of wounds to sustain the sufferers until they could be put on the relief train for more careful treatment. The dead were taken by special train to Newton, which is nearest the scene of the accident, and placed in a morgue by the order of the Coroner.

The scene was indescribable. The dead and wounded were scattered through the wreckage both upon and beyond the tracks. Everything was scattered with the greatest of force, and the latter rose above the hissing of steam and the calls of the frantic victims.

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The people of Savannah and at Brunswick had warning of the coming storm and took to flight. But for this the loss of life would have been terrible. Whole rows of houses were wrecked and everything in the path of the wind went down. The known property loss is already over \$1,000,000.

NEW YORK DENIED A NEW TRIAL.

The Case Will Go to the Supreme Court of the United States.

At Springfield, Ill., Judge Allen overruled the motion for a new trial made by the defense in the celebrated Newkirk case.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN WITH LETTER ADDRESSED TO MR. DITTMAR.

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