HAWAII AND HAWAIIANS

As They Are Seen by a Fair Correspondent of the "News" Who Favors Restoration.

To one who has visited those islands, every mile, the more remote of the same calls up delightful memories. It is a land of perpetual sunshine, and the air is ever fragrant with the breath of song birds. Over hillside and shore is woven an impenetrable carpet of flowers, and from every nook and corner the waving fronds of giant ferns and ki, the lovers, while the music of the breakers gives the touch of complete ease to this enchantable paradise. And to appreciate the many lovely qualities of the inhabitants of this lovely country, one has but to know them, mingle with them and be a participant of their boundless generosity. There are many of them already in our midst; they have left their own beautiful homes and have gathered into the sight religious ideas. How different is our life to the one they left behind them! From the cozy, cute and peaceful life of the tropics, to the expensive heat of our summers and the dense coldness of our winters, to the fast and hurry-fear-nothing western life, and to this city, where only those who possess to vice the lowest (can use this expression), they have the need (sorry it will not be that expression for themselves and families, I think) and the selection of the Church (regretably more to their existence the just Hawaiian Islands would many times have suffered). However, they are the most sincere and contented people in the city. They sing and dance and seem to be quite happy.

To see the Kanaka at his best, one must visit him in his native country. He receives you with a generous welcome and a manner that at once expresses now he enjoys also the hour of your visit. The best of all he possesses is at once placed at your disposal, and should you remain six months he would not let you feel that you had imposed too long.

In a long residence among them, numberless opportunities were offered for studying their characteristics. They possess many of the noblest qualities possessed by mankind, and instead of all is generally. They are brave, absolutely honest, and are affectionate, and make warm and steadfast friendships. They are capable of many intellectual attainments and are naturally poetical and refined. All their old legends breathe both the tender sentiment of poesy and they are musical—I never met one of them who could not sing, and some have really beautiful voices.

The Hawaiians have a system of public school education, the basis of which is the English language. They also have music, Latin, French and German as a part of the course. They are quick to assume new ideas, and have the latest improved methods in all their schools. Just why they are so numbered is intelligent enough to answer themselves, so we attempt to do that for them in many direct and covert Hawaiians. The fact of the matter is, that the native intendent are no match for the foreigners when it comes to chicanery and double dealing, and therefore the balance of power is against them, for the trickiest man is usually the one who secures the office.

President Cleveland certainly deserves great credit for the way in which he has manipulated the Hawaiian affair, and Mr. Blount was a very able minister. Thurston, say I, to the young princess Lili-kanoka.

AVE.

A Dime Novel Heroine.

If Mrs. Maxwell, author of "Ten King," the deservedly wicked and devilish but pretty and restless southern girl from out of Oklahoma territory, were only a boy in reality now or the pretends to be, undoubtedly there would be dozens of half naked young Sioux or Apaches and Blackfeet that would run away and try to be like them and just follow her. But being a girl, or rather a young woman, it is not likely that even in these wicked days there will be some of her very sex who will be found that will try to imitate her.

She seems to be an illustration of how far your novels from "romances" will take a woman who otherwise has every indication of being moral enough. It is true she was half Cherokee Indian, but her father was wealthy and educated her well, and he was a man of unexceptionable blood, as Indian aristocracy goes. At the age of 17 she married a white man—a Kentucky judge and lawyer, dwelling at Ardmore, O. T.—and then her real career began. At first she was content merely to ride at full gallop the wildest of wild or aspirants thereunto, but that did not satisfy her ambition, and she took up from riding them, which she has been doing successfully for years, to shooting them. In a duel she not only shot down her man before the eyes of the world, but she actually had the pleasure of seeing him die. Of course, she was tried for murder, but she was acquitted, and she then married a man who was a cripple, and who was her slave. He died a few months ago, and she married a third time, and this time she married a man who was her equal in every respect